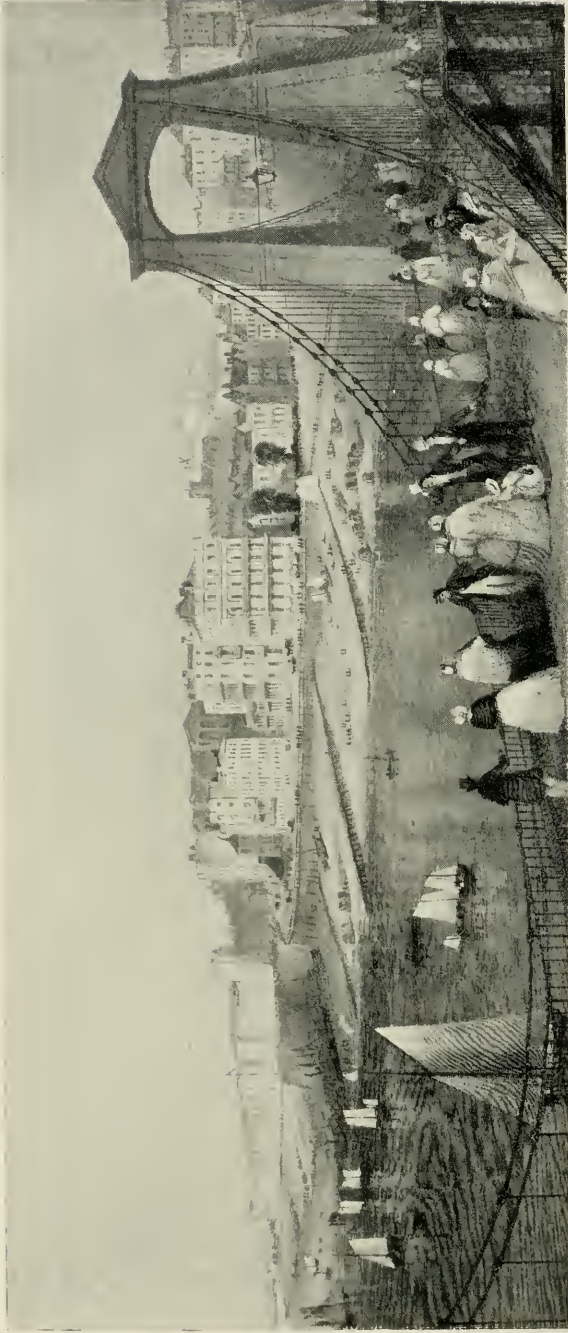


SOCIAL HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES





SOCIAL HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES



BRIGHTON.

SOCIAL HOURS

WITH

CELEBRITIES

BEING THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES OF

“GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY”

BY THE LATE

MRS. W. PITT BYRNE

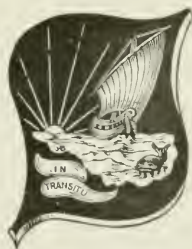
AUTHOR OF “FLEMISH INTERIORS,” “DE OMNIBUS REBUS,” ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY HER SISTER

MISS R. H. BUSK

AUTHOR OF “PATRAÑAS,” “FOLKLORE OF ROME,” ETC.

WITH SIXTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS



IN TWO VOLUMES

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CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGES
XII. DR. KITCHINER	1 to 31
XIII. CHARLES WATERTON, THE WANDERER	32—116
XIV. SOME SOCIAL ADVENTURERS	117—152
XV. THE MAKING OF BRIGHTON	153—220
XVI. THE MAKING OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS	221—279
INDEX	281—292

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Brighton from the Chain Pier	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Walton Hall	40
Walton Hall (showing Water Gate)	41
Climbing the Ball of St. Peter's	59
The "John Bull" Tree	72
Squire Waterton	83
Chabert, "The Fire-King"	125
Risk Allah	138
The Pavilion, Brighton	163
Mrs. Fitzherbert	<i>to face</i> 173
George IV. after Wyon	174
Rev. H. M. Wagner	189
James Smith	191
Martha Gunn	212
Princesse de Lamballe	<i>to face</i> 229
Sir Stephen Lushington	230
Silhouette portrait of the Author, as a child	231
Tunbridge Wells in 1828	267
Bill-head of the best Mercer's Shop in 1820	276

SOCIAL HOURS WITH CELEBRITIES

CHAPTER XII.

DISTINGUISHED PRIVATE FRIENDS.—DR. KITCHINER.

My earliest celebrated Friend—His winning Ways with little Children—His name a Household Word—His personal Appearance—Had an Eye put out at Eton—Mode of Dress—Gastronomy and Astronomy—Unaffected modesty—Studious Habits—M.D. of Glasgow—"The Cook's Oracle"—Its Success—More than a Cookery Book—Refined social Rules—Contemporary Reviews—"The Housekeeper's Oracle"—His own Table—Originality of his Invitation-forms—"Better never than late"—How He received His Guests—His Views on Oysters—On Coffee—His last Dinner—"The Banquet"—Unsigned Codicil—His Will—His Tomb—Tomb and Epitaph of Joe Miller—Kitchiner's Ideas of Domestic Economy—How He trained Servants—Regularity of His Life—Views about Sleep—Versatility—At Home on every Subject—Study of Optics—Optical Instruments—Astronomical Pursuits—Kitchiner as a Musician—As a Composer—And Collector—Sir George Grove's Testimony—His Study of "God save the King"—Shakespeare's Songs—"The Art of prolonging Life"—"The Traveller's Oracle"—Skill at Chess and Whist—"Young Kitchiner"—His Advantages—His Marriage—Tragic End.

"Le potage doit être combiné de manière à donner une idée juste du festin, à peu près comme l'ouverture d'un opéra comique doit annoncer le sujet de l'ouvrage. Quant au dessert, il sera nécessairement assaisonné de chansons si la cornemuse est pleine."—GRIMOD DE LA REYNIÈRE.

THE earliest celebrated friend I can claim for my own was Dr. Kitchiner. I could not have been more than four years old at the time when his handsome person and genial indulgence became endeared to me. In spite of the vast and varied stores of knowledge with which his brain must have been crammed, he had the freest and gentlest manners with little children; instead of looking on him with dread as a dry scientist, his advent at our house was always hailed with delight. To my father, who shared his scholarly tastes and

His love of
little children

admired his character, he was always welcome, and we children, who knew of none of these things, ran to meet him for the sake of the genuine interest which without any condescension he took in everything that concerned them.

It is to be wondered at, that the life of this extraordinary man has never been written at greater length than in the brief columns of biographical collections or magazine articles.

There can be few now living who know as much of Dr. Kitchiner as myself; and if I feel justified in trying to supplement the brief and tantalizing records before mentioned (which by their suggestiveness only whet the appetite for more ample details) it is not only because (in my earliest years it is true) I knew the Doctor personally, but because my father having been an intimate friend of his, his name became a household word with our family, and the distinct image I retain of the Doctor's personality is clustered round with numerous oft-repeated traditions of his sayings, doings and general peculiarities. His individuality fixed on my mind at an impressionable age, and under what I may term impressive circumstances, is before me to this hour: I can yet see his tall spare figure with, proportionately speaking, rather small head, high forehead, and hair already thinned and turning to grey (though at the time indicated he could have been scarcely five and forty); his eyes, of greyish blue, with their mild but intelligent expression, and the blue-tinted spectacles in slight gold frames he always wore. He had lost the sight of one eye at Eton when only thirteen, during a game which it is strange to think should have been allowed. It consisted in throwing at each other's faces tightly twisted paper darts terminating in a pin, and one of these cleverly—much *too* cleverly—aimed, struck young Kitchiner in the pupil of his left eye and blinded him for life. His features and also his figure and carriage were graceful, not to say

His name a household word.

Personal appearance and manners.

aristocratic, and his face remained singularly handsome notwithstanding this untoward accident; there was an irresistible fascination in his voice and look, while his manner was such as at once to win, whether men, women, or children; as for the latter, his presence among them created a frantic enthusiasm. His delight was to seat himself at the piano, and taking a child on each knee, to sing to us the old nursery songs he had set to music, for he was a born musical genius and gave much of his leisure to composition. When he penetrated into our nursery it was with his pockets filled with barley-sugar "kisses"—Do such exist still, I wonder?—folded in little papers of all colours, and after inviting us to dive for them, he would imprison our small hands, and then turn and chase us round the room in a game of romps, which he seemed to enjoy as much as ourselves. His dress I remember well; though somewhat out of date, he wore it with elegance, and as it was of good material and well fitting, it seemed in accord with his gentlemanly bearing; knee-breeches and black silk stockings, cut steel buckles at the knee-bands, and the same on low-cut shoes, and frilled shirts. This was still the evening wear of many elderly men, especially physicians, so his costume can hardly be reckoned among the Doctor's peculiarities.

If you ask the first person you meet, "Have you ever heard of Dr. Kitchiner?" The answer will be, "Who has not?" But at the same time there are but few who know of more than one of his numerous attainments, and that one but the study of cookery.¹ He used to tell my father indeed, that his works on gastronomy brought him in more emolument than his researches in astronomy, yet his attainments in the latter science were unrivalled by any amateur of his day, and by few professionals, and this also was but one of the many

Gastronomy
and
astronomy.

¹ Thus Percy Fitzgerald, "Life of George IV.," vol. ii. p. 203, says, "This generation also included such strange men as Dr. Parr, Porson, and Dr. Kitchener (*sic!*) the Gastronomer (*sic!*)."

scientific pursuits to which he was devoted. One reason why his reputation is not (though exactly the one why it ought to be) more widespread, is that his genius, his acquirements and his virtues were all exercised with singular unobtrusiveness. While diving profoundly into the depths of every study he took up, he never seemed to care for any applause or distinction but that spontaneously offered by private friends, or as he himself said, "he desired to *be* more extensively useful than to *appear* elaborately scientific."

Though the public remember him chiefly for his culinary researches, he was by no means an "Epicuri de grege porcus;" so far from being a *gourmand*, he was personally not even a *gourmet*. It is a fact that at table he was remarkable for abstemiousness; his spare, elegant figure, refined face and ready active movements bespoke the habits of no glutton. For him cookery was a matter either of science or of hospitality. His mind was of a scientific turn, and he tested the productions of the kitchen with the same amount of sense and reasoning as he did those of his laboratory. His "Cook's Oracle" was but one and not the greatest of his literary productions, and its pages testify to the vast amount of knowledge of other matters which he was able to bring to bear on his recommendations.

On leaving Eton he first devoted himself to the study of medicine, and went to Glasgow, where he took the M.D. degree. Not that he had any idea of practising, as his means were ample, but from the desire to investigate Nature. Chemistry then occupied a great deal of his time. His study of gastronomy was really the outcome of his medical and chemical researches.

"The Cook's Oracle."

"The Cook's Oracle," published in 1817 at 9s., had so rapid a sale that in the course of the following ten years it went through eighty editions, bringing him in a steady income for the rest of his life. Further editions were brought out after his death by his son, and it has really continued to

form the text-book of all subsequent compilers of cookery books.

At the same time it can hardly be fairly called a cookery book at all, as it is so much more. Though its regulations, directions, and recipes are carefully adapted to the capacity of learners of every class, its scholarly style, classical allusions, erudite anecdotes and witty remarks flowing freely from the author's practised pen, reward the attentive perusal of the thoughtful and the educated. To those, moreover, who find themselves bewildered in the intricate paths of that social labyrinth called *savoir vivre* he supplies minute aids to the arcana of the delicate and difficult art of "entertaining," to the mutual satisfaction of hosts and guests.

Necessarily many of the customs which were fashionable in the Doctor's day have become obsolete, and there may be many instructions which require modification, but the good taste which dictates his advice, and the spirit which pervades his idea of hospitality, are of all time, and as valuable now as on the day it was written: more wanted now, perhaps. We find in the *Monthly Magazine* for 1821, a review of the thirteenth edition of the "Cook's Oracle," beginning thus in the amusingly inflated style of that date: "We consider this book the *ae plus ultra* of the science of eating, and the very acme of excellence in culinary literature. . . . So much good sense combined with such exquisite *gourmanderie*, so much plain pot-information conveyed in so truly humorous and original a style, such a Shandean mode of teaching us to tickle our palates and satisfy our appetites healthily and economically. These extraordinary and attractive qualities place our airy and scientific *Apicius Anglicus* on the very eminence of the ample dome of cookery."

But as all the reviewers of the day were equally eulogistic of this very remarkable book, we need only sum up their verdict in its favour by endorsing the author's own account of it, which is really no more than the bare truth, viz. that

with its help the most inexperienced, in as little time as they can read it, may learn to prepare common food so perfectly that the plain every-day family fare will with scarcely any additional experience or trouble form a satisfactory entertainment for either an epicure or an invalid.

The delicate social rules he thus recommended were elaborated by the practice of his own table, where it was the pleasure of his life to assemble the literary and scientific men with whom he had been brought in contact.

His table.

His luncheons and dinners, prepared by a well-trained cook, consisted of a *menu* arranged by himself, and every dish put before his guests had been first tried when he was alone. He greatly objected to a needless variety of dishes, especially of sweets, which he considered a pernicious "tickling of the tongue," and (although liberal in all things) he abhorred waste as much as ostentation. The style of his dinners was always regulated by good sense and good taste, his chief concern being that the *materiel* should be of the best quality, and cooked in the best possible way.

It was further a matter of importance with him that his table should never be inconveniently crowded, and that the number of his guests should be proportioned to his culinary accommodation and the capacity of his staff, for he never tolerated extraneous assistance, either in the kitchen or the dining-room. A yet more important preoccupation was the choice of his guests, and the placing them with a considerate and intelligent regard to their mutual suitability and satisfaction, in accordance with one of his excellent maxims that "when a man asks another to his house, he is responsible for that man's happiness as long as he remains under his roof." In his "Housekeeper's Oracle" he has given rules so minute for every detail of dinner-giving that the most uninitiated have only to follow them to steer clear of all possible breaches of etiquette. To himself, hospitality was a duty as well as pleasure, and his servants were so well trained by the laws which regulated his household (and no

dereliction of which was ever admitted) that his mind was entirely free for the enjoyment of the social conversation which made his table so brilliant. A witty friend once said in my hearing that "Society is a fragile fabric cemented by dinner-parties;" if this be true, the Doctor cannot be said to have devoted too much space in his book to the anatomy of this subject, though there are some eleven pages given to the manner of invitations and acceptances alone.

Originality was one of the Doctor's characteristics; like the bald gentleman, he was "born so."

Nothing could be much more original than the formula of his dinner invitations. There was one of them preserved in our family of which the following is a transcript. They were headed with a punning motto expressed in three Greek letters.

η. β. π.

"DEAR —.—.—The honour of your company is requested to dine with the Committee of Taste on Tuesday^d next, the 11th inst. The first specimen will be on the table at 5 o'clock precisely, when the business of the day will immediately commence.

" I have the honour to be,

" Your Most Obedient Servant,

" WILLIAM KITCHINER (Secretary).

" 43, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square,

" August 5th, 1825.

" At the last general meeting it was unanimously resolved that :—

" 1. An invitation to *Eta Beta Pi* must be answered in writing as soon as possible after its reception—within twenty-four hours at latest, reckoning from that on which it is dated; otherwise the Secretary will have the profound regret to feel it is definitively declined.

" 2. The Secretary having represented that the perfection of several of the preparations is so exquisitely evanescent that

Originality of
his invita-
tions.

the delay of one minute after their arrival at the meridian of concoction will render them no longer worthy of men of taste—

“Therefore, to ensure the punctual attendance of those illustrious gastrophilists who on grand occasions are invited to join this high tribunal of taste for their own edification and the benefit of their country, it is irrevocably resolved—

“That the janitor be ordered not to admit any visitor of whatever eminence of appetite, after the hour at which the Secretary shall have announced that the specimens are ready.

“By order of the Committee,
“WILLIAM KITCHINER (Secretary).”

These invitations were closed with a handsome seal of scarlet wax impressed with the sigillum of the “Committee of Taste” bearing the motto, BETTER NEVER THAN LATE.

Even when Kitchiner dined alone with Kitchiner, the Doctor always dressed for dinner, and may therefore be pictured as I have described him above, when his guests, who knew the importance of punctuality, entered the room at five minutes before five o’clock.

Most men would probably be found, under such circumstances, in an attitude of conventional expectation, standing with their back to the fire and balancing themselves first on one foot and then on the other, expressive of the awkwardness of the situation; not so Dr. Kitchiner, as he did everything by rule and method, his guests knew very well they should find him seated at the piano, enlivening his leisure with some clever extempore effusion, to be suddenly changed as the door opened, for *See the Conquering Hero comes*; this was rendered more effective by an accompaniment of kettle drum and other instruments—an outcome of his inventiveness—played by pedals which he worked with both feet; this pianoforte, constructed under his own eye, could be played with all the effect of a band, and was probably the original

model on which have since been constructed many comprehensive instruments.

Five minutes was the interval allowed for this preprandial overture, and then at the stroke of five, while one of his men set the last dish on the table, the other locked the street door and laid the key beside his master's plate. No foolish, nor even wise, virgin would be admitted after the sacramental hour had struck; no incident of any kind would have been allowed to disturb the solemnity of that predestined hour, nor to ruffle either the temperament or the temper of host or guests while engaged in that all-important function.

Dinner, he used to say, can neither be deferred nor disturbed, and he pronounced it "the only act of the day which cannot be put off even for five minutes with impunity." He meant, *after* it was ready to be served, for in advising that all the clocks and watches in a house should agree, he argued that "a dinner which would be agreeable to the palate and restorative to the system if served at Five o'clock will be uneatable, and innutritive and indigestible if served at even five minutes later, and as the lesser of two evils, he preferred that the guests should wait for the dinner rather than the dinner for the guests; in the former case their appetites were sharpened, but in the latter the dinner was deteriorating every minute."

One of the features of these *diners intimes* was their cosiness, and it was rarely that the Doctor departed from his established rule of inviting either as many as made one less than the muses, or as few as one more than the graces. As his *invités* were all men, there was not the same difficulty in placing eight guests symmetrically round the table as if they were mixed, in equal proportion, with ladies.

When oysters were in season they always preceded the dinner, though he had not gone so far as to establish, like Grimod de la Reynière, a separate room where they were to be despatched before the guests took their places at table in the dining-room.

His views of
oysters.

Dr. Kitchiner's theories¹ about oysters are very refined, and he has expressed them with considerable humour ; he says :—

“ Ordinary people are indifferent about the manner of opening oysters and the time allowed to elapse before eating them after they are opened ; nothing, however, is more important in the enlightened estimation of the experienced oyster-eater ; the true oyster-lover will have some regard for the susceptibilities of his little favourite, and will never abandon him to the mercy of a bungling operator, but will open his prison door himself, and contrive to detach him so dexterously that the oyster will scarcely be conscious he has been liberated till he feels the teeth of the *gourmet* delicately tickling him to death.”

This preliminary course was a marked feature in the Doctor's banquets, and as he considered that an oyster could be eaten only as it was opened, so he did not admit that anyone was worthy to partake of this delicacy who was incapable of dealing with it himself. Accordingly each guest was provided with an oyster napkin and an oyster-knife, and was recommended to operate on those he intended to eat. The Doctor had discovered, whether by his own common sense or by his observation of French epicures (indeed, I believe the practice of all Continental nations is the same in the manipulation of oysters) that an oyster should be opened on, and eaten from the hollow, and not the flat shell. In England, strange to say, the custom is generally the reverse of this, and consequently all the liquor is wasted—a serious loss to the true and conscientious *gourmet*.

As the Doctor never altered his dinner-hour, whether he dined alone or in company, these entertainments always took place at five o'clock, and the guests were expected to sup at nine, the interval—for notwithstanding the fashion of those days, he never sanctioned the injurious habit of disturbing

¹ In these degenerate days when fashion has shifted its ideas away from the *haut goût* of our fathers, his remarks on pheasants are worth reading. He says “ it is worse than a common fowl unless waited for till it acquires the *fumet* it ought to have.”—R. H. B.

the digestion by sipping wine for an hour or two after dinner—was passed in such congenial conversation as delights cultivated men, and music frequently found place there: the hour for breaking up was fixed at eleven, and if the genial host wished that his friends should not leave him before that hour, he was equally punctilious as to their not remaining beyond it, whether as a question of hygiene, of consideration for his servants, or of household regularity.

This was so well understood by his visitors that a general move seemed spontaneously to manifest itself five minutes before the prescribed hour, in order that all might have left the house before the clock had finished striking. The method which seemed to form part of Dr. Kirchner's nature had suggested to him a variety of means by which to carry out his system, so that by constant habit it ceased to be irksome. The standing invitation to his weekly conversation was for seven o'clock, and in order that there might be no misapprehension about it a conspicuous board stood over the mantel-piece bearing the intimation, "*Come at 7, go at 11.*" One night, George Colman being one of the guests, he took an opportunity when unobserved to insert the monosyllable *it* between the last two words, which made the reading so ludicrously improbable—considering the habits of the house—that when the first who noticed it had called the attention of the others to the singular alteration, a whispered expression of surprise went round the room and was soon observed by the host: an explanation had to be given, and he was not long in guessing who was the author of the joke.

Of wines he was a recognized connoisseur, though a very temperate drinker; indeed he was of abstemious habits as a rule, though now and then, owing to some vice of constitution, he would develop an altogether abnormal appetite for food, and with all his medical skill could never discover the cause of this singular irregularity, nor yet its remedy.

Coffee formed the epilogue of the Doctor's dinners, and was always roasted immediately before it was ground, and ground immediately before it was made. The making was very simple, and it does not seem to have occurred to him to leave any direction for it beyond the employment of a "German alembic."

His last
dinner.

The last of the social gatherings round his elegant and hospitable board was on Tuesday, February 20th, 1827. The dinner was as usual at five sharp, and my father was one of the guests. Braham, the great tenor, was another. On the following Monday Dr. Kitchiner dined at the Brahams', then living in Baker Street; it was the last time he ever dined anywhere. Feeling out of spirits—a most unusual condition for him—he had ordered his carriage at half-past eight; the evening, however, passed so pleasantly that he remained till eleven; but on his way home he was seized with palpitation of the heart, to which he was subject. On arriving at home, he ran upstairs rather quickly and threw himself on the sofa, but never spoke again. Medical aid was called in, but proved of no avail, for he died as he lay, in his evening dress, after the interval of an hour.

[I have before me the invitation to that last dinner, dated "18th February, —27," couched in his usual jocular terms. It says, "Will you do me the favor (*sic*) to dine at 'The Cook's Shop' on Tuesday next, at 5 precisely. A very temperate 'Banquet,'¹ for at 7 we go up-stairs to some

¹ This was in allusion to my father's work "The Banquet," which he greatly admired as a poem written in the honour and praise of cookery as a fine art. I quote a few lines from the second edition, 1820:—

Athens, the patroness of other arts,
Did not despise the trade of making tarts;
When her sublime artificers she bred,
She saw distinctly that they must be fed.

Descend, Calliope, from Ceta haste!
And sing (delightful task) the man of taste,
Through vineyard, farmyard, orchard, garden, trace
Through cellars, pantrys, and at table place.
Bid jovial guests attend his welcome call,
And busy footsteps echo through his hall:

‘musickeers.’” It goes on with a message to my mother concerning some specimen pencils both for drawing and writing (to be kept quite distinct from each other), which “the Prince of Pencil Makers”¹ had produced for him.

There is a very gracefully turned letter from him, dated a few weeks earlier. He and my father had been wont to submit their works to each other before sending them to the press. This is how he accepts my father’s emendations on this occasion: “After living half a century I have at length done what I can hardly remember having done before, got into debt almost beyond hope of redemption: for I know not how I shall be able to sufficiently acknowledge the kindness you have done me in finding *fault* with my work, which I assure you is ten times more gratifying to me than all the *praise* I have had lavished on my productions. As *Tom Thrifty* says, he who praises may *please*, but he who mends your work *profits* you. . . .” In another letter in the same month, however, he had complained of his health being extremely bad, and that he was in the utmost “distress on account of the sad conduct of my son at Cambridge which beats down all my philosophy. . . .”

Next in the bundle comes the undertaker’s letter arranging for my father’s carriage to follow the cortège, and fixing the funeral for the 6th March.—R. H. B.]

The unsigned codicil mentioned as having been found in his pocket after his death, considerably modified the dispositions of his will made a year previously, leaving everything (with the exception of liberal bequests to his executors and servants) to his only son, who, however, was illegitimate.

Hilarity with dimpled cheek preside,
 And Youth and Health sit blooming by his side.
 No sullen-eyed Misanthropy be there,
 No sour Inquietude, no pallid Care;
 But Friendship draw the chairs more closely round,
 And Pleasure’s front with rosy wreath be bound.
 The hand of Beauty crown the sparkling cup,
 That modern wits, like ancient gods, may sup.

¹ From other notes it appears that this was Langdon.

He had no children by his wife, from whom he had long been separated, through no fault of his. Indeed he was acknowledged on all sides to have been a most amiable and estimable man, and never was known to make an unkind remark upon anyone.

Dr. Kitchiner's will is in no way "eccentric," as stated in one of the obituary notices of the time. It was executed on the 19th May, 1826, and was proved on the 19th March, 1827. The property, which was large, devolving as I have stated above (after legacies to his servants and executors), to his "natural and reputed son William Browne Kitchiner," and he therein desired to be buried "in his family vault in the burying-ground adjoining the workhouse of St. Clement Danes."

I remember well his tomb; the little graveyard lay between Portugal and Carey Streets, and whenever I was near there with my father I have seen him turn in and visit his old friend's grave. Alas! with the graves that have been cleared away to make room for a monumental edifice and garden, viz. King's College Hospital, the monument erected to the memory of Dr. Kitchiner has disappeared!—*Data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepuleres*. I asked what had become of those venerable stones, and no one could tell me! I wrote to the Hospital chaplain, who informed me that they were probably among such of them as had been preserved in the vaults beneath the hospital;¹ not a word left to record the existence and the virtues of him of whom,

¹ When searching for Dr. Kitchiner's tomb, the hall porter of King's College Hospital, to whom I addressed myself, informed me that the only tombstone *he* knew of that had been rescued when the churchyard was dug up in 1837, for the foundations of the new building, was that of Joe Miller! As Dr. Kitchiner was buried in 1827, his remains reposed there only one short decade. As long before as 1816, it appears that the dilapidated condition of the headstone which marked the place of old Joe's interment, attracted the attention of one of the churchwardens, to wit, one Jarvis Buck, who thereupon caused a new stone to be placed there, with the inscription transferred thereon. When in 1837 the grave-stones had to be removed, Joe Miller's bones were dug up and buried in some cemetery of which I could not ascertain the locale, and his "new" tombstone was fixed in the wall of the spacious vestibule of the hospital: there seems to have been a good deal of unscrupulousity about the smuggling away of the human

nevertheless, a contemporary biographer wrote :¹ . . . “ This amiable and useful man possessed the inestimable virtue of never speaking ill of anyone: on the contrary, he was a great lover of conciliation, and to many was a valuable adviser and friend. In manners he was quiet, and even appeared timid, for he never recognized his own superiority. He had three grand hobbies, cookery, music, and optics, and whenever he enlarged upon these he was bright, cheerful, and eloquent.”

I have never forgotten Dr. Kitchiner; but, alas! what has become of the guests who gathered round his hospitable board, feasted at his choice banquets and enjoyed his brilliant conversation? If any yet live, they cannot but retain vivid recollections of this charming man.

Dr. Kitchiner's memory ought to be rescued from oblivion, if only on account of the reasonableness of his principles of Practical views of domestic economy.

remains and their memorial stones, Joe Miller's being the only exception. On the stone which the man showed me, I read the following quaint inscription:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
HONEST JOE MILLER.

Who was a tender husband, a true friend, a facetious companion, and
an excellent comedian.
He departed this life on
August 15th, 1738, aged 56 years.

If humour, wit, and honesty could save
The hum'rous, witty, honest from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, and wit, and humour crowned,
Could but esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of Death,
The stroke of Death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteemed and loved so well.

From respect to social worth, worthful qualities and
Histrionic excellence, consummated by
Poetic talent in humble life,
The above inscription,
Which time had nearly obliterated,
Has been preserved
And transferred to this stone by order of
Jarvis Buck, Churchwarden,
A.D. 1816.

¹ Vide, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1827.

domestic economy, and never did they more greatly need to be invoked than at the present day when the world seems to be turned upside downwards. It is absolutely refreshing to go through the pages of his "Housekeeper's Oracle," and to picture to oneself the happier state of society of his day, which admitted of an establishment being moulded into the shape he succeeded in giving to his own. It is true he had materials of a different kind to work with, and it would be interesting to know how he would have dealt with those which a later "civilization" has rendered so perverse and unmanageable—how he would have met the difficulties which have been bristling up ever since the woeful mistakes of ill-understood education have made such havoc of the social relations of classes.

[If Dr. Kitchiner was strict in the regulation of his household, he set the consistent example of obeying his own laws, and also knew how to be considerate and indulgent. One of his first directions in his essay on will-making is, "Servants who have long served us diligently—the summer of whose life we have reaped the advantage of—we are bound in equity to make provision for during the winter of their age. Those to whose faithful and careful supervision of our affairs we are in great measure indebted for our own independence, and those relaxations from business without which we should not have lived one half our days, are not such persons entitled to participate in the blessings of such independence? &c."

One of his minor but most useful rules was that a servant (or indeed any one) on entering a room should leave the door as he found it; open, shut, or ajar—a rule so simple that it must recommend itself to any one, yet how rare to find it spontaneously observed, and what exasperation the contrary but ordinary proceeding continually engenders.

A method he found supremely efficacious in training a young servant, was when he had by carelessness or indifference *twice* neglected anything he had specially inculcated (on the first occasion he only repeated the original observa-

tion with an indulgent smile), then to ring him up just as he had sat down comfortably to a meal (and his servants' meals were very comfortable), and repeat the injunction more sternly. As he never under any other circumstance, at whatever inconvenience to himself, disturbed a servant while feeding, this proceeding became a special reproach, which greatly sharpened the attention.

Noisy footsteps, or fussy misplacing of articles to give an appearance of having "done" a room, were strictly banished from his regime. Nor, as he never unreasonably asked one servant to do work of another's department, could he admit such an answer as "It ain't my place" to do anything he required.—R. H. B.]

This was practically exemplified one day in a rather droll way.

The cook having come up one morning to say that butter was wanted, as it was raining heavily he desired the coachman, who was waiting for orders, to go and fetch a pound. This functionary had at that time not been long enough in the Doctor's service to understand his character, accordingly he muttered some reply to the effect that "fetching butter was not a coachman's work."

"Ay," answered his master quietly; "you are quite right, put to the horses and bring the carriage round."

As this *was* clearly within that limited scope, the man was compelled, however sulkily, to comply.

"Now," said he turning to the cook, "get in, and John will drive you to fetch the butter."

This practical lesson was not lost on any member of the household, and no similar difficulty ever occurred again. His own occupations and habits were, like those of his household, subject to systematic arrangement. The day was divided into studied hygienic intervals by repasts which were tolerably numerous. As he attached great importance to the regular periodicity of meals in order to ensure absolute punctuality, he ordered that each in its turn should be put on

the table *during* the striking of the clock, breakfast at half-past eight, while the half hour was chiming, lunch during the stroke of mid-day ; dinner with equal exactitude at five, and supper at nine.

He also attached great importance to a sufficiency of sleep, which he considered should be taken early, or certainly never later than eleven, on the principle that one hour before midnight was worth two after ; he admitted, however, that some constitutions required less sleep than others, but advised persons to be very sure that they did not really need more than they allowed themselves. His own practice was to sleep eight hours, but during the day it must be remembered he was always occupied, and passed much of his time in study and in scientific researches.

Dr. Kitchi-
ner's versa-
tility.

I have already spoken of the versatility of Dr. Kitchiner's genius, and I must now proceed to mention some of the many directions into which it ran. It would seem that from childhood he was marked by originality, for at Eton, notwithstanding that he was a great favourite both in the schools and in the playing-fields, he was dubbed with the sobriquet of "Quiz-fish."

It is not easy to categorize such a character unless we place him in the small class of all-round men. He seemed to be at home in every department of knowledge, at once a classical scholar, a mathematician, a scientist, a linguist, a musician and composer, a humorist, a gastronomist, and with all this a man of fortune and a man of the world.

During his course of medical instruction, what seemed to have interested him most in the structure of the human frame was the mechanism of the eye, so that anatomy led him to optics, as chemistry and hygiene led him to cookery. Perhaps the terrible loss of his eye also interested him in the matter, and among other practical works on the subject, he brought out "The Economy of the Eyes. Part I. Precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of Sight. Plain Rules to enable All to Judge When and What Spectacles and Opera

His study of
optics.

Glasses will Suit them. Part II. Experiments with 51 Telescopes.”

The study of optical instruments led him to the use of them, and great part of his leisure was devoted to astronomical investigations.¹ His telescopes were all made under his own direction, and he introduced many improvements which were readily welcomed and adopted by the profession. His “Dumpy,” which came into my father’s possession at his death, was one of the earliest reflecting telescopes ever made. My father purchased most of his other scientific instruments. His fine electrifying-machine with all its elaborate paraphernalia : his microscope, his air-pump, and many optical appliances were a source of enjoyment and instruction to us throughout our youth.

His first work on optics was published anonymously in 1815. This book created a great sensation among the professionals of the day, and intense curiosity was excited as to the author of so remarkable a performance. It was followed by a paper contributed, also anonymously, to the “Philosophical Magazine,” on achromatic glasses. This paper aroused a determination to discover the author, and from that time his reputation as a man of science became established.

As to music, it was born in him ; he was equally at home on Of music. any instrument. Sir George Grove has done justice in his Dictionary of Music alike to his practical gifts and his theoretical knowledge. He is there recorded as composer of the Operettas “Love among the Roses” and “The Master-key,” also as author of the shrewd and thoughtful “Observations on Vocal Music.” He is better known as the persevering collector of “British Sea Songs,” and of the “Local and National Songs of England,” chiefly taken from MSS. and early printed copies, many of which he had among the curiosities of his own library. He set many songs and ballads

[¹ He published, I believe, the first chart of the surface of the moon and of Mars, drawn by himself from his own observations.—R. H. B.]

to music, some lyrics by my father among others, and a pathetic ballad of his called "The Beggar Boy."

He took great interest in the history of "God Save the King," and sought out, preserved and published every version and variation of it that he could discover.¹ He also

¹ The Marquise de Créquy in her "Souvenirs" relates how when a young girl she was taken to visit St. Cyr in the time of Madame de Maintenon. "Une de mes impressions les plus ineffaçables," she writes, "est celle de toutes ces belles voix de jeunes filles qui partirent avec un éclat imprévu pour moi, lorsque le Roi parut dans sa tribune, et qui chantèrent à l'unisson une sorte de motet, ou plutôt de cantique national et glorieux, dont les paroles étaient de Madame de Brinon et la musique du fameux Lully. En voici les paroles que je me suis procurées longtemps après :

"Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le Roi!
Vive le Roi!
Qu'à jamais glorieux,
Louis victorieux
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis!
Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le Roi!
Vive le Roi!"

"If you feel any curiosity in the matter," she continues, "you could, with very little trouble, obtain the music, seeing that a German by name Handel pounced upon it during a visit to Paris and laid it at the feet of King George of Hanover . . . for a con-si-de-ra-tion, and that Messieurs les Anglais at once adopted it, producing it coolly as their 'National Anthem.'"

The editor of Madame de Créquy's memoirs remarks that this lady is not the only patriot who has claimed for France the origin of this hymn and poured out indignation on the German: two English journals have also animadverted upon the alleged piracy. The *Gazette de France* has collected several documents relating to it: the French journal *La Mode*, under date 23rd July, 1831, contained an article from which the following is an extract:—

"We hear from Edinburgh that the MS. memoirs of the Duchess of Perth are to be sold in London for the sum of £3000. Among them are a number of interesting details of the Court of Louis XIV., as also of that of King James during the sojourn of their Britannic Majesties at the Château of St.-Germain-en-Laye. In an account there given of the establishment of Saint-Cyr there exists a testimony to a fact not unknown in France, but the revelation of which was supported only on the testimony of the former nuns of that house, that is to say that the words of *God Save the King* are of French origin.

"When the 'Very-Christian King' entered the chapel the whole choir of the young and noble ladies sang each time the following words to a very fine melody Lully's:—

Grand Dieu, Sauvez le Roy! &c., as above.

A tradition at St. Cyr asserted that the composer Handel during his visit to the Superioress of that Royal House asked and obtained permission to copy music and words of this Gallican invocation, and that he subsequently offered it to King George I. as of his own composition."

[The *Harmonicon* ii. 828 has on this subject:—"Dr. Burney says that 'God Save the King' was written for James II. while the Prince of Orange was hovering on the coast, that it remained unnoticed during succeeding reigns, and that when in 1775 it was arranged for Covent Garden, and by Dr. Arne for Drury Lane, the author was declared to be unknown. Further that George III. himself showed it

took pains to establish the most correct and impressive phrasing of the current version. He especially enforced the making a short syllable thus—of the penultimate word in the line,

Gōd sāve thĕ King,

which produced such a thrilling effect the first time it was so sung by Catalani.

Dr. Kitchiner was in possession of a curious anthem, dated 1415, which at his death somehow passed into the hands of Mrs. Clarke, from whom, I understand, Sir George Grove endeavoured in vain to obtain a copy.¹ He also collected and published all the songs in Shakespeare's Plays set to music; as also “the National Songs of England.”

[Another very interesting work, entitled, after the lengthy fashion of the day, “The Art of invigorating and prolonging Life by Food, clothes, air, exercise, wine, sleep, &c., &c.,” embodies an epitome of much of his wide reading and experience. Like his previously named works it is imbued by sound common sense, and many of his recommendations have passed into accepted laws of hygiene. The kind and thoughtful character of the man comes out in his injunctions to beware of making any noises which may disturb the repose of next-door neighbours and fellow-lodgers. “All People are not aware, that such is the effect of Echo and Vibration that a Sound which is hardly audible in the house where it is made may be extremely sonorous in the adjoining one, and that any noise of stirring the fire, or moving any furniture on an un-carpeted floor, sometimes sounds louder in the next house than in the room where it is made.”

Neighbours' noises.

“I have dwelt on this subject because I have frequently heard nervous Invalids complain of being grievously disturbed in this manner by next-door Neighbours whom they declared to be most amiable people—who would not offend a worm in-

to Dr. Burney in a book, with King James's name brought into the line.” If this is so it may be inferred that James II. took it to Paris with him, and that the original piracy was on the French side.—R. H. B.]

¹ See “Gossip of the Century,” ii. 27-8, *u.*

tentionally. . . . Piano-Fortes should never be placed against party-walls. In stirring the Fire never touch the back or sides of the Grate . . . the ticking of a clock placed on the Chimney-piece is heard, if the party-wall is thin, in the next house. . . . There is plenty of time for the performance of all offensively noisy operations between TEN *in the Morning* and TEN *at Night*, during which the industrious Housewife may indulge her Arms in the full swing, and while she polishes her black-leaded grate the TAT-TOO her brush strikes up against its sides may be performed without distressing the irritable ears of her Nervous Neighbours, to whom *Undisturbed Repose is the most Vital Nourishment.*" He touches upon other early morning disturbances, and then offers the following pertinent remarks:—"The Author's feelings are tremblingly alive on this subject. *Finis coronat opus*; however soundly one may have slept during the night—if the finishing morning Nap is interrupted from continuing to its natural termination—his whole System is shook by it, and all that Sleep has before done for him is undone in an instant; he gets up distracted and languid, and the only part of his head that is of any use to him is the Hole between his Nose and Chin." With much more, which it would be well indeed if all neighbours and servants would lay to heart.

At the end he supplies an appetizing list of viands and wines (and if many of them are well-known to us now, it is probably to his introduction that we owe the enjoyment of them), "to give a notion of the variety, &c., of the Parisian Kitchen in 1820."—R. H. B.]

Actuated by his irresistible propensity to scrutinize and bring forward, with a view to practical utility, everything that could add to the comfort and well-being of his fellow-men, we need not be surprised that Dr. Kitchiner took up the subject of travelling as a matter on which his experience and common sense could be brought to bear with advantage.

"The Traveller's Oracle."

These views he embodied in "The Traveller's Oracle." Wherever its recommendations have necessarily become

obsolete, they are still entertaining as a contemporary picture of one phase of social life which reads like a fossilized revelation of a remote age, and is yet a state which has only passed away within the recollection of a generation. For those who retain any memory, personal or traditional, of the incidents of the Road as he describes it, its pages are charming in recalling the dear old cosy associations of journeys performed in the style they record; and to those younger readers, for whom coach and carriage travelling has passed into the realms of history, they are picturesque and romantic. To all it is instructive to compare the routine of the past with that of actual workaday life.

At the same time a vast amount of his genial and rational advice is as pregnant with usefulness at the present day as at his own date. For instance, the hints putting travellers on their guard against damp beds and already-used sheets,¹ and many similar warnings, are as useful at the present time as in his own.

Excellent also was the advice never to travel without note-book, pen and ink, for nothing is more true than that "notes made in pencil easily become illegible." Those who are in the habit of making subsequent use of their travelling notes will appreciate the wisdom of the counsel to "Commit at once to paper whatever you hear, see, and read that is remarkable, together with your impressions on observing it."

[I began travelling with the idea that everything was so "improved" now, that such matters did not need investigation. Closer scrutiny has revealed that it is very necessary indeed, even in some of the most expensive and self-extolling of hotels. I instance the following from among a hundred adventures: I was staying a very short time ago in the best hotel of a country town in Hants, and one which had been recommended by friends who often stayed there as "charming," and as a general consideration I should be inclined to endorse the recommendation. A friend had been occupying a small room next to mine, and was to be succeeded by another on the night after her departure. I went in as the maids were making the bed, and seeing they were putting on the same sheets, and not venturing to find any fault, I quietly observed, "Mrs. — is not going to sleep here to-night, it is *another* friend who will be here." The girls looked at me without catching the drift of my observation at first: then, one sharper than the other, seeing it, retorted, "We didn't know as any one o' yourn was going to sleep 'ere to-night." "I thought that as you were putting on the same sheets you expected the same person," was my reply, which confounded the sharp girl; but the other came to her relief with the stumper, "Well, at this time of year we only 'spects to make up the beds for gentlemen."—R. H. B.]

“Do this on the spot,” says “The Traveller’s Oracle,” “if possible at the moment it first strikes; at all events, do not delay it beyond the very first opportunity.” “An introduction to eminent authors,” he again observes, “may often be obtained from booksellers who publish their works.”

Among the various modes of locomotion that have been adopted, the Doctor tells a humorous story of Asclepiades, who made his “grand tour” on the back of a cow and lived all the while on her milk. “If a travelling carriage be preferred,” he says, “it should be so ingeniously contrived as to be rendered a magazine of comforts.” He recommends those who travel in any kind of carriage occasionally to change their position, also their place in the carriage, in order “to prevent those evils attendant on continued riding when the jolting is always in one direction.” As a matter of hygiene he strongly deprecates night travelling on all accounts, and even recommends arriving as early as possible in the evening, that the traveller may secure good rooms and good provisions.

The paraphernalia of a traveller in the first or even the second decade of the century appears to have been such as might reasonably have had a deterrent effect on his intentions. When we find an iron walking-stick, so made as to appear to be of wood, recommended, and are told its grasp is to be secured by a hook at one end, and its utility promoted by a concealed spike, five inches long, at the other, we begin to wonder what we are expected to encounter that will render so formidable a weapon necessary. This “stick” the Doctor suggests may be made to contain a barometer for measuring heights, and it may also be provided with a mariner’s compass in the head, if we replace the hook by a knob.

A hunting watch with a “second” hand, especially if a stop-watch, is also useful for the measurement of heights: but the advice on the subject of watches is too minute for quotation.

A portable case of instruments, a sketch and note book,

paper, ink, pins, needles, thread, buttons, a ruby or Rhodium pen, or Lewis's fountain-pen, a folding foot-rule, a thermometer which may hold in a toothpick-case, a one-foot achromatic telescope which may be inserted in a walking-stick—the said stick to be divided into feet and inches, so as to serve for a measure—an “invisible opera-glass” (invented by the Doctor himself), a night lamp placed in a small lantern, which may be made dark, and carry on its top a tin half-pint cup, a tinder-box or instantaneous-light box. If spectacles are needed, take two pairs in strong silver frames, and an eye-glass in a silver ring slung round the neck, all pebbles. A traveller's knife containing a large and small blade, a saw, hook for taking a stone out of a horse's shoe, turnscrew, gunpicker, tweezers, and a corkscrew long and large enough to be useful (*may be had at Exeter Change*). Goloshes and *parabones*; for the table, your own knife and fork and spoon will be no small comfort. “A Welsh wig” is a cheap and comfortable travelling-cap. An umbrella, the stick of which may contain a sword, and a great-coat buttoning down below the knees, and another for cold weather, a cloth Dreadnought lined with fur.

“If circumstances compel you to ride outside a coach, put on two shirts and two pairs of stockings, turn up the collar of your great-coat and tie a handkerchief round it, and have plenty of dry straw to set your feet on.”

“Shoes are better than boots for long journeys, and warmer if you wear gaiters, or if you draw over them a pair of the fishermen's worsted Woodmull hose.”

As for medicine chests, the Doctor utterly despises them, and considers the traveller will rarely require any drugs beyond salts, rhubarb, sal-volatile, peppermint lozenges and bi-carbonate of soda, sticking-plaster and a lancet, the latter to avoid being inoculated with the disease of the last person who was blooded with that of any country practitioner. A six oz. silver pocket bottle to hold three glasses of wine, also take biscuits and portable soup.

“Provide a good store of sixpences; they are handy little fellows, and will sometimes do the work of shillings: for the same reason take some shillings and half-crowns, and crowns, which are the deputies of half-sovereigns, as the latter will occasionally serve as substitutes for sovereigns: but remember, the Oracle is not advising the traveller to avail himself of any of these substitutes on any occasion where desert demands more. Pay others as you would like to be paid yourself.”

This precept is very characteristic of the Doctor's just and generous disposition. In another page of the same book he says: “Be liberal; the advantages of a reputation for generosity which is soon acquired, and the many petty annoyances avoided by the annual disbursement of five pounds worth of shillings and half-crowns will produce him five times as much satisfaction as he can obtain by spending that sum in any other way—it does not depend so much upon a man's general expense as it does upon his giving handsomely whenever it is proper to give at all—he who gives two shillings is called mean, while he who gives half-a-crown is considered generous; so that the difference between these two opposite characters depends upon *sixpence*.”

“Those who travel for pleasure must not disquiet their minds with the cares of too great economy, or instead of pleasure they will find nothing but vexation. To travel agreeably one must spend freely; it is the way to be respected by everybody, and to gain admittance everywhere. Since 'tis but once in your life you undertake such a thing, 'tis not worth while to look to a few pounds.

“A traveller stopped at a widow's gate,
 She kept an inn and he wanted to bait;
 But the widow she slighted her guest;
 For when nature was making an ugly face
 She certainly moulded that traveller's face
 As a sample for all the rest.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid
 With a wondrous effect on the widow and maid,
 And they quickly grew marvellous civil,

The money immediately altered the case,
 They were charmed with his lump, and his snout and his face,
 Though he still might have frightened the Devil.

“Affect not, however, the character of a magnificent fool, whose greatness is manifest merely in the superior fault of squandering profusely.”

“The Traveller’s Oracle” also displays the Doctor’s knowledge of horseflesh. Minute instructions are given for choosing and managing horses; for building the carriage and keeping it in order; also for all that concerns the correct ordering of the stables at home; how to get useful service out of the coachman, carriage and horses without overworking them.

Serious and practical as are these pages of instruction, a vein of humour pervades them, which draws the reader on, and makes him go on nowadays perusing them rather for entertainment than actual use.

Besides the literary occupation of producing these various works Dr. Kitchiner was known also as an admirable master in the social arts of both chess and whist. Chess and whist.

In the first edition of Hood’s “Whims and Oddities,” which contains a poem by the Doctor entitled “A Recipe for Civilization,” is a very droll and suggestive illustration representing him as the “Homo Genus.” He is standing over a stove tossing musical notes in a frying-pan.¹

“Young Kitchiner,” as his son was called, was at the time of his father’s death an unusually handsome and elegant young man of one and twenty, just leaving Cambridge. His presence was most prepossessing, his dress bespeaking a perfect gentleman, without affectation or dandyism. With his father’s considerable fortune he inherited his and his grandfather’s taste and genius for music; the mantle of the Doctor’s winning manners also descended upon him. His “Young Kitchiner.”

¹ Many other interesting notes of the qualities and habits of Dr. Kitchiner may be found in “Gossip of the Century,” vol. i. 91, 187, 451–455; vol. ii. 27, 294, 428. R. H. B.

training was, however, the one weak spot in the Doctor's life's work. It is true that he gave him every advantage, in spite of his being illegitimate, sent him to Eton, and took him about on visits, but he exaggerated the strictness of those days of strictness in education, and failed to attach him to those principles which he himself so punctually exercised. Sir John Soane had been one of Kitchiner's great friends, and when in 1824 the deadly feud between father and son had reached a deplorable condition Sir John tried his utmost to bring about a reconciliation. With great difficulty he induced the offended father to consent to take his son back into favour, on the simple condition that he would promise to enter any business or profession of his own choice, and remain at it steadily for two years. But the eloquence that prevailed with the father was powerless with the son, who could not be brought to listen to these very rational terms. His habits were the exact reverse of the Doctor's own practice of economy and order.

Disappointment led Kitchiner to indite a codicil greatly modifying his will, by which he had left his son everything he possessed, after legacies paid to his servants. While he hesitated to sign it, death came.

Soon after his death the son was bewitched into marrying a superlatively beautiful woman, whose birth, like his own, was spoken of with mystery. It would be impossible to imagine a more strikingly handsome couple. Or—a more prodigal *ménage*. Young Kitchiner received in princely style, and so far from checking the extravagance of his wife, he himself pursued the most reckless course, till there was little left of a capital which had originally brought him in about 6000*l.* a year. Over other details of this disastrous marriage and the tragic end of the magnificent youth who had started in life with such exceptional advantages it is best to draw a veil.

[When he was beginning to be hard up, not very long

after Dr. Kitchiner's death, he had recourse to the reproduction of his father's works in order to raise money, and in the preface to the "Art of prolonging Life" he speaks of him with great good feeling:—"Above ten Thousand Copies have already been sold," he says, "and it was a source of much gratification to my late lamented father—that a Work to which he had dedicated so much pains should have met with such encouragement. His ultimate and indeed only wish was to render the knowledge he possessed subservient to the Comfort and the Happiness of all. . . . I have executed the task which by the melancholy loss of so sincere a friend, so dear a parent circumstances suddenly forced upon me, and have only to lament that He,

Nurse of my Childhood, Guardian of my Youth,
Whose Voice was Kindness, and whose Precepts Truth,

did not live to send forth the present Edition in a more perfect state than his affectionate and respectful Son."

I have several letters, by which it would appear that he also attempted authorship on his own account, for in them he applies to my father to look over his efforts and advise upon them.

One of them says: ". . . I have to beg a favour of great consequence to me. You must know that I am (*mirabile dictu*) an Author, and wish moreover to profit by your remarks. If you will take so much trouble on yourself as to read the production of a young man only twenty-three years old, you will really confer a very lasting obligation. I am the more induced to make so bold a request, knowing that you was the reader and improver of many MSS. of my poor father. If you find I am too stupid, throw the work aside, and I will only ask you to keep it till I return from the Continent. I intend visiting Switzerland, Rome, Naples, Venice, &c., &c., &c., and take Paris on my way home. I shall be absent about eighteen months. . . ." A little later

he writes that he has put off his journey, and is coming to take my father's criticisms "on my prosy pages" in person. There is no indication, however, of the title or subject of the work, and apparently he did not live to publish it.

I cannot conclude this chapter better than by adopting for it the very "Farewell to the Reader" which Dr. Kitchiner places at the end of his "Cook's Oracle." A piece of valedictory advice worth many thousand doctors' fees:—

We now have made in one design
 The *Utile* and *Dulce* join ;
 And taught both poor and men of wealth
 To reconcile their tastes to health ;
 Restrain each forward Appetite,
 Thus dine with prudence and delight.
 If careful all our rules they follow
 They'll masticate before they swallow.
 'Tis thus Hygeia guides our pen
 To warn the greedy sons of men
 To moderate their drink and meat
 And "eat to live, not live to eat."
 For a rash Palate oft bestows
 Arthritic lessons on the Toes !—
 The Stomach, void of wind and bile
 Shall praise our monitory style,
 And as he cannot speak, enlist
 Our aid as his *ventri*-loquist.
 The *Head* now clear from pain and vapour
 Shall order out his ink and paper ;
 And dictate praises on these rules
 To govern gormandizing fools.
 The *Legs*, now fearless of the gont,
 As ready messengers, turn out
 To spread our volume far and near,
 Active in gratitude sincere.
 While thus the Body, strong and sound,
 Our constant advocate is found,
 And pointing to receipts delicious
 Exclaims:—"Who reads our new Apicious
 If he has brains, may keep them cool
 (If a sound stomach and no fool)
 May keep it so, unlogged by food
 Sad indigestion's sickly brood.
 Hunger howe'er oppressive ease,
 The Palate e'en capricious please."

And if with care he reads our Book
In theory become a Cook,
Learn the delights good rules procure us,
When appetite by Reason awed,
(Zeno alike and Epicurus)
Pleasures combined with health applaud.
He who is Stomach's master, he
The noblest Empire then may boast,
So feasting, wheresoe'er he be,
That man alone shall "rule the Roast."

R. H. B.]

CHAPTER XIII.

DISTINGUISHED PRIVATE FRIENDS.—CHARLES WATERTON, THE WANDERER.

Walton Hall—My Visit—Reception by the Squire and His Sisters—His Sympathy—Cordiality—Hospitality—Conversation—Erudition—Favourite Authors—Sterne—His Private Character—His Style—Ugo Foscolo's Translation—His Tomb—The Squire's Recitations from Him—Byron's Religion—The Approach to Walton Hall—The Lake—The Exterior—Elevation—My Apartment—The rest of the Interior—Walton Hall Customs—The Still Life on the Staircase—Taxidermy—The Squire's Sanctum—Its Unique Appearance and Contents—The Work done Therein—His Bed—The German Maid and the "*Graukopf*"—He makes Dead Birds appear to Live—The Martin Luther Group—The "Non-descript"—Cause of the Squire's retired Mode of Life—Vow of Conte di Scarampi—The Squire's Asceticism—The Cat "*Whittie*"—His Originality and Eccentricities—Historical Notes of the Waterton Family and Estate—Reformation Persecution—Cromwell's Bullet—Penal Laws—Anecdote—Ancient Glasses—Waterton's early Devotion to Natural History—Starts on His Wanderings—Adventurousness—Mode of choosing a Wife—Its Success—Early termination of a happy Marriage—Its Consequences—His "Wanderings" from a Literary Point of View—Experience gained on His Travels brought to bear on Walton Hall—How He Stocked His Park and Lake—How He Entertained His Feathered Visitors—Dissipation of Vulgar Errors—The Starlings—The Rookery—The Herony—The Owls—Reciprocal good Understanding—The Peacocks—Bird Cortège at His Funeral—Daily Strolls with the Squire—Congenial Topics of Talk—His Sorrows—His Cheerfulness—His Humour—Boyish Freak—Laborious Occupations—Amusing Instances of Mistaken Identity—And Incognito—The Squire's Dinner—Afternoon Row on the Lake—Family Burial-Place—Twelve Apostles' Island—Judas Grooming—Lightning Story—Entertainment of Tourists—Liberal Sentiments—St. Joseph's Acre—The "Flukes"—The Strawberries—Blessing the Fields—Indoors at Walton—Genial Conversation—Facetiæ—Portrait-taking—Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth?—The Future State of Animals—Anonymous Admirer—Her Verses—His Rejoinder—"Whittie" and the Organ—The Other Cats—Sangrado—The Mar Legend—A Quaker's Singing Argument—Parting from Walton—The Squire's Valedictory Invitation—Subsequent Intercourse—Manner of His Death—Sepulture—Bird-mourners—Epitaph—Idiosyncrasies—Letters—Hand-writing—Scientific Feat with Rattlesnakes—The Ourali Poison—Experiment on an Italian Donkey—Consequences—The Ant-bear—Visit to

British Museum—Visit to His Publishers—Edmund Waterton—Contrast in Tastes to His Father—Except as to Religious and Family Traditions—His Collection of Rings at South Kensington—His Marriages—Early Death.

I revisit Walton—Change of Hands—New Servants—New Manners—The Trees Tenantless—The Grave Deserted—The Traditions Forgotten—Mr. Hailstone's Intermediate Provisions Neglected—Depart in a Storm of Thunder and Hail.

It was on a bright afternoon of May, 1861, that I arrived on a visit at Walton Hall. I had heard much—who has not?—of the wonders of the unique Park, the not less unique and storied mansion and museum, and of its no less unique than venerable owner, the “fine old English gentleman,” indeed “one of the olden time,” for there was little of the nineteenth century about him.

Yes, I had heard much of Squire Waterton's originality and of the singular surroundings amid which it pleased him to dwell; of the severity of his own mode of life co-existent with generous indulgence for others; of his unconventional habits and occupations; of his rare acquaintance with natural history and matchless skill as a taxidermist; of his scholarly proficiency in classic and patristic lore, as in philology; of his frank and cheerful hospitality. But though prepared for many idiosyncrasies, I still daily found fresh matter for wonder and admiration, and for becoming more and more deeply interested in the man and his manners, the whole time I stayed at Walton Hall.

Anyone who had witnessed the affectionate cordiality of my reception, as the friend who introduced me and I reached the portico, where Mr. Waterton and his two sisters-in-law, who lived with him, came out to meet us, would have thought we had been bosom-friends for years: not at all so was it, however. Until that moment we had never “seen each other's face, nor touched each other's hand”—entire strangers, till the “one touch of Nature,” which a heart like that of the Squire knew how to recognize, all at once made us “kin”! If I briefly allude to the circumstances which found me so unexpectedly the Squire's guest, it is because

*My visit to
Walton.*

the incident illustrates more effectually than pages of description, a fundamental and lovable phase of his noble character.

An intimate and valued friend of his and also of my own, had come to stay with me on the occasion of a family bereavement, similar to that which had so suddenly and completely changed the tenour of his own life and made a recluse of him. The Squire having heard through her of my trouble, immediately proposed that by way of change of scene and of ideas I should go to stay with one who could so profoundly enter into my state of mind, promising at the same time that I should enjoy perfect freedom to pass my time how I liked. He would take no denial, and his insistence was of such a benevolent and hearty nature, that it was impossible to resist it. I was compelled to meet it in the spirit of frankness and cordiality with which it was proffered, and of which the sequel proved the genuineness.

cordiality of
the Squire and
his sisters.

None surely ever understood so well as the Squire and his sisters-in-law how to welcome their visitors and tactfully make them feel at home. My charmed experience has made me think better of human nature ever since, and during all the five or six dearly-remembered weeks spent at Walton Hall not a day passed that did not bring out some new, interesting, and admirable trait in the fine old man's most original, cultivated, and refined character. His conversation, like his books, was full of information and also full of humour, and his frequent allusions in both to the soundest authors of all times and nationalities testified to his extensive reading. A love of the classics was as much a part of Charles Waterton's nature as it was of old Dr. Parr's, and, like him, he infused that love into those with whom he conversed. Quotations from his favourite authors, whom I soon found were headed by Horace, Cervantes, Dante, Molière, Shakespeare, Sterne, and Byron, seemed to fall into his talk, his pages, and his correspondence as if their thoughts had taken root in his mind, but he would have regarded it as a

His reading.

Favourite
authors.

sacrilege to deal with them out of their pages and represent their ideas in his own words ; though familiar with Greek and Latin authors, and recognized as a correct and elegant Latinist, he never aired his knowledge of the dead languages unless in the company of those whom he knew understood them, and shared his own admiration for them.

Every morning he read a chapter in the Greek Testament, refreshed his memory with the perusal of some Greek or Latin author, and treated himself to a few pages of Spanish, generally Cervantes ; he delighted in Sancho's proverbs, which he archly quoted now and again when he wanted to clinch an argument or illustrate a narration, when the occasion added its *à-propos* to their drollery. Often one of Martial's graceful epigrams would come to the fore, and in his character of a country gentleman he showed his high and practical appreciation of the Georgics.

In all this he fortuitously adopted precisely my father's practice—except that with him a dip into favourite passages in Homer followed the Greek Testament—so that it made me feel as if I were beginning life over again in my own home.

To a certain extent he shared my own admiration for that remarkable work "Gil Blas," and agreed with me in believing that it could not but have had a Spanish origin. But "Don Quixote" was the book of his heart : he admired the elegance of the style, the point of the story, the true-to-lifeness of the characters ; the pathetic simplicity and noble devotedness of the Don ; the touching trustfulness, genuine honesty tempered by shrewdness of the esquire.

As for Sterne, he loved to take the feeling he displays in his writings for *argent comptant*, and revelled in his stories as if they had flowed from his heart, and not merely from his pen. For what does not Horace Walpole say about the hypocrisy of this *sentimental* gentleman, who, having means, knew his mother to be starving without helping her, while moving his readers to tears over the carcase of an ass.

Lawrence
Sterne.

In Richard Cumberland's *Memoirs* (1807) I find a similar appreciation of him. ". . . As for 'Tristram Shandy,' whose many plagiarisms are now detected, his want of delicacy is unpardonable, and his tricks have too much of frivolity and buffoonery in them to pass upon the reader; but his real merit lies not only in his general conceptions of character, but in the address with which he marks them out by those minute, yet striking, touches of his pencil that make his descriptions pictures, and his pictures life: in the pathetic he excels, as his history of Lefevre witnesses, but he seems to have mistaken his powers, and capriciously to have misapplied his genius." Yet, even during his life-time Sterne found practical admirers. Some Freemasons (one of them being "Mr. Salt of Tottenham," whom Cyrus Redding tells us he met after Sterne's death) were most desirous to admit him into their fraternity, and were so taken with him that, although he died before this reception could be accomplished, they recorded on his grave¹ that they wished

[The following is a reply which I had occasion to send to *Notes and Queries*, 21st February, 1891, its diligent contributor, Mr. Pickford, having applied to inquire into the state of Sterne's grave at that time; other writers also furnished many items of interesting information:—

"I am happy to be able to inform Mr. Pickford that the peaceful graveyard where the author of the most exquisite bit of poetical prose in all English literature rests, has *not* been 'improved away.' Its close proximity to Hyde Park deprives those who might otherwise promote the job of uglifying it into a playground of any plea that it could possibly be wanted for such a purpose.

"The old St. George's burying-ground is endeared to me by association with the most intimate moral lessons of my earliest childhood, as I can remember that shortly before it was closed against further burials our nurse used sometimes to vary the monotony of the afternoon walk to Kensington Gardens by diverging into this more countrified enclosure while there was a burial going on, sometimes of more than common interest. Though the ordinary Protestant ritual of that date may not have been very attractive, one came across realities of solemn import which stirred one's sympathies and affections, and occasionally there was a soldier's burial with muffled drums and firing over the grave, which could not fail to produce a lasting impression.

"On one occasion I well remember a scene that took place there well worthy to have been recorded in a chapter of the 'Sentimental Journey' itself. The body of a youth was being committed to the earth, and his sweetheart (whose sobs broke through the black silk hood in which it was then the custom for mourners at 'walking funerals' to enshroud themselves) lost all control over her anguish at the moment when the coffin was lowered into its grave. It would seem he had died somewhat suddenly since their last meeting, as the next was to have been on the day succeeding this painful ceremony. The whole place resounded with her shrieks of 'He said he'd come to-morrow! He said he'd come to-morrow!' a hundred times repeated as she sprang into his grave and locked her arms round

to consider him as belonging to their corps and had him buried at their expense.

[But surely it is as permissible to be moved by a writer's portrayal of sentiments he does not put in action, as in an actress's representation of virtues which are the opposite of her own course of life. It would not be easy to find a book

his coffin. Her friends only ultimately succeeded in dragging her away, after she was quite exhausted, by the delusive promise, 'Yes, yes, so he will; come home and wait for him.'

"It was the first time I had been in presence of a real sorrow, and the first time I had ever heard a falsehood deliberately uttered—two impressions which nothing can efface. Many hundred times since that I have passed the enclosure where this occurred. The scene has never failed to rise up in my mind, and only a few months ago I was moved to go in and look for the grave where it occurred. But though the exact spot seemed ever present with me I could not discover any headstone that lent itself to the embodiment of the little romance I had witnessed. Probably the circumstances of the parties concerned did not afford a lasting memorial.

"On the same occasion I took a survey of Sterne's headstone. Though not splendid, it is in very fair order, and the (mediocre) inscription quite legible. I may add that if the description of the graveyard quoted by Mr. Pickford was justified at its date of 1804, things have been remedied since. There was not more rubbish thrown from neighbouring houses than happens in every London garden. It was a wet season, and the grass may have been a little rank, but not exactly 'weeds rioting in impurity.' There were no 'yawning graves,' and the headstones did not 'stagger over dirt and neglect.' In place of the 'dead cats' there were two very handsome friendly live ones, who with extreme urbanity insisted on accompanying us round our circuit of the whole place. The general condition, if a little forlorn, seemed much more picturesque and much more appropriate than the *rabougris* shrubs, the flaming flowers, the cast iron lounges, and blatant bands, with which other London burying-grounds are at the present day infested.—R. H. B. C.

"P.S.—After all, Mr. Pickford's apprehensions were prophetic. Although for thirty years or more this 'home of rest' has lain unnoticed and undisturbed, exactly at this very moment the situation has changed. The above reply was written on January 10th, and less than a month later I suddenly observed a report in the *Times* that a faculty had been obtained to build a church on this old graveyard! No doubt, however, the attention which has been timely called to Sterne's tomb will serve to save it from destruction."

In the end this church was never built, but a barn-like building has been erected where the mortuary chapel stood. By a coincidence which I cannot account for, I had called the graveyard a "home of rest," and this is just what the Russell-Gurney family have entitled, and designed to make their new building by the aid of Mr. Shields' frescoes setting forth the prophecies and incidents of the Life of Christ for the contemplation of the wayfarer. The graveyard has, alas! however, been fatally "improved"—the ground levelled and laid out in squares of grass and gravel as if for "lawn-tennis"; the elder-bushes that masked the walls, ruthlessly cut away: the memorial stones from all parts of the ground ranged in front of them in tiers, making them still more ugly, and having all the appearance, as a clever friend observed, of giant's teeth. Sterne's gravestone happened to be originally so near the west wall that it did not have to be moved, but a too officious admirer—"the owner of the 'Sterne property,' Woodhall, near Halifax," has set up another in front of it which only records the same dates and the same admiration as the old one, of which the motto "Ah! *Molliter ossa quiescant!*" remains alone uncovered by it.—R. H. B.]

in any language which displays in simpler and at the same time more effective and exquisite language the secret springs of the best motives of humanity, than does the "Sentimental Journey." The only book perhaps that excels it in this respect is Ugo Foscolo's Italian translation of the same! The unique example of a translation improving on an original. It is a remarkable fact that if the two are placed side by side and read alternately, it is the English original that reads like a translation; no doubt the Italian language lends itself better than our own to the expression of such fine-drawn sentiments.—R. H. B.]

The Squire's
recitations
from Sterne.

The Squire's memory was a subject of constant astonishment to me. He would often quote Uncle Toby and would recite whole chapters of the "Sentimental Journey" with real dramatic effect. "The Franciscan Monk," "Maria," and "The Starling" were among his favourites, but most of all "The Dead Ass," which recommended itself to his fancy for a reason which I will relate later on.¹ With these he scarcely ever failed to bring tears to the eyes of his listeners. Among the letters I had from him I have one subsequently alluding to Sterne as follows:—

"Lately, being in a reflective mood, I was thinking over the conversations we used to have on the subject of Yorick's works, and I sat down to try if I could not put his inimitable story of the 'Dead Ass' in a more favourable light than that in which it has been hitherto received. I hardly know if I have succeeded, but Eliza,² who looked over these notes, said it would be most unfair not to let you see them; I assure you, however, it is only with much hesitation that I forward the paper. I sometimes think I could write a volume on the moving stories which Sterne has left us, and which appear not to be duly appreciated by the readers of to-day: yet it seems to me such a writer should live."

The paper alluded to, explaining the apparent pseudo-sentimentalism of Sterne on the "*Dead Ass*," is somewhat too

¹ *Infra*, p. 99.

² One of his sisters-in-law.

long for insertion, but any of my readers who would care to apply to me for a copy shall have one.¹ The defence made by the Squire is founded on his own observations during a two years' residence in Andalusia of the affection which subsists there between the master and his ass, and what he has written is probably in reply to Horace Walpole's severe criticism on the inconsistency of Sterne's character.

Byron was another favourite author with the Squire. He used to say with obvious truth that he was imbued with more profoundly religious convictions than many pious people who cast stones at him. Macaulay, too, was a favourite author. He greatly appreciated the gifts and versatility of his neighbour, Lord Houghton, and was fond of the society of the two Gaskell families at Thorne's Hall and Lupset respectively, though there was no vestige of co-religionism between himself and any of these, except, indeed, the broad-mindedness with which superior men can see what is good in the systems of those from whom they denominationally differ.

To return, however, to the narrative of my first visit. Even the journey down to Walton was thoughtfully planned for us by our host. On arrival at Wakefield his carriage stood awaiting us; I have spoken of our reception on the terrace.

In the exterior of the building I found a severe-looking square-built stone mansion constructed over arches on a rocky foundation entirely surrounded by water, the lake covering from thirty to forty acres. One side, facing south, overlooks the Park, the undulating ground of which is bounded by woods. There is much fine old timber on the land; it contains a fine heronry; and pheasants, always left unmolested once they found sanctuary within the Squire's precincts, were glad to accept the hospitality of his forests.

The entrance-front of Walton Hall is remarkable for its

¹ I think it worth while to preserve this record of a very interesting bit of writing, but I have not found the original among my sister's papers.—R. H. B.]

Byron's
religion.

The approach
to Walton
Hall.

very picturesque old water-gate, in which to this day remains embedded one of Cromwell's bullets, traditionally asserted to have been sent there by Cromwell's own hand. The house is approached by a drawbridge across which foot passengers only can pass; and the smooth-mown lawn and paths leading up to the house are adorned with shrubs and trees, the severity of the style which pervades the whole place forbidding



WALTON HALL.

the introduction of flower borders. Flowers, however, brightened the interior of the dwelling—especially the chapel—in profusion.

My quarters.

Being shown upstairs to the quarters destined for my occupation, I found myself in a lofty and spacious room, furnished in that antiquated style which offers a picturesqueness all its own. Its last occupant, I may remark, had been Cardinal Wiseman, who had paid more than one visit to Walton Hall, and, being altogether a congenial spirit,

entertained the greatest friendship for the Squire. The bedstead was one of those ancient four-posters, examples of which still survive at Holyrood, at Chenonceaux, and in the old *Palazzi* of Italy. Its dimensions were such that a biblical patriarch might perfectly well have slept in it with his *fore-fathers*; the crimson of the satin quilt was mellowed by time, and the fringed and brocaded draperies were festooned with an art, the grace of which is unknown to the modern upholsterer. A large square, bordered carpet covered the middle of the floor, and all round appeared the old black oak



WALTON HALL. (*View showing Water Gate.*)

boards shining like a mirror. In the antiquated fireplace blazed a brilliant fire, the glow of which, diffusing itself over the whole room, imparted to it a roseate tint and a winning cheerfulness in keeping with the generous welcome from my host's lips, but seemed an almost superfluous luxury on a sunny May afternoon. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been natural to feel confused at being the object of so much attention from strangers, but though it penetrated me to a profound degree, the Squire's kindness was bestowed with such tender subtlety, that so far from being in any way oppressive, it only drew the recipient more closely to him.

Interior arrangements of Walton Hall.

I must mention among Walton Hall customs that of burning

fires all the year through, and the Squire was so used to this that he thought no room looked bright and homelike, however warm the weather, if the "cold grate grinned unconscious of a fire." Whenever he came to stay at my house, which was generally in July, I used to make a point of having fires lighted in all the rooms. The only difference he made between summer and winter was that in hot weather all the doors and windows were left open day and night. Even the house-door at Walton Hall was never closed, nor were shutters used, perhaps because the house was sufficiently isolated by the lake in the midst of which it stood, perhaps also because the Squire was so much beloved and venerated that no one would have allowed a hair of his head to be touched, yet there were in the house valuables enough in plate, jewellery, curios, &c., to have tempted the "armed burglar," against whom there was no muscular protection but that of the infirm old Squire himself and the two men-servants who slept in the house; gardeners and stable-men lived out of hearing.

The rooms were lofty and spacious, and a choice collection of paintings by old masters, chiefly acquired in Italy and Holland by the Squire on his travels, covered much of the wall space.

A wide portico, supported by a colonnade, adorned the façade and gave entrance to a noble vestibule from which opened several large rooms, but the staircase was the most imposing, and had become the most striking feature in the interior structure, for on its spacious bay-landings were museumed the fine and world-famed natural-history collection, every specimen of which was imported, collected, prepared, and stuffed by the Squire's own hands and under his own method and collected each in its special habitat by himself. These delighted the visitor at every turn; now it might be a bison, and now a butterfly;¹ now a jackal, and now a

Still life on
the staircase.

[¹ Among the butterflies were some so delicately preserved that their phosphorescent quality was still observable by night.—R. H. B.]

jackdaw; but each wearing the exact semblance it had borne in life.

The ingenuity and simplicity of his system has been Taxidermy. matter for admiration from all those interested in the difficult and previously ill-understood art. With his usual breadth of mind, far from concealing his secret, the Squire used his utmost endeavours to promulgate his new method, and was always ready to instruct any who came to him with inquiries, desiring it might be generally adopted as the only assured means of either preserving or (in duly skilled hands) giving a lifelike form to any defunct specimen. The mechanical and chemical detail he often succeeded in imparting to willing learners, but in the modelling the Squire always remained *facile princeps*, even among the most apt and intelligent of his would-be pupils. From his thorough and intimate knowledge of the customs of the animals he had so long and perseveringly studied, his practised and acute eye could seize and hold the peculiarities and also the diversities whether of form or attitude of each creature, so as to be able to impart to the specimens he manipulated, not merely a correct outline, but a vivified and natural pose. More than this, there was so much art in his handling that a sense of humour and of poetry added grace to all his groups. Moreover, his process conferred perpetual youth on them, fur and feathers being alike effectually guaranteed from the invasion of moth or the ravages of the atmosphere.¹

The Squire's so-called bedroom where this process was The Squire's sanctum. carried out was the most curious and original department of his dwelling, where everything was original and curious. One day during my stay at Walton he invited me to penetrate its arcana, to which he assured me I was one of the few strangers ever admitted. "But then," he added, gracefully,

¹ It is to be regretted that the secret of this admirable system of taxidermy was not known in Petrarch's time, for his pet cat, whom he went so far as to call his second Laura, has been stuffed with very different results, as those can tell who have, like myself, noted its deplorable condition, behind its glass frame over the door of its master's bedroom at Arquà.

“you are not, and never have been, a stranger to me; a common sorrow led us to understand and know each other from the first, and it is a pleasure to initiate you into all such things concerning myself in which I see you would be interested.”

This initiation was not only interesting, but a surprise—indeed, a succession of surprises. The room to which we ascended was actually in the roof, for being not even ceiled, it was open to the rafters.

Across a rope loosely stretched from one side to the other was thrown a striped blanket and some working clothes, among which was an apron with a pocket in front, hung on pegs; beside them two or three rough shelves, one being appropriated to books, while on the other were various bottles of oil, varnish, spirits of wine, &c. Among these were little jars containing pigments, various substances in powder, and boxes holding wire, pins, nails, beeswax, pieces of cork. Above them hung a map of some of the countries the Squire had traversed, and his “wanderings” were marked on that with a red line, very interesting to trace.

It powerfully reminded one of the cell of Ruggieri or the den of Faust.

“This is my sanctum,” said the Squire, as soon as I had had a good look round, “and like

‘ . . . the old cobbler’s stall,
It serves me for parlour and kitchen and (h)all.’

The quietest but perhaps the best occupied of my sleeping and waking hours are passed here; here I play and here I work, for work and play are, with me, convertible terms, and my best recreation is my work. See, here are my tools fashioned out of anything and everything; yet few and simple are they, even as the use to which I put them; the fact is, my dear friend, manipulation is the sum and substance of my process, and my fingers and my fist are my tools.”

“Do you really mean, Squire,” said I, interrupting him, “that your den, as you, excuse me, very expressively style

this retreat, is the atelier from which you turn out such beautiful work?" and I again looked curiously round on the rough, coarse, and scanty furniture, the worn, shapeless old deal table (on which lay a pheasant under preparation) and three crazy cherry-tree chairs, the deal press and chest of drawers and the unplanned, uncarpeted deal boards. I was fairly puzzled; the Squire had called this his "bedroom" as well as his workshop, but I could discover nothing that would justify the supposition that there could be anywhere within the irregular walls facilities for sleeping, still less for dressing. Toilet accessories I could scarcely believe were represented by the cracked red pan, glazed white inside, which stood on a backless deal chair, and that the substitute for perfumery was a square piece of yellow soap which seemed to live in a broken white earthenware saucer beside it, while a hard, rough jack-towel hung from a roller behind the door. After the survey, which revealed what there was *not* as well as what there was, I hesitatingly ventured to remark on the anomaly of a "bedroom" lacking the piece of furniture which essentially entitled it to be so called, for I was beginning to wonder whether this misnomer was due to a stretch of imagination, or was a figure of speech. But no; the Squire knew perfectly well what he was talking about.

"Bed!" said he, "aye, aye, that's always a puzzle to the few confidential friends I bring in here; but it's very simple; I'll soon show ye how I manage. Life in the wild woods," he continued, "teaches us to dispense with many things which encumber us in civilized life, though we get to consider them necessary, but I've long learnt that a bed is an absolutely useless luxury."

While speaking he drew out from some remote corner an His bed. oblong block of root of oak about two feet long, some nine or ten inches wide, perhaps eight inches deep; it appeared to be worn slightly hollow and was also much polished in the middle, but I did not guess its employment till the Squire

having pulled down the striped blanket I mentioned before, rolled it round him and lay down on the bare boards, for carpet there was none, resting his head on the block by way of illustrating his nightly practice.

“There,” said he, “it’s soon done and very simple, and I’ll answer for it none of you sleep more soundly than I, and after all,” he continued, “my couch might be even *less* luxurious; don’t you remember the story of the old Highland Chief in one of Walter Scott’s prefaces, who finding his youngest son, a mere boy, sleeping on the battle-field with a huge snowball under his head, kicked it away, exclaiming, ‘What do ye want wi’ a pillow? I’ll nae hae such effeeminacy in my family?’”

For thirty years this had been Charles Waterton’s only sleeping accommodation, summer or winter, in health or in sickness: never under any circumstances did he allow himself a more luxurious couch! When travelling, as of course he could not carry about his timber pillow, he employed the best substitute his ingenuity could devise, as I know by a droll incident which happened one night when he was my guest. The time at which he retired to rest was uniformly nine o’clock, and the German maid not supposing that anyone would already be in his room at so early an hour, went in unsuspectingly to take in the can of hot water, when she gave a loud scream and rushed out again. On my requiring next morning an explanation of such an extraordinary escapade, she replied: “Ach Yesus! vell may you ask: I vent into de room, and vat did I see? a long body roll up in a blanket on de floor, and a cray head on a portmanteau.”

Presently the Squire produced from a box the apparently withered skin and lank plumage of a cock-pheasant, and asked me what I thought of it: I thought it a hopeless case, and I said so.

“Well,” answered the Squire, “as you have seemed so much interested in my handiwork, I’m going to let you see your ‘hopeless case’ turned into a very successful one; and

what is more, when you've watched the whole proceeding and have confessed what a fine, proud fellow he has become, I'll make you a present of him."

The Squire was as good as his word and I assisted at the marvellous transformation, amazed at the wonderful simplicity of the process, the discovery of which was absolutely and entirely his own. It was one thing, however, to find out that immersion in a duly proportioned solution of corrosive sublimate would render the skin of an animal so soft and flexible that any form the manipulator pleased could be imparted to it, and another—and here came in an art akin to that of the sculptor—to be able to model and mould it not only to the form it exhibited when it covered the bones and muscles—all now removed—but also to the attitude and to the most delicate inflexions which showed, together with its general character, the particular expression he intended it should manifest.

There is a triad which compendiously describes the indispensable qualifications of a true artist, and Squire Waterton made a fine art of taxidermy, as every one of his countless specimens will testify, and he possessed in an eminent degree:

An eye that can see	}	Nature.
A heart that can feel		
A boldness of spirit that can follow ¹		

In the Squire's case five more may be added as contributing to his never-failing success:

Inexhaustible determination;

Uninterrupted attention;

A thorough knowledge of general anatomy;

A special familiarity with the forms, the habits and the characteristics of every subject that passed through his hands;

Artistic taste, delicate and intelligent manipulation.

¹ To a want of the last has been attributed the failure of Gosse and others.

I confess I was terrified for the results when I saw the plumage of my promised bird subjected to the chemical preparation: but no; the Squire smiled, and showing me some exquisite humming-birds he had prepared, bade me remark the dazzling brilliant breasts of the delicate little creatures glittering like gems as he held them in a ray of sunlight. When he had treated whether a quadruped or a bird every hair of the fur and every minutest feather remained as glossy or as downy as when the creature lived. And you might indeed doubt whether "Death's deforming fingers" had ever swept over it. If you took it in your hand a new surprise awaited you, for after the skin had been soaked in a skilfully compounded solution of corrosive sublimate long enough to render it mouldable, and while it was in process of drying, the Squire would have modelled the form so accurately into the shape in which he intended it to dry, that you naturally expected to recognize in the weight, the substance indicated: but no; neither hair, nor sawdust, nor wool, nor hay, nor straw, nor stuffing of any kind were employed or needed. As soon as the work was completed, if the Squire filled up the vacuum with cotton-wool to keep the skin in the shape he had given it, once dry, this padding was withdrawn, and however roughly it might be handled no subsequent change ever took place in the subject he had treated.

I have spoken of the humour he imparted to his groups. I must point out also the expression he knew how to produce artistically in his creatures' faces and attitudes—really the joint work of nature and himself. Under a glass bell he had assembled the most noted of the reformers; Martin Luther was represented under the guise of a toad, Calvin under that of a serpent, and the rest under various other reptile shapes, all surrounding and attacking the Church, which soared above, under the travesty of a beautiful bird, but all in fun and not in malice, and when, as often happened, the Squire accompanied Protestant friends or visitors over his collection

he would say with a roguish twinkle in his eye, "Ye needn't look that way if ye'd rather not."¹

[¹ Lest it might be thought my sister's partiality led her to overrate the Squire's art, I subjoin an extract from the "Selborne Magazine," from the very interesting narrative of a visit to Walton by a writer of scientific accuracy, Dr. George Harley, F.R.S., whose experiences throughout perfectly corroborate hers, proving that neither have been guilty of exaggeration:—

"By this time we had reached Mr. Waterton's bedroom door, and no sooner was it opened, than I was almost struck dumb with astonishment. For this room which he had euphemistically designated his bedroom, not only contained no bed whatever, but possessed neither a washstand nor a toilet-table, not even so much as a carpet; in fact, it had no appurtenance whatever to give it the smallest right to the title of a bedroom, especially the bedroom of a country gentleman in the position of Squire Waterton. The first thing that met my eye was a big baboon swinging in the air, suspended from the ceiling by two strings. The next thing was a common small deal kitchen-table, with a dead rabbit lying on it, together with a black paint-pot, a broken-necked glass beer-bottle, an old brown canvas apron, and a number of tools. Besides these only a high old-fashioned chest of drawers, a cupboard, and three wooden-bottomed kitchen chairs. On one of the chairs stood a white stoneware basin, within which was a chipped-lipped companion ewer, and, at the corner, an old cracked china saucer, doing the duties of a soap-dish, the soap being of the yellow wash-house quality. While, to complete the toilet arrangements, on the chair-back was spread a common rough-grained brown towel.

"Round the walls of the room were hung, besides a map of Guiana, a few old engravings, and nailed against it were a couple of common deal shelves, with a few books.

"No sooner was the door shut behind us, than walking round to the off side of the baboon, he placed his hand beneath it, gave it a smart tap, and up it bounded into the air like a child's balloon. Then with a smiling face he said, 'Do that, and tell me what you think it's filled with.' I did as I was bid, and up again bounded the baboon, exactly like a wind-ball. Notwithstanding that it looked not only substantial to the eye, but felt even so firm to the finger touch as to convey to the mind the idea that it was a solid body. 'Well, Mr. Waterton,' I replied, 'I am astonished: your air-stuffing is superb. Your imitations of nature, without the intervention of visible means, are marvellous. Had I not seen and handled your specimens I never should have believed it possible for any human being to fill a skin with nothing but air, and yet give to it the form and contour of a living animal. And not only so, but even the similitude of life itself.'

"So, friend, that's the way you compliment me, and yet you have only seen little more than one-half of my skill. Just look here.' Pulling out one of the drawers of the cupboard, he extracted from it a bundle of clean white bones, and with the triumphant air of a conqueror, tossed them down on the bare wooden floor at my feet—where they fell with a loud clatter—at the same time exclaiming, 'Now, sir, behold! here you have the perfect skeleton of the baboon hanging there. And please to tell me what one among your London taxidermists furnishes you with a perfect preserved skin and a perfect skeleton from the same animal? When your stuffers preserve the skins they ruin the skeletons, and when they preserve the skeletons they destroy the skins. So here you see the vast superiority of my method, which enables you to preserve, at one and the same time, skin and skeleton. And that, too, no matter whether it be of bird or beast.' He soon proved this to me by turning again to his treasure-drawer and pulling forth from it a magnificently plumaged large-sized barn-door cock, and saying 'Catch!' pitched it across the room into my hands, which I held out ready to receive it, when plop into them came the cock, as light as a feather, and well it might, for it, too, consisted of mere skin and feathers, filled with air like a bladder.

"A finer specimen of a large, well-plumaged barn-door fowl I never saw. Its splendid tail-feathers were as fresh-looking and as gracefully curved as any live

The "Nondescript."

The "Nondescript" supplied another of the Squire's numerous quips. It was an impossible creature made up of half a dozen varieties, the head being that of one of the monkey tribe, and selected for its singularly human form and expression, aided by the clever helping hand of this incomparable taxidermist; it was most amusing to note the

cock's could be. Its bright red comb stood erect, as if in the excitement of life. And, from its not yet having been mounted upon a stand, its very legs, feet and claws stood out in as independent-looking symmetry as if they had been still attached to a living body.

"Being apparently now fully satisfied with the bewildering effect his taxidermic talents had upon me, he replaced bird and bones in the drawer, and handing me a chair, while he helped himself to the only remaining empty one, we drew near the table, and he proceeded to initiate me in the mysteries of his art, which I soon found consists in two main peculiarities: Firstly, the rendering the skin of the animal as hard as iron, and, secondly, the moulding it into the form of the living creature to which it belonged. The first part of the procedure being purely mechanical, any man, woman or child can readily accomplish. The second, alas! requires not only the operator to possess an intimate knowledge of the animal's attitude and habits, but also an active brain, and clever fingers, along with plenty of time and patience.

"In order to make the skin—whether it be covered with fur or feather, scurf or scale—hard, all that is required is to steep it in a spirituous solution of corrosive sublimate for from three to nine hours, according to its thickness. The strength of the solution Waterton gave was a teaspoonful of powdered corrosive sublimate to a wine bottle full of spirits of wine: but I afterwards ascertained for myself that the best proportions to employ are six grains to the ounce of spirit.

"On removing the skin from the solution and drying it for a short time in front of a good fire it begins to stiffen, and so rapidly does it harden that it is advisable to roughly mould it into the shape of the animal to which it belonged during the drying process. Indeed, not until the general contours of the bird, fish or quadruped are maintained by the partially dried skin is it to be left to itself. No sooner, however, is the desired shape found to be retained by the skin, and it has acquired a similitude to the animal to which it belonged, than it may be attached to a couple of pieces of string, and hung up to become thoroughly dry and hard. This it will readily do within a couple of days.

"Now commence the difficulties of Waterton's taxidermic process—the moulding of the hardened skin into the exact form of the living animal. This is accomplished by the combined action of the fingers and a set of tools similar in shape to those employed in the modelling of clay. Each part of the skin is operated upon separately, and the portion intended to be acted upon has first to be moistened with a sponge soaked in tepid water until it becomes soft and pliable. While in this condition the skin can be coaxed, by means of alternate outward and inward pressure, into the required shape. Each portion of the body having been thus gone over separately a perfectly formed life-like figure is at length obtained, and all that remains to be done is to sew up the opening in the skin, through which the bones and flesh had been in the first instance extracted. Waterton advised me always to begin with the head, as it is the most difficult part of the animal to model. For, as he said, when once the head has been satisfactorily done, one cheerfully turns one's attention to the less interesting, as well as less difficult portions of the body. Alas! I know from painful experience, that although the process looks easy on paper, it is very difficult to successfully practise—at least I must confess that I never once succeeded in producing an animal one-half so life-like as the Squire's."—R. H. B.]

reticence he observed on this subject and the dexterous fencing with which he contrived to avoid implicating himself in an admission, even when closely questioned about it. The various heterogeneous portions which formed this absurd whole were put together with so much skill, and adapted with so much ingenuity, that the acumen of the most experienced naturalists was baffled when examining the mysterious production. One reader of Mr. Waterton's book, to which it forms the frontispiece, took it for a portrait of the author, and remarked that he'd heard he was a strange chap, but hadn't thought he was so bad as that.

The bedroom and suite allotted to the Squire's only son, Edmund, was in absolute contrast to his own, but of this I shall take occasion to speak later.¹ On the death of his wife he had been bent on leaving the world for a monastery. But from this he was dissuaded by his confessor, who urged that he owed himself to the infant who was left to him. Ultimately therefore he gave up his personal wish and adopted a compromise to the effect that he would continue to live in the world in order to watch over his son and carry on his education, but that he would follow a severe monastic rule, though in the most unobtrusive and unostentatious way. If allusion was ever made to the rigidity of his habits he would simply say he had acquired them on his rough travels in wastes and wilds where forced to dispense with the luxuries of civilized life. Though his daily life was governed by these severe rules, never did they interfere with his social duties and responsibilities; he was always at his post, whatever it was—whether of landowner, landlord, lord of Walton Hall, family man, or host; he was towards all concerned everything a man could be in each capacity.²

¹ *Infra*, pp. 107, 115, 155.

² Something akin to this instance of self-command we find in the life of the Conte di Scarampi, a man of wealth and position residing at Turin. Constant, Napoleon's confidential steward, describes him at the time he was about thirty as of a fine commanding presence; a splendid horseman and fond of playing at five, a game at which he excelled and often shared with Prince Borghese; but even at these times he never uttered a word. When a younger man he had—through an indiscreet remark—been the cause of a duel in which one of his most attached

Asceticism.

The privations he imposed on himself were very hard, but unflinchingly carried out. I believe he wore a *cilice*, and as I have said above he never slept in a bed. He rose at five every morning at all times of the year and passed two hours in his chapel, which was within the house. Already in early youth he had forsworn the use of fermented liquors of all kinds and hardened himself to other abstemious habits. His household moved like clockwork, and was regulated by a venerable old clock, very curious and antique in its workmanship, which had belonged to Sir Thomas More, from whom he was collaterally descended.¹

“Whittie.”

At eight o'clock the breakfast-bell was rung, and on entering the spacious breakfast-room the Squire was always to be found before the fire toasting his own slice of bread, although he kept a regular establishment including butler and footman. His breakfast consisted besides this dry toast of a basin of hot water in which he allowed himself one spoonful of tea, a minute quantity of sugar and no milk. For others, the table was loaded with well served, well cooked Yorkshire fare, and a handsome cat of good old English breed, but of colossal size, named Whittington, or at least “Whittie,” always sat beside him or on his knees and lapped cream and sugar out of a china bowl.

friends fell, and such was his horror of this issue that he made an expiatory vow that however many years his life might be prolonged he would never speak again, and having thus condemned himself to perpetual silence he maintained his resolution with the utmost rigour. His valet, who had served him many years, had never heard the sound of his voice. Each morning he wrote down his orders for the day, and at Dufour's, where he took his meals, the waiter who served him was accustomed to lay before him the *carte du jour*, on which he indicated the dishes that were to be served up to him. The Conte was not a man with whom anyone could take a liberty, and strange as his vow may have seemed, the firmness with which he adhered to it commanded universal respect; he had many admirers among the sex.

[Tom Moore in his Diary records that Lord Lansdown told him that the Duke of Marlborough having at one time been ordered to avoid all excitement remained for three years without speaking. What made him break silence at last was that he heard Madame de Staël proposed coming to Blenheim, at which he exclaimed, “Take me away!”—R. H. B.]

[¹ Dr. Harley says it was a capital timekeeper, but had no minute hand. On his remarking this the Squire said that when it was made 300 years ago minute hands were not wanted. People had not then to rush to catch express trains. Minute hands were brought into use by high-pressure engines and high-pressure living.—R. H. B.]

The Squire's habits were very original, and pages might be filled with racy anecdotes of his eccentricities ; his marriage was altogether unlike anything that might be expected to occur in real life, and I will record the mode of it later on. Originality.

I have spoken of the fabric and contents of Walton Hall ; I must add a line or two concerning the interesting history of the old mansion and its owners. The pages of Doomsday Book testify that the Waterton family is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and one bit of justifiable pride lurked in the Squire's heart in the boast that from time immemorial his ancestors had in unbroken succession maintained their allegiance to the Church in spite of all the changes around them and in defiance of all persecutions, dire or petty. Their crest—a bear—was given by Richard Cœur-de-Lion to the Crusader, Sir Richard Waterton, to commemorate his valour at the battle of Ascalon in 1191. Thomas Waterton fought with not less distinction at Agincourt in 1415, and another Waterton stood by the King at Marston Moor. The original seat of the family was at Deeping-Waterton in Lincolnshire,¹ The Waterton family. but they removed their residence some centuries ago to their Yorkshire property at Walton, the present massive and imposing dwelling-house being but a portion of the original building, which must have been of noble dimensions. The domain had been regularly fortified, and the lake, moat and castle enabled it to resist successfully a two or three days' siege of the Roundheads ; the famous bullet remaining in the water-tower is said to have been fired by Cromwell himself in token of his baffled fury at his enforced retreat. It is to be regretted that all the fortifications but this remnant of the tower were taken down by the Squire's grandfather. Possibly, his fortune diminished by the oppressive penal laws, he found himself no longer able to keep them in repair ; but those who care to acquaint themselves with the interesting old Waterton traditions should read them in the spirited and humorous

¹ See *infra*, p. 111.

“Autobiography of Charles Waterton,” and those who do read either that or any others of his works will be charmed with the attractiveness of his style; drawn on irresistibly from page to page, they will find, even in reading them to themselves, a cogent impulse often to smile, sometimes to laugh aloud at the originality of the conceits which succeed each other in his pages with all the easy grace of exhaustless spontaneity. I envy those who have yet to peruse them for the first time.

Against subsequent persecutions endured by Catholics in England previous to their emancipation, the Squire would often inveigh with a humorous bitterness, and he has written on the subject in his *Autobiography* in the same strain, for he had too loyal a mind not to feel the disappointment of being debarred from serving his country according to the ancestral traditions of his family.

Anecdote of
the Squire's
mother.

There was a story the Squire used to tell of his mother, who (at the period when Catholics were subjected to the most humiliating indignities) was one day driving out with four horses; at the first turnpike she reached she was peremptorily refused a passage through the gate by the toll-keeper, who informed her she was defying the law of the land, Catholics not being allowed to drive four horses. The spirited lady remained seated in her carriage by the roadside while, by her orders, her servants unharnessed the horses and took them back to Walton, returning with four bullocks, with which she continued her drive to Leeds.

Ancient glass
at Walton.

Some few relics of former times were occasionally found in clearing the bed of the lake, though I never heard of anything of intrinsic value. There were notably some keys which, in spite of damage from rust, were reckoned by Edmund exceedingly valuable for the remnants of their original forms. More curious still were some antiquated glass flagons and drinking-cups, many nearly entire, others in fragments, but all opalized and rendered beautifully iridescent by their long dwelling in

the mud. When I saw them they formed in the house a little museum of their own.¹

[Charles Waterton, the scion of this notable race, was comparatively early left to himself. He was sent, in accordance with his position and future, to Stonyhurst, the best substitute for a University for all the best Catholic youth of the time. Here he received the most finished education which the penal laws permitted to Catholics. Always studious, well disciplined, and the favourite of masters and scholars, it must be admitted that he often played truant. But whenever he got into disgrace, it was always through the irresistible, inborn propensity to study nature. The College had the advantage of his observations, in the training of domestic animals and pets, and in the eradication of the obnoxious creatures cruelly classed as "vermin"; but the woods and hedges fulfilled for him literally what the irony of folk-speech calls in French the *école buissonnière*. In this minor sphere he began the scientific watch and study of the habits of animal life. Whenever he was missed it was perfectly well known that he was in some woodland haunt following up some little-known bird, reptile, or insect into its innermost retreat, vigilantly watching its every movement, noting its habits, and laying the foundation for future stores of information.

Waterton's
early taste for
natural
history.

In advanced years it was a pleasure to him to go back to these scenes of his daring youth where he had so many times "snatched a fearful joy," and talk over these vagaries with the Principal, who at that time viewed his innocent misdemeanours with a more lenient eye.—R. H. B.]

No sooner was he emancipated from the restraints of school and college supervision than the scheme which had been the day-dream of his boyhood suggested itself with all its present feasibilities; regardless of fatigue, privation and peril, he

[¹ I believe no satisfactory way of accounting for their getting to the bottom of the lake was ever arrived at. I hope we shall find them figured in the very important illustrated work, "Old English Glasses: an account of glass drinking-vessels in England from early times to the end of the eighteenth century," now passing through the press of Mr. Ed. Arnold, Bedford Street and New York, from the erudite pen of Mr. Albert Hartshorne, F.S.A.—R. H. B.]

resolved to abandon the ease and luxury of home-life, though surrounded by opportunities and circumstances such as fall to the lot of few young men, and to gratify his passion for roving and exploring in any land, however distant and uncivilized, to which his own uncontrolled will might lead him; the wilder the more attractive.

He has often told me that no delight in life ever came up to that he experienced when he first felt the bird-like power to soar unrestrained whithersoever he would. So entirely did this pleasure in freedom and in the *imprévu* possess him, that he resolved to make no fixed plan, but to take his first direction fortuitously, and pursue its ramifications solely as circumstances should suggest. And of course it was a real plunge into the world of Nature: he could not go equipped on such an expedition with the thousand and one appliances which make up the impedimenta of the travelling youth of our day; but he had in great measure to rely on his own resources. It was a bold scheme, but he was at an age and of a temperament to despise danger and know no fear. His travels thus became real "wanderings."

In the first instance he directed his steps to Spain, the wildest and most unconventional of civilized countries. Its romance created attractions, and his acquaintance with the language smoothed many difficulties. The adventures of Don Quixote and of Gil Blas fired him with emulation. Perhaps there was no happier lad in all the world than Charles Waterton, with his youth, his position, his wealth, his intelligence, his activity and his complete freedom, starting to visit the lands of his dreams.

Travelling adventures in that long unconventionalized country have now pretty well come to an end, though I may cite my own experience of Spanish travel in 1866 to show that it then still afforded some of those unforeseen irregularities and discrepancies from the hackneyed routine of daily life, which though sometimes (as Seneca discovered) *durum pati meminisse dulce est*.

Starts on his wanderings.

When, therefore, young Waterton started on *his* expedition to that unpractical and comparatively unexplored land, in 1803—sixty-three years earlier—it is easy to imagine what the roughness of Spanish locomotion must have been. The youth was enchanted; the old-world circumstances in which he was always finding himself were exactly suited to his wild and roving tastes, and to a bravery which nothing could daunt. It is with real delight we read the impression they made on his susceptible and original mind, as related in the amusing pages of his autobiography.

His thirst for the incidents of wild life was however by no means quenched by his Spanish experiences, and having an uncle (Christopher Waterton) settled in Demerara, it occurred to him to visit the West Indies.

It was in that island that, a few years after—for he made several voyages thither—he met his matrimonial fate, and in so singular a way, that this momentous episode helped to bear out the saying that Charles Waterton never did anything like anybody else. He would submit to this with a sly smile when courteously pronounced by friends as a sort of distinction, but he was inclined to resent being characterized by unappreciative strangers as “eccentric.”¹

It was here then that he formed a close and lasting friendship with a Scotch family of ancient descent—the Edmonstones of Cardross, Dumbartonshire—and a third daughter being born to Mr. Edmonstone during the squire’s visit, the singular idea entered his head of asking the child in marriage, should she attain the age of eighteen and give a willing consent to accept him as a husband; but with the stipulation that she should be baptized a Catholic, and

The Edmonstone family.

[¹ For there are two ways of being eccentric, and Wood has pointed out that Charles Waterton’s way was an unexceptionable one; that it was undeniably eccentric to come into a large property as a young man and to live to extreme old age without having ever wasted an hour or a shilling; eccentric to give bountifully yet never allow his name to appear on any subscription list; eccentric to be so saturated with the love of wild nature; eccentric never to give dinner parties yet always keep open house; eccentric to be always childlike yet never childish—and so on through other agreeable eccentricities, adding how desirable it is that more people were eccentric after his manner.—R. H. B.]

brought up entirely according to his own ideas of woman's education. The strange proposal was accepted by Mr. Edmonstone, who entertained the sincerest esteem and admiration for his young friend ; and he replied that as far as he was concerned he should be only too glad to commit his child to so excellent a husband. But he added, of course Mr. Waterton would agree with him that his concurrence in the proposal was to be contingent on the wishes of the young lady herself when the time came to give effect to it. "Leave that to me," said the suitor, who probably never through life had any difficulty in winning the goodwill of man, woman or child. There appears, at all events, to have arisen no difficulty in *this* case.

Original mode
of courtship.

Having now settled his whimsical destiny, he betook himself to the least-known districts of South America, with what object and results that delightful book, so widely known and admired, "Waterton's Wanderings," has informed us.

On his return to Europe, having already explored Spain, he spent some considerable time in the congenial atmosphere of Italy, indulging his love of art, architecture, and classical associations, as well as his Catholic feelings, by a first visit to the Eternal City. What enjoyment that visit must have brought to a mind constituted as was the Squire's, and also prepared by all the habits and training of his life for the appreciation of its unique treasures and associations, it is easy to imagine ; he told me that as he entered its gates the words of Byron rose unconsciously to his lips—

" Oh, Rome ! my country ! City of the Soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,"

and the whole of this his first visit more than realized his expectations of the Catholic centre of the world. In Rome he remained some time.

[I have heard it asserted that so cool-headed was he that he climbed to the point of the lightning conductor many feet above the cross surmounting St. Peter's dome, and also stood

on one leg on the head of St. Michel on Castel Sant' Angelo.—R. H. B.]¹

He next made a second journey to Spain, then went back to South America, and wonderful were the journeys he took and the perils he encountered. At last came the year 1829,



CLIMBING THE BALL OF ST. PETER'S.

and with it the eighteenth year of his infant *fiancée*, whom he now returned to claim. Their intimacy had been main-

¹ My nephew, Mr. S. N. Vansittart, has turned to account his intimate knowledge of Rome, by seizing some of the singular effects which escape the ordinary visitor. The quaint "bits" which an artistic study of that world "which the clouds may claim"—the roof of St. Peter's—has long specially fascinated him, and quite lately (August 21st, 1897) he gave, in the *Graphic*, a narration of its wonders in detail, replete with curious illustrations of some of his favourite points that had never been attempted before.

In the subjoined cut, taken from another of his cleverly-caught photographs (in which he is seen making the perilous ascent of the ball), some idea may be gained of the dangers of the greater feat ascribed in the text to Charles Waterton, who could only have attained the *paratonnerre* in its giddy height, by clinging to the wire rope that secures it to the ball, a sufficiently alarming situation so many hundred feet from the ground. To appreciate the achievement, the above cut should only be looked at beside a complete representation of the exterior of St. Peter's. The round black excrescences it displays are iron supports fixed of old in the stonework to serve in the grand illuminations of former days. — R. H. B.]

tained by occasional visits and regular correspondence,¹ and so devoted was this beautiful girl to her faithful swain, that she had no dearer wish than to trust her life to his tender guardianship. They were married, and he took his bride to the home of his ancestors, where the whole neighbourhood rejoiced to believe he had returned to settle down among them, for he was universally respected, even by those who were not his co-religionists. For a short twelvemonth—

“All went merry as a marriage bell. . . .”

But, alas! the union begun under such bright auspices, and which had made the Squire the happiest of husbands, was not destined to be of long duration; and at the end of but one year, the wife for whom he had waited with such constancy and patience, was snatched away after giving birth to a son. So poignant was this grief of the Squire's that he never himself understood how he contrived to survive it. I have already mentioned the impulse to forsake the world which it induced, and the consideration which made him resist it. In this consideration he found courage to live on in the social position in which he was placed; but he compromised the matter with himself by resolving to observe, as nearly as possible while living in the world, the *rôle* he would have followed within a religious order. Conscientiously bent on doing his duty by the child, he invited his wife's two sisters to take up their residence at Walton, and to share with him the care and education of the young heir.

It is imagined that grief gives way to time. I think this is a mistake; it is not time but occupation that softens its asperity; the Squire was a philosopher, and knew this. He tested it practically, and, as soon as he was able, gradually took up the pursuits which had always been congenial to him. Literature was his element, natural history his passion, and happily he succeeded in bringing himself back to the exercise of his unique skill in taxidermy, and setting up, whether

[¹ Great part of her education had been conducted under his guidance in the English Convent in Bruges.—R. H. B.]

singly or in ingenious groups, the specimens he had so long and so laboriously been collecting.

Volumes more fascinating than Waterton's literary productions it would be difficult to find. His style is commanding, while the real wit running through them, the healthiness of their tone, the sincerity of the writer's purpose, and the genuine and unaffected zeal he manifests for the interests of a science he made peculiarly his own, insensibly win the sympathies of the reader, who at once becomes intimately associated with his guide, following him as it were unconsciously through all his peregrinations, and even sharing his perils with the keen perception and enthusiastic enjoyment of an actual fellow-traveller. In perusing these always interesting, and often exciting, pages it is impossible not to admire the calmness and intrepidity with which the enthusiastic and observant naturalist meets every kind of adventure: the confidence he has in his own resources seems never to fail him, and never is he at a loss for some ingenious expedient to carry him through an unforeseen contingency, out of which he always emerges unscathed, and ready for fresh difficulties and fresh triumphs. As one reads one feels oneself, notwithstanding the wildness of the incidents recorded, in an atmosphere of reality.

Waterton's
literary work.

It was delightful to become personally acquainted with a man who had been thus introduced by his own graphic pen, for his individuality peers through each expressive page. Original and unique as was the Squire in everything, there was no shade of his character that was not essentially human and that did not recommend itself with what I may call an insinuating grace to the best feelings of those fortunate enough to know him, whether by his books or by personal acquaintance. "Acquaintance," indeed, is a word that can hardly be employed, for it so soon became friendship. Who could resist the genial *bonhomie* of a man whose heart was full of kindness and consideration, whose delight was to make others happy, whose intelligence enabled him to

His qualities

discover, as if he already knew them *intrùs et in cute*, the attributes of those with whom he came in contact, and, having thus measured their proclivities and capacity, whose benevolent purpose it at once became to put them at ease with him and at more than ease with themselves? If his experiences of objects, localities and men unknown to most others, was wide, and he found all pursuers of the mysteries of nature and science eager to draw from his vast resources, he had successfully cultivated the delicate art of satisfying their curiosity without so much as grazing their susceptibilities by an assumption—scarcely even an admission—of superiority; this was one of the great charms of the Squire's society.

Richly endowed as he was, he left it for others to discover the stores of his knowledge and the treasures of his mind, and I could record many instances where, meeting and conversing with people who did not know who he was, these have left him delighted with his company because he had made them satisfied with themselves, but without the faintest suspicion of what curious and idiosyncratic information they might have obtained from *him*: but the Squire was full of fun, and one of his great enjoyments was maintaining his incognito under circumstances in which many would have enjoyed revealing it. Numerous were the occasions on which he sat by and listened with an inward chuckle while he heard himself spoken of, or described sometimes in terms which showed that his peculiarities were no secret, though he did not relish the idea that his "eccentricities" were discussed by those who considered them only as such. I have had occasion in these pages to introduce several such instances to the reader.

The treatment Waterton experienced at the hands of the Custom-house worthies, who actually detained and demanded duty on the specimens he brought back for his museum on his return from his third voyage, so disgusted him that it was the last item which decided him not to undergo a repetition of the hardships by which he had procured them, and he remained at home for three years. Then happening

one day to take up Wilson's "Ornithology of the United States," all his pristine ardour was suddenly re-kindled, and he could no longer resist starting on another "wandering," turning this time to North America, and arriving in New York in the summer of 1824. Though the object of his journey was, according to his own alliterative statement, the pursuit of "bugs, bears, buffaloes, and brutes," he found himself in the midst of "civilized men and beautiful women"; but these, agreeable as he may have found them for a time, failed to win him from the congenial task he had set himself, and he was soon off on a fourth expedition to the wild forests of Demerara. While still in the States he contrived to sprain his foot, and as this accident gave rise to a characteristic trait, it is worth introducing here.¹

His last
wander.

The Squire's intimate knowledge of the habits and proclivities of different animals enabled him to carry out, on his return home, a pet idea of his—that of enticing within his domain any creature he wished to number among its denizens; he must also have possessed an accurate appreciation of the extent of their instincts. His method of carrying out his plan for possessing the creatures in question was simply to prepare an attractive and convenient lodging for them, suiting the proclivities of each; and so surely as he did this, did they discover and take possession of their tenements. It pleased this generous landlord to possess a colony of starlings, so he ordered a number of holes to be bored in the old tower, behind the water-gate, and, incredible as it may seem, no sooner were their habitations ready, than exactly as many *ménages* of starlings found their way to these openings, and built their nests within them, establishing their nurseries, hatching their eggs, and rearing their young, as if in response to the proffered hospitality. Finding his scheme so successful, he next erected a couple of towers expressly for the accommodation of these interesting birds, securing them immunity from the inroads of vermin by

How he won
the birds.

[¹ I have not been able to find the account of this incident.—R. H. B.]

building them on solid stone pedestals, and with excusable pride he used to show to his guests the successful results of his ingenious arrangement. During my stay the Squire frequently took me to visit these towers—certainly not “towers of silence,” and made me acquainted with a clever device of his own invention, whereby the interior of each little family could be seen and watched without in any way disturbing or alarming the feathered inmates. Each hole representing the entrance door was closed by a cubular stone, one side of which had been rounded off so that the parent bird had just room to enter, but when the patron wanted to make his observations the stone was easily removable, and such was the confidence of these birds in the paternal protection of their host that they never manifested the least alarm when he arrived to pass them under inspection.

Many other birds he induced in a similar way to make Walton their home. Even the old tower and the ancient water-gate, though constructed as defences against war, and riddled with bullets, had to forget their original purpose, and the ivy which mantled them harboured innumerable nests where happy feathered parents paired, joyously and peacefully rearing their young. Here the owls he coveted flocked as soon as he had made ready for their reception. Indeed he soon had owls of various species, by contriving such abodes as each according to its special habits preferred, and having secured them, each colony added a new pleasure to his life. The Squire’s delight from boyhood had been the study of animal life, and none were too minute for his attention; the valuable knowledge he acquired by his close observation of the nature of each creature that came under his ken enabled him to dissipate the extraordinary errors vulgarly acquired and ignorantly propagated respecting creatures hitherto reputed mischievous, whom he was able thus to prove were the most valuable auxiliaries to agriculture, and the most useful friends of mankind.

Mr. Waterton’s discoveries consequent on his close, in-

telligent, and persistent observation of the life and practice of every creature large and small with which he could make himself acquainted produced a new revelation with regard to most of them, for as soon as he was in possession of such knowledge he hastened to impart it to his fellow-beings, and more especially to those who had been industriously practising what they thought the laudable destruction of obnoxious animals.

Protection of
beneficent
vermin.

The Squire's persistent efforts to add to the love of natural history, not merely curious and interesting, but important and valuable¹ facts, soon came to be popularly appreciated, and it would be well they should be more extensively known; ignorance and superstition, as none will deny, have long revelled in the detraction and consequent destruction of birds and other creatures whose nature had too long continued to be altogether misapprehended, that farmers and others have been vindictively destroying lives not merely harmless, but most serviceable to their stupid exterminators. Charles Waterton's persevering plea for the preservation of little birds at last, but only to a certain extent, prevailed, and experience proved that his statements as to their great utility in agriculture were perfectly well founded.²

It would require pages to enumerate the many gross and unaccountable mistakes of farmers and other country-folk as to the attributes of birds, small quadrupeds, reptiles, and insects against whom an unreasoning prejudice had hardened their hearts; but the Squire had taken up the cause with firm intent, and so far from being discouraged by the ignorance and stupidity he had resolved to overcome, he omitted no effort that could enlighten and bring to much-needed reason the stubborn wisecracks of his time.

As the Squire encouraged the animals whose presence he

[¹ I believe the beautiful woodpecker was one of the birds he rescued from the results of misunderstanding, proving that he is the friend of the agriculturist.—R. H. B.]

[² The writer of an able article in *Nature* in October, 1879, refers to his indifference to vampires, against whom so many alarming traditions have been circulated.—R. H. B.]

Mode of dealing with rats.

desired simply by offering them all that their nature enabled them to enjoy, so, by a contrary policy, he succeeded in ridding himself without bloodshed of those which preyed on them. There are cases in which even rats are of use, but their company was neither needed nor desired at Walton Hall. During the Squire's protracted travels and adventures in far-away forests these enterprising rodents had taken advantage of the desertion of the property to establish themselves on it in formidable numbers. By way of making them understand that their self-constituted republic must transfer itself to some other colony, the Squire took care that they should find no further supplies in their accustomed haunts, which they consequently soon deserted; and then he took effectual means to oppose their re-entry by strong stone masonry. The Squire used to say it had taken him over a dozen years to become acquainted with the tactics of this single species, but he must have learnt his lesson well, as his knowledge enabled him to vanquish the invaders with complete success, and the assistance of the weasel and the stoat (so long persecuted by the farmer) was invaluable in this extermination.

The timidity of bird-nature, and the Squire's great love of winged creatures, whose affectionate recognition of his presence was one of the most wonderful sights I can remember at Walton Hall, suggested to him the absolute prohibition of the introduction of any kind of firearm within the grounds; and, strange to say, when the enormous increase of rabbits and rooks rendered it a matter of necessity that their number should be diminished, and recourse to the co-operation of guns and dogs became inevitable, so entirely did the feathered inhabitants trust to the character of their benevolent master that they proceeded with their daily avocations just as if nothing unusual was going on, apparently in no way apprehensive that any harm could be intended to *them*, and quite unconscious of the havoc a gun could produce. The waterfowl, of which there was a beautiful variety comprising some exceedingly rare and curious specimens, floated leisurely

away from the noisy reports, and seemed to think themselves perfectly secure on the opposite side of the lake, while the herons—perhaps to get a better view of the sport—perched on the highest branches of the trees till the *batine* was over.

This heronry was one of his most successful achievements His heronry. accomplished by the simple mode of attraction I have already described. No sooner had he completed the high stone wall that encloses the park than a colony of herons settled there, to his intense delight.¹ One of his keenest enjoyments was to take his guests up to the telescope-room, where the instrument was always set in the direction of the heronry, in order that he might the more completely study the habits of its interesting inhabitants, and observe the strange construction of their nests, the curious positions they would assume, and the immobility with which they would remain standing for a surprising length of time on one of their long legs. As none were ever shot they formed a large community; for their greater delectation, the Squire contrived for them a running stream, by cutting a channel in the hill they had chosen to colonize, and as it flowed into the lake, the herons might be constantly seen frequenting its course alone or in company.

As there was at Walton life and movement in every direction, vocal sounds of every variety could not be wanting; but few could have boasted the Squire's capacity to discriminate from whom these voices respectively proceeded. Nevertheless his practised and delicate ear could discern with certainty not only the *provenance* but the meaning of every cry.

One is almost forced to believe that the Squire possessed some special mode of making himself comprehended in the animal world, at least one is tempted thus to account for the mutual good understanding which subsisted between him and Reciprocal amity between him and the feathered tribes.

[¹ Wood observes that it was wonderful they should understand that a wall which presented no obstacle to themselves would keep out their pursuers. It is more wonderful, however, that Waterton should foresee this would be the case.—R. H. B.]

the inhabitants of his domain. That the poultry in the farm-yard should cheerily greet him unbidden was not the most astonishing. The peacocks on the lawn, however depressing the weather, seemed to vie with each other the moment they saw him approach, in strolling eagerly forward, and spreading out the glory of their fantails for his delectation. Most remarkable of all, however, was it in the woods, where it was impossible not to believe the birds recognized their benefactor when one saw them come out to meet him, flying about him as he walked, settling on his shoulder, and even on his hand when he held it out to them, while a call from his voice would bring them from any distance.

Bird cortège
at his funeral.

It is a very curious fact that when the good old man died, and his corpse was conveyed in a boat across the lake to the spot where his father was buried, and where he himself had desired he might be laid in a sequestered nook of the park, a flight of birds suddenly appeared, gathering as it went, and followed the boat to its destination.

[Marvellous as this may seem, it was narrated to me as a fact established from the testimony of eye-witnesses, by his sisters-in-law. It will always remain a debatable question whether such things really occur or whether it is that the imaginative faculty makes them real to those who possess it.

I met once in Italy a simple and picturesque Franciscan friar, who told me an analogous story which evidently presented no difficulties to *his* imaginative faculty, though he had long been on a mission in America. He had just come from a pilgrimage to Mount Avernia, a place so dear to Italians as the spot where St. Francis received the stigmata that at the time of the suppression the municipality preserved it to the community, which is a considerable one. The monastery is situated on the apex of a conical rock, three and a half hours' steep riding from Bibbiena. All the cells are natural holes in the rock, which is curiously shattered and cloven, including a rocking-stone called the *sasso spaccato*; this breaking up of the mountain being locally believed to

have happened at the time of the Crucifixion. Out and beyond the monastery is a chapel commemorating the exact locality of the stigmata. From the earliest date of the Order it had become the custom for the whole community to turn out every night after the Midnight Office and make a torchlight procession to this chapel, and chant seven Paters, Aves, and Glorias there. A short time after the death of the first lights of the Order, however, the community resolved to give up this practice on account of the exceeding hardships it often involved through storm and snow, and to substitute a procession at three o'clock in the daytime instead. But there was one faithful brother who would not abandon the pious custom, and went forth to fulfil it alone. What was his astonishment when he discovered that he was *not* alone; all the birds and beasts of the mountain, the feathered and furred creatures whom St. Francis loved so well, had all come together to form the procession the monks had abandoned, and when they arrived the birds spread themselves out in the form of a cross.

The community laid the reproach to heart, and never again for any inclemency of the weather has the procession been intermitted for a single night. It was but the night before that my informant had joined in it, and he was naturally full of enthusiasm in describing the historic scene.—R. H. B.]

His grandfather was also buried within the grounds, on account of the strong prejudice which was still at that time subsisting in England against Catholics, the Waterton family being traditionally imbued with rigid Catholic feeling. No one could visit Walton Hall without perceiving that it had become a little kingdom of its own, and the benevolent old Squire its recognized monarch. His laws were all made with the most thoughtful consideration for the comfort and well-being of those who, with touching confidence, had voluntarily become his subjects, for he was determined that their confidence should be justified: consequently he considered it his duty not only to provide them with food and shelter, aptly suited to their individual requirements, but rigorously to protect

them, at whatever cost, from any kind of molestation. The ingenuity of the Squire's devices to carry out his object could not but be matter of continual astonishment to those to whom he explained the object of them all.

It used to amuse me when he pointed out the mimic pheasants perched in the trees to baffle the inroads of poachers; there were hundreds of them, and their localities were constantly changed, with acute foresight.¹

It is true that the nature of the property lent itself most felicitously to his projects; the lake in the midst of which the Hall had been perched, was broken here and there by islands of small dimensions, and the peculiarity of this feature may naturally have suggested to its owner the idea of cultivating a variety of water-fowls who should embellish and give delightful vitality to the place where he enabled them so thoroughly to enjoy their lives. All the accessories at hand were by intelligent contrivance brought into use.

In contrast with the calm unruffled surface of the lake, on which the choicest and most beautiful birds could be seen enjoying the long summer day and making the eye glad with their graceful movements and rich plumage, were bubbling brooks and running streams to meet the requirements of others, while trees of every kind that could be made to grow, and which the Squire had expressly obtained, became subservient to the needs of each species of his transplanted little favourites, some being grouped in clumps, while others were disposed singly in continuous lines, some stood alone, and others again were grown in forest-like proximity. A remarkable feature was the absolute security enjoyed by every creature that dwelt under the Squire's paternal sway—a security they were not long in discovering and in apparently imparting to their offspring, for no denizen of park, lake, or forest at Walton Hall ever testified the smallest fear of

[¹ The writer in *Nature* I have already quoted, says Gilbert White was not a whit more close or accurate in his observations, and had Waterton but recorded all he noted in his mind during the forty years he lived at Walton he would have produced a work far surpassing White's *Selborne*.—R. H. B.]

molestation, all manifesting by their every action their entire confidence in the good faith of its owner and its privileged occupants.¹

I found it an immense privilege to be allowed to share the Squire's daily strolls through this enchanted land.

Strolls and
talks.

It was his custom as soon as he had despatched his more than frugal breakfast to don a working dress, consisting in summer of a canvas coat and trousers, in winter corduroy or velveteen, with an easy slouching broad-brimmed hat, a sort of *sombrero*, and take a survey of some part of his domain and its denizens. Whether we remained on his own property or strayed beyond it, his conversation could not but be eminently improving. Sometimes, too, the congenial surroundings would force him to open the secret recess of his heart concerning our common bereavement. As he had always observed the closest reticence, even with his sisters-in-law, on the subject of his departed wife (as if unable to speak of so poignant a sorrow to those whom it would tend to afflict), I was as much touched as surprised when in these walks he would, as it were, unburthen himself of his grief, as some passing allusion, or the sight of some spot his young wife had favoured, awoke the echoes of his pent-up laments, and induced him to communicate them to an appreciative listener. These confidences probably brought with them a certain consolation, though the silent tears, more eloquent than words, would steal down his wrinkled face and manifest a depth of feeling which brought to my memory that subtle remark of Thackeray's, that "a man is never more manly than when he is what is called un-manned."

In Dr. Harley's entertaining paper entitled "Why do birds shun men?" he says: "In the inclement winter the lake at Walton was literally crowded with all imaginable varieties of water-fowl. So friendly did they become that they sat quietly beneath the windows of the Hall, and permitted Mr. Waterton and his visitors—and I can reckon myself among these—to walk close up to them. Yet these very same birds, once outside the walls of the domain, were as shy and wary as any others. . . . No taming agent existed either at Bass Rock or Walton; but the birds had in each case become inspired with confidence in man's friendliness, having ascertained for themselves by personal experience that they ran not the slightest danger of being killed, injured, or disturbed while in their sanctuary."—R. H. B.]

But there was always a, so to speak, resigned cheerfulness in the general tone of his healthy and well disciplined mind. After a lapse into such tender moods he would quickly pull himself together and take occasion from some one of the many natural or artificial quaintnesses which lined our route to turn with something like ironical humour from the pathetic to the ludicrous. Among these curiosities was a peach-tree which had grown fortuitously from a peach-stone accidentally thrown away, and which happened to fall into the hole in the middle of a grindstone lying in the grass.



THE "JOHN BULL" TREE.

The trunk had at first filled up this hole, but instead of allowing itself to be strangled by it, it had vigorously raised the stone from the ground, wearing it like a collar. This, for the Squire, represented the vigour with which England supports her huge National Debt.

On one such occasion as I have described, this freak of nature served to save the current of our talk from becoming too sad. On another, calling to his aid the remnants of his active powers, he played me a thoroughly boyish trick. Receiving no reply to a remark which rather called for one, I

looked round first on one side and then on the other, but without finding any trace of him. I was thrown into the greatest perplexity and began to think it was all a dream. Then suddenly I heard my name called, and looking up I descried the Squire peeping down through the foliage of a tree which he had scaled with the agility of a cat. It was quite delightful to witness the glee with which he greeted the success of this clever and harmless practical joke. I have been told that he once played the same off on a young lady with whom he was walking on the *coupure* at Ghent.

Though the Squire did not make a practice of felling trees, I have on occasions, when recourse had to be taken to such an operation, seen him perform it himself. Indeed when going his morning rounds he constantly shouldered such tools as he thought he might have occasion to use. Hedging was one of his favourite occupations; cutting sticks another; many a time have I seen him come home bearing a faggot on his shoulder, the produce of his morning's work, and looking for all the world like a cheery, honest, hard-working son of the soil.

One day when, hoe in hand, he was employing himself in weeding a path, a stranger suddenly came in at the gate, and walking up to him called out:—

Characteristic
anecdotes.

“Hey, my good fellow, do you know whether I could see your master's museum? I'm staying at Wakefield for a wonder, and I've heard so much about it I thought I'd take the opportunity of going over it.”

“Maybe,” answered the Squire, in his broadest Yorkshire, “ye don't know that this isn't one of the days.”

“Days? no one told me anything about days; but that *is* vexatious, I've so long been curious to see the inside of Walton Hall, and I don't know when I may be this way again,” said the gentleman; then finding no suggestion followed, he added,—

“Do you think if he knew the circumstances, the old

Squire would let me in to-day? They say he's a good-natured old fellow, although he's so queer."

"Well; he might go out of his way for once, but he doesn't like it."

"I suppose," said the stranger doubtfully, "there'd be no chance of my getting a sight of *him*? I'd almost rather see *him* than his museum."

"He's not on show exactly; but of course you might catch a sight of him somewheres about; but you'd better go round that way to the front door and perhaps the butler may help ye."

"All right, my man," answered the stranger; "and here, hold your hand, here's something to drink, for you look as if you wanted it."

"Thank'ee kindly, sur," responded the Squire, touching his hat and pocketing the coin. He then took a short cut to the back entrance, and instructed the servants to show the visitor over the museum, and then to say that as the Squire always dined at one, he would be glad if he would sit down with him; meantime he dressed for dinner according to his wont, his regular wear being the dress of the early part of the century—a blue cloth coat with bright buttons,¹ a white neck-cloth and frilled shirt, drab cloth knee-breeches and gaiters to the knee. He wore his snow-white hair cut short, erect like a brush all over his head; one of his friends used waggishly to remark upon it that this was no wonder, for merely to read of his exploits was enough to make most people's hair stand on end.²

The chimes of the stable clock had hardly finished telling that it was one o'clock when the dining-room door opened and the butler solemnly announced "Mr. Tomkins." The

[¹ Dr. Harley says they were real gold.—R. H. B.]

[² I think he never got at all bald—at all events, I well remember that when he used to stay with us up to within a short period of his death this well-kempt, closely-cropped soft white hair always reminded me of the fur of some well-groomed pet animal, provoking an almost irresistible inclination to stroke it,—so irresistible that I never dared pass behind his chair lest I should be forced to commit this indiscretion.—R. H. B.]

Squire was standing at the head of the well-spread table ready to say grace.

“Ah! Good morning, Mr. Tomkins,” he said cheerily as the new arrival entered, “glad to see ye, sir. I hope ye haven’t found the exhibition fatiguing. Will ye sit down and take a bit of dinner with us?” But the stranger stood aghast at the sound of his host’s voice.

“Eh!” said the Squire. “What, ye’re thinking about our little conversation just now? Oh, *that’s* all right; and here’s your fourpenny bit: oh, I mean to keep that, it’ll remind me of having made your acquaintance. Now, fall to, sir, and see what ye think of our Yorkshire beef.”

The Squire did keep the small coin, and showed it me when he told me the story some years after the incident occurred.

Another story he was fond of telling was that one day he had gone on foot to see Lady Pilkington at Chevett, a few miles off. It was a hot, dusty day, and when he arrived there, he was certainly not very smart in appearance. A new servant came to admit him, and, not in the least suspecting it could be the lord of Walton Hall, he superciliously pointed to the back entrance and bade him go in *that* way. The Squire, who richly enjoyed the ludicrous, and dearly loved a bit of fun, walked humbly up to the servants’ entrance and found himself in the kitchen; he then requested some one to “tell her ladyship that an old man was waiting to see her.”

Lady Pilkington accordingly came down, though without much haste, and was horrified on finding her dear and honoured friend modestly seated on one of her kitchen chairs.

On one occasion when I had joined the Squire’s party abroad and was seated at the *table-d’hôte* of the *Grand Monarque* at Aix-la-Chapelle on his right, his sisters opposite, there were placed at his left two rattling young English tourists.

Listening to his conversation and observing the Yorkshire accent he always favoured, one of them turned to him and blurted out,—

“Excuse me, sir, but you seem to be Yorkshire?”

“I am, sir, but you, you’re Lancashire, and your friend’s a Welshman,” said the Squire, whose ear was practised in dialects.

“’Deed, an’ you do be right,” answered Taffy, delighted with the acumen displayed as regarded himself. The Lancastrian, however, evidently had something on his mind, and did not intend to be put off in this way; so he returned to the charge, and attacking the Squire again, he inquired,—

“Do you happen to know Wakefield, sir?”

“I’ve heard a deal about Wakefield,” answered the Squire, evasively, “and I know there’s a prison there.”

“Of course there is,” said the youth, “but that’s not what I want to know about. Did you ever hear, when you’ve been at Wakefield, of a great place near it, and a curious place, too, called Walton? And do you happen to know how it’s to be walked into?”

“Ay, I’ve heard of Walton Hall, too, and I believe the best way to walk in is through the door, which is always open.”

“You’re pleased to be facetious, sir; of course I don’t mean that; but must you have a ticket to see the place and all it contains?”

“I never heard about tickets.”

“Have you ever been there, and how did *you* get in?”

“Ay, sir, I’ve been there, and more than once, and I’ve always found the door open and have walked in.”

“Was the old fellow away, then?”

“*What* old fellow?”

“Why, the old chap the place belongs to. Did you ever see *him*?”

“I can’t say; I haven’t seen the old Squire, for he’s never

there unless I'm somewhere about; but I never saw his face."

"No? Well, that's funny. Does he hide his face?"

"No, not as a rule; but he's never let *me* see it."

"Then you don't know what he's like?"

"Yes, I do; I've seen the reflection of it in a glass."

"And did he know you was behind him?"

"Oh, I wasn't behind him; I never go behind him."

"What, are you afraid he'll kick?"

"No, he never does that."

"Well, he might, you know, for I've heard he lives among a lot of wild beasts and birds and things. Is *that* true?"

"Yes, sir, it's quite true; but they're very well-mannered and quite harmless beasts, and so is he."

"I'm glad of that, for I want to go there; and is the story about the crocodile true?"

"What story? What crocodile?"

"Why, that he rides all over the place on a crocodile; that's what I should like to see. Do you think there'd be any chance of my meeting him?"

"Well, that I can't exactly say, but I wouldn't go there for the next six weeks if I were in your place, for I happen to know that he's away just now."

"I shall certainly have a try; but I don't believe that story about the crocodile."¹

"No more do I," rejoined the Squire, confidentially, and at this point he took advantage of dinner being over to make his politest bow and wish his interlocutor good day. I was wofully disappointed, for I had hoped for a *dénoûment*, which would reveal to these inquisitive tourists the identity of their addressee; but this was just the Squire's way.

To return to the Squire's domestic practices. His dinner, like his breakfast, was simplicity itself, however well supplied the table might be. He still observed rigidly the abstinences

Dinner at
Walton.

¹ Of course an exaggeration of the cayman adventure recorded in the "Wanderings." *Infra*, p. 97 n.

and fasts of the Church, when long past "the age" prescribed. During the whole forty days of Lent, Sundays included, he took no meat. On days when he allowed himself meat he always began with a basin of broth; and one dish always on the table was that of the large Yorkshire "flukes" I have mentioned elsewhere, cooked in their skins.

How the
afternoons
passed.

Often when the afternoons were fine the Squire would unmoor the little boat, and, accompanied by his sisters and any visitors who might be staying or calling, would row on the lake for an hour or two, sometimes crossing to the spot where his father was buried, and where his own tomb was prepared. His grandfather was also buried in the park, but owing to the treatment of Catholics before the Emancipation Act, the locality had remained a secret, and no research the Squire had been able to make towards its discovery had been successful, his wish being to remove the bones to the same place as that where those of his father were laid and erect a suitable monument.

Though this island was not of large dimensions, on it grew twelve tall poplar trees. He had quaint names for everything, and these he called "the twelve apostles." One of them had been split down some years before during a storm, and when there was any wind the friction of the two portions made a most unearthly noise. This tree, of course, was "Judas," and it was a household saying, when there was a storm, "Listen! Judas is groaning to-night."

A lightning
story.

Not far from the house was the remains of a once splendid elm, which had some years before been struck by lightning and had become perfectly hollow; the girth was so large that it would have housed over a dozen men. One day the Squire had gone to Leeds to dine with a friend, and had ridden about a third of the way when he was beset by a strange presentiment that something required his presence at home. As he was strongly opposed to every kind of superstition, he proceeded on his road, trying to set aside

the uncomfortable apprehension, but it was of no avail, and yielding at last to the cogency of the mysterious influence, he deliberately turned his horse's head and rode back full speed. He had not gone far, when the weather, which had been threatening, burst into a storm which continued to increase in violence, so that he was glad he had taken the precaution of being well wrapped. Still, he would certainly have halted for shelter, had he not been hurried on by the silent but imperious warning. Drenched and breathless, he reached his gate, dismounted in all speed, and hurried across the bridge to find eleven boatmen, who had come up the canal which communicated with his lake, taking refuge within the hollow tree.

"Off to the stables, and at once," he shouted at the top of his voice, to which his terror at the sight had given such an unwonted accent of harshness, that the men, scared and astonished, did not hesitate to obey. It is a singular fact that before the last of them had reached the stable-yard, a terrific peal of thunder shook the air, and this very tree, once more struck, was in an instant split from top to bottom. I think, after this, the Squire entertained a lurking belief in second sight.

His stentorian tone had startled the men the more that his ready hospitality was so widely known. For it was not the animal world only that were welcome at Walton. Not only the Museum but the park also were thrown open to visitors and pleasure parties throughout the summer months. Vast were the numbers who availed themselves of the permission to picnic in the grounds. In one nook, particularly adapted for rest and refreshment, he had built a cottage which he handed over to an old retainer and his wife, wherein to entertain the picnickers. It was provided with a large range and abundant supply of coals and all requisites for boiling, toasting, frying; cups, saucers, plates, &c., were also provided, while the aged couple benefited by a small fee for their trouble. Though a fervent Catholic, Waterton never

let any difference of creed enter into the question of granting such entertainment. It was free to all. When the topic of beliefs arose between him and either friend or stranger, if he was led to any caustic remark in defence of his own, it was always couched in a tone of pleasantry which made it inoffensive to the most susceptible. The grief that had embittered his days had not closed his heart against his fellow-men, but seemed, on the contrary, to have opened it wider to human sympathy.

St. Joseph's
Acre.

An interesting patch on the farm, and which he visited with predilection, was a large one he had dedicated to St. Joseph. A tenth of all his revenues, as an inviolable rule, went to the poor, but a larger proportion of the produce of "St. Joseph's Acre" was also specially appropriated to pious use. How it came to pass, I cannot say, but I am bound to record the fact that the crops, of whatever kind, gathered off this land were always of the finest description. The large "flukes" dug here were a sight to see and a treat to taste, as I have good reason to know, for the Squire kept my table in London supplied with them ever after my visit. Among the fruits he specially cultivated for making liberal presents were a particular kind of white strawberries—no other sort was grown at Walton. They were large, sweet, and full-flavoured, and the admiration of all the fruit-growers around. I do not remember if these were grown on St. Joseph's land.

Blessing the
fields.

The ancient Catholic custom had always been kept up by the family at Walton, without intermission, from time immemorial of the annual blessing of the fields. Rogation Days occurred whilst I was his guest, and I can scarcely imagine a more picturesque, not to say touching, sight than that presented by this interesting little domestic episode. One might have fancied one of Orchardson's graceful and poetical compositions painted from such a scene.

It was a calm, bright spring morning; everything in nature breathed of hope and promise; the air was balmy, and already the insect world was on the wing, accompanying with

the gentle murmur of its hum the distant rural sounds which alone broke the surrounding stillness.

The priest, preceded by the processional cross-bearer and attended by two acolytes in scarlet cassocks and short white cottas, walked first, aspersing the soil and chanting the Rogation litanies, the responses being taken up by those who followed. The little procession took its winding way round the farm lands, passing through here and there a copse or a clump of trees, from behind which it might be seen now and again emerging, or crossing a bridge, or gently sweeping round some farm building; the voices, as they chanted, floating on the air with a unison which told of the earnestness and sympathy of all.

Immediately behind the priest walked the Squire bare-headed and wearing his goodly eighteenth century costume, and heading his family and household, these being followed by the farm labourers and the Catholic villagers, delighted with the privilege of being associated in the pious rite. Procession.

Life at Walton wore throughout a patriarchal tone, unspeakably refreshing in its unaffected primitiveness. The Squire's own habits were, as may be inferred, of the simplest, and all he expected of his guests, whom he treated with the most cordial consideration, was that they should fall pleasantly, not into that abstemiousness he had imposed on himself, but into the ways of his house. In this he was as much of a rigorist as Dr. Kitchiner, and though he would certainly not have used the legend addressed to his guests, "better never than late," nor have established the rule of having the street-door locked and the key laid on the dimmable the moment the clock had struck the appointed hour, it was easy to see that any departure from the regular order of the day was an annoyance to him. I once heard him say, "If the Queen, God bless her, liked to come to Walton, she should have the best of his homage and the best of his substance; but he should have to intimate to her Majesty Patriarchal
tone at
Walton.

that one o'clock dinner with high tea at seven were the meal hours at the Hall."

"How if it were the Holy Father, Squire?" said I.

"As soon as His Holiness has set foot on British soil, I'll let ye know," he answered, warily.

When the weather was so hopelessly bad that his outdoor avocations were forcedly relinquished, he found plenty of work indoors. He was either studying his favourite authors, or touching up, cleaning, and revarnishing some picture of his collection, and more congenially still, perhaps, moulding into life some of the specimens of the lower kingdoms of nature of the stores from which his "Wanderings" supplied an exhaustless quantity. He was always making additions to his Museum, which at the time I saw it contained over two thousand entries, including butterflies, beetles, and other insects.

His humour.

I do not mean, however, that he withdrew from the social intercourse of his household. By no means. Naturally of a bright and humorous disposition, he was as frolicsome as a schoolboy to the end of his life. He had at command a fund of anecdotes, of which he delighted to make others enjoy the wit.¹ A characteristic bit of drollery was directed against an intimate lady friend who was staying with him. Naturally too refined to tolerate some of the racy stories which in the beginning of the century were quite admissible, she to a certain extent played into his hands by accentuating her objection to listen to them. Sometimes when conversation flagged he would start one of these questionable anecdotes, specially addressing himself to her, and always with such well-assumed earnestness that we all thought *this* time he *was* going to complete it, though nothing was further from

¹ [Dr. Harley speaks of being impressed by his brilliant originality of thought enveloped in a somewhat rough clothing of common sense. And in another place says truly that no one could catch his beaming smile, or receive a glance from his speaking eyes, and doubt that however bizarre the appearance of the outer man, the inner was lighted up by a genial, highly-cultivated, and sympathetic mind; he mentions also his cordial clasp, his words of warm welcome associated with a winsome expression of truthful sincerity.—R. H. B.]

his intention. So he would proceed till, as he perfectly well foresaw, she would stand it no longer, and raised her protest. Still he would go on till just close up to the obnoxious "point," where her terror rose in proportion as he continued. I have seen this game carried on between them in the most ludicrous cat and mouse kind of way; the Squire, after a pause, always returning to the charge, but in the end closely avoiding any word that could be objected to. Sometimes he would wind up with an improvised catastrophe, inventing an unexpected *dénoûment* which constituted so ridiculous a bathos that it sent us all into fits of laughter.

Among his peculiarities was a strong objection to having his portrait taken in any shape or way, and it was a constant grief to his son and sisters-in-law that there would, at his death, be no memorial of his personality. One day they suggested to me to sketch him, if ever so slightly, as he dropped asleep in his chair after dinner, and it was only at their earnest request I complied. However, I greatly regretted this consent, as before I had marked down a dozen lines the good old man woke suddenly, and caught me so employed, casting on me, as I thought, a sort of *et tu Brute* expression, though he indulgently forbore to speak his complaint. I felt as if I had committed an unpardonable breach of the laws of hospitality.¹

Objection to
be painted.



SQUIRE WATERTON.

In the dining-room was an old picture which had always passed for a portrait of Queen Mary Tudor, and the Squire had honoured it accordingly. One day, examining it atten-

¹ [Nevertheless, this slight sketch ultimately became of considerable value, as it was the only auxiliary to a mask taken after death, from which to produce a bust of him. The only cast from this bust was a few years ago given to my sister, and at her death I presented it to the Linnean Society, by whom it is honourably housed in Burlington House. It is not a thoroughly satisfactory likeness, yet it serves to recall the man, and from it the illustration in the text is taken. We had hoped better things from the clay, for as so frequently happens, and as Sir Frederick Leighton has so truly said,—

“Men made in marble look but men, not more
The damp impressible clay beams into life.”—R. H. B.]

tively, I became quite satisfied it was a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and called his attention to the indication—I forget now what—which convinced me on the point. He examined it also, but did not pronounce an opinion, and nothing more was said at the time. Next morning when I came down to breakfast, I saw he was full of fun when he said, “Yes, there’s no doubt you’re right enough about that picture.” I glanced towards it, naturally, at this remark, and was so intensely amused to see he had hung it with its face to the wall, that we both burst into a merry laugh.

I had long been curious to know what would be the ideas of a man like the Squire as to the “future state” of animals, and finally one day asked him if he did not think there were many things to indicate that they would have their part in any after life of human beings.

I must admit, with all my respect for his remarkable intelligence, that the Squire was somewhat “narrow” in his opinions. He replied rather dryly, “The Church has said nothing about it.”

“No,” I replied, “but is not that perhaps because of its obviousness? If not, what does St. Paul mean when he says, ‘The *whole* creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now’—meaning the coming of Christ? Does not that therefore plainly demonstrate that there is no exclusiveness in the liberation of all created things?”

“The Church,” he again answered, “has not made that an article of faith; let us be content with what we are *bound* to believe.”

Among incidents of his former life that came out during my stay with him was a curious and perhaps pathetic one which at this distance of time there can be no harm in repeating.

One day in the summer of 1829 he received by post the following anonymous effusion without any clue as to who the writer might be. The only sign of any kind the missive bore was the Cambridge postmark.

The lines were headed by a short paragraph quoted from
 “The Wanderings,” p. 245:—

“I seldom care about a letter of introduction, for I am one of those who depend much on an incidental circumstance.”

“Dear Waterton, your notions free
 With mine entirely do agree.
 What signifies a wordy letter?
 T’ introduce oneself is surely better;
 And following thus your own example
 My introduction becomes ample.

An unknown
 admirer.

I love thee for thy ready wit,
 Which can all times and seasons fit;
 I love thee for thy well-stored mind,
 Nor does thy judgment lag behind.
 But ah! still more than these impart,
 I love thee for thy feeling heart.
 And now if *you* would not refuse,
 No other husband would I choose:

I’d love thee ’spite thy silver hair
 And visage, if no longer fair.
 With love I would attend thy age
 By skill extracted from thy page.
 Oh! that you would but pop the question!
 Yet that, of course, demands reflection:
 Of beauty I have none to tempt thee,
 And for my coffers—they are empty!
 Full thirty years are past and gone
 Since I my journey here begun,
 And in a little country town
 The fates, alas! have set me down,
 Where I forsooth must still remain
 Unless I should thy hand obtain.

Anonymous
 address.

But I’m afraid you’ll say me “nay”—
 And serve me as in Canada
 You served the boy who sought to be
 A unit in your company.

Still, should my happier star prevail
 And you should listen to my tale,
 Oh, then how blissful should I be
 United to a man like thee,
 Whose thoughts with mine so well agree.
 With what delight should I not hear
 Your narrow scapes from Pard and Bear,
 Your combats with Labani snakes
 By mighty rivers and by lakes:
 Of vampire bats that would not suck,
 Of Chegoes, ticks and other luck;
 Campanero should daily toll his bell
 And ‘Whip poor-Will’ the chorus swell,

'Who-are-you,' too, his question ask,
 And 'Work-away' demand a task,
 While 'Willy-come-go' should weep and wail
 With 'Two-told-sloths' that want a tail;
 And oh! still more that wondrous Cayman
 Which you bestrode just like a drayman;
 His legs reversed with so much art
 That Daddy Quarlie gave a start.
 All these and many other topics
 Of what befell you in the Tropics
 Shall I with greedy ears and eyes
 Then listen to with much surprise,
 And should a doubt or two arise
 Of what before was ne'er made known,
 I'll do my best to gulp it down,
 For no unpleasant taste can follow
 When honey's mixed with what we swallow.
 Your narrative must always charm
 And angry critics all disarm.
 And should I ne'er your visage see,
 Still, 'Wanderer,' wilt thou ever be
 Like Isaac Walton, dear to me.

A 'NONDESCRIPT.'

P.S.—Should my letter not miscarry
 And you feel inclined to marry,
 Then let your answer duly be
 In *Morning Post*, the which I see.
 A woman's mind it is well known
 Is always in the postscript shown."

The Squire replied as follows in the journal indicated:—

TO "IGNOTA."

"Lady! Did a soul poetic
 Great as thine my muse inspire,
 I would strive in strain pathetic
 Soft and sweet to touch the lyre.

"But in distant climes by roving,
 And by oceans tempest-tost,
 Every pleasing, plaintive, moving
 And harmonious sound I've lost.

"Grieved am I, my fair Ignota,
 Woful tidings to impart,
 Ere the charming lines you wrote, a
 Nymph had shot me through the heart!

"Re-al or imaginary
 Still, Ignota, prized by me
 Are thy lines—and long shall tarry
 Thoughts within my breast of thee.

The Squire's
reply.

“ Did I know but where to send it,
 A small offering I would make,
 This request should then attend it :
 ‘ Keep it for the Wanderer’s sake.’ ”

Though he had replied with courteous haste, “ Ignota ” never gave any further sign of life ;¹ the keepsake he offered was evidently not sufficient to satisfy her heart or to compensate the confusion she might have felt in revealing her personality after her dream had proved to be impossible of realization.

There was at Walton a fine finger-organ on one of the spacious lobbies, and it was one of the Squire’s delights to get one of his sisters to play some of the old National airs, especially of Scotland—“ Auld Lang Syne ” being his prime favourite. Whoever happened to be in the house was invited to join in the chorus, and the effect was very thrilling on a still summer night. On these occasions “ Whittie ” was carefully removed to the kitchen department that he might be out of hearing of the music, for Whittie had delicate nerves, and so disliked the sound of the organ that upon one occasion when this precaution had been neglected he tore out of the house as if demented and did not condescend to re-appear for two days ; when he came back it was like the return of the prodigal ; he was warmly embraced and his rations of cream and crystallized sugar were doubled for several days after. Whittie perfectly well knew he was a spoilt cat and gave himself airs accordingly. He invariably nestled up to the Squire with a proud air of distinction, showing indifference, not to say contempt, for everybody else. Besides this colossal creature there were four other feline inhabitants of Walton who must not be passed over. Each one had some special characteristic, but all were relegated to the stable and out-buildings. The Squire fed them himself regularly once in twenty-four hours, immediately after his own dinner. Fish from Wakefield was boiled for them

Whittie
 objects to the
 organ.

[¹ Did the writer ever realize that the lines addressed to “ Ignota ” were addressed to her—who had signed “ A Nondescript ” !—R. H. B.]

every day and brought to the Squire at the appointed time. The most unfavourable weather would not interfere with his administering the meal. He had taught them moreover to eat by picking out each mouthful with their fore paws, and instead of lapping their milk in saucers to take it out of jugs provided for the purpose, also with their paws.

Although the Squire generally acted on well-considered principles, his hygienic practice was often very strange. He was strongly conservative in practically maintaining the theory of "blood-letting" as a panacea, and after he was eighty, though his complexion was perfectly colourless, he one day took it into his head to bleed himself for an obstinate cough, which, most provokingly, happened to disappear very shortly after, for this coincidence seemed to justify a treatment most dangerous at his age. He was almost a follower of *Sangrado*; for at the same time he continued the matutinal bowl of hot water. Another strange proceeding which would have been death to many and against which he inveighs most vehemently in his autobiography, but which never seemed to do him any harm, appears scarcely credible, nevertheless I have seen him sometimes come in drenched, in his "working clothes," and though about to dress for dinner keep them on, deliberately fetching a footstool and sitting down on it in front of the large morning-room fire, almost lost in the cloud of steam drawn from his wet clothes by the heat. I have more than once, too, seen him mop up water accidentally spilt on the floor, or rain that had come in through a badly closed window, with the sock on his foot and then put it back in his slipper, refusing to dry it at all.

One of the guests at Walton Hall whilst I was there was Colonel Erskine of the Mar family. He was an exceedingly agreeable, well-informed man, and a great admirer and friend of the Squire. One day when the conversation happened to turn upon old Scotch families and the romance attaching to some of their houses, he asked me if I had ever heard the old prophecy relating to the Mar title which has given rise to so

much litigation. It appears that a Countess of Mar was one day being driven up a hill in an open carriage when an old beggar woman rose up from the hedge-side and asked for alms, following the equipage for some distance regardless of the Countess's servants, who warned her off, when finally the lady, wearied by the monotony of her supplications, turned round and desired her in a peremptory tone to begone.

The Mar
title.

The woman looked at her with an ominous scowl, and then she said,—

“Ah! my leddy, ye think yersel’ vara bra’ noo, but the time ’ll coome when there’ll be nae mair Lord o’ Mar . . . no; nae mair Lords o’ Mar till there’s been twa born blind, aye and mair than that, till the Castle’s been burnt doon, and till a tree grows oot o’ a window.”¹

A Scotch
beggar’s
curse.

“You know,” he added, “that we Scots are very superstitious, and a beggar’s curse is regarded with a certain awe, but I can assure you it is a fact that all these misfortunes came upon that unhappy house: the title became dormant, my own grandfather and great-aunt were the two born blind, the family mansion was destroyed by a conflagration and remained so long a ruin that it became overgrown with ivy, a thick stem of which made its way through one of the windows. After all this had happened the title was revived under George III., but only to fall into abeyance later on and to remain in dispute.”

[Another genial guest who constantly enlivened the Squire’s table was Canon B——. His excellent jokes and quips would fill a volume. I will restrict myself to reporting one little bit of spontaneous fun, for it was not so much the jokes themselves as the way in which he said them that fetched people. A very young lady had in her inexperience asked him the well-known conundrum to which the reply is “One is a domestic fowl and the other a foul domestic.” We all know

¹ It is very interesting to find this legend, variants of which meet the folklorist at different points of his researches, localized, by the personal tradition of an actually existing family.—R. H. B.]

that it is the *crux* of the punster to be told a stale joke or asked a riddle to which the answer is foreknown to everyone ; so a cloud of *gêne* spread over the table at this *naïveté*. In an instant Canon B—— restored the general hilarity by readily replying, in his jovial way, “Well, my dear, I can at all events guess what it *ought* to be—the fowls defile the *outside* of the house and the servants defile the *inside*.”—R. H. B.]

A frequent visitor within the old walls also was a Mr. Greenwood (I *think*), who, however, went so constantly by the name of “Jemmy Shaw” that I really forget his real patronymic.

This new nomenclature he owed to the fun and spirit with which he used to tell a humorous and original story ; I, at all events, had never heard it before.

It was founded on a supposed dispute between two mechanics—a Quaker and a High Churchman—*à propos* of music in divine worship, the former, of course, maintaining the excellence of the plainer form.

“I tell thee, friend,” argued the Quaker, “they have a way of singing not only their hymns and their creeds, but their very litanies, and what can be more absurd, not to say vain and disrespectful, than to address the deity in music : is it not altogether affected and unnatural ?”

“I fail to see it,” replied the other ; “inasmuch as music is richer and more elaborate than ordinary speech, so much the more do we thereby honour the Being we address.”

“Friend, to my mind, we mock God when instead of humbly expressing our supplications in the tone and language of a petitioner who is trembling all the time lest he should not obtain the favour he craves, we put it into song, and losing all meaning of the words we employ, twist them this way and that, repeating them in cadences and fugues, and as it were mocking the ear whose attention we should be trying to engage. Now let us suppose thee had broken thee saw and wanted to borrow mine, pray is it thus thee would propitiate my favour ?”

(Here Mr. G. would start off in a high key and execute a most complicated and jolly sort of performance) :—

“ Good-day, Jemmy Shaw !
 I have broke, I have broken my saw,
 Will thee help me through, Jemmy Shaw,
 Will thee lend, will thee lend me thy saw,
 Jemmy Shaw !
 Shaw, Shaw, Shaw, Shaw, Shaw, Shaw,
 Lend, lend, lend, lend, lend, lend, lend,
 Will thee lend, will thee lend me thy saw,
 Jemmy Shaw !
 Shaw, Shaw, Shaw, Shaw, Shaw, Shaw,
 Le . . nd, le . . nd, le . . nd, le . . nd—
 Yes lend, lend, lend me thy saw.
 Saw, saw, saw, saw, saw, saw, saw,
 Thy saw, yes thy saw, yes thy saw,
 Jemmy Shaw ! ”

and so on for a quarter of an hour.

“ Now what would thee have me to do all the time thee were making these vocal antics? I confess, friend, as I know thee to be too good a fellow to affront me willingly, I should take thee to be stark staring mad, and in charity should have thee shut up as a lunatic. Certainly would I not trust thee with a saw.”

The old Squire, who, of course, did not take the Quaker view, was always highly amused with this story, and would encourage Mr. G. to tell it again and again for the amusement of his friends.

[Though this *argumentum ad absurdum* cleverly shows up the abuse of the floriated style in ritual music, the use of prayers and praises emphasized by vocal repetition is but the cultivated form of the style unsophisticated children and persevering beggars adopt because they derive it by natural selection from their intense earnestness. We all know how both will go on persisting with repetition first of whole sentences, then of mere words, finally of mere single letters, e.g. “ do—oo—oo—oo ! ” till they get what they want. This with reference chiefly to vocalization of prayers.

In Chapel’s “ History of Music ” are some curious pages on

the origin of the same thing as applied to Praise. He says "the practice of carolling or singing without words, like birds, to the Gods was copied by the Greeks, who seem to have carolled on four vowels, from the Egyptians, who had but four. . . . It has been supposed that the Name Jehovah, which in Hebrew consists of four letters, originated in this manner of praise."—R. H. B.]

The parting
from Walton
Hall.

But my visit to Walton, however enjoyable and however protracted, had to come to an end at last, as many matters were calling me home.

If my arrival at Walton Hall left a profound impression on my heart, neither shall I ever forget the leave-taking. The Squire was old, his sisters were not young, and the circumstances irresistibly recalled the subtle remark of De Quincey, "In every separation there is an image of death." As we all stood together beneath the wide portico, the dear old Squire, turning to me, took both my hands in his, and with tears in his eyes, such as were not long finding their way to mine, said:—

"I not only hope that you will very often come to us again, but if ever anyone having one drop of your blood in his veins should pass my gates without turning in and in your name claiming my hospitality I shall take it as an indication that you have not believed in my welcome."

These were not mere words; whilst I was at Walton a cousin of mine (holding a responsible position in the Post Office) being at Wakefield on business came over to see me. The Squire received him as an old friend, and, finding he could spare a few days, insisted on his passing them at Walton Hall. I am glad to be able to add that this guest was able afterwards to render the occupants a little service by obtaining a grant of a letter-box at Sandal, which greatly facilitated the transmission of their correspondence. A little incident in connection with this visit marks the Squire's shrewdness of observation. "I consider that gentleman's face a perfect

one," he said to me one day, "it is so rare to find one *that will bear looking at all round.*"

Happily it was long before the gloomy forebodings of our parting were realized. I often afterwards had the satisfaction of receiving the whole Walton Hall party at my house on their annual visits to and from Aix-la-Chapelle; the Squire in fact paid me the compliment of assuring me that mine was the only friend's house at which he ever slept in London. Nevertheless for the moment the pain was keen, I may say, for us all.

In most cases it is true that "*Les larmes du départ sont pour ceux qui restent,*" but in this instance I think we were all equally moved. It is impossible not often still to recall this most delightful visit to Walton Hall, resulting in a "friendship delicate as dear," and altogether unforeseen, but which lasted as long as the dear old Squire lived. As Vigneul Marville has said:—

"L'amitié n'est-elle pas la meilleure chose qui soit au monde? mais cette bonne chose ne s'improvise pas . . . ne s'impose point. . . . Une sympathie naît; puis, elle grandit, elle se développe et devient alors une affection durable: il faut mériter l'amitié."

Alas! the "*durable*" itself is not enduring. All *that* is over now, and it has resolved itself into those home-striking lines of Longfellow's (stolen albeit, and turned into verse, from the prose of J. J. Beecher, the friend and faithful adviser of Byron):—

"As ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal given and a distant voice in the darkness:
So, on the ocean of Life we speak and pass one another,
Only a voice and a sound! Then darkness again—and a silence!"

I have always felt it impossible to repay to the friend who brought me acquainted with the dear old Squire the debt of profound gratitude for so invaluable a boon; *we* are, however, still mutually devoted friends.

It seems sad—yet characteristic—that Charles Waterton's long and adventurous life should have been terminated by an

accident. The fact was that he had, in his youth, known so many hairbreadth scapes that he had acquired the dangerous habit of recognizing no peril, and as he grew old he was too apt to forget those precautions which the infirmities of age render imperative. It was from a fall into the canal which crossed his park that arose the complications which in a very short time terminated his honoured days.

The dear old man, affectionately known throughout the Riding as "Squire Waterton," was deeply and honestly mourned, and not by his friends, neighbours, and dependents only, but also by the feathered friends he had protected, as I have narrated above.¹

After he was laid to rest in the spot I have described,² a large white stone cross was erected over the grave bearing the epitaph, dictated by himself:—

Orate
Pro animâ Caroli Waterton
Cujus fessa
Juxta hanc crucem
Sepeliuntur ossa
n. 12 Jun., 1782,
ob. 27 Maie, 1865.

Pray for the Soul
of
CHARLES WATERTON,
born June 12, 1782,
died May 27, 1865,
whose weary bones are buried near this Cross.

Letter-
writing.

Among other old-world customs to which he steadfastly adhered he entirely repudiated the use of envelopes. A sheet of paper folded and addressed, he very rationally argued, endorses itself and carries every necessary record of its identity and date with it; naturally he always closed his letters with wax and a seal bearing the family arms. I possess many of his letters; all are written on quarto sheets

¹ Page 68, *supra*.

² It was consecrated previous to the funeral by the Bishop of Beverley.—
R. H. B.]

of paper. From among this interesting and valued collection I select a few characteristic of the naturalist, the scholar, and the man.¹

The following is a testimony of his affection for the religion he professed and the steadfastness with which he considered himself bound to maintain the faith which he used to say with pride his family had adhered to without any regard to the persecution of the Reformation :—

“Walton Hall, Jan. 11th, 1864.

. . . “Last Monday we had a beautiful procession to the antiquated ruin on the island. The Bishop and ten priests attended in canonicals, whilst a grand crucifix in stone of one ton weight was planted on the summit.

“For three long centuries no crucifix had ever been erected in pleasure-grounds, since England’s melancholy fall from her long-cherished creed of nine hundred years’ duration.

“Three generations of one family were present at the ceremony, as you will see, when I have the honour of sending you a printed account in Latin by our good and learned Bishop of Beverley.

“Would that I could persuade you to come and see what has been done in honour of Catholicity.”

“Walton Hall, Dec. 4th, 1864.

“. . . Many thanks for your very welcome present and letter. Would that I had been with you in your last tour, as I think I might have been of some service to you.

“Spain is a noble country ; and where modern science and supposed improvements are not to be found I am convinced that her ignorance and tortoise-like movements are real blessings. Pardon me if I should be disagreeing with you on that point ; I believe, however, if a correct view were taken, there is more fraud, infidelity, corruption and crime

[I may add, his handwriting, though small, was singularly regular, firm, and legible, as might be expected from the tranquillity and determination of his character.—R. H. B.]

to be found in Yorkshire alone than in the whole of Spain. But, as says Sancho Panza, ‘*de mis viñas vengo, y no me entremeto in cosas ajenas. Cada uno por su mismo y Dios para todos.*’

“ All here join in sincerest regards.

“ Ever most truly yours,

“ CHARLES WATERTON.”

“ Walton Hall, July 14th, 1861.

“ . . . Pray accept the warmest thanks from a grateful pen for the genuine hospitality and innumerable kindnesses to my sister during her stay under your roof. When you favour us again with your company I shall have a fair opportunity of expressing to you how deeply I consider myself your debtor; Eliza’s tongue and mine will then, only, be able to present our feelings in a proper point of view.

“ What a clever fellow du Chaillu has been to have enlisted in his favour the powerful approbation of our learned doctors in zoology. But whoever shall read my letters on his gorilla in the *Gardener’s Chronicle* will, I trust, conclude that those gentlemen ought to have examined well the dangerous locality before they took the leap.

“ Believe me, dear ——,

“ Ever gratefully and sincerely yours,

“ CHARLES WATERTON.”

The dispute here alluded to, and which we may call a *gorilla-warfare* between the two naturalists, arose out of statements made by du Chaillu in his volume entitled “*Equatorial Africa*” on the subject of this animal—statements which Waterton stoutly disputed. His opposition, indeed, had the effect of entirely dispelling misapprehensions to which du Chaillu’s exaggerations had given rise, and the general discussion of the subject he provoked cleared the scientific atmosphere of many clouds of error.

A very remarkable scientific feat, performed by the Squire some time before my visit, must not be omitted in this little record.

Handles rattlesnakes.

Some rattlesnakes had been brought over by, I think, the keeper of a menagerie, and had arrived at Leeds, where they were to be exhibited ; but as they lay coiled up in cotton-wool, and no one dared disturb them, the Squire was communicated with, and was asked how they could be removed from their packing-case and transferred to the cage which was to be their future home.

The Squire saw at once the difficulty and peril of the transaction, and well knew there was no one there who could safely carry it through ; he therefore actually undertook to manage it himself, notwithstanding the advice of medical and other friends to have nothing to do with the perilous business.

The Squire was not of a temperament to be dissuaded by apprehension of danger from anything he had resolved to do ; and besides, he intended to improve the occasion by trying to learn by experiment which was the deadlier poison, the ousali or that. Firmness and obstinacy have severally been described, the first as a strong *will*, the second as a strong *won't*. We will suppose it was by virtue of the former ¹ (and not by vice of the latter) that the Squire adhered to his intention. A day was therefore appointed, and the promised performance was regarded as so astonishing and also so interesting, that several scientific men from Leeds and its vicinity assembled to witness it. A medical man volunteered the ghastly offer of his *services* "in case any accident should happen" (!) but the Squire shook his head, and intimated that medical skill would be of very little avail in the event of an attack by one of these deadly creatures.

¹ The history of the cayman adventure fills some of the most exciting pages in the "Autobiography of Charles Waterton," and the incident must reckon among the many narrow escapes which we read of throughout the "Wanderings." Indeed, the "perils" encountered by the Squire were more numerous than those alluded to by St. Paul, and the wonder is that he survived to relate them. This story, which excites a breathless interest, should be read in the writer's own words.

The Squire rode over from Walton early on the day named, and the box containing the strange cargo was handed over to him, as also the case into which the creatures, about thirty in number, were to be moved. If he seemed reckless in courting danger, he was far too rational not to surround himself with every precaution his experience suggested. He allowed only a certain number of persons to be present, and placed them where they were to stand, stipulating that no one should move or speak, and he then went to work amid the breathless excitement of his observers. The process was necessarily slow and deliberate, and his first precaution was to get behind the patient on whom he was first to operate, and also to avoid disturbing the rest.

“I felt perfectly safe,” he said to me when describing the incident, “as long as the creatures could not *see* me; had I gone to work in a sudden or violent way, or had I stood in front, the matter would very soon have been settled.”

Much time was occupied in slowly and gently arranging the creatures in such a way as to be able to deal with one at a time, and this was managed by cautiously enveloping the rest in the sheets of wool in which they had been packed. When at last the active stage was reached, the beating of hearts became audible; the Squire alone was calm, as after a brief pause he steadily and slowly lowered his hand with the thumb and first finger open and ready to grip the destined snake; time seemed to move on leaden wings, but after an interval the eager spectators saw with intense relief the hand emerge securely holding a splendid snake firmly by the back of the neck, which it did not release till safely caged. The task was successfully accomplished, but a profound impression was produced on all present, and in the midst of it one of the spectators felt himself obliged to slip away, as he declared he *could* not stand by to behold so frightful an experiment continued; while the countenances of those who remained sufficiently betrayed their alarms.

How the Squire managed to preserve his perfect sang-froid and the necessary steadiness of hand till his undertaking was fully completed even those present could never explain; it is nevertheless true, and this striking proof of patience, courage, determination, experience, and dexterity won the well-merited applause of all the scientists who either saw or heard of the singular feat.

While on the subject of poisons, I must tell the story which ever after made the Squire so sympathetic with regard to Sterne's chapter of “The Dead Ass”; he used, as I have said, to recite this with the most telling expression, and as if he *felt* its pathos, bringing tears to the eyes of those who listened. One of his researches during his “Wanderings” was to obtain and experiment upon the Ourali poison, the different properties of which he was curious¹ to verify, especially whether it deserved its alternative name of *curari*. He certainly ended by acquiring great faith in its powers as a remedy for hydrophobia. After he had brought it to Europe he was, naturally, desirous of availing himself of any opportunity that might present itself to test its effects as a poison. One day when strolling in the vicinity of one of the old Italian cities (I think it was Naples) he observed a somewhat dilapidated old donkey browsing by the roadside. The boy who had it in charge was a rough but bright and sunny lad, and was seated on the bank, making his dinner of grapes and coarse bread. The Squire accosted him, and asked what his donkey was worth, as he wished to purchase it. Taken by surprise, the boy stared and hesitated, but confessed that though he had never thought of selling his beast, he should like to have the money, as he and his family were poor, and the donkey was not capable of much more work. As the Squire did not wish to bargain, he paid a liberal price, and the boy, after a last kiss to his donkey and a friendly nod to the Squire, walked slowly and also reluctantly away,

The Ourali
poison.

[¹ This will be found more particularly described in Dr. Harley's narrative, *Selborne Magazine*, Feb., 1889, p. 20, and instances of its use given.—R. H. B.]

Experiment.

stopping every now and then to look back. Meantime the Squire's attention was fixed on his experiment, which had for its object to discover what amount of poison would suffice to destroy life in an animal of that calibre, and in what space of time; he therefore proceeded to administer the dose. The effect was fulminating; the poor beast dropped as if he had been shot, and in a few seconds lay there an inert mass! The lad, who was still lingering near, at once ran back to ascertain what could possibly have happened, and found the animal was really dead. Then he threw himself on the carcase in a passion of grief, sobbing as if his heart was broken; he had tied up the coins in the corner of his pocket handkerchief; he now tore them out, flung them on the ground in a paroxysm of fury, exclaiming between his sobs, "Take back your money, *signor*, I can never touch it again. You should have told me it was for this you wanted to get from me my poor, my dear, old friend! Alas! Alas! so long as we have lived together and known each other, and so well as he loved me! and I! . . . I, what have I done? *He* would never have sold *me*, but I have sold *him*, and to a poisoner!" and again he threw himself on the remains of his four-footed friend, and sobbing anew, continued, "I didn't want to part with him, but when I looked on your face I took it for a kind and an honest one, and I thought I was handing him to a master who would be good to him and could afford to spare him in the feebleness of his last days . . . the last days of his hard life."

In short, the poor boy was inconsolable, and so too, now, was the Squire, who would have given all he was worth to undo the regrettable deed. He stood there penitent, doing his best to comfort the poor lad, and by dint of sympathy and good words, finally succeeded in coaxing him to follow him to the market, where, as the only compensation that occurred to him, he bought for him a fine young animal, the best he could procure; but the incident had made a deep impression on his heart, and as he could not think of it with-

out sadness, he frequently inflicted this amount of suffering on himself as an expiation, by relating the story to any who were willing to listen to it.

This donkey episode always surprised me, as being quite out of keeping with the Squire's humane and benevolent character, his practical love for animals in general and for donkeys in particular,¹ and especially the precepts he does his best to inculcate in respect of sparing their lives wherever it is possible. Thus, in addressing students of natural history, after admitting the reasonableness of killing, e.g. "a pair of turtle-doves to enable thee to give mankind a true and proper description of them, thou must not," he says, "destroy a third through wantonness or to show what a good marksman thou art;" and he reminds his reader of the fact that the ancestral domains of Walton Hall are innocent of preserves and *battues*. Even when animals are needed for preservation in museums he warns the collector against a wanton expense of life: "Should my instructions in the preserving art," he says, "tempt you to shoot the pretty songster warbling at your door, or destroy the parent bird sitting on her nest to warm her little ones, or waylay the father as he is bringing supplies for their support—oh, then! deeply indeed shall I regret I ever wrote them."

It must therefore be concluded that when the interests of science required it, Mr. Waterton considered it necessary to

¹ Buffon has described the characteristics and peculiarities of the ass with his wonted acumen and powers of observation. "This creature," he says, "is as humble, patient and tranquil, as the horse is proud, ardent and impetuous. Chastisement in the form of oaths and blows he endures with constancy, not to say courage: he is temperate as to both the quantity and quality of his food, eating contentedly the hardest and most disagreeable herbage, which the horse and other animals refuse with disdain. With regard to water he is extremely nice, and drinks only from the clearest brooks. In drinking he is as moderate as in eating, and never sinks his nose in the water: it has been said that he is startled by the reflection of his ears. To compensate himself for never being combed he rolls himself in the grass, in thistles or ferns, and this without regard to any load, human or otherwise, he may happen to be carrying on his back; perhaps this is a silent reproach to his master for his neglect of the details of his toilet. The horse will wallow in mire or water: not so the ass. He even objects to wet his feet, and will turn off the road to avoid a puddle. His legs are drier and cleaner than those of the horse. The ass is susceptible of education, and appreciative of kindness."

stifle the more benevolent feelings of his nature, and to go through with experiments which alone could enable him to arrive at facts he had encountered so many personal risks to prove.

His ant-bear.

Once when the Squire came up to London he brought with him an ant-bear of his own stuffing, and we drove together one day to the British Museum, to which he desired to present this specimen, saying to me as we got into the carriage, "The nation ought to have in its natural history gallery *one* specimen of which it is not ashamed." Nothing could be more amusing than his criticisms as we walked through the natural history department with Professor Grey, the curator, who was delighted to make the personal acquaintance of the celebrated naturalist, and glad to appropriate to the Squire's ant-bear a conspicuous place in the gallery. There was of course a long talk over the taxidermical art, and the acknowledged superiority of the Squire's original system.

Since the collection has been removed to South Kensington I told Professor Flower of this gift of the Squire's, but it would seem that it was not in the collection when it was transferred to South Kensington.

The Squire had his special reasons for selecting the ant-eater as a presentation to the British Museum. Assertions having appeared from some professors of natural history to the effect that this creature lived on leaves and climbed trees to obtain its food, Waterton had combated this statement tooth and nail, proving to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced minds not only that its proclivities were not such as to lead to its attempting the feat attributed to it, but that it possessed no powers that would enable it to climb; that its natural food consisted of insects, chiefly ants, and that it frequented by preference localities where ant-hills abounded; that having reached an ant-hill its course was to tear it open with its powerful claws, and then to employ its long thin tongue (provided by Nature with a glutinous coating) to lick out as many ants as it could succeed in getting to adhere to it.

After swallowing these it repeated the process till every ant was cleared out.

I could not easily forget the Squire's remarks that day, accompanied by a frequent amused chuckle, as we passed through the collection, such as it was at that day. He had no difficulty in pointing out the miserable results of a system of stuffing, the clumsiness and barbarousness of which he easily made apparent to myself, who had dwelt among his own most perfect specimens. It is to be lamented that his uncompromising eye should not have been gladdened by the improvements made in this matter since our national collection has been placed under the care of Professor Flower. But at that time the still life of the animal kingdom had been so travestied by the way in which it was presented to museum visitors, that when tourists came to Walton, they often fancied that what they saw there were fictitious, fancy improvements on what they supposed to represent the real thing!

I feel impelled to record here an experience of early childhood which has continued a lasting memory. In those days eight years was fixed at the age below which His Majesty's liege subjects were considered inadmissible to the wonders of the British Museum. I have a vague and indistinct recollection of the building as it then stood, but so far from presenting its actual grand and imposing aspect, it was forbiddingly dark, gloomy and dirty. One day my father, unaware perhaps of the regulation, or supposing it would not be stiffly enforced, took me, with an elder brother and sister, to see the national wonders. Arrived at the entrance a grim old porter came out and stopped us, inquiring my age, which unfortunately had reached only six and a half years; not to disappoint the others my father accepted the porter's offer to take care of me while he and they went in. Being put on a chair near the open door of the lodge I had a good view of the hall and staircase, beneath which stood three tall quadrupeds of graduated sizes, with very long necks and small heads. They were fawn colour, spotted over like the deer I

had seen in Hyde Park, but they sadly wanted dusting. There could be no mistake about their being "stuffed," neither was there any mystery about the process, for they were very clumsily sewn up with large stitches of coarse twine, and the straw that had been employed to fill out their moth-eaten skins was curiously visible all along the gaping seams. I hope these unsightly giraffes have been preserved in *statu quo*, though the skins even then were very bare; they would, for all time, have a value as a practical proof of the condition of taxidermy at the time they were set up, not only as regards the treatment of the skins, but the utter absence of any attempt at imparting a lifelike form to their anatomy, or any characteristic inflexion to their attitude.

On another occasion, when the Squire was staying with me in London, the well-worn subject of "authors and publishers" came on the *tapis*, and I naturally enough remarked,—

"Your 'Wanderings,' Squire, ought to have made you a rich man as well as a celebrated one, for there are few books, I imagine, so universally known."

The Squire looked up to see if I were chaffing him.

"A 'rich man'! did ye say?" he inquired naïvely. "Upon my word I never thought of making money by it; I had something to say, and I said it in print."

Another question or two elicited that the Squire's natural disinterestedness had been too patent on this occasion; it had not so much as occurred to him to make a bargain (much less an advantageous one) with his publishers.

"And do you mean, Squire," I said, "that your publishers have never transmitted to you your share—the lion's share—in the profits of that widely-spread and most successful book?"

"Never, my dear friend," answered he, "I never asked them."

"Well, then," said I, "it is high time you did call them to

account; do let us take a drive to-day to Paternoster Row, and beard them in their den."

"As you please," said the Squire. "I have no objection, for whatever you can make them disgorge will be for Eliza (his sister)'s charities."

In the afternoon accordingly we turned in the suggested direction, and, as it happened, found both the brothers at home. The Squire was rather a curiosity, and they had never seen him. As the question of money had never been raised for so many years they had no apprehensions on that score, so readily admitted him, as they were, besides, quite case-hardened, and equal to any question of a financial nature.

The greeting was a very pleasant one, and the brothers seemed highly gratified at the Squire's visit. As I knew them (and specially the younger) both socially and in the way of business, the conversation became general; and when I thought the conventionally colloquial tone of it had lasted long enough, and saw the Squire had no intention of tackling the matter in contemplation, I thought it time to intervene, and, addressing the elder brother, said,—

"Well, Mr. —, I knew you would like to make the Squire's personal acquaintance, as he yours; so, as he is my guest, I got him to pay you a visit; but as we are now on your business premises, and your books are handy, perhaps you will kindly refer to them and let the Squire know, while he is in town, how the 'Wanderings' account stands."

Totally unabashed by the monstrous statement they were about to make, they simply smiled, and in the blandest manner assured us (in a tone lowered to a confidential whisper, and beginning with an aside to the Squire—"I suppose I may speak before your friend?") that "between ourselves, you know, and, strange as it may seem, we *lost*—yes, *seriously* lost—by that work of yours, Squire—we did indeed, my dear sir."

"Ah, I see, Mr. —," said I, "you know the Squire is

fond of a joke, and you are very facetious on this occasion, by way of amusing him ; but since you use the word 'serious' in one sense, let me use it in another, and now we have laughed, will *you* become 'serious,' and let us know what have been the sums received by your firm on account of that book since it began its unusually prosperous career ? ”

“ Oh, with pleasure ; but it can only abut in what I have already stated,” replied one of them, most diplomatically keeping both his countenance and his temper. “ There are no profits : in fact,” added he by way of deprecating any further investigation, “ the result of any such investigation as you suggest, would only be to show a balance *against* Mr. Waterton, and on this we have hitherto been silent.”

Nothing could be more adroit than this mode of special pleading, and the “ *hitherto* ” gave it a delicious touch of *finesse* which altogether shut up the Squire. He did not care for the money ; in fact he had never once thought about it, so, instead of insisting on seeing the books, he gave in at once, simply saying to me,—

“ I'm sorry we said anything about it to Eliza.”

“ Who,” interrupted I, “ must naturally be spelling on a large amount, perhaps planning to build new schools.” And I thought to myself, “ If this be the fate of a successful book, what is to become of the majority among authors ? ”

After we had taken our leave I saw the Squire was brimming over with fun.

“ What is it, Squire ? ” I said, for *I* did not see much to laugh at.

“ Why,” said he, “ I've got a couple of foxes' skins at Walton, and when I get back, I'll set them up and make a group that *you* at least will recognize.”

“ Do,” said I, “ and call it 'The Squire Vindicated.' ”

[I may mention as an analogous experience that at the time all England was ringing the praises of Newman's “ Apologia,” and indulging in wild stories concerning the colleges and dioceses he was going to endow with the pro-

ceeds, a friend who was intimate with him assured me he had told her that he never received more than 300*l.* for it.

Cardinal Wiseman also himself told me that for his delightful story of "Fabiola," one of the most fetching historical romances ever written, and which everybody has read, he never received any return but a tiny amount for the right of Italian translation!—R. H. B.]

I promised to give some account of Edmund Waterton, my old friend's only son. At the time of my visit he was just in the prime of life and a splendid specimen of manhood. Six feet three in height, and broad-chested in perfect proportion, yet holding himself with conscious ease and grace. The extra correctness and elegance of his dress, his decidedly stylish figure and manner—though not really so polished, perhaps, as his father with his blunt courtesy—made him a sort of anomaly in the old-world mansion. This anomaly was still more apparent in the interior of his apartment. Everything therein betokened a taste for ease and luxury. I must confess his correct taste led him to endeavour that all the forms of the furniture and decorations should be made as far as possible in harmony with the date of the building, but draperies, curtains, tapestries and *portières*, pillows and cushions, all of the richest material, abounded; carpets in which the feet were embedded, *fauteuils* and *poufs* into which one sank, and mirrors and *girandoles* corresponding with the decorations; over the mantel-shelf a full-length, life-size portrait of himself in the becoming costume of *Cameriere Segreto*, which well suited his fine figure, and in another room, another portrait of similar dimensions in the equally becoming Highland dress. From the ceiling depended a very elegant and costly chandelier of lustrous old glass from Venice; handsomely bound books everywhere, and pipes and cigars in profusion, for Edmund was an inveterate smoker; moreover, all the paraphernalia with which he had surrounded himself, and the jewellery he wore, though in faultless taste, were

Edmund
Waterton.

procured entirely reckless of cost. As for natural history, he not only had no proclivities towards it, it even seemed to be his pet aversion! So much for "atavism"!

A marked annoyance to him was his father's indifference to dress and appearances, and nothing irritated him more than to witness the naïf amusement of the old man when mistaken for a son of the soil. I do not think, excellent, good-hearted fellow as he was, he cultivated a single taste in common with those of his father.

His character.

[Both had been educated at Stonyhurst, and both were strict Catholics. It may be the Squire's firmness had more of personal piety in it, and Edmund's more of family tradition and honour; nevertheless, however much he indulged in the life of a man about town, he never shrank from openly professing his opinions at a time when that was less easy than it is now. He grew to be a most intimate and devoted friend of my brother, Captain Hans Busk, and if one of his recherché dinners happened on a fast or abstinence day, though the whole Dodeka Rota, and with few exceptions all his friends, had little sympathy with such scruples, no *mauvaise honte* ever made Edmund shrink from abiding by the meagre fare the Church prescribed.—R. H. B.]

Gay and bright, and enjoying every kind of fashionable amusement, he had serious veins of thought also. He devoted some hours a day to making a new translation of the *Imitatio Christi*, designing for it also tasteful and elaborate marginal illuminations.¹ He was also no mean art connoisseur, and in antiquities and archæology was reckoned an authority. In his travels he had picked up several antique and curious rings which attracted so much admiration that he soon became fired with all the passion of an ardent collector, and amassed a large number of specimens, im-

His collection of rings wisely bought by South Kensington.

[¹ In a catalogue of rare and curious books lately sent me I noted an entry of a work of Edmund's I had not heard of previously, as follows:—

"Waterton (Edmund) *Pietas Mariana Britannica*, a history of English devotion to the most blessed Virgin, with a catalogue of shrines, sanctuaries, offerings, bequests and other memorials, *front.*, 4to. (*Printed at Roehampton*) 1879."—R. H. B.]

portant whether for *orfèvererie* or for gems, incised and otherwise. These are all now to be seen arranged and catalogued at the South Kensington Museum, which had the wisdom to buy up the collection.

[It is impossible not to regret that the Squire's natural history collection was not similarly acquired for the nation. But it is true a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances militated against it. Edmund had deposited his rings at South Kensington on loan, and they were handy for purchase when his time of embarrassment came. The Squire never contemplated such a calamity as Walton Hall passing out of the family. As he deposited each group or each specimen (into which it may be said a portion of himself had passed) in its chosen place he thought it was placed there for all time, and when, after his death, the crash came, his sisters-in-law fondly thought they were best carrying out his wishes by depositing his handiwork at Ushaw College, with the condition that it could be redeemed by Charlie¹ the grandson, who, as a boy, had showed much interest in it.

The Squire's
racc. 6

¹ "Charlie," too, has now (prematurely) paid the debt of Nature. He died in February of this year, in his thirty-fourth year. The following notice of him taken from a provincial paper, though meagre, will, I feel sure, be read with interest.—R. H. B.

"We greatly regret to announce the death of CHARLES EDMUND MARY WATERTON, son of the late Edmund Waterton, Kt. of the Order of Christ and of St. John, and grandson of Charles Waterton. He was born 1863, and educated at Stonyhurst. In 1890, he married Josephine Mary, daughter of the late John Rock, by whom he leaves three sons—Joseph, Charles and Edmund. The cause of his death was an internal abscess, due to a fall from horseback some two years ago. He underwent an operation in Paris on February 20th, in which one abscess was successfully removed; but a further abscess, too near a vital organ to be dealt with, destroyed all hopes. On hearing that an operation was necessary, he at once sent for one of the Passionist Fathers, to whom he made his confession as though it might be his last. He had made a vow to go with his wife on a pilgrimage to Lourdes in the event of his recovery, and one of his last utterances was to inquire if the lamp before Our Lady's statue in his room was still alight. All who knew him will bear witness to the singular charm of his disposition. While not lacking in intellectual tastes he was especially fond of field sports, he was a first-rate whip, a capital shot, and an enthusiastic fisherman. His geniality and charity endeared him to all his dependents.

"The funeral took place at Dampierre, a little village some seven or eight miles from Dieppe. It is there in the beautiful old Château Dampierre that some time ago Mr. Waterton settled and made his home, on the sale of Deeping-Waterton Hall to the present Marquis of Exeter. His remains were conveyed on Wednesday from Paris, accompanied by the curé, and for the two next days they rested in the little parish church of Dampierre, which Mr. Waterton had recently reopened after it had been closed for some years previously. Amongst those present at the

Process of
taxidermy lost
to the nation.

Though the entire collection was therefore, perhaps, scarcely to have been obtained, there is no doubt that if appreciative application had only been made to him, the Squire would have taken delight in preparing for the British Museum at no cost at all specimens priceless in their perfection, such as can never be obtained again, though too retiring and sensitive to volunteer an offer of the kind. That the idea rankled in his mind is certain, because he had not long been intimate with my sister when he sent to her house a large wired cage filled with marvellously beautiful birds, the retired life on his remote estate possibly having kept him out of a similar opportunity before. The following letter, which accompanied it, betrays what was in his mind :—

“Walton Hall, June, 1862.

. . . “I have taken the liberty of addressing to your house a case of birds, and I wish no one but your good self or Edmund to have possession of the key. . . . I should like you to show them to any of your friends, English or foreign, who might care to examine them.” Then follow directions for opening the cage to exhibit the birds, dwelling on the importance of not allowing spectators to finger them, as by touching the feathers roughly a web might get displaced, “and no one but myself could rectify the mischief.”

“Our great professors,” he goes on to say, “and those of other countries can produce nothing at all comparable to the specimens this box contains, and I would fain hope that in examining my productions they will see, be convinced, and acknowledge that their own cabinets are sadly in the background so far as the preparation of objects in natural history is concerned.” . . .

He had seen the work of other men, and he was well acquainted with his own and “he knew that it was good.”

funeral were his brother, Mr. Thomas More Waterton; his sisters, Mrs. Sutcliffe and Mrs. Harrison; his brothers-in-law, Mr. Roek and Mr. Harrison; also Mr. J. Roche, Mr. W. E. Edmonstone Montgomerie, his cousin; the Rev. Reginald Fowler of Guildford, and numerous other friends. R.I.P.”

He was conscious, therefore, that the words he used were no boast of vanity, but the simple statement of a fact. The cage and its contents were seen by many persons, fanciers and others, but though immensely admired, no such application as I have supposed he desired was ever made to him, and the opportunity was lost for ever.—R. H. B.]

Edmund married first one of the twin daughters of Sir John Ennis (the other becoming the wife of The O'Donoghue). By her he had six children, to the eldest of whom I stood sponsor. After her death he married Miss Mercer, heiress of John Mercer, J.P., of Alston Hall, Lancashire, and had two children, to the elder of whom I again was asked to be sponsor. He died very unexpectedly, about five years after his second marriage. Circumstances had necessitated—with all his good qualities Edmund was anything but a man of business—the sale of Walton Hall, and he had taken up his residence on another old family property—Deeping-Waterton, Lincolnshire.

Edmund's
wives.

In the autumn of 1891 I found myself in Yorkshire, and while shrinking from the distressing changes I had to be prepared to find, I could not resist the self-torturing impulse to revisit the scenes of the happy days spent at Walton Hall.

Last visit to
Walton Hall.

The estate—passed into other hands—was shorn not only of its ancestral glories, but of all its traditional idiosyncrasies, and had become so utterly desecrated as to have fallen into the hands of, we were told, a *parvenu* soap-boiler.

Poor old Squire! Though humility in person, he had never felt called upon to divest himself of an honourable pride in his forbears—the pride of well-preserved chivalrous and religious antecedents. Now, all connection with these was ignored. His “sacred clay” sold with the soil—bought and owned with the estate—like a slave on a slave-owner's estate—by an uncultivated and unappreciative successor. Alas, that such things should be! Life is indeed made up of terrible and startling paradoxes. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum!*

I cannot describe the feelings with which I approached the dwelling where I had erst been so warmly welcomed, so tenderly parted with, and often so earnestly entreated to return. I knew it must be altogether different now, when I was almost the sole survivor of all who had at that time gathered there, but I was scarcely prepared for the actual *dénouement*.

I had addressed a polite note to the occupiers of the moment, briefly telling my reasons for troubling them with the request to be allowed to invade the—to me—endeared precincts for a few moments, the last opportunity I was ever likely to have of revisiting them. Walton is to many besides myself a time-honoured spot, interesting to the whole country, and especially to the county. From the Sandal station there is a pretty walk of about half an hour to reach the Hall. On the way we passed now and then stray country-folk, whom I made a point of addressing, to learn whether the memory of Charles Waterton still lingered round the spot, and it was gratifying to find in every instance that, notwithstanding the lapse of years, he was still held in affectionate and revered remembrance and spoken of with honest regret.

Reaching the gate, I made my well-known way through the drive, to the bridge, across which foot-passengers only can pass, and noted the trim order in which the paths and lawns, evergreens and shrubs round the house were kept; at the same time I was disappointed to observe that ruthless and ignorant hands had been at work clearing away relics eminently interesting to those who knew their history, and probably no one then at the Hall was in that number. Arrived at the *perron*, I recognized the grotesque, antique brass knockers on the solid old doors, wont to be always open, but now closed; all was solemnly still; I therefore employed one of them to rouse a servant: after some minutes, a rough lad in a shabby page's livery presented himself, and having asked my name, disappeared with my card.

I was not sorry to be left to my meditations on that suggestive spot. Naturally I looked round me with sad

Reception
contrast to
the first.

interest. The old carved oak panelling of former days still lined the walls half-way from the ground, but above the dado the decoration had been changed; a thick square Turkey carpet covered the middle of the floor, the furniture was antiquated in form, and may have been that of yore, and on the raised hearth, logs, as in the old days, were blazing across the dogs. I stood on the very flags where the "Wanderer," while taking his affectionate leave, had tendered me the freedom of the whole place for me and mine. I had almost conjured him up before me, and the echo of the well-remembered words, the cheery yet pathetic tone of his voice was ringing in my ear, when brusquely one of the doors was opened, and a flippant, off-hand, but not altogether disrespectful, young man-servant made his appearance. There was nothing of the venerable family butler about him, but he was very well for the mushroom flunkey of a *nouveau riche*. He advanced, twisting a square of pasteboard between his fingers, which I subsequently perceived to be my card! Mrs. Soap-boiler was evidently indifferent to the Squire's friends, and did not care to hear about him, or to relate to interested ears what she might have gleaned concerning his memory on the spot. She had not even enough manners to ask me into the house, and probably had not appreciation enough to understand that I had desired to revisit some of the rooms.

"It appears," said the man, "that you desire to look over this place."

"I should indeed," I replied, "if not inconvenient."

Nodding compliance, he proceeded to lead the way, probably much better known to me than to himself. Crossing the lawn, he pointed out to me the tower, the ivy-covered water-gate, the stairs down into the lake, and Cromwell's bullet, which he told me, with an inane laugh, had lately been picked out by some counter-skipper visiting the place, but had been "put back again all right"! And he appeared to think he knew all about the place his master's money had lawfully purchased. I made no observation to all this, but

The search
for the old
landmarks.

could not help asking what had become of the various objects, each with its history, which I saw were no longer there.

“That ugly old stump!” said he; “oh, that’s been removed, and a jolly good riddance too!”

“How,” said I, “about that venerable old elm at the edge of the front lawn?”

“What!” he answered, “that rotten, split up old tree, quite a disfigurement to the place? That, ‘*we*’ cut down when we first come.”

“Nothing, my friend,” I replied, “that has a history, and especially so interesting a history as most of the details of this spot, can be considered a disfigurement. Yet I miss from their places many of what I may call landmarks in the old Squire’s life, and those places will know whether him or them no more.” As he asked for the history of the elm-tree,¹ I related it to him, and it seemed at once to wake him up to the fact that there might after all be something curious in the recollections of Walton Hall.

The echo.

As we walked on across the broad park and arrived at a spot where there was an echo, I loudly clapped my hands, and great was the astonishment of my cicerone, whether at the fourfold repetition of the sound, or at my knowledge of its existence.

The grave.

The park showed signs of neglect, timber had been injudiciously cut down, the grass was long and rank in places, and the soil was rough with mole-hills; the roads, too, were in very bad order. When we approached the consecrated little nook where reposes all that now remains of the active, energetic frame of him who erst animated this place, its utter solitude and abandonment was chilling in the extreme, and its neglected appearance was sadly suggestive of the fact that of the dear old man’s kith and kin none were near to honour his memory.

The cross indeed remained standing, but the lettering of his epitaph² was so thickly overgrown with moss that it

¹ *Supra*, p. 78-9.

² *Supra*, p. 94.

could scarcely be deciphered by any one not previously acquainted with the words, and so could never tell the visitor *whose* "weary bones" lie near that cross.

To stand under any circumstances beside the grave of those we love, face to face with all we have lost in losing them, cannot but have a depressing effect; in this case it was doubly so: I could not walk through those vast but now silent woods without mentally contrasting their stillness with the bright vitality and ceaseless sounds they offered of yore, when voices innumerable (but each one of which the Squire could recognize) seemed to vie with each other in welcoming the presence of him who, now sleeping there, no longer administers to the needs and pleasures of the creatures he taught to come at his bidding, and to animate his domain with their joyous cries and songs. The man was too stolid and indifferent to afford any satisfactory information as to what had been their fate; under what circumstances they died out; or became dispersed, or were shot like the vulgar herd; all which it could have been surpassingly interesting to know.

No birds to
greet us.

It is true, indeed, that two or three tenancies had succeeded each other since the Squire's time. His son, Edmund Waterton, had at first taken up his residence there, but unforeseen circumstances had rendered it impossible for him to continue to occupy so large a place, in the style which would alone have corresponded with his views of a country gentleman's life, and he soon abandoned it; but even during his stay there, an entirely new order of ideas had prevailed; he had not inherited his father's tastes, and his wife had no proclivities which would have induced her to take up the cause of the guests with which the Squire had peopled his woods and forests, his park and lake.

When Mr. Hailstone, who followed, took possession of the place, it is true he became devoted to it, relinquishing it only with his life, he cherished with an affection which could only have arisen from a strong congeniality of tastes and pursuits, every relic he could trace of the

Mr. Hailstone.

old Squire, restoring—as far as he could—all that had suffered from neglect since his death, and maintaining to the best of his ability all the old traditions, even that of hospitality, for which Walton Hall had enjoyed such an honoured reputation in the good old days. But admirably well-intentioned as his intervention was, it could not be traditional, and moreover, alas, it could not be lasting. At his lamented death everything fell into a worse state of misappreciation than before, and worse still was to follow.

I can only add that I came away from Walton with a very uncanny impression of the mind of the present owner, who seemed to me to be in every sense lamentably out of place there.

While we were in the wood, which is at some distance from the house, and still further from the high road, some loud peals of thunder accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning plainly foretold that a heavy storm was imminent, and surely enough, when we were just in the middle of the park (the ground of which was very sodden with recent heavy rains) and clear away from any kind of shelter, a torrent of rain fell thickly and violently, driven by sudden gusts of wind, so that umbrellas became virtually useless; by the time we neared the house we were pretty well drenched; yet—though I was accompanied by a little granddaughter—“like master, like man”—neither did our guide offer us so much as the shelter of a shed, nor did it occur to any of the family, who he had said *were* at home, to ask us in to dry our clothes. Traps and horses, no doubt, there were in the stables, but we were allowed to take the sloppy road to the station under the pelting rain, without so much as an offer to have us conveyed thither.

The dear old Squire little thought when he so affectionately pressed me to pay Walton another visit, that this was the sort of reception in store!

Leave in a
thunderstorm.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME SOCIAL ADVENTURERS.

The Comte de Saint-Germain—Mystery surrounding His Birth—Social Successes—Taken up by the King—Conjectures as to His Origin—His Extraordinary Parts—Fantastic Statements—Madame de Créquy's Suspicions—Amusing Account of Her Discomfiting Him—Madame d'Urfé takes Him up—Age did not tell on Him.

Chabert the Fire-king—The "Human Salamander"—Pretends to the Supernatural—His Marvellous Feats—Fire has no Power over Him—Poison does not Harm Him—Scientific Experiments—Discredited by the Faculty—The Public begin to Deride—He discreetly Disappears.

Charles Cochrane—His Minstrelsy—Offers Himself for Westminster—Schemes for Relieving the Unemployed—Baths and Wash-houses—Muddles His Affairs.

"Dr. Berrington"—Wants to Build a Clerical College—"Old Strange"—His Ruined Mansion—His Pathetic Story—"The Birds never Sing now"—The Curate Scares Him—"Dr. Berrington's" Ministrations Fail Him—"Dr. Berrington" Tried and Sentenced.

Risk Allah—His Handsome Person—Fascinating Manners—Religious Ter-giversation—Discomfited by Baily's Eye—Proposes Leap-frog at a Garden-party—"The Cedars of Lebanon"—Comes to Grief over a Diagnosis—Recognized by a Former Master as His Groom—Gets a Widow to Marry Him—Takes Her a Sea-voyage—She makes Her Will first—Risk Allah's apparent Abnegation—Burial at Sea staves off *Post-mortem*—Risk Allah devotes Himself to His Wife's Adopted Son—The Youth suddenly Shot—Risk Allah Tried—And Acquitted at Brussels—Sues the *Daily Telegraph*—And gets nearly 1000*l.* Damages—Practices in the Hospital at Sentari.

The Duc de Roussillon—Insinuating Manners—Mrs. Staveley's Little Plot catches Him—"ZE FAMILIE TREE"—Tracked by Mr. Edward Walford.

De Tourville—Charms Honest Men—His Infant Son Rescued by My Friend—His Conviction in Austria—Premature Release.

Albert Grant—His Palace destined never to be Inhabited—New-Gate—Westland Marston—Colonel F———What was His Name?—Sir Thomas and Lady Hardy—Lord Borthwick—Colonel F——'s Personal Advantages—Conversational Power—His Merry Stories of Parsons.

"Every singular character is entitled to the consideration of posterity."—SHAFTESBURY "CHARACTERISTICS."

By way of introduction to my little chapter concerning social

adventurers who have crossed my path, I may be excused for printing here some notes I once collected concerning a character of this class, so weird that it took a great hold on my youthful fancy. Indeed, we might search long before we found a character more singular than that of the Comte de St. Germain, one of the most striking figures of the eighteenth century, whose appearance in Paris, surrounded with a halo of impenetrable mystery, excited the greatest curiosity and conjecture in French society. It is difficult to fix the date of his birth, because he employed every means in his power to maintain the secret of this occurrence, endeavouring to lead everyone to understand that he had lived from time immemorial, and relating with the utmost indifference and unconcern, interviews and conversations he spoke as if he had actually had with historical individuals of all ages and all nationalities. The fertility of his imagination seemed inexhaustible, and aided by persistent determination, extensive reading, a marvellous memory, and consummate *aplomb*, together with fascinating manners and prodigious wealth, he contrived to win a prestige which obtained his ready admission into society and enabled him to command the wondering and credulous attention not only of the upper ranks, but even of the Court. Above all, he amused the King, who, taking pleasure in his society, would often remain for hours talking with him and listening to the tales of his wonderful experiences and adventures, which he knew how to make very entertaining. Those who held official positions about His Majesty's person not unnaturally took umbrage at the amount of royal favour shown to this mysterious and not altogether unequivocal foreigner, and Baron Gleichen says that the Duc de Choiseul expressed himself very warmly on the subject one day in his hearing.

“How is it,” he said, “that we allow the King to find himself continually alone with this fellow, about whom and whose business society is puzzling its brains, when His Majesty cannot be suffered to drive out unless surrounded

The Comte
de Saint-
Germain.

Succeeds with
the King.

by an armed and mounted escort, as if the streets were full of assassins ?”

However, the Duke being asked one day whether it was possible the Government could be really ignorant of the identity and antecedents of a man who had taken up his abode in the capital on a footing of magnificence unequalled by the representatives of the noblest and most distinguished families, replied, “Undoubtedly we do know who he is, and we know, too, that he is playing upon the credulity of the town and the Court.”

“Who and what is he, then ?” asked the Bailli de Solar, who was present.

The answer, it would seem, was not so clear and satisfactory as to put an end to the suggestions and suppositions which continued to hover round the Count's name, though the Duke asserted that St. Germain was the son of a Portuguese Jew. For the majority he remained the mysterious being for which he had posed, existing under supernatural conditions, and tacitly implying his profession of preternatural gifts, knowledge, and powers; no wonder, therefore, that conjecture was rife as to whence sprang this extraordinary fellow who burst meteor-like on French society only after he had attained a comparatively advanced period of life. The whispered queries as to his origin and antecedents, birth, age, social position, occupation, capabilities, &c., finding no answer, suspicion set to work, and suppositions of the most ingenious kind were set afloat, though none seemed to be accepted as satisfactory. Whether it was the Count's wealth or his nose that favoured the supposition, the majority of these rumours attributed to him an Israelitish descent. According to some he was an Alsatian Jew named Wolff; to others, Ratondo, a tax-collector of Aix; but to others again, a Spanish Jesuit named Aymer. All these conjectures seem to have been equally vague and foundationless. It was asserted that he had acquired his enormous fortune as nothing more romantic than a successful Dutch merchant.

Conjecture as
to his origin.

“Old Baron Stock,” says Gleichen, “whom I met in Florence, told me that he had heard St. Germain had already visited Paris during the Regency (1715-23), and that he then bore this nomenclature.”

Notwithstanding this statement the generation flourishing in France in 1750 seems to have known nothing about this adventurer, for he certainly took them by surprise, all that the most subtle inquirers could make out being, that he had travelled extensively, had resided in India, Russia, Holland, England, Venice, Portugal and Spain, speaking many languages, and all with the facility of a native, and that the titles he had assumed were various, Marquis de Montferrat, Comte de Bellamye, Marquis de Belmar, being among them ; though he presented himself as Comte de St. Germain. His manners were perfect, not to say fascinating, his face handsome, his figure elegant, and his presence imposing ; and as for his wealth, it was said that short of his having discovered the philosopher’s stone, its amount was inexplicable. His general knowledge was unusually varied and profound, and it was believed he possessed the secret of an elixir of life which insured immortality. In fact, he implied that he had already lived for many centuries, and so simple and in appearance truthful was the tone with which he distributed these astounding statements, and so full of incident the narrations, that it seemed to exclude any possible doubt of his veracity, and the faith of those who listened to him was fairly staggered.

Although he risked his credibility by giving the amplest details of the personal incidents and adventures he related, it seems to have been but rarely that he was caught tripping or contradicting himself, or making compromising admissions. Even when questioned by the most astute, his presence of mind and ready wit generally carried him through the ordeal.

His powers of memory were extraordinary, so that by industrious reading he had well furnished his mind with

His extraordinary parts.

His fantastic statements.

minute details of the lives, characters and circumstances of all who had made a mark on the world's history. No wonder many ears—and eyes too—opened wide when he wove into conversation anecdotes of alleged conversations with persons of all denominations, all countries, and all dates;¹ throwing in, for instance, quite casually some apposite observation made to him by Moses or Confucius, Alexander the Great, Plato, Solomon, or sometimes even our Lord; and continuing his talk utterly regardless of any exclamation he might excite and indifferent as to whether he was believed, just as any one might be who was enunciating some marvellous truth beyond his hearers' powers of apprehension.

Madame de Créquy seems to have entertained a strong preliminary prejudice against him; possibly she was irritated by the marked favour with which he was received at Court, and which she considered he owed to the good offices of Madame de Pompadour, yet the account she gives of her first interview with him, rejoicing in the opportunity of "taking him down," is amusing.

Madame de Créquy not caught by him.

This entertaining *Grande Dame* begins by telling us something of the Marquise d'Urfé, at whose house she first met the mysterious stranger, whom she had predetermined to expose. Madame d'Urfé was celebrated for her constant intercourse with Cagliostro, Casanova, and other alchemists of her time, all willing enough to enter into her passion for discovering the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. With one she made ducks and drakes of 100,000 crowns, with Cagliostro she frittered away from 400,000 to 500,000 livres in expectation that she would, according to his promise,

[1 We have all met the same thing on a smaller scale in the *raconteurs* who give you as personal experiences adventures and reparties which you afterwards learn, or perhaps know already, to be as old as the hills. And yet the clever local colouring in which they know how to envelop their marvellous stories, gives a charm which makes them enliven the hour. And for those who have lived much, and have acquired various kinds of knowledge, it is really not difficult to fall into the habit (at all events during moments of lively intercourse) of confusing the recollection of a thing read or heard of and a thing lived. The only difference in the case of the C. de St. G. was that he did it so systematically and on such a magnificent scale. Such a man must have been delightfully entertaining in the midst of this prosaic world.—R. H. B.]

succeed in evoking the spirits of Paracelsus and Moïtomut, who alone could reveal the final arcana of the great undertaking. As for Casanova, he robbed her by the ingenious expedient of never asking her for money, but only for precious stones to form his "constellations." The MM. du Châtel, who were to be her heirs, did not view this *delicate* mode of procedure in the same light as the lady, and had the Italian adventurer driven out of France. Yet Madame d'Urfé was universally recognized as a *femme d'esprit*.¹

[Madame de Créquy tells us that she went in company with Madame de Brionne to call on Madame d'Urfé, and that it was the custom of this fantastic lady, when in her laboratory, to have her visitors shown in without being announced. "It was in July, but the hostess was sitting on one side of a big fire, and on the other side sat a man dressed *comme au temps du Roi Guillemot*, his head was wrapped in a big hood trimmed with braid, and he neither raised it nor rose himself when we ladies entered the room, which seemed to astonish beyond measure Madame de Brionne, *si princesse* and so scrupulously courteous herself." The conversation almost immediately happened to fall by coincidence upon forbears of Madame de Créquy, and the hooded gentleman let drop the remark, *d'une voix forte et brusque*. 'Hah! I knew the old Cardinal de Créquy. I saw a good deal of him during the first Session of the Council of Trent. He was always saying the most foolish things—at that time he was Bishop of Rennes.'

"I guessed at once that our interlocutor could be no other than M. de Saint-Germain, whose mendacious rodomontade, and the fantastic stories told of it, had always irritated me. So I turned to him with a candid and *naïf* air, and said, 'Monsieur doubtless meant to say, Bishop of Nantes?' 'Not at all, madame,' he replied, 'I mean what I say—Bishop of Rennes, Rennes in Brittany. I know very well what I am talking about.' 'At all events,' I retorted, in a pro-

[¹ "Femme d'esprit s'il en fut jamais," writes Madame de Créquy.—R. H. B.]

voking little tone combining levity, imprudence, and daring, 'At all events, I am sure you don't know who you are talking to!' 'Madame!' he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, glaring at me furiously. 'O pray don't be vexed,' I replied, quietly. 'Only, as you know so many things, just kindly tell us what my name is.' Upon this the Comte launched out into a long and grandiloquent description, which might have been interpreted in various ways, but Madame d'Urfé, anxious to appease her friend, declared—looking at him with tender admiration—'that he had discovered with marvellous acumen that the lady's name was Victoire.' 'It would have been much more satisfactory,' said I, dryly, 'if Monsieur had said that I am Madame de Créquy. Cardinal de Créquy,' I continued, 'was *never* Bishop of Rennes. . . . As to the epithet of "old Cardinal," it suits him still less, for he was not more than forty-five when he died of the plague. And if he said a few foolish things at the time of the first session of the Council of Trent, we must not be too hard on him, for at that date he was not more than five or six years old!' 'You want to insult me!' thundered the Count. 'Not in the least,' I replied. 'I am simply answering your statement.' . . . Poor Madame d'Urfé was in a state of consternation bordering on the ridiculous, and she afterwards entreated me to give no currency to this incident." . . . Madame de Créquy goes on to narrate one or two similarly absurd incidents planned to *mystifier ce mystificateur*.—R. H. B.]

Fortunately for the Comte de St. Germain's schemes there were numbers of people at the Court and in good society who were less clear-sighted than Madame de Créquy and less well versed in dates and incidents concerning the former generations of their family, and these people, falling a prey to his assumptions, were always circulating marvellous stories to account for his origin. The most whimsical of these was the one which makes him out the illicit son of the second wife of Charles II. of Spain by a banker of Madrid.

This was probably based on his habit, when he ever spoke of his early years at all, which was not often, of always throwing in allusions to its being surrounded by splendour: the houses he had inhabited were palatial, crowds of guards and attendants waited round his path, he played among balustraded terraces, avenues, fountains, and statues. There is plenty of testimony that he contrived to puzzle all who came across him as to his real age. Rameau asserted that he had met him in 1710, when he appeared about fifty, and in 1759 that was still the age everyone gave him. A secretary of the Danish Legation who knew him in Holland in 1735, and again in Paris five and twenty or thirty years later, declared that he looked no older. In Schleswig, where he died quite at the end of the century, he preserved to the last the same appearance. With all his exceptional advantages, he could anyhow have attained an exceptional position, but it evidently tickled his imagination to live out the adventure of posing for a supernatural being, or, at all events, a living enigma. Doubtless it amused him hugely to throw out his astounding assertions and watch the effect they produced on various classes of mind, and he revelled in puzzling his contemporaries and offering himself as a phoenix to posterity.

Age did not
tell on him.

It would not be altogether fair to class among adventurers without some qualifying remarks, a clever Frenchman, by name Chabert, sometimes called "The Fire-king," also "The human Salamander," who came to London and mystified the town about the year 1826.

Chabert, the
human sala-
mauder.

His extraordinary feats were performed by the adaptation of considerable scientific knowledge. Had he presented himself to the society of natural philosophers as a man of practical science, he might have been welcomed with all the honour due to the perseverance with which he had pursued his special branch of study. But perhaps he was afraid of professional jealousy, and hence preferred (at the risk of

being treated as a charlatan) to display the powers he had attained before the general public and reap his guerdon in a harvest of entrance fees rather than in empty renown. He was a little before my time, so that I never saw his performances, but heard a good deal of them in family tradition, and can remember being puzzled at the ardour with which his pretensions were discussed, denied, and discredited.

Instead of making the most of his actual merit in having studied so assiduously, he presented himself as invested with supernatural power, or at all events, with powers purely ^{His pretensions.}



CHABERT, "THE FIRE-KING."

personal to himself, which he declared made him indestructible—impervious to any attack of fire or poison.

It was at White Conduit Gardens that he first introduced himself to the British public, on the evening of June 7th, 1826. The ordinary course of his diversions was to begin by swallowing a liberal allowance of phosphorus—visitors were requested to come provided with poisons, and those who stepped on the platform and supplied him were supposed to be chance comers. This delectable draught would be varied, or followed by prussic acid, arsenic, oxalic acid, and boiling ^{His feats.}

oil. The final course of this weird supper was molten lead, which he put into his mouth with his unprotected hand.

All this was only a little by-play while the oven in which he had undertaken to take a hot air bath was being heated. This oven was of considerable size, and was prepared for his use after the manner common at the time, of heating baking ovens, viz. by burning faggots in it and sweeping out the ashes. Chabert had *his* oven, however, heated "seven times hotter" than the ordinary baker. Such a burning fiery furnace had not been seen since the days of King Nebuchadnezzar.

When its temperature had reached 220 degrees Fahrenheit, Chabert would walk in with the utmost nonchalance, and that there might be no doubt as to the actual heat he took in with him a rump steak and a leg of lamb. He was then shut in for ten minutes, keeping up a conversation all the time with those outside by means of a tube passed through the oven door. At the expiration of this period he announced that the steak was ready, and then brought it out with him to be tested while he took a cup of tea. The testing and tasting gave undeniable satisfaction, and the steak was soon completely devoured. He would then say he thought he had better go in again and look after the leg of lamb. Having closed the door, he informed the spectators that the lamb was cooking nicely and would soon be dished up. In a short time he reappeared with it, sliced it up and passed it round. It was always declared to be *cuit à point*, and eaten up with relish. Nevertheless upon himself no smell of fire had passed.

The third part of the entertainment consisted in taking up handfuls of metal filings mixed with sulphur. Having poured what he said was nitric acid on them, they ignited, yet he continued to hold them *coolly*, regardless of the fury with which the mixture frizzled. He would next take up a red hot shovel and pass it over his hair, which remained unscinged. Then he pelted his face with it and passed his tongue over it with similar impunity. A spectator would

then be summoned to drop hot sealing wax on his hand and impress it with his seal. All the time he remained unskrieking and passive. Sometimes this sealing business was done on his tongue, for he constantly declared himself fireproof all over.

That Chabert was a trickster soon came to be the universal belief. But the faculty, in their desire to show that there was nothing supernatural or preternatural about him, as in trying to outwit them he had implied, proved him to be at all events a scientific trickster.

Every work that could be brought to bear was ransacked, every previous chemical experience resorted to. Experiments made by earlier scientists, notably Dr. Fordyce, Sir Charles Blagden, F.R.S. (in 1774), and others, and their refutations of theories antecedent to those they had arrived at, were raked up and brought forward, and thence concluded that Chabert was acquainted with their investigations, two results of which were that the human body is capable of enduring generally, still more in special cases, a far higher degree of heat than is popularly supposed, and that by training persons naturally adapted that way the degree can be raised to an incredible extent. Sir Charles Blagden indeed had left on record the story of an experiment in which he himself had taken part in order to ascertain what amount of heat can be borne without endangering life. There were present, he said, Hon. Capt. Phipps, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Fordyce and Dr. Solander, who were very minute and careful in their observations [a small portion of the MS. giving the beginning of this experiment appears to be lost.—R. H. B.] . . . they went in and out, remaining ten, fifteen, and twenty minutes at a time. They found that the heated atmosphere underwent frequent changes of temperature as one or more of them entered, withdrew, or returned. Sir J. Banks and Dr. Solander each testified that the presence of his body alone sufficed to produce a rapid fall of temperature.

Discredited
by the faculty.

The upshot of their experiment was that the five gentlemen named bore together a heat of 198 degrees; that Dr. Solander went into the hot chamber when the thermometer stood at 210 degrees, Sir J. Banks at 211 degrees. Further Mons. Tillet showed that some girls, used to attend an oven, had once under his supervision borne for ten minutes a heat of 280 degrees.¹

But if Chabert was to a great extent indebted to science, I fear he was in some measure aided by the use of confederacy also. I know at all events of one occasion when he had been inviting spectators to come upon the platform and oblige him with poisons to devour, a relative of my own went forward and offered him a phial of prussic acid. Chabert did not actually lose countenance, but drew back and pleaded that having already that evening taken so much of that particular poison he would prefer to have it varied with some other. My relative replied he was sorry he could not oblige him, as he did not carry a chemist's shop about him, but he was sure the company would be just as pleased to see him take the poison, with which he had come provided on purpose.

Chabert, driven "to the foot of the wall," simply bowed his best French bow, and still declining it, got out of the predicament by saying blandly, "Aftere you, sare, is manners!" his self-possession and suavity being calculated to give the appearance of putting the annoyed Englishman in the wrong.

Seeing, however, that the mirth with which this episode was received had a good deal of the derisive in it, he sought to propitiate the audience by another feat, and accordingly called forth a miserable-looking dog, who was probably kept there ready for such occasions, and poured (or seemed to pour) the contents of the bottle into his mouth, immediately after, dashing in an alleged counter-poison which he had handy. It must be confessed that this was so

¹ The "Gentleman's Magazine" Supplement to vol. xevi., part 1, p. 601, and the "Literary Chronicle" contain further details concerning both Chabert and his critics.

skilfully managed, by whatever means, that the dog gave no signs of being any the worse for the operation.

Gradually in one way and another public admiration began to wane. Chabert had the wit to withdraw before the clamour which was rising against his pretensions took any serious form. As the scrutiny with which he was watched grew to be more close and persistent, he wisely betook himself to his native land, and was heard of no more in London.

Discreetly disappears.

It must have been somewhere about the year 1840 that there was brought to our house a somewhat eccentric gentleman, by name Charles Cochrane—I believe, an irregular son of the Honourable Basil Cochrane, at that time deceased. He must have been somewhat of the “Viscount Hinton” type, for some years before he had started the life of an ambulant singer, accompanying himself on the guitar, on which it must be said he was proficient, travelling over a good deal of ground, and earning his living, such as it must have been, by his minstrelsy. This nomad existence was perhaps the outcome of his half-Spanish nature and the Gitano blood which his tell-tale features and complexion at once betrayed as mingled with the *sangre azul* of Britain: his figure was lithe, supple, and not inelegant, and there was no evidence that training or education had done anything to develop such English attributes as he might have inherited on the paternal side. I met him once at a fancy-ball costumed as a Spanish *Gitano* and wearing a small guitar slung by a scarlet ribbon across his shoulders, a disguise which became him well. He used to boast that he had thus traversed Spain as well as the British Isles, collecting contributions for the Spanish refugees, in whom he professed himself profoundly concerned, and the chivalrous character of the proceeding, though almost too romantic to be favourably regarded by our matter-of-fact countrymen, still claimed for him a certain interest. He published two editions of his adventures, entitled “Wander-

Charles Cochrane.

ings of a Spanish Minstrel"—the first was somewhat severely criticized; the second manifested the employment of the pruning-knife in expurgations necessary to make it acceptable to English readers, and has long been out of print.

Mr. Cochrane's means must have been in some way reinforced before the year 1847, as he then stood as Liberal candidate for Westminster at the general election; he obtained a considerable number of votes, and was beaten by but a small majority. He next went in for philanthropy, and, whatever his motive, busied himself zealously in organizing a system of relief for the "unemployed," a term which had not at that time the dubious signification it has since acquired; he published an appeal to the charitable for the establishment of soup-kitchens, but his schemes unfortunately were too impulsively and unreflectingly planned to become practical, though probably the obloquy to which they exposed him from vestries and parish officers was the result of red-tapism, and also of the mysterious objections those worthies generally raise to any kind of interference which menaces their autocracy.

Schemes for
relieving the
unemployed.

In defence of Mr. Cochrane's bravely-sustained projects, we must admit that subsequent investigations have fully demonstrated how much those close boroughs needed investigating and breaking up. Disgusted with his failures in London, Mr. Cochrane directed his benevolence to the amelioration of the condition of the Paris poor, and was consoled and encouraged at finding that his efforts to this end were approved and even seconded by the Emperor Louis Napoleon. He was, however, too restless to carry through effectually any plan he may have started, and probably attempted too much when he tried to impart a serious tone to the Paris Sunday.

Having taken up this dominical reform, and imagining it would be more easy as well as more useful to bring it about in London, he started Sunday lectures at a church then recently built at Lambeth, and to make these discourses more

attractive, supplemented them with an hebdomadal breakfast in the schoolroom to two or three hundred poor, regardless of sex or age, presiding himself, and making them welcome to a liberal meal. It is to be feared that many came to what they regarded as the more sensible and acceptable portion of the day's proceedings, contriving to shirk the spiritual privileges; but this did not discourage him, and he carried on the several ministrations till his last illness, which carried him off in a very few days, to the regret of his numerous protégés. He must have been well under fifty at the time of his death, and left many admirers and approvers. It was in 1856. I saw it lately stated in print that during forty years from the time he first started public baths and wash-houses in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, no less than six and three-quarter millions had taken advantage of the accommodation.

Unfortunately he was no man of business. But though it was published to his reproach that he left his affairs hopelessly muddled, there is no evidence but that he was in the main actuated by philanthropic feelings, and credit should be allowed not only for the good he did, but also for the more he had tried to effect.

[A social adventurer who for a time attained considerable success was a certain Dr. Berrington. There was an artistic finish about his imposture which entirely raised him above the level of vulgarity. Had circumstances given him a chance on the stage he might have taken place as an accomplished actor.

“ Dr. Berrington.”

I feel an interest in the poor man, because I was innocently the cause of his discomfiture in the instance in which he came across us. I was too small at the time to remember, all these years after, exactly what his project was, but he came to my father with a scheme for utilizing at great advantage an exterior fringe of his estate near Tunbridge Wells for some clerical college; what he would personally have gained out of the transaction therefore I cannot tell, but I remember

that he completely got on the wrong side of my father, though a man of very considerable acumen. His idea had the seeming of so much importance that after much correspondence he was invited down to talk the matter over on the spot. Nature had gifted him with the making of an agreeable and moreover a dignified presence, which he had turned to good account, not only by the style of dress he adopted, but by the suavity, not to say unctuousness, of his manners and the correctness of his diction. He came habited in a costume which betokened something like prelatial rank, and which besides being becoming conveyed the impression that he was a person to be treated with deference. He even went the length of offering to read the family prayers, an offer which my father, however, would not accept from a stranger. But in conversation and social usages he carried himself perfectly in accordance with the part he was playing, and the negotiation went on rapidly on a satisfactory footing.

“Old
Strange.”

It happened that we had for a near neighbour an old gentleman named Strange, whom I might characterize as *strange*, but that he perhaps deserves rather to be called remarkable. At one time fairly well off, he had, at the date I can begin to remember, become the victim of misfortune and roguery. He still inhabited his once handsome mansion, in which he used to boast no one had ever died (called, I think, Northumberland House), standing a little off the London road in ten acres of ground, the last bit of property remaining to him. The house was literally falling to pieces (he would sometimes beg me to go upstairs and see if the view was all right as of old, till I could not choose but comply, and as I did so, I remember the stones used to crumble under my feet); the land was all but unproductive, nothing was gained from it but a few pounds for horses or donkeys taken to graze. He had been looked after by an old woman and her boys out of pure charity, till my father provided better, though as there was hardly an article of furniture left in the house, or a bit of timber on the land or of

His ruined
mansion.

paling round it, it is possible they may have felt justified in paying themselves in kind for what they supplied him, and his wants were very few and simple. By extraordinary fatality all his relations were dead or had emigrated,¹ and it did not seem that there was any one left who so much as knew of his existence.

Altogether he was a very interesting old man; though nearly childish, he was fond of being talked and listened to, and even of being asked after he had dined with us to sing in feeble, tremulous tones the old English songs of his younger days, for he had been a considerable musical amateur, and there were valuable instruments rotting in the basement of the house.

A most pathetic incident of his deafness it was, when he used to assure me, as if it were a kind of tradition which it behoved him to transmit, that when he was young even birds used to sing; and then he would always shake his head and add in a tone of ineffable sadness, “They never sing now.” He liked to talk, or rather to narrate how he had lost his children and his money, but his language was always inoffensive, he never inveighed against any one. He had also a sweet fancy that he held commune with his favourite daughter Eliza, when he sat by her harp and a string broke—as long as there was a string left in it to break. He thought the sound of the breaking string was her message of love to him from happier spheres. But if he entertained childish fancies he was not altogether without practical ideas. In “the New Church,” as the church of this district of Tunbridge Wells was long called, a regular “three-decker” pulpit in the centre of the nave blocked up the Communion table. “Old Strange” found it very irritating to his weakened sight and hearing to

Pathetic incidents.

¹ Following up traces gleaned from him at intervals, however, my father discovered at Hamilton, Canada West, some distant relations named Tiffany, who responded nobly to the appeal, and cheered the old man before he died with the knowledge of their affectionate and liberal interest in him. In spite of the privations he had undergone, he never had a serious illness and lived to be 97.

be thus obstructed in observing what was going on, and he was always urging on the curate what an advantage it would be to everybody to have the construction divided between the sides, and the central view left free and open. It must have been a completely original idea, but it acted like the proverbial red rag on a bull on the mind of the curate, who was the lowest of low churchmen, and who fancied he saw in the suggestion the thin end of the wedge of Puseyism. At last he was one day goaded into saying the old man need not trouble himself so much about it, as it was not many times he was likely to go there till he went in his coffin, and then it would not matter to him where the pulpit stood. The words went closer home than the curate had intended, into the already unhinged mind of the hapless old man. He not only got a fixed idea that he could not go into the church any more till he went in his coffin, but the shock was such that nothing would induce him to face the curate again.

It was this outlying circumstance that brought about the discomfiture of Dr. Berrington. I had strayed out after my father when he was helping the "Doctor" to select a site for his intended college, and we were thus brought to the very edge of "Old Strange's" domain. The idea then occurred to me to ask this *dignitary* to come in and visit my pet old man, who would not see the clergyman of the place. It did not altogether escape me that the "Doctor" seemed disinclined for the adventure, but when children have set their mind on a thing difficulty makes them insist the more; and as my father was always pleased to give "Old Strange" any distraction, he led the way to the threshold, and there he left us. The "Doctor" could not help following me in. The detail escapes me now of *what* was the remarkable deficiency he displayed in the exercise of his supposed clerical character, but it was something so startling that without possessing the experience to realize the true state of the case, I was puzzled enough to feel there was no use in prolonging the interview, and taking my usual affectionate leave of my

I get "Dr. Berrington" into a hobble.

old friend, trotted home, leaving the "Doctor" to follow. Though he had acquired with admirable proficiency the part required in the drawing-room, the breakfast-room, the lawn, and the study, it had never occurred to him to prepare for a sick call, and this is what shows what a consummate actor he was; when called upon to do what he had not studied he was out of it altogether. But where he had applied his attention he was good enough to take in the very elect.

Though children in those days did not venture to dictate to their parents, I summoned the courage of Naaman's "little maid" and told my discovery to my father. My father was thus led to ask for more particular references than those already supplied, a matter in which the Doctor showed himself as much at a loss as in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick, he could supply none, and thus our correspondence with Dr. Berrington was brought to an end.

It was not very long after, however, that one day reading the newspaper to my father, I happened upon a case in which the said Dr. Berrington figured as a criminal. He must have been at work upon it at the very time he came down to Culverdens. In this case he had succeeded better in his designs. I think he had obtained a lease of some land and then disposed of it in some fraudulent way. Anyhow, a heavy sentence fell upon him, and the idea that a man who had seemed like one of ourselves, who had been pleasant and courteous, and whom one had almost looked up to with deference, was now an actual convict, was so terrible a reality that it laid hold on my imagination to the extent of leading me to dwell on this little experience longer perhaps than the reader may think warranted.—R. H. B.]

"Dr. Berrington" tried and sentenced.

About the year 1856 a clever and most unscrupulous Risk Allah. adventurer of a different stamp—an Oriental calling himself Risk Allah—contrived, by the aid of extraordinary impudence, to push himself into the thick of London society. Taking advantage of the zeal of a well-known section of the Puseyite

party, he simulated so successfully the aspirations of a would-be convert that certain ladies of position, eager to bring a stray sheep within the fold, held out to him a willing hand, thus unconsciously aiding him to gain the footing which was the object of his schemes.

Risk Allah was a handsome man with regular features, a fine olive complexion, and a splendid beard; his Oriental dress was rich and graceful, and formed a feature in a London drawing-room among white chokers and black swallow-tails, which it triumphantly outshone. The plausible rascal therefore succeeded in making good his claims to popularity in the social *milieu* at which he aimed, and soon found himself to all intents and purposes a drawing-room pet. Women of the upper ranks disputed among themselves for his presence at their balls and parties, vied with each other in securing him for a drive in the park, to show him off in their open carriages, and would engage him to accompany them to the toxophilite meetings, the botanical or horticultural gardens, and such-like public places of resort, or would drive him to St. Andrew's, Wells Street, to afternoon service, with an air of triumph! In fact, many who ought to have known better, behaved as if they were in love with this ridiculous and also designing adventurer, following him about and courting his admiration till his vanity became intolerable. For them he was a rescued soul. For others at the same time—if occasion served—as strict a Mohammedan as ever. It would thus happen that in ordinary society, when not placed on his guard, he would momentarily forget to which religion he was assuming to belong.

One day visiting at a house where were collected many works of art, he found himself face to face with a copy of Baily's "Eve." He immediately begged to be excused for turning his chair round, on the plea that his religion forbade any contemplation of the nude; "that is," he said, "when it is a complete human figure; when turned into a fabulous form, or terminating with scrolls or curves, branches or

Discomfited
by Baily's
"Eve."

foliage, it becomes an arabesque, and the embargo is removed."

"But I thought," said I, "you had abjured Mohammedanism and were now a baptized Christian?"

He coloured as he saw the mistake he had made, but answered with recovered presence of mind, "Ah! you see, long habit and perhaps early prejudice are so strong."

A relative of my own, studying Oriental languages, took occasion to ask his assistance in unravelling a passage he was translating. Risk Allah held out his hand for the book and looked at the page with an *air capable*.

"Oh yes," he said, "I see what it is that puzzles you; these Arabic forms of expression cannot be apprehended by a foreigner without a gloss: I have a copy of the book at home, and will send you a literal translation of the passage."

Of course the inquirer heard no more of the matter, Risk Allah's education having been strictly on a level with the very humble position in which he took very good care not to reveal that he was born.

Having been invited to a garden party at a fashionable house, where he was not long in discovering he was the "lion" of the assembly, and that however extravagant his conduct he was sure to be approved, he proposed the game of "leap-frog"! The idea was startling, and the guests looked at each other in surprise, but the ladies, always ready to pronounce "charming," "original," "delicious," whatever was suggested by this ridiculous individual, declared at once in favour of it, and Risk Allah proceeded to arrange the magnificent loose scarlet trowsers which formed part of his dress costume, so as to facilitate his movements in the coming exercise. He had apparently no idea of the grotesqueness of his appearance, any more than of the bad taste which characterized his proposal. The gentlemen of the party, however, who had not been consulted, though they were the persons concerned, had the good sense to treat the matter as a joke, and courteously kept to themselves the

opinion this episode had given them of the manners of this “*enfant chéri des dames*.” It was enough for him that he had proved his power and influence. His ambition, however, was by no means limited to social successes, however brilliant, and he sought at the same time to establish himself in a financially profitable way; he also went in for literature, and



RISK ALLAH.

with the help of an English lady whose name I forbear to mention, published a volume of would-be poetry, written, it was asserted, by the lady in question and passed off as his, under the romantic Oriental title of “The Cedars of Lebanon.”

As frontispiece, appeared an interesting “portrait”¹ of the

[¹ I remember well seeing this, but it was not among my sister’s books at the time of her death: probably it had been weeded out as worthless some years before. In an old sketch-book of my own I find the above portrait, which I recollect having a juvenile fancy for copying in paint-brush strokes from *some* book in my brother-in-law’s library, and I fancy it must be the one in question.—R. H. B.]

author" in his fine Eastern costume, and copies were liberally distributed to the ladies who found him so fascinating.

One of the stepping-stones he had employed to raise himself to the social level he attained in London, was the position he *appeared* to hold in the Turkish Embassy, where, by the pretence that he was a duly qualified practitioner, he obtained the appointment of medical attendant to the household. By this means he managed to pass himself off as an *attaché*, and the *billets-doux* he wrote and received were respectively dated at and addressed No. 1, Bryanstone Square.

His medical ignorance did not, however, long pass undiscovered, for one of the establishment being taken seriously ill and becoming rapidly worse under Risk Allah's treatment, an English apothecary was called in, who, surprised at the condition in which he found the patient, considered it quite time to hold a consultation with the *soi-disant* medico, to fathom his opinion of the case and at the same time to expose his inability to deal with it.

"What do you take the complaint to be?" he inquired.

"Ha, ha," answered the impostor, "as if you did not know!"

"Oh yes, *I* know very well," said the English doctor, "but I want to hear *your* view of the case."

"Why then should I tell you what you have say that you know? You aire so clever, you no want me to teach you," he answered, being determined not to commit himself.

"Well, then, let us decide on what is to be prescribed for him."

"Oh no, sare; you aire called in, it is to you to prescribe." Comes to grief over a diagnosis.

"Not at all; medical etiquette in England makes that *your* business: the case, remember, is in *your* hands. I was called in to consult with you."

"Then, sare," replied the cunning charlatan, taking up his hat, "I abandon the case to you; I no more advise, and I wish you and the patient a good morning."

Although discomfited in this instance, the fellow's un-

daunted impudence still kept him afloat, and he continued to push his way in a *monde* within which, if entitled to set his foot, it should have been in a menial capacity only.

By bribing the servants at the Turkish Embassy, he went on giving his address there, and the letters he received were handed to him by the porter as he called for them.

One day he was invited to dine at the house of one of the upper ten, in which the ladies had been completely taken in by his plausible ways and words; he was no sooner announced, however, than one of the guests present begged the hostess to excuse his retiring, as he felt suddenly indisposed. The next day he told his friends he had not wished to disturb the party at that time by stating the fact, but that his indisposition to take his place at the table was moral and not physical, and was occasioned by the appearance of the fellow who had ingratiated himself into their favour by the name of "Risk Allah," and who was neither more nor less than his former groom, whom he had discharged in Egypt, after horsewhipping him, for roguery!

This adventurer's next exploit was to secure a wife suited to the plans he had formed; he therefore thought himself fortunate in meeting with a widow possessed of a certain fortune, and having no inconvenient relations to interfere with his schemes.

Gets a widow
to marry him.

This lady he persuaded to marry him, though she had an adopted son; but Risk Allah's ingenuity was equal to the occasion, and by so unscrupulous a fellow obstacles were never recognized. He had already made up his mind how to dispose of this lad.

Shortly after the marriage the bride, who had up to that time always enjoyed good health, fell ill, and her husband, tenderly concerned for her health, suggested a "sea-voyage."

On her expressing a wish to make her will before she left England, Risk Allah, with significant disinterestedness, insisted that she should bequeath all her property unreservedly to the boy, merely hinting that if she liked she might just

put in his name for the reversion in the very improbable case of the lad's predeceasing him without making a will. The confiding wife was quite distressed at this arrangement, and only consented to ratify his noble abnegation on his stern determination to forego any advantage that might accrue to him by his "dear wife's" death.

They left England for South America, but Mrs. Risk Allah's health proved far more delicate than anyone had supposed, for she died on the passage, finding a grave in the ocean, which [—like a crematorium!—R. H. B.] gives not up its dead for a *post-mortem*.

Risk Allah returned to England in the character of a disconsolate widower, devoting himself to his late wife's adopted son, young Readly, and as soon as his affairs permitted decided to take the youth abroad to divert his grief. They arrived at Antwerp, putting up at the *Hôtel du Rhin*, where he engaged two rooms, that of the young man being within and communicating with his own, but having no other issue. In the morning, Risk Allah was observed to go out very early and in a hurried way, then to return and go upstairs to his room. Presently after, a loud shout was heard, the bell rang violently, and on the landlord and the servants rushing up, they met him at the door in a state of great perturbation, which was explained when they entered the inner room and found young Readly lying dead in a pool of blood with a discharged rifle beside him, shot, no one knew how, though they guessed and seem to have arrived pretty near the truth; for, this time Risk Allah was arrested, sent to Brussels, and there tried for murder, for it was discovered there were some previous blots on his escutcheon, and he had already been tried for forgery. His assumed surprise in finding the young man shot went for nothing, and the evidence of seventy witnesses called at the trial was all such as to incriminate him. A paper had been found on the victim's bed on which was written in pencil, "I did it," but this was not admitted to carry any

proof of suicide, for which no possible reason could be elicited.

Experts, gunsmiths, surgeons all declared that from the position of the body it was quite impossible the deceased could have taken his own life, until one (French) surgeon under cross-examination stated that there certainly was one way of reconciling the position in which the weapon was found with the idea of suicide, that the young man *might* have tied a string to the trigger, *might* have made a loop at the other end, *might* have passed that loop round his toe, *might* have adjusted the gun, and then *might* have pulled the string, in which case, or cases, the issue *might* have been fatal.

This rigmarole, fantastic as it seemed, saved the prisoner's life, and the judge ruled that if there existed any kind of possibility that the deed could have been thus occasioned, the prisoner must be acquitted.

The reports, however, of the trial as published in the *Daily Telegraph* were so evidently written under a conviction of the prisoner's guilt, that Risk Allah managed to treat them as a defamatory libel, and with the intention of making capital of the affair, brought an action accordingly against the proprietors of the paper. This was tried in the *Nisi Prius* Court before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury on 13th June, 1868, when all the evidence taken at the Brussels trial as well as that at a subsequent trial for forgery and fraud was recapitulated, causing the utmost wonder in the minds of all who heard it and all who read the case that the prisoner could possibly have been acquitted. This, however, was not now the question for the jury; what they had before them was the character of the libel alleged to have been published in the *Daily Telegraph*, the result (inacceptable to the logical, but apparently satisfactory to the legal, mind) being that a verdict was given for the plaintiff with damages to the extent of 960*l.* and of course costs. The speculation succeeded splendidly. Lord Coleridge was for

the defendants, but the Lord Chief Justice's speech lasted three hours.

At the Brussels trial it had come out that Risk Allah had insured Readly's life for 1000*l.*, and he tried to set up a claim for 700*l.* more which he said the boy owed him. He also pretended to have been altogether ignorant of the reversion of 5000*l.* which became his under his wife's will if the boy died. This adventurer was not inaptly described by the press as intelligent, shrewd, self-possessed—a cross between a serpent and a tiger!

I forget what became of him in the end, but for a time he certainly was admitted into the hospital staff at Scutari by the medical authorities, whom he was said to have deceived with a forged diploma. Practises in the hospital at Scutari.

Society, however, always has been, and probably always will be, taken in by such adventurers, according to their plausibility and the *naïveté* of their dupes. Sometimes a fortunate accident reveals their antecedents, and if they escape condign punishment, they are at least driven back into the obscurity from which they emerged. Such have been the several "*Ducs de Normandie*," Monsieur de Tourville (mark the *particule*!), the *Duc de Roussillon* (!) and others.

I will refer more fully to this same "*Duc de Roussillon*," because I happened to come into personal contact with him. He was taken to the house of a friend of mine by a gentleman whom he had completely bamboozled; he spent the evening there, and followed up the acquaintance by a call; he had an insinuating manner, and understood the art of making himself agreeable; this in fact was what may be called his stock-in-trade, and it stood him in very good stead. The "Duc de Roussillon."

My friend, into whose *petits papiers* he thus tried to ingratiate himself, was Mrs. Staveley (the survivor of the two Misses Weston frequently mentioned in Crabb Robinson's diary), a shrewd woman of the world, though amiable, and

popular among her many friends. She at once discovered a flaw, though she could not immediately indicate where; she therefore invited me one evening to meet the "Duc," and it was agreed she should, in the course of a conversation we had planned, ask him how nearly he was related to the Royal family of France, the title of Duc de Roussillon being one among those which belong to the Bourbons.

I watched the man's face as my friend put the question to him in the most polite and natural way, and he must have been a most consummate actor, for he neither blanched nor winced, nor did he for a single instant appear disconcerted as he replied with the blandest of smiles,—

"I see, *madame*, you are interested in genealogies, and it is indeed to me a singular and most *agréable* surprise to find a English ladie so good informed of our, to her, foreign *noblesse*. You are quite right, *madame*, as to ze distinction of my titel, and I shall have ze honour of bring you my family-tree wiz which I shall be able to show you how I am related to zose illustrious personages of whose blood I am."

The "Duc" very shortly after took his leave. As soon as he was gone we looked at each other—"What do you say to that?" asked she.

"I will tell you after he has made his promised call," I replied.

It is perhaps needless to add that this inconvenient inquiry sufficed to sift the impostor away; but he continued to frequent other respectable houses, and to push his way in society generally, not omitting the tradesmen whom he swindled. Under specious pretexts and as claiming the hospitality due to a foreigner, he obtained admission to clubs, institutions, and associations, and contrived even to get a sufficient recommendation to the authorities of the British Museum reading-room, to obtain a students' ticket. It was here that he was caught one day by Mr. Edward Walford, who bravely attacked him, told him the only title to which he had any right was that of *Chevalier*

d'industrie, and in the presence of those occupied there drove him from the room; he next wrote to the authorities of the British Museum and got the impostor's ticket cancelled. It was to the energy with which Mr. Walford pursued the imposture that the *soi-disant Duc* was similarly exposed to the heads of various associations into which he had got admitted, and that London society owed the final expulsion of this drawing-room adventurer. What became of him subsequently I never heard; probably he changed his name and appearance and played his old games in new localities.¹

De Tourville's iniquities—or at all events the history of the De Tourville. tragic ends of his various wives and mothers-in-law—has long been public property, and it would be superfluous to reproduce it as a matter of personal recollection, but it may be worth while to narrate that by the consummate art with which he played the part he had assumed he continued to hoodwink many others besides those on whom his villainies were perpetrated. Two at least were friends of my own. One was an old Indian General, a man of the world, and also a man of fortune having an only daughter, and on him the miscreant made so favourable an impression that even after a period of familiar intercourse, during which they dined at each other's houses, the General never for an instant suspected he was other than what he seemed, and when his atrocities were nearly established he was still determined not to believe that a man presenting himself in so gentlemanly a way, giving evidences of so cultivated a mind and proving so extremely amiable and agreeable, could possibly deserve the remotest suspicion of being a murderer.

Another friend of mine who at first entertained an equally favourable opinion of this individual was one day dining at his house when it was suddenly announced that one of the bedrooms was on fire. My friend noted—though not being

[¹ "Full many a rogue is born to cheat unseen,
And die unchanged for want of proper care."
From the "Elegy on Covent Garden."—R. H. B.]

able at the time to account for it he tried to persuade himself he was mistaken—that De Tourville appeared much more vexed at the announcement, than at the fact, of the fire; also that he showed little alertness in exerting himself to put it out. The guest's first impulse was to rush to the bed where he knew De Tourville's child slept and must at that hour be tenanting it. Strange to say, he found himself impeded by the father, who tried to assure him the fire was in a different direction. He persevered, however, and was barely in time to save the boy and carry him downstairs, as the fire was actually blazing beneath his little bed! . . .

His son
rescued from
burning by my
friend.

De Tourville's subsequent career—his various criminal trials, his conviction at last in Austria, his inadequate sentence, its premature remission, and the necessity that consequently arose for the son whom my friend had rescued in infancy to live in hiding from his unnatural father, are all matters of public notoriety.

Albert Grant.

I cannot say I ever "met" or was introduced to Albert Grant, though I suppose most people must have seen him and noticed his typical appearance. His modes of proceeding served to render him rather notorious than remarkable, and the comic and "society" papers dealt with him pretty freely. When he succeeded in attaining the title of "Baron" the following lampoon went the round of financial circles:—

"Kings can give titles, honour, e'en monarchs can't;
And title without honour is a barren grant."

It is perhaps now forgotten, though so recent, that the Baron reared a huge tenement—what the French call a *baraque*—in the Kensington quarter with the intention of making it his private residence. [The place thereof knoweth it no more, and the seven acres surrounding it are now covered with a whole "Republic of Flats."—R. H. B.]

His palace
doomed never
to be
inhabited.

It stood in an *entourage* of pleasure-grounds as disproportionate as itself, all laid out in true tea-garden fashion

matching the dwelling and its decorations in disregard for the first principles of taste.

Everything about it was rich, coarse and vulgar, and the interior arrangements full of incongruities. The baths were all *within* the bedrooms; the bedrooms and living rooms scattered about and interspersed in a comfortless, desultory sort of way. As for the basement it was labyrinthine, a horde of burglars or even banditti or a gang of coiners might have hid in its mazes without interfering with ordinary household arrangements; and barring the presence of such interlopers the intricacy and abundance of its ramifying corridors presented a terrible temptation to modern domestics to carry on any kind of intrigue under their master's roof.

When the Baron's affairs got confused and it was found that he could no longer aspire to occupy so voluminous a palace, it was put up for sale and offered to various *millionnaires*¹ at the purchase price of 300,000*l.* (with the intimation that a quarter of a million would possibly not be refused). No such offer came, and ultimately it had to be pulled down till not one bit of stucco was left upon another.

One element of costliness in the structure had been a contrivance on a competitive scheme for making the grounds private; as various as futile were the proposed designs sent in by architects and landscape gardeners. At last a colossal

¹ Among these was a relative of mine who asked me to accompany him in inspecting the edifice, and I can endorse every word that is said about it in the text. It was absolutely valueless as a gentleman's residence. It was more like a beehive or an ant-hill than a house: the structure of some unfamiliar species of creature—a vast agglomeration of rooms thrown together without purpose and without sequence, *senza sesto nè savonia* as we say in Italy—and it is no wonder it recommended itself to no one possessing the means to purchase it, as adaptable to any useful purpose. Like the twenty thousand ruined carcass-houses of modern Rome* doomed from the foundation never to be inhabited.

I am informed that its one redeeming feature, the big staircase, now makes itself both ornamental and useful at the Tussaud waxworks in Marylebone Road.—R. H. B.]

* Of which Zola writes:—“*Quelle leçon amère lorsque Rome, aujourd'hui ruinée, se voit déshonorée par cette laide ceinture de grandes carcasses orangeuses et vides, inachevées pour la plupart, dont les décombres déjà sèchent les rues pleines d'herbes. . .*” And on which a writer in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* for September 1st, 1897, pours out still more bitter laments.

trellis was decided on, on which were to be trained such creepers as could be persuaded to grow from the exhausted soil. Most of this disappeared with the building.

New-gate.

At the time that the owner of this "Folly" had it under contemplation to occupy it he was, Mr. Charles Manning told me, much perplexed as to the nomenclature under which it was to impose its magnificence on society. Various names suggested by officious friends failed to reach the Baron's ideal, till at last one to whom he confided his annoyance that every adjunct of "Gate," on which he had set his fancy—*Prince's Gate, Queen's Gate, Emperor's Gate*—had all been already appropriated, bethought him of consoling him with the suggestion, "Then why not call it New-gate!"

Westland
Marston.

The biographical notices which appeared in some of the papers on the death of Westland Marston (not that he was by any means a social adventurer) during the unhealthy winter of 1889-90 recalled to me my introduction to that dramatic writer in his private room at the Olympic Theatre one night when that house was in some mysterious way in the hands of a company of gentlemen. How the company was organized, under what conditions it held the property, by which or how many of them it was managed, how long their tenure lasted, and how, whether, and when it came to grief I have no recollection, and am not sure I ever heard. It was at Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy's that I was introduced to Colonel F—— and his daughter (a pretty and elegant girl who soon after married and went out to India), but her father it was who was in some way concerned with the Olympic, and invited me and a friend to go with him and his daughter to a private box to witness a performance in which I remember Ada Cavendish and Mr. Rignold appeared. Between the acts, the Colonel took us into the *coulisses* and thence into a rather snug, well-lighted room where Westland Marston (even then an elderly man) sat apparently quite at home in dressing-gown and slippers among littery and

Colonel
F——.

literary surroundings *dans le feu de la composition* ; I think he told us it was a tragedy he was writing, and apparently would have read his MS. to us on the slightest provocation ; as, however, nobody encouraged the notion, he contented himself with a very slight sketch of the plot, and no doubt revealed the name of his production, but the whole has long since passed from my memory. Several of Westland Marston's pieces saw the light—the foot-light, I mean ; but they took no hold on the public, and the poor fellow, whose work was probably very superior to most of the vulgar trash which the public, instructed by interested critics, so readily swallows and approves, never rose to the level of a successful writer ; and no doubt he, as well as his works, will soon pass away into complete oblivion. It is not, however, with Mr. Westland Marston that I am concerned just now, but with Colonel F—— himself, who was a very remarkable man, and at that time I saw him often, whether at Sir Thomas and Lady Hardy's weekly evening receptions, or at my own house, and also at his, though for some years past I have quite lost sight of him.

He was frequently to be met in the company of Lord Borthwick, also of H.S.H. the Prince of Leiningen. He had the peculiar gift some men seem to possess by nature of drawing people to him by a special fascination of manner and conversation : he enjoyed, it is true, a rare felicity in his unusual familiarity with a vast range of subjects which enabled him to suit his conversation to all kinds of company, and he could manage without any perceptible effort to talk freely, not to say technically, on all. Colonel F—— had all personal advantages—a tall and elegant figure, walking, dancing, moving and holding himself with every indication of military drill, while his face was distinctly handsome. Eyes, hair, and also complexion were dark, and I must add that occasionally the expression of his countenance—and it was very expressive—was dark too. Sometimes it carried in it a dash of Mephistophelism, cynicism, some-

times a wild flash would appear in his eyes, and even in the playfulness of his character there was now and then a lurid light; still, notwithstanding all this, there are few men I have met who could, or perhaps would, make themselves half as entertaining and agreeable.

His stories of
parsons.

[One element of his social stock-in-trade was an exhaustless store of good stories which he knew how to bring in appropriately and to tell with dramatic skill. One of these was of a parson who had one or two stock-sermons of which he was proud in proportion to the care with which he had elaborated them, and which he always brought out when he had a friend staying with him above the sphere of his village congregation. One day feeling mortified that a visitor had not passed any encomium on his oratorical effort, he ventured to say as they sat at lunch, "Well, what did you think of my sermon?" "Oh," replied his chum, who had been rather bored by the repetition, "I always did like that sermon."

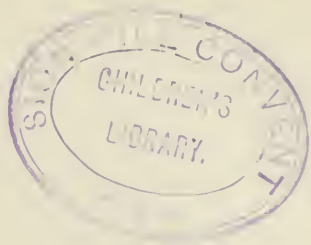
I don't know why, but many of his stories ran on country parsons. Another was of one who was warned by his guest that he used words too difficult for the village mind. "Oh, my dear fellow," he replied, "that is just a matter to which I pay the greatest attention. I am certain I never use a word that my people could have any difficulty about; besides, they are not so benighted as you townsfolk fancy." As his guest still looked incredulous, he added, "Tell me, now, any word I used that you think difficult, and I will call one of them up and I know he will tell its meaning." "Suppose you ask them then what they know about 'felicity,' which you used more than once." "All right," rejoined the parson, "I'm sure they understand that," and then with an insinuating smile he called up an old countryman, who, proud of his "Sunday's black," had lingered behind the others. "Now, Hodge," said the parson, "I want you to tell my friend here if you know what 'felicity' means, as I used that word in my sermon just now." The old man's

face lighted up with a beam of intelligence most disconcerting to the parson's friend as he answered with conviction, "Lor bless yer, sur, I knows what 'flicity' be, shure enow." "There, I told you so!" cried the triumphant parson. "Stop a minute, my good man," said the friend, "perhaps you wouldn't in that case mind telling *me* what it means, as I am not so sure I understand it." A cloud came over Hodge's face at this; he lifted his new hat and scratched his head. "Well, yer see, sur," he said at last, "it's like this, I *knows* well enow what it is, but I shouldn't like to *say* exactly what it is." "Yes, but I should like to know." "But I shouldn't like to have to tell yer," and then there followed a lot of clever fencing on both sides, till the friend being a barrister, used to cross-examine, drove the yokel into a corner, and at last, splitting with the guffaw he had long with difficulty restrained, he cried, "Well, then, sur, if yer must have it out, flicity's some'at of the innerds of a pig."

Another was of a parson who had taken the "duty" of a friend, and proceeding to give out the parish notices according to the fashion of the day before the sermon, and making sure of finding the book placed ready for him on a little shelf below the desk as in his church at home, started off with, "I publish the banns of marriage between—" but there was no shelf and no book, and to hide his confusion while he fumbled for it, he reiterated the announcement, "I publish the banns of marriage between—" but of course could get no further; then the clerk perceiving what was the matter, put up his head and informed him in a loud whisper—"It's between the cushion and the desk," sounding like the completion of the pronouncement.—R. H. B.]

That his real name was F—— I always had my doubts, for I was specially struck with the hasty manner in which he repudiated the idea of being related to a family of the name, with which I had long been acquainted, or with *any* other family of his name; as if to set any question on that

subject at rest once for all. I forget now the detail of this gentleman's many eccentricities, but one of them consisted in paying calls at most unearthly hours, and whether from habit or absence of mind expecting his visitors to think it quite natural that they should sit up with him till two or three o'clock in the morning.



CHAPTER XV.

THE MAKING OF BRIGHTON.

Brighton before the Advent of the Prince Regent—The Buckingham Papers on the Pavilion—Dr. Russell calls Attention to Brighton Bathing—A French Privateer—Brighton's Visitors in 1782—"Skating on the Skirts of the Sea"—Landing of French *Émigrés*—The Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert's Attention to Them—Brighton's Hospitality—Hardships of the Crossing—Teeming with Fashion, Taste, and Spirit—Hotel Accommodation—Improvements and Vices—Change of Name—Origin of the Prince's Liking for Brighton—Lays Foundation of the Pavilion—Supervises the Building—Life at the Pavilion—Pranks played there—Patronizes Music and Balls—Anecdote of the Discipline of the Army—Practical Jokes—On the Duke of Norfolk—On Admiral Nagle—Repartie to Sydney Smith about Cardinal Dubois—Wilberforce yields His Scruples and goes to the Pavilion—His raucy Description of the Building—His definition of the Prince Regent—Princess Charlotte at the Pavilion—Mrs. Fitzherbert—The Wooing of Her—Her Estimable Character—George's Appreciation of Her His Redeeming Trait—Lord Stourton's Testimony to the Marriage—Other Circumstances Proving It—Fox's Denial—Her Indignation, how Expressed—Reconciliation with the Prince—Appreciation of the Public—Royal Marriage—Her Conduct after this—Public Reconciliation—Eight Happiest Years—Was there any Issue?—The Sealed Packet—Why Withheld from the Public?—Lady Jersey—Lady Hertford—How the Prince's Intimacy with the Latter Originated—Lady Horatia Seymour—Her Daughter's Gratitude—Her Monument to Mrs. Fitzherbert with Three Wedding Rings on the effigy—Flunkeyism of Brightonians—Cobbett's Description of the Pavilion—The King's Taste improves—His Taste in Music—George the Third's—Michael Kelly at the Pavilion—Traits of the King's Good Feeling—Presentation to the Vicarage of Brighton—Duke of Wellington's Intervention—Rev. H. M. Wagner—Anecdote of Dr. Goodall—Increases Brighton Places of Worship from Two to Twenty-two—Dr. Michell and Dr. Johnson—"The New Church"—Barry its Architect—Mr. Wagner's "Man-Cook"—His Hospitality—His Guests—Urbanity—Power of Conversation—His Straightforward Determination—Occasional Unpopularity in Consequence—Anecdote of the Military at His Church—Promotes Schools and Philanthropic Institutions—Anecdote of a Blind *Protégée*—Builds the Vicarage—His Energy—Early Rising—"A Positive Calamity"—His Preaching—Jeremiah in the Mire—His Views—His Interest in St. Paul's—Canon Gresley as Curate—Young Ladies Outwit Him—The Vicar and William IV.—Brighton's gemstone

- cum* Blatchington—St. Nicholas restored—Monument to Wellington—Canning's Epigram on Wm. Douglas—Rev. Arthur Wagner—His Church-building—Anecdote of His Determination—St. Martin's—Its Carvings—Anecdote of Death of the Second Duke of Wellington.
- Amusing Incident of Sir Robert Peel—George IVth's Powers of Mimicry—Two Men in George IV.—The Palmy Days of Coaching—Ballooning predicted—The Number of the Coaches—Their Speed—Emulation caused by the Regent's Driving—Cut through Gatton Park—Rapid Riding of Royalties—Charles III. of Spain—Cardinal York—Early Recollections of Posting to Brighton—Incidents of the Journey—Lord Erskine's Defence of Animals—His Verses—Recollections of Cuckfield—Playing at Ghosts—*Felix Culpa*—Trim and Gallant Aspect of the Brighton Coaches—Accidents—Various Town Vehicles—*Vinaiquettes*—*Confortables*—The Brighton Railway.
- My first Dip in the Sea—Brighton Bathing-women—"The famed Martha Gunn"—Tom Smoaker—Fanny Burney's Bathing-woman—Ludicrous Incident at a Military Parade—Phœbe Hessell—Her devotedness to Her Lover leads Her to turn Soldier—Italian Parallel—Her Second Marriage less Successful—But Honoured and cared for in Her Old Age—Buried in St. Nicholas' Churchyard—Tomb of Captain Tattersell also there—Phœbe Hessell helps Justice—Sad Fate of Young Rooke—His Mother's constant Watching—Tragic Death—Madame Vestris' Nurse—Her Idea of the Feelings of Lobsters.

AMONG the important social improvements in England due to the Prince Regent was the "making of Brighton," "which," says the Marquis of Buckingham, "was quite as much a creation of the Regent as that part of London which bears his name."

Brighton
before the
advent of the
Prince
Regent.

Before he elected to make it one of his residential homes it was a miserable little fishing village; it was his enterprise and determination that started the impulse to build it up into a town, "transforming its huts into palaces, its dirty thoroughfares into imposing terraces and squares." One might almost think he had scanned its possibilities, and had an intuitive perception of its future importance and of the proximity to the metropolis within which it was one day to be brought. The *bizarrierie* of his own residence has been accounted for in various ways; it has been stated that having, about the time he discovered Brighton, received an Oriental present, among which were a quantity of Chinese pictures, prints, and curios generally, and being at a loss where to stow them, he improvised a Chinese room in the

house as it then stood; the idea pleased him, and little by little the unmeaning and tasteless ideal grew in the Prince's mind, and was realized under the auspices of Nash.

In the "Buckingham Papers" we find the style described as "open to animadversion"; "but," adds the writer, "as an experiment" (there is nothing to show it *was* an experiment) "it is quite as creditable as those extraordinary attempts at Gothic which Horace Walpole started at Strawberry Hill." After a few more courtly palliations of the Brighton monstrosity, the paragraph concludes: ". . . nor was the Pavilion without pretensions to the picturesque, whether interiorly or exteriorly."

There is no lack of descriptions of Brighton before the Prince fixed his residence there, and all agree as to its absolute insignificance and its being inhabited strictly by only fishermen and sailors. It was Dr. Russell¹ who primarily called attention to the purity of the atmosphere, the mildness of the climate, and the convenience of the distance from the capital, and when to this he added strong arguments in favour of sea-bathing, pleasure-seekers and idlers resorted thither, as well as invalids and families; but these were content to put up with such accommodation as they could obtain, finding a certain refreshment and amusement in the change of habits and life thus imposed on them. A few houses and shops were necessarily built, and as these succeeded more were added, and the market was enlarged; but all went on very slowly till the Prince, after repeating his visits with greater frequency, decided on establishing a palace there. The necessity for hotels and assembly-rooms was then

The "Buckingham Papers" on the Pavilion.

Dr. Russell calls attention to Brighton bathing.

[¹ Parry calls him the original founder (George IV. the second founder) of "the unexampled prosperity of Brighton" by his "fortunate and philanthropic advocacy of the grand practice of sea-bathing"; adding, "To his honour the following distich was composed, which ought to have been engraved in 'enduring brass' in the most conspicuous situation in the town:—

"Clara per omne ævum, Russell's fama manebit,
 Dum retinet vires munda marina suas.
 Bright through all ages Russell's fame shall tower
 Whilst the sea-wave retains its healing power." — R. H. B.]

Hotel accom-
modation.

soon felt, the earliest of the former, which were simply inns, being "King Charles's Head" and the "Old Ship."¹ That named after King Charles was the very house where that monarch took refuge, and Mr. Shergold, its subsequent proprietor, appropriated a large room to public purposes; the other assembly-rooms, which were opened on alternate nights, had attached to them a coffee-house kept by one Hicks. "The place in which the company promenaded in the evening," says an old account of the place, "is a large field near the sea called the Stean, which is kept in proper order for that purpose, and whereon are several shops with piazzas² and benches therein erected, and a building for music to perform in when the weather permits."

In a letter from Rev. W. Clarke, dated July 22nd, 1736, quoted in "Nichols's Literary Anecdotes," we find a quaint description of the BRIGHTHELMSTONE of those days, at which place he says he and his wife were sunning themselves on the beach. . . . "The place," he writes, "is really pleasant; I have seen nothing in its way that outdoes it; such a tract of sea, such regions of corn, and such an extent of green carpet that gives your eye the command of it all. But the mischief of it is, we have little conversation beyond the *clamor nauticus*, which forms a sort of treble to the plashing of the waves against the cliffs. My morning's business is bathing in the sea and buying fish; the evening's, riding out for air, viewing the remains of old Saxon camps, and counting the ships in the roads and the boats that are trawling.

[¹ A little later than these came "The Castle Tavern," favoured by Royalty, and it is a little startling sometimes to come across such entries in old Brighton records as "The Duke of Clarence gave a ball at 'The Castle.'" I find mention in 1807 that the "Old Ship" had 100 beds, which were all filled for six weeks together, and great rivalry was kept up between the two inns for a long time.—R. H. B.]

[² This curious misapplication of the word "piazzas," to denote a colonnade, was common at the date of this quotation, and is not quite exploded now. I had occasion to call attention to the misnomer once in "Notes and Queries," 7. ii. 65 (quoting also the fact of hearing Americans use it convertibly with verandah), and I was shortly after told (p. 136) by another contributor that it was so used in the *Spectator*; as if the *Spectator* could make wrong right.—R. H. B.]

Sometimes we give our imagination leave to expatiate, and fancy you are coming down, and that we may all dine one day at Dieppe . . . but though we build these castles in the air, our dwelling may be described as underground.

“It would seem as if the architects take the measure of the inhabitants, and lose not an inch between a human head and the ceiling, and then drop a step or two below the surface, the second story is finished—something under twelve feet. I suppose this is a necessary precaution against storms that a man should not be blown out of his bed . . . but if the lodgings are low, they are cheap; we have two parlours, two bedchambers, pantry, &c., for 5s. per week . . . and then the coast is safe, the cannons are encased in rust and moss, the ships moored, no enemy to apprehend.”

However, by August the writer had had enough of it, the weather changed, and he “truly pitied everybody who could not fly from it.”

In his next letter to this chum, an antiquary whom he congratulates on being “safe back in his museum at White Fryars,” he reproaches him with being too reticent about his visit to Tunbridge Wells. “I was in hopes of having your thoughts about the place and the amusements, how you liked the place, and how you spent your evenings; but you are so divided between Law and Learning that you do not say one word either of the ladies or the waters.”

It is curious to note in how short a space of time the character of the place was changed. All the signs of advancing “Civilization” rapidly appeared. Pepys, the physician of the “Quality,” and other doctors established themselves; shops started into being and activity, and a theatre also appeared, and flourished.

[Parry records one or two remarkable events in the early life of Brighton which are worth preserving. August 12th, 1782, was a day of great excitement. A French privateer of

French
privateer.

sixteen or eighteen guns and 130 men ventured to take a collier within sight of the shore. They seem only to have wanted the collier, and sent its men back to shore in their small boat and sailed away with their prize. But Brighton was a match for them, and a cutter which was fortunately near was signalled to pursue them, which was speedily done, the collier re-taken and the Frenchmen brought to shore.

Brighton's
fashionable
visitors.

The same year the visits of many titled persons are recorded. "We are all alive anxiously waiting the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, four houses having been taken for them. The Steine is to be lighted. We are very full; no lodgings to be had for love or money. Lord and Lady Stowel, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady Parker, Lady Dartrey, Lady Trafford and daughter, Lord and Lady Nolken (?) are here. The bells were set a ringing for the arrival of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, who came in last night." On December 22nd, 1788, a Lewes paper stated that "at Brighthelmstone at neap-tide the sand was covered with a most beautiful sheet of ice. . . . Had there been any skaters they would surely have embraced the opportunity of exhibiting in a scene so pleasing and novel as skating on the skirts of the ocean."

Landing of
émigrés.

In 1792 he mentions the arrival of French *émigrés*, a thing that had been going on vigorously and then beginning to lessen, "partly because the majority of the clergy are already come over, and also because at Dieppe they have put a stop to our packets receiving them, they themselves fitting out their own vessels for the purpose. The subscription for the relief of the priests filled very fast . . . relieving their present necessities and providing them the means of pushing their way up to the capital." A few days later, however, he mentions that a Dieppe packet brought five persons of distinction, including the Archbishop of Aix; the others concealed their names and had hired the whole packet on their own account. But on the same day another packet

brought twenty-six emigrants. Also “there came over in an open boat, Count Bridges (*sic*), who was of the household of the King of France, and was in confinement with him, but found means to escape; after which he was concealed till an opportunity offered to convey him to this place, for which he paid a large sum.” A little later he has “the Marquise de Beaulé (*sic*) arrived in an open boat, for which she paid 200 guineas at Dieppe. What adds to the distressing situation of this lady, she was under the necessity of appearing in the dress of a sailor, and as such to assist the men on board during the whole passage; not only to disguise herself, but in order to bring with her, undiscovered, a favourite female whom it is confidently said she conveyed on board in a trunk in which holes had been bored to give air. The Marchioness was received on landing by His Highness the Prince of Wales, with Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Isabella Pigot. The Prince with his usual affability escorted the fair fugitive to Earl Clermont’s, where tea was provided for him and twenty of his friends.” Later on, “The Prince, with that humanity and gallantry that so invariably distinguish him, has paid every attention to this amiable stranger. She this day rode out with Mrs. Fitzherbert.” Other ladies are mentioned as arriving in open boats; one remained for fourteen hours concealed by the captain under a coil of cable. Later again, the *émigrés* were said to be flocking in as fast as they could get away, filled with apprehension for those they left behind, “the time limited by the Assembly for their departure being expired.” But in October thirty-seven nuns were landed by the packet *Prince of Wales*, all “habited as nuns—a convent has been prepared for them in Belgium. They had plenty of money, but had been *two days* at sea; the packet lay some time off Brighton, but the roughness of the sea prevented landing. It was no sooner known that they were to land in or near Shoreham, than almost every carriage in Brighton repaired thither to assist in conveying them to Brighton,

where every accommodation and every attention was shown them.”

In August, 1796, he has: “Mr. Wade’s benefit ball netted him a clear £500—a convincing proof that we are teeming with fashion, taste, and spirit.”

Reviews and sham-fights too appear to have been held on a large scale.—R. H. B.]

Brighton cannot be said to have improved morally by its almost too sudden change from an unsophisticated little fishing village to a royally-patronized and fashionable watering-place. The heads of the inhabitants were turned by the presence of the Court and the “Quality,” and these new circumstances, perhaps naturally, suggested to shopkeepers, landlords, and hotel-owners to take every possible advantage of the good fortune to which they had acceded.¹ As this policy savoured of imposition and aggressiveness, it necessarily created a feeling of mistrust and resistance on the part of the visitors. In fact, the place became so notorious for extortion, that in 1781 a facetious traveller, affecting to see in the weather-cock that surmounted the steeple of St. Nicolas, a gilded shark, notified his opinion of the inhabitants in the following lines:—

“ Say, why on Brighton’s Church we see
 A golden shark displayed,
 But that ’twas aptly meant to be
 An emblem of its trade?
 Nor could the thing so well be told
 In any other way;
 The town’s a shark that lives on gold,
 The company’s its prey.”

But it was when the Prince of Wales, after revisiting in 1782 the spot at which much of his childhood had been spent, testified his attachment to it by declaring his intention of making it a royal residence, that Brighthelmstone assumed,

[¹ Parry reprints the following newspaper paragraph at a date of ten years earlier:—“Provisions are risen; mutton and veal are 4½*d.* per lb. Beef and lamb, 5*d.* Fresh butter, 8*d.* Plenty of mackarel at 2*d.*” What could they have cost before, if this was a “rise”!—R. H. B.]

together with its abbreviated name, Brighton,¹ a new character, and thenceforth assured of its permanent importance, the inhabitants no longer felt the necessity of asserting themselves by petty extortions and a grasping policy.

A better understanding began to prevail, and the spirit of plunder gave place to a pleasanter and far more successful mode of courting the rich and noble, who necessarily followed in the wake of Royalty.

As a boy the Prince had been taken repeatedly to Brighton, his health appearing to require sea-air and sea-bathing, and in 1782, when a youth of twenty, he had gone thither to visit his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland,² out of perverse contradiction to the wishes of his royal father and mother, who greatly objected to their son's frequenting his society. The Duke was occupying a comparatively small house—there were at that time no large houses in Brighton—close down to the beach called Grove Lodge, the property of Mr. Wyndham. He had also Russell House for the occupation of Mrs. Luttrell. There were no other houses near it, and the next year when the Prince again came he took one some distance off, but still the nearest to it, that of Mr. Kemp, a mere cottage; it was near the turnpike road, from which it was separated by some stunted trees. Still he was so fond of the place and his physicians were so strongly of opinion that his health required sea-bathing, that he was glad of any excuse to be there, and readily waived the want of proper accommodation. When prevented from remaining he often

Origin of the Prince's liking for Brighton.

¹ There is a lady still living at Brighton who remembers letters coming addressed to her husband, "Brightelmestone, near Lewes" (!) It is true she is ninety-four. But though the name of Brightelmestone continued so long in use, an extract has been reprinted from the *Morning Herald* of June, 1775, in which its correspondent dates from "Brighton." There are other evidences also that the two names were long interchangeable.

Mr. Edward Walford lately gave his testimony in *Notes and Queries* (8 x. 325), that his father persisted in the use of the spelling Brightelmeston as late as 1834, and that he has in his possession franks of Lord Chatham where the name is so spelt 1834-5.—R. H. B.

² There long survived a tradition that this Prince when he appeared in his hunting costume wore his hat tied on with a coloured cotton handkerchief.

spent a day in driving over and returning, occupying ten hours in the double journey; having always been a lover of horses and an adept with the reins.

Soon the fancy for making Brighton one of his residences took possession of his mind, and he determined to have a marine palace. Gorgeous in his tastes, reckless in his expenditure, and determined in his caprices, he first sent for Holland, the architect of Carlton House, and obtained from him a draft plan for the future Pavilion. This not being approved, another was proposed to H.R.H., and this in its turn not reaching the Prince's ideal, was succeeded by a host of others. Thus there were "master's failures" in plenty, but at last a ground plan was mapped out and an elevation by Nash approved, having been drawn entirely to please the Prince's caprice, and under his continual direction.

Commences
the Pavilion.

This new seaside palace was at first called "the Marine Pavilion," though erected, strange to say, on a spot from which there was no possibility of discerning the sea. Afterwards "the Pavilion" *pur et simple* sufficed for its nomenclature. It was ready for occupation in 1785, having cost a fabulous sum, and truly its decoration, fads, and fittings were of the most extravagant description. The gorgeousness of the Prince's ideas absolutely startled his contemporaries, and the newspapers of the day seem to have been at a loss to find terms in which to describe the magnificence of the interior arrangements.¹ All was lauded, and loyalty was deemed to forbid criticism. In fact loyalty paid so well locally that all the Prince's peccadilloes were winked at by the inhabitants.

[Parry winds up a fulsome panegyric of the Pavilion by one bit of less inflated argument quite prophetic in its tenour: "In general aspect it is rather Indian than Chinese . . . the King of England is almost King of India, and therefore may we not say without fanciful exaggeration that an Eastern palace placed on the shores of that element by the ancient and continual sovereignty of which England wields such a powerful sceptre, presents an idea to the mind full, interesting, and effective.

'India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi

. . . tibi serviet ultima Thule;

Te que sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis.'"—R. H. B.]

The unbridled license the future monarch allowed himself in this sybaritical palace was, however, the cause of grave scandal throughout the country. It is perhaps better to make no more than a shadowy allusion to the character of the company harboured beneath the Pavilion domes. Riot and unrestrained festivity were the order of the day; and it may be added, also of the night.

Life at the Pavilion.

[In an unfinished paragraph omitted here, my sister observes that under these circumstances it was rather a



THE PAVILION, FROM THE STEYNE, BRIGHTON

homage to religion that no chapel was included under the Pavilion roof, but I think there must have been one, as there is a tradition of the Regent having left off attending it in consequence of his imagining that a preacher fixed his eyes on him while descanting on the text, "Thou art the man." Though this is probably only *ben trovato*, it could hardly have gained currency at all if there had been no chapel. There certainly was one later on, because when the Pavilion was bought by the town, and the space it occupied was wanted for a ball-room, the vicar and other good people were

greatly scandalized at so profane a destination of a quondam sacred locality, and he had as much of the construction as it was possible to move transferred to a site given by his sister, Miss Wagner, which became, and remains to the present day, St. George's Chapel.—R. H. B.]

The early education—or rather want of education—of this Prince should be taken into account when considering these manifestations of his weakness and folly: he was kept under tutelage—such tutelage as it was¹—till long after he should have been put among surroundings calculated to form and influence his character; and seeing how woefully he was allowed to mix with grooms, with the faucy, and with adventurers of all sorts, we ought perhaps to be surprised that he was no worse.

His taste at the time the Pavilion monstrosity was being built and decorated must have been extremely crude. It bore no trace of grace, elegance, or refinement, and all that could be said of it was that it was loud and gorgeous, gilding and gaudy colours abounded throughout, and reminded one of a *paysan endimanché*: no hue was thought too glaring, and as for harmony of tints, that does not seem to have entered into the head of either himself or the executants of his bizarre conceptions, and his satisfaction on its completion was measured rather by the huge sums it cost than by any beauty of effect.

If the material fabric and its fittings were tasteless and graceless, the pranks permitted within were still more open to condemnation.

The roughness and vulgarity of the practical jokes played not only on one another, but on the Prince himself by those he allowed and even encouraged to indulge in such familiarities, represent Court life at the Pavilion as conducted in the worst possible taste. Schoolboys of the present day in a third-rate school would hardly venture to take such liberties with an usher as these noblemen and so-called "gentlemen"

The Duke of Montagu had the charge of H.R.H.

Pranks played there.

permitted themselves with the heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain.

It was not without sufficient reason that Lord Barrymore, his two foolish brothers and their unrefined sister (whom the Prince had always about him) were nicknamed *Hellgate*, *Newgate*, *Cripplegate* and *Billingsgate*, the notorious Jack Hanger acquiring the sobriquet of *Knight of the Black Diamond*. The story of the stupid farce played off on the Prince, by introducing into his darkened bedroom a donkey on whose head had been fixed a pair of horns, and the result of the escapade, is one of the Pavilion episodes probably too well known to need repeating in detail. Still more scandalous, however, because it took place outside the precincts of the Royal residence, was the coffin adventure in which H.R.H. most imprudently allowed himself to be mixed up.

A little later, it is true, his latent sense of dignity prevailed sufficiently to make him put on the curb. And on one occasion when his resentment had been roused, he at last gave his minions to understand that his acts constituted no precedent for theirs.

A very spicy volume might be written by anyone disposed to hunt up the history of the Pavilion during the occupation of its founder; how the doings within those bizarre walls were regarded by the nation in general may be guessed from the fact that even persons whose own character was not remarkable for purity, took exception to the uses to which it was put. There is an anecdote of Lord Thurlow (who it is well known was not easily shocked) refusing to hold any communication with His Royal Highness, and the Prince accompanied by some of his boon companions—among whom were Lord Barrymore and Sir John Ladd—meeting him one day walking on the Steyne, said to him, “Why, Thurlow, how is it you have not been to see me? You must name a day to come and dine with me.”

Lord Thurlow cast a contemptuous glance on the Prince’s companions, and said, “I cannot do so until your Royal

Highness keeps better company." For it was a habit with the Prince to walk about the Steyne surrounded by a crowd of fashionable folk, all in the highest spirits, and if H.R.H. could not be seen by the public who thronged the rails, it could always be pretty well guessed whereabouts he was by the strong odour of otto of roses with which he was profusely perfumed. He also delighted in frequenting public amusements, attending all concerts, for he was fond of music, and a great patron of musicians, and making a practice of appearing at the theatre every Saturday and the Castle Inn balls every Monday. These balls, as a rule, were fashionably and numerously attended, not only by subscribers, but by any who presented themselves with a subscriber's introduction and an extra entrance fee. It so happened one night that only a dozen persons appeared, but the Prince was there. On looking round he remarked on the emptiness of the rooms, and then said, "We are not numerous, but we will supply numbers by merriment." So he invited each lady in turn to dance with him, and the few who *were* there, congratulated themselves on the chance they had had.

The card-parties, balls, tea-parties and Sunday promenades were certainly varied by less frivolous amusements, and military displays and reviews occasionally occupied the attention of the Prince. An incident related as having happened in October, 1803, is interesting as showing the degree of discipline in which the troops were maintained.

There had been a concert at the Pavilion which was not over till one in the morning, when the Prince, beckoning to him Colonel Leigh, asked him in how short a time his regiment of dragoons could be got under arms and ready to face an enemy, should any emergency occur to require their services in the middle of the night.

The Colonel replied by the practical proposal that he should ride at once to the barracks (situated about a mile and a half north of the town) and immediately return to give H.R.H. an account of the conduct of his troops. This idea

Patronizes
music and
balls.

Anecdote of
the discipline
of the army.

delighted the Prince. The Colonel's horse was accordingly brought to the door, and he at once set off. On reaching the vanguard at the entrance of the barracks, the Colonel commanded a black trumpeter to sound to arms. The man raised the trumpet to his lips, but the surprise of such a command, which he probably took seriously,¹ so completely overpowered him, that his breath failed him, and he was unable to comply. Meantime, an English trumpeter who happened to overhear the order from his bed, through an open window, came forward, and without awaiting a second command, put the bugle to his mouth, gave the signal, and in an instant the men from all sides were in motion. The greater part had been in bed some hours, but the entire regiment were properly accoutered and on their horses, together with the flying artillery in readiness to depart, in sufficient time to have reached Brighton within fifteen minutes of this bugle-call.

It would have been well if the Prince had confined his amusements to such experiences as these; unfortunately ^{Practical jokes.} frivolity was an essential element in his character, and the childish practical jokes to which I have alluded continued to amuse him long after the age at which such pastimes cease to be excusable.

His treatment of the premier Duke of England, when in response to a Royal invitation he should have been under the protection of his host, was so glaring a breach of hospitality and good manners that it is difficult to understand how the last, much more the "First, Gentleman in Europe," could perpetrate it.

¹ In the earlier part of this same year, viz. on the 26th February, a panic had seized on a considerable number of Brightonians who had long been brooding over the prophecy of an old French conjurer, who had predicted that the water in the British Channel would rise thirty feet perpendicularly above the highest level it had been known to attain. As the time approached the apprehensions of these credulous persons increased to such an extent that they not only made preparations, but actually fled from the town, retreating as far as Cuckfield, where, finding no such accident had taken place, they resolved to remain eleven days, lest the change made in the "style" since the original prediction was uttered should signify that the possibility was still impending.

The old Duke of Norfolk, whose grey hairs should have commanded respect, having been pressed by the Prince to drive over from Arundel to dine and sleep at the palace, arrived little suspecting he was to be the object of an unworthy conspiracy among the Royal brothers.

The Duke was not exempt from the fashionable vices of the time and readily fell into the plot which was to be carried out by an arrangement that every guest at table should challenge His Grace to take wine. These attacks were so persistent that at last the old Duke began to discover their intention, and having bravely tossed off a bumper offered him by the Prince, said: "And now I request that my carriage may be ordered out; I mean to go home, and shall never set my foot within these doors again."

In order to pacify the old Duke, the carriage appeared at the door and the postilions were ordered to drive him home; but the wine had taken its effect, and he was soon in a state of unconsciousness, thus favouring the Royal order that they should drive two or three times round the Pavilion and then bring the Duke back. On his return he was carried up to bed, and on waking next morning found he was still under the Prince's roof.

There are, however, instances of harmless love of fun presiding over his games, and among these we find on record a good-natured practical joke he played off on Admiral Nagle at Brighton. He presented to this officer a Hanoverian cream-coloured horse, with which he was so delighted that although it was raining heavily he insisted on mounting at once and riding him on the Front. By-and-by he returned in presence of all the Court riding a dark bay smeared here and there with white; the Royal wag immensely enjoyed his dismay, but after letting his victim into the secret that he had had the creature painted, he gave him one of the true breed.

Repartie.

One day when Sydney Smith was dining at the Pavilion he found an opportunity of eliciting that the Prince was not less apt at repartie than that clerical punster.

Some one having asked who was the most wicked man that ever lived, the Rev. S. S. replied, "The Regent Orleans, and he was a Prince." "I should have thought it would rather have been Dubois," retorted the Royal host, "and he was a priest, Mr. Sydney!"

[A very clever and a very fair retort; but as a matter of fact Dubois was not a priest during the years which have chiefly made him infamous. It was only when the Regent having no emolument on which he could lay hands to bestow upon him but the revenues of the diocese of Cambrai, that he *pro formâ* took Orders,—a short time before his death.—R. H. B.]

The Prince had long tried hard to include Wilberforce among the Pavilion guests, with a view no doubt to introduce an element of seriousness and respectability among the promiscuous society around him, and thus gradually leaven it with others of social consideration.

Wilberforce at
the Pavilion.

When the staid decoy had been prevailed upon at last to accept the oft-repeated invitation, he thus enters the event in his Diary. [The little joke at the end of his account is more racy than might have been expected.—R. H. B.]

"I at the Pavilion *once*." This "once" seems to be intended by way of compromise with his conscience. Then follows a further justification: "The *Ministers* had been with the Prince for two or three days each. The *Foreign Ministers* here also; the *Queen* here about a week (respectable old Charlotte! there could be nothing improper where *she* was!); also Lords St. Helens and Carleton. The Pavilion in Chinese style; beautiful and tasty (!), though it suggests that St. Paul's had come down to the sea and left behind a litter of cupolas."

Having "once" yielded, his attendance was repeated. On the next occasion the Diary records the interesting and flattering fact that "the Regent reminded me of my having sung at the Duchess of Devonshire's ball in 1782, of the particular song, and of our then first knowing each other.

“ ‘ We are both much altered since, sir,’ I replied.

“ ‘ Yes,’ said he ; ‘ the time which has gone by must have wrought great changes in us.’

“ ‘ Something better than that, too, I trust, sir,’ was my answer.”

Probably the reluctant guest thought that by thus improving the opportunity he might compound with his scruples.

“ He then asked me,” continues the diarist, “ to dine with him the next day, assuring me that I should hear nothing at his table to give me pain ; ¹ that even if there should be careless talk at any other time, that should be avoided when I was there.”

Thus kindly reassured, Mr. Wilberforce could not but accept the gracious invitation, and he tells us that he was seated between Lord Ellenborough and Sir James Graham, the Prince desiring he might be brought forward. At night in coming away he said to Bloomfield (at that time still a confidant of the Prince) that he deeply felt His Royal Highness’s kindness, but that he preferred not frequenting the Pavilion too often on account of his children ; Bloomfield at once said, “ I understand you.” When the Prince next saw Wilberforce he gave him a general invitation, and he afterwards heard that Lord Ellenborough had been asked to the Pavilion on purpose to meet him. He says he was glad to hear this, as it was an indication that the Royal host recognized his social tastes.

Several times in the ensuing weeks Wilberforce was again a guest at the Pavilion, and always met with similar consideration. “ The Prince is quite the English gentleman at the head of his own table,” he writes. And on another occasion his entry is amusing :—

“ Dined at Court ; the Prince and Duke of Clarence very civil ; the former showed he had read Cobbett, and spoke strongly of the blasphemy of his late papers.”

¹ “ This was in allusion to a rash remark of one of the Court when I had once before declined the honour, to the effect that ‘ Mr. Wilberforce objects to dine with you, sir.’ ”

The better side of life at the Pavilion, later on, is pleasantly sketched in a letter from the Countess Dowager of Ilchester—the confidante and chaperon of Princess Charlotte—to Lady Harriet Frampton, under date of Cranborne Lodge, February 2nd, 1816 :—

Princess
Charlotte at
the Pavilion.

. . . “I must tell you that the fortnight at Brighton has had a very happy effect on Princess Charlotte’s health and spirits. . . . You have no idea how her manners are daily softened by witnessing the address of the Queen and Princesses, with whom she went regularly round the circle, paying individual attention to the company, and she looked really very handsome, being always elegantly dressed, and every one seemed delighted to have her under her father’s roof.

“It certainly was a great satisfaction to the Prince to find it gave so much pleasure to the Princess, for he had been led to suspect she did not like to come—a complete mistake, of which he is now convinced. . . . The Chinese room is gay beyond description, and I am sure you would admire it as well as the rest of the Pavilion, though the extreme warmth does not suit every one.

“In the morning all the guests were free from Court restraint, and met only at six o’clock punctually for dinner, to the number of between thirty and forty daily; in the evening about as many more were invited. A delightful band played till half-past eleven, when the Royal Family retired, and the rest of the company dispersed after partaking of sandwiches; the evenings were not in the least formal. As soon as the Queen sat down to cards every one moved about as they pleased and made their own backgammon, chess, or card party, but lounging up and down the gallery was most favoured. All the rooms open into this beautiful gallery, which is terminated at both extremities by the lightest and prettiest Chinese staircases you can imagine, and illuminated by the gayest lanterns. There are mandarins and pagodas in abundance, and plenty of Japanese and Chinese sofas. In the

centre of the gallery is a skylight. Each staircase opens into a large room, one of these communicating with the Queen's suite of rooms, the other with that of the Princess and mine. The effect of the central room is very good. There was a bright fire, and it is supplied with books and newspapers, and from one set of rooms to the other is a private communication."¹

Three weeks later on she writes from the Pavilion itself to announce to Lady H. Frampton the Princess's intended marriage and to describe the bridegroom-elect:—

. . . "I lose no time in telling you that Prince Leopold is enchanting, whether in manner or appearance, and imagination cannot picture a countenance more justifiable of love at first sight. There is a particularly soft and gentle expression blended with unmistakable manliness. Everybody seems pleased, and agrees that the Princess's taste is not bad. You may imagine how anxious I feel, and how pleased I am at the prospect of resigning my charge into such hands. . . .

"Princess Charlotte seems so happy and looks so pretty that she must please and flatter the object of her choice, and if his countenance and the character given of him are honest, he is really something superior. The Prince speaks English, I am happy to say, and is like an Englishman in the ease, elegance, and deference of his manner. I understand he is well-informed, fond of reading, accustomed to business, has a taste for music, interests himself in agricultural pursuits and in botany; he is of a reserved character and very gentle, but very firm. I hope I have said enough to please and interest you, and will only add that his figure is tall and good; his face, if not regularly handsome, is positively interesting."

It is well known that Mrs. Fitzherbert nobly exerted all her influence to bring about this summons of Princess Charlotte to the Pavilion. Her gay parties formed one of the

¹ "Journal of Mary Frampton," p. 264-5.



MRS. FITZHERBERT.

[To face page 173, vol. II.

most popular and productive attractions of the place.¹ Her "rout" suppers and balls kept those of the aristocracy who graced them quite in the background. We read of five a.m. as the hour at which her balls mostly broke up.

[Of all the countless varieties of royal amours with which the pages of history are enlivened there is scarcely any story that has been so little worked upon as that of the union of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert. It might indeed almost be called an attempt at romance, when Fox, with mendacious effrontery, declared in the House of Commons that there had been no marriage; and when his son, Lord Holland, though well knowing that "Charles" was only screening George, vainly endeavoured to keep up the fiction by quoting it in his Memoirs as if it had been a serious utterance!

The idyl, however, is a worthy theme for more poetical treatment, and deserves to fall into better hands, if only for having been the one bright streak which marked the

¹ Parry mentions that a house was being specially built for her in 1803: "The improvements which H.R.H. has made and is still projecting and the elegant house which Mr. Porden, an architect of uncommon merit, is raising for Mrs. Fitzherbert will, I trust, . . . reflect a certain portion of taste and liberality on the sordid natives and make them more worthy of the illustrious patron who from a paltry village of fishermen has raised a delightful and fashionable Bathing place . . . vieing with the celebrated Baie of the Romans." In another place he celebrates her philanthropy: "The charitable donations and willing assistance which Mrs. Fitzherbert continues to bestow on the unfortunate among the inhabitants of the place have justly endeared her to the inhabitants of every description." This house, situated on the East side of the Steyne, is still traditionally known to Brighton inhabitants.

An intimate and interesting trait of the relations between the Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert is supplied in the lately published "Jerningham Letters." ". . . When the door of the Long Chinese Room opened and I saw Him at the other End, I stopped a minute uncertain whether to enter. He called out, "Come in!" and then Ran down the Room to make excuses for the peremptory order saying He did not know who was at the door. He then welcomed us all four, and it is really not to be described how amiably Polite and fascinating his Manners are when on his own ground. The most finished Civility joined to the utmost degree of Affability. He was sitting by a piano when we first entered which he said was Lately arrived and wanted to know if it was a good one. Desired Emily would try it, then brought me a chair insisting on my sitting down and not to mind his moving about. Emily played and He was much pleased. We were above a quarter of an Hour thus *en Société*, and then arrived Mrs. Fitzherbert, who told me she had written the note at Lord Berkeley's during Dinner by the Prince's order. Before she arrived He had said to me, "So you had old *Gruffy* at dinner, how is he?" (Lord Thurlow.) I had mentioned to Mrs. Fitzherbert that we expected Him. He then entered into Conversation like any one else, excepting with infinitely more fascinating ease about Him. We have been at the Pavilion again twice . . ."—
R. H. B.]

career of so attractive a man as George IV., and who was fated to muddle away all his immense advantages so lamentably.

Though it was at the period of the least resistible rush of early passion that he came within the sphere of Mrs. Fitzherbert's attractions, it was not the meretricious charm of a courtesan that captivated him. The better part of his nature, his finest capacity for admiration was drawn to her by her genuine and eminently feminine qualities. His love for her is a standing proof that there was an element of



GEORGE IV. IN 1825. (*After W'yon.*)

sterling worth in his bizarre character. Her power to please is shown in the fact that she was twice a widow before she was twenty-five,¹ both husbands being members of respectable old Catholic families.

Nor was George IVth's preference for her the transient feeling of an hour. The various obstacles to their union

¹ Mary Frampton in her Journal under date of the year 1785-6 speaks of Mrs. Fitzherbert marrying Mr. Weld when she was eighteen, adding, "She was then very beautiful, perfectly unaffected and unassuming as I have heard from my mother and as I have myself observed since." Further on she says, "If ever the Prince loved any woman it was she, though half London, had he thrown the handkerchief, would have flown to pick it up."

were steadily and bravely overcome by him, and he upheld her and clung to her through many years of difficulty.

The main objections to their marriage—and though not eminently pious she was too virtuous to accept him on any other terms—arising from disparity of rank and religion, and the legal difficulties resulting from these, are too obvious to need recapitulation, yet all these he was prepared to brave. The serious hindrance came from Mrs. Fitzherbert herself. Though not more than five or six years his senior, she felt herself possessed of experience which revealed lurking embarrassments, which might not have presented themselves to the impetuosity of his greater youthfulness.¹ Accordingly, as soon as she found herself pursued by him, she did all in her power to abstract herself from his enterprising attentions, and this clearly out of her very regard for him—considering him before herself—out of the devoted fulness of her affection for him, not out of want of reciprocating his. In pursuance of this wise self-devotion she even put the sea between him and her, and went to live on the Continent. The Prince's passion stood the test of this long—more than a year's—absence; as also did her wisdom in continuing to resist his continued and desperate entreaties transmitted to her by special couriers to different parts of Europe. Lord Holland himself owns that “Mrs. Fox, then Mrs. Armistead, had repeatedly assured him that the Prince came down more than once to converse with her and Mr. Fox upon the subject; that he cried by the hour; that he testified the sincerity and violence of his passion and despair by extravagant expressions and actions—rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, and swearing that he would abandon the country, forego the crown, &c.” Lord Stourton has recorded that he had seen a letter of thirty-seven pages all in the Prince's handwriting, embodying the considerations

¹ Mr. Langdale says he was twenty-three at this time; that she was born in 1756 and Mr. Fitzherbert died in 1781, when she would therefore have been twenty-five, and that she met the Prince four years later.

which ultimately overcame her hesitation. The chief of these were an offer of marriage and an assurance that the King would wink at it.

This promise of marriage he honourably carried out, 21st December, 1785, and their union, from the first one of mutual delight, was so steadfastly upheld, and his wife's dignity so firmly insisted on, that she was received at Court within the year, while a popular ballad testified to the general knowledge of what had occurred :—

“ I'll thrones resign
To call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.”¹

By Lord Stourton's testimony the witnesses were her uncle, Harry Errington, and her brother, Jack Smythe, along with the Protestant clergyman who officiated. A letter of this clergyman is still preserved, together with another document in which the Prince repeatedly terms her his wife.

All contemporary mention of her coincides in praising the amiability of her temper, her entire freedom from ambition or personal views of any kind, her unimpeachable virtue, and her sterling good judgment. She was moreover a woman of some means, so that she rather helped² than drained his resources. She thus presented every quality calculated to retain the love she had won, to say nothing of what her society gained by contrast with that of his late paramour, Mrs. Robinson.

The first disturbance of this halcyon state of things arose when, on occasion of an application for money on the Prince's behalf in the House of Commons, the Opposition brought forward the marriage with a Catholic as a ground of attack. The story of the debate is perhaps told nowhere with more effect than by John Horne Tooke,³ who himself insidiously spoke of her as “ Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.”

¹ The locality where the intimacy commenced.

² Among the papers we are not allowed to see (*infra*, p. 180) is a mortgage on the Pavilion for money advanced to him.

³ His life by Alexander Stephens 1812.

At one time this attack wore such a threatening aspect that Fox hastily made up his mind that there was only one way of stemming the threatening torrent, and that was by taking on himself to cover his friend and master with a mendacious statement, publicly asserting in the House (1787) that no religious ceremony had taken place.

This public degradation, we are told by Lord Stourton, "so compromised her character and her religion that she determined at first to break with the Prince, and she was only induced to receive him again by repeated assurances that Mr. Fox had never been authorized to make the declaration, and her friends assured her that in a discrepancy between the assertions of the Prince and Mr. Fox she was bound to prefer the word of her husband. She informed me," he states, "that the public supported her, for at no period of her life were their visits at her house so numerous as on the day which followed the memorable speech. To use her own expression, the knocker was never still during the whole day."¹

He goes on to state that though she accepted an accommodation with the Prince, she ever after resolutely refused to speak to Fox, and not even the Prince's persuasions could bring this about. Though generally of so forgiving a disposition that she was known to benefit those who had betrayed her confidence, she was inflexible on this point, and at a later date when during his administration he made further overtures to recover her good-will, the price of which was to have been the rank of duchess, she adhered firmly to her resolution, as it was the chief means available to protect her reputation, which she valued above titles.

After this the placid and even joyous life of the loving couple continued its former course, if checkered with some princely infidelities; and she told Lord Stourton that the chief interruptions to their happiness were the Prince's bitter and

¹ From the MS. Narrative left by Lord Stourton to his step-brother, Hon. Chas. Langdale, and published by him in 1856.

passionate regrets and self-accusations for his conduct, which she always met by saying, "We must look to the present and the future, not the past."

The fatal year 1794 broke for a time all intercourse between the two by the public marriage with the Princess of Brunswick, which, as a marriage of *convenience* and statecraft, was a less poignant stab than the intimacy which preceded it with the Countess of Jersey. From the moment this *liaison* became notorious she refused to receive him till he gave it up.

On the royal marriage she was minded to retire into obscurity, but her best friends insisted that it was for her own honour that she should continue to live in society and to entertain, in which course she found herself approved by the *beau monde*; all the Royal Dukes came to her parties, and the King and Queen, as always, acted with the greatest tenderness and affection. It was not long after that the Prince again laid siege to her and sent every friend to incline her to receive him again. Before following her inclinations she resolved to lay her most puzzling case before the Pope, whose answer of course was, and could not but be, that she was bound to her husband, whatever he might do, as nothing but death could dissolve matrimony.

Pending this reply, she had withdrawn to a remote retreat, forbidding the Prince to follow her, and declaring that if it was unfavourable to her she would thenceforth live out of England.

When the answer came she refused all overtures to receive the Prince clandestinely, and on the contrary gave a grand banquet at her own house, at which he publicly attended. She told Lord Stourton that the next eight years were the happiest of her life; she used to say they were extremely poor, but as merry as crickets.

But as Lady Jersey had interrupted their happiness before, Lady Hertford interloped on it now, and in a manner which originated in Mrs. Fitzherbert's goodness of heart. Her friend Lady Horatia Seymour had entrusted to her care

when sent in search of health to the south, where she found death, her youngest child, Maria Georgiana. After her death Protestant relatives sought to take the child from her. But not only she herself, but the Prince also, had grown warmly attached to it, and friendship also made her devoted to her trust. In order to promote her rights she induced the Prince to interfere in their behalf, by negotiating with the Hertford family, and it was out of the intimacy thus set up that arose the fatal influence of Lady Hertford over her husband which finally won him away from her. He was no longer the chivalrous and courageous defender of her honour. The vicious and unprincipled part of his nature had grossly developed itself, and in spite of all her fortitude and dignity, and the support of her royal and noble friends, she had many mortifications to endure.

It is difficult to decide whether it is more to his honour or his disgrace, that after all he wore her miniature round his neck in his last hours, and had it buried with him there.¹ If he still clung to the thought of her it showed that his intermediate aberrations with other women were matters of mere selfish indulgence. Yet it may be hoped that the thought of the one modest woman who had loved him with disinterested constancy afforded him one purifying ray in the supreme hour.

The custody of Lady Horatia's orphan daughter had finally been assigned to her by a Committee of the House of Lords, another proof,² if any were wanted, of the blamelessness of her connection with the Prince.

¹ This fact receives confirmation, I find, in the Journal of Mary Frampton, who under date 1845 says, Mrs. Damer told her that among some jewels ordered to be given her on the death of George IV. was his miniature with a diamond before it in place of glass; and that the Duke of Wellington told her that having officially to watch beside the body of the king, his curiosity was excited by seeing a jewel round his neck, and he found that it was the miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert *glazed* with a diamond, the counterpart of the one that passed to Mrs. Damer.

² For another, it is reported by Mr. Langdale that, "on the occasion of her trial, Queen Caroline having made a solemn denial of any criminal conduct, said afterwards that she ought to have made one exception—namely consenting to marry a married man." And for another, that besides the general friendliness of both William IV. and prim Queen Adelaide, the former authorized her to wear "widow's weeds" on George's death. Again, she wrote from Paris, where she was staying in 1833: "The D. of Orleans came to see me the moment I arrived

I suppose at the present day no one entertains any doubt as to the marriage, but in her time the dilemma existed that the open declaration of it might at any time call up threatenings of pains and penalties on the King himself on account of her religion, while if the fact were suppressed she stood under a stigma which no solicitation of her lover had induced her really to incur. The danger of the former contingency was frequently cropping up, and presented so much terror to her who had always loved peace, that she had even been led (particularly under Mr. Percival's administration) to destroy some of the proofs of it. It was accordingly agreed that the most important remaining documents should be sealed up in a packet and deposited at Coutts' under the joint trusteeship of Lord Stourton and Lord Albemarle. The momentous commotion which might have ensued on any suspicion that there was any issue of the marriage made the question a much more important one than it appears now. That there was no such offspring has never been proved; Mrs. Fitzherbert herself refused to testify that there was none. Lord Stourton (while treating the story with contempt, nevertheless) put forward the fact that he had been applied to by a person "claiming to be the issue of this connection," as one of the grounds for applying to have the packet examined when he thought the time had come for it. But neither then nor since has such an application been acceded to, though a writer in the *Quarterly Review* said half a century ago, "Now that the existence of the packet has been revealed, it cannot in these inquisitive times be much longer withheld; it does not seem that any serious mischief could now result from telling the truth, whatever it may be."

Lady Horatia Seymour's daughter, who subsequently married the Hon. Lionel Dawson Damer, left a substantial record of her esteem and gratitude for Mrs. Fitzherbert by

with a thousand kind messages from the King and Queen, desiring me to go and see them, which I have done, and they have given me a general invitation to go there any evening I like."

setting up a monument to her in the old Catholic Church in Brighton, where she died in 1837, in which she calls her *more than mother*, and surmounted it with an effigy bearing three rings on the “wedding-finger.”¹—R. H. B.]

It may be added that that heroine of society, the Countess of Aldborough, remarkable . . . well . . . in many ways, was often the life and soul of Mrs. Fitzherbert’s entertainments. She may also be regarded as for very many years a Brighton habituée. Her juvenile style of dress, her thoughtlessly “fast” manners, and her general eccentricities did more harm to herself than to any one else, for she was a well-meaning old soul; but my personal recollection of her as still gay and lively at a very advanced age, resolves itself into a melancholy caricature.

Throughout his reign Brighton continued more or less powerfully to attract the King, and large was the amount of both time and money he spent there: so important did his presence become to the interests of the place that the attachment of the inhabitants ended by degenerating into servility and flunkeyism, and their local papers, especially the *Fashionable Intelligencer*, made themselves absolutely ridiculous by their news and their observations about the King, and the fulsome language in which they expressed themselves.

The *Brighton Herald* of January 27th, 1821, speaking of the further outlay on the Pavilion when George IV. came to the throne, is obliged to have recourse to the pages of the *Arabian Nights* to convey to its readers even a faint idea of the “superb effect” obtained in the Dome, the Banqueting Hall, the Library, the Ball-room. There was talk—but only talk—of the addition of a Chapel for the Royal household. One of the Brighton Guides of the day, after describing the Steyne, says that “the Mansions which bound it have a genteel and impressive appearance”!

At this time and long after, it was the custom at Brighton

¹ The two marriages previous to that with George IV. were (1) to Ed. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, in 1775, and (2) to Thomas Fitzherbert, of Swinerton, Staffordshire, in 1778. Her father was Walter Smythe, of Brambridge, Hunts, second son of Sir John Smythe, Bart., of Eske, Durham.

for the military band to strike up every evening at nine o'clock, *God save the King*.

In this same year of 1821 also it was proposed to erect on a conspicuous spot a large bronze statue of the royal patron ; and in an incredibly short time 3000*l.* was subscribed by the townspeople, the work being entrusted to Chantrey. A few years after, this testimony to the loyalty of Brighton was placed on its pedestal in front of the palace within the railings of the Old Steyne. Cobbett, who was no friend to royalty in general or to George IV. in particular—in his language “the Big Monarch”—calls the Brighton Pavilion a Kremlin, and states that it was a subject of laughter all over the country.

Cobbett's description of the Pavilion.

“It stands,” he says, “in the gorge of the valley amongst the old houses of the town ; the grounds (about a couple or three acres) are surrounded by a wall neither lofty nor good-looking ; above this rise some trees bad in selection, stunted in growth and dirty with smoke. As to the ‘Palace,’ as the Brighton papers call it, the apartments are all on the ground floor ; and when you see the thing from a distance you think you see a parcel of *cradle-spits* of various dimensions sticking up out of the mouths of so many enormous decanters. Take a square box with sides 3 ft. 6 long and 1 ft. 6 high. Take a large Norfolk turnip, cut off the green leaves, leaving the stalks 9 in. long ; tie these round with a string 3 in. from the top, and put the turnip on the middle of the top of the box. Then take four turnips half the size, treat them similarly and put them on the corners of the box. Then take a considerable number of bulbs of narcissus, crown imperial, hyacinth, tulip, crocus, let the leaves of each have sprouted to about an inch, and put all these promiscuously among the turnips, then stand off and look at your work ; it is the elevation of this ‘Kremlin.’ Only you must cut some church-looking windows in the sides of the box.

“As to what you are to put *inside*, that subject is far above my cut. Brighton is naturally a place of resort for *expectants*,

and a shifty, ugly-looking swarm is, of course, assembled here."

Towards the town itself he entertained more friendly feelings, and describes it thus :—

"The houses are excellent built, chiefly with a blue or purple brick, and bow-windows appear to be the general taste."

As his taste grew more mature there are indications that George IV. occasionally regretted the extravagant architectural singularities he had called into being as Prince Regent. The King's taste improves.

One season, when not occupying his house on Brunswick Terrace, my father let it to the Duke of Gloucester. The King naturally visited him there frequently. He used to walk up and down the billiard-room, greatly admiring it, and constantly regretted that he had not seen it at a time when he was planning some fresh decorations in the Pavilion. The room in question had cost my father much thought, for it had been necessary to sacrifice one of the walls to the requirements of a hot-air stove of peculiar construction, consisting of a large furnace in the servants' hall communicating with a hot-air chamber through which a fresh current of air was continually passing, to be distributed by pipes into the staircase and the various rooms, so that the house was always kept at summer heat and there were no fires needed in the rooms. The placing of these pipes had occasioned a series of arches in the billiard-room, which might have been a deformity, but my father sent over to Paris for two artists he had previously employed in the decoration of his house in Great Cumberland Place, and they painted the whole in landscape, cleverly bringing in these arches to form a bridge and a cavern, for which they thus had all the appearance of having been originally so designed. The aerial perspective of the landscape gave a sense of vastness to the apartment, which he said contrasted very favourably with the feeling of contraction engendered by the loud and heavy colouring with which the walls of the hot Pavilion room were overloaded.

His taste in
music.

Love of music—which he had really studied with effect—was one of the redeeming influences of George IVth's life.¹ His band at the Pavilion, which played every day during dinner from a programme generally selected by himself—most often a selection dictated by refinement—consisted entirely of soloists.

A Miss Chinnery, celebrated at the time for proficiency on the piano, was generally asked to play after dinner, and acquitted herself with such perfection that, with the exception of those who were jealous of her superior talent, and tried to make mischief about her, she was universally admired. Crosdil, the 'cellist, was another special favourite, and Viotti, with his violin, was another of the King's delights. These

¹ George III., whatever it may have pleased Thackeray to say of his general imbecility, was no mean musician, and knew more about orchestration than many distinguished amateurs. He was consulted, and to good purpose, on the arrangement of the Handel commemoration which took place in Westminster Abbey at the beginning of June, 1787. The conductors were the two Cramers, Joah Bates, Drs. Arnold and Dupuis; the band consisted of several hundred performers, and the choruses, amounting to as many voices, were collected from all parts of England. The King, Queen, and all the Royal Family sat opposite the orchestra: the body of the Abbey, the galleries, and every corner was crowded with beauty, rank, and fashion. Such was the rage to procure seats that, in order to be in good time, the ladies submitted to have their hair dressed overnight. The singers were Mesdames Mara, Storace, Abrams, Poole, MM. Rubinelli, Harrison, Bartleman, Sale, Parry, Norris, Kelly, and they unanimously exerted their great talents to admiration. No place could be more appropriate to give effect to the divine strains of Handel than the spacious Abbey. His Majesty's partiality for Handel's music was universally recognized, but it was not equally well known how excellent and accurate a judge he was of its merits. The fine chorus of "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," was always given in full chorus, as intended by Handel. The King, however, suggested that the first part of this passage should be made a semi-chorus, sung only by the principal singers, but that when it came to the sequel, "He is the King of Glory," he commanded that the whole orchestra, with the full chorus, should burst out with a tremendous forte. The effect was awful and sublime.

A strange coincidence happened on one of the mornings during the performance of the grand selection, when the sky had been and was still gloomy and lowering. The grand chorus from Haydn's *Creation*—"Let there be light"—responded to by "And there was light"—had just burst upon the audience with that marvellous crash of instruments in the resounding key of C, when, at that very moment, the sun showed itself with extraordinary suddenness and brilliancy, illuminating every part of the magnificent interior.

Mozart used to relate an anecdote of the Emperor Joseph II. which goes to prove that crowned heads even, when recognized connoisseurs, are not *always* up to practical criticism on the great Masters.

His Imperial Majesty, in complimenting Mozart on a piece of his which had just been sung by Madame Lang, took upon himself to remark: "Mozart, I like your music very much, but there are too many notes in that song."

"Sire," replied the composer with a frankness testifying to his consciousness of the superiority of his own genius, "there are just as many notes in it as there have to be."

musical entertainments often lasted till midnight, when refreshments were served, and the King, who made a point of addressing some words to those with whom he had not previously spoken, retired, and the party, which varied in number from thirty to a hundred, broke up.

Kelly had been employed by him¹ while still Prince of Wales to arrange his concerts both at the Pavilion and Cariton House, and on these occasions H.R.H. was always affable and amiable, appearing to take an interest in his private affairs, and quite willing to be consulted thereon. In Kelly's diary he mentions an amusing and characteristic episode which occurred on 1st January, 1822: "The King gave a splendid entertainment at the Pavilion, and H.M. was graciously pleased to command my attendance to hear a sonata performed by his own fine band. H.M. did me the honour to seat me beside him and to ask me how I liked the music that had been performed that day in the Chapel Royal, amongst which had been introduced the Chaconne of Jomelli (performed in the Castle Spectre) which has since been called the Sanctus of Jomelli, and is now used in all Cathedrals and Churches in England and on the Continent under that title. But His Majesty's kindness and condescension did not stop there.

Michael Kelly
at the
Pavilion.

"I had taken with me to Brighton my little god-daughter Julia Walters, a remarkably clever child: at five years old she had performed, under the name of Signora Giulia, the part of the 'Child' in Paer's opera of *Agnese*, with a grace and intelligence beyond her years. This child was most eager to see the King, especially on this evening when in the midst of his Court and surrounded by all that was brilliant in the land, and in a palace whose illuminated

¹ The acquaintance began thus: In 1796 Taylor, the manager of the London Opera House, sent Michael Kelly over to Brighton to submit to the Prince of Wales, then occupying the Pavilion, a plan of alterations in the Opera House against the ensuing season. Col. M. Mahon obtained for him an interview, and the "envoy" describes the Prince "on that occasion as always, everything that was gracious, kind, and condescending—a Prince who needs but to be known, to be beloved and respected for the rich variety of his talents, attainments, and knowledge, which seems to extend to every age and every country."

splendour rivalled the magnificence described in the ‘Arabian Nights.’

“I told my friend, Kramer, the master and leader of His Majesty’s private band, and prevailed on him to admit the little creature behind the organ.

Traits of the
King’s good
feeling.

“After the first act of the Concert, when the performers retired for refreshment, Julia crept from her hiding-place and seated herself between the kettledrums. The King was sitting on a sofa between the Princess Esterhazy and the Countess Lieven, and though the orchestra was at a distance, his quick eye in a moment discerned the small intruder.

“‘Who is that beautiful little child?’ he asked, ‘and who brought her here?’ And His Majesty immediately walked up to poor little Julia and asked her her name.

“‘I am Julia,’ she said, ‘and I belong to K.’

“‘And who the deuce is K.?’ said His Majesty.

“I was seated some distance off, talking with Sir Wm. Keppel, and the moment I saw what had happened I requested him to go to the King and say the child belonged to me and how she came to be there.

“His Majesty took her in his arms and kissed her, and throwing her over his shoulder, carried her across the room and placed her by my side, saying,—

“‘Why did you leave the child out in the cold? Why not bring her into the room?’

“On the following evening, when I again had the honour of a command to the Palace, His Majesty was pleased to inquire after the pretty little girl, and to authorize me to bring her whenever I liked.”¹

The King further showed his appreciation of “Mike,” as he was familiarly called, by an annual donation of 100/. It was given with some delicacy, inasmuch as His Majesty authorized him to take a free benefit annually, and always sent a subscription to it of that amount.

¹ Parry records various instances of kindness, e.g. in September, 1800: “A fire broke out at a baker’s opposite the Duke of Marlborough’s . . . the Prince of Wales, with his usual humanity, received the unfortunate family and exerted himself in protecting their goods, which were brought into the Pavilion.”—R. H. B.

In 1824 the living of Brighton fell in to the Crown, and on May 1st that year the King wrote from Windsor to Lord Liverpool, desiring him to give it "to the chaplain of our friend the Duke of Wellington." "The gentleman's name," he continues, "is Driscoll, a most respectable and good orthodox clergyman; he was with the Duke during the whole of the war, and is therefore surely entitled to our consideration. I wish *you* to have the entire merit of this, as the Duke is very delicate on the subject. Your sincere friend, G. R."

Appointment
to the Vicarage
of Brighton.

[Here my sister leaves the question of this appointment, but about it there is a good deal to be said. In the first place, the circumstance that the living of Brighton was on this occasion in the gift of the Crown at all arose from this, that the last Vicar, Mr. Carr, had been made Bishop of Chichester. And next, it is quite certain that poor Mr. Driscoll did not get the living. Mr. Carr's immediate successor was Mr. Henry Michell Wagner, a man of remarkable parts, and whose concurrence in "the making of Brighton" was so energetic and distinguished as to demand special notice.

It is easy to reconstruct mentally the story of what must have happened. On the King's wish being communicated to the Duke by Lord Liverpool, there is little doubt the Duke must have said that if he was to have a voice in the matter, he should prefer to suggest the nomination of Mr. Wagner, and of course his recommendation was readily accepted by the King.

Duke of Wel-
lington's
intervention.

The Duke was intimately acquainted with Mr. Wagner. In 1817, when seeking to put his two sons under the care of the best man he could find, he applied for advice to Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton,¹ who at once recommended him warmly, to secure Mr. Wagner.

¹ Mention of Mr. Wagner's good friend Dr. Goodall may justify the repetition here, for the benefit of those who do not know it already, of the admirable story of his ready wit on a trying occasion. George III., one day conferring with Keats, the Headmaster, was so pleased with some utterances of the latter, that he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said gleefully: "Ha! Keats, when Goodall goes you may depend I shall make you Provost." At the same moment he became conscious of Dr. Goodall's presence, of which he had been oblivious. With ready tact, Goodall said blandly, "I should never venture to go before your

Rev. H. M.
Wagner.

On the conclusion of his Eton and Cambridge curriculum he had become Fellow of King's, and had then gone to enjoy that delightful period of continental travel during which he had acquired the conversance with the French and Italian languages for which he was afterwards noted. The Duke immediately turned Dr. Goodall's advice to account, and his application, to Mr. Wagner in his absence, came into his mother's hands, who, being a woman of spirit, accepted the proposal for him first and communicated it to him afterwards. Mr. Wagner joined the Duke at his headquarters as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Occupation in France (? Mont S. Martin). For seven succeeding years he guided the Duke's sons through their whole course at Eton and the University (kindly combining with this charge that of a younger son of Lord Cowley, Gerald Wellesley, subsequently Dean of Windsor); and when his pupils were at home, in the vacation, he constantly occupied the bottom of the Duke's table, where he not only had the advantage of mixing with the most interesting and important people of the day, but also the opportunity of improving and perfecting his own admirable powers of conversation, which I can remember were the delight of his friends when he was afterwards at the head of his own table at Brighton. The Duke therefore had every opportunity of knowing his worth.

It was exactly two months after the date of George IVth's letter to Lord Liverpool that Mr. Wagner's appointment to the Vicarage of Brighton was fully completed.

Multiplies the
churches.

How admirably Mr. Wagner justified the Duke's preference is yet remembered by Brightonians, and is averred by the fact that whereas when he succeeded to the living there were only two churches and one (? unlicensed) chapel of ease (the Chapel Royal), when he died, after holding it for something over forty-six years, he left seventeen churches and five chapels of ease.

Majesty!" saving the situation with a laugh. By coincidence he was as good as his word, for he survived the King by some few years.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that the living of Brighton had been held by his grandfather, Mr. Michell, for almost exactly the same period, and one of the pupils he had had under his care at Brighton was the Iron Duke himself. Mr. Michell had borne a conspicuous share in the development of Brighton also. His figure in the picturesque garb of the period, cassock and three-cornered hat, and prodigiously tall cane,¹ was long a traditional object of interest on the Steyne. He was still more distinguished for his elegant latinity, and

Mr. Michell
and Dr. John-
son.



REV. H. M. WAGNER.

enjoyed the friendship of many noted worthies. Stories are yet afloat of the amusing squabbles he would get up (apparently merely for the fun of the thing) with Dr. Johnson, when he accompanied the Thrales in their visits to Regency Square, e.g. such pin-pricks as pretending to derive *pancake* from *πανκακός*, or confounding *phlebitis* with flea-bite, &c., which Johnson would argue against seriously, and bluster. There is a tradition of their carrying a dispute of this sort to such an extent one day that one of them took up the tongs and the other the poker, each enforcing

¹ One of his canes, a gold knobbed one presented to him by his old friend Sir Eardley Wilmot, is still in possession of his great-grandson, Mr. Henry Wagner.

his argument by banging the fender, till they collected a crowd round the windows.

One of Mr. Michell's sons was known as a singularly accomplished classical scholar; and another, James Charles, who resided in East Street till his death in 1841, was described as a "literary peripatetic" of local as well as of general and professional¹ information.

I have said there were two churches at the beginning of Mr. Wagner's tenure. In strict truth there was only "the Old Church" (St. Nicholas) available. It was not till four years later that St. Peter's (long after called "the New Church") was ready for consecration, and the new Vicar devoted much hard work² to bring this about. His family provided the coloured windows; and if these are not in more correct taste, it is the fault of the epoch and not of their generosity.

St. Peter's was one of the earliest productions of the Gothic revival. It is curious that, faulty as it is, it made Barry's reputation! It serves, however, for a standing monument to the fact of Barry's utter incapacity to have conceived unaided the design of such an edifice as the Westminster Palace of Parliament, which bears on so many of its parts the unmistakable impress of Pugin's genius.

Mr. Wagner appointed as the first incumbent of St. Peter's a clergyman for whom he had great regard, Mr. Cooke, who held it from 1828 to within a year of his death in 1874.³ They were inseparable friends, and wherever Mr. Wagner went he always took Mr. Cooke with him, giving rise to the *mot* that he never travelled without his *man-cook*.

Though he did not literally go in for the costly extravagance of a man-cook, he was of a most hospitable nature and a charming host; all the notabilities of his day would be

¹ He was a lawyer.

² It cost 20,000*l.*, a very considerable outlay on church-building for its day.

³ When he resigned St. Peter's was constituted the Parish Church of Brighton; and to the regret of many St. Nicholas dethroned from its ancient post of distinction.

"The New Church."

Barry its architect.

Mr. Wagner's "man-cook."

His guests.

gathered round his board. "Hajji Baba," as James Morier came to be called, contributed his anecdotes of adventure at the Persian Court; James and Horace Smith (whose sister still remains among the "oldest inhabitants") their lively wit; and among others, Masquerrier the artist, one of Hoppner's most distinguished pupils, the intimate friend of



Henry Crabb Robinson, and described by him as "a pleasant fellow full of French vivacity." Later on there was Louis Napoleon, who declared there that his choicest realization of what "liberty" meant came to him when cantering over the Sussex Downs.

But though hospitality is a noble Christian virtue, promoter of brotherly kindness and harmony, it was but one among many in Mr. Wagner's character. I only

remember him as an old man when I was a very young girl, but the kindness of his interest in everything concerning the young, and the courtly quality of his talk bore with it a charm which lingers on the memory.

His urbanity.

I have always wondered that his Life has never been written. It would be enormously diverting if recorded by any one nearly enough his contemporary to appreciate and store up his inexhaustible fund of *mots* and anecdotes. Frequently entertained through a period of several years on terms of intimacy at the Vicarage, many of these things, though I recall that they amused me at the time, were a little "too previous" to fasten on my memory. For instance, I remember one of his stories concerned some nobleman who had enjoyed an unenviable reputation for asininity. It had been suggested to the King to confer on him an Order of the Thistle which had become vacant. "Give the Thistle to ——!" exclaimed the King—"why, he'd eat it." No one could help enjoying a laugh at the *mot*, but the name altogether escaped me.

His conversation.

If genial and jocose in familiar converse, however, the Vicar had a good deal of the bellicose in his temperament. Gifted with extraordinary energy and activity, when he had made up his mind a thing ought to be done, there was no one alive who could stand up against him with any effect. Thus in spite of all his great devotion to the promotion of works of benevolence in the town, there were not wanting occasions when he became temporarily unpopular by reason of his indomitable determination to do the right and refuse to do the wrong, at all costs. Tall, spare and authoritative, he always knew how to command a hearing. I have seen it recorded that on occasion of some Brighton election (and Brighton elections have always had a tendency towards the riotous!) there was a great commotion among the populace because he had been exerting himself against Sir George Pechell. The police had been formed into line to secure him a safe way of escape from the howling mob; but he scorned

His determined character.

Occasional unpopularity.

such adventitious assistance, and struck out instead right through the midst of the rioters, carrying his head high with a fearlessness which utterly confounded his would-be assailants. I repeat the story because it is so exactly like him, but I have not had the opportunity of verifying the detail. The incident may have happened at some other election.

The following is another anecdote which I have heard told of his pluck. In the early days when the troops garrisoned at Brighton attended service at St. Peter's, the north gallery being assigned to them, the levity of some of the young officers became a cause of scandal. One day when the Vicar was reading prayers, their audible whisperings became an actual disturbance of the solemnity of the office. The Vicar, at the end of his patience, stopped short with a look of rebuke and raised his hand in warning. This produced a transient lull, but soon after conversation went on again merrily in the gallery; ¹ another glance of rebuke produced but another transient lull. At the conclusion of the prayers, all surpliced as he was, the Vicar marched down the length of the church, mounted the gallery stairs, and seated himself immediately behind the offenders, who then had the decency to maintain an awed silence during the sermon. It is amusing to speculate what the Vicar's dauntless spirit would have led him to do next, supposing quiet had not been obtained! The incident was not to end there, however. When the Vicar left the vestry door to go home, he found the soldiers all drawn up as if barring his passage, and a demand was formally made by the Colonel on behalf of his officers, who considered themselves insulted by the Vicar's action, that he should offer an apology, adding

The Military
at the New
Church.

¹ Once when Dr. Young (he of the "Night Thoughts"), being Court Chaplain, was preaching, the King, who kept up a running fire in German talk with the other occupants of the royal pew, at last spoke so loud that his voice out-topped that of the preacher, who felt so discouraged and mortified at the affront thus put upon his cause and himself, that he burst into tears and left the pulpit. At all events the King paid him the compliment of remaining awake. As much cannot be said for the Court of King James II.

the menace that otherwise an official complaint would be laid before the Commander-in-Chief with consequences disagreeable to the Vicar in his capacity of Chaplain. But the Colonel had mistaken his man. The Vicar readily informed him that if *his friend the Duke* was to be troubled about the incident, it would be by a representation from himself, and further that if an apology did not reach him by twelve o'clock next day from the gentlemen who had misconducted themselves, that representation would most certainly be put in the Duke's hands, and of his Grace's judgment of it he had no doubt. Reflection, and perhaps inquiries into the Vicar's relations with the Duke, served to convince these young men that they had been very foolish, and the Vicar duly received the apology before the hour specified, and the service was attended in a more orderly manner thereafter.

I have already quoted tokens of his success in promoting church-building. He was equally energetic with the schools, the hospital, and other charitable institutions. He was particularly devoted to the blind school, where he instituted a periodical concert or exhibition which gave great zest and enjoyment to the poor inmates. Mr. Henry Wagner tells me a very pathetic incident which happened in the case of one of his father's blind *protégées*, who had greatly excited his interest. This poor woman finding that, as age advanced, her hands had grown too horny with household toil to be sufficiently sensitive to continue reading the raised "Moon" type (which in her day was the only mode by which the blind were taught¹ to read), was greatly disappointed and disturbed at the thought that she should no more be able to read her Bible. Patiently submitting to the Will of Providence, she one day put the book she could no more use to her lips to bestow on it a parting kiss, and then suddenly discovered, to her great joy, that by means of her lips she could receive the

Promotes
philanthropic
institutions.

Anecdote of a
blind *protégée*.

¹ If my memory serves, Mr. Moon, the inventor of this type, and himself blind, was long the teacher of the Brighton Blind School.

same impressions she had previously arrived at with her fingers.

The Parish Schools, too, had their public days, which would no doubt be considered *infra dig.* by a modern School Board, but which most undoubtedly tended to promote mutual interest and good understanding between the classes of scholars and visitors. The building and structural arrangements of the Brighton National Schools were a long way ahead of anything that had been attempted elsewhere at the time.

The present commodious and handsome Vicarage is also owed to Mr. Wagner—partly to his energy and partly to his purse. The old Vicarage was in a low and crowded part of Brighton—in Nile Street, near the market and the site of the later Town Hall. He first obtained the necessary authorization to sell this inadequate building and purchase the new site. The amount required to complete this, as well as the expenses of the new building, were, I have always heard, largely contributed to by him. At this time Montpelier Road did not exist as such, the new Vicarage stood in the midst of fields, the only house near being the one erected by the founder of Kemp Town, Thomas Reid Kemp, who had a veritable passion for building. It was called “The Temple,” and was distinguished by a cupola. This, like the Vicarage, stood enclosed in its own grounds.

Builds the
Vicarage.

The Vicar’s extraordinary energy had one remarkable outcome in making him rise with the sun, and it was in the small hours of the morning that all his sermon, and other writing, and a good deal of parochial and other business was done. But in the household, more especially as no one was expected to make a sound after nine o’clock, this habit was very inconvenient. I remember his good sister, who kept house for him after the death of his second wife, telling me it was a “positive calamity.” But it became an inveterate habit to which he always adhered—so inveterate that he sometimes forgot others were not as matutinal

His early
rising a
“calamity.”

as himself. For instance, he one day astonished a brother clergyman who had come to him for a marriage license, by saying, "I am going up to town to-morrow morning; I will call on you with it before I go, between five and six."

His sermons.

As a preacher I remember the Vicar was clear, incisive, and I might say entertaining; he had a very distinct and refined enunciation, and could impart a delightfully winning tone to his voice. He was fond too of choosing his texts from the most unhackneyed parts of the Bible, which woke up your curiosity at the outset and made you attentive to what followed. I remember for instance an eloquent sermon made out of the little apologue (Eccles. ix. 13—16) with its sardonic refrain, "And no one remembered that same poor man"—an apologue of which I have found many persons oblivious. The verse, "Say not that the former days were better than these" (Eccles. vii. 10), I have heard persons actually declare could not possibly be Scripture words. And there must be many more who would not immediately recognize as a Bible utterance the words, "Jeremiah sunk in the mire" (Jer. xxxviii. 6). There was no charlatanism in the way he used such texts. It was his business to preach, and he contrived to do it in such a way as to give his people an interest in what he brought before them. The juxtaposition of two such wide-apart ideas as those called up by the words "Jeremiah" and "mire" open up the way for a fine theme, while the accidental rhythm of the assonance was startling enough to fix the attention of the most weary.

His "views."

In regard to the Vicar's "views," as well as I am able to judge he might be described as equally far from all extremes. I don't think he could be classed as either High, Low, or Broad Church. He had the greatest affection, not to say devotion, for his clergyman son who had done so much for Anglicanism in Brighton. Though, to speak familiarly, he watched his Romeward leanings with the anxiety of the proverbial hen, terrified as her fostered duckling takes to the pond, yet he

His interest
in St. Paul's.

had so much respect for his undoubted piety and single-mindedness, that if he tried to restrain him at times, he was not above taking his advice at others. More than once he has said to me, "I have found nothing that satisfies me for my sermon this week; I shall go and strike a flint against Arthur." And there was a great deal in this, for though it is all very well to vaunt "originality," the most dazzling flashes are those where the wit of one man's steel strikes against another's flint.

He frequently preached and assisted at the service at St. Paul's, though I fancy this was rather with a view to acting as a drag on his son's High Church proclivities, and at the same time backing him up against prejudiced outcry, than because he entered into and shared them personally. The daily "matins" and "evensong" he had given in to, and often performed part of these services, but when St. Paul's became one of the first—if not the very first—to set up daily Communion it was felt that it would be injudicious to ask his cohesion, or indeed incur his opposition by even mentioning so papistical a measure. I shall never forget the qualm with which, coming *away* one early morning from this almost clandestine service, I encountered him out for his matutinal ride at an hour when I frequently met him as I was going to "matins." I cannot now remember with what subterfuge I parried his inquiry as to why I was turning the wrong way, but I know it was a *mauvais quart d'heure!* It was about this time that he bethought him of a sagacious measure; namely, getting dear old Mr. Gresley to accept the post of Curate in order, as a Chichester dignitary expressed it to me, "to harness a restive young colt to a steady 'old stager.'" Canon Gresley. It was confessedly sublime on the part of the Prebendary of Lichfield to accept this post of inferiority to a so much younger man, but both men were so amiable that they worked admirably together. I am afraid I must plead guilty to having been rather a torment to the poor old man. He was a good deal more pronounced in his High Churchism

than the Vicar, but a long way from attaining the height of the son. Thus, though he consented to the daily Communion, he was not the least aware that a highly-initiated nucleus of very young ladies went beyond this and thought we were really restoring the Mass if we made up a congregation sufficient to satisfy the rubric and make a celebration possible, and then abstain from communicating. Arthur Wagner generally conducted this service himself and then we could do as we liked; but a day came when he was forced to be absent, and Gresley had to undertake the celebration. It had been our great desire to force him to conform to what we looked upon as something like a crucial test of the Catholicity of Anglicanism. Accordingly three of us took care to be present, but when it came to the time of administering the sacrament there was an awful pause. Poor Canon Gresley came down to the altar rail, paten in hand, and none of us budged. It would certainly have been in much better taste not to have put him into such a dilemma. We ought either have agreed it with him beforehand, or else not to have brought it to this pass. We thought we were doing a great work at the time, but I never recall without compunction the mortified look of the venerable clergyman when he had *at last* to give up waiting and go back to the Communion table *re infecta*, forced by three chits to act against his conscience.

I believe we were the very first pioneers in this feat; at all events, when I brought out a little "Manual for those who remain during the Celebration not intending to receive," with Messrs. Morrish, of Leeds, a few years later, they inserted a notice that it had been "published to meet a great and increasing want, which has *hitherto been totally un-supplied*."

To return to the question of the Vicar's views, I ought not to pass over a bit of something like persecution which his strict regard for the observation of Sunday brought upon him. On the occasion of William IVth's second visit to Brighton, he

The young ladies' little plot.

The Vicar and William IV.

took into his royal head to disregard prejudices and make his entry on a Sunday. The vicar could not contain his indignation at such disregard of established *covenances*, and positively forbid any joybells to greet him from the churches. William IV. was not large-minded enough to give the Vicar credit for his courage and consistency, but took a rather petty revenge by striking him off the list of Court Chaplains. He had held the office many years, and during its tenure he and Dr. Everard had between them 150 tickets of admission for each Sunday's service. The applications for these were so far in excess of the supply, that he found it a great relief when Queen Adelaide took a fancy for the ministrations of James Anderson, and carried a considerable following with her to St. George's Chapel, thus relieving the pressure.

It is probably among things not generally known that the formal style and title of the advowson of Brighton was Brighthelmestone cum Blatchington. Blatchington is a scattered village lying to the north of Hove, its population all told being considerably under 100. In Mr. Wagner's time there was nothing of its little church but the walls, and *they* were used for some farm purpose. Mr. Wagner made more than one attempt to get this restored to sacred uses, as there was no place to read the services but a cottage room; finally he proposed to provide the whole cost of so doing—as a thankoffering for recovery from a dangerous illness, but the farmer, though a very worthy man, did not see his way to depriving himself of the use of the tenement, nor could the Lord of the Manor make any concession. Mr. Wagner's thankoffering consequently was devoted instead to putting up the window which fills the whole west wall of Chichester Cathedral, in which he held the office of Treasurer. At the Blatchington farmer's death, his daughter occupied herself with the work of restoring the chapel, and left all she had to complete it.

Another work which the Vicar did for Brighton was getting the old church of St. Nicholas restored. After the death of

Blatchington.

Restoration of
St. Nicholas.

the Duke of Wellington, when there was a question of raising a memorial to him in Brighton, the Vicar started the question, what could be more appropriate than to beautify the church in which he had worshipped as a boy? Other objects were proposed, but the Vicar's energy carried the day; and a monument taking the form of a richly decorated cross some 18 feet high, accompanied by a statue of St. George, under a canopied niche, was erected in the chantry to the south of the church.

Monument to Wellington.

The Vicar married *en premières nocés* Miss Douglas, granddaughter of a Bishop of Salisbury, and daughter of Mr. William Douglas, who in the days when pluralities were still tolerated was Canon both of Westminster and Salisbury, being also Precentor and Chancellor of the latter diocese. He was 6 ft. 2 in. in height, and of so heavy weight that George Canning, his contemporary and friend at Christ Church, wrote this epigram on him :—

Canning's epigram on Wm. Douglas.

That the stones of our chapel are both black and white
Is most undeniably true;
But as Douglas walks o'er them both morning and night
It's a wonder they're not black and blue.

Rev. Arthur Wagner.

By this marriage he had one son, Arthur Douglas, to whom I have already alluded, and who has long been so well known for the earnestness of his ministry and his munificence in church-building. Besides largely contributing to St. Paul's, I believe St. Bartholomew's and the Resurrection Church in Russell Street are almost entirely built by him. The construction of this latter gave rise to an amusing local controversy. A neighbouring brewer having taken umbrage at the height which the edifice was intended to attain, and obtained an injunction to arrest its elevation, something of the Vicar's indomitable spirit broke out in Arthur Wagner, who, determining not to have the design interfered with, obtained the same appearance of loftiness by sinking the floor considerably below the level of the ground; a very curious and unusual effect is thereby gained, somewhat

reminding the visitor of San Flaviano at Montefiascone. On this occasion the verse was applied to him :—

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronto movebo.

The handsome church of St. Martin was the joint work of him and his step-brother, Mr. Henry Wagner (the Vicar's son by his second marriage with Miss Watson, only surviving child of the well-known church worthy—whom I have heard styled “a lay archbishop”—Mr. Joshua Watson), as a memorial to their father. The carving of a tabernacle, fifty feet high, placed in this church and copied from Nürnberg, and the elaborate reredos having been executed at Ammergau under the personal supervision of Mr. Henry Wagner.

Of the Duke's two sons, the one who had been fondest of Mr. Wagner was Charles, the younger; nevertheless, it was the Marquis of Douro, the future second Duke, who became sponsor to his eldest son, and gave him his own name of Arthur. By one of those coincidences wherewith the ordinary sequence of events seems to amuse itself ironically in poking fun at mortals, Arthur Wagner was going about his ordinary parochial avocations on August 13th, 1884, with the zeal and single-purposedness which always distinguished him. His work led him past the railway station, where an excited crowd was just then gathering. Far too earnest in pursuit of the work in hand to run after a crowd, Arthur Wagner passed on his way. The crowd was gathering because his godfather, the second Duke of Wellington, at that moment overcome by a crisis of heart disease, lay dying in a room in the station.—R. H. B.]

The King was at Brighton when the news reached him of Lord Liverpool's death. He was immediately seized with nervous agitation, and in the middle of the night sent a valet to call to him Peel, who was staying at the Pavilion, requesting he would come immediately without waiting to dress.

Anecdote of
Sir Robert
Peel.

He accordingly went as he was in his night costume, and the King desired him to sit down beside the bed. Peel had an unconscious habit whenever he was speaking of working his arms about, till at last His Majesty, who was terribly annoyed by it, said, mimicking his movements, "Mr. Peel, it is useless to wave your arms about; the question *now* is, who is to be my Prime Minister?"

George IVth's
powers of
mimicry.

George IVth's powers of mimicry have often been described; they were indeed very remarkable, and quite equal in skill to that of any professional performer. The amusement was one in which he delighted, especially among kindred spirits such as Lord Erskine and others who vied with him in feats of the same sort.

The Duke of Wellington told Raikes a curious story, showing His Majesty's readiness to exhibit his proficiency even under serious circumstances. "When the King sent for me in 1828," says his Grace, "to form a new cabinet, he was really seriously ill, though he would never allow it; I found him in bed dressed in a greasy silk jacket and a turban night-cap, one as unseemly as the other: notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely slovenly and dirty in private. The first words he said to me were:—"Arthur, the ministry is defunct!" He then began to describe the tone and gesture of each minister in turn, as they took leave of him in tendering their resignations. This was accompanied by the most ludicrous mimicry of the voice and manner of each, so strikingly copied that it was impossible to refrain from fits of laughter."

The King spared no one when it pleased him to produce a scene of this kind, and "Arthur" underwent the process the same as the rest; on these occasions His Majesty's delight was the greater, as none but a keen observer of character would have discerned the peculiarities he was so successful in hitting off.

One day taking it into his royal head to mimic his brother of Clarence, he said to the chaplain at a semi-public dinner:

“Come, d—— it, do say grace and let’s begin.” On state occasions it was another matter, and the King seemed not to know how to overlook the smallest breach of etiquette. There were two distinct men in George IV., and this would seem to have been recognized by his contemporaries. In private life he was very fond of gossip, and encouraged about him those (especially) ladies who he knew were sure to bring to his whist-table a budget of scandalous stories; but, for this, he had (too often for his royal dignity) to show himself on the Steyne in company of which he could certainly not be proud; but on all state occasions he grew to be a relentless stickler for all that was decorous and dignified—every inch a king.

Two men in
George IV.

The palmy days of coaching are intimately connected with George IVth’s influence, both before and after he came to the throne. Evidences abound that about the year 1821 there were numerous coaches running between Brighton and London, “during the season, between forty and fifty a day,” we are told. This is certainly a larger number than I can myself remember between 1835 and 1846.¹ The road was kept in splendid order, and some of these vehicles obtained a high reputation for the rapidity with which they travelled. Even in 1820 their speed enabled them to do the distance in six hours either way, and “mercantile persons” whose families were spending the season at Brighton made it their practice to go down on Saturday and return to town on Monday, just as now with railway facilities.

The palmy
days of coach-
ing.

Evans, the writer of “An Excursion to Brighton,” published in 1821, though of course he had no glimmering of the introduction of steam, yet looked forward to the time “when balloons will accomplish the distance in two hours.” [Scientific expectation of the practical utility of balloons for travelling was naturally higher at this date than now; for

[¹ Parry confirms this, and adds there were five or six offices (for booking places in them); also three new “commodious vans on springs.”—R. H. B.]

numerous failures have discredited the venture, and the introduction of steam locomotives has to a great extent superseded the necessity for it. Some one having observed before a distinguished cynic, "What is the use of attempting to make balloons go?" he replied—showing his faith in their future—"You may as well say, 'What is the use of a new-born baby?'"—R. H. B.]

Evans goes on to quote a report that Sadler, the aeronaut, once attained the rate of 100 miles an hour, adding, "so there is a possibility that our Gracious Monarch, taken up in an ætherial (*sic*) vehicle at Carlton House, may alight at his beloved Pavilion at Brighton in the space of *half an hour*."

The competition was keen between the various coaches, and feats are recorded where the distance was accomplished in much less than the six hours. The King, who was a first-rate whip, set the example of striving after speed, which excited the emulation of the coaches, though, of course, none of them could expect to attain the same.

On July 25th, 1784, the Prince *rode* down to Brighton and back in one day, doing the down journey in four hours and a half, and taking nearly an additional hour for the return; the whole, therefore, within ten hours. On August 21st of the same year he *drove* down from Carlton House, reaching the Pavilion in four and a half hours, driving three horses harnessed "unicorn" fashion. Among other devices to expedite the journey he had the lightest of phaetons built for it, and sometimes would have a postilion ride the leading horse. His best idea was the ingenious one of having a short cut made through Gatton Park, by means of which little over three and a half hours would, by strenuous efforts, suffice for the journey; and it proved a "royal road" in every sense, for no one employed it but the Prince, and at his death it was closed once for all. [This is not quite correct, for I remember driving up to London from Brighton in the year 1853 or 1854. As my father had so often entertained

The cut
through
Gatton Park.

us about this royal "cut," which, of course, the stage coaches could not use, the coachman was instructed to drive us that way, and I have no recollection of the slightest difficulty being made at letting the carriage pass through it.—
R. H. B.]

It seems to have been a speciality with Royal personages ^{Rapid riding of Royalty.} late in the last and early in this century, to travel with abnormal rapidity. Charles III. of Spain was remarkable for this. No speed seemed sufficient for him. The Dauphin (father of Louis XVI.) was also remarkable for this taste, and was scarcely exceeded by George IV. In Miss Hawkins' diary, we read that His Majesty's escort was in continual peril from the reckless pace at which the King insisted on moving. "The horses frequently fell and necessarily occasioned a stoppage of the cortége. The King would then inquire what had happened, and being informed that a horse was down, would coolly reply, 'Is that all?'" His Queen was equally singular in this respect. "In Windsor," says this writer, "the people would shudder as the Royal family dashed past, but everyone was elated at the sight of them, and all cried, 'God bless them.' The Sovereign of Great Britain," she continues, "has only to show himself to be adored."

[I have heard the tradition in Rome that Cardinal York (who ought to have been Henry IX.) shared this taste. He was Bishop of Frascati, one of the six Suburbicarian sees, the holder of which is always a Cardinal, and was also Arciprete (or Dean) of St. Peter's (the office lately held by Cardinal Howard). When in residence at Frascati, it was only when the bell of St. Peter's began to toll for Vespers that he started to preside at the office there, the coachman being trained to drive up at the sacristy door exactly in time for His Royal Eminence to head the procession. It is true that as everything at St. Peter's is on a large scale, the bell for Vespers tolls for a whole hour, and that he had six horses to his carriage, also a *battistrada* to clear the way for them; from

door to door the distance must be over thirteen miles.¹—
R. H. B.]

Recollections
of posting to
Brighton.

I have many happy recollections of posting down to Brighton with my parents. The carriage was well stored with refreshments, giving the journey a sort of picnic character and every way, especially in fine weather, a delightful change from the ordinary schoolroom routine—though I am afraid I must own that an occasional recitation-lesson, by way of improving the time, somewhat tempered the joys of the journey.

I find the stages thus noted in my father's pocket-book :—

Croyden	9½ miles
Red-Hill	11
Crawley	9
Cuckfield	9
Brighton	13
	51½
	51½

There was a tree I particularly remember which kept our attention amused to look out for, as it was said to mark the boundary of Surrey and Sussex, and we really believed we could distinctly discern a difference in the sound of the wheels at the moment of passing from one county into another.

Near Crawley there used to be, perhaps still is, a fine elm-tree beside the coach-road. A door had been made in its trunk, and it was said that a dozen men could stand within it; not far from this was Buchan Hill, the property of Lord Erskine, who made himself a great favourite in the neighbour-

Lord Erskine's
humanity.

¹ A friend in Rome reckoning the distance very accurately makes it 13·85 English miles. Zola, who only romances with great history-making facts and is always accurate as a Dutch picture with trivial details, makes his Conte Prada allow his "Victoria" and pair of prancing horses two hours to perform the journey comfortably. In August last it was run by two foot-runners. One is reported to have done it in one hour and forty minutes, which seems incredible, the other taking an hour and five minutes longer; of course the Pta. S. Giovanni was the starting-place in this case. Cardinal York's drive was 2¾ miles longer.

By a coincidence which perhaps deserves noticing, the name of the English engineer who assisted in building the Pia-Latina line under Pius IX.'s auspices in 1856, of which Frascati was the first station, was York.—R. H. B.]

hood with rich and poor. He was specially admired for his humane consideration for animals; he not only took their defence on all occasions, but though he abjured all intention of wishing to be considered a poet, he produced a poetical effusion entitled *The Farmer's Vision*, its object being to inspire the rising generation with kindly feelings for the lower orders of creation. These verses were printed, but as they were never published it may be worth while to give a sample of them here. They were inscribed to his eldest granddaughter Frances, whom he calls "the fair poetess of St. Leonard's Forest."

The occasion of the poem was a complaint from his bailiff of the rookery belonging to Sir Mark Wood, his neighbour; but Lord Erskine afterwards became satisfied of the utility of these birds. Into these lines the writer has introduced an allusion to the famous rookery of the Duchess of York at Oatlands Park, on which he compliments her Grace.

“ At Oatlands, where the buoyant air
 Vast clouds of rooks can scarcely bear,
 What verdure paints returning Spring!
 What crops surrounding harvests bring!
 Yet swarms on every tree are found,
 Nor hear the fowler's dreaded sound:
 And when the Kite's resistless blow
 Dashes their scattered nests below,
 Alarmed they quit the distant field
 To seek the Park's indulgent shield,
 Where, close in the o'ershadowing wood,
 They build new cradles for their brood,
 Secure their fair PROTECTRESS, nigh,
 Whose bosom swells with sympathy.
 Nor glows a heavenly breast in vain,
 God builds her royal house again;
 And bids Fred'rika smiling see
 Restored—great Frederic's monarchy:
 See Gallia's ruthless vulture die,
 Whilst the *Black Eagle* mounts the sky!—
 But scenes like this how rare to find,
 As rare as YORK's delightful mind.
 To man whoever pleads the cause
 Of Nature's universal laws,
 Must prove them made alone for *him*,
 To other views *his* sight is dim.

The bounteous author of the whole
 Inspired us with one living soul.
 Each sentient being, great and small,
 Eternal justice reigns through all.
 And selfish man the secret known
 Must guard *their* rights to save HIS OWN.
 Thus Rooks of course must have their fill,
 Or else farewell to *Buchan-Hill!*"

Our last stage was Cuckfield, which we necessarily reached, according to the time of year, in the gloaming or in the dark; here we have done over forty miles of our fifty-two mile journey; I remember it in the autumn evenings with the rich glow of sunset about it, the old church showing its dark silhouette on the reddening sky supported by the outlines of the old grammar school and the picturesque ivy-clad vicarage; tired and sleepy from the fatigue of travelling so many consecutive hours and walking up the hills, it was good news to us little ones to hear that the fresh horses now being put to the carriage would finish the journey and carry us into Brighton.

I remember it too at a later season of the year, when the snow which had long been falling had made the roads so heavy by the time we reached Cuckfield that the "boys" and horses had to be reinforced by another pair, as the landlord declared that no four horses could drag a heavy travelling carriage through the encumbered roads, and even with this assistance we should be nearly twice the time that distance took under ordinary circumstances.

Of Cuckfield I remember another incident, viz. that the road passed at no great distance a wood in which my father used to tell me had "forty years ago" been gibbeted two highwaymen, tried and convicted of having robbed the mail-coach, and that after their mouldered skeletons had been blown down piecemeal and removed, he had seen (and heard the clanking of) the iron chains in which they had been suspended. Of the last of these criminals he used to tell a story (probably another version of the legend known as *Mary the Maid of the Inn*). It was to the effect that a couple of silly practical jokers travelling on that road had halted to

sup at the inn. One of these, addressing the barmaid as she brought in a foaming jug of ale, asked her how much she would take to carry a basin of hot soup to the skeleton on the gibbet. The girl, probably suspecting his intention, replied she would do it for half a golden guinea. Finally it was agreed she should have a crown piece paid in advance. While she was heating the soup, one of these silly fellows slipped out, gained the spot, and concealed himself behind the gallows-tree. Presently the young woman appeared, and as she presented the basin to the object hanging there, a sepulchral voice responded, "'Tis too hot." Nothing daunted, the girl threw the scalding liquid over the trickster, and exclaiming, "Then blow it, you fool!" scampered away.

Another incident of the road which kept us on the *qui vive* was the passing of the mail-coaches. In spite of the dust which the wheels sent abroad in clouds, one loved to meet or pass them, or see them go by. For indeed a Brighton coach was a gallant sight; all its appointments were so trim, the cattle so well chosen, well trained and well groomed, the guard with his bugle wearing the royal scarlet livery, so trim, and the speed so dashing.

Gallant aspect
of the Bright-
ton coaches.

Now and then, however, there were accidents even to the Brighton coaches, but the drivers were proud of their reputation, and seem to have been mostly picked men. The box-seat beside the driver was eagerly competed for, and no doubt a driver of experience had many anecdotes of the road wherewith to beguile the journey, and delighted in relating them to appreciative ears.

At the time I first remember the road my father's favourite "*Felix culpa*," coach was the *Age*, and when he went up or down alone he always took care to secure his place by that conveyance. One day, June 7th, 1834, he sent one of the servants to take him a place to Brighton, and a new coach—the *Criterion*—having lately been started, had the curiosity to try it. The man, who had no idea that my father would travel by any other than the coach he knew he always patronized, mis-

understood the order, took the usual box-seat on the *Age*, and got a sound scolding for his stupidity. However, the poor old fellow was justified by the event—the *Criterion* came into collision with a drag, in the Borough, was overturned, and besides many passengers injured, Sir William Cosway, in trying to escape by climbing over the roof, was thrown violently to the ground and had his head smashed.

This coach had an ill-fated beginning; it was put on the road under the nomenclature of the *Quicksilver* in 1833, and starting from Brighton on July 15th of that year, Snow being the driver; the team became unmanageable, and bolted, bringing up violently against the railings of the New Steyne, and many of the passengers were seriously hurt. Its name was changed, and so was its colour, and as the *Criterion* it performed the never equalled feat of bringing to Brighton on February 4th, 1834, William IVth's speech on the opening of Parliament in 3 hours and 40 minutes.

The various
town vehicles.

Vehicles for public use within the town were far from being so well appointed as the coaches.

As long as I can remember, Brighton has been supplied with the usual "flies," such as one meets everywhere. But it seems that a little earlier, simpler vehicles prevailed, and of a kind not common elsewhere in England.

Passing through Lille some years ago I saw a stand of such public street vehicles called *vinaiquettes*; they had shafts, but neither horse nor ass was harnessed to them. While I was wondering what could be their employment a person hailed one off the stand, and a man started up from some corner; putting over his shoulders a leathern strap which connected the shafts, he placed himself between them, allowed the fare to get in, and then trotted off at a rapid pace.

The vehicles similar to these in Brighton were, it seems, capable of holding two, or even four passengers, but in the locomotion of the latter two men were employed, the one who drew them being supplemented by another who pushed them

from behind. They were distinguished by nicknames, and as they were in the habit of congregating at night round places of public amusement or houses where an evening party was given, the persons coming out who had their favourites among them, might be heard shouting for the “King” or “Queen,” the “Regent,” the “Prince,” “Wellington” or “Blucher,” &c.

[The most curious name for a public vehicle that ever came across my small experience was at Raab in Hungary, where by the German-speaking population the provincial “Fly” is called a “Comfortable,” and the proprietor thereof “*der Comfortabler Herr!*” Our driver, on one occasion, in one of these, enjoyed the name of Christ—(a by no means uncommon one in Hungary). It was a little startling now and then, when the Magyar friend who accompanied us bid him accelerate his pace in the very words which the legend says condemned the wandering Jew to his eternal peregrinations—“Go faster, Christ!”—R. H. B.]

Railway communication between London and Brighton was established in 1843, and the first train ran on September 21st of that year: from that time the place became inundated with visitors, but as a test of what the old coaches could do it may be stated that on a single day (October 25th, 1833) they managed to carry down no fewer than 480 travellers.

The Brighton railway.

I well remember the first time I was taken to Brighton, being put in presence of the wild waves, and encouraged to trust myself to the arms of a weather-beaten bathing-woman who stood beside the steps of the machine, a dark blue, baggy, amphibious animal, up to her middle in the sea, and representing an object new and also terrifying but for the bland smile and coaxing words with which she seemed to consider that a child's alarm ought at once to have been allayed. I don't suppose anyone ever forgets the sensation of the first dip; the sudden cold immersion, the smarting eyes, the salt water filling ears, nose, and mouth,

Brighton bathing-women.

and the blinding result of wet hair covering and sticking to the face. As the victim regains breath and thinks it is all over, he is about to forgive the indignity offered to his helplessness, when his first gasp is pitilessly arrested, and with the relentless mockery of "pretty little dear, pop him in again," he finds himself treacherously submitted to a second plunge. I remember my nurse's efforts to reconcile me to this stupidly and needlessly cruel operation by the contemplation of a picture-book she bought as we went home,



MARTHA, WIDOW OF STEPHEN GUNN,
WHO WAS PARTICULARLY DISTINGUISHED AS A BATHER
IN BRIGHTON NEARLY SEVENTY YEARS.
DIED 2nd MAY, 1815. AGED 88 YEARS.

showing that to similar treatment had been subjected the little Prince of Wales when he was of the same age. As near as I can remember, the stanza beneath this inspiring picture ran thus :—

To Brighton came he,
Came George the Third's son ;
To be dipped in the sea
By the famed Martha Gunn.

"The famed
Martha
Gunn."

Martha Gunn, it would appear, fared none the worse for her amphibious habits, for she survived many years an

annuitant of the Prince and Prince Regent, who always evinced a great regard for her, and kept her portrait hung in his bedroom at the palace. He often received a visit from the old lady, who was quite a character, and had taken upon herself to create a nomenclature for Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom she styled "Mrs. Prince." A companion portrait to that of Martha Gunn in the Prince Regent's bedroom was that of Tom Smoaker, the contemporary bathing or machine man whose business it was to be about the beach to harness and unharness the horse which he bestrode when the changing tide required these moving *cabines* to be wheeled into and out of the sea. Smoaker had also to be on the alert in case of any possible emergency, perhaps *submergency* would be a more appropriate term.

Tom Smoaker.

There is a well founded tradition that this same Smoaker's prudence and determination one day stood the young Prince in good stead, when having reached the mischievous period through which all boys, not excepting princes, have to pass, it pleased his little Royal Highness one fine day to show off his swimming capabilities, and he recklessly swam not only beyond his depth, but, as old Smoaker judged, beyond his strength. The old man therefore hallooed to him to return; but, instead of obeying the summons, the self-willed young gentleman put on more steam, and made a fresh strike-out; Smoaker, however, was not to be trifled with, so, showing he was in earnest, he simply went for H.R.H., and having soon overtaken him, without more ado seized hold of him by the ear and brought him to shore. The royal youth, enraged at the humiliation, swore a good marine oath, "shivering Smoaker's timbers," &c., but got no further, for his captor at once silenced him with a corresponding exclamation, which he followed up with, "Do you think I'm agoing to let myself get hanged for letting the King's heir drown hisself just to please a youngster like you?"

When the little Prince had recovered from the effects of

the affront he had incurred, he made it up with Smoaker, and they soon became very good friends ; the Prince thenceforward treating him with kindness and consideration.

Another celebrated bathing-woman of this period was Mrs. Cobby, who had what no doubt the conceited Authoress of "Evelina" considered *the extraordinary honour* of bathing her when she visited Brighton in company with the Thrals in 1779. The date under which she has handed this event down to posterity in her diary is November 20th. By this record it appears Miss Fanny Burney had been spending some little time at Brighton, and, desirous of securing one last dip before she left, made a previous arrangement with Mrs. Cobby for six o'clock on the morning of her departure, when it appears the important incident took place "by moonlight." This gossipy diarist expresses herself with satisfaction as to the town, which (such as it then was) had become quite a fashionable watering-place since 1771, and every subsequent year had seen additions and improvements such as could not fail to attract company. Fanny Burney's visit took place at an opportune moment, "a militia regiment being quartered there to add to its liveliness," and she describes the task of the Duke of Richmond, their Colonel, as a rather embarrassing one, for the men were somewhat loutish, and on this occasion those under command of Captain Fuller were so distracted by the presence of the ladies on the parade-ground—how could it be otherwise when "the authoress of 'Evelina'" was one of them?—that he seemed to have lost all control over them. The cause of their ill-timed merriment was the fantastic shapes into which the draperies of the party were blown, while their hats were altogether carried away by the high wind, they pursuing their headgear with most undignified precipitancy. The men, it appears, were more than half intoxicated, and were laughing so immoderately that they could hardly stand straight, and seemed utterly deaf to the word of command.

Fanny Burney's bathing-woman.

The manifestation, in the presence of London strangers, of neglected discipline vexed the Captain, who after excusing them to the ladies on the plea that they had just received their arrears of pay, walked up to a big fellow who stood foremost and shook him violently by the shoulders, exclaiming: "What are you laughing at, sirrah? I'd like to know. Are you making game of the ladies, forsooth?" but the uncheckable mirth of the men, and the ridiculous cause of it, was too much for the Captain's own gravity, and he had to break off his reprimand in order to indulge in a hearty laugh himself. It is true that these women, dressed as they were in the costume of the day, could not but present ridiculous objects to men who had not town-bred eyes, and to whom hooped skirts, high-heeled shoes, overpoweringly tall powdered wigs, and hats which they were vainly pursuing as these continued most provokingly to elude their efforts, could not but afford some excuse for merriment. For however much the military uniform of that day may be said to have been in character with the civilian attire, the soldiers wearing powdered and pomatumed hair tied into a plaited and pendent queue, their heads surmounted by the three-cornered beaver, they at least presented a certain picturesqueness, and the ladies' costume did not.

Among notable Brighton celebrities of this time was a remarkable character, Phœbe Hessell, who lived into this century and was pensioned by the Regent; her history is so curious that it is worth relating. She rejoiced in the not very singular patronymic of Smith, and being born at sea (1713), was registered as of Stepney parish. In telling her own story she dwelt so slightly on her earlier years that the first incident in her life she thought worthy of record was her love-passage with one of "Kirke's Lambs," a private soldier named Sam Golding. Phœbe, who was a handsome, buxom lass of sweet fifteen, was so sincerely attached to her lover and he to her, that they formed between them a plan by which, when his regiment was ordered to the West Indies

Phœbe Hessell
and Sam
Golding.

in 1728, she should disguise herself as a lad and enlist.¹ Her regiment was the 5th Infantry, under General Pearce, also about to embark for the same destination. In this part of our Colonies Phœbe served for five years without any suspicion being raised as to her history. Hence she went to Montserrat, where she saw active service, and having thence returned to England, Pearce's regiment was ordered to join the forces commanded by the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland, and therefore took part in the battle of Fontenoy in 1745, in which Maréchal Saxe was victorious. Here the valiant female soldier was wounded. Her regiment and that of her lover were ordered simultaneously to Gibraltar, where he was so seriously wounded as to be sent home invalided to Plymouth. On this, Phœbe sought General Pearce's wife and confided to her the details of her life; this lady, touched by the poor woman's admirable devotedness, obtained her discharge, and she was sent back with letters of recommendation to England, where she was allowed access to the Plymouth Hospital to nurse her lover. Golding, unable to

[¹ This incident turns up at various periods in the folk-history of all countries. In Italy it has been embodied in stirring lines worthy to be a genuine folk-song, which may be rendered thus:—

Good-bye, Livorno! Sheltering walls, Good-bye!
 Perhaps it is not given to see you more.
 My parents dear within the churchyard lie, . . .
 But called to arms is he whom I adore.
 My Love's war-chance to follow let me hie,—
 I, too, an arm can wield, the foe before.
 The ball that's sped mine own true Love to slay,
 (Unknown to him) with mine own heart I'll stay.
 When he bends o'er his arms-companion dead
 To see the face of him, for him has bled;
 Then—ME he'll see! and know why I am there—
 Poor lover mine! How fierce then his despair!

By a coincidence, even as I was writing this note a very similar case was reported in the *Chronicle* (November 19th, 1896):—"When the 4th Queen's Own Hussars left Hounslow for India, an unusually large number of wives of men who had married 'off the strength' were left behind. One young bride declined to accept the decree of the War Office, and succeeded in getting on board the *Britannia* as a stowaway . . . the military authorities so far relented as to allow her to go the whole way to India with her husband, premising that once arrived she must be shipped back to England. . . . As her friends have no news of her re-shipment, though the mails containing the account of her escapade have reached . . . they believe that either the authorities have relented again, or that she has eluded their vigilance once more. . . ."—R. H. B.]

return to the service, received a pension from Chelsea and the faithful pair were married. After twenty years of wedded happiness, Phœbe became a widow and subsequently re-married, her second husband's name being Thomas Hessel. From whatever cause, her second marriage would seem to have not been very prosperous, for at Hessel's death about 1792 she found herself with so small an amount of capital that she had barely enough to purchase a donkey and paniers, with which she became an itinerant vendor of fish and vegetables. It was on one of these excursions that she became instrumental in procuring the arrest of Howell and Rooke, the highwaymen, who for their daring exploit in robbing the Brighton and Shoreham mail, then carried on horseback, were hung in chains in a wood near Cuckfield. Age and infirmity overtook the poor old woman in the early years of the present century, for she was obliged to seek the shelter of the Brighton poor-house. The annals of that institution, however, show a record of her having quitted it at her own request on August 14th, 1808, receiving "as a parting gift one change of linen and a pair of stockings."

As it was at about this time that the King began to make her a well-merited allowance of half a guinea a week, it was doubtless to this source she owed her liberation. It appears that the king offered her double that sum, but she said that half a guinea was as much as she needed; however, at the suggestion of some ladies, she obtained leave to sit at the corner of the Steyne and Marine Parade with a little basket containing sweets, small toys, pincushions, and such-like commodities, so that altogether she contrived to make her modest little living out of these resources. Her appearance as she sat there was very quaint, and the long wash-leather mittens that covered her arms, her knitted woollen tippet, and the old bonnet from under which appeared the frill of a thick, comfortable-looking cap, called to her the attention of passers-by, even in those days.

By her first marriage Phœbe had had a numerous family,

but eight of her children had died young, and their only survivor, a son, had gone to serve his country in foreign parts and had never come back, so that her latter years, which reached 107, were very solitary.

There was a great *fête* given at Brighton under a marquee on the old Steyne on July 12th, 1815, in celebration of the victory at Waterloo, when the veteran she-soldier, then aged 102, and being Brighton's "oldest inhabitant," was seated in the place of honour at the Vicar's right hand, and a considerable sum was poured into her lap from the voluntary liberality of those present, who could not but feel interested in her strange and heroic life.

By the time the coronation of George IV. took place, she had reached her 107th year and had become blind; still she was able to take her little share in the ceremonies; the Vicar, the Rev. B. Carr, making a place for her in his carriage, whence she delightedly joined in the National Anthem, insisting on rising to her feet and standing while it was sung. On this occasion she was the object of universal notice and benevolent interest, and a sufficient sum was raised to secure her every comfort for the last days of her long and adventurous life.

There was still maintained in Sussex, in her time, a good old county custom called "Gooding," observed on St. Thomas's day; this consisted in visits paid by the poorer to the better-off parishioners, who welcomed them with mulled elder wine and home-made cake, chatting with them the while. Phœbe enjoyed this annual treat and rarely missed it, but on the last "Shortest Day," being too infirm to leave her home, she was disappointed at receiving no visits from her old acquaintances, most of whom, however, she knew she was surviving.

Phœbe Hessell's tomb is still to be seen in St. Nicholas' churchyard, not far from that of Captain Tetttersell,¹ cele-

¹ Captain Tetttersell is as worthy of remembrance as anyone connected with old Brighton. Though only the captain of a coal brig trading between that little

brated as having assisted King Charles II. to escape from Ovingdean to Fécamp on the coast of Normandy.

Phœbe Hessel was a welcome aid to justice in the capture as noted above of the highwaymen who robbed the Brighton and Shoreham mail, but there is a sad story connected with the conviction and execution of the younger misdemeanant—James Rooke. He was a mere boy, waylaid and led astray for his own purposes by the elder robber—a crafty fellow named Howell. But extenuating circumstances in those days had little place in the course of justice, and the two prisoners being treated as equally guilty were alike condemned to hanging and the gibbet. James Rooke was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; her heart was broken by the boy's criminality, and after his sad execution she had but one object in life—to keep him in remembrance. She lived at Shoreham, and every night, be the weather what it might, she walked through storm and darkness to the foot of the gibbet, than which she thenceforward knew no other resting-place. As time went on, clothes and flesh mouldered away till the bones became uncovered—the bones of that son whose birth she had welcomed as a joy, and whose presence had made the gladness of her bereaved and poverty-stricken life! Yes, nothing now remained but a few rattling bones swaying to and fro in the midnight wind; by degrees they began to fall, and each one as it fell was picked up as a precious relic, till after long dreary and persevering visits this second Rizpah had collected the whole; she kept them in a little box, and

fishing village and Newcastle. He was, however, a brave and faithful Royalist, and meeting with his fugitive king at the little inn where His Majesty was serving in the disguise of a help performing the duties of cook and waiter, he took him on board his little craft on October 12th, 1651, and landed him safely on the French coast. His Majesty, however, underwent more than one alarm even on this short voyage among the sailors: one, unaware whom he was approaching—for the King still wore his disguise—came so near as to annoy him with his pipe, on which the captain incautiously called him off.

“Well, and what now?” muttered the man as he moved away: “sure a cat may look at a king, and what's this fellow?”

After the Restoration Tattersell's services were remembered, and were recognized by the bestowal of a pension. This was, however, only after he had moored his vessel on the river opposite Whitehall, conspicuously marked by a flag bearing her name, *The Royal Escape*.

one night she took a spade, stole into Shoreham churchyard and buried it there. Her mission was ended, she had nothing more to do in the world ; she lay down on the spot, and through that long, silent, dreary night the snow fell over her. The next day she was missed, but no one guessed where to look for her. Two days after she was found and piously laid beneath the sod, her bones once more reunited to those of her hapless son.

An old Brighton woman with a traditional history I remember there as being stout of figure and rubicund of face, presided over a small vegetable and fruit establishment in a narrow lane which ran down the west side of the Norfolk Hotel, assisted in the business by a middle-aged good-tempered son, who also hawked crabs and lobsters about the streets. Her name was Boothe, and her boast was that she had nursed Madame Vestris from her birth. I never heard that she was pensioned, but she was faithful to her charge, for she never retailed any scandalous stories about her, though gossiping ladies who dealt with old Mrs. Boothe would often go in and have a chat with her in the hope of eliciting some spicy revelation which they could serve up again over their tea.

I particularly remember being in her shop with my mother one day when her son brought in a basketful of live lobsters, which she immediately began making preparations to boil. My mother having expressed her horror of the proceeding, the old woman—good-natured as she was—manifested the callousness which no doubt she had acquired by long habit, by asserting that “it was impossible the creatures could feel anything through such thick shells !”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MAKING OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Early became a Favourite Resort—Its Movable Houses—The Comte de Gramont—Description of Life at Tunbridge Wells—The Grove—Its Illustrious Visitors—Lord Mansfield—His Motto for Dr. Moss' Almshouses—Archbishop Whately—Hotels—Lord North, Earl of Guilford—His *Mot* about Colonel Barré—The Princesse de Lamballe at Tunbridge Wells—Her Devotion to Lord North in his Blindness—Sir Stephen Lushington—Vice-Chancellor Shadwell—Unitarian Colony—Duke of Leeds' systematic Visits to Tunbridge Wells—His Stateliness—"Turnham Green"—Richardson describes Tunbridge Wells to a Young Lady—And its "Beauties"—Miss Peggy Banks a *Has-been*—Miss Chudleigh—Cibber in Love with Her—Remarks on the Pertness of Daughters—Whiston—Cumberland's Description of Tunbridge Wells—Of Lord North—His Pathetic Appeal to Him—Bubb Dodington—his Power of Repartie—Lord Primate Robinson—Cumberland House—Sir James Bland Burgess the Dramatist—Mrs. Montagu's Admiration for Tunbridge Wells—Her Letters to the Duchess of Portland—Visits Tunbridge Castle—Her Delight with the Excursion—Her numerous Visitors—"Honest Will Whiston"—Caustic Remarks—Pitt sent to Tunbridge Wells to cure Insomnia—"New Vauxhall"—"Salvator Rosa Scenery"—Michael Kelly and Jack Bannister's Visit to Cumberland at Tunbridge Wells—Play-reading—Servants' Indiscretions—The "Treat"—How They escaped It—Anecdote of Sheridan—The Patronage of the Court adds brilliancy, and at the same time deteriorates the Place—Gambling—Madame Piozzi on Card-playing—Necessity for an M.C.—Mr. Eld—Beau Nash—His Constitutional Advantages—His Foibles—His Qualities—Respect in which He was held—Statue of Him at Bath—His Costume—Portrait in the Assembly Room—Facetie—His Yearly Entry into Tunbridge Wells—Nash's Library—The Regent's Visit—Amsinek Writes of Tunbridge Wells in 1810—Dr. Evans in 1821—Lord Thurlow—Theatre—Its Earliest Patrons—"St. Charles' Chapel"—Absence of Architectural Attractions—Quaint Style—Tender Memories lingering round its shapeless Form—Black Oak Cherubs—Inaugurated by Archbishop Tillotson—A Sermon on Mineral Waters—The Parson of My Time—The Clerk—Anecdotes—Ritualistic Duologue—The Choir—The Hymns—The Becher Family—"The Pope of Tunbridge Wells"—"He said 'Dish'!"—Dunmell—His Transmigrations—Eccentricities—The Crier—As "Lord Rawlings"—Old Walpole—Tunbridge Wells loses its Traditional Character.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS has been the temporary resort of a long line of distinguished visitors, many of whom have left on

record glowing descriptions of its attractions. Though it does not boast like Torquay of combining as many as seven varieties of climate, yet its various hills and dells, with their Scripture-drawn¹ appellations, have long enjoyed the distinction of being disputed for by various classes of admirers.

Origin of its popularity.

As soon as the virtues of its mineral waters and the amenities of its situation became known, it never ceased to be increasingly frequented, though we have little information as to how it first came into repute.

[I have a book on Tunbridge Wells of the date of 1780 which asserts that the chalybeate was known even "in the Dark Ages," when its virtues were ascribed to the interposition of "some avaritious saint" (!), but it cites no authority, though it is likely enough that they were known to the neighbourhood long before they came into vogue among Londoners. Another old book, date 1771, gives as the most probable among many stories of how their notoriety arose, that "at the end of Elizabeth's reign, or beginning of James I.'s, Dudley, third Baron North, having hurt his constitution by living too gayly, came down to Lord Abergavenny's country seat to repair his health by a more retired and regular life. *He casually discovered* these waters by observing the mineral scum on the surface, and their chalybeate taste; bottled up some and sent it to his physician. . . ."]

After Lord North's recovery (he was twenty-three at the

[¹ John Huss similarly gave Scriptural names to several places in Bohemia, which quickly superseded the old names. In his case, however, these were not merely fancy designations as at Tunbridge Wells, but with topographical knowledge wonderful at his date he applied them to places that by natural conformation presented an actual similarity to the place in the Holy Land whose name he borrowed. I was struck by a confirmation of this circumstance which came within my own experience one day, when a friend, pointing to a sketch hanging on my walls, exclaimed, "I thought you said you had never been in the Holy Land. Then how did you do that painting of Horeb, and the Jordan flowing round it?" It was not the Horeb and Jordan he meant, but the place and river Huss had selected to bear those names. Nobody has thought of giving Orvieto the name of Jerusalem, but pictures of the one, when not too detailed, may almost be imagined to be intended for the other, each with their hills standing about them as the Lord standeth about His people, according to the imagery of the Psalms.—R. H. B.]

time and lived to be eighty-five in 1666), Lord Abergavenny cleared the ground of brushwood and bushes and gave the waters a free flow. Seven springs were found: he enclosed and fenced in the two principal.

From this beginning their fame soon spread. Numbers found refuge when the Plague was raging in London. Queen Henrietta Maria came to them after the birth of Charles II., and with her retinue lived in a magnificent manner *in tents* on the tract now called Bishop's Down.

At the Restoration, Charles II. and his jocund Court made it still more celebrated.

The Springs were now (1780) "more strongly and neatly fenced; shady walks planted, with many other new accommodations." Royalists and Churchmen lived together at Southborough, and Roundheads and Presbyterians at Rusthall. "At last it grew, like all great cities and empires, from small beginnings to its present magnitude and fame." (!)—
R. H. B.]

In early days enterprising inhabitants invented the ingenious and perhaps unique device of constructing little houses on sledges or wheels which could be moved from one spot to another to suit the caprice of desirable tenants, also, it was said, in some way or other to escape certain rates or taxes. These must of necessity have been but of light and temporary structure, and in time were replaced by more permanent dwellings. One of them, however, at least, survived down to my time, called Rock Lodge. It stood, wheels and all, on the west side of the road leading to the Common, not far from a group of cottages built among rocks, and known as "Gibraltar." Most of these cottages, as well as many houses of greater importance, were formed of the overlapping slips of wood, called "weather-boarding," a style of building which, by aid of frequent painting, forms a warmer and more permanent construction than inexperience would imagine. Houses on wheels, and a rock almost at one's own door capable of being confounded with "*the*

Houses on wheels.

Rock" of the Geography-lesson, were marvels which could not but find a secure harbour in the juvenile imagination.

[The old History of the date of 1780, speaking of the date of 1664 and onwards, says: "Many houses were now brought from Southborough, Rusthall, and some from Mount Ephraim, to be rebuilt on Mount Zion; some, whole and entire as they were, were wheeled or sledged in, to be fixed on this new seat of honour. Camfield's shop adjoining the Chapel was brought in this manner from Mount Ephraim with a band playing and a jovial company drinking to its success." This shop was probably wheeled back to its former site when Mount Ephraim, at a later date, became the favourite quarter. My father used to employ for all his fencing and gates a very quaint old blacksmith, named Camfield, who occupied a weather-boarding shanty, near a Huntingtonian chapel, and who boasted that his people had worked in it for many generations. A great many of the wooden houses were destroyed in a fire in 1687, and though they were speedily rebuilt, no doubt many of the wheels then disappeared. The work I have quoted also says the waters were in such high reputation, people gladly put up with any inconvenience, and paid an extravagant price for any *hut*.—R. H. B.]

These primitive little dwellings, when at the height of their glory, are thus alluded to in the chatty Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont, who evidently appreciated the attractions of Tunbridge Wells to the full (Vol. II. pp. 220 ff.). Under date of 1664 he writes:—

“La cour partit pour passer deux mois dans le lieu de l'Europe le plus simple et le plus rustique, mais aussi le plus agréable et le plus divertissant.

“Tunnebridge est à la même distance de Londres que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au temps des eaux. La compagnie, toujours nombreuse, y est toujours choisie: comme ceux qui ne cherchent qu'à se divertir l'emportent toujours sur le nombre de ceux qui n'y vont que

par nécessité, tout y respire les plaisirs et la joie. La contrainte en est bannie ; la familiarité établie dès la première connaissance, et la vie qu'on y mène est délicieuse.

“ On a pour logement de petites habitations propres et commodes, séparées les unes des autres et répandues partout, à une demi-lieue des eaux.

“ On s'assemble le matin à l'endroit où sont les fontaines. C'est une grande allée d'arbres touffus, sous lesquels on se promène en prenant les eaux. D'un côté de cette allée règne une longue suite de boutiques garnies de toutes sortes de bijoux, de dentelles, de bas et de gants, où l'on va jouer comme on fait à la Foire. De l'autre côté de l'allée se tient le marché ; et comme chacun y va choisir et marchander ses provisions, on n'y voit point d'étalage qui soit dégoûtant. Ce sont de petites villageoises blondes, fraîches avec du linge bien blanc, de petits chapeaux de paille et proprement chaussées, qui vendent du gibier, des légumes, des fleurs et du fruit.

“ On y fait aussi bonne chère qu'on veut. On y joue gros jeu, et les tendres commerees y vont leur train. Dès que le soir arrive, chacun quitte son petit palais pour s'assembler au Boulingrin. C'est là qu'en plein air, on danse, si l'on veut, sur un gazon plus doux et plus uni que les plus beaux tapis du monde.”

[My 1771 writer describes so quaintly the Tunbridge Wells of the age of Gramont that he is worth quoting. Queen Catherine, consort of Charles II., came with him and his facetious courtiers, and spent part of the season in great splendour (*sic*), good humour, and affability. . . The Duke of York and his two daughters came in 1670 and 1688 (!) . . . Princess Anne of Denmark was also here, and Tillotson preached before her his famous sermon on the Parable of the Ten Virgins.

Charles II. at
Tunbridge
Wells.

Queen Anne came several seasons successively. When he brings the account down to his own date he winds up, “and really the appearance of the Company when

assembled together *is quite beautiful and noble*. The morning is passed in undress between drinking the waters, public and private breakfastings, prayers at the Chapel, social converse on the Parade, public rooms or bookseller's shop; also raffling for, and cheapening and buying goods, or at the milleners (*sic*), turners, or other shops, billiards, cotillon dances, private concerts, cards. Or else some adventitious *curiosity*, as a painter, a musician, a juggler, a fire-eater, a philosopher.

How the time
passed.

"After dinner, all go dressed to the Parade again and to tea in private parties or public. At night, to the balls on Tuesdays and Fridays, or assembly, or sometimes to a Play; cards every night except Sunday; a band twice in the morning, before and after prayers, and again in the evening.

"A few minutes are spent by some in making Verses, as the Waters or the genius of the place inspire. These *jeux d'esprit* are chiefly complimentary to the ladies. A copy is usually left at the bookseller's and entered in a book kept for the entertainment of the company.

"This poetical pastime when confined within the bounds of politeness is very pleasing, and is always understood to be exempt from criticism."

Several collections of these poems were published. I have seen one entitled "Water Poetry," and a much fuller volume called "Tunbrigalia"; this has curious illustrations with names under the figures; as Johnson, Garrick, Colly Cibber, &c. The verses are for the most part very insignificant; some, too, are not in reality of such a gentle nature as is implied above, e.g.:—

"Water
poets."

" Was Doctor D—t (Dent)
From Heaven sent
To prate upon a Sunday,
Or did his muse
The Dotard chuse
To scribble rhyme on Monday ? "

Another is inscribed "A Rod for Tunbridge Beaux, bundled up at the Request of Tunbridge Ladies to jirk (*sic*) Fools into

more Wit and Clowns into more manners." And another "To be Published every Summer so long as the Rakes continue their Rudeness and the Gentry their Vertue."

Addison (*Guardian*, Vol. II., No. 174) says of the writers of these compositions, "The Water Poets are an innocent tribe and deserve every encouragement. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness who never write out of *season*, and whose works are useful with the Waters."

Waller, however, has immortalized the spring in a charming little poem addressed to Sacharissa.—R. H. B.]

On the summit of a hill which the first Bible-loving inhabitants had christened "Mount Zion" was laid out a The hills. piece of well-timbered land called "The Grove," into which were at a later date built several fine villas rejoicing in the shelter of the noble trees.

[The account of 1771 reckons Tunbridge Wells divided between the four hills of—1. Mount Zion, comprising "two or three rows of very genteel lodging-houses and gardens, a beautiful hill nearest the Spring. 2. Mount Pleasant, on and near which are some more very genteel lodging-houses. 3. The Culverden, which too has very genteel houses." Culverden is, however, not an independent hill, but a prolongation of the chine of Mount Ephraim. It consisted entirely of two properties, one belonging to my father and the other to Mr. Jeddere Fisher. The houses of each a little way off the road, and the estates, over which the houses obtained beautiful views, running down with undulating slopes to Speldhurst. This was the only district without a Scriptural name, its own being, I believe, derived from the wood-pigeons¹ who once abounded there. 4. "And on Mount Ephraim are some more handsome houses for lodgers." The "Descriptive Guide" of 1818 says The sects. Mount Zion was settled by Presbyterians and Independents; Mount

¹ The old Catholic Bible, vulgarly called Wycliffe's, *circa* 1350, says under Mark i. 10, "the Holy Ghost coming down as a culvere."

Ephraim by Baptists, where the sect, now dwindled to nothing,¹ still retains a burying-ground, the Meeting-house being turned into a dwelling, and the locality called Bishop's Down.

Queens who visited Tunbridge Wells.

"The Grove" was originally called "Queen's Grove," in memory of Queen Anne, who was often at Tunbridge Wells, but the epithet did not endure long.

The Black Dog alehouse, on the road to Frant, had been for a time called "the Queen's Stone," from another Queen—Henrietta Maria—having once outwalked her strength and rested there on a stone which afterwards had the event inscribed on it, but it was destroyed in Cromwell's time and the memory of the incident obliterated. Dr. Rowzee, who wrote so much about the place and its waters, tried to get Tunbridge Wells called Queen Mary's Wells, but the memory of queens seem to have taken no hold on the people, for neither did this name survive.

The naming of Tunbridge Wells.

It was some time, however, before the name Tunbridge Wells was actually established. Kilburne in his "Survey of Kent" calls it "Frant Wells," and as the actual Well is situated within the borders of Speldhurst parish it stood some chance of being called Speldhurst Wells. The account of 1771 says it got named after Tunbridge because when visitors first crowded round the chalybeate, that was the nearest town. The huts being insufficient to accommodate all, many had to lodge there, though five miles distant. Early in the present century many of the old trees in "The Grove" having decayed, it is recorded that "it was planted again with 49 sycamores and 49 chesnuts, March 21st, 1811," though I find no reason given for the choice of these numbers.—R. H. B.]

The Grove.

And its visitors.

At the end of last century and some time after, the houses in "The Grove" were the resort of the best visitors.

Lord Mansfield.

One of these was occupied by Lord Mansfield, of legal celebrity. He lived to be very old, and was very popular in

¹ It became rather numerous again later on.



PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE.

[To face page 229, vol. II.]



society on account of his bright, even temper. Cumberland has a good story about meeting at his table Dr. Moss, the Bishop of Bath and Wells; that prelate happened to mention that he had just founded a nest of almshouses at Wells as a refuge for twenty-five widows of clergymen, and apostrophized Cumberland to supply him with a suitable inscription.

“Don’t ask Cumberland,” said Lord Mansfield, “he’ll only addle his brains and give you no satisfaction after all; it’s very simple. Write up, ‘Here reside five and twenty women, all kept by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.’”

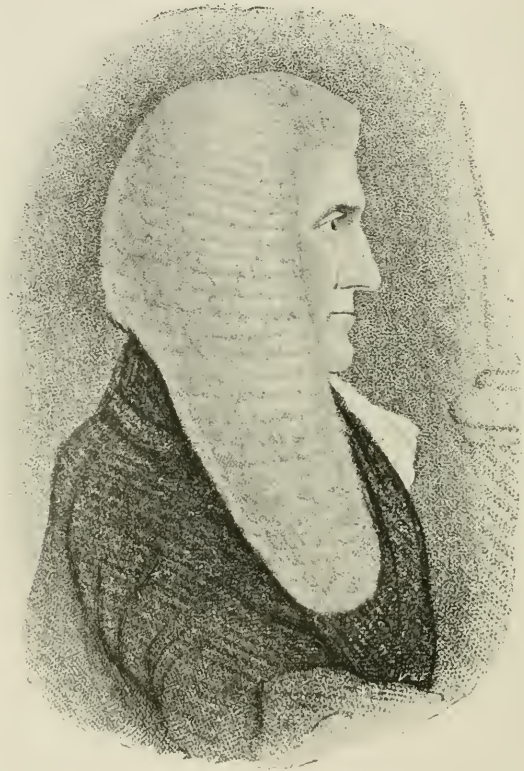
Ecclesiastics were well represented—Archbishop Secker, Bishop Pearson, and later Archbishop Whately, were well-known figures among the company who visited the Wells.

At this time, hotel accommodation was at a low ebb, the *Kentish* being the only house dignified with that appellation, and this afterwards became a commercial hotel. *The Sussex Tavern* on the lower Promenade then went in for fashionable company, calling itself *The Sussex Hotel*. Hotels.

Lord North, second Earl of Guilford, and minister during the American War, frequently visited the Wells, both before and after he lost his sight, and preferred to any other residence there one of the “Grove Houses.” After he became blind he remained bright and cheerful, his conversation being always seasoned with humour; Colonel Barré, his brilliant political opponent, also laboured under loss of sight, and strange to say, his temper, which had always been remarkable for its asperity, became gentle and amenable. I have heard my father say that Lord North was fond of saying facetiously, “Though Barré and I were always fierce political antagonists, we should each of us be very glad to see one another now.” Lord North.

The Princesse de Lamballe, fated to meet with so tragic an end, once visited Tunbridge Wells while the ex-minister was there in the days of his sightlessness, and showed the excellence and generosity of her heart by making him the special object of her attention, being as much as possible in his society, and paying him little compliments with an The Princesse
de Lamballe.

amiability and grace which he appreciated at their worth. He was indeed a pitiable shadow of his former self, and there was no longer any parity between the powerful and austere statesman who, during seven devastating years, wrought such powerful desolation over the vast American



SIR STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.

Continent, and the sightless old man led about by hired care and dependent on the good will and good faith of a menial!

This amiable trait of this beautiful woman adds piquancy to the terrible episode Cléry has chronicled concerning her. He relates that on the night after the first valet had been sent to prison, and he remained alone to serve the Royal Family, a head stuck on to a pike was held up to the window of the

room where he was having supper. Tison's wife, who was at table with him and her husband, naturally screamed; the assassins, thinking they recognized the Queen's voice, gave way to hilarious rejoicings over the success of their atrocious little plot. The head was held in position in such a manner, that the female they saw at table, and whom they took to be the Queen, could not choose but see its features. It was the head of the Princesse de Lamballe! He adds, "Quoique sanglante, elle n'était pas défigurée; ses cheveux blancs encore bouclés, flottaient autour de la pique."

My own recollection of the "Grove" and its houses begins at the time when one of them was occupied by Sir Stephen Lushington, and I remember also going with my mother to visit there the family of Vice-Chancellor Sir Lancelot Shadwell, who was twice Commissioner of the Great Seal, viz. during part of the years 1835 and 1836, and again during part of 1850, the year he died. We also visited his son's widow and daughters later; their mother had a wonderful talent for cutting out admirable likenesses with great dexterity in black paper,¹ an unusual pursuit for an amateur. My mother preserved one which she did of me as a child.

Sir Lancelot
Shadwell.



SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT
OF THE AUTHOR, AS A
CHILD.

At one time there was quite a little Unitarian colony at Tunbridge Wells, and for some reason they congregated about the "Grove." But every denomination of Christians found accommodation there, and chapels of all sorts abounded. I don't remember a Jews' synagogue in those days, but there is probably more than one now.

¹ Mr. Locker Lampson had an amusing story touching "silhouette" portraits. A housemaid seeing one of her mistress's father one day on the table, exclaimed triumphantly, "A black portrait, eh! I allers said missus had a touch of the tar-brush in her!"—R. H. B.

One of the most illustrious admirers of Tunbridge Wells was Mrs. Montagu. She grew so enamoured of the place that after having once made its acquaintance she became a constant visitor there, and was never tired of boasting its charms ; nor was she satisfied to enjoy them herself, she must have all her dear friends, and even her slighter acquaintances, brought within its influence and come to admire and enjoy them with her. In 1745 she imparts her experience of the life she was leading there to her friend the Duchess of Portland as follows ; and the letter that succeeds it, continuing much in the same strain, gives so lively a picture, not only of the place but of the visitors and of the rural excursions with which they amused themselves, that it seems well worth perusing. The first of these two letters runs thus :—

Her letters to
the Duchess
of Portland.

“ TO THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

“ Tunbridge Wells, September 3rd, 1745.

“ MY DEAR LADY DUCHESS,—I am here in good company, and extremely happy in Dr. Young’s company ; he has dined with me sometimes, and the other day rode out with me. He carried me into places suited to the genius of the muse, sublime, grand, and with a pleasing gloom diffused over them. There I tasted the pleasure of his conversation in its full force ; his expressions all bear the stamp of novelty, and his thoughts, of sterling sense. I think he is in perfect good health ; he practises a kind of philosophical abstinence, but seems not obliged to any rules of physic. All the ladies court him, more because they hear he is a genius than that they know him to be such. I tell him I am jealous of some ladies that follow him ; he says he trusts my pride will preserve me from jealousy. The Doctor is a true philosopher, and sees how one vice corrects another, till an animal made up of ten thousand bad qualities, by the eternal art of educating good from ill, grows to be a social creature, tolerable to live with.

“ Your Grace orders me to give an account of spirits,

appetite, and all the articles of my constitution. As to the first, they are good enough to laugh at a very little jest, to be pleased with indifferent entertainment, and not to be unhappy in dull company; as to the second, I can eat more buttered roll in a morning than a great girl at a boarding-school, and more beef at dinner than a yeoman of the guard, and I sleep well, and am indeed in perfect health, and the waters have done me much service."

The second, it will be seen, is like the last a delightful word-picture, with real people for its heroes.

"Tunbridge, 1745.

"DEAR MADAM,—I hope your Grace is sensible I should write oftener if it was consistent with drinking these waters; but really it is very inconvenient to apply a head to any business that cannot think without aching. I am not singular in this, for many people affirm thinking to be a pain at all times; I have more discretion than to declare as much anywhere but at Tunbridge. I have been in the vapours these two days, on account of Dr. Young's leaving us; he was so good as to let me have his company very often, and we used to ride, walk, and take sweet counsel together. A few days before he went he carried Mrs. Rolt (of Hertfordshire) and myself to Tunbridge, five miles from hence, where we were to see some fine old ruins; but the manner of the journey was admirable, nor did I, at the end of it, admire the object we went to observe more than the means by which we saw it. And to give your Grace a description of the place, without an account of our journey to it, would be contradicting all form and order, and setting myself up as a critic upon all writers of travels. Much—

" 'Might be said of our passing worth.
And manner how we sallied forth.'

But I shall, as briefly as possible, describe our progress without dwelling on particular circumstances, and shall divest

myself of all pomp of language, and proceed in as humble a style as my great subject will admit.

“ First rode the Doctor on a tall steed, decently caparisoned in dark grey ; next ambled Mrs. Rolt, on a hackney horse lean as the famed Rozinante, but in shape much resembling Sancho’s ass. Then followed your humble servant on a milk-white palfrey, whose reverence for the human kind induced him to be governed by a creature not half as strong, and, I fear, scarce twice as wise as himself. By this enthusiasm of his, rather than my own skill, I rode on in safety, and at leisure to observe the company, especially the two figures that brought up the rear. The first was my servant, valiantly armed with two undischarged pistols, whose holsters were covered with two civil, harmless monsters, that signified the valour and courtesy of our ancestors. The last was the Doctor’s man, whose uncombed hair so resembled the mane of the horse he rode, one could not help imagining they were of kin, and wishing that for the honour of the family they had had one comb betwixt them. On his head was a velvet cap, much resembling a black saucepan, and on his side hung a little basket. Thus did we ride, or rather jog on, to Tunbridge town, which is five miles from the Wells.

“ To tell you how the dogs barked at us, the children squalled, and the men and women stared, would take up too much time. Let it suffice that not even a tame magpie or caged starling let us pass unnoted. At last we arrived at the King’s Head, where the loyalty of the Doctor induced him to alight, and then, knight-errant like, he took his damsels from off their palfreys and courteously handed us into the inn. We took this progress to see the ruins of an old castle ; but first our divine would visit the churchyard, where we read that folks were born and died, the natural moral and physical history of mankind. In the churchyard grazed the parson’s steed, whose back was worn bare with carrying a pillion-seat for the comely, fat personage, this ecclesiastic’s wife ; and though the creature ate daily part of the parish, he was most

miserably lean. Tired of the dead and living bones, Mrs. Rolt and I jumped over a stile into the parson's field, and from thence, allured by the sight of golden pippins, we made an attempt to break into the holy man's orchard. He came most courteously to us, and invited us to his apple trees; to show our moderation we each of us gathered two mellow codlings, one of which I put into my pocket, from whence it sent forth a smell that I uncharitably supposed to proceed from the Doctor's servant as he waited behind me at dinner. The good parson offered to show us the inside of his church, but made some apology for his undress, which was a true canonical dishabille.

“He had on a grey striped calamanc nightgown, a wig that once was white, but, by the influence of an uncertain climate, turned to a pale orange, a brown hat, encompassed by a black hatband, a band, somewhat dirty, that decently retired under the shadow of his chin, a pair of grey stockings well mended with blue worsted, strong symptom of the conjugal care and affection of his wife, who had mended his hose with the very worsted she bought for her own; what an instance of exalted friendship, and how uncommon in a degenerate age!

“‘How rare meet now such pairs in love and honour join'd.’

“When we had seen the church, the parson invited us to take some refreshment at his house; but Dr. Young thought we had before enough trespassed on the good man's time, so desired to be excused, else we should no doubt have been welcomed to the house by Madam, in her muslin pinnars and sarsenet hood, who would have given us some mead, and a piece of a cake that she had made in the Whitsun holidays to treat her cousins. However, Dr. Young, who would not be outdone in good offices, invited the divine to our inn, where we went to dinner; but he excused himself, and came after the meal was over in hopes of smoking a pipe; but our Doctor hinted to him that it would not be proper to offer any incense but sweet praise to such goddesses as Mrs. Rolt

and your humble servant. To say the truth, I saw a large horn tobacco box, with Queen Anne's head upon it, peeping out of his pocket, but I did not care to take the hint and desire him to put into use that magnificent piece of furniture.

“After dinner we walked to the old castle built by Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, in the days of William Rufus. It is a most magnificent building, the situation extremely beautiful. The castle made a kind of half moon down to the river; and where the river does not defend it it has been guarded by a large moat. It is now in the hands of a country squire, who is no common sort of man, though I cannot help feeling the utmost resentment at him for cutting down some fine timber, almost contemporary with the castle, to make room for a plantation of sour grapes! The towers at the great gate are finely covered with venerable ivy.

“It was late before we got home, but the silver Cynthia held up her lamp in the heavens, and cast such beams upon the earth as showed its beauties in a soft and gentle light. The night silenced all but our divine Doctor, who sometimes uttered things fit to be spoken in a season when all Nature seems hushed and hearkening. I followed, gathering wisdom as I went, till I found by my horse's stumbling that I was in a bad road, and that the blind was leading the blind; so I placed my servant between the Doctor and myself, which he not perceiving, went on in his philosophical strain, to the great amazement of my poor clown of a groom, who, not being wrought up to enthusiasm, nor making any response to all the fine speeches, the Doctor began to wonder why I was dumb, and grieving I was so stupid, looked round, declared his surprise, and desired the man to trot on before; and thus did we return to Mount Ephraim.”

In a letter dated the same year, Mrs. Montagu tells her correspondent:—

. . . “I have been drinking the waters, so you will the less

wonder I have not wrote before, writing being judged improper here, being apt to make the waters get into the head, where they have an effect very unlike Helicon, and instead of a *docte irresse* give one a giddiness and an intoxication accompanied with a strange kind of stupidity. Lady Sandwich and I were here three weeks in great happiness and tranquillity ; the place was thin of company, and I wanted none while I had hers. We drank and walked in the morning, and in the evening drove out in a post-chaise.”¹

Lady Sandwich being called away by Lord Sandwich's illness, Mrs. Montagu went up to London with her . . . “reaching it in little more than four hours. . . . I stayed only one night in London, and next day returned in my own post-chaise. As Mrs. Medows had never seen this place, I brought her with me. . . . The company now here have greatly increased, and we have the Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Fitzwalter, Lady Ancram, Lady Anson, Lord and Lady Elibank, Dowager Lady Barrington, Lady Betty Germain, Lord and Lady de Vere Beauclerk, Lady Talbot, Lord March, Lord Eglinton, Lord Granby and Lord Powis, the Duchess of Somerset and her daughters, Lady Winchelsea, Lady Lucy and Colonel Howard, besides many other people of fashion, and of Jews a great and mighty tribe, indeed we have had this last week a great number of people who have added to the number, without increasing the dignity, of our company. . . . We are not confined here to streets, as in Bath ; the houses are scattered irregularly and detached, and Tunbridge Wells now looks, from the window I sit by on Mount Ephraim, like the village seen from our terrace at Sandleford, only that the inhabitants, instead of Jack and Joan, are my Lord and my Lady. . . . After all this fine morality I must go and dress for the ball at the Assembly-rooms. I live in too much bustle, though my house is a mile from the Wells, and is a comfortable dwelling with pretty grounds. My neighbour is Lady Talbot, and a very agreeable

¹ Post-chaises were then newly invented by Jethro Tull.

one. As I have my coach with me, I think myself best situated up here, as it gives me some hours of retirement, and I try to think myself in the country."

To another friend to whom Mrs. Montagu wished to impart her own enthusiasm for the Wells, she writes in the summer of 1749:—

. . . "You are *thinking* of the place. . . Why hesitate a moment about going thither? The waters are good, the air incomparable, and you cannot make a better summer campaign. Rural and polite life are happily associated there; you may have the most retired or the most public walks as you are disposed; the variety of persons and characters who frequent the spot make it the epitome of the world . . . the reserve and gravity of our national character are forgotten there . . . in such a place people easily enter into an acquaintance which *may* prove lasting, but also can be dropped at the end of the season if it offers no further attraction. You will see beautiful and romantic views, and the place, now lively with fine gay people, has equal charms for the retirement of sages fossilized to savages. When you are there I shall ask you to find me a house on Mount Ephraim, as I like to get as far from the busier haunts as I can."

In another letter she writes:—

. . . "I am obliged to you for pardoning my idleness; indeed this is a strange place, for one has neither business nor leisure here, so many glasses of water to be drank, so many buttered rolls to be eaten, so many turns on the pantiles to be taken, so many miles to be gone in a post-chaise or on horse-back, so much pains to be well, so much attention to be civil, that breakfasting, visiting, &c., &c., leave one no time even to write the important transactions of the day. Since I wrote to you we have had a change of persons, but not of amusements; we have lost most of those who by the courtesy of the world are called "good company," but of politeness and sense, no visible decrease. In the beginning of the season there are many people of quality whose behaviour is

extremely *bourgeoise*; at the end of it, citizens who by their pride and their impertinence think they are behaving like their betters. Tunbridge seems the parliament of the world, where every country and every rank has its representative. We have Jews of every tribe and Christians of all nations and conditions. Next to some German whose noble blood might entitle him to be Grand Master of Malta, sits a pin-maker's wife from Smock Alley; pickpockets who are come to the top of their profession, play with noble dukes at brag. For my part I am diverted with the medley; the different characters and figures are amusing, especially at the balls, where persons of every age, size, and shape step forth to dance; some who have but just quitted their leading-strings, others whom it would become to shift into the lame and slippered pantaloons; but who will believe it is too soon to attempt, or too late to endeavour, to charm! But I should soon weary of the place if I had no better entertainment than the absurdities of it."

As early as in 1751 the social character of the Wells Deterioration. seems to have shown signs of deterioration; for writing under the date of August that year, she says:—

. . . "I am drinking the waters successfully. . . . When the country lady came hither from domestic cares and attendance on her dairy and hen-roost, and her cherry-cheeked daughter from plain work and pastry, the mechanic's wife from her counter and ledgers, Tunbridge was a place of recreation, but now the squire's lady comes from whisk in assemblies, Miss from Ranelagh, and the *bonne bourgeoise* from Marybone Gardens, it is but the same scene on another stage."

In 1753 Pitt's physicians sent him to the Wells to drink the waters "as a remedy for insomnium." William Pitt
at Tunbridge
Wells. Mrs. Montagu seems to have been much in his company and that of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert West while Pitt remained there, residing at the Stone-house on Mount Ephraim; on the 8th June, 1753, she writes:—

“ We went from this venerable seat to a place called New Vauxhall, where Mr. Pitt had provided a good dinner; the view from it is very romantic; we staid there till the cool of the evening and then returned home. We drank tea yesterday in the most beautiful rural scene that can be imagined; Mr. Pitt had discovered it in his morning ride: he ordered a tent to be pitched, tea to be prepared, and his French horn to breathe music like the unseen genius of the wood. The company dined with me, and we set out, number eight. After tea we rambled about for an hour, admiring views as wild and beautiful as Salvator Rosa’s, others placid with setting sun worthy of Claude Loraine. These parties are good for health and pleasure, and break the routine of Tunbridge life. . . .”

The Duke of
Leeds.

Thomas, fourth Duke of Leeds, visited Tunbridge Wells every year with a constancy and punctuality characteristic of his life, for his stay was always of ten weeks’ duration, and occurred regularly for twenty successive years, till his death in 1789. It has been remarked of this nobleman that he illustrated Burke’s definition of nobility—“The Corinthian capital of the polished shaft of society.” He was wont to arrive at the Wells in his ducal equipage, and wearing his star on his great-coat. He was noted for his hospitality, and seldom sat down to dinner with less than half a dozen guests. Every evening his coach and six was at the door, and with his friends he drove along the London Road till he arrived at a place which admitted of the turning of his ponderous coach; this spot he facetiously called “Turnham Green.” On the Regent’s birthday the Duke used to give in its celebration, a fête and ball; whenever the weather permitted, the ball became a *fête champêtre* and the dancing was carried on on the Parade instead of the Assembly-rooms.

Samuel
Richardson
at Tunbridge
Wells.

A letter from the author of “Clarissa Harlowe” to a young lady friend towards the middle of the last century, written from Tunbridge Wells, affords a picturesque idea of the social

condition of this fashionable watering-place which took so mightily with the quality.

. . . "You are absolutely right in judging that I had rather be in a desert than in a place so public and giddy, if I may call the place so from its frequenters. But these waters were almost the only thing in medicine that I had not tried; and as my disorders seemed to increase, I was willing to try them. Hitherto, I must own, without effect is the trial. But people here, who slide in upon me as I traverse the utmost edges of the walk, that I may stand in nobody's way, nor have my dizziness increased by the swimming triflers, tell me I shall not give them fair play under a month or six weeks; and that I ought neither to write nor read, yet my business as well as inclination compelling me to do a great deal of both. For I have all my town concerns upon me here, sent me every post and coach, and cannot help it."

"Here are very great numbers of people got together. A very full season, and more coming every day. Great comfort to me! When I say that I cannot abide them nor the diversions of the place, you must not think that I am such a stoic as to despise the amusements I cannot partake of, purely on that account; indeed I do not. And I think youth is the season for gaiety. Nor is it a folly, as you are pleased to call it, in you, that you can find allurements in a brilliant circle, and at a sparkling ball. But there is a moderation to be approved of in all these, which I see not here. And methinks I would wish that wives (particularly some that I see here) would not behave as if they thought themselves unmarried coquettes, and that it were polite to make their husbands the last persons in their notices.

"Is it not enough for these people to find themselves dressed and adorned, adorned at an expense, both as to quality and quantity, that would furnish out two wives or mistresses; but they must show that their dresses and ornaments are bestowed upon them to please and delight anybody, rather than the person whom it should be their principal study to

please; and who, perhaps, confers, or contributes to confer, upon them the means by which they shine, and think themselves above him? Secret history and scandal I love not—or I could tell you—you don't think what I could tell you.

“But, waiving these invidious subjects, what if I could inform you, that among scores of belles, flatterers, triflers, who swim along these walks, self-satisfied and pleased and looking defiance to men (and to modesty, I had like to have said, for bashfulness seems to be considered as want of breeding in all I see here), a pretty woman is as rare as a black swan? And when one such starts up, she is nicknamed a Beauty, and old fellows and young fellows are set a-spinning after her.

“Miss Banks (Miss Peggy Banks) was the belle when I first came down. . . . Yet she had been so many seasons here, that she obtained but a faint and languid attention; so that the smarts began to put her down in their list of had-beens. . . . New faces, my dear, are more sought after than fine faces. A piece of instruction lies here—that women should not make even their faces cheap.

“Miss Chudleigh next was the triumphant toast: a lively, sweet-tempered, gay, self-admired, and, not altogether without reason, generally-admired lady. . . . She moved not without crowds after her.

“She smiled at every one. Every one smiled before they saw her, when they heard she was on the walk. She played, she lost, she won—all with equal good-humour. But alas! she went off, before she was wished to go off. And then the fellows' hearts were almost broke for a new beauty.

“Behold! seasonably, the very day that she went away entered upon the walks Miss L., of Hackney. Miss Chudleigh was forgot (who could wish for so transient a dominion in the land of fickledom!). And have you seen the new beauty? And have you seen Miss L.? was all the inquiry from smart to smartless. But she had not traversed the walks two days, before she was found to want spirit and life.

Miss Chudleigh was remembered by those who wished for the brilliant mistress, and scorned the wife-like quality of sedateness. And Miss L. is now seen with a very silly fellow or two, walking backwards and forwards unmolested. . . . Dwindled down from the new beauty to a very pretty girl; and perhaps glad to come off so. For, upon my word, my dear, there are very few pretty girls here. And yet I look not upon the sex with an undelighted eye, old as I am, nor with a very, very severe one. . . . But, modesty, humility, graciousness are now all banished from the behaviour of these public-place frequenters of the sex. . . . Women are not what they were. . . . I see not but they have as much courage as the men. . . . The men, indeed, at these public places seem to like them the better for it. No wonder; for they find the less difficulty to make parties with them, and to get into their company. . . . But one secret I could tell them: that the single men who would make the best companions for life come not, on set purpose, to these public places to choose one.

“But here, to change the scene, to see Mr. W—sh at eighty (Mr. Cibber calls him papa) and Mr. Cibber at seventy-seven, hunting after new faces; and thinking themselves happy if they can obtain the notice and familiarity of a fine woman! . . . How ridiculous! If you have not been at Tunbridge you may nevertheless have heard that there are a parcel of fellows, mean traders whom they call touts, and their business touting . . . riding out miles to meet coaches and company coming hither, to beg their custom while here.

“Mr. Cibber was head over ears in love with Miss Chudleigh. Her admirers (such was his happiness!) were not jealous of him; but, pleased with that wit in him which they had not, were always calling him to her. She said pretty things, for she was Miss Chudleigh, and he said pretty things, for he was Mr. Cibber; and all the company, men and women, seemed to think they had an interest in what was said, and were half as well pleased as if they had said the sprightly

things themselves ; and mighty well contented were they to be second-hand repeaters of the pretty things. But even I faced the Laureate squatted upon one of the benches, with a face more wrinkled than ordinary with disappointment. ‘ I thought,’ said I, ‘ you were of the party at the tea-treats.’ ‘ Pshaw !’ said he, ‘ there is no coming at her, she is so surrounded by the toupets.’ And I left him upon the fret. But he was called to tea soon after ; and in he flew, and his face shone again, and looked smoothly.

“ He had written a dialogue between a father and a daughter—the intention, to show that the paternal authority and filial obedience may be reconciled ! He has read it to half a score at a time of the fair sex ; and not a young lady but is mightily pleased with a lesson that will teach her to top her father. He read it to the speaker and me. I made objections to it. I told him that I saw he intended not to make his girl dutiful, but I besought him to let her be generous. The speaker advised, that he should let me have it to look upon. He insisted himself that I should give him some remarks upon it. I did, upon the first page only ; excusing myself as to the rest . . . but in short, the piece is calculated, as it stands at present, to throw down all distinction between parents and children. . . . Yet it has met with so much applause among the young flirts, that I don’t know whether he will not publish it. . . . If he does, I had a good mind that Miss Howe, who is pert enough of conscience to her mama (Clarissa, you know, is dead), should answer it.

“ You see, my dear, what a trifling letter I have written. You set me upon it. My head is very indifferant, my nerves no better than when I came down . . . and I should not write so much, they say, as I do . . . otherwise, if you could bear such stuff, I could run on a volume, relating others’ follies and forgetting my own. . . .”

Whiston.

Whiston, the successor of Sir Isaac Newton in the Mathematical Chair at Cambridge, and intimate friend of Dr. Samuel Clark and most of the scholars and theologians of

the early half of the last century, frequented the Wells. He was surnamed honest Will Whiston, and Richardson speaks of him as “an extraordinary Old Man, showing eclipses and explaining the phenomena of the stars and preaching the Millennium and Anabaptism (for he is, now, it seems, of that persuasion) to gay people who, if they have white teeth, hear him with open mouths, though probably with shut hearts, and after his lectures are over, not a bit the wiser, run from him the more eagerly to Cibber and Walsh, and to flutter among the loud-laughing young fellows upon the *Walks* like boys and girls at a breaking-up!”

In 1750 Miss Chudleigh, afterwards the far-famed Duchess of Kingston, who was tried for bigamy, and Colley Cibber, the old but vain Poet Laureate, were again at the Wells. Richardson writes of them once more, calling them leading characters.

The Duchess
of Kingston
and Colley
Cibber.

A more genial account of the Wells comes from the pen of Richard Cumberland, the dramatic author and grandson of Richard Bentley, the placid years of whose later life, twenty in number, were passed here. He calls it a charming spot, having much to recommend and little to be said against it. [He had served the Government by accepting an arduous mission to Spain during the American War, which he fulfilled with fidelity and success. Not only were his services not rewarded, but not even were his expenses reimbursed. Disgusted at this treatment, he resolved to have nothing more to do with public life, and fixed on Tunbridge Wells for his retreat. His mind was too active, however, to allow him to remain idle, so he took up his pen and wrote plays, poems, and novels. Much of his time was also spent in solacing and entertaining Lord North in his affliction, in which he showed great amiability, for it was exactly under that statesman’s administration that his just claims above-mentioned were disallowed.—R. H. B.]

Richard
Cumberland.

This is how he tells his experiences of Tunbridge Wells:—
“It is not,” he wrote, “altogether a public place, yet at

no period of the year is it a solitude. A reading man may command his hours of study, and a social man will find full gratification for his philanthropy. Its vicinity to the capital brings quick intelligence of all that passes there—the morning papers reach us before the hour of dinner, and the evening ones before breakfast next day; whilst between the arrival of the general post and its departure, there is an interval of twelve hours, an accommodation in point of correspondence that even London cannot boast. The produce of the neighbouring farms and gardens and the supplies of all sorts for the table are excellent in their quality. The country is on all sides beautiful, the climate pre-eminently healthy and in a most peculiar degree restorative to enfeebled constitutions.”

Cumberland seems to have taken an active interest in the “people in and about Tunbridge Wells,” and cannot express himself too warmly about both the place and its inhabitants. Thus he writes again: “It is no small credit to the loyalty of Tunbridge Wells that it is the headquarters of one troop of Yeomen Cavalry and four companies of Volunteer Infantry.” He also speaks, among the distinguishing points of the Kentish character, of the sense of honour which ruled it.

To those few survivors who, like myself, can recall Tunbridge Wells as it had gone on unaltered from the days of its primitive reputation as the resort of illustrious celebrities, and before—lamentable to say—it was gradually perverted into a great ugly town, it is delightful to revisit in imagination with this *naïf* diarist the time-honoured gorse-covered common, the several mounts with their quaint biblical names, and the neighbourhood far and wide matchless for its scenery; to tread the traditional “Pantiles” and trace on the worn paving-stones the footprints of the mighty dead who once lived and mingled there. Of these he has much to say, much of a close and intimate nature, painting to us their characters with a minuteness of detail which we fail to find in broader and more serious biographies.

Among the "visitors so respectable" who formed the "summer society" of the place we have delightful sketches of "Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the ex-Premier, Lord North, the Duke of Leeds, the Lord Primate Robinson, the Lord Chancellor Rosslyn, Archbishop Moore, Bishop Moss, and others, who, like them, have paid the debt of nature, and are now no more." How our hearts go with him when with touching simplicity he proceeds: "I must confess that when these, and some, if less illustrious, yet more near and dear, were struck down, it seemed to me as if the place had lost its sunshine. Since I first made Tunbridge Wells my residence I have had to mourn the loss of many friends: I have followed Lord Sackville to his vault at Withyham, and my lamented wife, as well as my son-in-law, to their graves in the church of Frant."¹

The company of Lord Mansfield was one detail that made Cumberland's residence at Tunbridge Wells interesting, and though he modestly disclaims his ability to be a competent delineator of his character, he writes: "Some few features as they caught my observation I may venture to trace out, and can say of him what everybody who knew him in his social hours must say without the risque of a mistake. I cannot recollect the time when, sitting at the table with Lord Mansfield, I ever failed to remark that happy and engaging art which he possessed, of putting the company present in good humour with themselves: I am convinced they liked him the more for his seeming to like them so well: this has not been the general property of all the witty, great, and learned men whom I have looked upon in the course of my life.

Lord
Mansfield.

"Lord Mansfield would lend his ear most condescendingly to his company, and cheer the least attempt at humour with

¹ The rural graveyard of Withyham confines with the stately park of Buckhurst, of which its venerable 15th century church is the parish. The churchyard of Frant was celebrated for its rural beauty. My father, always devoted to the picturesque, chose for his family vault a spot in it which overlooked half the county. Its first occupant was my maternal grandfather, who having been a *detenu* in Paris, his bones were sent over in a comparatively small box after the Peace.—R. H. B.

the prompt payment of a species of laugh which cost his muscles no exertion, but was merely a subscription that he readily threw in towards the general hilarity of the table ; he would take his share in the small talk of the ladies with all imaginable affability ; he was, in fact, like most men, not in the least degree displeased at being incensed by their flattery. He was no great starter of new topics, but easily led into anecdotes of past times ; these he detailed with pleasure, but he told them correctly, rather than amusingly ; he did not covet that kind of conversation which gave him any pains to carry on : his professional labours were great, and it was natural he should resort to society more for relaxation and rest of mind than for anything that could put him upon fresh exertions. Even dulness, so long as it was accompanied with placidity, was no absolute disrecommendation of the companion of his private hours ; it was, so to speak, a cushion to his understanding.

“ I cannot but agree with the general remark that he had the art of modelling his voice to the room or space he was in ; but I cannot say I admired its tone ; its pitch was too sharp, and seemed more tuned to argumentation than to urbanity. His attentions, whenever he pleased to bestow them, were not set off with any noble air, and I would call him civil, rather than polite ; the stamp of his profession was upon him, and his deportment wanted grace and ease. Pope, above all the sons of song, was his Apollo, but I suspect he had no real attachment to the Muses, and was merely civil to them in response to the compliments they paid him. . . . I knew Mr. Andrew Stuart ; he was an acute and able man, and would have been glad to draw Lord Mansfield into the fair field of controversy ; but there was more sound wisdom in his lordship’s silence than there could have been sound reasoning in his answer had his spirit led him to accept the challenge.

“ His last affecting interview with Lord Sackville was the only opportunity I had of knowing something of the movements of his heart : I caught a glimpse, as it were, through

a crevice, but it soon shut up, and the exterior remained as before, *totus teres atque rotundus.*"

The house occupied by Lord North was, as I have said, situated in "The Grove," and of him, and the "darkness of his latter days," Richard Cumberland writes pathetically, while also admiring the charm of his genius. "One day," he writes, "the blind ex-minister took my arm, and asked me to conduct him to the Pantiles—'I have a general recollection,' he said, 'of the way, and if you will make me understand the posts upon the footpath, and the steps about the chapel, I shall remember them in future.' I could not lead blind Gloucester to the cliff: I executed my affecting trust, and brought him safely to his family: the mild and ministering daughter of Tiresias received her father from my hands. . . . I do not know the person to whose society a man of sensibility might have given himself with more pleasure and security than to that of Lord North. His gifts were brilliant, but his manners polished; for his wit never wounded, and his humour never ridiculed, nor did he make an unmerciful use of the power due to the superiority of his talents, to oppress a weaker understanding: he had great charity for dulness of apprehension, and a pert fellow could not easily put him out of patience: there was no irritability in his nature. To his friends and acquaintance he was all complacency; to his family all affection: he was generous, hospitable, open-hearted, and loved his ease too well to sacrifice it to solicitude about money.

"The vivacity of his natural parts was strikingly contrasted with the heaviness of his appearance, and, in this, as in some other particulars, he occasionally reminded me of Dodington; both were scholars and lovers of literature and the Muses; both were quick in repartie, but Dodington could be sarcastic, and I fear it was too truly said that he kept a tame booby or two about him for the sake of always having a butt at hand." Mr. Richard Cumberland is inelegantly sarcastic when he adds—"a kind of luxury very little above the grati-

Bubb Dodington.

fication of a hog when he rubs himself against a post." He also mentions among his practices that of successfully "aping the rusticity of the vulgar and showing considerable humour in his mimicry of their dialect and their manners."

When the ladies Hervey were visiting Dodington in Staffordshire, Cumberland relates that he asked them if they "had seen him in the print-shops astride upon the ear of an elephant with a sunflower in his mouth," but no such caricature, it appears, was in existence, though there was one in which he was represented as a mastiff sitting upon a coach-box between the knees of John, Duke of Argyle, his name "Bubb" on his collar; but Bubb was such a notorious tuft-hunter that he was quite satisfied to be admitted into the group even under the semblance of a dog.

"None of these caprices," he continues, "were to be found in Lord North; he bore his part in conversation and introduced his anecdotes to the full as appositely as Dodington, but, I confess, he did not set them off with the same advantages of manner.

"When Lord North lost his sight he enjoyed a vivid recollection of the pictures stored in his memory from men and books. . . . He repeatedly expressed a wish to me that some young man of education might be found to read to him and live an inmate of his family." It is touching to learn that "the man who had for so many years been minister of this great country, confessed that his means were too scanty to provide such an assistance. Like the great Lord Chatham and Mr. Pitt, he kept his own hands clean and empty, and when he applied to his son, who could not afford to keep his favourite mare, that happy quotation—

" ' Equam memento rebus in arduis
Servare—'

the son might have filled up the sentence as it stands in the original and have applied it to his father, who, when deprived of sight, could not afford to maintain a reader, though he had administered the revenues of a nation."

The next of his Tunbridge Wells associates this diarist passes in review is the Lord Primate Robinson, whom he describes as “splendid, liberal, lofty, publicly ambitious of great deeds and privately capable of good ones—all mildness, suavity and benevolence, he supported the first station in the Irish hierarchy with the magnificence of a Prince Palatine, and without courting popularity he benefited the whole nation by his public works”—but all that he says of this princely prelate and of his admiring elder brother, Sir William Robinson, would, however entertaining, carry us quite away from Tunbridge Wells, nor may we dwell too long on his account of the estimable Archbishop Moore, or Doctor Moss, Bishop of Bath and Wells—“an amiable and edifying instance of benevolence and serenity in extreme old age.”

Cumberland House will readily be remembered by those who knew Tunbridge Wells before its scattered dwellings, standing in leafy grounds, were pulled down to build up pert, vulgar “terraces” and gas-lighted streets; a lamentable desecration of the peaceful, rural beauties of this once lovely spot, a melancholy tearing up the associations left there by the literary celebrities who had chosen it for their retreat from the fatigues, frivolities, and fatuities of fashionable town life. *Cumberland House* was a quaint old tenement, rather imposing from its dimensions and the site it occupied on the brow of the hill, standing back among the chestnut trees which overshadowed it, and railed off from the London turnpike road on the north side, opposite Culverdens. *Cumberland* describes the lawn in front and how he turned this plot into a flourishing garden, with the assistance of his faithful old servant, Thomas Camis.¹ He took a great interest in the place and made himself of much account among the inhabitants, between whom and himself there subsisted a mutually friendly feeling. He was delighted with

¹ I think this house later served for many years (perhaps still) as a popular Hydropathic Establishment.—R. H. B.

its salubrity, for though he went there an invalid, he not only recovered, but never experienced an ailment of any kind while he remained there; he was delighted too with both residents and visitors, whose society, he says, "was of a sort rather to favour than obstruct his studies and literary work." Sir James Bland Burgess, the dramatic author, was his nearest neighbour, and proved an altogether kindred spirit to this grandson of Richard Bentley. Bubb Dodington seems to have served to amuse all these wits, but they naturally did not respect him; indeed his frivolity and his time-serving tergiversations were not calculated to elicit friendship from men of honour and principle.

[My father had a story of this shallow society man which affords good testimony of the estimation in which he was held. It seems his curt name of Bubb was a great annoyance to him, so that one day he consulted a friend whether he could not improve it by some ingenious prefix. "To be sure," replied the friend, "put 'Sylla' before it, Sylla was a great man and a syllabub is a mighty good thing;" but behind his back he was often nicknamed Silly-Bubb. The annoyance hardly ceased when he contrived to get himself raised to the peerage as Lord Melcombe.—R. H. B.]

Michael Kelly
and Jack Bannister.

In the amusing diary of Michael Kelly, the actor, we find a humorous account of a visit he paid, in company with Jack Bannister, to Richard Cumberland at Tunbridge Wells. The invitation—a most hospitable one—hoping they would stay as long as they could, included, however, one very *naïf* condition which they do not seem to have highly relished, viz. that he would "read to them his new comedy." Alarmed by this threat, they prudently arranged that on the second day they should receive a letter from Mr. Crouch, which they would be able to show him, stating that Mr. Taylor required their presence in town on business connected with the theatre; by this means they could, if they desired it, leave without giving offence.

Jack Bannister, like John Gilpin, rode down on horseback;

Kelly availed himself of an outside seat on the coach, which set him down at "The George." His adventures by the way were lively. "Seated on the roof of the coach were two very pretty maids and two livery servants," whom he soon discovered to be part of the establishment of the Duchess of Leinster, her Grace having driven down in her own carriage. While toiling up Morant's Court Hill they overtook Bannister, who, full of fun, called out, "What, Michael! who would have thought to see you on the top of the coach! I hope you have brought your curling-irons with you, I shall want my hair dressed before dinner: Tunbridge Wells is very full, and no doubt you will get plenty of custom, whether in shaving or dressing."

With a familiar "Good-day!" he rode on. Kelly followed up the joke, and when the coach stopped at Sevenoaks for dinner, he made his luncheon, and sat down with the servants in the room allotted to outside passengers. They soon grew quite familiar; the lady's maids and footmen promised him their protection, and declared they would do all in their power to get him custom; they regretted they could not invite him to come and see them at the ducal residence, "because the most rigid stinginess was practised there."

"I suppose," said Kelly, "you can offer a friend a glass of ale now and then?" "Ale!" replied one of the men: "Bless your heart, we never have ale, we never see such a thing; we get nothing but small beer, I can tell you."

As long as the journey lasted these abigails and knights of the shoulder-knot entertained their new friend with anecdotes of the family, all of the most unflattering nature, and which he felt sure were false, having long known the Duchess and her husband, Mr. Ogilvie.

"On our parting where the coach set us down," he continues, "we all vowed eternal friendship, and I got to Mr. Cumberland's in time for dinner. The party consisted of Jack Bannister, Mrs. Cumberland, an agreeable, well-informed old lady, our host, and myself. We passed a pleasant evening,

but wine was scarce, though what we had was excellent, and what was wanting in beverage was amply supplied in converse sweet and the delight of hearing a five-act comedy read. Five acts of a comedy read by its author after tea are at any time an opiate of the most determined character, even if one has risen late and moved little; but accompanied by somnolency, induced by the drive, the dust, the sun, the air, the dinner and conversation, what was to be expected?

“Long before the end of the second act I was as fast as a church, and a slight tendency to snoring rendered the act more appalling than it would otherwise have been, while the continual sly kicks I received from Bannister under the table served only to vary the melody with which nature chose to accompany my slumbers.

“When it is recollected that our host had served Sheridan as the model for *Sir Fretful*, it may be supposed he was somewhat irritated by my inexcusable surrender of my senses; but no, he closed his proceedings and his manuscript at the end of Act 2, and we adjourned to a rational supper on a cold mutton-bone and the dissipation of two tumblers of weak red wine and water.

“When this was over, our host conducted us to our bedrooms: the one set apart for me was his study: he paid me the compliment to say he had a little tent-bed put up there which he always appropriated to his favourite guests; ‘the book-case at the side,’ he added, ‘was filled with his own writings.’ I bowed and said, ‘I daresay, sir, I shall sleep very soundly.’”

The reply does not seem very apposite unless Kelly meant it as Cumberland was pleased to understand it, for he replied good-humouredly: “Ah, I see, even the proximity of my books will prove a sacrifice. Well—God bless you! you are a kind creature, Kelly, to come down to the country to listen to my nonsense. *Buenas noches*, as we say in Spain; I hope it will be fine in the morning that you may walk about the

place, for I agree with Lord Falkland in pitying unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day."

Cumberland was a sensitive man, had his susceptibilities as an author, and entertained a tolerable opinion of his literary capabilities; no wonder, therefore, that Kelly, who, however, disclaims any intention of giving him offence, "could see that the old gentleman was not over-pleased." But "with all the irritability which so frequently belongs to dramatists, Cumberland was a perfect gentleman in manners, and a good classical scholar."

"I was walking with him one morning on the Pantiles," says Kelly, "when I took the opportunity of telling him that his dramatic works were in great request in Vienna, and that his *West Indian* and *Brothers* were first-rate favourites. This pleased him so much that I flattered myself it made him overlook my drowsy propensities.

"He took me up to Mount Ephraim, where we met the Duchess of Leinster walking with another lady; she had just alighted from her carriage, and the two identical footmen who had been on the coach with me were walking behind her. Her Grace stopped to speak to us, and nothing could be more comical than the faces of the servants when she said to me,—

"'Mr. Kelly, I am truly pleased to see you; have you been long at the Wells?'

"I replied, 'No madam, only two days.'

"'Did you come down alone?' said the Duchess.

"'My companion, Mr. Bannister,' I replied, 'came on horseback and I by the coach, and I have no reason to regret it, as I assure you I met some very pleasant, chatty fellow-travellers, gentlemen's servants; who amused me all the time with a variety of information about themselves, their situations, and their masters and mistresses.' As I said this I kept looking with a smile at my two sworn friends, who seemed on thorns, fearing I was about to go further and betray them.

“‘Well,’ said the Duchess, ‘I hope you will enjoy your visit.’

“‘I am afraid not,’ I rejoined, ‘as I am very fond of malt liquor, and they told me it is execrable here, and that in the very best houses one gets nothing but bad small beer.’

“With this I again glanced at my friends, who were wishing me at Jericho, and they seemed quite relieved when we made our bow and walked away.

“Next morning’s post brought the letter we had planned ; we informed our host that we should be obliged to quit his hospitable roof early the following day.

“‘My children,’ said he, ‘I regret you must leave your old bard so soon, but business must be attended to, and as this is the last day I am to have the pleasure of your company, when you return from your evening rambles on the Pantiles I will give you what I call a treat.

“After dinner I went with Bannister to the *Reading-rooms*. ‘What,’ said I to him, ‘can be the treat Cumberland has promised us to-night?’

“‘I suppose,’ he answered, ‘he took notice of your saying that your favourite meal was supper, and as we leave to-morrow morning, intends to give us some little delicacies.’

“On our return we found Cumberland waiting for us ; the cloth was laid for supper ; the table was temptingly supplied, but in the middle was a covered dish, which, as no attempt was made to serve it, necessarily excited general curiosity. Cumberland being pressed to reveal the mysterious contents, and the appetites of his guests being sharpened by expectation, he desired his servant to remove the cover, and exhibited . . . a roll of manuscript . . . another play !

“‘There, my boys,’ said he, ‘there’s the treat I have been keeping for you ; it is neither more nor less than my five-act tragedy of *Tiberius*, and as soon as we have had our grog I mean to read you every line of it. I am not vain, as you

know, but I honestly consider it the best play I have yet written.' ”

This was no idle menace, and he actually did read the play, but at the end of the third act the victims could hold out no longer, and pleading fatigue, got off the remaining two, which Cumberland promised to let them have in the morning before they started. To this proposal they readily assented, but gave him the slip by starting and getting off before he was out of bed.

Kelly states that Cumberland had an invincible dislike for Sheridan, and would not even allow his merits as a dramatic author ; this is not very surprising, as he could hardly be expected to forgive Sheridan's stinging criticism of him in the *Critic*. Sheridan was rather amused by Cumberland's enmity, and told Kelly the following anecdote :—

When the *School for Scandal* was put on the stage Cumberland's children prevailed on their father to take them to see it ; they had the stage boxes, and their father was seated behind them. A friend of Sheridan's, who was within earshot, heard him persistently check their laughter, for they were intensely amused, but he pinched them, exclaiming, “What can you find to laugh at, my dear little folks ? You should never laugh, my angels, unless there is something worth laughing at ; here there really is nothing ; ” and then in an undertone, “Be quiet, will you, you little dunces ! ”

Sheridan, having been told, remarked : “It was very ungrateful of Cumberland to forbid his children to laugh at *my comedy* ; I went to see *his tragedy*, and roared with laughter the whole time.”

[Cumberland had found it easy to be indulgent to Lord North, who had treated him in pecuniary matters unjustly, but affords an instance of how much more difficult it is to forgive a literary injury even when (or perhaps still more when) there is some justice in it !—R. H. B.]

In 1781 a ball was given at the Assembly-rooms in cele-

bration of the King's birthday (June 4th). Their Majesties were present. The King, it is recorded, "wore a stone-coloured silk coat with diamond star and epaulettes. The Queen was in white, with silver tissue ornamented with bows bordered with brilliants. The Princess Royal's dress was a fawn-coloured silver tissue ornamented with festoons of white silver tissue bordered with green. The Prince of Wales wore a bright-coloured pink silk coat richly embroidered with silver and a waistcoat of silver tissue. The gentlemen's dresses were for the most part spring silks with flowered borders. Those of the ladies were of white, straw colour, and green lustring, most beautifully trimmed with gauze and tiffany, and interspersed with natural and artificial flowers."

Gorgeous and wonderful in their day must have been those birth-night balls, celebrated with scarcely less magnificence than at Court, at the fashionable "Assembly-rooms" of Bath, Brighton, and Tunbridge Wells. It is true that (according to Beau Nash's wise regulation) the men wore no swords as at Court, but their costumes must be said to have vied with those of the ladies in brilliancy, colour, and even material. We can read without surprise of queens and princesses attired in gold and silver tissues, rose-coloured, white, and orange-coloured satins bedizened with gold and silver laces and fringes, and covered with jewels; but the Regent and his brothers must have been a sight to see at the end of the last century, and some years into this, habited in embroidered velvets and rich satins trimmed with fur. Some of the courtiers wore a black velvet coat with waistcoat and cuffs of flame-coloured satin embroidered with gold and pearls. On such occasions the King often appeared in rich crimson velvet with a star and shoulder-knot of diamonds, and the Prince of Wales, pearl-coloured satin embroidered with gold, a black velvet hat with white feathers and rows of gold beads. If ladies danced minuets etiquette required they should don lace lappets.

When the Regent visited Tunbridge Wells, he enjoyed his walk on the Parade, chatting affably with those he knew, and often choosing Lord Thurlow for his companion. The Regent at Tunbridge Wells.

The visit of the Court of course had given a start to exertions for improving the place, which, owing to the vast numbers attracted by the royal festivities, attained a greatly increased celebrity, not only as a watering-place, but as a spot encouraging gaiety and amusement. Unfortunately gaming Gaming. was the folly of the day, and with the class of society which accompanied and followed the Court it had become a habit they neither could nor sought to shake off. We all know how fatally this passion tends to level distinctions of rank, and how infallibly it leads to a degrading mixture of the fashionable and the profligate. How many healthy and attractive localities have been polluted by the lamentable weakness of character of those whose example ought to elevate the lower classes, whereas they allow themselves to descend to *their* level! There was at that time apparently too little social reserve, and too much facility of association between the various classes of visitors, those of the upper rank yielding too readily to the enjoyment of a temporary removal of those restraints which had perhaps become too exacting in the estimation and practice of the Quality; but here the relaxation was too indiscriminate. Conventionality has not inaptly been termed the cactus-hedge of society, but it has its uses, and its advantages, and the remission of some of that extreme stiffness in those days a marked characteristic engendered in Court life was too violent not to lead to disastrous results; the disappearance of the original simplicity of manners which had characterized the Wells society was so gradual as not to be perceived until the company having become detrimentally mixed, the way of life there became so notorious that a code of social laws became indispensable, and an official representative being required to enforce them, the appointment of a Master of the Ceremonies was decided on. Nor as long as the place could be made attractive by social

diversions was the task of reform and restraint altogether easy, for there were now serious abuses to remove, practices to abolish, regulations to introduce and to enforce, and it was an invidious duty to have to organize a system of social laws which could not but dissatisfy some and must give offence to many whom it was necessary to conciliate. Still a new order of things was inevitable, and the man who could do it had to be found, for he was to be the accepted founder of a permanent institution.

Amusements and entertainments, concerts, flower-shows, assemblies, routs and balls, were still, in my childhood, held in the "Assembly-rooms," all under the direction of a Master of Ceremonies. The earliest of these whom I remember was Mr. Eld; it was part of his office to call on every family shortly after their arrival—he used to pay periodical visits to our house, and was always invited to my mother's parties.

The first
Master of
Ceremonies.

Eld had been preceded by a Mr. Roberts, and he by Mr. Amsinck, who made a careful study of the locality and its environs, and wrote a not uninteresting account of that part of the country; but the one who attained the most fame in that somewhat responsible capacity, and had the honour of being the first in this office, was Beau Nash, remarkable for his personal attractions and the grace with which he assumed and carried out its delicate duties, but he was clever enough to know that unless he gave them a certain dignity and made himself respected as a "character" he would not be taking full advantage of the position. Nash was a Swansea man of no birth, but he had been gifted by Nature with a face and figure which lent themselves readily to the support of his assumed distinction of manner, and alternating between Tunbridge Wells and Bath, as the "season" alternated at those places, he contrived to constitute himself the arbiter of fashion and local etiquette, and the leader of amusements and entertainments in both. He succeeded in making himself agreeable to the upper ranks, and soon became popular among

Beau Nash.

them, for living to a very advanced age, at which his little foibles were good-humouredly smiled at and pardoned in favour of his better qualities, 'he died so much respected that he was buried with much demonstrativeness in Bath Abbey in 1761. The pump-room at Bath still retains a marble effigy of Beau Nash, occupying a special niche, represented in the costume in which he predilected to appear on all public occasions. He wears the long waistcoat of that day, closed only at the last button, a broad frill filling up the opening, while he carries his hat under his arm. At the Tunbridge Wells Assembly-rooms his portrait, in a massive gilt frame between two panelled mirrors hung with girandoles and flat glass spangles, represented him in a richly embroidered satin coat, waistcoat embellished with gold lace, frilled lace ruffles, and bearing in his hand a scroll which recorded his zeal in founding the hospital at Bath; for he on many occasions showed a benevolent disposition.

A story is told of the *Beau's* having obtained a donation of 5*l.* for a poor man whom he had overheard say a 5*l.* note would make him happy; on the donor's asking him how he had disposed of the money, he made out an account to which he procured the signature of the recipient:—

“To making a miserable man happy—5*l.*”

[Parry, I see, tells this story with an unimportant variation; but he also gives currency to two other illustrations of Nash's free-handed disposition which have a spice of the fabulous in them:—He seems to have overheard another man say how happy a sum of money would make him; this one was a broken-down gentleman standing behind his chair at play, and observing the indifference with which he gathered in his winnings, could not forbear commenting on it to a neighbour, adding, “How happy that 200*l.* would have made *me!*” Nash immediately turned round and clapped the money into his hand, saying, “Then go, and be happy!”

“When the Earl of T——d was a youth he was passionately fond of play, and never better pleased than with having Nash

for his antagonist. Nash saw his Lordship's foible and undertook to cure him. Conscious of his superior skill, he engaged him in single play for a very considerable sum. . . . He lost his estate . . . his very equipage was deposited as a last stake, and he lost that also. But when our generous gamester found his Lordship sufficiently punished, he returned all; only stipulating that he should be paid 5000*l.* if ever he had occasion to ask for it. Nash never made any demand during his Lordship's life, but some time after his decease, his own affairs being on the wane, he demanded it of his Lordship's heirs, who honourably paid it without hesitation. —R. H. B.]

Although in general manifesting his recognition of the laws of good taste, he made a practice of signaling his arrival for the season by dashing into Tunbridge Wells in a chariot drawn by six fine greys, preceded by two outriders who heralded his approach with a *fanfare* on their horns.

Unhappily this gilded grandeur was not of indefinite duration, and the magnificent owner of the coveted position, and once triumphant organizer of the state with which he presumed to surround himself, survived to sink into a much humbler place in society.

Nash's library and reading-rooms were a welcome feature among the details of the place, forming a sort of club where their frequenters used to meet and while away the idle hours of the morning discussing the Court gossip, political news and events of the day. A writer of that time relates with exultation the rapidity and regularity with which Tunbridge Wells was supplied with daily information. "Newspapers," says he, "are now composed, printed, and circulated with such celerity, that we get a complete historical register of all the occurrences of one day, systematically exhibited on the breakfast table of the succeeding one. There are now near a dozen morning prints which settle the political faith of the day, and teach their readers how to walk safely in (paper) leading-strings."

Nash's
library.

Newspapers.

The theatre was a snug, well-appointed little building The Theatre. beyond the market, on the lower Promenade, and often had a brilliant season. In 1810, Downton was its manager, and from July to October inclusive gave three performances a week.

Ten or twenty years later Mr. John Becher, of Chancellor House, and my father, whose place was Culverdens, both on Mount Ephraim, were among its principal patrons, and were deferred to in many of the arrangements, choice of pieces, &c. ; they also helped to patronize the races and race-balls which made a salient feature in the summer season.

Of the card-parties many traditions remained afloat. Madame Piozzi's censure on the card-parties. Madame Piozzi, for instance, is said to have held aloof from them, and being twitted on her inability to take a hand, she replied :—

“ The human mind is like a barrel-organ which plays many tunes, but cards is one that never was pricked on mine.”

Dr. Samuel Clarke, the well-remembered Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and a great favourite at the Court of George II., was a great card-player. Being at the Wells, he was one day playing a rubber in the Assembly-rooms, and after the game sat over the table with his three friends, talking and laughing in a somewhat frolicsome way. Presently, Beau Nash entered at the other end of the rooms. Clarke, unwilling in his clerical character to give any scandal, shuffled away the cards and, checking the exuberant spirits of his associates, said : “ Let us be grave, my boys ; here comes a fool.”

Sir J. Willes, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was once playing a game at these same Assembly-rooms, when there came up a young barrister, who indiscreetly stood close to the card-table watching the game ; as he continued from behind the Chief Justice's chair to scrutinize the cards he held, the latter turned round and spoke sharply to the youth, who, feigning intoxication, replied, staggering and with an assumed thickness of speech : “ Sir, I beg pardon, but I

want to improve in my card-playing, which at present is indifferent, so I came to look over yours ; as, if I am not mistaken, you are a *judge*."

Amsinck.

Amsinck, writing of the place in 1810, thus alludes to the description of the Comte de Gramont's remarks on Tunbridge Wells which I have given above :—

" Those acquainted with Tunbridge Wells and the adjacent country, will be surprised at the fidelity of this picture of the spot, while others who have long frequented the place, and paid attention to the customs which have till very late years prevailed, will be struck by the very minute coincidence which has subsisted through so long a period of time. The account of these customs exactly characterizes those of the last twenty years."

[He might have said " the last forty years," for the following description of them as they existed at that date is almost identical with that of the writer of 1771.¹—R. H. B.]

Tunbridge
Wells in 1810.

The arrangements of the day at Tunbridge Wells at this date seem to have been quite systematic and eminently social. Apparently the visitors for the most part, if not altogether, belonged to the same *monde* ; they met in the early morning wearing a conventional *déshabillé*, the men in white dimité suits, and while walking about in the Parade went to the well for their prescribed glasses of water.²

A band consisting of flutes, hautboes, and fiddles occupied the orchestra in the middle of the Parade and played the while. They then went home to breakfast and reappeared in full promenade toilet at the Episcopal Chapel at eleven o'clock. After morning prayers they again resorted to the Parade, where they walked about, met, chatted, sauntered into the reading-room and made plans and parties for their afternoon drives ; neither were the pastry-cooks nor mercers' shops neglected. Early dinner was according to the hygienic order of the day ; and for those who preferred it there were " ordinaries," or

¹ *Supra*, pp. 225-6.

² The quantity of water imbibed—200 ounces—would be incredible, but that Dr. Rouzee, who records it, gives it on faith of his own knowledge.—R. H. B.]

what would now be called *table d'hôte*. This over, games of bowls would attract some of the gentlemen, who played in the garden behind the Sussex Inn—now and long since enlarged, beautified, and styled Sussex Hotel; some smoked and looked on. Riding donkeys¹ became a fashion, and they could be hired in any number, smartly saddled and accoutred; they were not, as now, for the children, but ladies rode them as a substitute for riding on pillions behind their cavaliers. In the evening the Assembly-rooms again came into requisition, and were lighted up, while various games of cards on four, alternating with balls on the other, evenings attracted many. Those whose social status excluded them from the rooms yet profited by the music paid for by their “betters,” for they followed all the dances outside, to their infinite delight.

Donkeys come into fashion.

The subscription to these balls for the season was, for a gentleman, two guineas, but this entitled him to take two ladies, but there was an extra sixpence for tea, and probably the orange which it was the custom for the *cavalier* to present to his partner at the end of a dance, was paid for as an extra. It does not appear what she was expected to do with “it,” or rather with *them*, for they must have proved somewhat of an encumbrance by the end of the evening. Except on special occasions, such as fancy balls and masquerades, the hours at the rooms were restricted to those between seven and eleven, at which hour dancing was abruptly suspended even if the dance then going on was not finished. So stringent was this rule that Beau Nash actually refused to allow the Princess Amelia another dance after the prescribed hour had struck. There was one fancy ball in each week, and masquerades were much appreciated by the company; but, however quietly intrigue may have been favoured by the disguises

¹ Donkeys were introduced by Lady G. Seymour, in 1801, when the Prince and Princess of Orange were at Tunbridge Wells. The author who records it writes her name “S*yn**r,” and adds, “This sudden and unlooked-for fashion gave rise to many poetical effusions,” and quotes one not brilliant enough to be worth reproducing. She must have been sister-in-law of Mrs. Fitzherbert’s friend. *Supra*, pp. 178, 179 n, 180.—R. H. B.]

worn on these occasions, scandal was carefully kept at bay, and such reports as they gave rise to were by common consent spoken of only in whispers.

Stiffly as Sabbatarian notions prevailed in the times, the rooms were thrown open to promenaders, whether subscribers or not, on Sunday evenings, but they had to pay 1s. each for the privilege, and another 6*d.*¹ if they took tea. Cards and games of all sorts were disallowed on these occasions, and the subscribers maintained a dignified contempt for these public gatherings.

Tunbridge
Wells in 1821.

A schoolmaster by name Evans, LL.D., has left an account of a visit he paid to Tunbridge Wells in 1821, and gives an interesting list of the company he found there and used to meet on the Pantiles. Among them we find the names of Sir Ralph and Lady Noel Milbanke and their daughter Lady Byron (six years after her marriage), Lord Stair, Alexander Stephens, who wrote an entertaining and anecdotal life of Horne Tooke, besides numberless other people of rank or celebrity.

St. Charles'
Chapel.

The attractions of Tunbridge Wells centred in its salubrity, its chalybeate, its vegetation, and its scenery. Architectural features it had none; not a scrap of mediæval shrine or tower could it boast. "St. Charles' Chapel," near the Pantiles, at the opening of the Frant Road, being its only church, was an almost shapeless edifice. Nevertheless it possessed a quaintly venerable character. Its brick walls, in great part covered with ivy, its snug little belfry, its round-headed casements, leaded in with tiny oblong panes, left open on hot Sundays, when the hum of insects on the still air, and the chirping of birds in the surrounding foliage used to make us long to be outside also, sharing their freedom—all this gave it an aspect free from all pretence and vulgarity. And then when one of those warblers made its way through the open casement and

¹ The charge for "tea" seems extremely moderate when we compare the prices of teas a century ago with those of the present time, when 6*d.* is a very ordinary charge for a cup of tea.

fluttered about the ceiling, seeming to play with the puffy cherubs that embossed it, it was an event to be talked about all the week, and set us longing it might occur again next Sunday. Associated as these simple details are with my earliest years, the sight of St. Charles' Chapel always recalls those fresh impressions which have a loving attraction all their own, having been received at a time when one was incapable of judging whether the object that engendered them was intrinsically beautiful or not.

Alas ! how many tender memories are inseparable from



TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1825.

those old square white distempered walls, black oak fittings, black oak benches below and gallery-pews above ; the triple pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's box, all gathered beneath the ponderous impending black oak sounding-board ; the organ-loft with its massive carved oak staircase, carved oak columns and decorations, and above all, those characteristic ceiling embossments of cherubs' heads and festoons of flowers and fruits, all of seventeenth century inspiration, which astonished and puzzled my infant mind while sermons were being preached which no child could possibly follow, though it was

part of our Sunday work to write down all we could remember of them when we got home. A sum of 3000*l.* was raised to pay for this ecclesiastical edifice,¹ which dates from 1688, and Archbishop Tillotson preached from its monumental pulpit the inauguration sermon.

On Sunday, September 6th, 1802, a curious sermon was preached at the St. Charles' Chapel by Dr. Wm. Nichols, and was afterwards published at the request of the congregation. The subject was "God's blessing on the use of mineral water": the preacher ingeniously took his text from the gospel narrative of the Bethesda pool, which he discussed much in the way in which Mr. Haweis deals with such matters at the present day; he said that there was nothing more miraculous in this than in any other mineral waters, and as for the "angel's stirring up the pool," that meant no more than the figurative way of accounting for its efficacy; the Jews, he said, were wont in their descriptions to employ Oriental imagery, and here it was a mere form of expression; no doubt the time when the pool was "stirred" was that of some periodical ebullition of sulphureous or bituminous matter which abounds in Judæa, as is yet discernible in Lake Asphates. What more probable, then, that at such periods the result to the bather was more efficacious, and hence the desire of each one to avail himself of the earliest manifestation of a change in the quality or temperature of the water.

[This church has always been called St. Charles' within my memory, but the narrative of 1771 says it was preceded by a chapel-of-ease built by John Parker, Clerk of the Privy Seal, "votive in thankful remembrance of Prince Charles' return from Spain." Long before there could have been excuse for calling him "Saint," therefore. The subscribers to the present edifice could not have been severally very generous, as though several accounts agree that it cost 3000*l.*, no less than 2600 names are recorded of contributors, and it

¹ Hasted states that St. Charles' stands partly in three parishes, the altar being in Tunbridge, the pulpit in Speldhurst, and the vestry in Frant.

took eleven years to obtain sufficient money to complete this sum.—R. H. B.]

At one time, for want of better accommodation, it is said that Bishop Sherlock used to preach to a congregation assembled on the common from the window of his house. [No doubt in the summer weather many visitors made light of the country walk to the old village churches in the neighbourhood. I remember it was always a joy when the nurses proposed a walk through the fields to service at Speldhurst or Bidborough or Southborough—and there were always many going the same way. And in the early days when people *lodged* at Speldhurst and Tunbridge they had church accommodation close at hand, so it was only when the Wells came to be built round that one was required on the spot.—R. H. B.]

In the days in which I first remember St. Charles' the incumbent was the Rev. Martin Benson, whom I can still recall as a venerable old man who had then become white-haired and infirm, bent in form, but having a most benevolent expression of countenance, which doubtless contributed to his becoming such a favourite with his congregation.

It was interesting to me to find in Cumberland under date 1807 an account of the induction of this very Martin Benson whom I knew so many years later. Cumberland was instrumental in getting him the incumbency, and bears kindly testimony to his unblemished character and untiring zeal.

Up to the time that St. Charles' was consecrated the inhabitants of Tunbridge Wells had been very ill supplied with religious privileges; as a consequence various Non-conformist congregations had been set up, and were so flourishing at the time Mr. Benson came on the scene, that his labours to bring them back to the Church of England were, of necessity, very arduous. Cumberland, who seems to have taken a great and practical interest in the Wells, conferred on the matter with his friend Martin Benson, and after this consultation they agreed that Primate Robinson, who frequently visited the Wells, should be asked for his opinion as

Bishop
Sherlock.

Hymn sing-
ing.

to what course it would be best to pursue. "If you wish to get these people back again," he replied, "there is only one way; you must *sing* them in: they won't come to your preaching; arguments will do nothing with them, but they have itching ears, and will listen to a hymn or an anthem, and as you have an organ, such as it is, you must set to work and assemble the best singers your place affords."

This advice being followed, a very respectable rural choir was soon established. "From that time," continues the narrator, "Mr. Benson's exhortations, backed by our melodies, thinned the ranks of the seceders, and a certain female apostle was deserted by her closet-congregation; and she thenceforth devoted her attention to a pet monkey, who profited more by her caresses, and about as much by her instructions as the silly souls who had followed her lectures."

Nevertheless in our time the sects were rampant, and there was scarcely any denomination that was not represented at the Wells. I remember what seemed to be a persistent contest for pronunciation of the King's English which was carried on daily (for there was daily service at St. Charles') between poor old Mr. Benson and the—also elderly—clerk, by name Okill. Mr. Benson sticking resolutely to—"Lord have *mercy* upon us," and the clerk apparently correcting him with "Lord ha' *marcy* upon us," throughout numerous verses, to say nothing of the alternate verses of the 136th Psalm, which gave Okill a fine opportunity for asserting his incorrigible view of the matter. There are other characteristic stories told of this old clerk, probably known only to those acquainted with the traditions of Tunbridge Wells; one of these was, that owning a cottage *orné* on Mount Zion, on the rent of which he mainly depended, he made a point whenever it was untenanted of giving out the hymn—"Mount Zion is a pleasant place." Another, that one Sunday his sight having become so weak that it was with difficulty he could make out the type of his hymn-book, in his irritation at the predicament, and holding the page close to

his face, he gave vent to his vexation in the following words :—“ My eyes are dim, I cannot see, I cannot see at all;” which the congregation taking to be the hymn itself, attacked it bravely with one accord to some usual tune, thus :—

“ Mine eyes are dim,
Mine eyes are dim,
I cannot see at all.”

till at last, as the congregation waited for the next instalment of the sacred song to be given out, the old clerk grew maddened as he realized what was happening. Ultimately he commanded silence with ludicrous gesticulations, and a neighbour having charitably meantime brought him a lighted candle, he was enabled to give out the hymn originally intended. At this time the old custom still prevailed of dividing the sexes, and alternate verses of Psalms and hymns were sung by each.

[I don't think this custom lasted down to my time, but I well remember a tradition current in the nursery that when it existed there used to be a general titter on occasion of two hymns that seem to have been often sung there. One was,—

“ O for a man,
O for a man,
O for a mansion in the skies;”

and then it was the women's side which chiefly made its voice heard. The other was,—

“ Come down, great Sal,
Come down, great Sal,
Come down, great Salvation from above;”

and then the voices from the men's side chiefly prevailed.

I believe the custom of prefacing the announcement of the hymns with the sentence, “ Let us sing to the praise and glory of God,” is quite obsolete now, but I remember at the time when it was still the universal custom, having been taken to some country church not far from Tunbridge Wells. A strange clergyman did the service, and finding the clerk failed to give out any hymn before the sermon, he supposed

it was his business, and began searching under the cushion for the notice paper. He had meantime got as far as "let us sing to the praise and glory of God," when the clerk bobbed up his head sharply like a "Jack-in-the-box," and exclaimed, "We doesn't do that 'ere, sur."—R. H. B.]

My father's estate was not large, but it was very beautiful and very complete; the older wooden part of the house was a bower of moss-roses; to this he had added several spacious rooms; the lawns were planted with graceful groups of trees; variegated and flowering evergreens were his delight. Looking from the drawing-room windows across the park, we saw one of the loveliest views imaginable, and we lived there an absolutely country life. Cows and sheep enlivened the meadows, and the dear old low-roofed farm-house with barns and farm buildings grouped round it, the farm-yard and the duck pond, might have been 500 miles away from London. There was on the property a beautiful wood where nightingales gave us their songs, and which my father laid out in wild serpentine walks with great taste; beyond this was the mill-plat, for we grew our own corn, ground it in our own mill, and the bread was baked in the farm-house oven. Farming had its poetry in those days, and mowing, hay-making, and stacking were among the delights of country life. Children got up at six, and even earlier in the mushroom season, and were put to bed at eight, and well do I recall the evening air of the long summer's day flowing in at the open window and bringing with it the voices and the sounds which still went on for another hour as with an indistinct murmur, coaxing one to sleep. How far off all this seems now! and how few there will be still surviving who will remember the charming old Tunbridge Wells of those simple days! My father's property was not in, but near, "the Wells," and our land touched that of Chancellor House, since the abode of Royalty, but at that time owned by the Becher family. We and the Becher boys used to meet on Sundays on Mount Ephraim, and followed by parents

or governess, used to walk together across the common, gathering wild flowers on our way, to the ivy-grown old church of St. Charles. Those "boys," and there were altogether eleven of them! have all been dispersed since, and only two now survive; those who lived to be sixteen or so all went out to India, where they earned their laurels and made their figure in the history of our Anglo-Indian Empire, numbering besides those who acquired civilian fame, a captain, a colonel, three generals, one a C.B., one a K.C.B., and one killed in his youth at Lucknow in his country's cause.

But in those days we all disported ourselves on our way to church together with little thought for the future. And when once we had gained our respective pews, many a chuckling glance would pass between us if there chanced to be anything in the least calculated to excite our interest. One little diversion which somewhat relieved the monotony of the service was watching a large square pew on the ground floor (and of which from ours in the front row of the gallery we had an excellent view), appropriated to a mixed Sunday-school of boys and girls. These youngsters were watched over by a vigilant hybrid, something between a beadle and a schoolmaster, armed with a very long cane resembling a fishing-rod.

This individual, who certainly could not himself have paid much attention to the Order of Morning Prayer, would occasionally lean back in his corner, close his eyes, and so well simulate sleep that the little imps, emboldened by his apparent absorption, would at once begin their games.

Sometimes it was nothing more than an earnest conversation carried on in whispers; sometimes it was a communication by signal across the pew between the occupiers of opposite benches; sometimes there might be a quarrel, which would necessarily be fatal, as the excitement could not but attract notice. Then, again, some would get so audacious as to start a game of push-pin or fox and geese on the bench.

Whatever it might be that was going on, as soon as the old schoolmaster found any number of the boys thoroughly confirmed in the conviction that he had travelled into the land of Nod, he would rise with extremest caution, and with the long wand that never left his hand, come suddenly down with a startling tap on the heads of the offenders. This was splendid fun for us, not only in the manœuvre itself, but in the general titter it excited. It was not that we ourselves were much more attentive to what was going on than the poor little charity boys, but we felt the superiority we had attained in having learnt to give no outward exhibition of the directions in which our thoughts wandered.

By this time the living had passed into the hands of a Mr. Pope; as it seemed to us, an old man, but not so venerable as Mr. Benson. He had a round, rubicund face set on a very short neck, giving him a *soupeçon* of resemblance to a pouter pigeon, the rather that he was also stout, and fussy, and important. He was not the ideal of a country parson, but was popular for all that. He had a smile—perhaps a little too patronizing—for every one, and a pleasant word for us children, who used to meet him about everywhere, find him a standing dish at all small parties, whether our own or those of friends, and to hear of him at all the card parties of the quieter sort, fancy bazaars, flower shows, and assembly-room concerts. Even at the races and at the little theatre when stars came down from London, “the Pope of Tunbridge Wells” was sure to put in an appearance.

[On the occasion of some early tea-gathering of my mother’s a few years later than this, having been told, though not more than four years old, “to make myself useful,” I adroitly took possession of this old clergyman’s cup, which wanted filling, as he was the one of all the company of whom I felt least in awe. “Thankee, my little dear,” said the good man. “Willee get me another dish—” This word proved altogether too much for my gravity. Beyond measure astounded, I can well recall to this day

how I stood still in my progress through the middle of the assembly, feeling very much like an Israelite with the waters of the Red Sea standing on either hand, and with the shrill exclamation, "He said *dish!*" let fall on the carpet the china cup and saucer I was endeavouring to convey.—R. H. B.]

The "Pope of Tunbridge Wells" rejoiced in the possession of three sisters. One married a Mr. Bishop; one, Archbishop Whately, the preacher of "my first sermon,"¹ and the third, after long hesitation, ended by marrying one of the Baden-Powells.

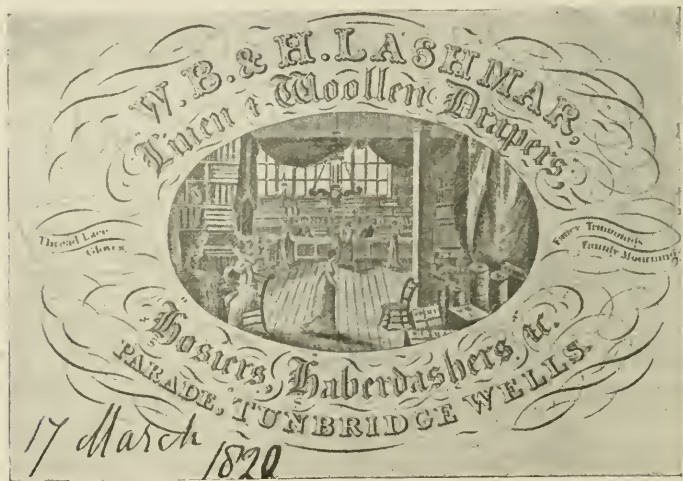
[As other royalties who have visited Tunbridge Wells have been spoken of in this chapter, a greater than any of them—her present Majesty—ought not to be passed over. As "Princess Victoria" she was very fond of Tunbridge Wells; the Duchess of Kent occupying the big house in Calverley Park, which afterwards became "The Calverley Hotel." I well remember one insignificant tradition of her which gave me great comfort as a small child. On some path where we used to take our walks, and which according to the simple habits in which she was brought up she had equally frequented, there was some very choice gravel in which were to be found tiny semi-opaque pebbles which children called "Tunbridge Wells pearls." To discover these and work them out with the end of one's parasol was a glorious occupation, but which the nursery governess tabooed as "unbecoming in a young lady." It was delightful, therefore, when one day the old nurse defended the practice by declaring she had formerly seen the Princess Victoria herself do the like lots of times, so it couldn't be wrong. Although the other ventured to declare that what was right for the Princess Victoria might not be right for little girls, the precedent was too strong for her, and the joy of pearl-fishing thenceforward went on unabated.

Though too infantine at the time actually to remember

¹ *Supra*, vol. i. p. 336-7.

this circumstance also, the nurse so strenuously kept up the memory of it that I could almost fancy I did. It seems that she more than once overtook us on these walks; stroked and admired our hair, and would say, "There are those dear little girls!" with genuine girlish pleasure, and no show of condescension.—R. H. B.]

The early shops of Tunbridge Wells seem to have been no more "monumental" than the Chapel of Ease, as the following quaint interior view of Lashmar's, the grandest of them, testifies. It is from a bill-head I found lingering among other toilette notes in my mother's papers.



Dunmall the
 mysterious.

A well-known traditional character at Tunbridge Wells in its early days was a spirited old gentleman, by name Dunmall, who must morally have been a duplicate of the celebrated and mysterious Comte de St. Germain, for like him he claimed to have been born at the Creation, and asserted that he should never die. He would, like that nobleman, rattle off with fullest details anecdotes of celebrities of all dates, from Jonah downwards, asserting that he had been with that Prophet in the whale's belly, and that he was surprised at the cowardliness he betrayed on that occasion:

he had been in the confidence of Lyeurgus, of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar, and would repeat with the greatest aplomb conversations he had held with Plato, then with Cicero, and again with Lord Bacon. Both these patriarchal impostors made their way respectively with the assistance of a striking presence and winning manners, and the Englishman was no purer in his character than the French nobleman. In eccentricity they may fairly be said to have been on an extraordinary level, for it is not probable that Dunmall ever heard of the French Court favourite.

One day when Dunmall was walking to Buckhurst, he met a pedlar on the road: he called to him and asked him his name, which the other having told him, "Are you really sure," said he, with an accent of surprise, "that such *is* your name?"

"As sure as I am of anything," he replied. "No one ever knew me by any other."

"In that case," said Dunmall, "the angel Gabriel has ordered me to give you ten guineas."

"Well, now, this *is* strange," answered the pedlar, who seems to have been blessed with ready wit, "the same gentleman has ordered me to receive it."

"Then that *must* be all right," rejoined Dunmall, who then and there handed him the sum. Dunmall's delusions appear to have always taken a benevolent turn, so that he lived on unmolested, affording a source of amusement as well as of wonderment to all who knew him. I cannot find any record of his death.

There was, too, among what may be called the characters of the place, the Wells crier, who went by the name of *Lord Rawlings*, in consequence of having been taken up to London by the notorious Duke of Wharton, who thought it funny to dress him up in rich clothes and introduce him to some of the nobility, who, entering into the spirit of the Duke's spree, invited him to their parties, and introduced him to their friends as Lord Rawlings. The Duke made up

"Lord Rawlings," the town crier.

speeches for him, which he taught him by heart, and made him deliver on certain occasions, to the infinite amusement of all present. He was also taught to sing drinking-songs, and one in particular, called the *touting-song*, procured him more fame than his head was able to stand. He never recovered the effects of this foolish episode, and when he went back refused to divest himself of his "title," insisted on being my-lorded by every one, and at last became so mad that he had to be consigned to the insane department of the work-house, where he died.

"Old Walpole."

About the same time lived at and about the Wells a queer sort of fellow it would be difficult to classify, who rejoiced in the name of Walpole, and really was a natural son of Sir Robert, whom he resembled much more than did Lord Orford or any of his legitimate offspring. Sir Robert seems to have made some feeble efforts to rescue him from the adventurous, not to say profligate way of life into which he had fallen, but with no permanent result, and when Sir Edward Walpole visited the Wells, he used to say "it was strange his *brother* did not call upon him!"

The old *George Inn* on the London Road, standing at the wide part where that becomes Mount Ephraim, was a staunch, respectable, unpretending country inn, homely and comfortable; the very type of what a country inn should be, with its small-paned windows, scarlet curtains, and snug parlour. Before it on a sign-post swang the board painted with the effigy of one of the Georges on horseback, careering proudly in his royal riding-suit of scarlet and gold, top-boots and three-cornered hat, and it goes on still pursuing the even tenour of its way unharmed, whether by its earlier rivals or the imposing modern guest-houses that have since sprung up all over the place, doing their best to spoil it, and succeeding beyond all expectation.

Tunbridge Wells loses its traditional picturesque-

ness. Alas! Alas! Beautiful, rustic, peaceful Tunbridge Wells, for those who knew it and loved it sixty or seventy years ago, no longer exists. The pure air, the rural sounds, village life,

for such it virtually was to the residents, all the romance and poetry that it breathed are things of the long gone past ! Tunbridge Wells has been turned into an ugly upstart town ; a network of tasteless streets, terraces and shops covers every square inch of ground, to the exclusion of all that once was picturesque and traditional.

L'ENVOI.

(From Peter Coxe's "Social Day," Canto 1, 1823.)

“There was a time when Poets sung
Fearless of adverse pen or tongue :
Fearless—because reviewers then
Had never vexed the minds of men.
But when the press had learning spread,
And men would print, to prove they'd read,
Critics arose

But be it right, or be it wrong—
Gotten the critic folk among,
We trust they'll treat us kind, though freely,
Nor make us, like distrest Miss Bailey,
Complain they've used us ungentlely ;
Nor deem us vulgar, though they see
We talk about a common flea.”

R. H. B.

INDEX.

- ABOYEURS, I. 190 f.
 Adelaide, Queen, II. 179 n., 199.
 Agar, *Mulle.*, I. 129, 137.
 Aldborough, Countess of, I. 5 n. 11, 181.
 Ambidexter training, I. 61.
 Andryane, I. 40.
 Anecdotes, *mots*, philippic, &c. :—
 " Absence of mind, I. 307.
 " St.-Amand, Gen., I. 71.
 " An American in Rome, I. 437.
 " Balloons, I. 204.
 " Batthyani, Card., I. 239.
 " Beaumarchais, I. 123-4.
 " Brougham, Lord, I. 421.
 " Caroline, Q., II. 179 n.
 " Cartonche, I. 155 ff.
 " Clerical, I. 307, 367-9, 396, 401, 404.
 " Clerical, II. 150-1, 270 ff., 274-5.
 " Coaching, II. 209-10.
 " Coleman, Geo., II. 11.
 " Canning, II. 200.
 " Canova, I. 26.
 " Caro, Professor, I. 85.
 " Clarke, Dr. Samuel, II. 263.
 " Cousin, Victor, I. 94-5, 96.
 " Czerny, I. 76.
 " *Dames de la Halle*, I. 338.
 " Déon, Chev., I. 126 ff.
 " Dumas, A. (*père*), I. 134-5.
 " Dodington, Bubb, II. 252.
 " Douglas, Rev. W., II. 200.
 " Dupanloup, I. 406
 " Dupin, I. 33-4.
 " Edgeworth, *Abbé*, I. 151-2.
 " Gaudenzi, *Padre*, I. 437.
 " Gavuzzi, I. 414, 417-18.
 " George IV., II. 169, 202-3.
 " Ghent, scandalous chronicles of, I. 190 ff.
 " Ghent and Bruges, I. 177 n.
 " Girardin, Emile de, I. 41, 44-5.
 " Gloucestershire schoolboys, I. 296.
 " Goodall, Dr., II. 187.
 " Goldsmith, Mr. Nathaniel, I. 259-60.
 " Anecdotes, St.-Hubert, I. 214, 216.
 " Italian, I. 438-9.
 " Johnson, Dr., II. 189.
 " Kitchiner, Dr., II. 17.
 " Lacordaire, *Père*, I. 394.
 " Lavigerie, Card., I. 364.
 " Louis-Philippe, I. 7, 9, 11, 13, 16, 19, 27.
 " Liszt, I. 76 and n.
 " Lobsters, II. 220.
 " Locker-Lampson, I. 26; II. 231 n.
 " Manning's Irish and other stories, I. 262-3, 265, 272, 279.
 " Manning's imitators, I. 270-1.
 " " an Irish admirer, I. 277.
 " Manning's Sermons, I. 274-5.
 " Mansfield, Lord, II. 229.
 " Mirabeau, I. 38, 147.
 " Montgolfier, *Mme. de*, I. 66-7.
 " Monk Bishop of Gloucester,¹ I. 293-4.
 " Mozart, II. 184 n.
 " Napoleon III., I. 41, 94, 353-4.
 " Nash, Bean, II. 261-2.
 " North, Lord, II. 229.
 " Piozzi, Mrs., II. 263.
 " Parisis, Mgr., I. 345.
 " Pugin, I. 347.
 " Reulon, *Père*, I. 355.
 " Robespierre, I. 147.
 " Rothschild, Baron, I. 51, 53, 54-5.
 " Routh, Dr., I. 186-7 n.
 " Roux, Marius, I. 88-9.
 " *la Salpêtrière*, I. 59 ff.
 " Sambre et Meuse, I. 206.
 " Sheridan, I. 310 n.; II. 357.
 " Sibour, *Monseigneur*, I. 356 n.
 " Smith, Sydney, II. 168-9.
 " Soldiers, female, II. 127.
 " Talleyrand, I. 25-7.
 " Ventura, *Padre*, I. 355.
 " Wagner, Rev. H. M., II. 190 ff.
 " " Rev. A., II. 200-1.
 " Waterton, Squire, II. 46, 54, 68, 72 ff.

¹ By an obvious oversight "1801" occurs at line 3, p. 293, in place of "1804."—R. H. B.

- Anecdotes, Wellington, Duke of, I. 82-3; II. 32.
 ,, Wharton, Duke of, II. 277-8.
 ,, Wilberforce, Samuel, I. 290-1.
 ,, ,, Wm., II. 169.
 ,, Wiseman, Card., I. 310-14, 319.
 ,, Writer, a hapless, I. 92.
 Angoulême, *Duchesse d'*, I. 151 and n.
 Archives, French, *passim* chap. iv.
 ,, *Théâtre Français, passim* chap. v.
 Ardennes, the, I. 208.
 St.-Arnaud, Gen., I. 71.
 Arouet, François. See "Voltaire."
 Artot, I. 40.
 Ass, the, his qualities according to Buffon, II. 190 n.
 "Ass, the Dead," II. 38-9, 99 f.
 Augier, Emile, I. 96.
 ,, mont. by *Duchesse d'Usèz*, I. 100.
 Avernia, *Mont*, I. 68-9.
- BALLOONS, I. 65, 67; II. 203-4.
 Balzac, I. 40.
 Banks, Miss Peggy, II. 242.
 "the Banquet," II. 12-13.
 Barry the Architect, II. 190.
 Baths and Wash-houses, II. 131.
 Batthyani, Card., I. 237, 239.
 Baudelaire, I. 136.
 Bauffremont, *Mdme. de*, I. 159-61.
 Beaujolais, *Comte de*, I. 28 ff.
 Beaumarchais, I. 116-17, 123 ff.
 Beauval, *Mlle.*, I. 111.
 Becher family, II. 263, 272.
 Beecher, J. J., plagiarized by Longfellow, I. 93.
Béguinages, I. 178 ff.
 Belgian manners and customs, I. 169 ff.
 ,, gossip, I. 190 ff.
 Belloc, *Mdme.* Swanton-, I. 64 f.
 ,, ,, Parkes-, and her family, I. 64 n.
 Bennett, Rev. W. J. E., I. 412.
 Bernhardt, Sarah, I. 78, 106.
 "Dr. Berrington," II. 131-5.
 Berryer, I. 30, 37-8, 40.
 Beyle. See "Stendhall."
 Bicêtre, I. 58.
 Bird legends, II. 68-9.
 Blagden, Sir Charles, experiments with fire, II. 127-8.
 Blanc, Louis, I. 4 n., 16, 67-70, 433.
 ,, Charles, I. 69-70.
 Blanqui, Louis-Auguste, I. 335.
 Blatchington, Brighthelmstone *cum*, I. 199.
 Blomfield, Bp., I. 369, 425.
 Bloomfield, II. 170.
 Bois-Robert, *l'abbé*, I. 99-100.
 Bonjean, *président*, I. 335 ff.
 Bossuet, I. 99.
 Boulanger, Gen., I. 100.
 Bourget, Paul, on Coppée, I. 137.
 Bourmont, *Gen. de*, I. 8.
 Bracq, *Monseigneur*, I. 179 ff.
 Bradlaugh, as Lecturer, I. 320 ff.; as M.P., I. 329.
 Brazil, Emperor of, I. 74.
- BRIGHTON:—
 Adelaide, Queen, at, II. 179 n., 199.
 Attractions of Brighton denounced, I. 372.
 Barrymore, Lord, II. 165.
 St. Bartholomew's, II. 200-1.
 Bathing and bathing-women, II. 211-14.
 Brighton in 1736, II. 156.
 ,, 1775, II. 161 n.
 ,, 1781, II. 157, 160.
 ,, 1782, II. 157-8, 160 and n., 161, 169.
 ,, 1785, II. 162.
 ,, 1788, II. 158.
 ,, 1791, II. 158.
 ,, 1792, II. 158-9.
 ,, 1796, II. 160.
 ,, 1798, II. 158.
 ,, 1803, II. 166, 173.
 ,, 1807, II. 156 n.
 ,, 1821, II. 111, 182, 203.
 ,, 1822, II. 185.
 ,, 1828, II. 202.
 ,, 1834-5, II. 161.
 ,, 1835-46, II. 203.
- Brighthelmstone, date of changed name, II. 161 and n.
 Canning's Epigram on Wm. Douglas, II. 200.
 Catholic Church at, II. 181 and n.
 Caroline, Queen, II. 179 n.
 Chapels Royal, II. 163-4,¹ 181, 185, 188, 199.
 Charles II. at, II. 156, 219.
 Charlotte, Queen, II. 169.
 Charlotte, Princess, at the Pavilion, II. 170-2.
 Clarence, Duke of, II. 170, 202-3.
 Coaching, II. 203 fff.
 ,, accidents, II. 209-10.
 Cobbett at the Pavilion, II. 170.
 Cobbett's description of the Pavilion, II. 182.
 Cuckfield, II. 208, 217.
 Cumberland, Duke of, II. 158, 161 and n.
 Damer, Hon. Mrs. Dawson-, II. 179 and n., 180-1.
 Douglas, Rev. W., II. 200.
Émigrés at, II. 158-9.

¹ The question raised in the text, p. 163, refers to a chapel within the precincts; the so-called Chapel Royal outside the Pavilion of course there is no question about.—R. H. B.

BRIGHTON (*continued*)—
 Erskine, Lord, II. 202, 206-7.
 Fitzherbert, Mrs., II. 159-60, 173 fff., 213.
 Flunkeyism of Brighton towards George IV., II. 181.
 Fox and Mrs. Fitzherbert, II. 177-8.
 Frampton, Lady H., II. 171-2.
 " Mary, II. 174 n., 179 n.
 Gatton Park, road through, II. 204-5.
 Gloucester, Duke of, II. 183.
 " Gooding," II. 248.
 Gunn, Martha, II. 214-13.
 Hertford, Lady, II. 178-9.
 Hessel, Phœbe, II. 215-17, 219.
 Ilchester, Countess of, II. 171 f.
 Inns and hotels in early days, II. 156 and n.
 Invasion of England, local fear of, II. 167 n.
 Issue of Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage, was there any? II. 180.
 Jersey, Countess of, II. 178.
 The Jerningham Letters quoted, II. 173.
 Dr. Johnson in Brighton, II. 189-90.
 Kemp, Mr., II. 161, 195.
 Leopold, King of the Belgians, II. 172.
 Louis-Philippe at, II. 19.
 Luttrell, Mrs., II. 161.
 St. Martin's, II. 201.
 Michell, Mr., and his two sons, II. 189-90.
 Nagle, Admiral, II. 168.
 St. Nicholas, II. 160, 190 and n., 199-200.
 Norfolk, Duke of, at the Pavilion, II. 167-8.
 St. Paul's, II. 196-7.
 Pavilion, II. 154-5, 162 f., 164 f., 171-2, 181-2, 182-3.
 Pavilion, heat of, II. 174, 183.
 Pepys at, II. 157.
 St. Peter's, II. 190.
 Portrait, Mrs. Fitzherbert's, buried with George IV., II. 179 and n.
 Practical jokes and pranks at Pavilion, II. 163, 164 fff.
 Prince Regent, what he did for it, II. 154, 160, 173 n., 179 and n.
 Road to Brighton, anecdotes of, II. 206 ff.
 Russell, Dr., II. 155-6.
 Sealed packet about Mrs. Fitzherbert, II. 180.
 Seymour, Lady Horatia, II. 178, 179 n., 180.
 Smith, Sydney, II. 168-9.
 " Horace and James and their sister, II. 191.
 Smoaker, Tom, II. 213-14.
 Sortain, Rev. J., II. 387.
 Stourton, Lord, on Mrs. Fitzherbert, II. 175, 176, 180.
 Styles, Dr., I. 372-3.
 Sydney Smith, II. 168-9.
 Tattersell, Captain, II. 218-19.
 " The Temple," II. 195.
 Thurlow, Lord, II. 165-6, 173 n.
 Troops, discipline of, in 1803, II. 160-7.
 Vestris's, *Mdme.*, nurse, II. 220.
Vinaiettes, II. 210-11.
 Wagner, Rev. H. M., II. 187-201.

BRIGHTON (*continued*)—
 Wagner, Rev. Arthur, II. 196-7, 200 f.
 " Mr. Henry, I. 19; II. 164, 191, 201.
 " Miss, II. 164, 195, 201.
 Waterloo, Celebration of, II. 218.
 Watson, Rev. J., II. 201.
 Wellington, Duke of, memorial to, II. 200.
 " 2nd Duke, his death there, II. 201.
 Wilberforce, Wm., at Pavilion, II. 169 f.
 William IV. at, II. 179 and n.
 Broglie, *Duc de*, I. 4.
 Brougham, Lord, I. 277-8, 421.
 Brunswick, Duke of, I. 4.
 Buffon quoted (on donkeys), II. 101 n.
 Bugeaud, Marshal, I. 35.
 Bulwer, Sir H., on Thiers, I. 18.
 Buried treasures, I. 192, 221.
 Burney, Fanny, I. 214-15.
 Busk, Hans, I. 284; II. 2, 12-13, 14, 19 n., 29, 35, 131-3, 183, 252, 263.
 Busk, Capt. Hans, II. 108.
 " Prof. George, I. 242.
 Bute, Lady, I. 6, 29.
 Byron, Waterton's appreciation of, II. 31, 39.
 " incidental mention of, I. 127-8, 252.
 Byron's generosity, I. 376.
 CAGLIOSTRO, II. 121.
 Calvin sends his son for miraculous cure, I. 222 ff.
 Canova, I. 26.
Cantastorie, a modern, I. 409.
 Caro, Prof., I. 82 ff.
 Caroline, Queen, I. 179, n. 2.
 Carpeaux, I. 106.
 Carrel, Armand, I. 45-7.
 Cartouche, I. 155 ff.
 Casanova, II. 121-2.
 Cassagne, *Général de*, I. 33.
 Castré, *Abbé de, ou Chevalier d'Eon*, I. 124 ff.
 Cats, cultivated by Richelieu, Coppée, Théophile Gautier, Bandelaure, I. 135-7.
 " Petrarch's, II. 43 n.
 " Waterton's, II. 52, 87-8.
 Cevennes, the, I. 98 ff.
 Chabert the Fire-king, II. 124-9.
 Chantelauze, *M. de*, I. 70 ff.
 Charlotte, Empress, I. 167, 204-5.
 " Queen, II. 171-2, 178.
 " Princess, II. 171-2.
 Chateaubriand, I. 30.
 Christine, ex-Queen, I. 39.
 Chudleigh, Miss (Duchess of Kingston), II. 196-7, 242-5.
 " Church, Notes of the True," by Card. Manning, I. 302 ff.
 Church of England begins to approach Catholicity, I. 272-3 and n.; II. 197-8.

- Cibber, Colly, II. 226, 243 f.
 Clarence, Duke of, II. 170.
 Claretie, quoted, I. 93.
 Clay models, Sir F. Leighton on, II. 83.
 Clément, Jacques, I. 153.
 Cléry (valet of Louis XVI.), I. vii. n.; II. 150.
 Cobbett on the Pavilion, I. 182-3.
 Cobden's philanthropy, I. 241 f.
 Cochrane, Charles, II. 129-31.
Collier de la reine, the, I. 143.
 Confession, the seal of, I. 295-6.
 Coocence, Henri, I. 164 fff.
 "Cook's Oracle, the," II. 4 f., 30-1.
 Coppée, Fr.,¹ I. 102 fff.
 " " his writings, I. 127 ff.
 " " *intérieur*, I. 132.
 " " and A. Dumas, I. 134-5.
 " " his cats, I. 135.
 " " early struggle for fame,
 I. 137.
 Corneille's granddaughter, I. 120-21.
 "Corsican Brothers," the Plot suggested,
 I. 70.
 Cousin, Victor, I. 94 ff.
 " " on the Orleans family, I. 11.
 Créquy, *Madame de*, I. 158; II. 20 n.,
 121-3.
 Croizette, I. 106.
 Croly, Dr., I. 381 ff.
 Crowther, Bishop, I. 421 ff.
 Crozes, *Abbé*, I. 355 ff.
 Culverdens, II. 131, 135, 227, 251, 261, 272.
 Cumberland, Duke of, II. 158, 161 and n.,
 216.
 " Richard, II. 36. See also
 under "Tunbridge Wells."
 Cumming, Dr., I. 430 ff.
 Czerny, anecdote of, I. 76.
- DAMIENS, I. 153.
 Damoreau, Giacinta, I. 39.
 Darboy, Monseigneur,² I. 334 fff.
 David (sculptor), I. 40.
 Degiovanni, *padre*, I. 435.
 Degnerry, *abbé*, I. 335 f., 404-5.
 Delannay, I. 106.
 Denis, Ferd., I. 74 ff.
 Desgenettes, *abbé*, I. 403-4.
Diners gala, I. 174 ff.
Diners intimes, II. 9 f.
 Dobson, Austin, quoted, I. 359.
 Dodington, Bubb, II. 249-50, 252.
- Dogs churning butter, I. 168.
 " mad, miraculous treatment of, I.
 218 ff.
 Dome of St. Peter's, ascent of, I. 58-9.
 Domenichino, I. 438.
 Dominican preaching, I. 389 ff.
 Douglas, Rev. Wm., II. 200.
 Dubois, Cardinal, II. 169.
 Ducpétiaux, M., I. 205.
 Duels in France, I. 45-7.
 " Italy, II. 51-2 n.
 " the last in England, I. 48 n.
 Dumas, Alex., *père*, I. 134-5, 161-2.
 Dumouriez on the Orleans family, I. 10.
 Dupanloup, *Monseigneur*, I. 363, 406.
 Dupin, I. 30, 32-4, 40.
 Duprez, I. 39.
 Dupuy, *Madame*, I. 40.
- Echo at Schönbrunn, I. 94.
 " " Walton Hall, II. 114.
 Edgeworth, *abbé*, I. 148 ff.
 Education made compulsory and gratuitous
 by Guizot, I. 36.
 " *Egalité*," I. 10, 24, 147-8.
 Elizabeth, *Princesse*, I. 144, 148.
Émigrés received at Brighton, II. 158 f.
 "d'Eon, *Chevalier*," I. 116, 123 ff.
 Epitaph, Joe Miller's, II. 15 n.
 " Evan Owen's, I. vi.
 " Mrs. Fitzherbert's, II. 181.
 " La Fontaine's, for Molière, I. 122.
 " Sterne's, II. 36-7.
 " Waterton's, II. 94, 114-15.
 " punning, I. 263, 290.
 Erskine, Lord, II. 202, 206-7.
 Escorial Library, the, I. 235 and n.
 Espivant de la Villesboisnet, I. 9, 126.
 Espronceda, José de, I. 251 ff.
 Executions, why not in public, I. 357-8.
- FABER, Father, I. 279-80, 286 and n., 310.
 " " quoted, I. 286 n.
 " *Fabiola*," II. 107.
 Fabre, Ferd., I. 89 f.
 Falconnier, *Abbé*, I. 97.
 Fauche-Borel, I. 143.
 Feather-work, Brazilian, I. 75-6.
 Fénelon, I. 100.
 Ferrières, I. 49 f., 53-4.

¹ Enrico Panzacchi, in a late article in the *Tribuna illustrata* on Coppée, says that he is the most read in Italy of contemporary French poets, and in many respects places him above De Musset, whose "successor" he used to be called.—R. H. B.

² Such relics as could be collected of the three murdered Archbishops of Paris are now shown for veneration in the Treasury of Notre-Dame; a portion of the spine of Mgr. Darboy with a bullet lodged in it, his blood-stained cassock and those of Monseigneur Affre, killed on the barricades in 1843, and Mgr. Sibour, 1857, and the pastoral staff of the former, which he held in his hand at the barricade while trying to pacify the tumult.—R. H. B.

- Feuillet, *Ma-lame* Octave, quoted, I. 32, 295; II. 289 n.
- Fieschi, I. 1-7.
- Fitzherbert, Mrs., her attractions, II. 173-4.
- " " " Character and qualities, II. 173 n., 174, 175, 176.
- " " " the happy time of her married life, II. 176, 177, 178.
- " " " her house in Brighton, II. 173 n.
- " " " indignation against Fox, II. 177-8.
- " " " Issue, was there any? II. 180.
- " " " incidental mention, II. 159, 181, 213.
- " " " her intervention for Princess Charlotte, II. 172.
- " " " Marriage with George IV., II. 176, 179-81.
- " " " Marriages, previous, II. 174, 181.
- " " " Mortifications, II. 179.
- " " " Monument, II. 180-81.
- " " " Parties well attended, II. 173.
- " " " Portrait buried with George IV., II. 179 and n.
- " " " Popularity, II. 176, 177.
- " " " received at Court, II. 176.
- " " " her sealed packet, II. 180.
- " " " always justly treated by Royal Family, II. 176, 178, 179 n.
- Flemish language and manners, I. 166 ff.
- Fonvielle, *Mons. de*, I. 67.
- Fordyce, Dr., experiment with fire, II. 127.
- Fox and Mrs. Fitzherbert, II. 173, 177.
- Franklin, Lady, I. 127-8.
- Friends' Meeting-house, a, I. 371-2.
- GALLERANI, *Padre*, II. 435 ff.
- Garcin, Marius, I. 32, 43-4, 94-5, 363.
- Gautier, Théophile, quoted, I. 136.
- Gavazzi, bad reception in America and Canada, I. 415; and in Oxford, I. 416 ff.
- " " " grotesque appearance, I. 418.
- " " " as a lecturer, I. 413 ff.
- " " " proselytizing efforts, I. 412, 413.
- " " " *Punch* on, I. 416-17.
- " " " in Rome, I. 415 f.
- " " " Tergiversation, I. 413.
- " " " Undergrad's squib on, I. 417-18.
- " " " Vulgarity, I. 413, 416.
- Gay, Delphine, I. 40, 43.
- " " " Sophie, I. 43.
- George III., I. 29; II. 171, 172, 176, 178, 184 n.
- George IV., his character, II. 162, 167, 174.
- " " " rapid driving, II. 162, 204, 205.
- " " " Founder or second founder of Brighton, II. 154-5, 173 n.
- " " " Fitzherbert, Mrs., devotion to, and marriage, II. 173, 174-5, 176, 178, 179.
- " " " dies with Mrs. Fitzherbert's portrait round his neck, II. 179.
- " " " his infidelities to her, II. 177, 178.
- " " " kindness, traits of, II. 159, 173, 185-6 and n., 214-15, 217.
- " " " the license he gave way to, II. 163, 164-5, 179.
- " " " Mimicry, his powers of, II. 201-3.
- " " " Music and musicians, his cultivation of, II. 166, 184-6.
- " " " practical jokes and youthful pranks, II. 164 ff., 166-9, 213-14.
- " " " reasons for bizarrerie of Pavillon, II. 154-5, 162, 164.
- " " " at Tunbridge Wells, II. 258, 259.
- " " " two men in George IV., II. 203.
- " " " youthful preference for Brighton, II. 160-1.
- Georges, Madlle., I. 103.
- Germain*, the *Comte de St.-*, II. 117-24, 276.
- Germans, the, in France, I. 53-4.
- Gestures, value of, in oratory, I. 391, 397-8, 405-6, 434, 435 ff.
- Gèvres, Cardinal de, I. 157-8.
- Gheel, I. 57, 167 f.
- Ghent, J. 172 ff.
- Gibbets, anecdotes of, II. 208-9, 219.
- Gillies, Bishop, I. 340, 406.
- Girard, *père*, I. 338 ff.
- Girardin, *Emile de*, I. 13, 16, 40-8.
- " " " *Madame de*, I. 39-40, 47.
- Gloucester, Duke of, II. 183.
- "God save the King," II. 20-1.
- Goodall, Dr., his ready *not*, II. 187 n.
- "Gossip of the Century," quoted or referred to, I. v. 51, 427; II. 27 n.
- Gossip, curious, of Ghent families, I. 190 ff.
- Gramont, *Comte de*, II. 221-6.
- Gran in Hungary, I. 232 ff.
- Gresley, Rev. Wm., II. 197 ff.
- Grimod de la Reynière, II. 1. 9.
- Guéronnière, *Vicomte de la*, I. 489.
- "*Guirlande de Julie*," the, I. 99.
- Guizot, I. 13, 14, 30, 34-7, 39.
- Gurney, Rev. Archer, I. 406-7.
- Gyp, I. 39.
- HALLSTONF, Mr., II. 115-16.
- Haji Buba, II. 191.
- "*Halle, les dames de la*," I. 338.
- Handel Festival in 1787, II. 184 n.

- Harley, Dr. Geo., at Walton Hall, II. 49-50, 52, 71, 74, 99 n.
 Hartshorne, Mr. Albert, I. 55.
 Heronry at Walton Hall, II. 67.
 Hill, Rev. Rowland, I. 368-9, 378 ff.
 Hogan, *Abbé*, I. 335-6.
 Holland, Lord, on Mrs. Fitzherbert, II. 173, 175.
 Honolulu, black Bishop of, I. 428 ff.
 Houssaye, Arsène, I. 26, 27, 47, 77 f.
 Hubert, Saint-, in Ardennes, village, abbey, cures, traditions, I. 205 ff.
 Hugo, Victor, I. 39.
 "The Hundred Hours," executions of, I. 144-5.
 Hungary, its Crown, I. 247.
 " " " manners, I. 243.
 " " " agreeable people, I. 231.
 " " " railways, I. 249.
 Husbands, French, I. 49.
 Hydrophobia, belief in miraculous cure for, I. 206 fff.
- "ICONOCLAST." See "Bradlaugh."
 Immortals, would-be, II. 118 ff., 276-8.
- JAPANESE usages, I. 339 ff.
 Jarjaye, *M. de*, I. 150.
 Jarnac, *Comte de*, I. 28-9.
 Jesuit preaching, I. 394, 395 ff., 435-7.
 Johnson, Dr., at Brighton, II. 189-90.
 " " " at Tunbridge Wells, II. 226.
 Joinville, *Comte de*, I. 21 ff.
 " " " *Prince de*, I. 15.
 Josephine, Empress, I. 72.
- KELLY, Michel, II. 184 n., 185, 252 ff.
 Kelsey, Mr. Warren, I. 428 ff.
 Kemble as a preacher, I. 373.
 Kemble, Fanny, and Louis Blanc, I. 68.
 "St.-Keromel," I. 85.
 Kitchiner, Dr., astronomy, study of, II. 43-44.
 " " " Attainments, II. 3.
 " " " his biography wanted, II. 2.
 " " " Children, his love of, II. 1-2.
 " " " Coffee, views on making, and its use, II. 12.
 " " " Death, II. 12-13.
 " " " Dinners, II. 6 ff., 8 f., 10 f.
 " " " his last, II. 12-13.
 " " " Dress, II. 3, 8, 12.
 " " " "Dumpy," II. 19.
 " " " Eton, lost an eye at, II. 2.
 " " " Geniality, II. 1, 3, 14, 21.
 " " " Hygiene, views about, II. 11, 17-18, 21.
- Kitchiner, Dr., Invitation, facetious, II. 7.
 " " " Manners, II. 1-3.
 " " " Maxims, II. 5, 6, 9, 21 ff., 26, 30.
 " " " Medicine, study of, II. 4, 18.
 " " " Music, cultivation of, II. 8, 19.
 " " " Optics, study of, II. 18 f.
 " " " Oysters, views on, II. 9-10.
 " " " "Oracle, the Cook's," II. 4 f., 30.
 " " " "Oracle, the Housekeeper's," II. 6-7, 16.
 " " " "Oracle, the Traveller's," II. 22 ff.
 " " " Originality, II. 7, 18.
 " " " Person, II. 2-3, 4.
 " " " Prolonging life, the art of, II. 21 ff., 29.
 " " " Servants, his treatment and training, II. 11, 14, 16 f.
 " " " Sleep, views on, II. 18, 21-2.
 " " " Tomb, II. 14-15.
 " " " Travelling, views on, II. 22 ff.
 " " " Unobtrusiveness, II. 415.
 " " " Works, II. 5 ff.
 " " " Will, II. 13-14, 28.
 " " " Will-making, hints on, II. 16.
 " " " "Young Kitchiner," II. 27 ff.
- LABATTE, M., *père*, I. 143 fff.
 " " " *M., fils*, I. 162-3.
 Lacordaire, *Père*, I. 392 ff.
 La Fontaine, Epitaph on Molière, I. 122.
 Lagarde, I. 335.
 Lagrange's Diary, I. 107 ff.
 Lamartine, I. 14, 30, 31, 39, 40, 43.
 Lamballe, *Princesse de*, I. 144; II. 229-30, 230-1.
 La Thorillière, I. 109.
 Lavigerie, Cardinal, I. 362 ff.
 Lecouvreur, Adrienne, I. 121.
 Legend of the Mar family, I. 88-9.
 Leighton, Sir Fk., quoted, II. 83 n.
 Leiningen, Prince, II. 149, 152.
 Lekain, I. 104.
 Leopold, King of the Belgians, I. 167, 204; II. 172.
 Lepaux's New Religion, I. 26.
 Letroune, I. 55.
 Lever, Dr. Charles, I. 204.
 Liszt, I. 76-7.
 Literary injuries hard to forgive, II. 257.
 Locker-Lampson, Mr. Fk., I. 26; II. 231.
 Lombroso, Professor, I. 277-8.
 Louis XVI., last hours of, I. vii, 148 ff.
 " " " XVIII., I. 151-2.
 " " " -Philippe, his abdication, I. 14 ff., 35.
 " " " early adventures, I. 4, 7, 9 n., 19.

- Louis-Philippe, his fortitude, I. 7-8.
 " " strong family affections, I. 27 ff.
 " " Attempts on his life, I. 2-7.
 " " Was he a Bourbon? I. 19 ff.
 " " Character, variable, I. 4, 8, 13, 17.
 " " "Days, his happiest," I. 7 n.
 " " in exile, I. 12, 15-16, 17 ff., 27 ff.
 " " a lunatic's story of, I. 59.
 " " Music, I. 27.
 " " Person, I. 8, 18.
 " " his " *Poignées de main*," I. 9.
 " " Wit, I. 26, 27.
 Louveiro, I. viii.
 Lunatics, anecdotes of, I. 58 fff.
- MACAULAY, quoted, I. 386-7; II. 39.
 " strictures on, I. 387 n.
 Magyar, a typical, I. 244 ff.
 Maillard, I. 145.
 Mandrin, the Bandit, I. 153.
 Manning, Card., abstemiousness, I. 261.
 " acumen, I. 288.
 " artistic word-painting, I. 274-5 and n., 386-7.
 " artistic instincts latent, I. 285.
 " his anecdotes, I. 262 ff.
 " buoyancy and humour, I. 260.
 " conversions, his success in, I. 259 ff., 269 f., 273.
 " Dock-strike, his intervention, I. 277.
 " Friendship, tenderness in, I. 284-5.
 " "Hours of Ease," I. 278.
 " Imitators, I. 270-1.
 " Irish, apology for, I. 265.
 " Lying in state, I. 276.
 " his marriage, I. 268-9, 286.
 " "neutral ground," I. 216, 279.
 " nose-twitching, I. 277-8.
 " Pledge, takes the, I. 264-5.
 " popularity, I. 276 f.
- Manning, Card., his preaching, I. 274 ff., 286-7, 301-7, 397-8.
 " his self-identification with the cause of God, I. 283.²
 " " sermons, I. 268.
 " " his method in them, I. 301 fff.
 " sounding-boards, his description of, I. 366.
 " wife, I. 286-7.
 Marie-Antoinette, I. 143 ff., 150, 338; II. 231.
 Marie-Amélie, I. 13, 17 ff., 30.
 Martignac, *Madame de*, I. 97.
 Mary Queen of Scots' latest champion, I. 70-1.
 Marston, Westland, II. 148 ff.
 Mars, *Madlle.*, I. 103.
 Massacres of 1793, I. 144-6.
 " 1871, I. 336 ff.
 Masquerrier, II. 191.
 Mathew, Father, I. 418 ff.
 Matilde Sermo, quoted, I. 439.
 Macurin, Rev. C. R., I. 373 ff.
 Mendèz, Catalle, quoted, I. 126, 130.
 Milériot, *Père*, I. 399 ff.
 Miller's, Joe, tomb, I. 15-16 n.
 Mirabeau, I. 38, 147.
 " *Le Microscope*," I. 99.
 Mohl, *Mme.*, on L. Blanc, I. 69.
 Molière, I. 107 ff.
 " Epitaph by La Fontaine, I. 122.
 " his Works, I. 107, 115, 116.
 " *Mademoiselle Molière*," I. 108-9.
 " *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*," I. 83-4.
 Monaco la Valletta, Card., I. 134-5.
 Monro, Rev. Ed., I. 407-9.
 Monsabre, Père, I. 390.
 Montagu, Duke of, II. 164 and n.
 " Mrs., II. 233 fff.
 Montaigne, quoted, I. 438.
 Montausier, *Duc de*, I. 99.
 Montgolfier family, I. 65 f.
 Montgomery, Rev. R., I. 384 ff.
 Montpensier, *Duc de*, I. 27 f.
 " " (son of L.-Ph.) I. 13, 15.
 Morier, James, II. 191.
 Morlot, Card., I. 332 ff.; II. 284 n.

¹ In the valuable volume of "Recollections" just published by Aubrey de Vere a dramatic instance is introduced of a fugitive captured in his hiding-place, brought to trial and executed, entirely through want of similar fortitude in precisely similar circumstances.—R. H. B.

² I am happy to find the opinions I have ventured to express of Manning in the text remarkably confirmed by so great an authority as Mr. Aubrey de Vere. E.g. what I have said, I. 283, coincides precisely with this sentence ("Recollections," p. 290): "He might easily have preferred the interests of a friend to his own; but he would certainly have preferred that of a great cause to that of either self or friend." What I have said, I. 285-6, of Manning's appreciation of nature and art is equally precisely confirmed in "Recollections," pp. 299 and 301-2, and the personal experiences I have given in his defence against the charge of ambition, I. 282, are almost identical with that in "Recollections," pp. 294-6.—R. H. B.

- Morny, *de*, II. 52-3.
 Mortier, Gen., I. 2-4.
 Mozart, II. 184 n.
 Mullois, *Abbé*, I. 370.
 Music, its place in the *Th. Fr.*, I. 116.
 „ Geo. III. and Geo. IV. taste for,
 II. 166, 184-6.
- NAPOLÉON'S ashes, I. 31 f.¹
 „ his abrupt habits, I. 44 n.
 „ in Ghent, I. 189-90 and n.
 Napoleon III., I. 44-5, 92 ff.; II. 130, 191.
 Nemours, *Duc de*, I. 15.
 Newborough, Lady, I. 19 ff.
 “Notes and Queries,” quoted, I. 32, 48 n.,
 417-18; II. 156 n., 161 n.
- “ORACLE, the Cook’s,” II. 4 f.
 “ „ „ Housekeeper’s,” II. 6 f.
 “ „ „ Traveller’s,” II. 22 f.
Orléans, le Duc d’, I. 28; II. 179.
 „ family, *Mdme. de Créquy on*, I.
 10, 11.
 „ „ Dumouriez on, I. 10.
 „ „ Victor Cousin on, I. 11.
- PAILLERON, the Dramatist, I. 83.
 Palais Bourbon in 1840, the, I. 30 fff.
 Palissot, I. 115-16.
 Paris, *Mouvement*, I. 344 f.
Parnassiens, les, I. 130.
 Pasteur, I. 229.
 „ a predecessor to, I. 229-30.
 “Patelin, *Maître*,” I. 120 and n.
 Passaglia, *Padre*, on Renan, I. 82.
 Peel, Sir Robt., II. 201-2.
 Pélissier, Gen., I. 71.
 “*Pères Blancs*,” I. 363-4.
 Perrin, M. Emile, I. 103 ff., 108.
 Perrine, Ste., I. 72 ff.
 Persigny, *Duc de*, I. 92.
 Phillippart the Financier, I. 196 f.
Piazza, misuse of the word, II. 156 and n.
 Picturesque the, English appreciation of,
 I. 286 and n.
 „ beauty of T. Wells, II. 224,
 240, 266, 272, 279.
- Pius IX., I. 12, 85, 237.
 Pollock, Lady, I. 107.
 Pope, Lord Mansfield on, II. 248.
 Portugal, King of, I. 351 f.
 Preaching, anecdotes of, I. 274-5, 305, 406.
 Preaching, Court, I. 353-4, 369 f.; II. 163,
 193, 225.
 „ Dominican, I. 389 n.
 „ of the Establishment, I. 366,
 367 ff.; II. 196-7.
 „ Italian, I. 434 ff.
 „ Jesuit, I. 394, 395 (P. Gallerani),
 434-6.
 „ Marist, I. 402-3.
 „ Nonconformist, I. 367, 370-1,
 432.
 „ Passionist, I. 435-7.
 „ Platform, I. 404-5, 413, 438.
 „ Remarks, general, on, I. 301-2.
 „ Street, I. 437 f.
 „ Trappist, I. 394-5.
Précieuse, a young, I. 99.
 Prudhomme, Sully, I. 130.
 Prussians, the, in France, I. 53-4.
 Pugin, Augustus Welby, I. 346 ff.; II. 190.
 Pulpits, I. 365 f., 405.
 Puseyite Movement, I. 272-3, 412, 417 f.;
 II. 196-7.
- QUAKER oratory, I. 371-2.
Quatorze-Juillet, the, I. 92.
Quinze-Août, I. 93.
- RACHEL, the Actress, I. 78.
 Raczyński, Count, quoted, I. viii.
 Rambouillet, *Mdme. de*, I. 99.
 Ranghiasi-Brancaleone, Marquis, I. 26.
 Ratisbonne, *Père*, Alphonse, I. 249, 346,
 347 ff.
 „ „ Théodore, I. 348 f.
 Ravailiac, I. 152-3.
 Ravignan, *Père de*, I. 397-8.
 Reculon, *Père*, I. 355, 402-3.
 Reformatories, Belgian, I. 212 f.
 Rehearsal at the Théâtre Fr., a, I. 106.
 Renan, I. 79 ff., 89-90, 433.
 “*Rikketikketak*,” I. 172.
 Risk Allah, II. 135-43.
 Robespierre, I. 147.
 Rodenbach, *Georges*, I. 133 ff.
 Rome, ascent of the dome, II. 58-9.
 „ St. Peter in, I. 415-16.
 „ modern, II. 147 n.
 „ incidental mention, I. 12, 236, 237.
 „ the drive to Frascati, II. 57 and n.
- Romay, Prof., his attainments and adventures, I. 239 ff.
 „ Reception in England, I. 241 f.
 „ Welcome back to Hungary, I. 242.
Roquette, la, I. 355 ff.

¹ The *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle*, ed. 1863, says that Napoleon had desired that his heart might be sent to “ma chère Marie-Louise,” but this was forbidden by the English. And that his *estomac* (doubtless in order to exclude any question of poisoning ever arising) was taken to England.—R. H. B.

Rossi, De, *Commendatore*, I. 82.
 „ Pellegrino, I. 12.
 Rothschild, Baron J. M., I. 49 f., 53-4.
 “*Rôtisseur, le*,” I. 71.
 Roussillon, *le Duc de*, II. 143-5.
 Routh, Dr., on Railways, I. 186-7 n.
 Roux, Marins, I. 85, 88 f.
 Ruby, story of a, I. 192 f.

SABBATARIANISM, II. 130, 198-9, 266.
Salon bleu, the, II. 99.
Salpêtrière, the, I. 56 ff.
 Sandrean, *Père*, I. 390 ff.
 Sanson, I. 152.
 Scheffer, Ary, I., 55.
Septembres, the, I. 114-6.
 Serao, Matilda, quoted, I. 439 n.
 Sermons, family, I. 372.
 „ See also under “Preaching.”
 „ Manning’s framework for, I. 301 fff.

Servants, the training of, I. 283, 294; II. 16 ff.

Seymour, Sir Hamilton, I. 203-4.
 „ Lady G., II. 265.
 „ „ Horatia, II. 178, 179 n., 180.

Sheets, hotel, II. 23.
 Sibou, Mgr., I. 356 n.; II. 284 n.
 Silence, remarkable instances, II. 51-2 and n.

Simon *Curé de St. Eustache*, I. 338.
 Simor, Card., I. 232 ff.

Sleep, danger of disturbing, II. 21-2.

Smith, Horace and James, and their sister, II. 191.
 „ Sydney, II. 168-9.
Sœurs blanches, I. 363-4.
 Soldiers, female, I. 126-7; II. 215-17.
 Sortain, Joseph, I. 387 f.
 Souillard, *Père*, I. 390.
 Soujet, I. 30.
 Soult, Marshal, I. 39.
 “South, Old,” I. 369.
 “Spanish Marriages, the,” I. 35.
 Spanish reverence for B. Sacrament, I. 313-14.
 Spurgeon, I. 368, 432 ff.
 Squib, undergrad, on Gavazzi, I. 417.
 Stanley, Dean, I. vii, 296 ff.
 „ Lady Augusta, I. 299 ff.
 „ Miss, I. 271-2.
 Stendhall, quoted, I. 236 n.
 Sterne, II. 35 ff., 99.
 Stewart and Stuart, I. 71 n.

Stourton, Lord, on Mrs. Fitzherbert, II. 176, 177.
 Styles, Dr., at Brighton, I. 372-3.
 Széchenyi family, I. 243, 249 ff.

TALLEYRAND, I. 24 f., 289.
 Talmar, I. 104, 121-2.
 Teleky, Count, I. 243.
 Texts, singular, I. 367-8; II. 196.
 Thackeray, quoted, I. 388.
Théâtre Français, history, records, &c., I. 101 fff.
 „ „ and the Revolution, I. 115 f., 119 f.
 Thiers, I. 13, 17 f., 30 ff., 32, 35, 335.
 „ his squeaky voice, I. 321.
 Thurlow, Lord, II. 165-6, 173 n., 259.
 Title of *Théâtre Français* profits to poor, I. 111.
 „ Charles Waterton’s, II. 8.
 Tongerlo, I. 168 f.
 Tooke, John Horne, II. 176-7.
 Tourville, *de*, II. 145 ff.
 Tractarians, I. 293. See “Puseyite movement.”
 Trappist preaching, I. 394-5.
 Travelling, II. 22 ff.
 Trélat, Dr. and *Mdme.*, I. 57 fff.
 Triplets, I. 194 f.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS:—

Addison at, II. 227.
 Amelia, Princess, II. 265.
 Amsinck, II. 260, 264.
 Anne, Queen,² at, II. 225, 228.
 Banks, Miss Peggy, II. 242.
 Bannister, Jack, II. 252 ff.
 Barre, Col., II. 229.
 Beecher family, II. 263, 272.
 Card-parties, II. 263, 265, 274.
 Catherine (of Braganza), Queen, II. 225.
 Charles II., II. 223, 225.
 Charlotte, Queen, II. 258.
 Chudleigh, Miss (Duchess of Kingston), II. 242-5.
 Cibber, Colly, II. 226, 243 ff.
 Clarke, Dr. Samuel, II. 263.
 Communication with London, II. 237, 316, 252-3.
 Culverdens, II. 131, 135, 227, 251, 263, 272.
 Cumberland, Richard, II. 229, 236, 245 fff., 269 f.
 Deterioration, II. 246, 251, 259, 278-9.
 Dodington, Bubb, II. 249-50, 252.

¹ Madame Octave Feuillet (*Quelques années de ma Vie*) specially calls attention to his *petite voix pointue*.—R. H. B.

² When Queen Anne was at Tunbridge Wells in 1698 with the young Duke of Gloucester he slipped on the “Walks” and fell while playing with other children, the “Walks” being at that time slippery from the overflow of the spring. When she went away she left money to have the “Walks” paved. This was the origin of the “Pantiles.”—R. H. B.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (*continued*)—
 Donkeys introduced, II. 265 and n.
 Dunmall, II. 276-7.
 Eccentric inhabitants, II. 132-5, 276-8.
 Frant, II. 228, 247, 268.
 Gaming, II. 259.
 Garrick, II. 226.
 "Gibraltar," II. 223-4.
 Gramont, *Comte de*, II. 224-6.
 "The Grove," II. 227, 228, 231.
 Henrietta-Maria, Queen, II. 223, 228.
 The Hills, II. 227.
 Hotels and Inns, II. 229, 253, 255, 265, 278.
 Incidental mention, II. 157.
 Jews, II. 231, 237, 239.
 Johnson, Dr., II. 226.
 Kelly, Michel, II. 252 ff.
 Lamballe, *Princesse de*, II. 229-31 and n.
 Leeds, Duke of, II. 240, 247.
 Leinster, Duchess of, II. 253, 255.
 Louis-Philippe, I. 18, 19.
 Lushington, Sir S., II. 230.
 Mansfield, Lord, II. 228, 229, 297.
 M. C., first appointment of, II. 259-61.
 Montagn, Mrs., II. 232 fff.
 Morals at T. W., II. 225, 241-4.
 Name, long before it was fixed, II. 228.
 "Nash, Bean," II. 258, 260-2, 263, 265.
 Newspapers, early local, II. 262.
 North, Dudley, 3rd Baron, II. 222-3.
 ,, Lord, 2nd Earl of Guilford, II. 229-30, 245, 247, 249-50.
 Orange, Prince and Princess of, II. 264 n.
 Picturesque beauties and salubrity,¹ II. 224, 240, 246, 257, 266, 272, 279.
 Pantiles, Parade, Walks, Promenade, II. 225, 226, 238, 240, 246, 249, 253, 255, 256, 259, 264, 266, 289 n.
 Piozzi, Mrs., II. 263.
 Pepys, II. 157.
 Pitt, Wm., II. 239-40.
 Place-names, Scriptural, II. 222 and n.
 Plague, T. W. a refuge from the, II. 223.
 "The Pope of T. W.," II. 273-5.
 Post-chaises, II. 237 and n., 238.
 Prince Regent, II. 258, 259.
 Marie-Amélie, Queen, I. 30.
 "Rawlings, Lord," II. 277-8.
 Richardson, Samuel, II. 240 fff.
 Robinson, Primate, II. 251, 269-70.
 Rowzee, Dr., II. 228, 264 n.
 Seymour, Lady G., II. 265 n.
 Scriptural place-names, II. 222 and n., 224, 227.
 Sects, II. 223, 227-8, 231, 269-70.
 Shadwell, Sir Lancelot, II. 231.
 Sheridan disliked by Cumberland, II. 257.
 Southborough, II. 223.
 Speldhurst, II. 227, 228, 269.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (*continued*)—
 "Old Strange," II. 132-5.
 Thurlow, Lord, II. 259.
 Tillotson, Bp., II. 225.
 "Tunbrigalia," II. 226.
 Tunbridge Castle, II. 236.
 Tunbridge Wells in 1603-4, II. 222.
 ,, ,, 1664, II. 224 ff.
 ,, ,, 1670, II. 225.
 ,, ,, 1687, II. 224.
 ,, ,, 1688, II. 225.
 ,, ,, 1745, II. 232 fff.
 ,, ,, 1749, II. 238.
 ,, ,, 1750, II. 245.
 ,, ,, 1751, II. 239.
 ,, ,, 1753, II. 239-40.
 ,, ,, 1771, II. 225-6-7.
 ,, ,, 1780, II. 222, 223.
 ,, ,, 1781, II. 257-8.
 ,, ,, 1801, II. 265 n.
 ,, ,, 1810, II. 263, 264.
 ,, ,, 1818, II. 251, 257.
 ,, ,, 1820, II. 276.
 ,, ,, 1821, II. 266.
 ,, ,, 1828, II. 267.
 ,, ,, 1836, II. 275-6.
 Victoria, Princess, II. 275-6.
 Visitors to T. W. in 1745, II. 237; 1750, 247; 1821, 266.
 Waller, II. 227.
 "Old Walpole," II. 277-8.
 Waters, mineral, discovery of, II. 222.
 ,, ,, sermon on, II. 268.
 "Water-poetry," II. 226-7.
 Wharton, Duke of, spree of, II. 277-8.
 Wheeled houses, II. 223 ff.
 Whately, Archbishop, II. 229, 275.
 Whiston, Dr., II. 244-5.
 Willes, Chief Justice, II. 263-4.
 Young, Dr., II. 232, 233-6.
 "Twig, the," I. 272.

URFÉ, *Marquise d'*, II. 121-2.

Usèz, I. 98 ff.

,, "the *Duché*," I. 98, 100.

,, the *Duc d'*, I. 98.

,, the *Duchesse d'*, I. 100.

VALLI, Dr., I. 229-30.

Vansittart, S. N., II. 58-9.

Ventura, *Padre*, I. 249 ff., 353, 355.

Vernet, Horace, I. 39, 51-2.

Victoria, Princess, at T. Wells, II. 275-6.

¹ Aaron Hill, in a letter to D. Malet, says he once had the happiness of being near the place (apparently before the discovery of the Springs), and adds, "Lord Abergavenny's Park was an assemblage of all nature's beauties, hills, vales, brooks, all *wildly noble* and *irregularly amiable*."—R. H. B.

- Y. Mary, Manning on the Cultus of, I. 304-7.
 Vocations, missed, I. 89-90.
 „ remarkable, I. 310-4.
 „ Card. Manning, advice on, I. 154-5.
- WAGNER, Rev. H. M., appointment to Brighton, II. 187-8.
 „ „ Church - building, II. 188, 190, 199, 200.
 „ „ Commensals, II. 190-1.
 „ „ Conversation, II. 188.
 „ „ Determination of character, II. 192-1.
 „ „ Early-rising, remarkable, II. 195-6.
 „ „ Hospitality, II. 190-1.
 „ „ Marriages and family, II. 190, 200-1.
 „ „ Philanthropic labours, II. 194.
 „ „ Preaching, II. 196-7.
 „ „ Schools, National, Blind, II. 194-5.
 „ „ Vicarage, builds the, II. 195.
 „ „ Wellington, Duke of, intimacy with, II. 188, 194, 201.
 „ Rev. Arthur, II. 196-7, 200 f.
 „ Mr. Henry, I. 19; II. 164, 191, 201.
 „ Miss, II. 164, 195, 201.
- Walpole, Horace, I. 155; II. 35, 39, 107 ff., 115, 155.
 „ Robert, II. 277-8.
 „ „ Old, II. 277-8.
- Walford, Edward, II. 144-5, 161 n., 201 n.
 Walton Hall, II. 33, 39 f., 53 f., 63 f., 69 f., 111 ff.
 „ „ Echo, II. 114.
- Watch, Louis XVIth's, I. 149 f.
- Waterton, Charles, his ancestors, I. 52, 53, 69.
 „ „ animal life, his regard for, II. 101.
 „ „ Ascent of "Ball" of St. Peter's, II. 58-9.
 „ „ "Ass. the dead," II. 38-9, 99 f.
 „ „ austerities, II. 44, 51, 52, 60, 77-8.
- Waterton, Charles, his bedroom, II. 43 ff.
 „ „ Birds, how attracted to Walton, II. 63 ff., 71, 115.
 „ „ „ their love for him, II. 66 ff.
 „ „ „ follow his funeral, II. 68-9, 94.
 „ „ Blessing the fields, II. 80-1.
 „ „ his Bust, II. 83 n.
 „ „ Byron, his appreciation of, II. 34, 39.
 „ „ his Burial-place, II. 68, 69, 94, 111, 114-15.
 „ „ his Cats, II. 52, 87-8.
 „ „ Cayman, adventure with, II. 77, 97.
 „ „ his Clock, II. 53 and n.
 „ „ his Cordiality, II. 33-4.
 „ „ Cromwell's bullet, II. 40, 53, 113.
 „ „ his Descendants, II. 51, 107-11, 115.
 „ „ Determination of his character, II. 97.
 „ „ Disinterestedness, literary, II. 104 ff.
 „ „ his Dress, II. 71, 74.
 „ „ Du Chaillu, his refutation of, II. 96.
 „ „ Eccentricity, II. 57 n., 62, 73-7, 78.
 „ „ Epitaph, II. 94, 114-15.
 „ „ daily Fare, II. 52.
 „ „ Funeral attended by birds, II. 68-9, 94.
 „ „ Glass found in Walton lake, II. 54-5.
 „ „ his Hair, II. 74.
 „ „ „ Heronry, II. 66-7.
 „ „ „ Hospitality, II. 74-5, 79-80, 81, 116.
 „ „ „ Humour, II. 62, 72 ff., 82 f.
 „ „ „ Hygienic practice, II. 88.
 „ „ Legend of the Mar family, II. 88-9.
 „ „ his literary style, II. 61.
 „ „ „ Letters, II. 94 ff., 110.
 „ „ „ Marriage, II. 53, 57, 60, 71.
 „ „ „ Modesty, II. 62.
 „ „ the Nondescript, II. 50-1, 86.
 „ „ his Originality, II. 61.
 „ „ Ourali Poison, II. 97, 99 and n.
 „ „ Portrait-taking, his objection to, II. 83.

¹ In Walford's "County Families" is the note, "Mr. Waterton is lineal representative in male descent of Reyner, son of Northman or Northmanchi, who acquired the ville of Waterton, Lincolnshire, and assumed the name 1159."—R. II. B.

- Waterton, Charles, Rattlesnakes, his handling of, II. 97 f.
 ,, ,, Rats, how he got rid of the, II. 66.
 ,, ,, his Reading, II. 34.
 ,, ,, ? Second-sight, II. 78-9.
 ,, ,, Sisters-in-law, II. 33, 34, 38, 60, 68, 87, 92, 105, 109.
 ,, ,, Sterne, his opinion of, II. 34 ff., 99.
 ,, ,, Taxidermy, his skill, II. 42-3, 46 ff., 102 f., 109 ff.
 ,, ,, Tithes, II. 8.
 ,, ,, Vampires, II. 65 n.
 ,, ,, "Vermin," useful, his protection of, II. 55 f., 65 f.
 ,, ,, his Wanderings, II. 56 ff., 63.
 ,, ,, Writings, II. 61.
 ,, ,, Wife, II. 57f., 60, 71.
 ,, ,, Youth, II. 55, 57-8.
 ,, Edmund, II. 51, 107 ff., 115, 155.
 ,, Charlie,¹ II. 109-10 n.
- Wellington, Duke of, on Louis-Philippe, I. 17.
 ,, ,, ,, Napoleon's ashes, I. 32.
 ,, ,, his exercise of Church preferment, I. 293; II. 187.
 ,, ,, .. funeral sermon, I. 381.
 ,, ,, ,, sayings, II. 32, 396.
 ,, ,, on the portrait buried with Geo. IV., II. 179 and n.
 ,, ,, Incidental mention, II. 187-8, 189, 193-4, 396.
 ,, ,, Memorial to, II. 200.
 ,, ,, his sons, II. 187-8, 201.
 ,, ,, on Geo. IVth's mimicry, II. 201.
- Wellington, the 2nd Duke of, II. 202.
 Wharton, Duke of, a spree of, II. 277-8.
 Whately, Archbishop, I. 366-7; II. 229, 275.
 ,, ,, his "Historic Doubts" anticipated, I. 366 n.
- Wilberforce, Samuel, I. 269, 289-91.
 ,, William, racy description of Pavilion, and visits there, II. 169 f.
- Will-making deferred, instances of, I. 26, 94-5; II. 13, 28.
 William IV., II. 179, 198-9, 210.
- Wiseman, Cardinal, attainments and qualities, I. 232, 309, 405-6.
 ,, ,, facetiae, I. 311 ff., 319.
 ,, ,, geniality and hospitality, I. 310, 330.
 ,, ,, humour, I. 310.
 ,, ,, incidental mention, I. 179, 231-2, 233, 234, 249, 276, 308 ff., 340, 347, 352-3, 430, 432; II. 40-1.
 ,, ,, as a lecturer, I. 316 f., 320.
 ,, ,, his Lecture on Words, I. 317 fff.
 ,, ,, a good listener, I. 315-16.
 ,, ,, his lying in state, I. 331.
 ,, ,, ,, funeral, I. 331 and note.
 ,, ,, at Walton Hall, II. 40-1.
 ,, ,, as a preacher, I. 405-6.
 ,, ,, Principal of Oscott, I. 329, 330.
 ,, ,, his *réveillons*, I. 330.
 ,, ,, ,, versatility, I. 315, 330.
- Wörth, the tailor, his château, I. 50.
 "Wycliffe's Bible," quoted, II. 227 n.
- Young, Dr., II. 193 n., 232, 233-6.

¹ Yet another scion—a posthumous son of Charlie Waterton—has been added to the number of the Squire's descendants since the above notice was in type; in October of the present year.—R. H. B.

