

E08710

ENGLISH ECCENTRICS

AND

ECCENTRICITIES.

AUTHOR OF "CLUB LIFE IN LONDON," "A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE," ETC.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1866.

LONDON : PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHARING CROSS.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

Strange Sights and Sporting Scenes.

	PAGE
Sir John Waters's Escape	1
Colonel Mackinnon's Practical Joking	3
A Gourmand Physician	4
Dick England, the Gambler	7
Brighton Races, Thirty Years since	9
Colonel Mellish	11
Doncaster Eccentrics	13
"Walking Stewart"	17
Youthful Days of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley	22
What became of the Seven Dials	28
An Old Bailey Character	31
Bone and Shell Exhibition	36
"Quid Rides?"	37
"Bolton Trotters"	38
Eccentric Lord Coleraine	40
Eccentric Travellers	42
Elegy on a Geologist	48

MANAB SAHAI JUNG BHAHADUR

Eccentric Artists.

	PAGE
Gilray and his Caricatures	49
William Blake, Painter and Poet	60
Nollekens, the Sculptor	72

Theatrical Folks.

The Young Roscius	87
Hardham's "No. 37"	92
Rare Criticism	95
The O. P. Riot	96
Origin of "Paul Pry"	98
Mrs. Garrick	99
Mathews, a Spanish Ambassador	103
Grimaldi, the Clown	106
Munden's Last Performance	112
Oddities of Downton	114
Liston in Tragedy	116
Boyhood of Edmund Kean	123
A Mysterious Parcel	125
Masquerade Incident	127
Mr. T. P. Cooke in Melodrama and Pantomime	129
"Romeo and Juliet" in America	131

	PAGE
The Mulberries, a Shakspearian Club	133
Colley Cibber's Daughter	135
An Eccentric Love-passage	138
True to the Text	141

Men of Letters.

Monk Lewis	142
Porson's Eccentricities	150
Parriana: Oddities of Dr. Parr	162
Oddities of John Horne Tooke	172
Mr. Canning's Humour	180
Peter Pindar.—Dr. Wolcot	190
The Author of "Dr. Syntax"	203
Mrs. Radcliffe and the Critics	208
Cool Sir James Mackintosh	211
Eccentricities of Cobbett	214
Heber, the Book-collector	218
Sir John Soane lampooned	222
Extraordinary Calculators	224
Charles Lamb's Cottage at Islington	229
Thomas Hood	231
A Witty Archbishop	240
Literary Madmen	245

FAR JUNG BAHADUR

	PAGE
A Perpetual-motion Seeker	250
The Romantic Duchess of Newcastle	253
Sources of Laughter	257

Condibial Eccentricities.

Busby's Folly and Bull Feather Hall	263
Old Islington Taverns	265
The Oyster and Parched-pea Club	268
A Manchester Punch-house	270
"The Blue Key"	273
Brandy in Tea	274
"The Wooden Spoon"	275
A Topsy Village	276
What an Epicure eats in his Life-time	277
Epitaph on Dr. Maginn	279
Greenwich Dinners	280
Lord Pembroke's Port Wine	281
A Tremendous Bowl of Punch	282

Miscellanea.

Long Sir Thomas Robinson	283
Lord Chesterfield's Will	283
An Odd Family	285

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

vii

	PAGE
An Eccentric Host	286
Quackery Successful	287
The Grateful Footpad	288
A Notoriety of the Temple	288
A Ride in a Sedan	290
Mr. John Scott (Lord Eldon) in Parliament	291
A Chancery Jeu-d'Esprit	293
Hanging by Compact	295
The Ambassador Floored	296
“The Dutch Mail”	297
Bad Spelling	299
A “Single Conspirator”	303
A Miscalculation	304
An Indiscriminate Collector	305
The Bishop's Saturday Night	308
“Rather than otherwise”	309
Classic Soup Distribution	310
Alphabet Single Rhymed	310
Non Sequitur and Therefore	311

NAWAB SAL

MODERN ECCENTRICS.

Strange Sights and Sporting Scenes.

SIR JOHN WATERS'S ESCAPE.

THIS distinguished man in the Peninsular War was the most admirable spy ever attached to an army. He would assume the character of Spaniards of every degree and station, so as to deceive the most acute. He gave the most reliable and valuable information to Lord Wellington, and on one occasion he was entrusted by his Lordship with a very particular mission, which he undertook effectually to perform, and to return on a particular day with the information required. Just after leaving the camp, however, he was taken prisoner, before he had time to exchange his uniform : a troop of dragoons intercepted him, and carried him off ; and the commanding officers desired two soldiers to keep a strict watch over him, and carry him to head-quarters. He was, of course, disarmed, and being placed on a horse, was galloped off by his guards. He slept one night in the kitchen of a small inn ; conversation flowed on very glibly, and as he appeared a stupid Englishman, who could not understand a word of French or of Spanish, he was allowed to listen, and

thus obtained precisely the intelligence he was in search of. The following morning, being again mounted, he overheard a conversation between his guards, who deliberately agreed to rob him, and shoot him at a mill where they were to stop, and to report to their officer that they had been compelled to fire at him in consequence of his attempt to escape.

Shortly before their arrival at the mill, the dragoons took from their prisoner his watch and his purse, lest they might meet with some one who would insist on having a portion of the spoil. On reaching the mill, they dismounted, and to give appearance of truth to their story, they went into the house, leaving their prisoner outside, in the hope that he would make some attempt to escape. In an instant, Waters threw his cloak upon a neighbouring olive-bush, and mounted his cocked hat on the top. Some empty flour sacks lay upon the ground, and a horse laden with well-filled flour-sacks stood at the door. Sir John contrived to enter one of the empty sacks, and throw himself across the horse. When the soldiers came out of the house, they fired their carbines at the supposed prisoner, and galloped off.

A short time after, the miller came out, and mounted his steed. Waters contrived to rid himself of the encumbrance of the sack, and sat up behind the man, who, suddenly turning round, saw a ghost, as he believed, for the flour that still remained in the sack, had whitened his fellow-traveller and given him a ghostly appearance. A push sent the frightened miller to the ground, when away rode Waters with his sacks of flour, which at length bursting, made a ludicrous spectacle of man and horse.

On reaching the English camp, where Lord Wellington was anxiously deploring his fate, a sudden shout from the soldiers made his lordship turn round, when a figure resembling the statue in *Don Juan* galloped up to him. Wellington, affectionately shaking him by the hand, said, "Waters, you never yet deceived me; and though you have come in a most questionable shape, I must congratulate you and myself." This is one of the many capital stories in Captain Gronow's First Series of Anecdotes.

COLONEL MACKINNON'S PRACTICAL JOKING.

Colonel Mackinnon, commonly called "Dan," was famous for practical jokes. Before landing at St. Andero's, with some other officers who had been on leave in England, he agreed to personate the Duke of York, and make the Spaniards believe that his Royal Highness was amongst them. On nearing the shore, a Royal standard was hoisted at the masthead, and Mackinnon disembarked, wearing the star of his shako on his left breast, and accompanied by his friends, who agreed to play the part of *aides-de-camp* to royalty. The Spanish authorities were soon informed of the arrival of the Royal Commander-in-Chief of the British army; so they received Mackinnon with the usual pomp and circumstance. The Mayor of the place, in honour of the arrival, gave a grand banquet, which terminated with the appearance of a huge bowl of

punch, whereupon Dan, thinking that the joke had gone far enough, suddenly dived his head into the china bowl, and threw his heels into the air. The surprise and indignation of the solemn Spaniards was such that they made a most intemperate report of the hoax that had been played on them to Lord Wellington. Dan, however, was ultimately forgiven, after a severe reprimand.

Another of his freaks was the following:—Lord Wellington was curious about visiting a convent near Lisbon, and the Abbess made no difficulty. Mackinnon, hearing this, contrived to get clandestinely within the walls, and it was generally supposed it was neither his first nor his second visit. When Lord Wellington arrived, Dan Mackinnon was to be seen among the nuns, draped in their sacred costume, with his head and whiskers shaved, and as he possessed good features, he was declared to be one of the best-looking among those chaste dames. This adventure is supposed to have been known to Lord Byron, and to have suggested a similar episode in *Don Juan*, the scene being laid in the East.—*Captain Gronow*.

A GOURMAND PHYSICIAN.

Dr. George Fordyce, the anatomist and chemical lecturer, was accustomed to dine every day, for more than twenty years, at Dolly's chop-house, in Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row. His researches in comparative anatomy had led him to conclude that

man, through custom, eats oftener than nature requires, one meal a day being sufficient for that noble animal, the lion. He made the experiment on himself at his favourite dining-house, and, finding it successful, he continued the following regimen for the above term of years.

At four o'clock, his accustomed dinner hour, he entered Dolly's chop-house, and took his seat at a table always reserved for him, on which were instantly placed a silver tankard full of strong ale, a bottle of port-wine, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. The moment the waiter announced him, the cook put a pound-and-a-half of rump-steak on the grid-iron; and on the table some delicate trifle, as a *bonne bouche*, to serve until the steak was ready. This delicacy was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish; when he had eaten this, he took a glass of his brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. We say devour, because he always ate as rapidly as if eating for a wager. When he had finished his meat, he took the remainder of his brandy, having, during his dinner, drunk the tankard of ale, and afterwards the bottle of port.

The Doctor then adjourned to the Chapter Coffee-house, in Paternoster Row, and stayed while he sipped a glass of brandy and water. It was then his habit to take another at the London Coffee-house, and a third at the Oxford, after which he returned to his house in Essex Street, to give his lecture on chemistry. He made no other meal till his return next day, at four o'clock, to Dolly's.

Dr. Fordyce's intemperate habits sometimes placed his reputation, as well as the lives of his patients, in

jeopardy. One evening he was called away from a drinking-bout, to see a lady of title, who was supposed to have been taken suddenly ill. Arrived at the apartment of his patient, the Doctor seated himself by her side, and having listened to the recital of a train of symptoms, which appeared rather anomalous, he next proceeded to examine the state of her pulse. He tried to reckon the number of its beats ; the more he endeavoured to do this, the more his brain whirled, and the less was his self-control. Conscious of the cause of his difficulty and in a moment of irritation, he inadvertently blurted out, "Drunk, by Jove!" The lady heard the remark, but remained silent ; and the Doctor having prescribed a mild remedy, one which he invariably took on such occasions, he shortly afterwards departed.

At an early hour next morning he was roused by a somewhat imperative message from his patient of the previous evening, to attend her immediately ; and he at once concluded that the object of this summons was either to inveigh against him for the state in which he had visited her on the former occasion, or perhaps for having administered too potent a medicine. Ill at ease from these reflections, he entered the lady's room, fully prepared for a severe reprimand. The patient, however, began by thanking him for his immediate attention, and then proceeded to say how much she had been struck by his discernment on the previous evening ; confessed that she was occasionally addicted to the error which he had detected ; and concluded by saying that her object in sending for him so early was to obtain a promise that he would hold inviolably secret the condition in which he found her. "You may depend upon me, madam," replied Dr. Fordyce, with

a countenance which had not altered since the commencement of the patient's story; "I shall be silent as the grave."

This story has also been told of Abernethy; but to Dr. Fordyce belongs the paternity.

DICK ENGLAND, THE GAMBLER.

Towards the close of the last century among the most noted gamblers and blacklegs in the metropolis was Dick England, one of whose haunts was the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where he was accustomed to look out for raw Irishmen coming to town by the coaches, whom he almost invariably plucked. His success soon enabled him to keep an elegant house in St. Alban's Street, where he engaged masters to teach him accomplishments to fit him for polite life. In 1779 and 1783, he kept a good table, sported his *vis-à-vis*, and was remarkably choice in the hackneys he rode, giving eighty or ninety guineas for a horse, a sum nearly equal to two hundred guineas in the present day. Another of his haunts was Munday's Coffee-house in Maiden Lane, where he generally presided at a *table d'hôte*, and by his finesse and agreeable conversation won him many friends. Being at times the hero of his own story, he unguardedly exposed some of his own characteristic traits, which his self-possession generally enabled him to conceal. His conduct among men of family was, however, generally guarded; and he was resolute in enforcing payment of the sums he won.

One evening he met a young tradesman at a house in Leicester Fields to have an hour's play, for which he gave a banker's draft, but requested to have his revenge in a few more throws, when he soon regained what he had lost and as much in addition. It now being past three in the morning, England proposed that they should retire; but the tradesman, suspecting himself tricked, refused payment of what he had lost. England then tripped up his heels, rolled him in the carpet, took a case-knife from the sideboard, flourished it over the young man, and at last cut off his long hair close to the scalp. Dreading worse treatment, he gave a cheque for the amount and wished England good morning.

England fought a duel at Cranford Bridge in 1784, with Mr. Le Roule, a brewer, from Kingston: from him England had won a large sum, for which a bond had been given, and which, not being paid, led to the duel, in which Le Roule was killed. England fled to Paris and was outlawed; it is reported that early in the Revolution he furnished some useful intelligence to our army in the campaign in Flanders, for which he was remunerated by the British Cabinet. While in France he was several times imprisoned, and once ordered to the guillotine, but pardoned through the exertion and influence of one of the Convention, who also procured for him a passport for home. After an absence of twelve years, he was tried for the duel, found guilty of manslaughter, fined one shilling, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Subsequent to his release he passed the remainder of his life at his house in Leicester Square, where he lived to the age of eighty. His end was an awful one: on being called to dinner, he was found lying dead on his sofa.

BRIGHTON RACES, THIRTY YEARS SINCE.

Brighton Races, like most other Brighton amusements, took their rise from the patronage of George IV. Those of Lewes were of earlier origin and greater pretension, until the Prince began to run his horses and lose his money on the Brighton course, which then attracted some of the best horses and some of the most celebrated sportsmen in the kingdom. Of the races at this period the following sketch is given by Mr. Thomas Raikes, in his *Diary*:—

“1836.—Last week died Lord George Germaine, brother to the Duke of Dorset; they were both in their youth great friends to the late King, when Prince of Wales, fond of the turf, and, with the late Delme Radcliffe, the three best gentlemen riders at the once-famed Bibury Races, which are now replaced by those at Heaton Park. They were all three little men, light weights, and, when dressed in their jackets and caps, would rival Buckle and Chiffney. In those days, the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests; the Steine was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London during that week; the best horses were brought from Newmarket and the North, to run at these races, on which immense sums were depending; and the course was graced by the handsomest equipages. The ‘legs’ and betters, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steine at an early hour to commence their operations on the first day, and

the buzz ~~was~~ tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued; to await the opening of their betting-books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysterious, without making any demonstration; at last, Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, 'Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle, and set us a-going?' Then, if the master of Buckle would say, 'I'll take three to one about Sir Solomon,' the whole pack opened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half-an-hour before the signal of departure for the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd—I think I see him now, in a green jacket, a white hat, and tight nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person; he was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummel, M. Day, Churchill, and, oh! extraordinary anomaly, the little old Jew Travis, who, like the dwarf of old, followed in the train of royalty. The Downs were covered with every species of conveyance, and the Prince's German wagon (so were barouches called when first introduced at that time) and six bay horses, the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade, issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and, gliding up the green ascent, was stationed close to the great stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day. At dinner-time the Pavilion was resplendent with lights, and a sumptuous banquet was served to a large party; while those who were not included in that invitation found a dinner with every luxury at the Club-house on the Steine, kept by Raggett during the season, for the different

members of White's and Brookes's who chose to frequent it, and where the cards and dice from St. James's Street were not forgotten. Where are the actors in all those gay scenes now?"

The period to which this lively sketch refers, was from 1800 to 1820. Soon after this, George the Fourth began to live a more secluded life, and though his horses ran at Brighton Races, the King never made his appearance there, and the *meet* began to decline.

COLONEL MELLISH.

The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.*, make matches) with him, nor could anyone excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, *nihil erat quod non tetigit non ornavit*. He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot-race over Newmarket Heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him—not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trousers, white silk stockings, ay, and we may add, his white

but handsome face. There was nothing black about him but his hair and his mustachios, which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *him* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race-course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two outriders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thorough-bred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training, seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we heard that he would play to the extent of 40,000*l.* at a sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. “The bowl of pleasure,” says Johnson, “is poisoned by reflection on the cost,” and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation. He never wronged anyone but himself; and, as an owner of race-horses, and a bettor, his character was without spot.—*Nimrod.*

DONCASTER ECCENTRICS.

Among the visitors to Doncaster race-course are many of the lower grade, some of whom have contrived to get hanged. Such was the case some half-century since with Daniel Dawson, who employed himself, or was employed by others, in poisoning with arsenic the drinking-water of horses whose success in the future race was not desirable to Daniel or his patrons. Several steeds perished in this way at the hands of Daniel, in the north as well as at Newmarket. Ultimately a case from the latter locality was proved against him, through the treachery of a confederate, and Daniel suffered for it at Cambridge. Had he been a martyr in a good cause, he could not have died with more becomingness. Daniel complained of no one, did not even reproach himself; and expressed his satisfactory conviction that he "should certainly ascend to Heaven from the drop." Brutal as his offence was, it seems ill-measured justice that takes a man's life for that of a beast.

Dawson is beyond our own recollection; but we can remember a more singular and a much more honest fellow, whose appearance on the Doncaster course was as confidently looked for, and as ardently desired, as that of any of the Lords Lieutenant of the various Ridings. We allude to the once famous Jemmy Hirst, the Rawcliffe tanner, whose last of about fifty visits to the "Sillinger" and "Coop" contests was made when he was hard upon ninety years of age. When Jemmy retired from the tanning business with means to set up as

a gentleman, the first object he purchased was not a carriage, but a coffin, depositing therein some of the means whereby he kept himself alive, namely, his provisions. The walls of the room in which this lugubrious sideboard was erected were hung round with all sorts of rusty agricultural implements. This lord of a strange household retained a valet and a female "general servant." His stud consisted of mules, dogs, and a bull; mounted on which he is said to have hunted with the Badsworth hounds. His most familiar friends were a tame fox and otter. He certainly rode the bull when he went out shooting, and was then accompanied by pigs as pointers. In fair-time Hirst used to take this bull and a couple of its fellows to be baited, sitting proudly by himself while his valet went about collecting the "coppers." His waistcoat was a glossy garment made of the neck feathers of the drake, from the pocket of which he would issue his own bank-notes, bearing responsibilities of payment to the amount of "*Five half-pence.*"

His carriage was a sort of palanquin, carried aloft by high wheels, and its peculiarity was that there was not a nail about it. This vehicle was really better known at Doncaster than the stately carriage of Lord Fitzwilliam himself. It was the boast of the proud and dirty gentleman who sat enthroned there, that he had never paid and never would pay any sort of tax to the King; and how he managed to shoot, as he did, without paying a licence, was best known to himself. He was the most popular man on the course, and, unlike very many who began rich and ended poor, Jemmy increased in wealth year by year. He was wont to contrast himself with "the Prince's friend," Col. Mellish, who inherited an immense property, won two Legers in two consecutive years,

1804-5, and finally died almost a pauper. Jemmy had undoubtedly, in his view of things, done better than Col. Mellish; but the tanner, through life, never thought of the welfare but of one human being—that of James Hirst. He was as selfish as the butcher-churchwarden of Doncaster, who ruined the grand old tower of the church by placing a hideous clock-face in it, which was so constructed that no one could see the time by it except from the butcher's own door!

We should hardly render Hirst justice, however, if we omitted to state how such a great man departed from this earth. The folding-doors of his old coffin was closed upon him. Eight buxom widows carried his corpse for a *honorarium* of half-a-crown each. Jemmy had expressed a desire to have eight old maids to undertake this service, bequeathing half-a-guinea to each as hire. But the ladies in question were not forthcoming. So the widows were engaged in their place; but why the fee was lowered we cannot tell, unless it was to pay for the bagpipe and fiddle which headed the procession. All the country round flocked in to do Jemmy honour or to enjoy the holiday; and for many a year afterwards might the sorrowing comment be heard on Doncaster Course,—“Nay, lad! t'Coop-day seems nought-loike wi'out Jemmy!” and the mourners took out his “Fihawpence notes,” and compared their own touching respective memories of the departed glory of Doncaster.

At the close of Jemmy's career the wonderfully dressed “swell mob” was busiest, if not brightest. The latter was only short-lived. A party of them really dazzled common folk by the splendour of their turnout, both as regarded themselves and their equipage. People took them for foreign princes, or native nobility

returned from foreign climes, and not yet familiarly known to the public. The impression did not last long. The well-dressed, finely-curled, highly-scented, richly-jewelled strangers, sauntering among the better known aristocracy, commenced a series of predatory operations which speedily brought them within the fastness of the town gaol. No one who saw them there a day or two later, after seeing them on the course, will ever forget the sight and the strange contrast. Stripped of their finery, closely cropped, and clad in coarse flannel dresses, they might be seen seated at a board, with a hot lump of stony-looking rice before them for a dinner.

Altogether, there was occasionally a very mixed society on and about the course: among the so-to-speak professional *habitués*, men who made a business of the pursuit there—who were actors rather than spectators, and all of whom have disappeared without leaving a successor in his peculiar line,—we may mention the old Duke of Leeds, redolent of port; the white-faced Duke of Cleveland, “the Jesuit of the Ring;” P. W. Ridsale, ex-footman, then millionaire, finally pauper; blacksmith Richardson, who, shaking his head at “Leeds,” would remark of himself, that sobriety alone had saved him from being hanged; Mr. Beardsworth, who had been originally a hackney-coachman, then sporting his crimson liveries; Mr. Crook, who commenced life with a fish-basket; and the well-known son of the ostler at the Black Swan, in York, wearing diamond rings and pins, betting his thousands, and looking as cool the while, as if he not only largely used the waters of Pactolus, but owned half the gold-dust on its banks.

The two extremes of the official men as regarded rank, were, perhaps, Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Gully,

the ex-pugilist. The former introduced, at Doncaster, the signal-flag to regulate the “starts,” and he founded the Bentinck Fund (with the money subscribed for a testimonial to himself), for the relief of decayed jockeys and trainers. The two men were equals in one respect, the coolness with which they either won or lost. They who remember the year when Petre’s Matilda beat Gully’s Mameluke, and who witnessed the event and its results, speak yet with a sort of pride of Gully’s conduct. He had lost immensely; but he was the first man who appeared in the betting-rooms to pay anyone who had a bet registered against him; and he was the last man to leave, not retiring till he was satisfied that there did not remain a single claimant. He paid away a grand total on that occasion which, properly invested, would have set all the poor in Doncaster at ease for ever.—*Abridged from the Athenæum*, No. 1715.

“WALKING STEWART.”

Early in the year 1821, London lost one of its famous eccentrics, who rejoiced in the above distinction, which, it must be admitted, he had fairly earned. He was one of the lions of the great town, and his ubiquitous nature was thus ingeniously sketched:—

“Who that ever weathered his way over Westminster Bridge has not seen *Walking Stewart* (his invariable cognomen) sitting in the recess on the brow of the bridge, spencered up to his throat and down to his hips with a sort of garment, planned, it would seem, to stand *powder*,

as became the habit of a military man ; his dingy, dusty inexpressibles (truly inexpressibles), his boots travel-stained, black up to his knees—and yet not black neither—but arrant walkers, both of them, or their complexions belied them ; his aged, but strongly-marked, manly, air-ripened face, steady as truth ; and his large, irregular, dusty hat, that seemed to be of one mind with the boots ? We say, who does not thus remember *Walking Stewart*, sitting, and leaning on his stick, as though he had never walked in his life, but had taken his seat on the bridge at his birth, and had grown old in his sedentary habit ? To be sure, this view of him is rather negatived by as strong a remembrance of him in the same spencer and accompaniments of hair-powder and dust, resting on a bench in the Park, with as perfectly an eternal air : nor will the memory let him keep a quiet, constant seat here for ever ; recalling him, as she is wont, in his shuffling, slow perambulation of the Strand, or Charing Cross, or Cockspur Street. Where really was he ? You saw him on Westminster Bridge, acting his own monument. You went into the Park—he was there ! fixed as the gentleman at Charing Cross. You met him, however, at Charing Cross, creeping on like the hour-hand upon a dial, getting rid of his rounds and his time at once ! Indeed, his ubiquity appeared enormous, and yet not so enormous as the profundity of his sitting habits. He was a profound sitter. Could the Pythagorean system be entertained, what other would now be tenanted by *Walking Stewart* ? Truly, he seemed always going, like a lot at an auction, and yet always at a stand, like a hackney-coach ! Oh, what a walk was his to christen a man by ! A slow, lazy, scraping, creeping, gazing pace—a shuffle—a walk in its dotage—a walk at a stand-still—yet was

he a pleasant man to meet. We remember his face distinctly, and allowing a little for its northern hardness, it was certainly as wise, as kindly, and as handsome a face as ever crowned the shoulders of a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman.

“Well! Walking Stewart is dead! He will no more be seen niched in Westminster Bridge, or keeping his terms as one of the benchers of St. James’s Park, or painting the pavement with moving but uplifted feet. In vain we looked for him ‘at the hour when he was wont to walk.’ The niche in the bridge is empty of its amiable statue, and as he is gone from this spot he has gone from all, for he was ever all in all! Three persons seemed departed in him. In him there seems to have been a triple death!”

We are tempted “to consecrate a passage” to him, as John Bunce expresses it, from a tiny pamphlet entitled “The Life and Adventures of the celebrated Walking Stewart, including his travels in the East Indies, Turkey, Germany, and America,” and the author, “a relative,” has contrived to out-do his subject in *getting over the ground*, for he manages to close his work at the end of the sixteenth page.

John Stewart, or Walking Stewart, was born of two Scotch parents, in 1749, in London, and was in due time sent to Harrow, and thence to the Charter House, where he established himself as a dunce—no bad promise in a boy, we think. He left school and was sent to India, where his character and energies unfolded themselves, as his biographer tells us, for his mind was unshackled by education.

He resolved to amass 3,000*l.*, and then to return to England. No bad resolve. To attain this, he quitted

the Company's service and entered that of Hyder Ally. He now turned soldier, and became a general. Hyder's generals were easily made and unmade. Stewart behaved well and bravely, and paid his regiment without drawbacks, which made him popular. Becoming wounded somehow, and having no great faith in Hyder's surgeons, he begged leave to join the English for medical advice. Hyder gave a Polonius kind of admission, quietly determining to cut the traveller and his journey as short as possible, for his own sake and that of the invalid. Stewart sniffed the intention of Ally, and taking an early opportunity of cutting his company before they could cut him, he popped into a river, literally swam for his life, reached the bank, ran before his hunters like an antelope, and arrived safely at the European forts. He got in breathless, and lived. How he was cured of his wounds is thus told by Colonel Wilks in his *Sketches of the South of India* :—

“ An English gentleman commanded one of the corps, and was most severely wounded after a desperate resistance ; others in the same unhappy situation met with friends, or persons of the same caste, to procure for them the rude aid offered by Indian surgery ; the Englishman was destitute of this poor advantage ; his wounds were washed with simple warm water, by an attendant boy, three or four times a-day ; and, under this novel system of surgery, they recovered with a rapidity not exceeded under the best hospital treatment.”

A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 1817, appends to the above quotation the following :—“ This English gentleman is the person distinguished by the name of *Walking Stewart*, who, after the lapse of half a century, is still alive, and still, we believe, *walking* daily, in

the neighbourhood of the Haymarket and Charing Cross.”

Hitherto, Stewart had saved little money. He now entered the Nabob of Arcot's service, and became prime minister, the memoir does not say how.

At length he took leave of India, and travelled over Persia and Turkey *on foot*, in search of a name, it should seem, or, as he was wont to say, “in search of the Polarity and Moral Truth.” After many adventures he arrived in England: he brought home money, and commenced his London life in an Armenian dress, to attract attention.

He next visited America, and on his return, “made the tour of Scotland, Germany, Italy, and France, *on foot*, and ultimately settled in Paris,” where he made friends. He intended to live there; but after investing his money in French property, he smelt the sulphur cloud of the Revolution, and retreated as fast as possible, losing considerable property in his flight. He returned to London, and suddenly and unexpectedly received 10,000*l.* from the India Company, on the liquidation of the debts of the Nabob of Arcot. He bought annuities, and fattened his yearly income. The relative says:—“One of his annuities was purchased from the County Fire Office at a rate which, in the end, was proved to have been paid three, and nearly four times over. The calculation of the assurers was here completely at fault: every quarter brought Mr. Stewart regularly to the cashier, whom he accosted with, ‘Well, man alive! I am come for my money!’”—which Stewart enjoyed as a joke.

Mr. Stewart now lived in better style, gave dinners and musical parties. Every evening a *conversazione* was

given at his house, enlivened by music ; on Sundays he gave select dinner-parties, followed by a philosophical discourse, and a performance of sacred music, chiefly selected from the works of Handel, and concluding with the "Dead March in Saul," which was always received by the company as a signal for their departure.

Stewart was attached to King George IV., and lived peaceably until the arrival of Queen Caroline, when her deputations and political movements alarmed the great pedestrian, and awakened his walking propensities, and his friends had great difficulty to prevent him from going to America.

Stewart's health declined in 1821: he went to Margate, returned, became worse, and on Ash Wednesday he died.

To all entreaties from friends that he would write his travels, he replied, No ; that his were travels of the mind. He, however, wrote essays, and gave lectures on the philosophy of the mind. It is very odd that men will *not* tell what they know, and *will* attempt to talk of what they do *not* know.

YOUTHFUL DAYS OF THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.*

At Cranford, Mr. Grantley Berkeley had the first enjoyments of a boy let loose into the country with a brother for a companion. "All day," he says, "we were together fishing, shooting, setting traps for vermin,

* From *The Times'* Review of his *Life*, 1865.

rat hunting,—in short, seeking sport wherever it was attainable.” This, as he suggests, was not exactly the orthodox way of bringing up a boy as he should go; but he is certain that it laid the foundation of his after success as a sportsman. Among other incidents of these days, he broke his collar-bone and dislocated his shoulder; and, among other exercises popular in his time, he became familiar with Cribb, Figg, and other heroes of the then “ring,” and derived from them as much pugilistic science as they could impart to a young, active, and enthusiastic pupil. At Cranford, moreover, he enjoyed a little private bull-baiting, but that was confessedly more on the account of his brother Augustus, or his brother Augustus’s dog, than himself. “Bull,” which was the name of the latter, was an eager and extempore performer in this department of the writer’s education. At length “Bull” and Augustus left Grantley, who tells us:—

“As we proceeded along the high road, nearing the spot of our separation, we were overtaken by a respectable tradesman, as he appeared, driving his wife towards the neighbouring town in a buggy. It was Augustus’s last chance of inducting us into a row, and not to be lost; so he made some most insulting remark upon these unoffending passengers, which so provoked the female that she unfortunately took up the *casus belli*, and, with other abuse, called her assailant a ‘barber’s clerk.’ He replied, ‘I know I am a barber, and I have shaved you.’ When the man heard this wordy war he joined in it. On this my brother told him, that ‘if it was not for his woman he would pull him out of his rattletrap and tread on him.’ Here was a circumstance that caused my boyish mind considerable speculation.

Hard names and some swearing seemed not much to insult the man in the buggy; but on hearing the female at his side called his 'woman,' his wrath knew no bounds. With the exclamation, 'My woman, you rascal! she is my wife!' he set to work lashing my brother with his gig whip, commencing a sort of artillery duel at long practice, not in accordance with the cavalry arm of my brother, nor with his way of fighting. A charge upon the buggy was therefore made by him, keeping his right side open for mischief; and in the obscure darkness I could hear the crown of the hat of the driver get ten blows for one, for his long weapon was useless at close quarters. The female, wife or woman, whichever she was, very quickly saw that the combat was all one way, for with a very much damaged crown her king crouched down on the cushion at her side; so that she awakened up the heath with shrieks of 'Murder!' 'Be off, as hard as you can split,' was then the order to us from the offender. We obeyed, as we heard the heels of his horse speed on far in advance of the buggy."

To give Mr. Grantley Berkeley fair credit, he condemns the rocklessness of such robust adventures, but he pleads that such was the practice in the days when he was raised; and to his own advantage, as he admits, he was summarily recalled to a more quiet regimen by the sudden appearance of a tutor who required from him other exercises. Nevertheless, his stories of little private fights with the sons of the Vicar of Berkeley and one of the keepers, which are very amusing, show that in stable and backyards he enjoyed consolations, though he declares that this was done chiefly for the amusement of his brother Henry, who used to invite him to the

stable with the gloves to fight one of the boys above mentioned, when the battle always ended by his knocking the head of his opponent into the manger. He says:

“I remember that for months during these, to my brother, amusing combats my lips were sometimes so cut against my teeth that I could not eat any salad with vinegar, the acid occasioned so much smarting. I could lick my antagonist as far as the fight with the gloves was permitted to go, but in a few days at the word of command the lad was ready for another licking, so that week after week I had no peace, and had to lick him again; nor had I resolution enough to withstand the taunts of being vanquished, if I refused to set to, although my superior proficiency had been a hundred times asserted. All things must have an end: every day strengthened my tall and growing limbs, and every day my power over my antagonist increased, when, for some ill conduct, he lost his service and these, to him, not very agreeable encounters. My brother then for a time lost his amusement; ‘Othello’s occupation’ was gone, for nothing came into service at Cranford that approached the age of a boy. A new footman was, however, inducted, a grown man and not a little one, but a cross-grown lout of a fellow; and, mere boy as I was, we were ordered to the stable, in front of my brother’s usual throne, the corn-bin, and there desired to do battle. By this time I had got into such habits of pugnacious obedience that if a bear had been introduced, and I had been told that the beast was to vanquish me, I should at once have boxed with him. The combat I am now alluding to was not unlike one of a boy and bear. I stepped back, put in, and then gave way successfully, for a short time; but at last the man met

me with a half-round blow, and hit me clean down on the rough stones of the stable. Henry did not seem to care much; but Moreton, who was present, spoke out loudly against the shame of putting such a boy to fight with a grown man, and I believe, feeling slightly annoyed at the way he had overmatched me, our elder brother stopped any further assault on my part, and suggested that Peter should put the gloves on with his own servant, a well-built, active little fellow, whom he had daily thrashed into one of the most expert boxers of his size. Peter, all agreeable, set to with Shadrach, when the former caught such a right-hander in the face as sent him as if he had been shot upon the stable stones. He rose crying, and deprived of all wish for another blow—my fall very sufficiently avenged. I have often wondered why I was not cowed by all this brutality, or why I ever took to those more gentle accomplishments in life that used to get me the name of ‘dandy’ among some of my rougher compeers. However, time wore on; I fought through the stable-boys and men-servants, and had sense enough not to acquire any rudeness of manner, nor dislike to more refined occupations.”

The author then gives some anecdotes of the persons who visited the Cranford-bridge Inn at this time, most of them for shooting or hunting; and such is the penalty which one gentleman still alive must pay for his presence on one of these occasions that Mr. Berkeley stigmatizes him as a most dangerous companion to shoot with, as he was nearly peppering his (Mr. B.’s) legs and those of the Duke of York. Liston and Downton, the comedians, used also to come to the Cranford-bridge Inn, and Mr. Berkeley tells a characteristic story of the latter. The astonishment of John Varley,

the artist, who taught his sisters drawing, at a man on horseback clearing a fence in his presence, is depicted with a dash of humour, and it is evident from what Mr. Berkeley says of Varley in other respects that he must have been well acquainted with his various eccentricities.

Again we come upon some of his hunting experiences in the neighbourhood of Cranford, such as those shared with Lord Alvanley, who in answer to the question, "What sport?" at White's, replied, "Oh, the melon and asparagus beds were devilish heavy—up to our hocks in glass all day; and all Berkeley wanted was a landing-net to get his deer out of the water." It was with G. B. also that the late Sir George Wombwell, having missed his second horse, spoke to one of the surly cultivators of that stiff vale thus:—"I say, farmer, — it, have you seen my fellow?" The man, with his hands in his breeches' pockets, eyed his questioner in silence for a minute, and then exclaimed, "No, upon my soul I never did!" Hunting about Harrow became very expensive from the damage it did to the farmers in that district, and the claims for compensation which it entailed upon Mr. Berkeley and his friends. The result of this, he says, at once became evident; a mine of wealth would soon have been insufficient to cover the cost of a single run over the Harrow vale, and "reluctantly I saw that if I intended to keep hounds I must go farther from the metropolis, and seek a wilder scene in which to hunt a fox instead of a stag, and thus take a higher degree in the art of hunting." Accordingly, negotiations were entered into for his becoming the master of hounds to the Oakley Club in Bedfordshire for 1,000*l.* a-year, the club taking all the cost of the earth-

stopping upon themselves and other incidental expenses. The depreciation of West India property which occurred about this time, and the larger expenses contingent on taking a country in which to hunt a fox four days a week, made him resolve to give up his seasons in London and settle down quietly to a country life, thus avoiding every unnecessary expenditure. His arrangements, in spite of opposition from some members of the club, appear to have been satisfactory and eventually popular, until the sport of his last season was positively brilliant, when in Yardley Chase alone he found seventeen foxes, and killed fourteen of them with a run.

WHAT BECAME OF THE SEVEN DIALS.

Whoever is familiar with the history of St. Giles's will recollect that Seven Dials is an open area so called because there was formerly a column in the centre, on the summit of which were (*traditionally*) seven sun-dials, with a dial facing each of the seven streets which radiate from thence. They are thus described in Gay's *Trivia*:—

“ Where famed St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
 An in-rail'd column rears its lofty head ;
 Here to seven streets seven dials count their day,
 And from each other catch the circling ray ;
 Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
 Bewilder'd trudges on from place to place ;
 He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze—
 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze—
 Tries every winding court and street in vain,
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.”

This column was removed in July, 1773, on the supposition that a considerable sum of money was lodged at the base; but the search was ineffectual.

Several years ago, Mr. Albert Smith, who lived at Chertsey, discovered in his neighbourhood part of the Seven Dials—the column doing duty as a monument to a Royal Duchess—when he described the circumstance in a pleasant paper, entitled “Some News of a famous Old Fellow,” in his *Town and Country Magazine*. The communication is as follows:—

“Let us now quit the noisome mazes of St. Giles’s and go out and away into the pure and leafy country. Seventeen or eighteen miles from town, in the county of Surrey, is the little village of Weybridge. Formerly a couple of hours and more were passed pleasantly enough upon a coach through Kingston, the Moulseys, and Walton, to arrive there, over a sunny, blowy common of pink heath and golden furze, within earshot, when the wind was favourable, of the old monastery bell, ringing out the curfew from Chertsey church. Now the South-Western Railway trains tear and racket down in forty-five minutes, but do not interfere with the rural prospects, for their path lies in such a deep cutting, that the very steam does not intrude upon the landscape.

“One of the ‘lions’ to be seen at Weybridge is Oatlands, with its large artificial grotto and bath-room, which is said—but we cannot comprehend the statement—to have cost the Duke of Newcastle, who had it built, 40,000*l.* The late Duchess of York died at Oatlands, and lies in a small vault under Weybridge Church, wherein there is a monument, by Chantrey, to her memory. She was an excellent lady, well-loved by all the country people about her, and when she died they were anxious

to put up some sort of tribute to her memory. But the village was not able to offer a large sum of money for this purpose. The good folks did their best, but the amount was still very humble, and so they were obliged to dispense with the services of any eminent architect, and build up only such a monument as their means could compass. Somebody told them that there was a column to be sold cheap in a stonemason's yard, which might answer their purpose. It was accordingly purchased; a coronet was placed upon its summit; and the memorial was set up on Weybridge Green, in front of the Ship Inn, at the junction of the roads leading to Oatlands, to Shepperton Locks, and to Chertsey. This column turned out to be the original one from Seven Dials.

"The stone on which the 'dials' were engraved or fixed, was sold with it. The poet Gay, however, was wrong when he spoke of its seven faces. It is hexagonal in its shape; this is accounted for by the fact that two of the streets opened into one angle. It was not wanted to assist in forming the monument, but was turned into a stepping-stone, near the adjoining inn, to assist the infirm in mounting their horses, and there it now lies, having sunk by degrees into the earth; but its original form can still be easily surmised. It may be about three feet in diameter.

"The column itself is about thirty feet high, and two feet in diameter, displaying no great architectural taste. It is surmounted by a coronet, and the base is enclosed by a light iron railing. An appropriate inscription on one side of the base, indicates its erection in the year 1822; on the others, are some lines to the memory of the Duchess.

"Relics undergo strange transpositions. The Obelisk

from the mystic solitudes of the Nile to the centre of the Place de la Concorde in bustling Paris—the monuments of Nineveh to the regions of Great Russell Street—the frescoes from the long, dark, and silent Pompeii to the bright and noisy Naples—all these are odd changes. But, in proportion to their importance, not much behind them is that of the old column from the crowded, dismal regions of St. Giles to the sunny, tranquil Green of Weybridge.”

AN OLD BAILEY CHARACTER.

Some thirty years ago there appeared in the second series of the *Great Metropolis** a sketch of one Mr. Curtis, an eccentric person who was to be seen in the New Court in the Old Bailey, as constantly as the Judge himself. He (Curtis) was known to everybody in and about the place. For nearly a quarter of a century he had been in constant attendance at the Old Bailey from the opening to the close of each session, never being absent with the exception of two occasions, when attending the county assizes. He wrote short-hand, and was so passionately fond of reporting that he had taken down for his own special amusement every case verbatim which came before the New Court; and such was his horror of the Old Court, that you might as soon expect to hear the Bishop of London in a Dissenters' chapel as to find Mr. Curtis in the Old Court. He was notable for early rising: four o'clock in the morning he considered a late hour. It was an event in his life to lie

* The popular work of Mr. James Grant.

in bed till five. By seven he had completed his morning journeys, which usually embraced a distance—for he was particularly fond of going over the same ground twice if not thrice in a morning—of from six to eight miles. Among the places visited, Farringdon Market, Covent Garden Market, Hungerford Market, and Billingsgate were never under any circumstances omitted. His own notion was that he had walked as much within thirty years before seven in the morning as would have made the circuit of the globe three or four times. He was, perhaps, the most inveterate pedestrian known; locomotion seemed to be a necessity of his nature. There was only one exception to this rule—that was, when he was taking down the trials at the Old Bailey. He considered it as the greatest favour that could be conferred on him to be asked to walk ten or twelve miles by an acquaintance. He was very partial to wet weather, and as fond of a rainy day as if he were a duck. He was never so comfortable as when thoroughly drenched. Thunder and lightning threw him into ecstasies: he was known to have luxuriated for some hours on Dover cliff in one of the most violent thunderstorms ever remembered in this country. He once walked from the City to Croydon Fair and back again on three consecutive days of the Fair; making with his locomotive achievements in Croydon a distance of nearly fifty miles a-day; and this without any other motive than that of gratifying his pedestrian propensities. He had a horror of coaches, cabs, omnibuses, and all sorts of vehicles; and he was not known to have been ever seen in one. Judging from his partiality to heavy showers of rain, he seemed to be to a certain extent an amphibious being; and he often declared, with

infinite glee, that he was once thrown into a pond without suffering any inconvenience. The benefits of air and exercise were manifest in his cheerful disposition and healthy-looking, though somewhat weather-beaten countenance: he seemed the happiest little thick-built man alive.

He not only rose very early, but was also late in going to bed. On an average, he had not for twenty years slept above four hours in the twenty-four. He was often weeks without going to bed at all, and it sufficed him to have two or three hours' doze in his arm-chair, and with his clothes on. In the year 1834, he performed an unusual feat in this way: he sat up one hundred consecutive nights and days, without stretching himself on a bed, or putting himself into an horizontal position, even for a moment. For one century of consecutive nights, as Curtis phrased it, he neither put off his clothes to lie down in bed, nor anywhere else, for a second; all the sleep he had during the time was an occasional doze in his arm-chair.

Curtis's taste for witnessing executions, and for the society of persons sentenced to death, was remarkable. He had been present at every execution in the metropolis and its neighbourhood for the last quarter of a century. He actually walked before breakfast to Chelmsford, which is twenty-nine miles from London, to be present at the execution of Captain Moir. For many years he had not only heard the condemned sermons preached in Newgate, but spent many hours in the gloomy cells with the persons who had been executed in London during that period. He passed much time with Fauntleroy, and was with him a considerable part of the day previous to his execution.

With Corder, too, of Red Barn notoriety, he contracted a friendship: immediately on the discovery of the murder of Maria Martin, he hastened to the scene, and remained there till Corder's execution. He afterwards wrote the *Memoirs of Corder*, which were published by Alderman Kelly, Lord Mayor in 1837-8: the work had portraits of Corder and Maria Martin, and of Curtis, and nothing pleased him better than to be called the biographer of Corder.

By some unaccountable fatality, Curtis, where he was unknown, often had the mortification of being mistaken under very awkward circumstances for other persons. At Dover he was once locked up all night on suspicion of being a spy. When he went to Chelmsford to be present at Captain Moir's execution, he engaged a bed at the Three Cups inn; on returning thither in the evening the servants rushed out of his sight, or stared suspiciously at him, he knew not why, till at length the landlady, keeping some yards distant from him, said in tremulous accents, "We cannot give you a bed here; when I promised you one, I did not know the house was full."—"Ma'am," replied Curtis, indignantly, "I have taken my bed, and I insist on having it."—"I am very sorry for it, but you cannot sleep here to-night," was the reply. "I *will* sleep here to-night; I've engaged my bed, and refuse me at your peril," reiterated Curtis. The landlady then offered him the price of a bed in another place, to which Curtis replied, resenting the affront, "No, ma'am; I insist upon my rights as a *public* man; I have a duty to perform to-morrow."—"It's all true. He says he's a public man, and that he has a duty to perform," were words which every person in the room exchanged in suppressed

whispers with each other. The waiter now stepped up to Mr. Curtis, and taking him aside, said—"The reason why Mistress will not give you a bed is because you're the executioner." Curtis was astounded, but in a few moments laughed heartily at the mistake. "I'll soon convince you of your error, ma'am," said Curtis, walking out of the house. He returned in a few minutes with a gentleman of the place, who having testified to his identity being different from that supposed, the landlady apologized for the mistake, and, as some reparation, gave him the best bed in the inn.

However, a still more awkward mistake occurred. After passing night after night with Corder in prison, Curtis accompanied him to his trial, and stood up close behind him at the bar. An artist had been sent from Ipswich to sketch a portrait of Corder for one of the newspapers of that town; but the sketcher mistook Curtis for Corder, and in the next number of the journal Mr. Curtis figured at full length as the murderer of Maria Martin! He bore the mistake with good humour, and regarded this as one of the most amusing incidents of his life.

Amidst these harmless eccentricities, Mr. Curtis effected much good amongst prisoners under sentence of death. "I speak within bounds," says the author of the *Great Metropolis*, "when I mention that he has from first to last spent more than a hundred nights with unhappy prisoners under sentence of death, conversing with them with all seriousness and with much intelligence on the great concerns of that eternal world on whose brink they were standing. I saw a long and sensible letter which the unhappy man named Pegsworth, who was executed in March, 1837, for the crime of mur-

der, addressed a few days before his death to Mr. Curtis, and in which he most heartily thanked Mr. C. for all the religious instructions and admonitions he had given him; adding, that he believed he had derived great spiritual benefit from them."

BONE AND SHELL EXHIBITION.

It is curious to note with what odd results of patient labour our forefathers were amused to the top of their bent. They were Curiosities in the strictest sense of the term; but as to the information conveyed by their exhibition, it was generally a *lucus à non lucendo*.

In Suffolk Street, Cockspur Street, an ingenious Mrs. Dards got up a display of this kind, consisting of an immense collection of artificial flowers, made entirely by herself with fish-bones, the incessant labour of many years, of which she said to Mr. J. T. Smith:—"No one can imagine the trouble I had in collecting the bones for that bunch of lilies of the valley. Each cup consists of the bones which contain the brains of the turbot; and from the difficulty of matching the sizes, I never should have completed my task had it not been for the kindness of the proprietors of the London, Freemasons', and Crown and Anchor taverns, who desired their waiters to save the fish-bones for me."

This ingenious person distributed a card embellished with flowers and insects, upon which was engraven an advertisement, stating the exhibition to be the labour of thirty years, and to contain "a great variety of

beautiful objects equal to nature.” Likewise enabled to gratify them

“With bones, scales, and eyes, from the prawn to the porpoise,
Fruit, flies, birds, and flowers, oh, strange metamorphose!”

“QUID RIDES?”

“People,” says Mr. De Morgan, “are apt to believe that a smart saying or a ready retort are not a real occurrence; it was made up: it is too good to be true, &c. Perhaps there is no story which would be held more intrinsically deniable than that of the tobacconist who adopted *Quid rides?* for his motto on his carriage.

A friend, whose years, it will be seen, are many, has given me the following note:—

“Jacob Brandon was a tobacco-broker in the last century, a remarkable man in his way, supposed to be rich, a good companion, and extravagant in his expenses. Before the year 1800, I saw a chariot in Cheapside with a coat-of-arms, or rather a shield bearing a hand (sample) of tobacco and a motto, *Quid rides?* It was an old carriage, and at the time belonged to a job-master, so the driver told a person who was curious to know what the arms meant. It was this man’s curiosity that caused my noticing the arms. Mentioning the circumstance in my father’s presence, he said it was Brandon’s old carriage. He had become gouty, and could not walk; he bought the carriage, had it newly painted, and was asked for his arms. This required consideration. Some thought Brandon was a Jew, or of

Jewish extraction. Be this as it may, he loved a joke, and cared little for armorial bearings. He was telling a party in Lloyd's Coffee-house about his new carriage, and that he had determined to have a symbol of his profession on it, but that he wanted a motto. A well-known member of Lloyd's, a wit, and, as I afterwards found out, a curious reader, suggested *Quid rides?* which was forthwith adopted. This was Harry Calendon. I knew him well; he died within the present century. I have found that some of his witty stories about living persons were taken from old books. My father knew Brandon well, and employed him. Now, as to *Quid rides?* being proposed by some Irish wit as a motto for Lundy Foot, of Dublin, famous for a particular snuff, I have heard something of the history and habits of Lundy Foot; he had no carriage with arms on it. His snuff is still sold with its distinguishing wrapper and stamp, but no *Quid rides?*—which would certainly have been perpetuated if it had ever been adopted by the manufacturer of the snuff."

"BOLTON TROTTERS."

This was the cognomen given to the muslin-weavers of Bolton in the days of their prosperity. The trade was that of a gentleman. They brought home their work in top-boots and ruffled shirts, carried a cane, and in some instances took a coach. Many weavers at that time used to walk about the street with a five-pound Bank of England note spread out under their hatbands; they

would smoke none but long "churchwarden" pipes, and objected to the intrusion of any other handicraftsmen into the particular rooms in the publichouses which they frequented.

The "Bolton Trotters" were much addicted to practical joking, of which Mr. French, in his *Life of Samuel Crompton*, narrates this story:—"One of the craft visiting Bolton on a market-day, having delivered his work at the manufacturing warehouse, and obtained materials for his succeeding work, placed them carefully in one end of his blue linen wallet, and filled the other end with articles of clothing and provisions, upon which he had expended his recently received wages. He had, however, reserved a portion for his accustomed potation upon such occasions; and that he might enjoy this solace of his labour in comfort and safety, he left his wallet at the warehouse before visiting his favourite tavern. The good ale did its office, and when elevated to just the proper pitch for *trotting*, he met a brother of the loom, who, like himself, had transacted his day's business, and was now ready to trudge home with his wallet on his shoulder. The two weavers mingled with a little crowd gathered together to hear the strains of the Bolton volunteer band performing near the Swan Hotel. He who had left his wallet at the warehouse was not, however, too much engrossed by the martial music to neglect the tempting opportunity to trot his quondam friend, with whom he stood shoulder to shoulder, though each looked in a different direction. Provided with a needle and stout thread, and being the shorter man of the two, he had no difficulty in sewing the edge of his neighbour's well-filled wallet to the lapel of his own velveteen jacket, and then, during a momentary movement in the crowd,

adroitly hitched it from his neighbour's to his own shoulder. An immediate and clamorous charge of robbery was made, and met by an indignant denial from the trotter, who coolly remonstrated with the loser on his culpable want of ordinary care, pointing out, at the same time, at the means he had taken to secure his own wallet, which no one, he said, could steal from him. This evidence was unanswerable, particularly as it was supported by many of the bystanders who had seen the whole transaction, and joined heartily in the laugh at the weaver who had been so effectually *trotted* for their amusement. A reconciliation was effected through the ordinary means on these occasions, of an adjournment to the alehouse."

ECCENTRIC LORD COLERAINE.

J. T. Smith, in his *Life of Nollekens*, has left these sensible remarks upon a class of persons whose lives present many instances of right feeling and upright conduct, although mixed up with less estimable qualities. "I believe," says Mr. Smith, "every age produces at least one eccentric in every city, town, and village. Be this as it may, go where you will, you will find some half-witted fellow, under the nick-name either of Dolly, Silly Billy, or Foolish Sam, who is generally the butt and sport of his neighbours, and from whom, simple as he may sometimes be, a sensible answer is expected to an unthinking question: like the common children, who will, to our annoyance, inquire of our neighbour's

parrot what it is o'clock. In some such light Nollekens was often held by his brother artists; and I once heard Fuseli cry out, when on the opposite side of the street: 'Nollekens, Nollekens, why do you walk in the sun? If you have no love for your few brains, you should not melt your coat buttons!'"*

The eccentric character is, likewise, sure to be found in London, where there are several curious varieties of this class of persons to be met with. In our walks, perchance, we may meet a man who always casts his eye towards the ground, as if he were ashamed of looking any one in the face; and who pretends, when accosted, to be near-sighted, so that he does not know even the friend that had served him. This short-sightedness is very common. Indeed, he draws his hat across his forehead to act as an eye-shade, so that his sallow visage cannot be immediately recognized, which makes him look as if he had done something wrong; whilst his coat is according to the true Addison cut, with square pockets large enough to carry the folio *Ship of Fools*. No man was more gazed at than Lord Coleraine, who lived near the New Queen's Head and Artichoke, in Marylebone Fields, and who never met Nollekens without saluting him. "Well, Nollekens, my old boy, how goes it? You never sent me the bust of the Prince." To which Nollekens replied: "You know you said you would call for it one of these days,

* Fuseli had one day sharply criticized the work of a brother R.A., whom he sought to alleviate by remarking that the conceited scene-painter, Mr. Capon, to whom Sheridan had given the nickname of "Pompous Billy," had piled up his lumps of rock as regularly on the side scene, as a baker would his quarter-loaves upon the shelves behind his counter to *cool*.

and give me the money, and take it away in a hackney-coach." "I remember," says J. T. Smith, "seeing his lordship, after he had purchased a book entitled the *American Buccaneers*, sit down close to the shop from which he had bought it, in the open street, in St. Giles's, to read it. I also once heard Lord Coleraine, as I was passing the wall at the end of the Portland Road, where an old apple-woman, with whom his lordship held frequent conversations, was packing up her fruit, ask her the following question: 'What are you about, mother?' 'Why, my lord, I am going home to my tea; if your lordship wants any information I shall come again presently.' 'Oh! don't balk trade. Leave your things on the table as they are: I will mind your shop till you come back;' so saying, he seated himself in the old woman's wooden chair, in which he had often sat before whilst chatting with her. Being determined to witness the result, after strolling about till the return of the old lady, I heard his lordship declare the amount of his receipts by saying: 'Well, mother, I have taken threepence-halfpenny for you. Did your daughter Nancy drink tea with you?'"

ECCENTRIC TRAVELLERS.

Curious stories are told of tourists being so fascinated by certain incidents in their travels as to be diverted from their purposes by finding themselves so comfortable as to wish to proceed no further—a lesson of content which is rarely lost on sensible persons.

It is told of an English gentleman, who started on a tour in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo, that he landed at Ostend, with the design of pushing on to Brussels, and took his place in the canal-boat that plied between Brussels and Ghent. The traveller went abroad, not merely to see foreign lands, but with the hope of meeting with illustrious personages and distinguished characters. Finding, however, that on board the *trekschuit* he not only fell in with many persons worth meeting, but had the opportunity of sitting down with them at the *table-d'hôte*, he thought he could not do better, and went backwards and forwards, never getting farther than Ghent.

Mr. Thackeray, in his *Vanity Fair*, gives this somewhat different version of the story:—"The famous regiment . . . was drafted in canal-boats to Bruges, thence to march to Brussels. Jos. accompanied the ladies in the public boats; the which all old travellers in Flanders must remember for the luxury and accommodation they afforded. So prodigiously good was the eating and drinking on board these sluggish but most comfortable vessels, that there are legends extant of an English traveller, who, coming to Belgium for a week, and travelling in one of these boats, was so delighted with the fare there, that he went backwards and forwards from Ghent to Bruges, perpetually, until the railroads were introduced, when he drowned himself on the last trip of the passage-boat." Possibly, the catastrophe is an embellishment.

To these ana, Mr. Sala has added the story of the Englishman who is *said* to have made a bet that Van Amburgh, the lion-tamer, would be eaten by his voracious pupils within a given time; and who followed

him about the continents of Europe and America in the hope of seeing him at last devoured, and so winning his stakes. Eugène Sue introduces this mythical Englishman among the *dramatis personæ* of the *Wandering Jew*.

The Russians, also, have a story of an eccentric traveller—of course, an Englishman—who posted overland, and in the depth of winter, to St. Petersburg, merely to see the famous wrought-iron gates of the Summer Garden. He is said to have died of grief at finding the gates superior to those at the entrance to his own park at home. Add to this the lying traveller, who boasted that he had been everywhere, and who, being asked how he liked Persia, replied that he scarcely knew, as *he had only stayed there a day*. Note, likewise, among eccentricities, the nobleman of whom it was inquired, at dinner, what he thought of Athens during an Oriental tour. He turned to his body-servant, waiting behind his chair, and said, “*John, what did I think of Athens?*”

In May, 1865, died Charles Waterton, “the gentle and gifted squire” of Walton Hall, in Yorkshire, in his eighty-second year. Of this gentleman one of the most eccentric incidents in modern travel is related to have occurred in his wanderings in South America. His attendant Indian had made an instrument to take a cayman, or alligator, of Guiana, on the banks of the Essequibo river. It was very simple; there were four pieces of tough, hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as your little finger; they were tied round the ends of a rope in such a manner that if you conceive the rope to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow’s head; or that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrow’s head,

while the other end of the sticks expanded at equal distances round the rope. Now, it is evident that if the cayman swallowed this, the other end of the rope (which was thirty yards long) being fastened to a tree, the more he pulled the faster the barbs would stick into his stomach. The hook was well baited with flesh, and entrails twisted round the rope for about a foot above it. Into the steep sand-banks of the river the Indian pricked a stick, and at its extremity was fixed the machine which hung suspended about a foot from the water. Mr. Waterton and his companions then went back to their hammocks for the night.

Next morning was found a cayman ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. The next point was to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. After revolving many projects, Mr. Waterton had his canoe brought round; he then took out the mast, eight feet long, and as thick as his wrist, and wrapped the sail round the end of it; he then sunk down on one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, backed by his seven attendants, and pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope; they pulled again, and out he came. "By the time," says Mr. Waterton, "the cayman was within ten yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle." He now plunged furiously, and lashed the sand with his tail. The people stoutly dragged him and

the traveller above forty yards on the sand. After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, exhausted. Mr. Waterton then tied up his jaws, and secured his fore-feet in the position he had held them; there was still another struggle; while some of the people pressed upon his head and shoulders, Mr. Waterton threw himself upon his tail, keeping it down to the ground; and having conveyed the cayman away, his throat was cut, and dissection commenced.

This account of "catching a crocodile" was at first regarded as a "downright falsehood." Pliny, in his *Natural History*, however, describes a race of men who swam after the crocodile of the Nile, "and mounted on his back, like horsemen, as he opens his jaws to bite, with his head turned up, they thrust a club in his mouth, and holding the ends of it, one in the right hand, and the other in the left, they bring him to shore, as if captive with bridles." In a rare book of plates of field sports one represents, probably from this account of Pliny, some men riding on crocodiles, and bringing them to land by means of a pole across their mouths, whilst others are killing them with large clubs. Beneath is inscribed in Latin: "Tentyra, an island of the Nile, in Egypt, is inhabited by an intrepid people, who climb the crocodile's back, and, bridling his mouth with a staff, force him out of the river, and slay him."

Dr. Pococke describes a method of taking the crocodile in Egypt still more like that of South America. He says: "They make some animal cry at a distance from the river, and when the crocodile comes out, they thrust a spear into his body, to which a rope is tied; they let him go into the water to spend himself, and afterwards, drawing him out, run a pole into his

mouth, and, jumping on his back, tie his jaws together." To return to the Squire of Walton Hall.

Waterton is thus characterized by a personal friend:—He was one of those men whose life, reaching back and retaining many characteristics of the past, contrasted the present sameness with a manner of life much more varied, but now almost forgotten. Rising always at three in the morning, he gave an hour, as he said, "to the health and preservation of the soul," and was then ready for the occupations and pursuits of the day. His conversation and manners had that charm which comes of ancestry, of ancient riches, and a polished education enlivened by a sparkling wit.

In attachment to his religion he was as zealous as his great ancestor, Sir Thomas More, whose clock, from the house at Chelsea, still tells the hours at Walton Hall. His undoubting faith, and the consolations it afforded him, might, indeed, be envied by some of those who worship at other altars.

His hospitality was kind and generous: a stewed carp from the lake carried you back to the good old times, and furnished a dish not soon to be forgotten.

To those who knew him well there was something remarkably genial in the society of the good old squire, and his manner of receiving and bidding them adieu will be long remembered by his friends.

Mr. Thackeray, in *The Newcomes*, relates of Mr. Waterton this interesting trait:—"A friend who belongs to the old religion took me, last week, into a church where the Virgin lately appeared in person to a Jewish gentleman, flashed down upon him from heaven in light and splendour celestial, and, of course, straightway converted him. My friend bade me look at the picture, and kneeling down beside me, I know, prayed with all his

honest heart that the truth might shine down upon me too; but I saw no glimpse of heaven at all, I saw but a poor picture, an altar with blinking candles, a church hung with tawdry strips of red and white calico. The good, kind W. went away, humbly saying, 'That such might have happened again if Heaven so willed it.' I could not but feel a kindness and admiration for the good man. I know that his works are made to square with his faith, that he dines on a crust, lives as chastely as a hermit, and gives his all to the poor."

ELEGY ON A GEOLOGIST.

Archbishop Whately, one day, with genial humour, wrote a supposed "Elegy on Dr. Buckland," of which the following is a portion:—

Where shall we our great Professor inter,
 That in peace may rest his bones?
 If we hew him a rocky sepulchre
 He'll rise and break the stones,
 And examine each stratum that lies around,
 For he's quite in his element underground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
 In the common alluvial soil,
 He'll start up and snatch these tools away
 Of his own geological toil;
 In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
 That embedded should lie his organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring
 His carcase let stalactite cover,
 And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring
 When he is encrusted all over;
 There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a shelf,
 Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

Eccentric Artists.

GILRAY AND HIS CARICATURES.

THE name of James Gilray stands pre-eminent in the annals of graphic satire. In his hands, caricature became an art, and one that exercised no unimportant influence on the kingdom of Great Britain. Previous to this time, there is little challenging admiration in his department of art. The satire for the most part was brutal where it had point, and clumsy even in invention and execution.

Hogarth, Gay, Fielding, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot all aided the progress of satire. France was satirized by Hogarth as a lean personage, all frill and wristbands, with no shirt, dieting constantly on frogs, and wearing wooden shoes. If to this we add Goldsmith's hatred of the French, because they were slaves and wore wooden shoes, we have the amount of the materials lying ready for the caricaturists' use. The hatred towards our Scotch brethren, so strongly manifested under the Bute administration, supplied the caricaturists with hackneyed and profitless jokes. The satirical points of the wits and humorists we have just named, and a few obscure caricaturists, were selected, arranged, and adapted by the genius of Gilray to

illustrate, by the etching-needle, a series of political events, as important as those of any country of modern times; and in Gilray's works is preserved a pictorial record of the History of England during the greater part of the reign of George III. An artist to excel in caricature must possess abilities of a superior order, not only as a designer and an etcher, but must have a deep knowledge of life, and be conversant with the progress of public business; he must be a good and a ready reasoner upon nearly all questions; his love of truth and justice should enable him to detect the fallacies of argument, and the injustice consequent upon false or injudicious public acts. A keen sense of the ridiculous should direct his pencil; and then, by a few touches, the true caricaturist, in the most striking manner, mercilessly exposes the follies and the consequences of such acts. In Gilray, of all men before him, was found the union of these requisites.

Of Gilray's early life little is known: it is supposed that he was born at Chelsea, in 1757. Mr. Smith, late of Lisle Street, the well-known connoisseur in prints, himself a collector of Gilray's works, states that Gilray was first placed with Ashby, the writing-engraver, who resided at the bottom of Holborn Hill, and afterwards was either a pupil or an assistant with the celebrated Francis Bartolozzi, which is doubtless founded on truth; as the mastery of the etching-needle, occasional use of the graver, the mysteries of biting, re-biting, and other practical points of engraving so completely possessed by Gilray, could hardly have been attained elsewhere than in the studio of an experienced engraver. An active imagination, an acute sense of the ridiculous points of character, or of personal appearance, and a facility of

drawing and etching, would in most cases disqualify any student for the quiet and laborious profession of a line engraver. That Gilray should have abandoned the higher branches of engraving cannot excite either wonder or regret, as, in all probability, the rank of a merely tolerable line-engraver was exchanged for the highest position that can be awarded to the caricaturist; whose works, eagerly expected by the sovereign down to the poorest labourer, invigorated the national feeling against a powerful enemy, hourly watching an opportunity to light up rebellion in the kingdom, with a determination to invade and subjugate Old England.

Gilray made his first appearance as a caricaturist about 1782. Before his time, it was usual for these satires to be published anonymously; and it is very likely that Gilray might have thus published a few caricatures before he openly set up as a caricaturist by profession, and boldly put his name to his productions. The dispute between the two admirals, Keppel and Sir Hugh Palliser, caused a great public sensation. Keppel was tried by a court martial, and acquitted; and Palliser retired from the service. The caricaturist took up the the needles and etched a naval pair of breeches and legs, writing underneath, "Who's in Fault? Nobody?" but a head appears over the waistband—and that is Sir Hugh Palliser's; *he* was the *nobody* in fault. A comparison of this print with others of Gilray's will convince any one acquainted with the details of etching that it is Gilray's. It bears the date of 1779. His first acknowledged production is dated 1782. Having opened his battery of fun, he kept up a continued fire upon his political victims until 1811, when an aberration of mind rendered powerless the mighty hand which had "done the state some

service." Gilray was fortunate in meeting with Miss Humphrey, the printseller, in St. James's Street; for, in his insane periods, she proved a most kind and attached friend. He lived in her house, and mainly supported her trade by the sale of his caricatures. It is said that both parties had once resolved on matrimony, and were actually walking to church to become man and wife; when, in the course of the walk, 'they both reflected upon the approaching state of bondage, and mutually agreeing not to sacrifice their liberty by so rash an act as marriage, walked home again!

In the house of Miss Humphrey, Gilray found ample employment, an excellent spot for marking down his game; here he heard all the news and gossip of the day over a friendly table. Her shop being No. 29, St. James's Street (and afterwards in the occupation of a printseller), was of all others the best situated for Gilray's purpose, as his victims were unconsciously walking daily to and fro before the shop. Behind the window was Gilray, pencil in hand, taking off the heads of the ministers and of the opposition. In this way he became so familiarized with their features, that he could drolly exaggerate, almost out of all humanity, the nose and lank figure of "Billy Pitt, the heaven-born minister," and yet preserve so much likeness, that the portrait was immediately recognized. Louthenburg, the eminent artist and scene-painter, went to Valenciennes, after the siege in 1793, to sketch the military works. He was accompanied by Gilray, who sketched the officers. On their return, they were introduced to the king. George III. did not comprehend the slight sketches made by Gilray; and, remarking that he did not understand "the caricatures," sadly offended Gilray, who had intended them as veritable

portraits, and had not the least idea of being "funny." Disappointed with the royal criticism, he went home, and the next day caricatured his Majesty, examining a miniature of Oliver Cromwell, by means of *candle-ends* and *save-alls*. He showed it to his friends, and said: "I wonder whether the *royal* connoisseur will *understand this?*"

The severity and fearful amount of ridicule at Gilray's command, exposed him to threats of personal chastisement, and sometimes to the probability of a prosecution. Fox was more than once disposed to prosecute the artist, or the publishers—and not without reason; for in some of his portraits he was the incarnation of diabolical sensuality. Burke always figured as a half-starved Jesuit; and Sheridan, himself a satirist, could scarcely stand the attacks of the caricaturist on his red nose and portly person. However, they wisely foresaw that a prosecution would be an excellent advertisement for the offensive prints; so the senators sat down, and gratified themselves with enjoying a hearty laugh at each other. George III. was more than once severely attacked by Gilray; but he bore it with great good humour.

The facile invention, extraordinary humour, and rapid execution of Gilray's works were marvellous. Some of his subjects are full of figures, carefully drawn, although exaggerated. A complete collection of his works amounts to no less than fifteen hundred! An over-taxed imagination, constantly on the rack, watching opportunities, and the rapidity with which the design, the etching, finishing, printing, and publishing of the prints required to be executed, told fearfully upon his mind. His mental powers failed, and the mirth-inspiring son of genius became dead to the world. Some lucid intervals occurred,

in one of which he etched the well-known plate of the "Barber's Shop," after Bunbury. Poor Gilray was deprived of his reason in the year 1811, from which time, until his death in 1815, he was the wretched occupant of a garret in Miss Humphrey's house. Here, at the barred windows, he was sometimes seen by that esteemed artist, Kenny Meadows, who contemplated the mad artist with horror. Miss Humphrey entirely supported Gilray until death claimed what disease had left of the great satirist. He threw himself out of an up-stairs window, and died of the injuries he received, on the 1st of June, 1815. He was buried at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, where a tablet is erected to his memory.

From Mr. Wright's curious and interesting *England under the House of Hanover*, illustrated by caricatures and satires, we gather that the favourite subjects to the artists of fun were the sans-culotte extravagances of the French Revolutionists; and at home the coalition of North and Fox, the fiscal devices of Minister Pitt, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the "Alarmists." It was the popular belief that Hastings had bribed the Court of St. James's with presents of diamonds of large size, and in great profusion, to shelter his Indian delinquencies. Caricatures on this subject were to be seen in every print shop. In one of these Hastings is represented as wheeling away in a barrow the King, with his crown and sceptre, observing, "What a man buys he may sell;" and in another, the King is represented on his knees, with his mouth wide open. A common representation of the King and the Queen was as "Farmer George and his wife;" his Majesty's familiarity of manner, general somnolency, Weymouth displays, and his prying into cottage

domesticities—to wit, the memory of the seamless apple-dumpling,—afforded unfailing hits for Peter Pindar, Sayer, and Gilray. The dissipation of the Prince of Wales suggested his portrayal as “The Prodigal Son,” the Prince’s Feathers in the mire, and the inscription on his garter reduced to the word “honi.” In one print a Brighton party is represented, “The Jovial Crew, or Merry Beggars :” among the Prince’s guests are Mrs. Fitzherbert, Fox, Sheridan, Lord North, and Captain Morris—“Jolly companions every one.”

A scarce print of Gilray’s commemorates a grand installation of knights at Westminster Abbey, May 19th, 1788, and is called “The Installation Supper,” given at the Pantheon, in Oxford-road. It portrays the chief notorieties of the day, in separate groups, simulating over the bottle an obliviousness of political jealousies: Pitt and Fox hobnobbing behind the gruff Chancellor Thurlow; Lord Shelburn is shaking hands jesuitically with Lord Sydney; Lord Derby is hand-in-glove with Lady Mount Edgecombe, an antiquated *blue*, who still dreams of conquest; the Prince is besieged by Lady Archer (of gambling notoriety) on one side, and Lady Cecilia Johnson on the other; while Mr. Fitzherbert is in amiable confab with the ex-patriot, Johnny Wilkes:—

“ Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,
 Thou greatest of bilks,
 How changed are the notes you now sing;
 Your famed Forty-five
 Is Prerogative,
 And your blasphemy, ‘ God save the King.’ ”

SHERIDAN.

Edmund Burke always appears with long-pointed

nose and spectacles. In one large print by Gilray, he is discharging a blunderbuss at Hastings, who is defending himself with the "shield of honour." The thin, meagre figure of Pitt, "with his d——d iron face," was fruitful for jest as that of his fat, slovenly opponent, Fox. An equivocal phrase of the Prime Minister gave rise to Gilray's caricature of "The Bottomless Pitt;" or it may have been the financial profundity of the Minister, or the wit of his celebrated housekeeper niece:—

"William Pitt, 'tis known by many people,
Was thin as a lath, and tall as a steeple;
And so spare his behind, he was called (with some wit),
By famed Lady Hester, 'the bottomless pit.'"

Gilray, often as he struck at a minister or satirized a courtier, he yet more often returned to the battle which he loved to wage—that against Bonaparte. With him the Corsican was a murderer, a fanatic, a tyrant; an invader with death's head and dripping sword; a ghoul who loved to feast on human flesh; an incarnate fiend, a demon. Single-handed, Gilray fed and nursed the flame of hatred which burnt so steadily and so long in these islands against that potentate, whether as general, first consul, or emperor. Napoleon himself perceived it, and complained of it. His empress and generals came in for a share of Gilray's pictorial wrath. Ministers, who at the time of the trial of Peltier were not unwilling to conciliate the master of a hundred legions, in vain attempted to stop Gilray. The shop-windows still displayed the bright colours of the newest print, wherein, as incendiary or demon, the chief person was still Napoleon Bonaparte. If, according to the *dictum*

of the latter, one newspaper editor were worse than five *corps d'armée* acting against him, surely Gilray, with his enormous effect on the British mind, then hardly swayed or taught by leading articles, was worse than five editors. And if we of the volunteer corps wish to realize the intense hatred, the indignation, the burning passion with which most of our fathers regarded the first Napoleon, we have only to turn over some old caricatures. How the old times rise before us, summoned by the tricky Ariel of art, as we look over them.—*See a clever paper in the London Review.*

One of Gilray's late prints was Dr. Burgess, of Mortimer Street, "from Warwick Lane." The doctor was one of the last men who wore a cocked hat and deep ruffles. What rendered his appearance more remarkable, he walked on tiptoe.

The commercial history of the caricatures is curious. At the period of the artist's death, the copper-plates from which they were struck were estimated to be worth 7,000*l.* Upon the demise of the printseller, his widow pledged the plates for 1,000*l.*; but in the process of time, a better tone of political feeling having supervened, and likewise an improved public taste as regards art, this property, upon being put to sale by auction, was bought in for 500*l.* Subsequently the widow offered them to Mr. Henry Bohn, the eminent publisher, for that sum; but the process of change adverted to still continuing, the offer was declined. Upon her death her executors, unable to sell them as engravings, sold them as old copper for as many pence as they were originally worth pounds, and Mr. Bohn became the purchaser.

The early political caricatures of Gilray were gene-

rally directed against the Government party. These he was hired to sketch, and generally at a small price, according to the will of his employers. He used to smoke his pipe with his early employers, and exert his faculties more to win a bowl of punch than to gain ten pounds. For years he occasionally smoked his pipe at the Bell, the Coal Hole, or the Coach and Horses; and although the *convives* whom he met at such dingy rendezvous knew that he was Gilray who fabricated those comical prints, yet he never sought to act the coxcomb, nor become the king of the company. In truth, with his neighbouring shopkeepers and master manufacturers, he passed for no greater wit than his associates. Rowlandson, his ingenious compeer, and he sometimes met. They would, perhaps, exchange half-a-dozen questions and answers upon the affairs of etching, copper, and nitric acid, swear that the world was one *vast masquerade*, and then enter into the common chat of the room, light their cigars, drink their punch, and sometimes early, sometimes late, shake hands at the door and depart, one for the Adelphi, the other to St. James's-street, each to his bachelor's bed.

The facility with which Gilray composed his subjects, and the rapidity with which he etched them, astonished those who were eye-witnesses of his powers. Many years ago, he had an apartment in a court in Holborn. A commercial agent for a printseller had received a commission to get a satirical design etched by Gilray, but he had repeatedly called in his absence. He lived at the west end of the town, and on his way to the city waited on him again, when he happened to be at home:

“You have lost a good job and a useful patron, Gilray,” said he; “but you are always out.”

“How? What—what is your object?” said the artist.

“I want this subject drawn and etched,” said the agent; “but now it is too late.”

“When is it wanted?”

“Why, to-morrow.”

“It shall be done.”

“Impossible, Gilray?”

“Where are you going?”

“Onward to the Bank.”

“When do you return?”

“At four o’clock.” It was now eleven.

“I’ll bet you a bowl of punch it shall be completed, etched and bitten in, and a proof before that time.”

“Done!”

The plate was finished; it contained many figures; the parties were mutually delighted, and the affair ended with a tipsy bout, at the Gray’s Inn Coffee-house, at the employer’s expense.

“It was not likely that such an original would be content to sit, year after year, over a sheet of copper, perpetuating the renown of others, whilst possessed of a restless and ardent mind, intent on exploring unknown regions of taste, he could open a way through the intricacies of art, and by a short but eccentric cut reach the Temple of Fame. He set to work, and succeeded to the astonishment of the goddess, who, one day, beheld this new votary unceremoniously resting upon the steps of her altar.*

* See an able paper in *Fraser’s Magazine*, No. 133.

WILLIAM BLAKE, PAINTER AND POET.

The life of this extraordinary man of genius has been written by Mr. Alexander Gilchrist, with much feeling, judgment, and good taste. Wordsworth was more interested with what he terms Blake's "madness" than with the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott. Fuseli and Flaxman predicted a day when the drawings of Blake should be as much sought after and treasured by artists as those of Michael Angelo. Hayley admired and befriended Blake. He was a true poet, though, as Gilchrist says, "he neither wrote nor drew for the many, hardly for workyday men at all; rather for children and angels—himself a divine child, whose playthings were sun, moon, and stars, the heavens, and the earth."

Blake was born in 1757, at No. 28, Broad Street, Carnaby Market, where his father carried on the business of a hosier. When a boy he began to dream. When eight or ten years of age, he brought home from Peckham Rye a tale of a tree filled with angels, for doing which his father threatened to thrash him.

In 1767 he was sent to the drawing-school of Mr. Pars, in the Strand, and taught to copy plaster casts after the antique, while his father made a collection of prints for him to study. He had already, too, begun to write poetry. At the age of fourteen he was placed with James Basire, the engraver. His father intended to apprentice him to Ryland, a more famous engraver than Basire. The boy Blake, however, raised an unex-

pected scruple. "The sequel," says Mr. Gilchrist, "shows it to have been a singular instance, if not of absolute prophetic gift or second sight, at all events of natural intuition into character and power of forecasting the future, from such as is often the endowment of temperament like his. In after-life this involuntary faculty of reading hidden writing continued to be a characteristic. 'Father,' said the strange boy, after the two had left Ryland's studio, 'I do not like the man's face; *it looks as if he lived to be hanged!*' Appearances were at this time utterly against the probability of such an event." But, twelve years after this interview, the unfortunate Ryland got into embarrassment, committed a forgery on the East India Company, and the prophecy was fulfilled.

By 1773 Blake had begun to draw his own dreams, such as one of Joseph of Arimathea, described by him as "one of the Gothic artists who built the cathedrals in what we call the Dark Ages, wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins." In 1783 Blake published, by the help of friends, a small volume of *Poetical Sketches*, of which here is a specimen:—

"Memory, hither come,
 And tune your merry notes;
 And, while upon the wind
 Your music floats,
 I'll pore upon the stream
 Where sighing lovers dream,
 And fish for fancies as they pass
 Within the watery glass.

"I'll drink of the clear stream,
 And hear the linnet's song;
 And there I'll lie and dream
 The day along:

And, when night comes, I'll go
 To places fit for woe ;
 Walking along the darkened valley
 With silent Melancholy."

We pass over Blake's progress in his art, but may remark, from his biographer, that although he drew the Antique with great care, he thus early conceived a distaste for the study as pursued in Academies of Art. "Already 'life,'" says Mr. Gilchrist, "in so factitious, monotonous an aspect of it as that presented by a model artificially *posed* to enact an artificial part—to maintain in painful rigidity some fleeting gesture of spontaneous Nature's—became, as it continued, 'hateful,' looking to him, laden with thick-coming fancies, 'more like death' than life; nay (singular to say), 'smelling of mortality'—to an imaginative mind! 'Practice and opportunity,' he used afterwards to declare, 'very soon teach the language of art;' as much, that is, as Blake ever acquired, not a despicable if imperfect quantum. 'Its spirit and poetry, centred in the imagination alone, never can be taught; and these make the artist:' a truism, the fervid poet already began to hold too exclusively in view. Even at their best—as the vision-seer and instinctive Platonist tells us in one of the very last years of his life (*MS. notes to Wordsworth*)—mere 'Natural objects *always did and do* weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me!'"

Blake wrote many songs, to which he also composed tunes, sometimes singularly beautiful; these he would occasionally sing to his friends. His later verse, which he attached to his plates, was very enigmatical. Though he did not for forty years attend any place of divine worship, yet he was not a Freethinker nor irreligious,

as has been scandalously represented. The Bible was everything with him. How he revered the Almighty, the following conclusion of his address to the Deity will show :—

“ For a tear is an intellectual thing ;
 And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King ;
 And the bitter groan of a martyr’s woe
 Is an arrow from the Almighty’s bow.”

And in his *Address to the Christians* :—

“ I give you the end of a golden string,
 Only wind it into a ball,
 It will lead you in at Heaven’s gate,
 Built in Jerusalem’s wall.”

Blake was a diligent and enthusiastic student. The day he devoted to the graver and the night to poetry ; he was utterly indifferent to the goods of this life, and used to say : “ My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes expressing god-like sentiments.”

When Blake was twenty-six years of age, he married Catherine Boutcher, who lived near his father’s house, and was noticed by Blake for the whiteness of her hands, the brightness of her eyes, and a slim and handsome shape, corresponding with his own notions of sylphs and naiads. His marriage proved a mutually happy one. She had not learned to write, but Blake instructed his “ beloved,” as he most frequently called her, and allowed her till the last moments of his practice to take off his proof impressions and print his works, which she did most carefully, and ever delighted in the task ; nay, she became a draughtswoman. And as a convincing proof that she and her husband were born for each other’s comfort, she not only cheerfully entered into his views, but, what is curious, possessed a similar power of imbib-

ing ideas, and produced drawings equally original, and in some respects, interesting. She almost rivalled him in all things, save in the power of seeing visions of any individual living or dead, whenever he chose to see them. Yet, she joined him in other extravagances. The painter and Mrs. Blake one day received a guest in their arbour in a state of nakedness, to whom they calmly declared that they were Adam and Eve!

In his thirtieth year, Blake annotated the Aphorisms of Lavater, and illustrated his own poems, *The Songs of Innocence and of Experience*. These, with the illustrations to *Blair's Grave*, to the *Book of Job*, and the plate of the *Canterbury Pilgrimage*—are the works of Blake by which he is best known. He was his own printer and publisher. His deceased brother and pupil, Robert Blake, disclosed to him in a dream by what manner of process his purpose could be brought to pass, and the last half-crown he possessed was spent by Mrs. Blake to procure the materials. Their manner of manipulation was revealed to him by “Joseph, the sacred carpenter.”

One of the most touching and popular of *The Songs of Innocence* was the “The Chimney Sweeper:”

“When my mother died I was very young
 And my father sold me while yet my tongue
 Could scarcely cry—weep! weep! weep!
 So your chimneys I clean and in soot I sleep.

“There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head
 That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
 Hush, Tom, never mind it, for when your head's bare,
 You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

“And so he was quiet—and on that very night,
 As Tommy was sleeping, he had such a sight;
 There thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
 Were all of them locked up in coffins of black;

“ And by came an Angel, who had a bright key,
 He opened the coffins and set them all free ;
 Then down a green vale, leaping, laughing they run,
 And wash in a river, and shine like the sun.

“ Then, naked and white, all their bags left behind,
 They rise up on pure clouds and sport in the wind :
 And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
 He'd have God for his father and never want joy.

“ And so Tommy awoke and we rose in the dark,
 And got with our bags and our brushes to work ;
 Though the morning was cold, he was happy and warm,
 So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.”

In 1800, the Blakes were invited by Hayley to visit him at Felpham, in Sussex, under the idea of providing the artist with occupation and emolument. Upon this occasion Blake wrote thus to Flaxman :—

“ Dear Sculptor of Eternity,—We are safe arrived at our cottage, which is more beautiful than I thought it, and more convenient. It is a perfect model for cottages, and I think for palaces of magnificence, only enlarging—not altering its proportions, and adding ornaments and not principles. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Simple without intricacy, it seems to be the spontaneous expression of humanity, congenial to the wants of man. No other formed house can ever please me so well, nor shall I ever be persuaded, I believe, that it can be improved either in beauty or use. Mr. Hayley received us with his usual brotherly affection. I have begun to work. Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her

golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses. My wife and sister are both well, courting Neptune for an embrace.

“And now begins a new life, because another covering of earth is shaken off. I am more famed in Heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life; and those works are the delight and study of archangels. Why then should I be anxious about riches or the fame of mortality? The Lord our Father will do for us and with us according to his Divine will, for our good. You, O dear Flaxman! are a sublime archangel—my friend and companion from eternity. In the Divine bosom is our dwelling-place. I look back into the regions of reminiscence, and behold our ancient days before this earth appeared in its vegetated mortality to my mortal vegetated eyes. I see our houses of eternity which can never be separated, though our mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of heaven from each other. Farewell, my best friend! Remember me and my wife in love and friendship to our dear Mrs. Flaxman, whom we ardently desire to entertain beneath our thatched roof of rusted gold. And believe me for ever to remain your grateful and affectionate

WILLIAM BLAKE.”

This association at Felpham lasted four years, when

the Blakes left by mutual consent. Yet the painter wrote upon his host these sarcastic epigrams:—

“ *To Hayley.*

“ Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache :
Do be my enemy, for friendship’s sake ! ”

“ *On H. [Hayley], the Pickthank.*

“ I write the rascal thanks ; till he and I
With thanks and compliments are quite drawn dry.”

He had already written:—

“ My title as a genius thus is proved,—
Not praised by Hayley, nor by Flaxman loved.”

About this time, Blake’s mind was confirmed in that extraordinary state which many suppose to have been a species of chronic insanity. He was so exclusively occupied with his own ideas, that he at last persuaded himself that his imaginations were spiritual realities. He thought that he conversed with the spirits of the long-departed great—of Homer, Moses, Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Milton, and many others. Some of these spirits sat to him for their portraits.

Dr. de Boismont, among his *Hallucinations involving Insanity*, thus describes him as a lunatic, of the name of Blake, who was called the Seer. There was nothing of the impostor about him ; he seemed to be thoroughly in earnest.

“ This man constituted himself the painter of spirits. On the table before him were pencils and brushes ready for his use, that he might depict the countenances and attitudes of his heroes, whom he said he did not summon before him, but who came of their own accord, and entreated him to take their portraits. Visitors might examine large volumes filled with these drawings:

amongst others were the portraits of the devil and his mother. When I entered his cell," says the author of this notice, "he was drawing the likeness of a girl whose spectre he pretended had appeared to him.

"Edward III. was one of his most constant visitors, and in acknowledgment of the monarch's condescension, Blake had drawn his portrait in oils in three sittings. I put such questions as were likely to have embarrassed him; but he answered them in the most unaffected manner, and without any hesitation.

"Do these persons have themselves announced, or do they send in their cards?'—'No; but I recognize them when they appear. I did not expect to see Marc Antony last night, but I knew the Roman the moment he set foot in my house.'—'At what hour do these illustrious dead visit you?'—'At one o'clock: sometimes their visits are long, sometimes short. The day before yesterday I saw the unfortunate Job, but he would not stay more than two minutes; I had hardly time to make a sketch of him, which I afterwards engraved—but silence! Here is Richard III.!'—'Where do you see him?'—'Opposite to you, on the other side of the table: it is his first visit.'—'How do you know his name?'—'My spirit recognizes him, but I cannot tell you how.'—'What is he like?'—'Stern, but handsome: at present I only see his profile; now I have the three-quarter face; ah! now he turns to me, he is terrible to behold.'—'Could you ask him any questions?'—'Certainly. What would you like me to ask him?'—'If he pretends to justify the murders he committed during his life?'—'Your question is already known to him. We converse mind to mind by intuition and by magnetism. We have no need of words.'—

‘What is his Majesty’s reply?’—‘This; only it is somewhat longer than he gave it to me, for you would not understand the language of spirits. He says what you call murder and carnage is all nothing; that in slaughtering fifteen or twenty thousand men you do no wrong; for what is immortal of them is not only preserved, but passes into a better world, and the man who reproaches his assassin is guilty of ingratitude, for it is by his means he enters into a happier and more perfect state of existence. But do not interrupt me; he is now in a very good position, and if you say anything more, he will go.’”

“Visions, such as are said to arise in the sight of those who indulge in opium,” says Allan Cunningham, “were frequently present to Blake; nevertheless, he sometimes desired to see a spirit in vain. ‘For many years,’ said he, ‘I longed to see Satan—I never could believe that he was the vulgar fiend which our legends represent him—I imagined him a classic spirit, such as he appeared to him of Uz, with some of his original splendour about him. At last I saw him. I was going upstairs in the dark, when suddenly a light came streaming amongst my feet; I turned round, and there he was looking fiercely at me through the iron grating of my staircase window. I called for my things—Katherine thought the fit of song was on me, and brought me pen and ink—I said, hush!—never mind—this will do—as he appeared so I drew him—there he is.’ Upon this Blake took out a piece of paper with a grated window sketched on it, while through the bars glared the most frightful phantom that ever man imagined. Its eyes were large and like live coals—its teeth as long as those of a harrow, and the claws seemed such as might appear

in the distempered dream of a clerk in the Heralds' office. 'It is the Gothic fiend of our legends,' said Blake—'the true devil—all else are apocryphal.'

"These stories are scarcely credible, yet there can be no doubt of their accuracy. Another friend, on whose veracity I have the fullest dependence, called one evening on Blake, and found him sitting with a pencil and a panel, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious that he has got a fastidious sitter; he looked and drew, and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible. 'Disturb me not,' said he, in a whisper, 'I have one sitting to me.' 'Sitting to you!' exclaimed his astonished visitor, 'where is he, and what is he?—I see no one.' 'But I see him, Sir,' answered Blake, haughtily; 'there he is, his name is Lot—you may read of him in the Scripture, *He is sitting for his portrait.*'"

Blake's last residence was No. 3, Fountain Court, Strand; he had two rooms on the first floor, that in front with the windows looking into the court had its walls hung with frescoes, temperas, and drawings of Blake's, and was used as a reception-room. The back-room was the sleeping and living-room, kitchen, and studio; in one corner was the bed, in another the fire, at which Mrs. Blake cooked. By the window stood the table serving for meals, and by the window the table at which Blake always sat (facing the light), designing or engraving. "There was," says Mr. Gilchrist, "an air of poverty as of an artizan's room; but everything was clean and neat; nothing sordid. Blake himself, with his serene, cheerful, dignified presence and manner, made all seem natural and of course. Conversing with him, you saw or felt nothing of his poverty, though he took no pains to conceal it: if he had, you would have

been effectually reminded of it. But, in these latter years he, for the most part, lived on good though simple fare. His wife was an excellent cook—a talent which helped to fill out Blake's waistcoat a little as he grew old. She could even prepare a made-dish when need be. As there was no servant, he fetched the porter for dinner himself, from the house at the corner of the Strand. Once, pot of porter in hand, he espied coming along a dignitary of Art—that highly respectable man, William Collins, R.A., whom he had met in society a few evenings before. The Academician was about to shake hands, but seeing the porter, drew up and did not know him. Blake would tell the story very quietly, and without sarcasm. Another time, Fuseli came in, and found Blake with a little cold mutton before him for dinner; who, far from being disconcerted, asked his friend to join him. 'Ah! by G—!' exclaimed Fuseli, 'this is the reason you can do as you like. *Now I can't do this.*' His habits were very temperate. Frugal and abstemious on principle, and for pecuniary reasons, he was sometimes rather imprudent, and would take anything that came in his way. A nobleman once sent him some oil of walnuts he had had expressed purposely for an artistic experiment. Blake tasted it, and went on tasting, till he had drunk the whole. When his lordship called to ask how the experiment had prospered, the artist had to confess what had become of the ingredients. It was ever after a standing joke against him. In his dress, there was a similar triumph of the man over his poverty, to that which struck one in his rooms. In-doors, he was careful, for economy's sake, but not slovenly: his clothes were threadbare, and his grey trousers had worn black and shiny in front, like a mechanic's. Out of doors he was

more particular, so that his dress did not in the streets of London challenge attention either way. He wore black knee-breeches and buckles, black worsted stockings, shoes which tied, and a broad-brimmed hat. It was something like an old-fashioned tradesman's dress. But the general impression he made on you was that of a gentleman in a way of his own."

Blake died August 12th, 1827: he composed and uttered songs to his Maker so sweetly to the ear of his Catherine, that when she stood to hear him, he, looking upon her most affectionately, said: "My beloved, they are not mine—no—they are not mine." He expired in his sixty-ninth year, in the back-room at Fountain Court, and was buried in Bunhill Fields on the 17th of August, at the distance of about twenty-five feet from the north wall, numbered 80.

NOLLEKENS, THE SCULPTOR.

Avarice would appear to have run in the blood of the Nollekens family. "Old Nollekens," the father of Joseph, was "a miserably avaricious man," and when, in the Rebellion of 1745, his house was attacked by the mob who thought themselves sure of finding money, the old man became so terrified that he lingered in a state of alarm until his death.

Little Joey was described by Mrs. Scheemakers, the sculptor's wife, as "so honest that she could always trust him to stone the raisins." His love of modelling was his greatest pleasure, though he had an idle pro-

pensity for bell-tolling; and whenever his master missed him, and the dead-bell of St. James's church was tolling, he knew perfectly well what Joey was at.

As Nollekens grew up, not unmindful of his art, he rose early and practised carefully, and being a true son of his father, was passionately fond of money. He was much employed as a shrewd collector of antique fragments, some of which he bought on his own account; and after he had dexterously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco-water and sold them for enormous sums.

When he returned from Rome, he succeeded as a smuggler of silk stockings, gloves, and lace; all his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of the above articles, and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back across the shoulders of each, so that the busts appeared like solid casts. Pointing to the cast of Sterne, Nollekens observed to Lord Mansfield: "There, do you know that bust, my Lord, held my lace ruffles that I went to Court in when I came from Rome."

His mode of living when at Rome was most filthy: he had an old woman who was so good a cook, that she would often give him a dish for dinner which cost him no more than threepence. "Nearly opposite to my lodgings," he said, "there lived a pork-butcher who sold for twopence a plateful of cuttings—bits of skin, gristle, and fat, and my old lady dished them up with a little pepper and salt; and with a slice of bread and sometimes a bit of vegetable, I made a very nice dinner." Whenever good dinners were mentioned after that, he was sure to say, "Ay, I never tasted a better dish than my Roman cuttings."

Nollekens married the daughter of Mr. Justice Welch. She was as parsimonious as her husband. Of a poor old woman, whom she allowed to sit at the corner of her house, she would contrive to get four apples, instead of three, to make a dumpling, saying, "for there's my husband, myself, and two servants, and we must have one a-piece." When she went to Oxford market to beat the rounds, in order to discover the cheapest shops, she would walk round several times to give her dog Cerberus an opportunity of picking up scraps.

Nollekens's bust of Dr. Johnson is a wonderfully fine one, and very like, but the sort of *hair* is objectionable; having been modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling, stating that he could have made more by begging.

Most of Nollekens's sitters were much amused with his oddities. He once requested a lady who squinted dreadfully to "look a little the other way, for then," said he, "I shall get rid of the shyness in the cast of your eye;" and to another lady of the highest rank, who had forgotten her position, and was looking down upon him, he cried, "Don't look so *scornny*; you'll spoil my busto; and you're a very fine woman; I think it will be one of my best bustos."

A lady in weeds for her dear husband, drooping low like the willow, visited the sculptor, and assured him she did not care what money was expended on the monument to the memory of her beloved: "Do what you please, but do it directly," were her orders. Nollekens set to work at once, and in a short time finished the model, strongly suspecting she might, like some others he had been employed by, change her mind. The lady,

in about three months, made her second appearance, in which more courage is generally assumed, and was accosted by him, before she alighted, with "Poor soul! I thought you'd come;" but her inclination was changed, and she said, "How do you do, Nollekens; well, you have not commenced the model?"—"Yes, but I have though," was the reply. *The Lady*—"Have you, indeed? These, my good friend, I own," throwing herself into a chair, "are early days; but since I saw you, an old Roman acquaintance of yours has made me an offer, and I don't know how he would like to see in our church a monument of such expense to my late husband; indeed, perhaps, after all, upon second thoughts, it would be considered quite enough if we got our mason to put up a mural inscription, and that, you know, he can cut very neatly."—"My charge," interrupted the artist, "for my model will be one hundred guineas;" which she declared to be enormous. However, she would pay it, and "have done with him."

Nollekens's housekeeping was a model of parsimony. Coals he so rigidly economized that they were always sent early before the men came to work that he might have leisure-time for counting the sacks and disposing of the large coals to be locked up for parlour use. Candles were never lighted at the commencement of evening, and whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway, and their candle wasted. Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens used a flat candlestick, when there was anything to be done; and J. T. Smith, his biographer, was assured that a pair of moulds, by being well nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted them a whole year.

Before he was married, Nollekens kept but one servant, who always applied to him for money to purchase every article *fresh*, as it was wanted for the next meal; and by that mode of living, he considered, as he kept his servant upon board-wages, he was not so much exposed to her pilfering inclinations, particularly as she was entrusted with no more money than would enable her to purchase just enough for his own eating; and he generally contrived to get through the small quantity he allowed himself. He was very cunning in hinting at little presents, and frequently complained of a sore throat to those who made black currant jelly.

Sometimes, in the evening, to take a little fresh air, and to avoid interlopers, Mr. and Mrs. N. would, after putting a little tea and sugar, a French roll, or a couple of rusks into their pockets, stray to Madam Caria's, a Frenchwoman, who lived near the end of Marylebone Lane, and who accommodated persons with tea equipage and hot water at a penny a head. Mrs. Nollekens made it a rule to allow one servant—as they kept two—to go out on the alternate Sunday; for it was Mr. Nollekens's opinion that if they were never permitted to visit the Jew's Harp, Queen's Head and Artichoke, or Chalk Farm, they never would wash *themselves*.

One day, when some friends were expected to dine with Mr. Nollekens, poor Bronze (the servant), labouring under a severe sore throat, stretching her flannelled neck up to her mistress, hoarsely announced "*all the Hawkinses*" to be in the dining-parlour! Mrs. Nollekens, in a half-stifled whisper, cried, "Nolly, it is truly vexatious that we are always served so when we dress a joint. You won't be so silly as to ask them to dinner?" Nollekens—"I ask them! Let 'em get their meals at

home ; I'll not encourage the sort of thing ; or, if they please, they can go to Mathias's ; they'll find the cold leg of lamb we left yesterday." *Mrs. Nollekens*—"No wonder, I am sure, they are considered so disagreeable by Captain Grose, Hampstead Steevens, Murphy, Nicolls, and Boswell." At this moment who should come in but Mr. John Taylor, who looked around, and wondered what all the fuss could be about. "Why don't you go to your dinner, my good friend?" said he ; "I am sure it must be ready, for I smell the gravy." Nollekens, to whom he had spoken, desired him to keep his nonsense to himself. A dispute then arose, which lasted so long, that perhaps the Hawkinses overheard it, for they had silently let themselves out without even ringing the bell.

Smith, the grocer, of Margaret Street, was frequently heard to declare that whenever *Mrs. Nollekens* purchased tea and sugar at his father's shop, she always requested, just as she was quitting the counter, to have either a clove or a bit of cinnamon to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth ; but she never was seen to apply it to the part so affected ; so that, with Nollekens's nutmegs, which he pocketed from the table at the Academy dinners, they contrived to fill the family spice-box, without any expense whatever.

For many years Nollekens made one at the table of the Royal Academy Club ; and so strongly was he bent upon saving all he could privately conceal, that he did not mind paying two guineas a year for his admission ticket, in order to indulge himself with a few nutmegs, which he contrived to pocket privately ; for as red-wine negus was the principal beverage, nutmegs were used. Now it generally happened, if another bowl was

wanted, that the nutmegs were missing. Nollekens, who had frequently been seen to pocket them, was one day requested by Rossi, the sculptor, to see if they had not fallen under the table; upon which Nollekens actually went crawling beneath, upon his hands and knees, pretending to look for them, though at the very time they were in his waistcoat-pocket. He was so old a stager at this monopoly of nutmegs, that he would sometimes engage the maker of the negus in conversation, looking at him full in the face, whilst he slyly and unobserved, as he thought, conveyed away the spice; like the fellow who is stealing the bank-note from the blind man in the admirable print of the Royal Cockpit, by Hogarth.

Mrs. Nollekens would never think of indulging in such expensive articles as spick and span new shoes, but purchased them second-hand, as her friends, by their maids, *pumped* out of Bronze, who also let out that her muffs and parasols were obtained in the same way. The sculptor's wife would also often plume herself with borrowed feathers: a shawl or a muff of a friend she never refused when returning home, observing, that she was quite sure they would keep her warm; never caring how they suffered from the rain, so that her neighbours saw her apparelled in what they had never before seen her wear.

Mrs. Nollekens's notions of charity were of the same second-hand description. One severe winter morning, two miserable men, almost dying for want of nourishment, implored her aid; but the only heart which sympathized in their afflictions was that of Betty, in the kitchen, who silently crept upstairs, and cheerfully gave them her mite. Mrs. Nollekens, who had witnessed this delicate rebuke from the parlour window,

hastily opened the parlour-door and vociferated, "Betty, Betty! there is a bone below, with little or no meat on it, give it the poor creatures!" upon which the one who had hitherto spoken, steadfastly looking in the face of his pale partner in distress, repeated, "Bill, we are to have a bone with little or no meat on it!" When they were gone, the liberal-hearted Betty was seriously rated by her mistress, who was quite certain she would come to want.

Mr. Nollekens, having entered his barber's shop, and his turn arrived, placed one of Mrs. Nollekens curling papers, which he had untwisted for the purpose, upon his right shoulder, upon which the barber wiped his razor. Nollekens cried out, "Shave close, Hancock, for I was obliged to come twice last week, you used so blunt a razor."—"Lord, sir!" answered the poor barber, "you don't care how I wear my razors out by sharpening them."

The old miser, who had been under his hands for upwards of twenty years, was so correct an observer of its application, that he generally pronounced at the last flourish, "That will do;" and before the shaver could take off the cloth, he dexterously drew down the paper, folded it up, and carried it home in his hand, for the purpose of using it the next morning when he washed himself.

Nollekens used to sing a droll song, of which the following is a verse:—

"So a rat by degrees
Fed a kitten with cheese,
Till kitten grew up to a cat;
When the cheese was all spent,
Nature follow'd its bent,
And puss quickly ate up the rat."

One day, Northcote, the Academician, had just reached his door in Argyle Street when Nollekens, who was looking up at the house, said to him, "Why don't you have your house painted, Northcote? Why, it's as dirty as Jem Barry's was in Castle Street." Now, Nollekens had no right to exult over his brother artist in this way, for he had given his own door a coat of paint, and his front passage a whitewash, *only the day before*, and they had been for years in the most filthy state possible.

Mr. Smith received from Miss Welch the following specimens of Nollekens's way of spelling words in 1780:—"Yousual, scenceble, obligine, modle, ivery, gentilman, promist, sarvices, desier, Inglish, perscription, hardently, jenerly, moust, devower, jellis, retier, sarved, themselfs, could *for* cold, clargeman, facis, cupple, foure, sun *for* son, both sexis, daly, horsis, ladie, cheif, talkin, tould, shec, sarch, paing, ould mades, racis, yoummer in his face, palas, oke, lemman, are-bolloon, sammon, chimisters *for* chymists, yoke *for* yolk, grownd," &c.

After Mrs. Nollekens's death, as if he had been too long henpecked, Mr. Nollekens soon sported two mould candles instead of one; took wine oftener, sat up later, lay in bed longer, and would, though he made no change in his coarse manner of feeding, frequently ask his morning visitor to dine with him. Yet his viands were dirtily cooked, with half-melted butter, mountains-high of flour, and his habits of eating were filthy. He frequently gave tea and other entertainments to some one of his old models, who generally left his house a bank-note or two richer than when they arrived. Indeed, so stupidly childish was he at times, that one of his

Venuses, who had grown old in her practices, coaxed him out of ten pounds to enable her to make him a plum-pudding.

Mr. Smith declares, that in some respects, aged as he was, he attempted to practise the usual method of renovation of some of that species of widowers who have not the least inclination to follow their wives too hastily. Mrs. Nollekens had left him with his handsome maid, who had become possessed of her mistress' wardrobe, which she quickly cut up to her advantage. Her common name of Mary soon received the adjunct of Pretty from her kind master himself. As it soon appeared, however, that Pretty Mary, who had an eye to her master's disengaged hand, took upon herself mightily, and used her master rather roughly, she was one day, very properly, though unceremoniously, put out of the house, before her schemes were brought to perfection.

Nolekens took snuff; he certainly kept a box, but then it was very often in his other coat-pocket, an apology frequently made when he partook of that refreshment at the expense of another.

"You must sometimes be much annoyed," observed a lady to Mr. Nollekens, "by the ridiculous remarks made by your sitters and their flattering friends, after you have produced a good likeness."—"No, ma'am, I never allow anybody to fret me. I tell 'em all, 'If you don't like it, don't take it.'" This may be done by an artist who is "tiled in;" but the dependent man is sometimes known to submit to observations, as the witty Northcote has stated, even from "nursery-maids, both wet and dry."

At the commencement of the French Revolution,

when such numbers of priests threw themselves upon the hospitality of this country, Nollekens was highly indignant at the great quantity of bread they consumed. "Why, do you know now," said he, "there's one of 'em living next door to me, that eats two whole quarterns a-day to his own share! and I am sure the fellow's body could not be bigger, if he was to eat up his blanket."

Mr. Browne, one of Nollekens's old friends, after having received repeated invitations to "step in and take pot-luck with him," one day took him at his word. The sculptor apologized for his entertainment, by saying that as it was Friday, Mrs. Nollekens had proposed to take fish with him, so that they had bought *a few sprats*, of which he was wiping some in a dish, whilst she was turning others on the gridiron.

When Mr. Jackson was once making a drawing of a monument at the Sculptor's house, Nollekens came into the room and said, "I'm afraid you're cold here." "I am, indeed," said Jackson. "Ay," answered the Sculptor, "I don't wonder at it; why, do you know, there has not been a fire in this room for these forty years."

Miss Gerrard, daughter of the auctioneer, frequently called to know how Nollekens did; and once the Sculptor prevailed upon her to dine. "Well, then," said he to his pupil, Joseph Bonomi, "go and order a mackerel; stay, one won't be enough, you had better get two, and you shall dine with us."

A candle with Nollekens was a serious article of consumption: indeed, so much so, that he would frequently put it out, and merely to save an inch or two, sit entirely in the dark, and at times, too, when he was not in the

least inclined to sleep. If Bronze ventured into the yard with a light, he always scolded her for so shamefully flaring the candle. One evening, his man, who then slept in the house, came home rather late, but quite sober enough to attempt to go upstairs unheard without his shoes, but as he was passing Nollekens's door, the immensely increased shape of the keyhole shone upon the side of the room so brilliantly, that Nollekens cried out, "Who's there?"—"It's only me," answered the man; "I am going to bed."—"Going to bed, you extravagant rascal!—why don't you go to bed in the dark, you scoundrel."—"It's my own candle," replied the man. "Your own candle! well then, mind you don't set fire to yourself."

Nollekens frequently spoke of a man that he met in the fields, who would now and then, with all the gravity of an apothecary, inquire after the state of his bowels. At last the Sculptor found out that he wanted to borrow money of him.

Whenever Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens had a present of a leveret, which they always called a hare, they contrived, by splitting it, to make it last for two dinners for four persons; the one half was roasted, and the other jugged.

It was highly amusing to witness the great variety of trifling presents and frivolous messages which Nollekens received late in life. One person was particularly desirous to be informed where he liked his cheese-cakes purchased; another, who ventured to buy stale tarts from a shop in his neighbourhood, sent his livery servant in the evening to inquire whether his cook had made them to his taste; whilst a third continued constantly to ply him with the very best pigtail tobacco,

which he had most carefully cut into very small pieces for him. A fourth truly kind friend, who was not inclined to spend money upon such speculations himself, endeavoured once more to persuade Nollekens to take a cockney ride in a hackney-coach to Kensington, to view the pretty almond-tree in perfect blossom, and to accept of a few gooseberries to carry home with him to make a tartlet for himself. A fifth sent him jellies, or sometimes a chicken with gravy ready made, in a silver butter-boat; and a sixth regularly presented him with a change of large showy plants, to stand on the mahogany table, especially in his latter years, when he was a valetudinarian, that he might see them from his bed; yet the scent mattered not, a carrion flower or a marigold being equally refreshing to him as jessamine or mignonette.

One rainy morning, Nollekens, after confession, invited his holy father to stay till the weather cleared up. The wet, however, continued till dinner was ready; and Nollekens felt obliged to ask the priest to partake of a bird, one of the four of a present from the Duke of Newcastle. Down they sat: the reverend man helped his host to a wing, and then carved for himself, assuring Nollekens that he never indulged in much food, though he soon picked the rest of the bones. "I have no pudding," said Nollekens, "but won't you have a glass of wine? Oh! you've got some ale." However, Bronze brought in a bottle of wine; and on the remove, Nollekens, after taking a glass, went, as usual, to sleep. The priest, after enjoying himself, was desired by Nollekens, while removing the handkerchief from his head, to take another glass. "Tank you, Sare, I have a finish de bottel."—"The devil you have!" muttered Nollekens.

“Now, sare,” continued his reverence, “ass de rain be ovare, I will take my leaf.”—“Well, do so,” said Nollekens, who was not only determined to let him go without his coffee, but gave strict orders to Bronze not to let the old rascal in again. “Why, do you know,” continued he, “that he ate up all that large bird, for he only gave me one wing; and he swallowed all the ale; and out of a whole bottle of wine, I had only one glass.”

A broad-necked gooseberry-bottle, leather-bunged, containing coffee, which had been purchased and ground full forty years, was brought out when he intended to give a particular friend a treat; but it was so dried to the sides of the bottle, that it was with difficulty he could scrape together enough for the purpose; and even when it was made, time had so altered its properties, from the top having been but half closed, that it was impossible to tell what it had originally been. He used to say, however, of this turbid mixture, “Some people fine their coffee with sole-skin, but for my part, I think this is clear enough for anybody.”

Nollekens's wardrobe was but a sorry stock. He had but one nightcap, two shirts, and three pairs of stockings; two coats, one pair of small-clothes, and two waistcoats. His shoes had been repeatedly mended and nailed; they were two odd ones, and the best of his last two pairs. When Mary Holt, his housekeeper, came, she declared that she would not live with him unless he had a new coat and waistcoat. Poor Bronze, who had to support herself upon what were called board-wages, had hardly a change, and looked like the wife of a chimney-sweeper. As for table-linen, two breakfast napkins and a large old table-cloth was the whole of the stock. Bronze declared that

she had never seen a jack-towel in the house, and she always washed without soap.

The wardrobe, as proved in Nollekens's will, consisted of his court-coat, in which he was married; his hat, sword, and bag; two shirts, two pairs of worsted stockings, one table-cloth, three sheets, and two pillow-cases; but all these, with *other rags*, only produced one pound five shillings for the person to whom they were bequeathed.*

Mr. Nollekens died April 23rd, 1823. His long-drawn-out will and its fourteen codicils afford strange instances of human weakness in many a phase. In some measure to redeem his memory from obloquy, we had rather record a few instances of his generosity, than add more of his parsimony. In his last illness, he asked his house-keeper:—"Is there anybody that I know that wants a little money to do 'em good?"—"Yes, sir, there is Mrs. —." *Nollekens*:—"Well, in the morning, I'll send her ten pounds."—"That's a good old boy," said she, patting him on the back; "you'll eat a better dinner for it to-morrow, and enjoy it." And he was never known to forget his promises. With all his propensity for saving, he used to make his household domestics a present of a little sum of money on his birthday; and latterly, upon this occasion, he became even more generous, by bestowing on them, to their great astonishment, ten and twenty pounds each.

* These characteristics have been selected and abridged from Mr. J. T. Smith's *Nollekens and his Times*, one of the best books of anecdote ever published.

Theatrical Folks.

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

EARLY in the present century, there appeared upon our stage a boy-actor, whose performances excited the special wonder of all play-goers. William Henry West Betty, the boy in question, was born near Shrewsbury, in 1791. When almost a child, he evinced a taste for dramatic recitations, which was encouraged by a strong and retentive memory. Having been taken to see Mrs. Siddons act, he was so powerfully affected, that he told his father "he should certainly die if he was not made a player." He gradually got himself introduced to managers and actors; and at eleven years of age, he learned by heart the parts of Rolla, Young Norval, Osman, and other popular characters. On the 16th of August, 1803, when under twelve years of age, he made his first public appearance at Belfast, in the character of Osman; and went through the ordeal without mistake or embarrassment. Soon afterwards he undertook the characters of Young Norval and Romeo. His fame having rapidly spread through Ireland, he soon received an offer from the manager of the Dublin theatre. His success there was prodigious, and the manager endeavoured, but in vain, to secure his

services for three years. He next played nine nights at the small theatre at Cork, whose receipts, averaging only ten pounds on ordinary nights, amounted to a hundred on each of Master Betty's performance.

In May, 1804, the canny manager of the Glasgow theatre invited the youthful genius to Scotland. When, a little after, Betty went to the sister-city of Edinburgh, one newspaper announced that he "set the town of Edinburgh in a flame." Mr. Home went to see the character of Young Norval in his own play of *Douglas* enacted by the prodigy, and is said to have declared: "This is the first time I ever saw the part played according to my ideas of the character. He is a wonderful being!" The manager of the Birmingham theatre then sent an invitation, and was rewarded with a succession of thirteen closely-packed audiences. Here the *Rosciomania*, as Lord Byron afterwards called it, appears to have broken out very violently: it affected not only the inhabitants of that town, but all the iron and coal workers of the district between Birmingham and Wolverhampton. In the *Penny Magazine*, in a paper descriptive of the South Staffordshire district and its people, it is said:—"One man, more curious or more idle than his fellows, determined to leave his work, and see the prodigy with his own eyes. Having so resolved, he proceeded, although in the middle of the week, to put on a clean shirt and a clean face, and would even have anticipated the Saturday's shaving. The unwonted hue of the shirt and face were portents not to be disregarded, and he had no sooner taken the road to Birmingham, than he was met by an astonished brother, whose amazement, when at last it found vent in words, produced the following dialogue:

‘Oi say, sirree, where be’est thee gwain?’—‘Oi ’m agwain to Brummajum.’—‘What be’est thee agwain there for?’—‘Oi ’m agwain to see the Young Rocus.’—‘What?’—‘Oi tell thee oi ’m agwain to see the Young Rocus.’—‘Is it aloive?’” The “Young Rocus,” who was certainly “alolive” to a very practical end, then went to Sheffield, and next to Liverpool.

On Saturday, the 1st of December, 1804, young Betty made his first appearance in London, at Covent Garden Theatre. The crowd began to assemble at one o’clock, filling the Piazza on one side of the house, and Bow Street on the other. The utmost danger was apprehended, because those who had ascertained that it was quite impossible for them to *get in*, by the dreadful pressure behind them, could not *get back*. At length they themselves called for the soldiers who had been stationed outside, they soon cleared the fronts of the entrances, and then posting themselves properly, lined the passages, permitting any one to return, but none to enter. Although no places were unlet in the boxes, gentlemen paid box-prices, to have a chance of jumping over the boxes into the pit; and then others who could not find room for a leap of this sort, fought for standing-places with those who had taken the boxes days or weeks before.

The play was Dr. Brown’s *Barbarossa*, a good imitation of the *Mélope* of Voltaire, in which Garrick had formerly acted Achmet, or Selim, now given to Master Betty. An occasional address was intended, and Mr. Charles Kemble attempted to speak it, but in vain. The play proceeded through the first act, but in dumb show. At length *Barbarossa* ordered Achmet to be brought before him; attention held the audience mute;

not even a whisper could be heard, till Selim appeared. By the thunder of applause which ensued, he was not much moved; he bowed very respectfully, but with amazing self-possession, and in a few moments turned to his work with the intelligence of a veteran, and the youthful passion that alone could have accomplished a task so arduous. As a slave, he wore white pantaloons, a close and rather short russet jacket trimmed with sables, and a turban.

“What first struck me,” says Mr. Boaden, a trustworthy critic, “was that his voice had considerable power, and a depth of tone beyond his apparent age; at the same time it appeared heavy and unvaried. His great fault grew from want of careful tuition in the outset. In the provincial way, he dismissed the aspirate; and in closing syllables, ending in *m* or *n*, he converted the vowel *i* frequently into *e*, and sometimes, more barbarously still, into *u*. Whether he obtained this from careless speakers in Ireland or England, I cannot be sure; but this inaccuracy I remember to have sometimes heard even from Miss O’Neil. He was sometimes too rapid to be distinct, and at others too noisy for anything but rant. I found no peculiarities that denoted minute and happy studies. He spoke the speeches as I had always heard them spoken, and was, therefore, only not wrong where he laid vehement emphasis. The wonder was how any boy, who had just completed his *thirteenth year*, could catch passion, meaning, cadence, action, expression, and the discipline of the stage, in ten very different and arduous characters, so as to give the kind of pleasure in them that needed no indulgence, and which, from that very circumstance, heightened satisfaction into enthusiasm. Such were his perform-

ances of Tancred, Romeo, Frederick, Octavian, Hamlet, Osman, Achmet, Young Norval, &c.”

An arrangement was made that young Betty's talents should be made available for both Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, at which he played on alternate nights. Covent Garden was not quite so large as the Drury Lane of that date; at the latter, twenty-eight nights of Betty's first town season, brought 17,210*l.* 11*s.*; nightly average, 614*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* For his services, Roscius received 2,782*l.* 10*s.*, being three nights at fifty guineas, and twenty-five nights at 100 guineas; besides four free benefits, which, with presents, were worth 1,000 guineas each. It is supposed that the receipts at Covent Garden were nearly as much as at Drury Lane; and that thus 30,000*l.* was earned by the boy-actor for the managers in fifty-six performances.

In the meantime, all the favouritism, and more than the innocence of former patronesses was lavished upon him. He might have chosen among our titled dames the carriage he would honour with his person. He was presented to the King, and noticed by the rest of the Royal family and the nobility, as a prodigy. Prose and poetry celebrated his praise. Even the University of Cambridge was so carried away by the tide of the moment as to make the subject of Sir William Browne's prize medal, "*Quid noster Roscius eget?*" Opie painted him on the Grampian Hills, as the shepherd Norval; Northcote exhibited him in a Vandyke costume, retiring from the altar of Shakspeare, as having borne thence, not stolen, "Jove's authentic fire." Heath engraved the latter picture. "Amidst all this adulation, all this desperate folly," says Boaden, "be it one consolation to his mature self, that he never lost the genuine modesty

of his carriage, and that his temper at least was as steady as his diligence."

Fortunately for young Betty, his friends took care of his large earnings for him, and made a provision for his future support. He soon retired from the stage, and then became a person of no particular note in the world, displaying no more genius or talent than the average of those about him. When he became a man, he appeared on the stage again, but *utterly failed*. We can add our own testimony that the good people of Shrewsbury were ever proud of the precious boy-actor.

HARDHAM'S "No. 37."

This renowned snuff was first made by John Hardham, of Fleet Street, whose history is certainly worth reading. He was born in the good city of Chichester, in the year 1712, and bred up to the occupation of a working lapidary, or diamond-cutter; but he afterwards found his way to the metropolis, and sought confidential or domestic employment, and was in the establishment of Viscount Townshend, some time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who ever entertained for him great regard. Hardham, early in his career of London life, acquired a fondness for the stage; and thus early wrote a comedy, called *The Fortune Tellers*, which, although not intended for representation, nevertheless was printed. This, probably, led to his subsequent introduction to David Garrick, with whom he became connected at Drury Lane Theatre, in the responsible
of his principal "numberer"—that is, discharging

a duty in the house of counting the audience assembled, as a check upon the check-takers and receivers of money at the doors. In this duty he became so expert, that Garrick was heard to say, Hardham, by a comparative glance round the theatre, could inform his master of the receipts to a nicety, and he was never found incorrect in his report.

Hardham established himself at the Red Lion, in Fleet Street, now No. 106, where he flourished, by a course of patient industry and intelligent application to the business of tobacconist and snuff-maker. Although in this new vocation he had fewer opportunities of intimately identifying himself with the stage, he nevertheless remained as ardent an admirer of it as ever. This he exemplified by associating around him in Fleet Street, among whom were many literary personages, the dramatists and wits of the theatre, and his friend David Garrick did not here desert him. So much, in fact, did the dramatic element prevail at the Red Lion, in Fleet Street, under his fostering care, that novices for the stage almost invariably sought his advice, and, indeed, his tuition. His little back-parlour, characteristically enough, was hung around with portraits of eminent performers, to whose styles of dramatic action and manner he would frequently refer in the course of his instructions. Such recreations, however, did not for a moment induce Hardham to relax his best energies in the conduct of the snuff-business, which was daily enlarging the sphere of its operations, and also its renown; which latter was much raised by the successful completion of his experiments in the compounding of the renowned snuff, "No. 37," which was speedily launched upon the tide of public opinion; a tide which "led on to fortune."

Hardham died in the house wherein he had earned his name for business success, for good fellowship, and for "melting charity," in Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, on the 29th of September, 1772, in his sixty-first year. His wife had preceded him by some years, and leaving no child, in his last will, he says, "In all my former wills, I gave my estate to my brother-in-law, Thomas Ludgater, but as he is now growing old (about seventy-four), and as he have no child, and a plenty of fortune, I thought it best to leave it as I have done, for now it will be a benefit to the said city of Chichester for ever." This fortune he left to the easing of the poor-rates of his native city, that is, the interest thereof for ever, amounting, after realizing his estate, to the very considerable sum of 22,289*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*, which was placed by his direction in the Three per Cents., "feeling confident that stock," as he quaintly expresses it, "will never be lower than three per cent., as it now is." In the collecting of the outstanding debts to his estate, there is also this emphatic injunction, to "oppress not the poor." Legacies to several of his Chichester friends show that Hardham kept up in life an active sympathy with his native place, which was to be so largely benefited on his death. One bequest there is, too, of ten guineas, "to his friend, David Garrick, Esq., the famous actor," who survived him seven years; and there is besides recorded, as sufficiently indicative of the simplicity of his character, a sum of "ten pounds for his funeral expenses, for none but vain fools spend more," which injunction, we doubt not, was religiously observed, when he was buried in the centre aisle of St. Bride's church.—*Abridged from a contribution to the City Press.*

RARE CRITICISM.

Mrs. Siddons is known to have described to Campbell the scene of her probation on the Edinburgh boards, with no small humour: the grave attention of the Scotsmen, and their canny reservation of praise till sure it is deserved, she said, had well-nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay, but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stone. Successive flashes of her elocution that had always been sure to electrify the south, fell in vain on those northern flints. At last she said that she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart that if *this* could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice, exclaiming, "*That's no bad!*" This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fears of the galleries coming down.

Another instance of encouraging criticism occurs in *The Memoirs of Charles Mathews*. Early in 1794, he played Richmond to his friend Lichfield's Richard III.; and both being good fencers, they fought the fight at the end with uncommon vigour, and prolonged it to an unreasonable length. After the performances, the two stars lighted each other to their inn, in hope of liberal

applause from their landlord, whom they had gratified with a ticket. But though thus treated, and invited to take a pipe and a glass with the two performers after supper, he was provokingly silent on the great subject; till, at length finding every circuitous approach ineffectual, they attacked him with the direct question, "Pray tell us really what you thought of our acting." This question was not to be evaded: the landlord looked perplexed, his eyes still fixed on the ground; he took at length the tube slowly from his mouth, raised his glass, and drank off the remnant of his brandy-and-water, went to the fireplace, and deliberately knocked out the ashes from his pipe; then looking at the expectants for a minute, exclaimed, in a deep though hasty tone of voice, "Darned good fight!"—and left the room.

THE O. P. RIOT.

The history in little of this theatrical tumult is as follows:—The newly-built Covent Garden Theatre opened on the 18th September, 1809, when a cry of "Old Prices" (afterwards diminished to O. P.) burst out from every part of the house. This continued and increased in violence till the 23rd, when rattles, drums, whistles, and cat-calls having completely drowned the voices of the actors, Mr. Kemble, the stage-manager, came forward and said that a committee of gentlemen had undertaken to examine the finances of the concern, and that until they were prepared with their report the theatre would continue closed. "Name them!" was

shouted from all sides. The names were declared, *viz.* Sir Charles Price, the Solicitor-General, the Recorder of London, the Governor of the Bank, and Mr. Angerstein. "All shareholders!" bawled a wag from the gallery. In a few days the theatre re-opened; the public paid no attention to the report of the referees, and the tumult was renewed for several weeks with even increased violence. The proprietors now sent in hired bruisers, to *mill* the refractory into subjection. This irritated most of their former friends, and, amongst the rest, the annotator, who accordingly wrote the song of "Heigh-ho, says Kemble," which was caught up by the ballad-singers, and sung under Mr. Kemble's house-windows in Great Russell Street. A dinner was given at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, to celebrate the victory obtained by W. Clifford in his action against Brandon the box-keeper, for assaulting him for wearing the letters O. P. in his hat. At this dinner Mr. Kemble attended, and matters were compromised by allowing the advanced price (seven shillings) to the boxes. A former riot of a similar sort occurred at the same theatre (in the year 1792), when the price to the boxes was raised from five shillings to six. That tumult, however, only lasted three nights.*

* Note to *Rejected Addresses*. Edition 1861.

ORIGIN OF "PAUL PRY."

Mr. Poole, the author of this very successful comedy, tells us that the idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested by the following anecdote related to him many years before he wrote the piece, by a beloved friend.

An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was for several days confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation; she became careless in her reports—impertinent and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence.

"Betty, what *are* you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?"

"The first-floor lodger, ma'am."

"Betty! Betty! I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?"

"Why, Lord! ma'am, it is only the baker with pies."

"Pies, Betty! what *can* they want with pies at 54?—they had pies yesterday!"

"Of this very point," says Mr. Poole, "I have availed myself. Let me add, that *Paul Pry* was never intended as the representative of any one individual, but a class. Like the melancholy of Jaques, he is 'compounded of

many simples,' and I could mention five or six who were unconscious contributors to the character. Though it should have been so often, but erroneously, supposed to have been drawn after some particular person, is, perhaps, complimentary to the general truth of the delineation.

“With respect to the play generally, I may say that it is original: it is original in structure, plot, character, and dialogue—such as they are—the only imitation I am aware of is to be found in part of the business in which Mrs. Subtle is engaged: whilst writing those scenes I had strongly in my recollection *Le Vieux Célibataire*. But even the title I have adopted is considerably altered and modified by the necessity of adapting it to the exigencies of a different plot.”

MRS. GARRICK.

In the autumn of 1822, we well remember the appearance in the print-shops of a small whole-length etching of Mrs. Garrick, who had died three or four days previously, having outlived her celebrated husband three-and-forty years.

John Thomas Smith notes: “1822. In October this year the venerable Mrs. Garrick departed this life when seated in her armchair, in the front drawing-room of her house in the Adelphi Terrace.” [The first floor of which is now occupied by the Literary Fund Society.] “She had ordered her maid-servants to place two or three gowns upon chairs to determine in which she

would appear at Drury Lane Theatre that evening, it being a private view of Mr. Elliston's improvements for the season. Perhaps no lady in public and private life held a more unexceptionable character. She was visited by persons of the first rank; even our late Queen Charlotte, who had honoured her with a visit at Hampton, found her peeling onions for pickling. The gracious Queen commanded a knife to be brought, saying 'I will peel some onions too.' The late King George IV. and King William IV., as well as other branches of the Royal Family, frequently honoured her with visits."

In the year previous to her death, Mrs. Garrick went to the British Museum to inspect the collection of the portraits of Garrick which Dr. Burney had made. She was delighted with these portraits, many of which were totally unknown to her. Her observations on some of them were very interesting, particularly that by Dance, as Richard III. Of that painter she stated that, in the course of his painting the picture, Mr. Garrick had agreed to give him two hundred guineas for it. One day, at Mr. Garrick's dining-table, where Dance had always been a welcome guest, he observed that Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, who had seen the picture, spontaneously offered him two hundred guineas for it. "Did you tell him it was for me?" questioned Garrick. "No, I did not."—"Then you mean to let him have it?" Garrick rejoined. "Yes, I believe I shall," replied the painter. "However," added Mrs. Garrick, "my husband was very good: he bought me a handsome looking-glass, which cost him more than the agreed price of the picture; and that was put up in the place where Dance's picture was to have hung."

"Mrs. Garrick, being about to quit her seat, said she

would be glad to see me at Hampton. ‘Madame,’ said Mr. Smith, ‘you are very good, but you would oblige me exceedingly by honouring me with your signature on this day.’ ‘What do you ask me for? I have not taken a pen in my hands for many months. Stay, let me compose myself; don’t hurry me, and I will see what I can do. Would you like it written with my spectacles on, or without?’ Preferring the latter, she wrote, ‘E. M. Garrick,’ but not without some exertion.

“‘I suppose now, sir, you wish to know my age. I was born at Vienna, the 29th of February, 1724, though my coachman insists upon it that I am above a hundred. I was married at the parish of St. Giles at eight o’clock in the morning, and immediately afterwards in the chapel of the Portuguese Ambassador, in South Audley Street.’”

A day or two after Mrs. Garrick’s death, Mr. Smith went to the Adelphi, to know if a day had been fixed for the funeral. “No,” replied George Harris, one of Mrs. Garrick’s confidential servants, “but I will let you know when it is to take place. Would you like to see her? She is in her coffin.”—“Yes, I should.” Upon entering the back-room on the first floor, in which Mrs. Garrick died, Mr. Smith found the deceased’s two female servants standing by her remains. He made a drawing of her, and intended to have etched it. “Pray, do tell me,” said Smith to one of the maids, “why is the coffin covered with sheets?”—“They are their wedding sheets, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Garrick wished to have died.” Mr. Smith was told that one of these attentive women had incurred her mistress’s displeasure by kindly pouring out a cup of tea, and handing it to her in her chair: “Put it down, you hussy;

do you think I cannot help myself." She took it herself, and a short time after she had put it to her lips, she died.

This lady continued her practice of swearing now and then, particularly when any one attempted to impose upon her. A stonemason brought in his bill, with an overcharge of sixpence more than the sum agreed upon; on which occasion he endeavoured to appease her rage by thus addressing her: "My dear madam, do consider—" "My dear madam! what do you mean, you d—d fellow? Get out of the house immediately. My dear madam, indeed!"

On the day of the funeral Smith went with Miss Macaulay, the authoress, to see the venerable lady interred; but when they arrived at Westminster Abbey, they were refused admittance by a person who said: "If it be your wish to see the waxwork, you must come when the funeral's over, and you will then be admitted into Poets' Corner, by a man who is stationed at the door to receive your money."

"Curse the waxwork!" said Smith, "this lady and I came to see Mrs. Garrick's remains placed in the grave."—"Ah, well, you can't come in; the Dean won't allow it."—"As soon as the ceremony was over," says Smith, "we were admitted for sixpence at the Poets' Corner, and there we saw the earth that surrounded the grave, and no more, as we refused to pay the demands of the showmen of the Abbey."

Horace Walpole, though he wrote a bitter letter upon Garrick's funeral, and some strange opinions of his acting, left some good-humoured remarks upon Mrs. Garrick: he writes to Miss Hannah More: "Mrs. Garrick I have scarcely seen this whole summer.

“She is a liberal Pomona to me, I will not say an Eve, for though she reaches fruit to me, she will never let me in, as if I were a boy, and would rob her orchard.”

MATHEWS, A SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

Mathews once personated a Spanish Ambassador; a frolic enacted by him at an inn at Dartford. An account of the freak was written by Tom Hill, who took part in the scene, acting as Mathews's interpreter. He called it his “Recollections of his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador's visit to Captain Selby, on board the *Prince Regent*, one of his Majesty's frigates stationed at the Nore, by the Interpreter.”

The party hired a private coach, of large capacity, and extremely showy, to convey them to Gravesend as the *suite* of Mathews, who personated an ambassador from Madrid to the English Government, and four smart lads, who were entrusted with the secret by the payment of a liberal fee. The drivers proved faithful to their promise. When they arrived at the posting-house at Dartford, one of the drivers dismounted, and communicated to the innkeeper the character of the nobleman (Mathews) inside the coach, and that his mission to London had been attended with the happiest result. The report spread through Dartford like wild-fire, and in about ten minutes the carriage (having by previous arrangement been detained) was surrounded by at least two hundred people, all with cheers and congratulations anxious to gain a view of the important

personage, who, decked out with nearly twenty different stage jewels, representing sham orders, bowed with obsequious dignity to the assembled multitude. It was settled that the party should dine and sleep at the Falcon Tavern, Gravesend, where a sumptuous dinner was provided for his Excellency and *suite*. Previously, however, to dinner-time, and to heighten the joke, they promenaded the town and its environs, followed by a large assemblage of men, women, and children at a respectful distance, all of whom preserved the greatest decorum. The interpreter (Mr. Hill) seemed to communicate and explain to the ambassador whatever was of interest in their perambulation. On their return to the inn, the crowd gradually dispersed. The dinner was served in a sumptuous style, and two or three additional waiters, dressed in their holiday clothes, were hired for the occasion.

The ambassador, by medium of his interpreter, asked for two soups, and a portion of four different dishes of fish, with oil, vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt, and sugar, in the same plate, which, *apparently* to the eyes of the waiters, and to their utter astonishment and surprise, he eagerly devoured. The waiters had been cautioned by one of the *suite* not to notice the manner in which his Excellency ate his dinner, lest it should offend him; and their occasional absence from the room gave Mathews or his companion an opportunity of depositing the incongruous medley in the ashes under the grate—a large fire having been provided. The ambassador continued to mingle the remaining viands, during dinner, in a similar heterogeneous way. The chamber in which his Excellency slept was brilliantly illuminated with wax-candles, and in one corner of the room a table

was fitted up, under the direction of one of the party, to represent an oratory, with such appropriate apparatus as could best be procured. A private sailing-*barge* was moored at the stairs by the fountain early the next morning, to convey the ambassador and his attendants to the *Prince Regent*, at the Nore. The people again assembled in vast multitudes to witness the embarkation. Carpets were placed on the stairs at the water's edge, for the state and comfort of his Excellency; who, the instant he entered the *barge*, turned round and bade a grateful farewell to the multitude, at the same time placing his hand upon his bosom, and taking off his huge cocked hat. The captain of the *barge*, a supremely illiterate, good-humoured cockney, was introduced most ceremoniously to the ambassador, and purposely placed on his right hand. It is impossible to describe the variety of absurd and extravagant stratagems practised on the credulity of the captain by Mathews, and with consummate success, until the *barge* arrived in sight of the King's frigate, which, by a previous understanding, recognized the ambassador by signals. The officers were all dressed in full uniform, and prepared to receive him. When on board, the whole party threw off their disguises, and were entertained by Captain Selby with a splendid dinner, to which the lieutenants of the ship were invited.

After the banquet, Mathews, in his own character, kept the company in high spirits by his incomparable mimic powers for more than ten hours, incorporating with admirable effect the entire narrative of the journey to Gravesend, and his "acts and deeds" at the Falcon. Towards the close of the feast, and about half-an-hour before the party took their departure, in order to give

the commander and his officers a "touch of his quality," Mathews assumed his ambassadorial attire, and the captain of the barge, still in ignorance of the joke, was introduced into the cabin, between whom and his Excellency an indescribable scene of rich burlesque was enacted. The party left the ship for Gravesend at four o'clock in the morning—Mathews, in his "habit as he lived," with the addition of a pair of spectacles, which he had a peculiar way of wearing to conceal his identity, even from the most acute observer. Mathews again resumed his station by the side of the captain, as a person who had left the frigate for a temporary purpose. The simple captain recounted to Mathews all that the Spanish ambassador had enacted, both in his transit from Gravesend to the Nore, and whilst he (the captain) was permitted to join the festive board in the cabin, with singular fidelity, and to the great amusement of the original party, who, during the whole of this ambassadorial excursion, never lost their gravity, except when they were left to themselves. They landed at Gravesend, and from thence departed to London, luxuriating upon the hoax.

GRIMALDI, THE CLOWN.

Joseph Grimaldi had for his paternal grandfather a dancer, so vigorous as to rejoice in the appellation of "Iron Legs." His son, the father of *our* Grimaldi, was a native of Genoa, and in 1760 came to England as dentist to Queen Charlotte. He soon, however, resigned

this situation, commenced dancing and fencing-master, and was appointed ballet-master of Drury Lane Theatre and Sadler's Wells, with the post of primo buffo. He was an honest and charitable man, and was never known to be inebriated, though he was very eccentric. He had a vague and profound dread of the fourteenth day of the month: at its approach he was always nervous, disquieted, and anxious; directly it had passed, he was another man again, and invariably exclaimed, in his broken English, "Ah! now I am safe for another month." It is remarkable that he actually died on the fourteenth day of March; and that he was born, christened, and married on the fourteenth of the month. This was the same man who, in the time of Lord George Gordon's Riots, when people for the purpose of protecting their houses from the fury of the mob, inscribed upon their doors the words "No Popery," actually with the view of keeping in the right with all parties, and preventing the possibility of offending any by his form of worship, wrote up "No Religion at all," which announcement appeared in large characters in front of his house in Little Russell Street: the protective idea was perfectly successful.

Joseph Grimaldi, our "Joe," was born out of wedlock on the 18th of December, 1778, in Stanhope Street, Clare Market; his mother being Rebecca Brooker, who had been from her infancy a dancer at Drury Lane, and subsequently at Sadler's Wells played old women. Joe's eccentric father was then more than seventy years old; and twenty-five months afterwards was born another son, Joseph's only brother.

Our Joe Grimaldi, at the age of one year and eleven months, was brought out by his father, on the boards of

Old Drury, as "the little clown," in the pantomime of *Robinson Crusoe*, at a salary of 15*s.* per week. In 1781 he first appeared at Sadler's Wells, in the arduous character of a monkey: here he remained (one season only excepted) until the termination of his professional career, forty-nine years afterwards, when in his farewell address, at Sadler's Wells, he said:—"At a very early age, before that of three years, I was introduced to the public by my father, at this theatre." This is not very clear, since it would seem to contradict the statement of his having appeared at Drury Lane. During the first piece in which little Joe played at Sadler's Wells, he had nearly lost his life: in one of the scenes, the clown, his father, was swinging him as a monkey, round and round by a chain, which broke, and he was hurled a considerable distance into the pit, fortunately into the very arms of an old gentleman who was sitting gazing at the stage with intense interest.

At this time, "the little clown's" full-dress was embroidered coat and breeches, silk stockings, paste buckles, and cocked-hat; and a guinea in his pocket, which he one day gave to a distressed woman, for which act his father gave him a caning (though not till five months after), which he remembered as long as he lived. Old Grimaldi died in 1788, leaving 1,500*l.*, but the executor becoming bankrupt, the two sons lost the whole of their fortune. Joe stuck to the stage, and at Drury Lane Mr. Sheridan raised his salary, unasked, to 1*l.* a-week. His leisure was now passed in breeding pigeons and collecting insects; of the latter he had a cabinet of 4,000 specimens. He now removed with his mother to Pentonville, where the house is to this day pointed out in Penton Place. About this time, early

one morning, Joe found near the Tower of London a purse of gold coin and a bundle of Bank-notes, which, on his way home, he sat down to count upon the spot where now stands the Eagle Tavern, in the City Road. There were 380 guineas and 200*l.* in notes, making in the whole 599*l.* Grimaldi repeatedly advertised in the daily newspapers the finding of the money, but he never heard a syllable regarding the treasure he had so singularly acquired. His maternal grandfather, it appears, once left a purse of gold, nearly 400*l.*, upon a post near the Royal Exchange, and found it there untouched after the lapse of nearly an hour.

Joe Grimaldi appeared, as usual, at Sadler's Wells in 1788, but at this time his salary of fifteen shillings a-week was reduced to three, on which pittance he remained for three years, making himself generally useful: in 1794, he had grown so popular at Sadler's Wells, that his salary had risen from three shillings to four pounds. In 1800, Joe married Miss Maria Hughes, eldest daughter of a proprietor and the resident manager of Sadler's Wells: she died in the same year, and was interred in the grave-yard of St. James's, Clerkenwell, where the following was inscribed on a tablet at her request:—

“ Earth walks on earth like glittering gold ;
Earth says to earth we are but mould ;
Earth builds on earth castles and towers ;
Earth says to earth all shall be ours.”

On Monday, March 17th, 1828, Grimaldi took his farewell benefit at Sadler's Wells, when he delivered an address, and the whole concluded “with a brilliant display of fireworks, expressive of Grimaldi's thanks.” He, however, played a short time in 1832, and then quitted

the Wells finally. After this premature retirement from the stage, poor Joe lived at No. 33, Southampton Street, Pentonville, in a house which was furnished for him by his friends. At this time he frequented the coffee-room of the Marquis of Cornwallis tavern, the proprietor of which, considering his infirmity, or the loss of the use of his lower extremity, used to fetch him on his back, and take him home in the same manner. On May 31st, 1837, he was thus brought to the coffee-room and seemed quite exhilarated, his conversation, and humour, and anecdotes smacking of the vivacity of former years. He was carried home as usual; he retired to rest, and next morning was found dead in his bed. On June 5th, he was buried in the ground of St. James's Chapel, Pentonville, next to the grave of his friend, Charles Dibdin: his gravestone states his age at fifty-eight years.

Thomas Hood wrote this touching "Ode to Joseph Grimaldi, senior," upon his retirement:—

- “ Joseph ! they say thou’st left the stage
 To toddle down the hill of life,
 And taste the flannell’d ease of age
 Apart from pantomimic strife.
 ‘ Retir’d ’ (for Young would call it so)—
 ‘ The world shut out ’—in Pleasant Row.
- “ And hast thou really washt at last,
 From each white cheek the red half-moon ?
 And all thy public clownship cast,
 To play the private pantaloon ?
 All youth—all ages—yet to be,
 Shall have a heavy miss of thee.
- “ Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
 Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
 Thou didst not lure us to the skies ;
 Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling !

And yet, Heav'n knows ! we could—we can
Much 'better spare a better man !'

“ But Joseph—everybody's Joe—
Is gone ; and grieve I will and must !
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee (though not yet dust) :
And talk as he did when he missed
The kissing crust, that he had kiss'd !

“ Ah, where is now thy rolling head !
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,
'(As old Catullus would have said),
Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drowth !
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth !

“ Ah ! where thy ears so often cuff'd !
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands !
Thy partridge body always stuff'd
With waifs and strays and contrabands !
Thy foot, like Berkeley's Foote—for why ?
'Twas often made to wipe an eye.

“ Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair ?
For 'great wits jump'—and so did they !
Lord ! how they leap'd in lamp-light air !
Caper'd and bounced, and strode away.
That years should tame the legs, alack !
I've seen spring through an almanack !

“ For who, like thee, could ever stride
Some dozen paces to the mile !
The motley, medley coach provide ;
Or, like Joe Frankenstein, compile
The *vegetable man* complete !
A proper Covent Garden feat.

“ Oh, who, like thee, could ever drink,
 Or cat, swill, swallow—bolt, and choke!
 Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze, and wink!
 Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
 Though Joseph junior acts not ill,
 ‘There’s no Fool like the old Fool’ still!

“ Joseph, farewell! dear, funny Joe!
 We met with mirth—we part in pain!
 For many a long, long year must go
 Ere fun can see thy like again;
 For Nature does not keep great stores
 Of perfect clowns—that are not *boors*!”

MUNDEN’S LAST PERFORMANCE.

In the year 1824, one of Charles Lamb’s last ties to the theatre, as a scene of present enjoyment, was severed. Munden, the rich peculiarities of whose acting he has embalmed in one of the choicest *Essays of Elia*, quitted the stage in the mellowness of his powers. His relish for Munden’s acting was almost a new sense: he did not compare him with the old comedians, as having common qualities with them, but regarded them as altogether of a different and original style. On the last night of his appearance, Lamb was very desirous to attend, but every place in the boxes had long been secured; and Charles was not strong enough to stand the tremendous rush, by enduring which, alone, he could hope to obtain a place in the pit; when Munden’s gratitude for his exquisite praise anticipated his wish, by providing for him and Miss Lamb places in a corner of the orchestra, close to the stage. The play of the *Poor Gentleman*, in which Munden performed Sir Robert Bramble, had concluded

and the audience were impatiently waiting for the farce, in which the great comedian was to delight them for the last time, when Lamb might be seen in a very novel position. In his hand, directly beneath the line of stage-lights glistened a huge pewter-pot, which he was draining; while the broad face of old Munden was seen thrust out from the door by which the musicians enter, watching the close of the draught, when he might receive and hide the portentous beaker from the gaze of the admiring neighbours. Some unknown benefactor had sent four pots of stout to keep up the veteran's heart during his last trial; and not able to drink them all, he bethought him of Lamb, and without considering the wonder which would be excited in the brilliant crowd who surrounded him, conveyed himself the cordial chalice to Lamb's parched lips. At the end of the same farce, Munden found himself unable to deliver from memory a short and elegant address which one of his sons had written for him; but provided against accidents, took it from his pocket, wiped his eyes, put on his spectacles, read it, and made his last bow. This was, perhaps, the last night when Lamb took a hearty interest in the present business scene.*

Munden appears to have first imbibed a taste for the stage in his admiration of the genius of Garrick. He had seen more of Garrick's acting than any of his contemporaries in 1820, Quick and Bannister excepted. Munden's style of acting was exuberant with humour. His face was all changeful nature: his eye glistened and rolled, and lit up alternately every corner of his laughing face: "then the eternal tortuosities of his nose, and the alarming descent of his chin, contrasted, as it eternally was, with the portentous rise of his eyebrows."

* *Talfourd's Letters of Charles Lamb.*

ODDITIES OF DOWTON.

William Dowton took his farewell benefit at the Opera House, on June 8th, 1840; he was then in his seventy-ninth year—the only actor, except Macklin, who continued to wear his harness to such an advanced period. For nearly half a century he had enjoyed a first-class reputation, but it was found that, when extreme old age came upon him, he had saved no money. With the amount produced by the above benefit was purchased for him an annuity for a given number of years, on which he subsisted in ease and comfort; but, to the surprise of every one, by dint of regular habits and an iron constitution, he outlived the calculated time, and there was danger that he might be reduced to penury. He died in 1849.

Dowton, in 1836, visited the United States; but he was far too advanced in life to attract attention or draw money. He came back almost as poor as he went, but with a change in his political opinions. He entered the land of freedom a furious republican—he returned from it an ultra-Tory. He was constitutionally discontented, captious, and fretful; but, at the same time, warm-hearted and generous. His oddities were very amusing to those who were intimate with him. He would sit for hours in his dressing-room *arranging and contemplating* his wigs, those important accessories to his stage make-up. One of his peculiar mannerisms was never to play a part without turning his wig. When he acted Dr. Pangloss, a bet was made

that here he would find his favourite manœuvre impracticable. He managed it, nevertheless. When Kenrick, the faithful old Irish servant, comes in exultingly, in the last scene, to announce the long-lost Henry Moreland, he was instructed to run against Dr. Pangloss, who thus obtained the desired opportunity of disarranging his head-gear.

Dowton undervalued Edmund Kean, whose merit he never could be induced to acknowledge. When the vase was presented to that great actor, he refused to subscribe, saying, "You may cup Mr. Kean, 'if you please, but you sha'n't bleed me." He said, too, the cup should be given to Joe Munden for his performance of Marall. Amongst other eccentricities, Dowton fancied (a delusion common to comedians) that he could play tragedy, and never rested until he obtained an opportunity of showing the town that Edmund Kean knew nothing of Shylock. But the experiment was, as might have been expected, a total failure. The great point of novelty consisted in having a number of Jews in court, to represent his friends and partisans, during the trial scene; and in their arms he fainted, when told he was, per force, to become a Christian. The audience laughed outright, as a commentary on the actor's conception. Once he exhibited, privately, to Mr. J. W. Cole, the last scene of Sir Giles Overreach, according to his idea of the author's meaning, and a very mirthful tragedy it proved. He had a strange inverted idea that Massinger intended Sir Giles for a comic character. He also fancied that he could play Lord Ogleby, when nature, with her own hand, had daguerretyped him for Mr. Sterling. Such are the vagaries of genius, which are equally mournful and unaccountable.

LISTON IN TRAGEDY.

Play-goers of the present century narrate the early seriousness of Liston, the comedian, and his subsequent turn for tragedy; which may have suggested the apocryphal biography of the actor, stated to be by Charles Lamb,* whence the following is abridged:—

Liston was lineally descended from Johan de L'Estonne, who came over with the Norman William, and had lands awarded him at Lupton Magna, in Kent. The more immediate ancestors of Mr. Liston were Puritans, and his father, Habakkuk, was an Anabaptist minister. At the age of nine, young Liston was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Goodenough, whose decease was attended with these awful circumstances. It seems that the old gentleman and his pupil had been walking out together, in a fine sunset, to the distance of three-quarters of a mile west of Lupton, when a sudden curiosity took Mr. Goodenough to look down upon a chasm, where a mining shaft had been lately sunk, but soon after abandoned. The old clergyman, leaning over, either with incaution or sudden giddiness (probably a mixture of both), instantly lost his footing, and, to use Mr. Liston's phrase, disappeared, and was doubtless broken into a thousand pieces. The sound of his head, &c., dashing successively upon the projecting masses of the chasm had such an effect upon the youth Liston, that a serious sickness ensued, and even for many years after his recovery, he was not once seen so much as to smile.

* This paper appeared in the 'London Magazine,' January, 1825, not 1824, as stated at page 121.

The joint death of both his parents, which happened not many months after this disastrous accident, and were probably (one or both of them) accelerated by it, threw our youth upon the protection of his maternal great-aunt, Mrs. Sittingbourn, whom he loved almost to reverence. To the influence of her early counsels and manners he always attributed the firmness with which, in maturer years, thrown upon a way of life commonly not the best adapted to gravity and self-retirement, he was able to maintain a serious character, untinged with the levities incident to his profession. Ann Sittingbourn (her portrait was painted by Hudson) was stately, stiff, and tall, with a cast of features strikingly resembling those of Liston. Her estate in Kent was spacious and well-wooded; and here, in the venerable solitudes of Charnwood, amid thick shades of the oak and beech (the last his favourite tree), Liston cultivated those contemplative habits which never entirely deserted him in after-years. Here he was commonly in summer months to be met, book in hand—not a play-book—meditating. Boyle's *Reflections* was at one time his darling volume; this, in its turn, was superseded by Young's *Night Thoughts*, which continued its hold upon him throughout life. He carried it always about him; and it was no uncommon thing for him to be seen, in the refreshing intervals of his occupation, leaning against a side-scene, in a sort of Herbert-of-Cherbury posture, turning over a pocket edition of his favourite author.

The premature death of Mrs. Sittingbourn, occasioned by incautiously burning a pot of charcoal in her sleeping-chamber, left Liston, in his nineteenth year, nearly without resources. That the stage at all should have presented itself as an eligible scope for his talents,

and, in particular, that he should have chosen a line so foreign to what appears to have been his turn of mind, admits of explanation.

At Charnwood, then, we behold him thoughtful, grave, ascetic. From his cradle averse to flesh-meats and strong drink; abstemious even beyond the genius of the place; and almost in spite of the remonstrances of his great-aunt, who, though strict, was not rigid, water was his habitual drink, and his food little beyond the mast and beech-nuts of his favourite groves. It is a medical fact, that this kind of diet, however favourable to the contemplative powers of the primitive hermits, &c., is but ill-adapted to the less robust minds and bodies of a later generation. Hypochondria almost constantly ensues, and young Liston was subject to sights and had visions. Those arid beech-nuts, distilled by a complexion naturally adust, mounted into a brain, already prepared to kindle by long seclusion and the fervour of strict Calvinistic notions. In the glooms of Charnwood he was assailed by illusions, similar in kind to those which are related of the famous Anthony of Padua. Wild antic faces would ever and anon protrude themselves upon his *sensorium*. Whether he shut his eyes or kept them open, the same illusion operated. The darker and more profound were his cogitations, the droller and more whimsical became the apparitions. They buzzed about him, thick as flies, flapping at him, floating at him, hooting in his ear; yet with such comic appendages, that what at first was his bane, became at length his solace; and he desired no better society than that of his merry phantasmata. We shall presently find in what way this remarkable phenomenon influenced his future destiny.

On the death of Mrs. Sittingbourn, Liston was received into the family of Mr. Willoughby, an eminent Turkey merchant, in Birchin Lane. He was treated more like a son than a clerk, though he was nominally but the latter. Different avocations, change of scene, with alternation of business and recreation, appear to have weaned him in a short time from the hypochondriacal affections which had beset him at Charnwood. Within the next three years we find him making more than one voyage to the Levant, as chief factor for Mr. Willoughby at the Porte: he used to relate pleasant passages of his having been taken up on a suspicion of a design of penetrating the seraglio, &c.; but some of these are whimsical, and others of a romantic nature.

We will now bring him over the seas again, and suppose him in the counting-house in Birchin Lane, his factorage satisfactory, and all going on so smoothly that we may expect to find Mr. Liston at last an opulent merchant upon 'Change. But see the turns of destiny. Upon a summer's excursion into Norfolk, in the year 1801, the accidental sight of pretty Sally Parker, as she was then called (then in the Norwich company), diverted his inclinations at once from commerce, and he became stage-struck. Happily for the lovers of mirth was it that he took this turn. Shortly after, he made his *début* on the Norwich boards, in his twenty-second year. Having a natural bent to tragedy, he chose the part of Pyrrhus in the *Distressed Mother*, to Sally Parker's Hermione. We find him afterwards as George Barnwell, Altamont, Chamont, &c.; but, as if nature had destined him to the sock, an unavoidable infirmity absolutely incapacitated him for tragedy. His person at this latter period was graceful and even command-

ing, his countenance set to gravity; he had the power of arresting the attention of an audience at first sight almost beyond any other tragic actor. But he could not hold it. To understand this obstacle, we must go back a few years to those appalling reveries at Charnwood. Those illusions, which had vanished before the dissipation of a less recluse life and more free society, now in his solitary tragic studies, and amid the intense call upon feeling incident to tragic acting, came back upon him with tenfold vividness. In the midst of some most pathetic passages—the parting of Jaffier with his dying friend, for instance—he would suddenly be surprised with a fit of violent horse-laughter. While the spectators were all sobbing before him with emotion, suddenly one of those grotesque faces would peep out upon him, and he could not resist the impulse. A timely excuse once or twice served his purpose, but no audience could be expected to bear repeatedly this violation of the continuity of feeling. He describes them (the illusions) as so many demons haunting him, and paralyzing every effort: it is said that he could not recite the famous soliloquy in *Hamlet*, even in private, without immoderate fits of laughter. However, what he had not force of reason sufficient to overcome, he had good sense enough to turn into emolument, and determined to make a commodity of his distemper. He prudently exchanged the buskin for the sock, and the illusions instantly ceased, or, if they occurred for a short season, by this very co-operation added a zest to his comic vein; some of his most catching faces being (each expressed it), little more than transcripts and copies of those extraordinary phantasmata.

We have now drawn Liston to the period when he

was about to make his first appearance in the metropolis, as it is narrated in a clever paper in the *London Magazine*, January, 1824. This is not referred to in the sketch of Liston's career, written a few days after his death, March 22nd, 1816, by his son-in-law, George Herbert Rodwell, the musical composer, and published in the *Illustrated London News*, March 28th. There we are told that Liston was born in 1776; that his father lived in Norris Street, Haymarket, and that young John was educated at Dr. Barrow's Soho School, and subsequently became second master in Archbishop Tenison's school. Rodwell relates that early in his theatrical life, Liston went, for cheapness, by sea to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was beaten about by adverse winds for a fortnight; provisions ran so short that Liston was reduced to his last inch of dry cheese. At Newcastle, through the above delay, he was roughly received by Stephen Kemble, the manager, sitting in awful state in the centre of the stage, directing a rehearsal. Kemble eyed him several times before he spoke; at last he growled out, "Well, young man, you are come." Mr. Liston bowed. "Then now you may go back again! You have broken your engagement by being too late."—"It's very easy to *say* go back," replied Liston, with one of his peculiar looks, "but here I am, and here I must stay, for I have not a farthing left in the world." Kemble relented, and Liston remained at Newcastle until he came to London for good.

The first *comic* part he performed was Diggory, in *She Stoops to Conquer*. He took a great fancy to the character, and kept secret his intentions as to the manner he meant to play it in, and the style of dress he should wear. When he came on, so original was his whole conception of the thing, that not an actor on the

stage could speak for laughing. When he came off, Mr. Kemble said:—"Young man, it strikes me you have mistaken your *forte*; there's something comic about you."—"I've not mistaken my *forte*," replied Liston, "but you never before allowed me to try; I don't think myself I was made for the heavy Barons!" He first appeared in London, as Sheepface, in the *Village Lawyer*, June 10th, 1805. "That Mr. Liston did really imagine he could be a tragic actor," says Rodwell, "is partly borne out by his actually having attempted Octavian, in the *Mountaineers*, May 17th, 1809."

When Liston first appeared on the stage is not accurately known. The following early note from a manager of the time is undated:—"Sir, your not favoring Me with an answe' Relative to the I-dea of the Cast, I, at random (tho' very ill), Scratch'd Out, Makes it Necessary for Me to have your Opinion, in Order to Prevent Aney Mistake.—I am, Sir, with every Good Wish, yours, &c.,
TATE WILKINSON."

When Liston first came to London, he generally wore a pea-green coat, and was everywhere accompanied by an ugly little pug-dog. This pug-dog, like his master, soon made himself a favourite, go where he would, and seemed exceedingly proud that he could make almost as many laugh as could his master. The pug-dog acted as Mr. Liston's *avant-courier*, always trotting on before, to announce his friend and master. The frequenters of the Orange Coffee-house, Cockspur Street, where Liston resided, used to say, laughing, "Oh, Liston will be here in a moment, for here is his beautiful pug."

Latterly he went little into society. His attention to his religious duties was always marked by devout sincerity; his knowledge of the Scriptures was very extensive.

BOYHOOD OF EDMUND KEAN.

Many years ago, there appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* the following account of Kean's early days:— "I saw young Edmund Carey (Kean) first in April, 1796. I am particularly positive both to month and year, because I met Mrs. Carey and the boys (*Darnley* was the other reputed son by another father; this actor was for many years at Astley's Amphitheatre, and is now living) on the morning of the day on which Ireland's pretended Shakesperian drama was performed. Edmund was always little, slight, but not young-looking I should say he was then *ten years of age!* The following September he played Tom Thumb at Bartholomew Fair at a public-house; his mother played Queen Dollalolla; he had a good voice, and was a pretty boy, but unquestionably more like a *Jew* than a Christian *child*. Old Richardson, the showman, engaged him then and subsequently, and is living to vouch for the fact, as far as eyesight goes, that in 1796, Kean looked more like a child of *ten* or *twelve* than of *six* years. This of course puts an end to the *possibility* of his having been born in the year 1790. I cannot vouch as to the truth of the oft-repeated story of the dance of devils in *Macbeth*, and his rejoinder to John Kemble, who found fault with him, that 'he (Kean) had never appeared in tragedy before;' but if it did occur, it must have been in 1794; for Garrick's Drury was pulled down to be rebuilt in 1791, and the new theatre commenced dramatic performances with *Macbeth*. Many novelties of arrangement were attempted, the dance in question among the rest. Charles Kemble made his first appear-

ance as Malcolm that very night, and the audience laughed very heartily when he exclaimed, '*Oh! by whom?*' on hearing the account of his father's murder. Charles Kemble was then said to be eighteen; I think he was more. If Kean was one of the dancing devils, he could have been only *three years and five months old*; that is, taking his own account of being born in November, 1790.

"Kean broke his leg when a boy, riding an act of horsemanship at Bartholomew Fair; and he was often, towards the years 1802, 3, 4, and 5, about different parts of the country, spouting, riding, or rope-dancing. The last time I saw him, previous to his 'great hit,' was at Sadler's Wells; he was in front to see Belzoni (afterwards known as the great traveller), who gave a pantomimic performance (such as Ducrow since attempted) illustrative of the passions of Lebrun; Belzoni was superior to anything I ever beheld, and I am not solitary in that opinion. Ella, the harlequin, and Belzoni were together at the old Royalty Theatre; and Belzoni's brother was also there. The great and enterprising traveller was retained as a *posturer* at 2*l.* per week!"

About 1800, at the Rolls Rooms, Chancery Lane, young Kean, then described as "the infant prodigy, Master Carey," gave readings, and read the whole of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*. All who knew Kean intimately as a boy, declared that he was then a splendid actor, and that many of his effects, at the age of fourteen, were quite as startling as any of his more mature performances. Byron, who was then much in theatrical society, says, "Kean began by acting Richard the Third, when quite a boy, and gave all the promise of what he afterwards became."

A MYSTERIOUS PARCEL.

Mr. Bunn, when Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, experienced the following odd circumstance, which he describes as curious as any that has been or can be recited:—On reaching the theatre on Tuesday evening, March 12th, 1839, he found on his desk a very small brown paper parcel, addressed “To A. Bunn, Esq.,” looking very dirty, and very suspicious, and weighing wherewithal sufficiently heavy as to increase such suspicion. The town had at that moment been partly astonished and partly amused by “Madame Vestris’s Infernal Machine,” and the narrow escape the person had who first opened it. Having no desire for any similar experiment, Mr. Bunn hesitated in unfolding this mysterious packet, more particularly when his messenger described the dingy-looking fellow that left it at the stage-door, with an injunction that it was “to be delivered into Mr. Bunn’s own hands.” However, overcoming any apprehensions of gunpowder, and setting whatever of the combustibile it might contain to the amount of a mere squib, he sent for his under-treasurer, and in his presence opened some half-dozen pieces of paper, each tightly bound by some half-dozen pieces of string, and inside the last he found:—

32 Sovereigns	£32	0	0
10 Half-sovereigns	5	0	0
13 Half-crowns	1	12	6
27 Shillings	1	7	0
1 Sixpence	0	0	6
		0	0
	£40	0	0

“I began to think,” says Bunn, “that this was the contribution of some eccentric supporter of Drury Lane, anxious to reward its manager’s exertions, yet, with a rooted modesty, anxious to conceal his name; but such an occurrence was so totally without precedent, that I gave up that conjecture in utter hopelessness. Then I bethought me of more than one performer who had literally robbed me to such an extent; and pondered over the probability of this being a return thereof, arising out of a touch of conscience; but as what little consciences most of them *have* got are very seldom touched, I abandoned that surmise with even a greater degree of despair than I first of all entertained it. *By* whom was it sent, or *for* whom was it sent, I am totally unable to tell; it was added to the general receipt of the exchequer, for the benefit of all those having any claim on it, though the chances are it was forwarded for my own individual advantage. The donor is hereby thanked, be he or she whoever he or she may; and I can only say, if many more had made their appearance, the disasters of Drury Lane Theatre would have been obviated or provided against. Now, is not a manager’s life an odd life, and are not the people he has to deal with a very odd set of people? and if he should do odd things, can no excuse be found for him by your pickers and stealers, and evil speakers, and liars, and slanderers? I can only say, if there is none, there should be.”

Among the droll stories told by Mr. Bunn, in his caustic book, *The Stage*, is this:—In 1824, when the question of erecting a monument to Shakespeare, in his native town, was agitated by Mr. Mathews and Mr. Bunn, the King (George IV.) took a lively interest in the matter, and, considering that the leading people of both the patent theatres should be consulted, directed Sir

Charles Long, Sir George Beaumont, and Sir Francis Freeling to ascertain Mr. Elliston's sentiments on the subject. As soon as these distinguished individuals (who had come direct from, and were going direct back to, the Palace) had delivered themselves of their mission, Elliston replied, "Very well, gentlemen, leave the papers with me, and *I will talk over the business with HIS MAJESTY.*"

MASQUERADE INCIDENT.

When the Rev. Mr. Venables was at St. Petersburg, in 1834, he received the following narrative of a strange and startling incident at a masquerade in the above capital:—At Christmas, 1834, a ball was given at a house at St. Petersburg, and candles were placed in the windows of the house, as a well-understood signal that masks might enter without special invitation. Several masks arrived in the course of the evening, stayed but a short time, as is usual, and departed.

At length a party entered dressed as Chinese, and bearing on a palanquin a person whom they called their chief, saying that it was his fête-day. They set him down very respectfully in the middle of the room, and commenced dancing what they called their national dance around him. When this was concluded, they separated and mingled with the general company, speaking French fluently (the universal language at a Russian masquerade), and making themselves extremely agreeable. After awhile they began gradually to disappear unnoticed, slipping out of the room one or two at a time. At last they were all gone, but their chief still remained sitting motionless in dignified

silence in his palanquin in the middle of the room. The ball began to thin, and the attention of those who remained was wholly drawn to the silent figure of the Chinese mask.

The master of the house at length went up to him, and told him that his companions were all gone; politely begging him at the same time to take off his mask, that he and his guests might know to whom they were indebted for all the pleasure which the exhibition had afforded them. The Chinaman, however, gave no reply by word or sign, and a feeling of uneasy curiosity gradually drew around him the guests who remained in the ball-room. He still took no notice of all that was passing around him, and the master of the house at length, with his own hand, took off the mask, and discovered to the horrified by-standers the face of a corpse.

The police were immediately sent for, and on a surgical examination of the body, it appeared to be that of a man who had been strangled a few hours before. Nothing could be discovered, either at the time or afterwards, which could lead to the identifying of the dead man, or to the discovery of the actors in ~~this~~ extraordinary scene, and no clue has ever been obtained. It was found on inquiry that they arrived at the house where they deposited the dead body in a handsome equipage with masked servants.

This horrible story was stated to Mr. Venables, by General Bontourlin, to be a well-known and undoubted fact. The body was never identified, but was supposed to be that of the victim of a murder arising out of a gambling transaction. The acuteness of the police would seem to have been at fault; or, more probably, the proper use of the proper amount of roubles suppressed inconvenient discoveries.

MR. T. P. COOKE IN MELODRAMA AND PANTOMIME.

During the Christmas of 1810 or 1811, Mr. T. P. Cooke was a member of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, which could boast of a company including the names of Miss O'Neil, afterwards Lady Becher, then in her teens; Miss Walstein, Messrs. Conway, Farren, and others of histrionic fame. Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* had been published on the 10th of May, 1810, and the critics of the day had pronounced it to be "the most interesting, romantic, picturesque, and graceful" of the author's poems. Managers were anxious to produce a version of the *Lady of the Lake* upon the stage, and no one was more prompt in bringing one forward than the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. The cast was powerful. Misses O'Neil and Walstein were the representatives of the chieftain's daughter, Ellen Douglas, and the crazed and captive lowland maid, Blanche of Devon; Malcolm Græme was well acted; Conway looked the Knight of Snowdon, James Fitzjames, to the life; and T. P. Cooke appeared to the greatest advantage as Roderick Vick Alpine Roderick Dhu. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scenery; and the drama created a furore among the warm-hearted Emeralders. As the manager acted upon the principle of not "keeping more cats than could kill mice," the services of some of his dramatic performers were pressed into afterpieces; and, as the pantomime of *Harlequin and Mother Goose* had made a great sensation in London, it was brought out in the capital

of the sister isle—T. P. Cooke doffing his picturesque Highland costume for that of Squire Bugle, afterwards Clown. No one that had seen the noble bearing of Vick Alpine in the mountain pass, exclaiming :—

“These are Clan-Alpine’s warriors true ;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu,”

would have recognized the same being when equipped in the loose hunting-dress of the Squire or the grotesque garb of the Clown. The pantomime went off well, and, although T. P. Cooke wanted the fun of Grimaldi, he, by the aid of youth and great agility, bustled through the part most satisfactorily:

At the termination of the performance, which had been honoured by the presence of the Lord-Lieutenant, Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond; the Duchess, and her then young and numerous family, the Duke was persuaded by two of his sons, Lords William and Frederick—then Westminster boys—to go behind the scenes to look at the wonderful goose. The manager, wax-candles in hand, after the most approved manner of receiving illustrious guests, conducted the Duke, his two sons, and a young daughter to the stage and green-room, and the pantomimic tricks were duly displayed by the attentive property-man, who explained to the young noblemen the mysteries of the world behind the curtain: how the transformation-scene was managed; how the sprites descended and ascended through the “traps;” how the nimble Harlequin, the active Clown, and the “slipperd Pantaloon” were caught in blankets after their wonderful leaps through clock-dials, shop-windows, picture-frames, and looking-glasses; how the smallest of boys was introduced into a sham goose’s skin; how a few

daubs of paint, some gold and silver leaf, and green tinsel, produced the splendid fairy scene; how some spangles sewn on a coarse parti-coloured suit made Harlequin appear glittering like gold; how a white calico garb, with a few quaint red and blue devices, some chalk and red paint, could change the “human face divine” to that of a mask. After inspecting everything worthy of note behind the scenes the Duke and his family proceeded to their carriage, when, at the entrance to the green-room, they met the Clown, who had remained behind to arrange some stage-business with the Harlequin. “I forget his name,” said the Duke, who, although he patronized the drama, did not take especial interest in the performance. “Cooke,” responded the manager. “I congratulate you, Mr. Cooke,” said his Grace. “I’ve seen Grimaldi in the part, and am delighted with your performance.” Cooke bowed his acknowledgments. “Pray,” continued the Lord-Lieutenant, “is Mr. T. P. Cooke, who looked so well and acted Roderick Vick Alpine with such spirit, any relation of yours?”—“A very near one,” responded the actor. “He stands before you; for, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!” The Duke smiled, shook hands with him, declaring he had never witnessed such a wonderful metamorphose.

“ROMEO AND JULIET” IN AMERICA.

Miss Fanny Kemble, in her clever record of her experiences in the United States, relates the following, which occurred in one of her provincial engagements.

The play was *Romeo and Juliet*. "My Romeo," says Miss Kemble, "had gotten on a pair of trunk-breeches, which looked as if he had borrowed them of some worthy Dutchman a hundred years ago. Had he worn them in New York, I could have understood it as a compliment to the ancestry of that good city; but here to adopt such a costume in *Romeo* was perfectly unaccountable. They were of a most unhappy choice of colour, too—dull, heavy-looking blue cloth, and offensive crimson satin, all bepuckered, and beplaited, and bepuffed, till the young man looked like a magical figure growing out of a monstrous, strange-coloured melon, beneath which descended his unfortunate legs, thrust into a pair of red slippers, for all the world like Grimaldi's legs en costume for *Clown*. The play went off pretty smoothly, except that they broke one man's collar-bone and nearly dislocated a woman's shoulder, by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not made in time, and when the scene drew, half-a-dozen carpenters, in patched trousers and tattered shirt-sleeves, were discovered smoothing down my pillows and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not to be given verbatim:—

" *Romeo*. Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms."

Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me.

" *Juliet (aside)*. Oh! you've got me up horribly! That'll never do. Do let me down, pray let me down.

Romeo. There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love.

Juliet (aside). Pray put me down; you'll certainly throw me down, if you don't set me on the ground directly."

In the midst of "Cruel, cursed fate," his dagger fell out of his dress; I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it again in the end.

"*Romeo*. Tear not our heart-strings thus!

They crack! they break! Juliet! Juliet! [*Dies*.]

Juliet (to *Corpse*). Am I smothering you?

Corpse (to *Juliet*). Not all all. Could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me? It has fallen off.

Juliet (to *Corpse*). I'm afraid I can't; but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

[*CORPSE nodded*.]

Juliet (to *Corpse*). Where's your dagger?

Corpse (to *Juliet*). 'Pon my soul, I don't know."

THE MULBERRIES, A SHAKSPEARIAN CLUB.

At the thirty-fourth Anniversary of the Shakspeare Club, at Stratford-on-Avon, on April 23rd, 1858, the President, Mr. Buckstone, of the Haymarket Theatre, related, with much humour, the following interesting account of the above Shakspearian Club:—

"On emerging from boyhood, and while yet a young actor, I was one of the first members of a Shakspearian club, called *The Mulberries*. It was not then a very prominent one, as its meetings were held at a certain house of entertainment in Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane. The club assembled there once a week; they dined together on Shakspeare's birthday; and in the mulberry season there was another dinner and a mulberry feast, at which the chairman sat enthroned under a canopy of mulberry branches, with the fruit on them;

Shakspearian songs were sung ; members read original papers or poems relating only to Shakspeare ; and as many artists belonged to this club, they exhibited sketches of some event connected with our poet's life ; and some had the honour of submitting a paper to be read, called ' Shakspeare's Drinking-bout,' an imaginary story, illustrating the traditionary event, when the chivalry of Stratford went forth to carouse with

" Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
 Haunted Hilborough, hungry Grafton,
 Dudging Exhall, papist Wicksford,
 Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bidford."

All these papers and pictures were collected together in a book, called *Mulberry Leaves* ; and you will believe me, that in spite of our lowly place of meeting, the club was not intellectually insignificant, when amongst its members, then in their youth, were Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, the Landseers (Charles and Thomas), Frank Stone, Cattermole, Robert Keeley, Kenny Meadows, and subsequently, though at another and more important place of meeting, Macready, Talfourd (the judge), Charles Dickens, John Forster, and many other celebrities. You will very naturally wish to know what became of this club. Death thinned the number of its members ; important pursuits in life took some one way and some another, and, after twenty years of much enjoyment, the club ceased to exist, and the *Mulberry Leaves* disappeared, no one ever knew whither."

From Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's *Life of his Father* we learn that William Elton, the Shakspearian actor, was a member of the *Mulberries*, as were also William Godwin, and Edward Chatfield the artist. The contri-

butions fell into Mr. Elton's hands, and are now in the possession of his family. The *leaves* were to have been published; but the club dead, it was nobody's business to see them through the press, and to this hour they remain in manuscript. Of the club itself it is said: "Respectability killed it. Sumptuous quarters were sought; Shakspeare was to be admired in a most elegant manner—to be edited specially for the club by the author of *The Book of Etiquette*. But the new atmosphere had not the vigour of the old, and so, after a long struggle, all the Mulberries fell from the old tree, and now it is a green memory only to a few old members. Douglas Jerrold always turned fondly to these Shakspearian days, and he loved to sing the old song he wrote for the Mulberries, in that soft, sweet voice which all his friends remember:

“ And thus our moral food
Doth Shakspeare leaven still,
Enriching all the good,
And lessning all the ill;—
Thus, by his bounty, shed
Like balm from angel's wing,
Though winter scathe our head,
Our spirits dance with spring.”

COLLEY CIBBER'S DAUGHTER.

This unfortunate person was the youngest child of Colley Cibber, and married a singer named Charke: there seems to have been a touch of insanity, certainly there was no power of self-control, in this poor woman.

From her childhood she had been wild, wayward, and rebellious; self-taught, as a boy might be, and with nothing feminine in her character or pursuits. With self-assertion, too, she was weak enough to be won by a knave with a sweet voice, whose cruel treatment drove his intractable wife to the stage, where she failed to profit, by her fine opportunities. Mrs. Charke loved to play male characters; and of the many, that of Plume was her favourite. At the Haymarket Theatre, in 1745, she played Captain Machcath, and other masculine parts, before she attempted to pass herself off upon the world, or hide herself from it, as a man.

Dr. Doran, in his amusing book, *Their Majesties' Servants*, writing of the year 1757, that of Colley Cibber's death, says: "While the body of the poet Laureate was being carried to Westminster Abbey, there was up away in a hut in then desolate Clerkenwell, and starving, Colley's only daughter, Charlotte Charke. Seven-and-twenty years before, she had just come upon the stage, after a stormy girlhood; and she had a mania for appearing in male characters on, and in male attire off, the stage. By some terrible offence she forfeited the recognition of her father, who was otherwise of a benevolent disposition; and friendless, she fought a series of battles with the world, and came off in all more and more damaged. She starved with strollers, failed as a grocer in Long Acre, became bankrupt as a puppet-show proprietor in James Street, Haymarket; re-married, became a widow a second time, was plunged into deeper ruin, thrown into prison for debt, and released only by the subscriptions of the lowest, but not least charitable, sisterhood of Drury Lane. Assuming male attire, she hung about the

theatres for casual hire, went on tramp with itinerants, hungered daily, and was weekly cheated, but yet kept up such an appearance that an heiress fell in love with her, who was reduced to despair when Charlotte Charke revealed her story and abandoned the place. Her next post was that of a valet to an Irish lord ; forfeiting which she and her child became sausage-makers, but could not obtain a living ; and then Charlotte Charke cried, 'Coming, coming, sir,' as a waiter at the King's Head tavern, Marylebone. Thence she was drawn by an offer to make her manager of a company of strolling players, with whom she enjoyed more appetite than means to appease it. She endured sharp distress again and again ; but was relieved by an uncle, who furnished her with funds, with which she opened a tavern in Drury Lane, where, after a brief career of success, she again became bankrupt. To the regular stage she once more returned, under her brother, Theophilus, at the Haymarket ; but the Lord Chamberlain closed the house, and Charlotte Charke took to working the wires of Russell's famous puppets in the Great Room, still existing in Brewer Street. There was a gleam of good fortune for her, but it soon faded away ; and then for nine wretched years this clever but most wretched of women struggled frantically for bare existence, amongst the most wretched of strollers, with whom she endured unmitigated misery. And yet, Cibber's erring and hapless daughter contrived to reach London, where, in 1755, she published her remarkable autobiography, the details of which make the heartache, in spite of the small sympathy of the reader for this half-mad creature. On the profits of this book, she was enabled to open, as *landlord*, a tavern at Islington ; but, of course, ruin

ensued; and in a hut, amid the cinder-heaps and worse refuse, in the desolate fields, she found a refuge, and even wrote a novel on a pair of bellows in her lap, by way of desk. Here she lived with a squalid hand-maiden, a cat, dog, magpie, and monkey. Humbled, disconsolate, abandoned, she readily accepted from a publisher who visited her 10*l.* for her manuscript. This was at the close of the year 1755, and I do not meet with her again till 1759, two years after her father's death, when she played Marplot in *The Busy Body*, for her own benefit at the Haymarket, with this advertisement: 'As I am entirely dependent on chance for a subsistence, and desirous of getting into business, I humbly hope the town will favour me on the occasion, which, added to the rest of their indulgences, will be ever gratefully acknowledged by their truly obliged and obedient servant, Charlotte Charke.' She died on the 6th of April, 1760."

She "is said to have once given imitations of her father on the stage; to have presented a pistol at, and robbed him on the highway, and to have smeared his face with a pair of soles out of her own basket."

AN ECCENTRIC LOVE-PASSAGE.

Captain Gronow relates that Mr. Bradshaw, M.P. for Canterbury, "fell in love" with Maria Tree: hearing that the lady had taken a place in the Birmingham mail, he booked the rest for himself in the name of Tomkins, and resolved to make the most of the oppor-

tunity afforded him. Unfortunately, his luggage and Miss Tree went by one mail, while Mr. Bradshaw through a mistake travelled by another. On arriving at Birmingham early in the morning, he left the coach and stepped into the hotel, determined to remain there, and go to the theatre on the following evening. He went to bed and slept late the following day; and on waking he remembered that his trunk with all his money had gone on to Manchester, and that he was without the means of paying his way. Seeing the Bank of Birmingham opposite the hotel, he went over and explained his position to one of the partners, giving his own banker's address in London, and showing letters addressed to him as Mr. Bradshaw. Upon this he was told that with such credentials he might have a loan; and the banker said he would write the necessary letter and cheque, and send the money over to him at the hotel. Mr. Bradshaw, pleased with this kind attention, sat himself down comfortably to breakfast in the coffee-room. According to promise, the cashier made his appearance at the hotel, and asked the waiter for Mr. Bradshaw. "No such gentleman here," was the reply. —"Oh, yes, he came by the London mail."—"No, sir; no one came but Mr. Tomkins, who was booked as inside passenger to Manchester." The cashier was dissatisfied; but the waiter added, "Sir, you can look through the window of the coffee-room door, and see the gentleman yourself." On doing so he beheld the Mr. Tomkins, *alias* Mr. Bradshaw, and immediately returned to the Bank, telling what he himself had heard and seen. The banker went over to the hotel, had a consultation with the landlord, and it was determined that a watch should be placed upon the suspicious

person who had two names and no luggage, and who was booked to Manchester but had stopped at Birmingham. The landlord summoned boots—a little lame fellow of most ludicrous appearance—and pointing to the gentleman in the coffee-room, told him his duty for the day was to follow him wherever he went, and never to lose sight of him; but above all to take care that he did not get away. Boots nodded assent, and immediately mounted guard. Mr. Bradshaw having taken his breakfast and read the papers, looked at his watch and sallied forth to see something of the goodly town of Birmingham. He was much surprised at observing a little odd-looking man surveying him most attentively, and watching his every movement; stopping whenever he stopped, and evidently taking a deep interest in all he did. At last, observing that he was the object of this incessant *espionnage*, and finding that he had a shilling left in his pocket, he hailed one of the coaches that ran short distances in those days when omnibuses were not. This, however, did not suit little boots, who went up to him and insisted that he must not leave the town. Mr. Bradshaw's indignation was naturally excessive, and he immediately returned to the hotel, where he found a constable ready to take him before the mayor as an impostor and swindler. He was compelled to appear before his worship, and had the mortification of being told that unless he could give some explanation he must be content with a night's lodging in a house of detention. Mr. Bradshaw had no alternative but to send to the fair charmer of his heart to identify him; which she most readily did as soon as rehearsal was over. Explanations were then entered into; but he was forced to give the reason of his being

in Birmingham, which of course made a due impression on the lady's heart, and led to that happy result of their interviews—a marriage which resulted in the enjoyment of mutual happiness for many years.”

TRUE TO THE TEXT.

A curious instance of this occurred many years ago, at the termination of the tragedy of *Richard the Third*. Mr. Elliston was enacting the part of *Richmond*; and having, during the evening, disobeyed the injunction which the King of Denmark lays down to the Queen, “Gertrude, do not drink,” he accosted Mr. Powell, who was personating *Lord Stanley* (for the safety of whose son *Richmond* is naturally anxious), THUS, on his entry, after the issue of the battle:—

Elliston (as *Richmond*). Your son, George Stanley, is he dead?

Powell (as *Lord Stanley*). He is, my Lord, and *safe in Leicester town!*

Elliston (as *Richmond*). I mean—ah!—is he missing?

Powell (as *Lord Stanley*). He is, my Lord, and *safe in Leicester town!!*

And it is but justice to the memory of this punctilious veteran, to say that he would have made the same reply to any question which could, at that particular moment, have been put to him.

Men of Letters.

MONK LEWIS.

“Hail! wonder-working Lewis.”

THIS early lover of rhymes and numbers, and “flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar,” was, in his boyhood, more remarkable for his love of theatrical exhibitions than for his love of learning. He read books on Witchcraft when a child, and published his marvellous story of the *Monk* when in his twenty-second year; it contains his best poetry as well as prose. In the midst of this celebrity, being one autumn on his way to a fashionable watering-place, he stayed a night in a country-town and witnessed a performance by a company of strolling players. Among them was a young actress, whose benefit was on the *tapis*, and who, hearing of the arrival of a person so talked of as Monk Lewis, waited upon him at the inn to request the very trifling favour of an original piece from his pen. The lady pleaded in terms that urged the spirit of benevolence to advocate her cause in a heart never closed to such an appeal. Lewis had by him at that time an unpublished trifle, called *The Hindoo Bride*, in which a widow was immolated on the

funeral pile of her husband. The subject was one well suited to attract a country audience, and he determined thus to appropriate the drama. The delighted suppliant departed all joy and gratitude at being requested to call for the manuscript the next day. Lewis, however, soon discovered that he had been reckoning without his host, for, on searching his travelling-desk, which contained many of his papers, the *Bride* was nowhere to be found, having, in fact, been left behind in town. Exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance, which there was no time to remedy, the dramatist took a pondering stroll in the rural environs, when a sudden shower compelled him to take refuge in a huckster's shop, where he overheard, in the adjoining apartment, two voices in earnest conversation, and in one of them recognized that of his theatrical petitioner of the morning, apparently replying to the feeble tones of age and infirmity. "There now, mother, always that old story—when I've brought such good news, too—after I've had the face to call on Mr. Monk Lewis, and found him so different to what I expected; so good-humoured, so affable, and willing to assist me. I did not say a word about you, mother; for though in some respects it might have done good, I thought it would seem like a begging affair, so I merely represented my late ill-success, and he promised to give me an original drama which he had with him for my benefit. I hope he did not think me too bold."—"I hope not, Jane," replied the feeble voice; "only don't do these things again without consulting me; for you don't know the world, and it may be thought——" The sun then just gave a broad hint that the shower had ceased, and the sympathizing author returned to his inn, and having penned the following letter, ordered post-horses

and despatched a porter to the young actress with this epistle :—

“Madam,—I am truly sorry to acquaint you that my Hindoo Bride has behaved most improperly—in fact, whether the lady has eloped or not, it seems she does not choose to make her appearance either for *your benefit* or mine; and to say the truth, I don’t at this moment know where to find her. I take the liberty to jest upon the subject, because I really do not think you will have any cause to regret her non-appearance; having had an opportunity of witnessing your very admirable performance of a far superior character, in a style true to nature, and which reflects upon you the highest credit. I allude to a most interesting scene in which you lately sustained the character of ‘The Daughter.’ Brides of all denominations but too often prove their empire delusive; but the character *you* have chosen will improve upon every representation, both in the estimation of the public and the satisfaction of your own excellent heart. For the infinite gratification I have received, I must long consider myself in your debt. Trusting you will permit the enclosed (fifty pounds) in some measure to discharge the same, I remain, Madame (with sentiments of respect and admiration), your sincere well-wisher,
M. G. LEWIS.”

Lewis, it should be explained, was well supplied with money, his father holding a lucrative post in the War Office, and being owner of extensive West Indian possessions. In 1798, Scott (afterwards Sir Walter) met young Lewis in Edinburgh, and so humble were then his own aspirations, and so brilliant the reputation of *The Monk*, that he declared, thirty years afterwards, he never felt so elated as when Lewis asked him to dine

with him at his hotel. Lewis schooled the great poet on his incorrect rhyme, and proved himself, as Scott says, "a martinet in the accuracy of rhymes and numbers." Sir Walter has recorded that Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or a man of fashion. "He had always," he says, "dukes or duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one who had a title; you would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday; yet he had lived all his life in good society." And Scott regarded Lewis with no small affection.

Of this weakness, Lord Byron relates an amusing instance: "Lewis, at Oatlands, was observed one morning to have his eyes red and his air sentimental; being asked why, he replied, that when people said anything kind to him, it affected him deeply, 'and just now, the Duchess (of York) has said something so kind to me, that—' here tears began to flow—'Never mind, Lewis,' said Colonel Armstrong to him, 'never mind—don't cry—*she could not mean it!*'"

Lewis was of extremely diminutive stature. "I remember a picture of him," says Scott, "by Saunders, being handed round at Dalkeith House. The artist had ingeniously flung a dark folding mantle around his form, under which was half hid a dagger, a dark-lantern, or some such cut-throat appurtenance. With all this the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed from hand to hand into that of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who, hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like, said aloud, 'Like Mat. Lewis! why, that picture's like a man!' He looked, and lo! Mat. Lewis was at his elbow. This boyishness went through life with him. He was a child, and a spoiled child—but a child of high

imagination, and he wasted himself on ghost-stories and German romances. He had the finest ear for the rhythm of verse I ever met with—finer than Byron's."

The death of Lewis's father made the poet a man of independent fortune. He succeeded to considerable plantations in the West Indies, besides a large sum of money; and in order to ascertain personally the condition of the slaves on his estate, he sailed for the West Indies in 1815. Of this voyage he wrote a narrative, which was published many years after, under the title of the *Journal of a West India Proprietor*. The manner in which the negroes received him on his arrival amongst them, he thus describes:—"As soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at defiance; the works were instantly all abandoned, everything that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters, and not only the men, and the women, and the children, but 'by a bland assimilation,' the hogs, and the dogs, and the geese, and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the negroes was sincere may be doubted, but certainly it was the loudest that I ever witnessed. They all talked together, sang, danced, shouted, and in the violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over each other and rolled about on the ground. Twenty voices at once inquired after uncles and aunts, and grandfathers, and great-grandmothers of mine, who had been buried long before I was in existence, and whom, I verily believe, most of them knew only by tradition. One woman held up her little naked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear: 'Look, massa! look here! him

nice lily neger for massa !’ Another complained—‘ So long since come see we, massa ; good massa come at last.’ As for the old people, they were all in one and the same story ; now they had lived once to see massa, they were ready for dying to-morrow—‘ them no care.’

“The shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, their strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing, and several old women wrapped up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different-coloured handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless in the middle of the hubbub, with their eyes fixed upon the portico which I occupied, formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of the witches in Macbeth. Nothing could be more odd or more novel than the whole scene ; yet there was something in it truly affecting.”

In his Journal, Lewis tells us the following odd shark story :—“ While lying in Black River Harbour, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship. At length, the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive. What he did without her remains a secret, but what he did with her was clear enough ; for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice’s body, when he stuck his teeth in her, and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of posthumous attachment ; and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets ; while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed, as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight, and all the avidity imaginable. I make no doubt that

all the time he was eating, he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel that went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly! 'She was perfectly consistent,' he said to himself; 'she was excellent through life, and really she's extremely good now she's dead!' And then,

' "Unable to conceal his pain,
He sigh'd and swallow'd, and sigh'd and swallow'd,
And sigh'd and swallow'd again.'

I doubt whether the annals of Hymen can produce a similar instance of post-obitua! affection. Nor do I recollect any fact at all resembling it, except, perhaps, a circumstance which is recorded respecting Cambletes, king of Lydia, a monarch equally remarkable for his voracity and uxoriousness, and who ate up his queen without being conscious of it."

Lewis, in reading *Don Quixote*, was greatly pleased with this instance of the hero's politeness. The Princess Micomicona having fallen into a most egregious blunder, he never so much as hints a suspicion of her not having acted precisely as she had stated, but only begs to know her reason for taking a step so extraordinary "But pray, madam," says he, "why did your ladyship land at Ossima, seeing that it is not a seaport town?"

One of Lewis's great hits was the ballad of *Crazy Jane*, which was found in the handwriting of the author among his papers. The ballad was wedded to music by several composers; but the original and most popular melody was by Miss Abrams, who sung it herself at fashionable parties. After the usual complimentary tributes from barrel-organs, and wandering damsels of every degree of vocal ability, it crowned not only the

author's brow with laurels, but also that of many a youthful beauty in the shape of a *Crazy Jane hat*.

The Castle Spectre was Lewis's greatest dramatic success. Its terrors were not confined to Drury Lane Theatre, but, as the following anecdote shows, on one occasion they even extended considerably beyond it. Mrs. Powell, who played Evelina, having become, from the number of representations, heartily tired and wearied with the character, one evening, on returning from the theatre, walked listlessly into a drawing-room, and throwing himself into a seat, exclaimed, "Oh! this ghost! this ghost! Heavens! how this ghost torments me!"

"Ma'am!" uttered a tremulous voice from the other side of the table.

Mrs. Powell looked up hastily. "Sir!" she reiterated in nearly the same tone, as she encountered the pale countenance of a very sober-looking gentleman opposite.

"What? What was it you said, madam?"

"Really, sir," replied the astonished actress, "I have not the pleasure of—Why, good heavens, what have they been about in the room?"

"Madam," continued the gentleman, "the room is mine, and I will thank you to explain—"

"Yours!" screamed Mrs. Powell; "surely, sir, this is Number 1?"

"No, indeed, madam," he replied; "this is Number 2; and really, your language is so very extraordinary, that—"

Mrs. Powell, amidst her confusion, could scarcely refrain from laughter. "Ten thousand pardons!" she said, "the coachman must have mistaken the house. I am Mrs. Powell, of Drury Lane, and have just come

from performing the *Castle Spectre*. Fatigue and absence of mind have made me an unconscious intruder. I lodge next door, and I hope you will excuse the unintentional alarm I have occasioned you."

It is almost needless to add, that the gentleman was much relieved by this rational explanation, and participated in the mirth of his nocturnal visitor, as he politely escorted her to the street door. "Good night," said the still laughing actress; "and I hope, sir, in future, I shall pay more attention to *Number One!*"

PORSON'S ECCENTRICITIES.

The humour of Professor Porson lay in parodies, imitations, and hoaxes, ready wit and repartee; in his oddities of dress and demeanour; and his disregard for certain decencies of society is very deplorable, though at the same time mirthful in its very extravagances. Porson left Cambridge to become the scholar about town; to quench his thirst for Florentine MSS. in the tankards of the "Cider Cellar;" and to exchange the respectability and stateliness of the Trinity common room for the savage liberty of Temple chambers. He had for some time become notorious at Cambridge. His passion for smoking, which was then going out among the younger generation, his large and indiscriminate potations, and his occasional use of the poker with a very refractory controversialist, had caused his company to

be shunned by all except the few to whom his wit and scholarship were irresistible. When the evening began to grow late, the Fellows of Trinity used to walk out of the common room, and leave Porson to himself, who was sometimes found smoking by the servants next morning, without having apparently moved from the spot where he had been left over-night.

Porson's imitations of Horace, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, have really no merit at all, nor have any of the hundred and one epigrams which he is said to have written in one night upon the drunkenness of Mr. Pitt. But two other papers, one called *The Swinish Multitude*, and the other *The Saltbox*, display certainly both wit and humour. One is a satire upon the famous expression of Burke, in his *Letters on a Regicide Peace*; the other, a parody of the Oxford style of examination in Logic and Metaphysics.

Of the hundred and one epigrams, the story goes—that when Pitt and Dundas appeared before the House, Pitt tried to speak, but showing himself unable, was kindly pulled down into his seat by those about him; Dundas who was equally unfitted for eloquence, had sense enough to sit silent. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, witnessed the scene, and on his return from the House, gave a description of it to Porson, who, being vastly amused, called for pen and ink, and musing over his pipe and tankard, produced the one hundred and one pieces of verse before the day dawned. The point of most of them lies in puns. The first epigram is,

“That *Ça Ira* in England will prevail,
 All sober men deny with heart and hand;
 To talk of *going sure's* a pretty tale,
 When c'en our rulers can't as much as stand.”

The following are better :—

“ Your gentle brains with full libations drench,
 You’ve then Pitt’s title to the Treasury Bench.
 Your foe in war to overrate
 A maxim is of ancient date ;
 Then sure ’twas right, in time of trouble,
 That our good rulers should see double.
 The mob are beasts ! exclaims the King of Daggers ;
 What creature’s he that’s troubled with the staggers ? ”

“ When Billy found he scarce could stand,
 ‘ Help ! help ! ’ he cried, and stretched his hand
 To faithful Harry calling.
 Quoth Hal, ‘ My friend, I’m sorry for’t ;
 ’Tis not my practice to support
 A minister that’s falling. ’ ”

“ ‘ Whose up ? ’ inquired Burke of a friend at the door ;
 ‘ Oh ! no one, ’ says Paddy, ‘ though Pitt’s on the floor. ’ ”

Porson was not imposed upon for a moment by the Ireland forgeries of Shakspeare, and when asked to set his name to a declaration of belief in their genuineness, replied, with a smile, that he was “ slow to subscribe articles of faith.” Scholars, however, owe a debt of gratitude to Ireland, of which, perhaps, they are seldom conscious ; for it was the alleged discovery of Shakspearian plays that drew from Porson one of the cleverest specimens of his peculiar powers that remain to us. We mean the translation of “ Three Children sliding on the Ice,” which he sent to the *Morning Chronicle*, as a fragment of Sophocles, recently discovered by a friend of his at the bottom of an old trunk.

Porson had high animal spirits ; and he is said once, for a wager, to have carried a young lady round the room in his teeth. His conversation, however, after

a certain period of the evening, was not always fit for ladies. Rogers once took him to a party, where several women of fashion were present, who were anxious to hear him talk. The Professor, who hated being made a lion, selected for his theme the soup of Vauxhall, and at last, we are told, talked so oddly, that all the women retreated except the famous Lady Crewe, who was not to be frightened by any man. "After this," says Rogers, "I brought him home as far as Piccadilly, where I am sorry to say I left him sick in the middle of the street."

At those houses where Porson was on intimate terms, it was understood that he was always to go away at eleven. Porson accepted the arrangement in perfect good faith, and invariably required that it should be carried out to the letter; for, "though he never attempted to exceed the hour limited, he would never stir before," and he warmly resented any attempt to make him. At one house only was his time extended to twelve; this was Bennet Langton's. There were, of course, houses in which the Professor, so to speak, took the bit between his teeth, and did exactly as he pleased. Horne Tooke's was one of these, as the following story illustrates. Tooke once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond Buildings; and, as he knew that the Professor *had not been in bed for the three preceding nights*, he expected to get rid of him at an early hour. He, however, kept Tooke up the whole night; and, in the morning, the latter, in perfect despair, said, "Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee-house in Leicester Square." "Oh," replied Porson, "I will go with you;" and he accordingly did so. Soon after they had reached the coffee-house,

Tooke contrived to slip out, and running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. "A man," observed Tooke, "who could sit up four nights successively, could sit up forty."

As soon as Porson had been "turned out of doors like a dog," which was his favourite expression when he received the slightest hint to move, even if it was one o'clock in the morning, he used generally to adjourn to the Cider Cellar, where he was completely king of his company. "Dick," said one of these companions, "can beat us all; he can drink all night, and spout all day." From the Cider Cellar he got home as he could to Essex Court, where he had chambers over the late Mr. Baron Gurney, whose slumbers were a good deal disturbed by the habits of his learned neighbour. On one occasion he was awakened by a tremendous thump upon the floor overhead. Porson, it turned out, had come home drunk, and had tumbled down in his room, and put out his candle; for Gurney soon after heard him fumbling at the staircase lamp, and cursing the nature of things, which made him see two flames instead of one.

The most remarkable feature in Porson's love of liquor was, that he could drink anything. Port wine, indeed, was his favourite beverage. But, in default of this, he would take whatever he could lay his hands on. He was known to swallow a bottle of spirits of wine, an embrocation, and when nothing better was forthcoming, he would even drench himself with water. He would sometimes take part in a contest of drinking; and once, having threatened after dinner to "kick and cuff" his host, Horne Tooke, the latter proposed to settle the

affair by drinking, the weapons to be quarts of brandy. When the second bottle was half finished, Porson fell under the table. The conqueror drank another glass to the speedy recovery of his antagonist, and having given instructions to his servants to take great care of the Professor, walked upstairs to tea, as if nothing had occurred. Tooke, however, feared Porson in conversation, because he would often remain silent for a long time, and then "pounce upon him with his terrible memory." In 1798, Parr writes to Dr. Burney, who had recommended that Porson's opinion should be taken on some classical question, "Porson shall do it, and he will do it. I know his terms when he bargains with me: two bottles instead of one, six pipes instead of two, Burgundy instead of claret, liberty to sit till five in the morning instead of sneaking into bed at one; these are his terms."

Porson was very odd in his eating. At breakfast, he frequently ate bread and cheese; and he then took his porter as copiously as Johnson took his tea. At Eton, he once kept Mrs. Goodall at the breakfast-table during the whole of Sunday morning; and when Dr. Goodall returned from church, he found the sixth pot of porter being just carried into his house. In his eating, Porson was very easily satisfied. "He went once," says Mr. Watson, "to the Bodleian to collate a manuscript, and, as the work would occupy him several days, Routh, the president of Magdalen, who was leaving home for the long vacation, said to him at his departure, "Make my house your home, Mr. Porson, during my absence, for my servants have orders to be quite at your command, and to procure you whatever you please." When he returned, he asked for the account of what the Professor

had had during his stay. The servant brought the bill, and the Doctor, glancing at it, observed a fowl entered in it every day. "What," said he, "did you provide for Mr. Porson no better than this, but oblige him to dine every day on fowl?" "No, sir," replied the servant; "but we asked the gentleman the first day what he would have for dinner, and as he did not seem to know very well what to order, we suggested a fowl. When we went to him about dinner any day afterwards, he always said, 'The same as yesterday;' and this was the only answer we could get from him."

Sometimes, in a fit of abstraction, he would go without a dinner. One day, when Rogers asked him to stay and dine, he replied, "Thank you, no; I dined yesterday."

Porson used to relate, with much glee, his school anecdotes, the tricks he used to play upon his master and schoolfellows, and the little dramatic pieces which he wrote for private representation. In describing his narrow means, he used to say, "I was almost then destitute in the wide world, with less than 40*l.* a-year for my support, and without a profession; for I could never bring myself to subscribe Articles of Faith. I used often to lie awake for a whole night, and wish for a large pearl." He seemed to delight in company of low grade. At Cambridge, after sitting five hours, and drinking two bottles of sherry, he began to clip the king's English, to cry like a child at the close of his periods; and, in other respects, to show marks of extreme debility. At length, he rose from his chair, staggered to the door, and made his way downstairs without taking the slightest notice of his companion. Subsequently he went out upon a search for the Greek

Professor, whom he discovered near the outskirts of Cambridge, leaning upon the arm of a dirty bargeman, and amusing him by the most humorous and laughable anecdotes.

However, Porson could place a strong restraint upon himself when necessary. When he went to stay with his sisters, in the year 1804, it is said that he only took two glasses of wine a-day for eleven weeks.

Porson was a man of ready wit and repartee. When asked by a Scotch stranger at the Gray's Inn Coffee-house if Bentley were not a Scotchman, he replied, "No, sir, Bentley was a Greek scholar." He said Bishop Pearson would have been a first-rate critic if he hadn't muddled his brains with divinity. Dr. Parr once asked him, in his pompous manner, before a large company, what he thought about the introduction of moral and physical evil into the world. "Why, Doctor," said Porson, "I think we should have done very well without them."

On his academic visits to the Continent, Porson wrote:—

"I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that most learn'd Professor Brunck :
I went to Worts, and got more drunken,
With that more learn'd Professor Runcken."

Porson said one night, when he was very drunk, to Dodd, who was pressing him hard in argument, "Jemmy Dodd, I always despised you when sober, and I'll be d——d if I'll argue with you now that I am drunk."

Porson, in a social party, offered to make a rhyme on

anything, when some one suggested one of the Latin gerunds, and he immediately replied:—

“When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was *Di-do-dum*.”

A gentleman said to the great “Grecian,” with whom he had been disputing—“Dr. Porson, my opinion of you is most contemptible.” “Sir,” returned the Doctor, “I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible.”

Gillies, the historian of Greece, and Porson, used now and then to meet. The consequence was certain to be a literary contest. Porson was much the deeper scholar of the two. Gillies was one day speaking to him of the Greek tragedies, and of Pindar’s odes. “*We know nothing*,” said Gillies, emphatically, “of the Greek metres.” Porson answered, “If, Doctor, you will put your observation in the *singular* number, I believe it will be very accurate.”

Porson being once at a dinner-party where the conversation turned upon Captain Cook and his celebrated voyages round the world, an ignorant person, in order to contribute his mite towards the social intercourse, asked him, “Pray, was Cook killed on his first voyage?” “I believe he was,” answered Porson, “though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second.”

Porson said of a prospect shown to him, that it put him in mind of a fellowship—a long, dreary walk, with a church at the end of it. He used to say of Wakefield and Hermann, two critics, who had attacked him, but whose scholarship he held in great contempt, that “whatever he wrote in future should be written in such

a manner that they should not reach it with their paws, though they stood on their hind-legs to get at it."

It has been well said that all opportunities of earning honourably pudding and praise availed Porson nothing. "Two Mordecais sat at his gate—thirst and procrastination."

Irony was Porson's chief weapon, though he could be sarcastic enough when he chose; as when he said of Tomline, Bishop of Lincoln, to whom a rich man, who had only seen him once, had left a large legacy, "If he had seen him twice, he would have got nothing."

Nor was he more eulogistic of Bishop Porteus, whom he used to call Bishop *Proteus*, from his having changed his opinions from liberal to illiberal.

Porson made several visits to the British Museum to read and consider the Rosetta stone, whence he got from the officials the *sobriquet* of Judge Blackstone.

It is sufficiently notorious that Porson was not remarkably attentive to the decoration of his person; indeed, he was at times disagreeably negligent. On one occasion he went to visit a learned friend, afterwards a judge, where a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was waiting in anxious and impatient expectation of the barber. On Porson's entering the library, where the gentleman was sitting, he started up and hastily said to him, "Are you the barber?" "No, sir," replied Porson; "but I am a cunning shaver, much at your service."

Porson, when a young man, was eminently handsome, and nearly six feet in height; but he cultivated these natural gifts very little, and was seldom dressed to advantage. William Bankes once invited Porson to dine with him at an hotel at the west-end of the town;

but the dinner passed away without the guest making his appearance. Afterwards, on Bankes's asking him why he had not kept his engagement, Porson replied (without entering into further particulars), that he "had come;" and Bankes could only conjecture that the waiters, seeing Porson's shabby dress, and not knowing who he was, had offered him some insult, which made him indignantly return home.

Late in life, Porson seems to have become a sad spectacle. "I saw him once at the London Institution," says a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, "with a large patch of coarse brown paper on his nose, the skirts of his rusty black coat hung with cobwebs, and talking in a tone of suavity approaching to condescension to one of the managers." His face was described by an old acquaintance, who met him in 1807, as "fiery and volcanic; his nose, on which he had a perpetual efflorescence, was covered with black patches; his clothes were shabby, his linen dirty."

Porson had a great contempt for physic and physicians, yet, curiously enough, many of his most intimate friends were physicians. In a letter written in 1802 to Dr. Davy, he says: "I have been at Death's door, but by a due neglect of the faculty, and plentiful use of my old remedy (powder of post), I am pretty well recovered."

In the good old days of coach-travelling, an inside was occupied by Porson, a young Oxonian, and two ladies. The Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things, with a quotation from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused the slumbering Professor; and thereupon, waking from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle;—shaking his

ears, and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there." "Oh, sir," replied the Oxonian, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college." The Professor applying his hand to his great-coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question, in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then perhaps, sir," said the Professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me, in that little book." The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success, muttering however to himself, "Curse me, if ever I quote Greek again in a coach." The tittering of the ladies informed him that he was got into a hobble. At last, "Bless me, sir," said he, "how dull I am: I recollect now—yes, yes, I perfectly remember that the passage is in *Æschylus*." When our astonished freshman vociferated, "Stop the coach—halloah, coachman, let me out, I say, instantly—let me out! there's a fellow here has got the Bodleian library in his pocket; let me out, I say—let me out; he must be Porson, or the devil!"

He sometimes put the Greek folio of Galen, the physician, under his pillow at night; not, as he used to observe, because he expected medicinal virtue from it, but because his asthma required that his head should be kept high.

PARRIANA : ODDITIES OF DR. PARR.

In his boyhood, Parr is described by his sister as studious, after his kind, delighting in Mother Goose and the Seven Champions, and not partaking much in the sports usual at such an age. He had had a very early inclination for the Church, and the elements of that taste for ecclesiastical pomp which distinguished him in after-life, appeared when he was not more than nine or ten years old. He would put on one of his father's shirts for a surplice; he would then read the Church Service to his sister and cousins, after they had been duly summoned by a bell tied to the banisters; preach them a sermon, which his congregation was apt to think, in those days, somewhat of the longest; and, even in spite of his father's remonstrances, would bury a bird or a kitten (Parr had always a great fondness for animals) with the rites of Christian burial.

Samuel was his mother's darling; she indulged all his whims, consulted his appetite, provided hot suppers for him almost from his cradle. He was her only son, and was at this time very fair and well-favoured. Providence, however, seeing that at all events vanity was to be a large ingredient in Parr's composition, sent him, in its mercy, a fit of small-pox; and with the same intent, perhaps, deprived him of a parent who was killing her son's character by kindness. Parr never was a boy, says one of his friends and schoolfellows. When he was about nine years old, he was seen sitting on the churchyard-gate at Harrow, whilst his schoolfellows

were all at play. "Sam, why don't you play with the others?" cried one. "Do not you know, sir," said Parr, with vast solemnity, "that I am to be a parson?" And Parr himself used to tell of Sir William Jones, another of his schoolfellows, that, as they were one day walking together near Harrow, Jones suddenly stopped short, and looking hard at him, cried out, "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face." Between Dr. Bennet, Parr, and Jones, the closest intimacy was formed: the three challenged one another to trials of skill in the imitation of popular authors—they wrote and acted a play together—they got up mock councils, and harangues, and combats, after the manner of the classical heroes of antiquity, and under their names—till, at the age of fourteen, Parr being now at the head of the school, was removed from it, and placed in the shop of his father, who was a surgeon and apothecary. The Doctor must have found, in the course of his practice, that there are some pills which will not go down—and this was one. Parr began to criticize the Latin of his father's prescriptions, instead of "making the mixture." Accordingly, having tried in vain to reconcile himself to the "uttering of mortal drugs" for three years, he was sent to Cambridge, and admitted of Emmanuel College, where Dr. Farmer was tutor. Of this proficient in black-letter we are told by Archdeacon Butler, that Farmer was a man of such singular indolence as to neglect sending in the young men's accounts, and is supposed to have burnt large sums of money by putting into the fire unopened letters, which contained remittances.

In 1791, when in his twenty-fifth year, Parr became a

candidate for the head-mastership of Harrow, though he was beaten by Dr. B. Heath. A rebellion ensued among the boys, many of whom took Parr's part; and he threw up his situation of assistant, and withdrew to Stanmore. Here he was followed by forty of the young rebels, and with this stock-in-trade he proceeded to set up a school on his own account. This is thought to have been the crisis of Parr's life. The die had turned against him, and the disappointment, with its immediate consequences, gave a complexion to his future fortunes, character, and comfort. He had already mounted a full-bottomed wig when he stood for Harrow, anxious as it should seem to give his face a still further chance of keeping its start. He now began to ride on a black saddle, and bore in his hand a long wand with an ivory head, like a crosier, in high prelatical pomp. His neighbours, who wondered what it could all mean, had scarcely time to identify him with his pontificals before they saw him stalking along the street in a dirty striped dressing-gown. A wife was all that was now wanted to complete the establishment at Stanmore, and accordingly, Miss Jane Marsingale, a lady of an ancient Yorkshire family, was provided for him; Parr, like Hooker, appearing to have courted by proxy, and with about the same success. Thus Stanmore was set agoing as the rival of Harrow. These were fearful odds, and it came to pass that, in spite of "Attic Symposia," and groves of Academus, and the enacting of a Greek play, and the perpetual recitation of the fragment in praise of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the establishment at Stanmore declined; and at the end of five years, Parr was not sorry to accept the mentorship of an endowed school at Colchester.

Parr was evidently fond of living in troubled waters : accordingly, on his removal to Colchester, he got into a quarrel with the trustees of the school on the subject of a lease ; and he printed a pamphlet about it, which was so violent that he never published it, probably influenced by his prospect of succeeding to Norwich School. This occasioned Dr. Foster to remark, "That Norwich might be touched by a fellow-feeling for Colchester ; and the crape-makers of the one place sympathize with the bag-makers of the other." The pamphlet was withheld, and Parr was elected to the school at Norwich. The preferment which he gained was the living of Asterby, which he exchanged for the perpetual curacy of Hatton, in Warwickshire. Neither was of much value. Lord Dartmouth, whose sons had been under Parr's care, endeavoured to procure something for him from Lord Thurlow, but the Chancellor is reported to have said "No," with an oath. The great and good Bishop Lowth, however, at the request of the same nobleman, gave Parr a prebend in St. Paul's, which, though a trifle at the time, eventually became, at the expiration of leases, a source of affluence to Parr in his old age. How far he was from such a condition at this period of his life, is seen by an incident related by Mr. Field. The Doctor was one day in that gentleman's library, when his eye was caught by the title of Stephens's Greek Thesaurus. Suddenly turning about, he said to Field, vehemently, "Ah! my friend, my friend, may you never be forced, as I was at Norwich, to sell that work, to me so precious, from absolute and urgent necessity."

Dr. Parr and Dr. Johnson once had a sort of stand-up fight at argument. After the interview was over,

Johnson said, "I do not know when I have had an occasion of such free controversy. It is remarkable how much of a man's life may pass without meeting with any instance of this kind of open discussion." Here is Dr. Parr's account of the meeting: "I remember the interview well. I gave him no quarter. The subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr. Johnson was very great; whilst he was arguing I observed that he stamped. Upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, 'Why did you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied, 'Sir, because *you* stamped; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage of a *stamp* in the argument.'" It is impossible to do justice to this description of the scene. The vehemence, the characteristic pomposity with which it was accompanied, may easily be imagined by those who knew him, but cannot be adequately represented to those who did not.

In the party was Dr. —, an Arian minister, and Mr. —, a Socinian minister. One of the party seeing Parr was on friendly terms with the above gentlemen, said, "I suppose, sir, although they are heretics, you think it is possible they may be saved?" "Yes, sir," said he, adding with affected vehemence, "but they must be *scorched* first." Parr talked of economy; he thought that a man's happiness was secure, in proportion to the small number of his wants, and said that all his lifetime it had been his object to prevent the multiplication of them in himself. Some one said to him, "Then, sir, your secret of happiness is to *cut down* your wants." Parr. "No, sir, *my* secret is, *not to let them grow.*"

The Doctor used, on a Sunday evening, after church, to sit on the green at Hatton, with his pipe and his jug, and witness the exertions of his parishioners in the truly

English game of cricket, making only one proviso, that none should join the party who had not previously been to church. It is needless to say his presence was an effectual check on all disorderly conduct. The skittle-grounds were deserted, and a better conducted parish was rarely seen than the worthy Doctor's.

Dr. Parr was one of the enthusiastic admirers of Shakspeare, who fell upon their knees before Ireland's MSS., and by their idolatry inspired hundreds of others. Still, Parr attempts to explain this in a note to the catalogue of his library at Hatton, as follows:—"Ireland's (Samuel) Great and Impudent Forgery, called 'Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments, under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare,' folio, 1796. I am almost ashamed to insert this worthless and infamously trickish book. It is said to include the tragedy of *King Lear*, and a fragment of *Hamlet*. Ireland told a lie when he imputed to me the words which *Joseph Warton* used, the very morning I called on Ireland, and was inclined to admit the possibility of genuineness in his papers. In my subsequent conversation I told him my change of opinion. But I thought it not worth while to dispute in print with a detected impostor.—S. P."

Parr, it will be recollected, was an everlasting smoker—he smoked morning, noon, and night. Once at a Visitation dinner in Colchester, he had the impudence to call for his pipe; but Dr. Hamilton, the archdeacon, told him there were other rooms in the house where he might enjoy himself without annoying others. Of a piece with this was his behaviour at a literary club in Colchester. Knowing the temper of the man, a pipe and bottle (contrary to the law of the club) were placed on the table, and he did ample justice to both; for he

smoked and drank the whole night, and talked so incessantly that Dr. Foster, the president, sat silent, like one who had lost the use of his tongue.

In July, 1818, Dr. Parr dined at Emmanuel (Cambridge), and met Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. Dudley North seemed to be very popular in his college, for they drank his health after dinner. Parr spoke of him in very high terms. The principal objections to the society of "the learned pig" were that he had a more than Mahometan fondness for tobacco, and the smoking of a pipe was with him, as with the followers of the Prophet, a certain passport to friendship. The chief objects of his detestation seemed to be a Christchurch man, a Johnian, a Welshman, and the Regent, all of whom suffered in turn under the lash of his invective. Harrow and Trinity were the idols of his adoration. Butler appeared to be much more of a civilized being than the Grecian Goliah. Parr took his breakfast in the room of Charles Brinsley Sheridan. The breakfast was given on Sunday. Parr never showed the slightest disposition to attend the morning service, but when breakfast was over said, "Charles, Charles, where are the pipes?" and they had to be sent for from a neighbouring public-house. And the room was uninhabitable for three hours after Parr's *déjeuner* fumigations.

Dr. Parr almost always spent his evenings in the company of his family and his visitors, or in that of some neighbouring friends. At such times his dress was in complete contrast with the costume of the morning; for he appeared in a well-powdered wig, and always wore his band and cassock. On extraordinary occasions he was arrayed in a full-dress suit of black velvet, of the

cut of the old times, when his appearance was imposing and dignified.

Speaking of the honour once conferred upon him, of being invited to dinner at Carlton House, Parr mentions, with evident satisfaction, the kind condescension of the Prince of Wales, who was pleased to insist upon his taking his pipe as usual after dinner. Of the Duke of Sussex, at whose table Parr was not unfrequently a guest, he used to tell that his Royal Highness not only allowed him to smoke, but smoked with him. He often represented it as an instance of the homage which rank and beauty delight to pay to talents and learning, that ladies of the highest station condescended to the office of lighting his pipe. He appeared to no advantage, however, in his custom of demanding the service of holding the lighted paper to his pipe from the youngest female who happened to be present ; and who was often, by the freedom of his remarks, or by the gaze of the company, painfully disconcerted. This troublesome ceremony, in his later years, he wisely discarded.

The reader will probably recollect, in the well-known story, his reply to the lady who refused to allow Parr the indulgence of his pipe. In vain he pleaded that such indulgence had always been kindly granted in the mansions of the nobility, and even in the presence and in the palace of his sovereign. "Madam," said Parr to the lady, who still remained inexorable, "you must give me leave to tell you, you are the greatest—" whilst she, fearful of what might follow, earnestly interposed, and begged that he would express no rudeness. "Madam," resumed Dr. Parr, speaking loud, and looking stern, "you are the greatest tobacco-stopper in

England." This sally produced a loud laugh; but Parr found himself obliged to retire, in order to enjoy the pleasures of his pipe.

Dr. Parr was accustomed to amuse himself in the evening with cards, and whist was his favourite game. He would only play for a nominal stake; but, upon one occasion, he was persuaded to play with Bishop Watson for a shilling, which he won. Pushing it carefully to the bottom of his pocket, and placing his hand upon it, with a kind of mock solemnity, "There, my Lord Bishop," said Parr, "this is a trick of the devil; but I'll match him. So now, if you please, we will play for a penny;" and this was ever after the amount of his stake. He was not, on that account, at all the less ardent in the prosecution, or the less joyous in the success, of the rubber. He had a high opinion of his own skill in the game, and could not very patiently tolerate the want of it in his partner. Being engaged with a party, in which he was unequally matched, he was asked by a lady how the fortune of the game turned; when he replied, "Pretty well, madam, considering that I have three adversaries."

Even ladies were not spared who incurred Parr's displeasure by their pertinacity. To one who had held out in argument against him, not very powerfully, and rather too perseveringly, and who had closed the debate by saying, "Well, Dr. Parr, I still maintain my opinion;" he replied, "Madam, you may, if you please, *retain* your opinion, but you cannot *maintain* it."

The close of Parr's life grew brighter: the increased value of his stall at St. Paul's set him abundantly at his ease; he could even indulge his love of pomp, and he encumbered himself with a coach and four.

Parr's hand was ever open as day. Poverty had vexed, but had never contracted his spirit; money he despised, except as it gave him power—power to ride in his state-coach, to throw wide his doors to hospitality, to load his table with plate and his shelves with learning; power to adorn his church with chandeliers and painted windows; to make glad the cottages of his poor; to grant a loan to a tottering farmer; to rescue from want a forlorn patriot or a thriftless scholar. Whether misfortune, or mismanagement, or folly, or vice, had brought its victim low, his want was a passport to Parr's pity, and the dew of his bounty fell alike upon the bad and the good, upon the just and the unjust. It is told of Boerhaave that, whenever he saw a criminal led out to execution, he would say, "May not this man be better than I? If otherwise, the praise is due, not to me, but the grace of God." Parr used to quote this saying with applause. Such, we doubt not, would have been his own feelings on such an occasion.

The Doctor was fond of good living, but was not a *gourmet*. "There are," he says, "certainly one or two luxuries to which I am addicted: the first is a shoulder of mutton, not under-roasted, and richly incrustured with flour and salt; the second is a plain suet-pudding; the third is a plain family plum-pudding; and the fourth, a kind of high-festival dish, consists of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce."

Parr preached the Spital sermon, at Christ Church, on the invitation of the Lord Mayor, Harvey Combe, and as they were coming out of the church together, "Well," said Parr, "how did you like the sermon?" "Why, Doctor," replied his lordship, "there were four

things in it that I did not like to hear.”—“State them.” “Why, to speak frankly, then, they were the quarters of the church-clock, which struck four times before you had finished.” But his Spital sermon, in 1799, occupied nearly three hours in its delivery.

ODDITIES OF JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

The life of this strange person may almost be said to have been commenced with a joke. He was the son of a *poulterer*, named John Horne, in Newport Street, Westminster; or, as he told his schoolfellows, his father was “a *turkey* merchant.” He was educated for the Church, according to his father’s wish, and took orders for the bar.

What Tooke thought of the former profession may be seen in a letter of his to Wilkes, whose acquaintance he made in Paris in 1765, and to whom he thus wrote:—“You are now entering into correspondence with a parson, and I am greatly apprehensive lest that title should disgust; but give me leave to assure you, I am not ordained a hypocrite. It is true I have suffered the infectious hand of a bishop to be waved over me, whose imposition, like the sop given to Judas, is only a signal for the devil to enter. I hope I have escaped the contagion; and, if I have not, if you should at any time discover the black spot under the tongue, pray kindly assist me to conquer the prejudices of education and profession.”

Tooke was, upon one occasion, memorably outwitted by Wilkes, who was then sheriff of London and Middlesex. Tooke had challenged Wilkes, who sent him the

following cutting reply:—"Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present High Sheriff of the City of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it that *you shall have no ground* to complain of my endeavours to serve you." We agree with Mr. Colton, in his *Lacon*, that the above retort is a masterpiece of its kind.

The violence of Tooke's political predilections, perhaps, was heightened by an accidental circumstance in his early life. His father, the poulterer, had for his neighbour, Frederick, Prince of Wales, at Leicester House, who most unceremoniously had cut through the wall of Horne's garden a doorway, as an outlet towards Newport Market, for the convenience of the Prince's domestics. But the poulterer and his son resisted the encroachment, and triumphed over the heir-apparent to the English crown, and had the obnoxious doorway removed, and the wall re-instated. This victory, it is reasonable to suppose, fanned the political aspirations of Horne Tooke.

For many years Tooke was the terror of judges, ministers of state, and all constituted authorities. When put on trial for his life (for treason), "so far from being moved by his dangerous position, he was never in more buoyant spirits. His wit and humour had often before been exhibited in Courts of Justice; but never had they been so brilliant as on this occasion. Erskine had been at his request assigned to him as counsel; but he himself undertook some of the most important duties of his advocate, cross-examining the witnesses for the Crown, objecting to evidence, and even arguing points of law. If his life had really been in

jeopardy, such a course would have been perilous and rash in the highest degree; but nobody in court, except, perhaps, the Attorney and Solicitor-General, thought there was the slightest chance of an adverse verdict. The prisoner led off the proceedings by a series of preliminary jokes, which were highly successful. When placed in the dock, he cast a glance up at the ventilators of the hall, shivered, and expressed a wish that their lordships would be so good as to get the business over quickly as he was afraid of catching cold. When arraigned, and asked by the officer of the court, in the usual form, how he would be tried? he answered, ‘I *would* be tried by God and my country—but——’ and looked sarcastically round the court. Presently he made an application to be allowed a seat by his counsel; and entered upon an amusing altercation with the judge, as to whether his request should be granted as an indulgence or as a right. The result was that he consented to take his place by the side of Erskine as a matter of favour. In the midst of the merriment occasioned by these sallies, the Solicitor-General opened the case for the Crown.”*

His change of name to John Horne Tooke is thus explained. At the time when he was rising into celebrity, the estate of Purley, near Godstone, in Surrey, belonged to Mr. William Tooke, one of the four friends who joined in supplying him with an income, while, after resigning the vicarage of New Brentford, he studied for the law. One of Tooke’s richer neighbours, having failed in wresting from him his manorial rights by a lawsuit, had applied to parliament and nearly succeeded in effecting his purpose by means of

* Massey’s *History of England*.

an inclosure bill, which would have greatly depreciated the Purley estate. Tooke despondingly confided his apprehensions to Horne, who resolved at once to avert the blow, which he did in a bold and very singular manner. The third reading of the bill was to take place the next day, and Horne immediately wrote a violent libel on the Speaker of the House of Commons in reference to it, and obtained its insertion in the *Public Advertiser*. As might be expected, the first parliamentary proceeding next day was the appearance of the adventurous libeller in the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. When called upon for his defence, he delivered a most remarkable speech, in which he pointed out the injustice of the bill in question with so much success, that not only was it reconsidered, and the clauses which affected his friend's property expunged, but resolutions were passed by the House to prevent the possibility in future of such bills being smuggled through parliament without due investigation. In gratitude for this important service, Mr. Tooke, who had no family, made Horne his heir; on his death in 1803, the latter became proprietor of Purley, and, as one of the conditions of inheritance, added the name of Tooke to his own, and from this time was known as John Horne Tooke. His celebrated *Diversions of Purley* was named in compliment to the residence of the author's friend.

Mr. Tooke's Sunday dinners at his villa on Wimbledon Common were very festive gatherings. So early as eleven in the morning, some of the guests might be descried crossing the green in a diagonal direction; while others took a more circuitous route along the great road, with a view of calling at the mansion formerly occupied by the Duke of Newcastle while Prime

Minister, but then the residence of Sir Francis Burdett. For many years a coach-and-four, with Mr. Bosville and two or three friends, punctually arrived within a few minutes of two o'clock. At four, the dinner was usually served in the parlour looking on the Common; and the servant having announced the dinner, the company passed through the hall, the chairs of which were crowded with great-coats, hats, &c., and took their seats without any ceremony, each usually placing himself in his proper situation. During dinner, the host's colloquial powers were called forth into action: indeed, although he possessed an excellent appetite, and partook freely of almost everything before him, yet he found ample time for his gibes and jokes, which seemed to act as so many corroborants, at once strengthening and improving the appetites of his guests.

Here, at times, were to be seen men of rank and mechanics, sitting in social converse; persons of ample fortune, and those completely ruined by the prosecutions of the Attorney-General. On one side was to be seen, perhaps, the learned Professor of an University, replete with Greek and Latin, and panting to display his learned lore, indignant at being obliged to chatter with his neighbour, a member of the Common Council, about City politics. Next to these would sit a man of letters and a banker, between whom it was difficult to settle the *agio* of conversation, the one being full of the present state of the money-market, the other bursting to display his knowledge of all books, except those of account alone!

Tooke took delight in praising his daughters, which he sometimes did by those equivocatory falsehoods which were one of his principal pleasures. Of the

eldest he said, "All the beer brewed in this house is that young lady's brewing." It would have been equally true to say, all the hogs killed in this house were of that young lady's killing; for they brewed no beer. When a member of the Constitutional Society, he would frequently utter sentences, the first part of which would have subjected him to death by the law, but for the salvo that followed; and the more violent they were, thus contrasted and equivocatory, the greater was his triumph.

When Tooke was justifying to the Commissioners his return of income under 60*l.* a-year, one of those gentlemen, dissatisfied with the explanation, hastily said, "Mr. Tooke, I do not understand you." "Very possibly," replied the sarcastic citizen; "but as you have not *half* the *understanding* of other men, you should have *double* the *patience*."

Horne Tooke told Mr. Rogers that in his early days a friend gave him a letter of introduction to D'Alembert, at Paris. Dressed *à-la-mode*, he presented the letter, and was very courteously received by D'Alembert, who talked to him about operas, comedies, suppers, &c. Tooke had expected conversation on very different topics, and was greatly disappointed. When he took leave, he was followed by a gentleman in a plain suit, who had been in the room during his interview with D'Alembert, and who had perceived his chagrin. "D'Alembert," said the gentleman, "supposed from your gay apparel that you were merely a *petit maître*." The gentleman was David Hume. On his next visit to D'Alembert, Tooke's dress was altogether different, and so was the conversation.

Tooke's literal kind of wit — set off, as tradition

recounts, by a courteous manner and by imperturbable coolness—is not ill shown in the following:—“‘Power,’ said Lord —— to Tooke, ‘should follow property.’ ‘Very well,’ he replied, ‘then we will take the property from you, and the power shall follow it.’” “‘Now, young man, as you are settled in town,’ said my uncle, ‘I would advise you to take a wife.’ ‘With all my heart, sir; whose wife shall I take?’” It is a trait of manners that the “Rev. Mr. Horne” must have been a young clergyman at the time of this conversation; he did not, as is well known, take the name of Tooke till a later period. We have a trace, too, of his philological acuteness in Mr. Rogers’s *Memorandum Book*:—“An illiterate people is most tenacious of their language. In traffic the seller learns that of the buyer before the buyer learns his. A bull in the field, when brought to town and cut up in the market, becomes bœuf, beef; a calf, veal; a sheep, mouton; a pig, pork;—because there the Norman purchased, and the seller soon learnt *his* terms; while the peasantry retained their own.” It is not surprising that a sharp logical wit should be an acute interpreter of language.

In the year 1811, a most flagrant depredation was committed in Mr. Tooke’s house at Wimbledon, by a collector of taxes, who daringly carried away a silver tea and sugar-caddy, the value of which amounted in weight in silver to at least twenty times more than the sum demanded, for a tax which Tooke declared he would never pay. Instructions were given to an attorney for replevying the goods; but the tax-collector, by the advice of a friend, returned the tea-caddy, and the man declaring he had a large family, Tooke treated him very kindly, and the matter was allowed to drop.

Mr. Tooke's health had been a long time before his decease in a declining state; but his humour and eccentricity remained in full force to the last; and even in the gripe of death his serenity never forsook him. While he was speechless and considered insensible, Sir Francis Burdett, who was present with a few more friends, prepared a cordial for him, which the medical attendants declared to be of no avail, but which the baronet persisted in offering, and raising up the patient for that purpose, when Mr. Tooke perceiving who offered the draught, drank it off with a smile, and in a few minutes expired, on March 18th, 1812, at his house at Wimbledon. He was put into a strong elm shell. The coffin was made from the heart of a solid oak, cut down for the purpose. It measured six feet one inch in length; in breadth at the shoulders, two feet two inches; depth at the head, two feet six inches; and the depth at the feet, two feet four inches. This great depth of coffin was necessary in consequence of the contraction of the body of the deceased.

A tomb had long been prepared for Mr. Tooke in his garden at Wimbledon, in which it was his desire to have been buried; but this, after his decease, being opposed by his daughters and an aunt of theirs, his remains were conveyed in a hearse and six to Ealing, in Middlesex; attended by three mourning-coaches, containing Sir Francis Burdett and several other political and literary friends. His remains were interred according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, otherwise, it was his desire that no funeral service should be read over his body, but that six poor men should have a guinea each to bear him to the vault in his garden. He rests in a vault, inclosed with iron railings, and bearing

this inscription:—"John Horne Tooke, late of Wimbledon, author of the *Diversions of Purley*, was born June, 1736, and died March 18th, 1812, contented and grateful."

MR. CANNING'S HUMOUR.

It has been sagaciously remarked in a paper in the *National Review*, No. 18, that "if Mr. Canning had not been a busy politician, he would probably have attained eminence as a writer. There must be extraordinary vitality in jokes and parodies, which after sixty or seventy years are almost as amusing as if their objects had not long since become obsolete." We propose to string together a few of these pleasantries, collected from the above and other authentic sources.

It is related that Mr. Canning's aunt on the anniversary of her birthday made presents to each of her relations: to Mr. Canning she once gave a piece of fustian, which produced from him the following stanzas, found in MS., a line wanting:—

"Whilst all on this auspicious day,
Well pleas'd their gratulations pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say
 A thousand pretty speeches;
My Muse her grateful tribute wings,
Nor scorn the lay her duty brings,
Tho' humble be the theme she sings—
 A pair of shooting breeches.

"Soon shall the tailor's subtle art
Have fashion'd them in every part,
And made them snug, and neat, and smart,
 With twenty thousand stitches;

Then mark the moral of my song,
 Oh ! may our lives but prove as strong,
 And wear as well, and last as long,
 As these, my shooting breeches.

“ And when to ease the load of strife
 Of public and of private life,
 My fate shall bless me with a wife,
 I seek not rank or riches ;
 But worth like thine, serene and gay,

 And form'd like thine, to give away,
 Not wear herself the breeches.”

Among Canning's playful rhymes will be remembered, in *The Microcosm*, Nos. 1, 11, and 12, those commencing,—

“The Queen of Hearts,
 She made some tarts,” &c.

The continuation, which is less known, apparently contains some political allusions :—

“ Ye Queen of Spades
 Herself degrades
 By dancing on the green ;
 Ye Knave stood by
 In extacy,
 Enamoured of ye Queen.
 Ye King so brave
 Says to the Knave,
 ‘ I disapprove this dance ;
 You make more work
 Than Mister Burke
 Does with ye Queen of France.’ ”

The following is written as a variation :—

“ Ye Queen of Spades
 She beat ye maids
 For their immodesty ;

Ye Knave of Spades
 He kissed those maids,
 Which made the Queen to cry.
 Ye King then curst
 That Knave who durst
 Make Royalty shed tears ;
 ' Vile Knave,' says he,
 ' 'Tis my decree
 That you lose both your ears.'

" Ye Diamond Queen
 Was one day seen
 So drunk she could not stand ;
 Ye Diamond Knave
 He blushed, and gave
 Ye Queen a reprimand.
 Ye King, distrust
 That his dearest
 Should do so vile a thing,
 Says, ' By my wig
 She's like ye pig
 Of David, ye good king.'

" Ye Queen of Clubs
 Made syllabubs ;
 Ye Knave came like Big Ben,
 He snatched the cup
 And drank it up—
 His toast was, ' Rights of men.'
 With hands and eyes
 That marked surprise
 Ye King laments his fate :
 ' Alas!' says he,
 ' I plainly see
 Ye Knave's a Democrat.'

Mr. Canning used habitually to designate the selfish and officious Duke of Buckingham as the " Ph.D.," an abbreviation which was understood to mean " the fat Duke." That bulky potentate had cautioned him on

the eve of his expected voyage to India, against the frigate in which he was to sail, on the ground that she was too low in the water. "I am much obliged to you," he replies to Lord Morley, "for your report of the Duke of Buckingham's caution respecting the *Jupiter*. Could you have the experiments made *without* the Duke of Buckingham on board? as that *might* make a difference."

In a letter to Lord Granville, at a time when Prince Metternich was expected in Paris, he says, "You ask me what you shall say to Metternich. In the first place, you shall hear what I think of him: that he is the greatest r—— and l—— on the Continent, perhaps in the civilized world!"

Almost all the brilliant exceptions to the average trash of the *Anti-Jacobin* appear to belong to Canning; though, if the authority of the most recent editor may be trusted, the best stanza of the best poem was added to the original manuscript by Pitt.

"Sun, moon, and thou, vile world, adieu!
Which kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water-gruel,
I no more shall see the University of Gottingen."

Canning's *Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder* is well remembered as witty ridicule of the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich; the Sapphic lines of Southey affording a tempting subject for ludicrous parody:—

"*Friend of Humanity.*

"Needy Knife-grinder! whither art thou going?
Rough is your road—your wheel is out of order.
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't;
So have your breeches!

“ Weary knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work ’tis crying all day, ‘ Knives and
 Scissors to grind O ! ’

“ Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives ?
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
 Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
 Or the attorney ?

“ Was it the squire, for killing of his game, or
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit ?

“ (Have you not read the *Rights of Man*, by Tom Paine ?)
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told
 Your pitiful story.

“ *Knife-grinder.*

“ Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir.
 Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

“ Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
 Stocks for a vagrant.

“ I should be glad to drink your honour’s health in
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
 But for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir.

“ *Friend of Humanity.*

“ I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee d——d first—
 Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
 Sordid, unfeeling reprobate ; degraded,
 Spiritless outcast !

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport
 of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

Again, the atrocious exaltation of the contemporary poet in the murder of Jean Bon St. André is still delightfully contagious:—

“ ’Twould have moved a Christian’s bowels
To hear the doubts he stated ;
But the Moors they did as they were bid,
And strangled him while he prated.”

The exquisite polish of the *Loves of the Triangles* is enjoyed, while Darwin’s grave absurdities are only remembered in Miss Edgeworth’s admiring quotations, or by Lord Brougham’s fidelity to the literary prepossessions of his youth. It is remarkable that an author who in literature can only be considered as an amateur, should have possessed that rare accomplishment of style which is the first condition of durable reputation. The humour of Canning’s more ephemeral lampoons, as they exist in oral tradition, seems to have been not less admirable. When Mr. Whitbread said, or was supposed to say, in the House of Commons, that a certain day was memorable to him as the anniversary both of the establishment of his brewery and of the death of his father, the metrical version of his speech placed his sentiments in a more permanent form:—

“ This day I will hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his beer with an e, and his bier with an i.”

Some of the diplomatic documents which have been published tend to justify the common opinion that Mr. Canning was liable to be misled by his facility of composition and his love of epigram. On one occasion, he wrote to Lord Granville, that he had forgotten to answer “ the impudent request of the Pope,” for protection to his subjects against the Algerine corsairs. He replies, with

more point than relevancy, "Why does not the Pope prohibit the African Slave Trade? It is carried on wholly by Roman Catholic powers, and by those among them who acknowledge most subserviently the power and authority of the court of Rome. . . . Tell my friend Macchi, that so long as any power whom the Pope can control, and does not, sends a slave-ship to Southern Africa, I have not the audacity to propose to Northern Africans to abstain from cruising for Roman domestics—indeed, I think them justified in doing so." In a private conversation or a friendly letter, the fallacy of the *tu quoque* would have been forgotten in the appropriateness of the repartee; but in a question of serious business, the argument was absurd, and a diplomatic communication ought never to be insulting. There might be little practical danger in affronting the Pope; but Mr. Canning himself would have admitted, on reflection, that his witticism could by no possibility conduce to the suppression of the Slave Trade.

Here is a more playful instance of humorous correspondence. When Mr. Canning was forming his ministry, he offered Lord Lyndhurst the Chancellorship, though he had recently attacked the new Premier in a speech which was said to be borrowed from a hostile pamphlet, written by Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter. Canning offered Lord Lyndhurst the seals in a letter expressive of his goodwill, "*pace Philpotti*;" and the answer of acceptance was signed, "Yours ever, except for twenty-four hours."

Mr. Canning had a faithful college servant, who became much attached to him. Francis, for such was his name, was always distinguished by his blunt honesty and his familiarity with his master. During his

master's early political career, Francis continued to live with him. Mr. Canning, whose love of fun was innate, used sometimes to play off his servant's bluntness upon his right honourable friends. One of these, whose honours did not sit very easily upon him, had forgotten Francis, though often indebted to his kind offices at Oxford. Francis complained to Mr. Canning that Mr. W. did not speak to him. "Pooh!" said Mr. Canning, "it is all your fault; you should speak first; he thinks you proud. He dines here to-day—go up to him in the drawing-room, and congratulate him upon the post he has just got." Francis was obedient. Surrounded by a splendid ministerial circle, Francis advanced to the distinguished statesman, with "How d'ye do, Mr. W. I hope you're very well—I wish you joy of your luck, and hope your place will turn out a good thing." The roar of course was universal. The same Francis afterwards obtained a comfortable berth in the Customs, through his kind master's interest. He was a stanch Tory. During Queen Caroline's trial, he met Mr. Canning in the street. "Well, Francis, how are you?" said the statesman, who had just resigned his office, holding out his hand. "It is not well, Mr. Canning," replied Francis, refusing the pledge of friendship—"It is not well, Mr. Canning, that you should say anything in favour of that ——."—"But, Francis, political differences should not separate old friends—give me your hand." The sturdy politician at length consented to honour the ex-minister with a shake of forgiveness. It is said that Mr. Canning did not forget him when he returned to power.

Canning and Lord Eldon were, in many respects, "wide as the Poles asunder," although they were in the

same administration. Mr. Stapleton, in his *George Canning and his Times*, publishes a curious letter written in 1826 to Lord Eldon, who exhibited his unconcealed dislike to his brilliant and liberal colleague by steadily refusing to place any part of his vast patronage at his disposal. Complying with the importunity of Mr. Martin, of Galway, Mr. Canning formally transmitted a letter of application, reminding the Chancellor at the same time that in twenty-five years he had made four requests for appointments; "with one of which your lordship had the goodness to comply." The letter was placed in the private secretary, Mr. Stapleton's hands, with directions to copy it and forward it immediately; but knowing the state of parties in the cabinet, and seeing that the letter had been written under the influence of irritation, Mr. Stapleton undertook the responsibility of keeping it back. A few hours afterwards, Mr. Stapleton said to Mr. Canning, "I have not sent your letter to old Eldon." "Not sent it," he angrily inquired; "and pray why not?" Mr. Stapleton replied, "Because I am sure that you ought to read it over again before you send it."—"What do you mean?" Mr. Canning sharply replied. "Go and get it." Mr. Stapleton did as he was bid; Mr. Canning read it over, and then a smile of good-humour came over his countenance. "Well," he said, "you are a good boy. You are quite right; don't send it. I will write another."

When his obstinate old enemy stood beside him at the Duke of York's funeral, in St. George's Chapel, Mr. Canning became uneasy at seeing the old man standing on the cold, bare pavement. "Perhaps he was more uneasy because he knew he was unfriendly;

so to prevent the cold damp of the stones from striking through his shoes, he made him lay down his cocked hat, and stand upon it; and when at last he got weary of so much standing, he put him in a niche of carved wood-work, where he was just able to stand upon wood. Unfortunately, although the tough old Chancellor was saved by his constitution and his hat, Mr. Canning's health received, through the exposure to cold, a shock from which he never recovered. A few days afterwards he paid a last visit to Lord Liverpool, at Bath, and on the plea of entertaining Mr. Stapleton, as a young man, with the stories of their early years, they went on amusing each other by recounting all sorts of fun and adventure, which were evidently quite as entertaining to the old as to the young. The picture of the two time-worn ministers laughing over the scenes of their youth must have been a treat.

Sydney Smith ludicrously compared Canning in office to a fly in amber:—"Nobody cares about the fly; the only question is—How the devil did it get there? Nor do I attack him," continues Sydney, "from the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province. When he is jocular, he is strong; when he is serious, he is like Samson in a wig. Call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest metre, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for the last half-century." Lord Brougham, however, asserts that Mr. Canning was not, by choice, a diner-out.

Canning said of Grattan's eloquence that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels; you saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings kept ready for the occasion.

Lord Byron, in his *Age of Bronze*, thus characterizes Canning:—

“ Something may remain, perchance, to chime
 With reason; and, what's stranger still, with rhyme.
 Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
 Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
 And never, even in that dull house could tame
 To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame.
 Our last, our best, our only orator,
 Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more.
 Nay, not so much; they hate thee, man, because
 Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes! ”

PETER PINDAR.—DR. WOLCOT.

This sarcastic versifier was a native of Devonshire, born about the year 1738. His father was a substantial yeoman, and sent him to Kingsbridge Free School; and after his father's death, young Wolcot was removed to the Grammar School at Bodmin. He is described as a clumsy, but arch-looking boy. He at this early period showed a degree of quickness in repartee and sarcastic

jokes, which was the first dawning of that satiric humour which he afterwards displayed. He was not remarkable at school for anything so much as negligence of his dress and person. He described himself in after-life as having been a dull scholar, but as having showed even at that early age a turn for versifying.

On leaving school, he was removed to Fowey, in Cornwall, to the house of an uncle, who was a medical practitioner, whose apprentice he became for seven years. He completed his medical education in London, and applied himself with sufficient diligence to obtain a knowledge of his future profession; but he much annoyed his uncle and two aunts by cultivating his talents for versifying and painting. Some of his chalk drawings have been preserved, and are remarkable for their peculiarity. When seen near the eye, they seem to be composed only of random scratches and masses of black chalk, of different densities and depths, with here and there a streak and blot of white, and others of red. There does not appear to be any defined objects, such as a tree, house, figure, &c.; but when viewed as a whole, at a distance hanging on the wall of the room, each of them appears to be a landscape representing morning and evening, in which the dark and light of the sky, and the foreground, hills, trees, towers, &c., could be made out by the fancy, in the smallest space of time allowed for the imagination to come into play; and then the effect is surprisingly good. Wolcot became fond of art, eminently critical and learned in its elements, sketched many favourite places in Devonshire and Cornwall, and dabbled occasionally in oils.

He settled in London, obtained a Scotch diploma of M.D., and began to practise as a physician. In 1767,

Sir William Trelawney was appointed Governor of Jamaica, and Wolcot, who had some connection with the family, accompanied him to that island as his physician, and he was appointed Physician-General. The Governor's regard for his lively medical friend was so great, that he intended to procure his appointment as Governor of the Mosquito territory; but the retirement from office of his best friend, Lord Shelburne, prevented its accomplishment.

Wolcot's practice in Jamaica was not extensive; the whites were not numerous, and the coloured could not pay. Governor Trelawney, however, thinking he could promote Wolcot's interest more effectually by his patronage in the Church, having then a valuable living in his gift likely to become vacant by the severe illness of the incumbent, he recommended his client to return to England, enter holy orders, and return and take possession. Although the Governor had no very sublime ideas of priesthood, it was the only way he had of serving the wit. "Away, then," he said, "to England, get yourself jappanned. But remember not to return with the hypocritical solemnity of a priest. I have just bestowed a good living on a parson, who believes not all he preaches, and what he really believes he is afraid to preach. You may very conscientiously declare," said the *conscientious* Governor to his admiring pupil, "that you have an internal call, as the same expression will equally suit a hungry stomach and the soul." Having accomplished this praiseworthy object, the rev. (M.D.) doctor returned to his patron for induction; but "between the cup and the lip there is many a slip," for the ailing incumbent, whose *living* the doctor sought, became convalescent, proved a very incumbrance in his path, and

the japanned *medico* was fain to take up with the living of Vere, a congregation exclusively of blacks, which he handed over to a curate, his real employment being master of ceremonies to the Governor. On his death, Wolcot returned to England with Lady Trelawney; and to carry on the metaphor, the black lobster was boiled, and came out in scarlet and gold.—(*Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vol. vii. pp. 381–383.)

The next twelve years of Wolcot's life were spent in attempting to establish himself as a physician in Cornwall, in which he failed, apparently on account of his invincible propensity to live as a practical humorist, and satirize his neighbours. He humorously tells us that the clinking of the bell-metal pestle and mortar seemed to him to say, "Kill 'em again, kill 'em again," and so frightened him from the profession. During his residence at Truro, some songs of his composition were set to music by Mr. W. Jackson, of Exeter, and first introduced him to general notice. In 1778, he published his first composition in that peculiar style which not long after obtained for him such a high and continued popularity—*The Epistle to the Reviewers*. At Truro, Wolcot discovered the genius of the self-taught artist, Opie, and with him came to London in 1780. they agreeing to share the joint profits of their adventure for one year. They did so for that term, when Opie told Wolcot he might return to the country, as he could now do for himself. Wolcot appears not to have contributed anything to the joint profits. There was now a split between the poet and the brushman. Opie would not, for he could not, praise Wolcot's sketches and paintings. "I tell ee, ye can't paint," said the blunt and honest Opie; "stick to the pen." This

advice was too much for "the distant relation of the Poet of Thebes" to receive from "a painting ape," and the feud was never healed. The Doctor scarified and lanced, but Opie, in a more quiet way, was quite a match for the satirist, who, as he said :—

"Sons of the brush, I'm here again,
At times a *Pindar*, a *Fontaine*,
Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine."

Wolcot was the friend and pupil of Wilson, our great landscape painter, whose style he used to imitate not unsuccessfully. In his addenda to Pilkington's *Dictionary of Painters*, he pays due honour to the memory of his old friend, Wilson.

Wolcot now betook himself to his pen for support. His satirical and artistic tastes suggested his first publication, "*Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians for 1782*, by Peter Pindar, Esq., a distant relation of the Poet of Thebes, and Laureate to the Royal Academy," which took the town by surprise, by the reckless daring of their personalities and quaintness of style. Thus he flayed the R.A.'s—from West to Dance, and from Chambers to Wyatt—not forgetting their Royal patron, King George III. In Ode III. of the second series, entitled *More Odes to the Royal Academicians*, after complaining that Gainsborough had kicked Dame Nature out of doors, he turns from the picture he censures to another, and exclaims :—

"Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless head?
The Cornish boy,* in tin-mines bred;
Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
In secret, till chance brought him to the sun.†
'Tis Jackson's portrait—put the laurel on it,
Whilst to that tuneful swan I pour a sonnet."

* Opie.

† Peter here meant himself, which is in part true

Peter then drops the lash, resumes his neglected lyre, and pours out a sonnet to “Jackson of Exeter,” worthy of the twain—the “enchanting harmonist and the lyric bard.”

Peter’s poems were very dear to the purchaser, being printed in thin quarto pamphlets, at 2s. 6d. each, and very little letter-press for the money. After the Royal Academicians, Peter attacked King George III. In 1785, Wolcot produced no less than twenty-three odes. In 1786, he published the *Lousiad, a Heroic Comic Poem*, founded on the fact that an obnoxious insect (either of the garden or the body) had been discovered on the King’s plate of some green peas, which produced a solemn decree that all the servants in the Royal kitchen were to have their heads shaved. In the hands of an unscrupulous satirist, like Wolcot, this ridiculous incident was a stinging theme. He also mercilessly quizzed Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. Sir Joseph Banks was another subject of his satire:—

“ A President, on butterflies profound,
Of whom all insect-mongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to catch the game profound,
On violets, dunghills, violet-tops, and daisies,” &c.

From 1778 to 1808, above sixty of these political pamphlets were issued by Wolcot. So formidable was he considered, that the Ministry, as he alleged, endeavoured to bribe him to silence; he also boasted that his writings had been translated into six different languages. His ease and felicity, both of expression and illustration, are remarkable. In the following terse and lively lines, we have a good caricature sketch of Dr. Johnson’s style:—

"I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
 That gives an inch the importance of a mile ;
 Casts of manure a wagon-load around,
 To raise a simple daisy from the ground.
 Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what ?
 To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat !
 Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
 A goose's feather, or exalt a straw !
 "Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter,
 To force up one poor nipperkin of water !
 Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
 To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore ;
 Alike in every theme his pompous art,
 Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart."

Sometimes Peter himself got castigated for his satire on the sovereign. Here is an amusing instance. Those who recollect the figure of the satirist in his robust upright state, and the diminutive appearance of Mr. Nollekens, the sculptor, can readily picture to themselves their extreme contrast, when the former accosted the latter one evening at his gate in Titchfield Street, nearly in the following manner:—"Why, Nollekens, you never speak to me now ; pray what is the reason ?" *Nollekens*.—"Why you have published such lies of the King, and had the impudence to send them to me ; but Mrs. Nollekens burnt them, and I desire you'll send no more. The royal family are very good to me, and are great friends to all artists, and I don't like to hear anybody say anything against them." Upon which the Doctor put his cane upon the sculptor's shoulders, and exclaimed, "Well said, little Nolly ; I like the man who sticks to his friends ; you shall make a bust of me for that !" "I'll see you d—d first," answered *Nollekens* ; "and I can tell you this besides—no man in the Royal Academy but Opie would have painted your picture ; and you richly deserved the broken head you got from Gifford in

Wright's shop. Mr. Cook, of Bedford Square, showed me his handkerchief dipped in your blood; and so now you know my mind. Come in, Cerberus, come in." His dog then followed him in, and he left the Doctor at the gate, which he barred up for the night.

A severer castigation he received from a brother author. It appears that William Gifford had wielded his galled pen against the morals and poetry of Wolcot. It was so stringent and caustic that the Doctor sought his lamponer in the shop of Mr. Wright, a political publisher in Piccadilly, opposite Old Bond Street. Thither Peter repaired with a stout cudgel in hand, determined to inflict a summary and severe chastisement on his literary opponent. Gifford was a small and weak person; Wolcot was large, and strengthened by passion; but he was a coward, and after a short personal struggle, was turned into the street by two or three persons then in the shop. Gifford afterwards wrote and printed *An Epistle to Peter Pindar*, in which he dealt out a most virulent tirade against the Doctor, who replied in *A Cut at the Cobbler*. Gifford had been apprenticed to a shoemaker.

As each published his own story of the transaction, the one in his own name, the other by his aide-de-camp, Mr. Wright, it may not be unamusing to recapitulate the different statements of the transaction:—

Peter Pindar.—"Determined to punish a R—— that dared to propagate a report the most atrocious, the most opprobrious, and the most unfounded, I repaired to Mr. Wright's shop in Piccadilly to *catch him*, as I understood that he paid frequent visits to his worthy friend and publisher. On opening the shop-door I saw several people, and among the rest, as I thought, Gyffard. I immediately asked him if his name was Gyffard? Upon

his reply in the affirmative, without any further ceremony, I began to cane him. Wright and his customers and his shopmen immediately surrounded me, and wrested the cane from my hand. I then had recourse to the fist, and really was doing ample and easy justice to my cause, when I found my hands all on a sudden confined behind me, particularly by a tall Frenchman. Upon this Gyffard had time to run round, and with his own stick, a large one too, struck me several blows on the head. I was then hustled out of the shop, and the door was locked against me. I entreated them to let me in, but in vain. Upon the tall Frenchman's coming out of the shop, I told him that he was one of the fellows that held my hands. I have been informed that his name was Peltier. Gyffard has given out as a matter of triumph that he possesses my cane, and that he means to preserve it as a trophy. Let me recommend an inscription for it:—
 'The cane of Justice, with which I, William Gyffard, late cobbler of Ashburton, have been soundly drubbed for my infamy.'—I am, Sir, &c., J. WOLCOT."

Mr. Wright.—"Whoever is acquainted with the miscreant calling himself 'Peter Pindar,' needs not be informed, that his disregard and hatred of truth are habitual. He will not, therefore, be surprised to learn, that the account this Peter has published in a morning paper is a shameless tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end.

"I was not in the shop when it happened; but I am *authorized*, by the only two witnesses of it, to lay before the public the following statement:—

"Mr. Giffard was sitting by the window with a newspaper in his hand, when Peter Pindar came into the shop, and saying, 'Is not your name Giffard?' without

waiting for an answer, raised a stick he had brought for the purpose, and levelled a blow at his head with all his force. Mr. Giffard fortunately caught the stick in his left hand, and quitting his chair, wrested it instantly from the cowardly assassin, and gave him two severe blows with it; one of which made a dreadful impression on Peter's skull. Mr. Giffard had raised the stick to strike him a third time, but seeing one of the gentlemen present about to collar the wretch, he desisted, and coolly said, 'Turn him out of the shop.' This was *literally* and *truly all* that passed.

"After Peter was turned into the street, the spectacle of his bleeding head attracted a mob of hackney-coachmen, watermen, paviours, &c., to whom he told his lamentable case, and then, with a troop of boys at his heels, proceeded to a surgeon's in St. James's Street, to have his wounds examined, after which he slunk home.—J. WRIGHT."

Peter used to boast that he was the only author that ever outwitted or took in a publisher. His works were very popular, and produced the writer a large annual income. Walker, his publisher, in Paternoster Row, was disposed to purchase the copyrights, and print a collected edition. He first made the author a handsome offer in cash, and then an annuity. The poet drove a hard bargain for the latter, and said that "as he was very old and in a dangerous state of health, with a d—d asthma and stone in the bladder, he could not last long." The publisher offered 200*l.* a year; the Doctor required 400*l.*; and every time the Doctor visited the Row, he coughed violently, breathed apparently in much pain, and acted the incurable invalid in danger so effectively that the publisher at last agreed to pay him 250*l.*

annually for life. A collected edition of his works was printed in 1812, but it is defective, for they were so numerous that the author could not retain them all in his memory. An imperfect list in the *Annual Biography* for 1819 enumerates no less than sixty-four works. One of the portraits of the Doctor was published as a separate print, which did not sell to any extent; but its publisher derived a great profit by taking out the name of Peter Pindar and substituting that of "Renwick Williams the Monster," who was infamous for stabbing women in the street. This incident was told to Mr. Britton by Wolcot himself.

There is a fashion in the burlesque poetry of every age that is palatable to the public of that age only. The subjects of Wolcot's verses were ephemeral, and are now mostly forgotten. But his popularity was not entirely earned by his audacious personalities. His versification is nervous, his language racy, and idiomatic, his wit often genuine; and through all his puns and quaintnesses there runs a strain of strong manly sense. Wolcot was equal to Churchill as a satirist, as ready and versatile in his powers, and possessed of a quick sense of the ludicrous, as well as a rich vein of fancy and humour. Some of his songs and effusions are tender and pleasing. Burns greatly admired his ballad of Lord Gregory, and wrote another on the same subject. After all his biting satires on George III. and Pitt, he accepted a pension from the administration of which Pitt was the head—not to laud it, but to vituperate its opponents. He had a shrewd intellect, and his literary compositions have the finish of an artist; but he was utterly selfish, and was a self-indulgent voluptuary.

Peter lived to the age of eighty-one, much to the

annoyance of his publisher, Walker. His last abode was in a small house in Montgomery's nursery-gardens, which occupied the site of the north side of Euston Square. Here he dwelt in a secluded, cheerless manner, the victim of an asthma, very deaf, and almost entirely blind, with only a female servant to attend him. His mind, however, retained its full power. He lived only for himself; declined dinner invitations, "to avoid the danger of loading his stomach with more than Nature required;" lay in bed the greater part of his time, because "it would be folly in him to be groping around his drawing-room," and because, "when up and in motion he was obliged to carry a load of eleven or twelve stone, while here he had only a few ounces of blanket to support." When out of bed, he amused himself with his violin, or examining, as well as his sight permitted, his crayons and pictures. He showed no aversion to "receive notoriety-hunters," who came to see and hear "Peter Pindar," but evinced no desire for society.

John Britton, who lived in Burton Street, often went to see Peter on a Saturday afternoon, and there met Mr. John Taylor, editor of the *Sun* newspaper. This gentleman was an inveterate and reckless punster, and often teased Peter by some pointless puns. At one of these visits, or taking leave, Taylor exclaimed, pointing to Peter's head and rusty wig, "Adieu! I leave thee without hope, for I see *Old Scratch* has thee in his claws." Peter died in the above house, January 14th, 1810, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, close to the grave of Butler. He left a considerable property to his relations. In early life he lived in the same parish, at No. 13, Tavistock Row; and in the garret of this house he wrote many of his invectives against

George III. and the Royal Academicians. In 1807, he lodged in the first floor of a house in Pratt Place, Camden Town, rented by a Mr. and Mrs. Knight. The husband was a sea-faring man, seldom at home; and the Doctor, who was not over-scrupulous, is said to have seduced the wife's affections. Knight brought an action against the Doctor, but the jury very properly acquitted him of the charge.—See *Cunningham's London*, p. 409.

Peter was not emulous to shine as a wit in his colloquial intercourse, either with strangers or his most intimate associates. Indeed, his usual manner exhibited so little of that character which strangers had imagined of the writer of his lively satires, that they were commonly disappointed. The wife of a player, at whose house Wolcot often passed an evening, used to say that "his wit seems to lie in the bowl of a teaspoon." Angelo, in his *Reminiscences*, tells us that he could not guess the riddle, until one evening he observed that each time Peter replenished his glass goblet with brandy-and-water, in breaking the sugar, the corners of his lips were curled into a satisfactory smile, and he began some quaint story, as if, indeed, the new libation begot a new thought. To prove the truth of the discovery, one night, after supper, at his own home in Bolton Row, Angelo made the experiment. One of the party being in the secret, and fond of practical joking, came provided with some small square pieces of alabaster. Peter's glass waning fast, the joker contrived to slip the alabaster into a sugar-basin provided for the purpose; when the Doctor, reaching the hot water, and pouring in the brandy, the sugar-tongs were handed to him, and then the advanced basin of alabaster. "Thank you, my boy," said Peter, putting in five or six pieces, and taking his tea-spoon,

began stirring as he commenced his story. Unsuspecting of the trick, Peter proceeded, "Well, sirs,—and so the old parish priest. What I tell you (then his spoon was at work) happened when I was in that infernally hot place, Jamaica (then another stir). Sir, he was the fattest man on the island (then he pressed the alabaster); yes, d——, sir, and when the thermometer, at ninety-five, was dissolving every other man, this old slouching, drawling son of the church got fatter and fatter, until, sir—(curse the sugar! some devil-black enchanter has bewitched it.) By ——, sir, this sugar is part and parcel of that old pot-bellied parson—it will never melt;" and he threw the contents of the tumbler under the grate. The whole party burst into laughter, and the joke cut short the story. The mock sugar was slipped out of the way, and the Doctor, taking another glass, never suspected the frolic.

Peter, on seeing West's picture of Satan in the Exhibition, broke out in the following couplet:—

"Is this the mighty potentate of evil?"

'Tis damn'd enough, indeed, but not the Devil."

THE AUTHOR OF "DR. SYNTAX."

Dr. Syntax's *Tour in Search of the Picturesque* was a large prize in the lottery of publication and was also a novelty in origin and writing. It was written to a set of designs instead of the designs being made to illustrate the poet: in other words, the artist preceded the author by making a series of drawings, in which he

exhibited his hero in a succession of places, and in various associations, calculated to exemplify his hobby-horsical search for the picturesque. Some of these drawings, made by Rowlandson, than whom no artist ever expressed so much with so little effort, were shown at a dinner-party at John Bannister's, in Gower Street, when it was agreed that they should be recommended to Ackermann, in the Strand, for publication. That gentleman readily purchased, and handed them, two or three at a time, to William Combe, who was then confined in the King's Bench Prison for debt. He fitted the drawings with rhymes, and they were first published in the *Poetical Magazine*, where they became so popular that they extended to three tours in as many volumes, and passed through several editions. The work reminds one of *Drunken Barnaby's Journal* by its humour: it has been called "rhyming, rambling, rickety, and ridiculous," but by a very inexperienced critic. The illustrations were, doubtless, the attraction, which was so great, that the demand kept pace with the supply. Hence *Syntax* was succeeded by the *Dance of Life*, the *Dance of Death*, *Johnny Quægenus*, and *Tom Raw the Griffin*, all of the same class and character, and ultimately extending to 295 prints, with versified letter-press "by Dr. Syntax." Of late years these works have been republished at reduced prices.

Combe, the author of these strange works, was of good family connection, had been educated at Eton and Oxford, and very early came into possession of a large fortune, in ready money. He started in the world by taking a large mansion at the west end of London, furnished it superbly, hired servants, and bought carriages, and assembled around him a set of sycophants and para-

sites, who made short work of it, for from the commencement to the drop-scene of the farce did not exceed one year. The consequence was disgraceful ruin, and Combe fled from his creditors and from society. We next hear of him as a common soldier, and recognized at a public-house with a volume of Greek poetry in his hand. He was relieved; but he still lived a reckless life, by turns in the King's Bench Prison and *the Rules*, the limits of which do not appear to have been to him much punishment. Horace Smith, who knew Combe, refers to the strange adventures and the freaks of fortune of which he had been a participator and a victim: "a ready writer of all-work for the booksellers, he passed all the latter portion of his time within *the Rules*, to which suburban retreat the present writer was occasionally invited, and never left without admiring his various acquirements, and the philosophical equanimity with which he endured his reverses." Mr. Smith further states, that if there was a lack of matter occasionally to fill up the columns of their paper, "Combe would sit down in the publisher's back-room and extemporize a letter from Sterne at Coxwold, a forgery so well executed that it never excited suspicion." Mr. Robert Cole, the antiquary, had among his autographs a list of the literary works and letters of Combe.

Combe was principally employed by Ackermann, who, for several years, paid him at least 400*l.* a-year. On the first lithograph stone which Mr. Ackermann printed, when he had prepared everything for working, Combe wrote:—

" I have been told of one
Who, being asked for bread,
In its stead
Return'd a stone.

“ But here we manage better.

The stone we ask

To do its task,

And it returns in every letter.

WILLIAM COMBE, *Jan. 23, 1817.*”

Combe was often a guest at Ackermann's table; he proved a friend to him during his last illness, and contributed to the expenses of his funeral, tomb, &c. Subsequent to his death, in 1823, a small volume was published, entitled *Letters to Marianne*, said to have been written by him after the age of seventy, to a young girl. We remember to have visited him in the Rules, near New Bethlem Hospital, when we learnt that he had written a memoir of his chequered life. Campbell, in his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, states that Combe lived nearly twenty years in the King's Bench, and never quitted that prison; which is not correct. Combe had nearly been Mrs. Siddons's reading preceptor.

Rowlandson, who designed the Syntax illustrations, was as improvident as Combe: he had a legacy of 7,000*l.*, and other property, bequeathed to him by an aunt: this he dissipated in the gaming-houses of Paris and London, where he alternately won and lost without emotion several thousand pounds. When penniless, he would return to his professional duties, sit down coolly to make a series of new designs, and exclaim stoically, “I've played the fool, but (holding up his pencils) here is my resource.” To Rowlandson, as well as Combe, Ackermann proved a warm and generous patron and employer.

Dr. Doran, in his piquant Notes to the *Last Journals of Horace Walpole*, tells us that “Combe burst on the world as a wonderfully well-dressed *beau*, and was received with *éclat* for the sake of his wealth, talents,

grace, and personal beauty. He was popularly called 'Count Combe,' till his extravagance had dissipated a noble fortune; and then, addressing himself to literature, the Count was forgotten in the Author. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1862, there is a list of his works, originally furnished by his own hand. Not one was published with his name, and they amount in number to sixty-eight. Combe was a teetotaller in the days when drunkenness was in fashion, and was remarkable for disinterestedness and industry. He was the friend of Hannah More, whom he loved to make weep by improvised romances, in which he could 'pile up the agony' with wonderful effect. Religious faith and hope enabled William Combe to triumph over the sufferings of his latter years. His second wife, the sister of the gentle and gifted Mrs. Cosway, survived him."

Horace Walpole, in 1779, speaking of the poem, *The World as it Goes*, describes it as "by that infamous Combe, the author of the *Diabolical*. It has many easy poetic lines, imitates Churchill, and is fully incoherent and absurd in its plan as the worst of the latter's."

Again, in 1778, Walpole describes "Combe" as "a most infamous rascal, who had married a cast mistress of Lord Beauchamp, and wrote many satiric poems not quite despicable for the poetry, but brutally virulent against that Lord, and others, particularly Lord Irnham." But, as Dr. Doran aptly observes, "Walpole, however fond of satire, hated satirists, particularly when they were fearless and outspoken, like Combe."

MRS. RADCLIFFE AND THE CRITICS.

It is singular that although Mrs. Radcliffe's beautiful descriptions of foreign scenery, composed solely from the materials afforded by travellers, collected and embodied by her own genius, were marked in a particular degree with the characteristics of fancy portraits, yet many of her contemporaries conceived them to be exact descriptions of scenes which she had visited in person. One report, transmitted to the public by the *Edinburgh Review*, stated that Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe had visited Italy; that Mr. Radcliffe had been attached to one of the British embassies in that country; and that it was here his gifted consort imbibed the taste for picturesque scenery, and for mouldering ruins, and for the obscure and gloomy anecdotes which tradition relates of their former inhabitants. This is so far a mistake, as Mrs. Radcliffe never was in Italy; but it has been mentioned, in explanation, that she probably availed herself of the acquaintance she formed in 1793 with the magnificent scenery on the banks of the Rhine, and the frowning remains of feudal castles with which it abounds. The inaccuracy of the reviewer is of no great consequence; but a more absurd report found its way into print, namely, that Mrs. Radcliffe, having visited the fine old Gothic mansion of Haddon House, had insisted upon remaining a night there, in the course of which she had been inspired with all that enthusiasm for Gothic residences, hidden passages, and mouldering walls, which marks her writings. Mrs. Radcliffe, we

are assured, never saw Haddon House; and although it was a place excellently worth her attention, and could hardly have been seen by her without suggesting some of those ideas in which her imagination naturally revelled, yet we should suppose the mechanical aid to invention—the recipe for fine writing—the sleeping in a dismantled and unfurnished old house, was likely to be rewarded with nothing but a cold, and was an affectation of enthusiasm to which Mrs. Radcliffe would have disdained to have recourse.

These are the opinions of Sir Walter Scott; appended to them are these somewhat depreciatory remarks by Dunlop, in his *History of Fiction* :—

“In the writings of Mrs. Radcliffe there is a considerable degree of uniformity and mannerism, which is perhaps the case with all the productions of a strong and original genius. Her heroines too nearly resemble each other, or rather they possess hardly any shade of difference. They have all blue eyes and auburn hair—the form of each of them has ‘the airy lightness of a nymph’—they are all fond of watching the setting sun, and catching the purple tints of evening, and the vivid glow or fading splendour of the western horizon. Unfortunately they are all likewise early risers. I say unfortunately, for in every exigency Mrs. Radcliffe’s heroines are provided with a pencil and paper, and the sun is never allowed to rise nor set in peace. Like *Tilburina* in the play, they are ‘inconsolable to the minuet in *Ariadne*,’ and in the most distressing circumstances find time to compose sonnets to sunrise, the bat, a sea-nymph, a lily, or a butterfly.”

The tenor of Mrs. Radcliffe’s private life seems to have been peculiarly calm and sequestered. She pro

bably declined the sort of personal notoriety which, in London society, usually attaches to persons of literary merit; and, perhaps, no author whose works were so universally read and admired was so little personally known even to the most active of that class of people of distinction, who rest their peculiar pretensions to fashion upon the selection of literary society. Her estate was certainly not the less gracious; and it did not disturb Mrs. Radcliffe's domestic comforts, although many of her admirers believed, and some are not yet undeceived, that, in consequence of brooding over the terrors which she depicted, her reason had at length been overturned, and that the author of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* only existed as the melancholy inmate of a private mad-house. This report was so generally spread, and so confidently repeated in print, as well as in conversation, that the writer believed it for several years, until, greatly to his satisfaction, he learned, from good authority, that there neither was, nor ever had been, the most distant foundation for this displeasing rumour.

A false report of another kind gave Mrs. Radcliffe much concern. In Miss Seward's *Correspondence*, among the literary gossip of the day, it is roundly stated that the *Plays upon the Passions* were Mrs. Radcliffe's, and that she owned them. Mrs. Radcliffe was much hurt at being reported capable of borrowing from the fame of a gifted sister; and Miss Seward would, no doubt, have suffered equally, had she been aware of the pain she inflicted by giving currency to a rumour so totally unfounded. The truth is, that residing at a distance from the metropolis, and living upon literary intelligence as her daily food, Miss Seward was sometimes imposed upon by those friendly caterers, who were more anxious to

supply her with the newest intelligence, than solicitous about its accuracy.

Mrs. Radcliffe died at her residence in Stafford Row, Pimlico, on the 7th of February, 1823; and her remains rest in the vault of the Chapel-of-ease to St. George's parish, in the Bayswater Road, facing Hyde Park.

COOL SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Mackintosh, a name dear to letters and philosophy, was no lawyer in the narrow-minded sense of the word, and when appointed judge at Bombay, was lamentably thrown away upon such society as he met there. Accustomed to lead in the conversations of the conversation-men of the metropolis—such as Sharpe, Rogers, Dumont—he found himself transplanted among those who afforded a sad and bitter contrast. It was like Goëthe's oak-plant, with its giant fibres, compressed within the dimensions of a flower-pot. On the third day after his arrival, most forcibly was he reminded of the contrast, when one of the members of the Council, the conversation turning upon quadrupeds, turned to him and inquired what was a quadruped. It was the same sagacious Solomon who asked him for the loan of some book, in which he could find a good account of Julius Cæsar. Mackintosh jocosely took down a volume of Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, in which mention is made of a Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in the time of Charles the First. The wiseacre actually took the book home with him, and after some days brought it back to

Sir James, remarking that he was disappointed on finding that the book referred to Julius Cæsar only as a lawyer, without the slightest mention of his military exploits.

Sir James was subject to certain Parson Adams-like habits of forgetfulness of common things and lesser proprieties; and this brought down upon him no slight share of taunt and ridicule. It happened, on his arrival at Bombay, that there was no house ready for his reception, and it would be a fortnight before a residence in the fort could be prepared for him. Mr. Jonathan Duncan, the Governor of the Presidency, therefore, with great kindness, offered him his garden-house, called *Sans Pareil*, for the temporary accommodation of Sir James and his family. But months and months elapsed, till a twelvemonth had actually revolved; Mackintosh and his wife, during all this time, found themselves so comfortable in their quarters, that they forgot completely the limited tenure on which they held them, appearing, by a singular illusion, not to have the slightest suspicion of Mr. Duncan's proprietorship, notwithstanding some pretty intelligible hints on the subject from that gentleman, but communicated with his usual delicacy and politeness. At last, politeness and delicacy were out of the question, and the poor Governor was driven to the necessity of taking forcible possession of his own property. This was partly indolence, partly absence of mind in Sir James. He was constitutionally averse to every sort of exertion, and especially that of quitting any place where he found himself comfortable.

Before he went out to India, he made a trip into Scotland with his lady; and having taken up his abode for the night at an inn in Perthshire, not far from the

beautiful park of Lord Melville, then Mr. Dundas, sent a request to Lady Jane Dundas (Mr. Dundas being absent) for permission to see the house and grounds, which was most civilly granted. Mr. Dundas being expected in the evening, her ladyship politely pressed them to stay dinner, and to pass the night, their accommodation at the inn not being of the best description. Mr. Dundas returned the same day, and though their politics were as adverse as possible, was so charmed with the variety of Mackintosh's conversation, that he requested his guests to prolong their visit for two or three days. So liberal, however, was the interpretation they put upon the invitation, that the two or three days were protracted into as many months, during which, every species of hint was most ineffectually given, till their hosts told them, with many polite apologies, that they expected visitors and a numerous retinue, and could no longer accommodate Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh.

During Sir James Mackintosh's Recordership of Bombay, a singular incident occurred. Two Dutchmen having sued for debt two English officers, Lieutenants Macguire and Cauty, these officers resolved to waylay and assault them. This was rather a resolve made in a drunken excitement than a deliberate purpose. Fortunately, the Dutchmen pursued a different route from that which they had intended, and they prosecuted the two officers for the offence of lying-in-wait with intent to murder. They were found guilty, and brought up for judgment. Previous to his pronouncing judgment, however, Sir James received an intimation that the prisoners had conceived the project of shooting him as he sat on the bench, and that one of them had for that purpose a loaded pistol in his writing-desk. It is re-

markable that the intimation did not induce him to take some precautions to prevent its execution—at any rate, not to expose himself needlessly to assassination. On the contrary, the circumstances only suggested the following remarks:—“I have been credibly informed that you entertained the desperate project of destroying your own lives at that bar, after having previously destroyed the judge who now addresses you. If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British judge who ever stained with his blood the seat of justice. But I can never die better than in the discharge of my duty.” All this eloquence might have been spared. Macguire submitted to the judge’s inspection of his writing-desk, and showed him that, though it contained two pistols, neither of them was charged. It is supposed to have been a hoax—a highly mischievous one, indeed—but the statement was *primâ facie* so improbable, that it was absurd to give it the slightest credit.

ECCENTRICITIES OF COBBETT.

Cobbett began his career as a political writer of ultra-Conservative stamp. He first became known to the public as “Peter Porcupine,” under which name he fiercely attacked the democratic writers and speakers of France and America. He was then resident in America, and encountered one or two trials at law for alleged libels, in his defence of monarchical and aristocratic institutions. The *Porcupine Papers* attracted

much notice in England, were quoted and lauded by the government organs—quoted in both Houses of Parliament, and eulogized in the pulpit. The writer was considered one of the most powerful supports of the principles of the British constitution. This series of papers was republished in England, in twelve volumes octavo, under the patronage of the Prince Regent, to whom, it is believed, the work was dedicated.

On his return from America, Cobbett began a daily paper called the *Porcupine*. This was soon discontinued, and he began the *Register*. Both these papers were strongly in favour of the government; and the *Register* ran through several volumes before a change took place in the political opinions of the editor—a change hastened, if not caused, by an affront offered him by William Pitt. Windham was a great admirer of Cobbett, and after reading one of his *Porcupine* papers, declared that the author was “worthy of a statue in gold.” Pitt had refused to meet the author of the *Register* at Windham’s table; and this Cobbett resented, and never forgave. Very soon after this, a marked change took place in his politics; henceforth he was more consistent, and the last *Register* which came from his pen, very shortly before his death, breathed the same spirit which he had shown years before as one of the leaders of the democratic party.

One of Cobbett’s oddities was the wood-cut of a gridiron, which for many years headed the *Political Register*, as an emblem of the martyrdom which he avowed he was prepared to undergo, upon certain conditions. The gridiron will be recollected as one of the emblems of St. Lawrence, and we see it as the large gilt vane of one of the City churches dedicated to the saint.

As he was broiled on a gridiron for refusing to give up the treasures of the church committed to his care, so Cobbett vowed that he would consent to be broiled upon certain terms, in his *Register*, dated Long Island, on the 24th of September, 1819, wherein he wrote the well-known prophecy on Peel's Cash Payments Bill of that year as follows :—"I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry their bill into effect is impossible; and I say that if this bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron, and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."

On the hoisting of the gridiron *on the Register*, he wrote and published the fulfilment of his prophecy in the following statement:—"Peel's bill, together with the laws about small notes, which last were in force when Peel's bill was passed; these laws, all taken together, if they had gone into effect, would have put an end to all small notes on the first day of May, 1823; but to precede this blowing-up of the whole of the funding system, an act was passed, in the month of July, 1822, to prevent these laws, and especially that part of Peel's bill which put an end to small Bank of England notes, from going into full effect; thus the system received a respite; but thus did the parliament fulfil the above prophecy of September, 1819."

A large sign-gridiron was actually made for Mr. Cobbett. It was of dimensions sufficient for him to have lain thereon (he was six feet high); the implement was gilt, and we remember to have seen it in his office-window, in Fleet Street; but it was never hoisted outside the office. It was long to be seen on the

gable-end of a building next Mr. Cobbett's house at Kensington.

Cobbett possessed extraordinary native vigour of mind; but every portion of his history is marked by strange blunders. Shakspeare, the British Museum, antiquities, posterity, America, France, Germany, are, one and all, either wholly indifferent to him, or objects of his bitter contempt. He absurdly condemned the British Museum as "a bundle of dead insects;" abused drinking "the immortal memory" as a contradiction of terms; and stigmatized "consuming the midnight oil" as cant and humbug. His political nicknames were very ludicrous: as big O for O'Connell; Prosperity Robinson for a flaming Chancellor of the Exchequer; and shoy-hoy for all degrees of quacks and pretenders. Still, his own gridiron was a monstrous piece of quackery, as audacious as any charlatan ever set up.

When he had a subject that suited him, he is said to have handled it not as an accomplished writer, but "with the perfect and inimitable art with which a dog picks a bone." Still, his own work would not bear this sort of handling—witness the biting critique upon his English grammar, which provoked the remark that he would undertake to write a Chinese grammar.

In country or in town, at Barn Elms, in Bolt Court, or at Kensington, Cobbett wrote his *Registers* early in the morning: these, it must be admitted, had force enough; for he said truly, "Though I never attempt to put forth that sort of stuff which the intense people on the other side of the Channel call *eloquence*, I bring out strings of very interesting facts; I use pretty powerful arguments; and I hammer them down so closely upon

the mind, that they seldom fail to produce a lasting impression." This he owed, doubtless, to his industry, early rising, and methodical habits.

Cobbett affected to despise all acquirements which he had not. In his *English Grammar* he selects examples of bad English from the writings of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Watts, and is very contemptuous on "what are called the learned languages;" but he would not have entered upon Latin or Greek.

It seemed to be Cobbett's aim to keep himself fresh in the public eye by some means of advertisement or other; a few were very reprehensible, but none more than his disinterring the bones of Thomas Paine, buried in a field on his own estate near New Rochelle, and bringing these bones to England, where, Cobbett calculated, pieces of them would be worn as memorials of the gross scoffer. Cobbett, however, never more widely mistook English feeling: instead of arousing, as he expected, the enthusiasm of the republican party in this country, he only drew upon himself universal contempt.

HEBER, THE BOOK-COLLECTOR.

There have been many instances of the indulgence of book collecting to the extent which is termed book-madness; but none more remarkable than that of Mr. Richard Heber, half-brother to the celebrated Bishop of Calcutta of the same name. Mr. Heber inherited property which permitted him to spend immense sums in the purchase of books; and he received an education

which enabled him to appreciate the books when purchased. He was not therefore, strictly speaking, a *bibliomaniac*, and nothing more, though his exertions in *collecting* amounted to eccentricities. He would make excursions from the family seats in Yorkshire and Shropshire to London, to attend book sales; and when the termination of the war in 1815 opened the Continent to English travellers, Heber visited France, Belgium, and the Netherlands, and made large purchases of books in each country. He cared for nothing but books. He kept up a correspondence with all the great dealers in old books throughout the kingdom. On hearing of a curious book, he was known to have put himself into a mail-coach, and travelled three or four hundred miles to obtain it, fearful to entrust his commission to any agent. He was known to say seriously to his friends, on their remarking on his many duplicates, "Why, you see, sir, no man can do comfortably without *three* copies of a work. One he must have for a *show* copy, and he will, probably, keep it at his country-house. Another he will require for his use and reference; and, unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends."

Mr. Hill Burton, in his *Book-hunter*, relates the following incident of Heber's experience in the rarity-market. A celebrated dealer in old books was passing a chandler's shop, where he was stopped by a few filthy old volumes in the window. One of them he found to be a volume of old English poetry, which he—a practised hand in that line—saw was utterly unknown as existing, though not unrecorded. Three and sixpence

was asked; he stood out for half-a-crown, on first principles, but, not succeeding, he paid the larger sum, and walked away, book in pocket, to a sale, where the first person he saw was Heber. Him the triumphant bookseller drew into a corner, with "Why do you come to auctions to look for scarce books, when you can pick up such things as this in a chandler's shop for three and sixpence?"—"Bless me, —, where did you get this?"—"That's tellings! I may get more there."—"—, I must have this."—"Not a penny under thirty guineas!" A cheque was drawn, and a profit of 17,900 per cent. cleared by the man who had his eyes about him, in whose estimation such a sum was paltry compared with the triumph over Heber.

Mr. Heber's taste strengthened as he grew older. Not only was his collection of old English literature unprecedented, but he brought together a large number of fine copies of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese books than had ever been possessed by a private individual. His house at Hodnet, in Shropshire, was nearly all library. His house in Pimlico (where he died in 1833) was filled with books from top to bottom: every chair, table, and passage containing "piles of erudition." A house in York Street, Westminster, was similarly filled. He had immense collections of books, in houses rented merely to contain them, at Oxford, Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent. When he died, curiosity was naturally excited to know what provision he had made in reference to his immense store of books; but when his will was discovered, after a long and almost hopeless search among bills, notes, memoranda, and letters, it was found, to the astonishment of every one on reading it, that the library *was not even*

mentioned! It seemed as if Heber cared nothing what should become of the books, or who should possess them, after his decease; and as he was never married, or influenced greatly by domestic ties, his library was considered by the executors of his will as merely so much "property," to be converted into cash by the aid of the auctioneer. What was the number of books possessed by him or the amount of money paid for them, appears to have been left in much doubt. Some estimated the library at 150,000 volumes, formed at a cost of 100,000*l.*; others reckoned it at 500,000 volumes, at an aggregate value of 250,000*l.* The truth was, his executors did not know in how many foreign towns his collections of books were placed. Thus it could not accurately be ascertained what portion of the whole was sold by auction in London in 1834-6; but the mere catalogue of that portion fills considerably more than two thousand printed octavo pages. The sales were conducted by Mr. Evans, Messrs. Sotheby, and other book-auctioneers, and occupied two hundred and two days, extending through a period of upwards of two years from April 10, 1834, to July 9, 1836. One copy of the catalogue has been preserved, with marginal manuscript notes, relating to almost every lot; and from this a summary of very curious information is deducible. It appears that, whatever may have been the number of volumes sold by auction, or otherwise got rid of abroad, those sold at this series of auctions in London were 117,613 in number, grouped into 52,672 lots. As regards the ratio borne by the prices obtained, to those which Mr. Heber had paid for the books in question, the account as rendered showed that the auctioneer's hammer brought 56,775*l.* for that which had cost 77,150*l.* It would

appear, therefore, that the losses accruing to Mr. Heber's estate through his passion for book-collecting, amounted to upwards of 20,000*l.*, and this irrespective of the fate of the continental libraries.

SIR JOHN SOANE LAMPOONED.

Sir John Soane, who bequeathed to the country his Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which cost him upwards of 50,000*l.*, was the son of a bricklayer, and was born at Reading in 1753; he was errand-boy to Dance, the architect, and subsequently his pupil. He rose to great eminence, grew rich and liberal; he gave for Belzoni's elaborate sarcophagus in the Soane Museum, 2,000 guineas; paid large sums for art rarities; subscribed 1,000*l.* for the Duke of York's monument, was contented with his knighthood, and declined to receive a baronetcy. Yet he was a man of overweening vanity, and was much courted by legacy-hunters; whilst his alienation from his son assisted in raising up many enemies, in addition to those which Soane's remarkable success brought against him. From the latter section may have proceeded the following curious and popular squib of the day, said to have been found under the plates at one of the artistic or academic dinners. It is headed:—

“THE MODERN GOTH.

“Glory to thee, great Artist! soul of taste!
 For mending pigsties where a plank's misplaced:
 Whose towering genius plans from deep research
 Houses and temples fit for Master Birch.

To grace his shop on that important day,
 When huge twelfth-cakes are raised in bright array.
 Each pastry pillar shows thy vast design—
 Hail! then, to thee, and all great works of thine.
 Come, let me place thee, in the foremost rank,
 With him whose dullness discomposed the bank ;

[*A line illegible.*]

Thy style shall finish what his style begun.
 Thrice happy Wren! he did not live to see
 The dome that's built and beautified by thee.
 Oh! had he lived to see thy blessed work,
 To see plaster scored like loins of pork ;
 To see the orders in confusion move :
 Scrolls fixed below, and pedestals above :
 To see defiance hurled at Rome and Greece,
 Old Wren had never left the world in peace.
 Look where I will, above, below, is shown
 A pure disordered order of thine own ;
 Where lines and circles curiously unite,
 A base, confounded, compound Composite :
 A thing from which, in truth it may be said,
 Each lab'ring mason turns abash'd his head ;
 Which Holland reprobates, and Dance derides,
 Whilst tasteful Wyatt holds his aching sides.
 Here crawl, ye spiders! here, exempt from cares,
 Spin your fine webs above the bulls and bears!
 Secure from harm enjoy the charnell'd niche :
 No maids molest you, for no brooms can reach ;
 In silence build from models of your own,
 But never imitate the works of Soane!"

Soane is described by his biographer as "one of the vainest and most self-sufficient of men, who courted praise and adulation from every person and source, but dreaded, and was even maddened by, anything like impartial and discriminating criticism." But he grew so disgusted with his flatterers, that a short time before his death he shut himself up in a house at Richmond, to get out of the way of their attentions.

EXTRAORDINARY CALCULATORS.

On the 3rd of July, 1839, some of the eminent members of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, including MM. Arago, Lacroix, Libri, and Sturm, met to examine a remarkable boy whose powers of mental calculation were deemed quite inexplicable. This boy, named Vito Mangiamele, a Sicilian, was the son of a shepherd, and was about eleven years old. The examiners asked him several questions which they knew, under ordinary circumstances, to be tedious of solution—such as, the cube root of 3,796,416, and the 10th root of 282,475,249; the first of these he answered in half-a-minute, the second in three minutes. One question was of the following complicated character—“What number has the following proportions, that if its cube is added to 5 times its square, and then 42 times the number, and the number 42 be subtracted from the result, the remainder is equal to 0 or zero. M. Arago repeated this question a second time, but while he was finishing the last word, the boy replied—“The number is 5!”

In the same year, Master Bassle, who was only thirteen years of age, went through an extraordinary mnemonic performance at Willis's Rooms, London. Five large sheets of paper, closely printed with tables of dates, specific gravities, velocities, planetary distances, &c., were distributed among the visitors, and every one was allowed to ask Master Bassle a question relating to these tables, to which was received a correct answer.

He would also name the day of the week on which any day of the month had fallen in any particular year. He could repeat long series of numbers backwards and forwards, and point out the place of any number in the series; and to prove that his powers were not merely confined to the rows of numbers in the printed tables, he allowed the whole company to form a long series, by contributing each two or three digits in the order in which they sat; and then, after studying this series for a few minutes, he committed it to memory, and repeated it entire, both backwards and forwards, from the beginning to the end. These performances are believed to have been not the result of any natural mnemonic power, but of a method to be acquired by any person in the course of twelve lessons.

Zerah Colburn, who excited much interest in London in 1812, was a native of Vermont, in the United States. At six years old, he suddenly showed extraordinary powers of mental calculation. By processes which seemed to be almost unconscious to himself, and were wholly so to others, he answered arithmetical questions of considerable difficulty. When eight years old, he was brought to London, where he astonished many learned auditors and spectators by giving correct solutions to such problems as the following: raise 8 up to the 16th power; give the square root of 106,929; give the cube root of 268,336,125; how many seconds are there in 48 years? The answers were always given in very few minutes—sometimes in a few seconds. He was ignorant of the ordinary rules of arithmetic, and did not know how or why particular modes of process came into his mind. On one occasion, the Duke of Gloucester asked him to multiply 21,734 by 543. Some-

thing in the boy's manner induced the Duke to ask how he did it, from which it appeared that the boy arrived at the result by multiplying 65,202 by 181, an equivalent process; but why he made this change in the factors, neither he nor any one else could tell. Zerah Colburn was unlike other boys also in this, that he had more than the usual number of toes and fingers; a peculiarity observable also in his father and in some of his brothers.

An exceptional instance is presented in the case of Mr. Bidder, of this faculty being cultivated to a highly useful purpose. George Parker Bidder, when six years old, used to amuse himself by counting up to 100, then to 1,000, then to 1,000,000: by degrees he accustomed himself to contemplate the relations of high numbers, and used to build up peas, marbles, and shot, into squares, cubes, and other regular figures. He invented processes of his own, distinct from those given in books on arithmetic, and could solve all the usual questions mentally more rapidly than other boys with the aid of pen and paper. When he became eminent as a civil engineer, he was wont to embarrass and baffle the parliamentary counsel on contested railway bills, by confuting their statements of figures almost before the words were out of their mouths. In 1856, he gave to the Institution of Civil Engineers an interesting account of this singular arithmetical faculty—so far, at least, as to show that *memory* has less to do with it than is generally supposed; the processes are actually worked out *seriatim*, but with a rapidity almost inconceivable.

The most famous calculator in the last century was Jedediah Buxton, who, in 1754, resided for several

weeks at St. John's Gate, Smithfield. This man, though he was the son of a schoolmaster, and the grandson of the vicar of his native parish, Elmeton, in Derbyshire, had never learned to write, but he could conduct the most intricate calculations by his memory alone; and such was his power of abstraction that no noise could disturb him. One who had heard of his astonishing ability as a calculator, proposed to him for solution the following question:—In a body whose three sides measure 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubical eighths-of-an-inch are there? This obtuse reckoning he made in a comparatively short time, although pursuing the while, with many others, his labours in the fields. He could walk over a plot of land and estimate its contents with as much accuracy as if it had been measured by the chain. His knowledge was, however, limited to figures. In 1754, Buxton walked to London, with the express intention of obtaining a sight of the King and Queen, for beyond figures, royalty formed the only subject of his curiosity. In this intention he was disappointed: he was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the “volk of the Siety Court.” They tested his powers, and dismissed him with a handsome gratuity.

He was next taken by his hospitable entertainer at St. John's Gate, to see Garrick in the character of Richard III. at Drury Lane Theatre, when undazzled by the splendour of the stage appointments, and unmoved by the eloquent passion of the actor, the simple rustic employed himself in reckoning the number of words he heard, and the sum total of the steps made by the dancers; and after the performance of a fine piece of

music, he declared that the innumerable sounds had perplexed him.

To these feats may be added the following :—Buxton multiplied a sum of thirty-nine places of figures into itself, and even conversed whilst performing it. His memory was so great, that he could leave off and resume the operation at the distant period of a week, or even several months. He said that he was *drunk* once with reckoning by memory from May 17 until June 16, and then recovered after sleeping soundly for seven hours. The question which occupied him so intensely was the reduction of a cube of upwards of 200,000,000 of miles into barleycorns, and then into hairs'-breadths of an inch in length. He kept an account of all the beer which he had drunk for forty years, which was equal to five thousand one hundred and sixteen pints : of these two thousand one hundred and thirty-two were drunk at the Duke of Kingston's, and only ten at his own house.

There was a portrait of Buxton at Rufford Abbey, Nottinghamshire. A print of him was engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1754, with this subscription : "Jedediah Buxton. Ætat 49.—Numeros memini Virgil." He was married and had several children, and died at the age of 70, in the year 1777.

CHARLES LAMB'S COTTAGE AT ISLINGTON.

In a very pleasant paper on "Ideal Houses," in No. 4 of the *Cornhill Magazine*, we find this clever sketch of a few of the amiable eccentricities of our famous Essayist, Charles Lamb:—

"I believe," says the contributor, "more in the influence of dwellings upon human character than in the influence of authority on matters of opinion. The man may seek the house, or the house may form the man; but in either case the result is the same. A few yards of earth, even on this side of the grave, will make all the difference between life and death. If our dear old friend, Charles Lamb, was now alive (and we must all wish he was, if only that he might see how every day is bringing him nearer the crown that belongs only to the Prince of British Essayists), there would be something singularly jarring to the human nerves in finding him at Dalston, but not so jarring in finding him a little farther off, at Hackney. He would still have drawn nourishment in the Temple and in Covent Garden; but he must surely have perished if transplanted to New Tyburnia. I cannot imagine him living at Pentonville (I cannot, in my uninquiring ignorance, imagine who Penton was, that he should name a *ville*?), but I can see a certain appropriate oddity in his cottage at Colebrook Row, Islington.

"In the first place, we may agree that this London suburb is very odd, without going into the vexed ques-

tion of whether it was very 'merry.' In the second place, this same Colebrook Row was built a few years before our dear old friend was born—I believe, in 1770. In the third place, it was called a 'Row,' though 'Lane' or 'Walk' would have been as old and as good; but 'Terrace' or 'Crescent' would have rendered it unbearable. The New River flowed calmly past the cottage walls—as poor George Dyer found to his cost—bringing with it fair memories of Isaak Walton and the last two centuries. The house itself had also certain peculiarities to recommend it. The door was so constructed that it opened into the chief sitting-room; and this, though promising much annoyance, was really a source of fun and enjoyment to our dear old friend. He was never so delighted as when he stood on the hearth-rug receiving many congenial visitors as they came to him on the muddiest-boot and the wettest-of-umbrella days. His immediate neighbourhood was also peculiar.

It was there that weary wanderers came to seek the waters of oblivion. Suicide could pitch upon no spot so favourable for its sacrifice as the gateway leading into the river inclosure before Charles Lamb's cottage. Waterloo Bridge had not long been built, and was not then a fashionable theatre for self-destruction. The drags were always kept ready in Colebrook Row, at a small tavern a few doors from the cottage. The landlord's ear, according to his own account, had become so sensitive by repeated practice, that when aroused at night by a heavy splash in the water, he could tell by the sound whether it was an accident or a wilful plunge. He never believed that poor George Dyer tumbled in from carelessness, though it was no business of his to express an opinion on the matter. After the eighth suicide

within a short period, Charles Lamb began to grow restless.

“ ‘Mary,’ he said to his sister, ‘I think it’s high time we left this place ;’ and so they went to Edmonton.”

THOMAS HOOD.

This remarkable man of genius, whose wit and humour entitle him to high rank in English literature, was born in 1798, in the Poultry, London, where his father was, for many years, acting partner in the firm of Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, extensive booksellers and publishers. “There was a dash of ink in my blood,” he writes: “my father wrote two novels, and my brother was decidedly of a literary turn, to the great disquietude, for a time, of an anxious parent.” Thomas Hood was sent to a school in Tokenhouse Yard, in the City, as a day-boarder. The two maiden sisters, who kept the school, and with whom Hood took his dinner, had the odd name of Hogsflesh, and they had a sensitive brother, who was always addressed as “Mr. H.,” and who subsequently became the prototype of Charles Lamb’s unsuccessful farce, called “Mr. H.”

In 1812, Hood was sent to a day-school, his account of which is as follows :—“In a house formerly a suburban seat of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, over a grocer’s shop, up two pair of stairs, there was a very select day-school, kept by a decayed Dominic, as he would have been called in his native land. In his better days, when my brother was his pupil, he had been master of

one of those wholesale concerns in which so many ignorant men have made fortunes, by favour of high terms, low ushers, gullible parents, and victimized little boys. Small as was our college, its principal maintained his state, and walked gowned and covered. His cap was of faded velvet, of black, or blue, or purple, or sad-green, or, as it seemed, of altogether, with a sad *nuance* of brown; his robe of crimson damask lined with the national tartan. A quaint, carved, high-backed elbowed article, looking like an *émigré* from a set that had been at home in an aristocratical drawing-room under the *ancien régime*, was his professional chair, which, with his desk, was appropriately elevated on a dais some inches above the common floor. From this moral and material eminence he cast a vigilant yet kindly eye over some dozen of youngsters; for adversity, sharpened by habits of authority, had not soured him, or mingled a single tinge of bile with the peculiar red-streak complexion so common to the wealthier natives of the north." . . . "In a few months, my education progressed infinitely farther than it had done in as many years under the listless superintendence of B.A. and LL.D. and assistants. I picked up *some* Latin, was a tolerable grammarian, and so good a French scholar, that I earned a few guineas—my first literary fee—by revising a new edition of *Paul et Virginie* for the press. Moreover, as an accountant, I could work a *summum bonum*, that is, a good sum."

Young Hood finished his education at Wanostrocht's Academy, at Camberwell; and removed thence to a merchant's counting-house in the City, where he realized his own inimitable sketch of the boy "Just set up in Business:"—

"Time was I sat upon a lofty stool,
 At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen
 Began each morning at the stroke of ten
 To write in Bell and Co.'s commercial school,
 In Warnford Court, a shady nook and cool,
 The favourite retreat of merchant men ;
 Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,
 And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.
 Now double entry—now a flowery trope—
 Mingling poetic honey with trade wax :
 Blogg, Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope—
 Bristles and Hogg—Glyn, Mills, and Halifax—
 Rogers and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of Hope—
 Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns, and Flax."

In 1824, Hood, after having contributed to some periodicals at Dundee in 1821, obtained the situation of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*. "My vanity," says he, "did not rashly plunge me into authorship, but no sooner was there a legitimate opening than I jumped at it, à la Grimaldi, head foremost, and was speedily behind the scenes."

Mr. Hood's first work was anonymous—his *Odes and Addresses to Great People*—a little, thin, mean-looking foolscap sub-octavo of poems, with nothing but wit and humour (could it want more?) to recommend it. Coleridge was delighted with the work, and taxed Charles Lamb by letter with the authorship.

His next work was *A Plea for the Midsummer Fairies*, a serious poem of infinite beauty, full of fine passages and of promise ; it obtained praise from the critics, but little favour from the public ; and Hood's experience of the unpleasant truth that

"Those who live to please must please to live,"

induced him to have recourse again to his lively vein.

He published a second and third series of *Whims and Oddities*, and in 1829 commenced the *Comic Annual*, and it was continued nine years. It proved very profitable; it was a small, widely-printed volume, with rough woodcuts drawn by Hood, who had been some time on probation with Sands and Le Keux, the engravers. Several thousand copies were sold annually, as the publishers' ledgers show. Then came out the comic poem of *The Epping Hunt*, which, Hood tells us, "was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than writing," as shown in this epistle:—"Sir,—About the Hunt. In answer to your Innquiries, there has been a great falling off latterly, so much so this year that there was nobody allmost. We did a mear nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, which is as proof in Pint. In short our Hunt may be sad to be in the last Stag of a Decline. Bartholomew Rutt." Next appeared *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, with this note: "The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder* in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem." The poem is exquisitely written throughout, and is sometimes little less than sublime.

In the spring of 1831, Hood became the occupier of Lake House, near Wanstead; and while residing here, he wrote his novel of *Tylney Hall*, in which the characters are exuberant with wit and humour, but the plot is defective. Hood next published *Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year*, a volume of comic lucubrations, reprinted, "with an infusion of New Blood

for General Circulation." He next went to the Continent for the benefit of his health. When in Belgium, he published his *Up the Rhine*, constructed on the groundwork of *Humphrey Clinker*. The work consists of a series of imaginary letters from a hypochondriacal old bachelor, his widowed sister, his nephew, and a servant-maid, who form the imaginary travelling party. Each individual writes to a friend in England, and describes the scenes, manners, and circumstances, in a manner suitable to the assumed character. The nephew's remarks seem to embody the opinions and observations of Hood himself. The book is illustrated with whimsical cuts in Hood's rough but effective style, and abounds in good sense as well as humour. Here is a specimen:—

"An English lady resident at Coblantz, one day wishing to order of her German servant (who did not understand English) a boiled fowl for dinner, Grettel was summoned, and that experiment began. It was one of the lady's fancies, that the less her words resembled her native tongue, the more they must be like German. So her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a choeking, or keeking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head. 'It's to cook,' said the mistress, 'to cook, to put in an iron thing, in a pit—pat—pot.' 'Ish understand risht,' said the maid, in her Coblantz patois. 'It's a thing to eat,' said her mistress, 'for dinner—for deener—with sauce, soace—sowose.' No answer. 'What on earth am I to do?' exclaimed the lady, in despair, but still made another attempt. 'It's a little creature—a bird—a bard—a beard—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool; it's all covered with feathers—fathers—feeders!' 'Ha, ha,' cried the

delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, 'Ja, ja! fedders—ja woh!' and away went Grettel, and in half-an-hour returned triumphantly, with a bundle of stationers' quills."

Hood afterwards became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, from which he retired in 1843. In the course of this year, public feeling had been much excited by cases of distress and destitution which came before the London police-magistrates, arising from the excessively low rate of wages paid by dealers in ready-made linen to their workwomen. Taking advantage of a market overstocked with labourers, these tradesmen got their work done for a rate of payment so small that fourteen or fifteen hours' labour were frequently required in order to obtain sixpence! Hood's sympathy was excited, and "The Song of the Shirt" was the result—"a burst of poetry and indignant passion by which he produced tears almost as irrepressibly as in other cases he produced laughter." "The Song of the Shirt" was sent to a comic periodical, but was refused insertion; it has, however, been sung through the whole length and breadth of the three kingdoms.

Our author's last periodical was *Hood's Magazine*, which he continued to supply with the best of its contributions till within a month before his death. It contained a novel, which was interrupted by his last illness and death; the last chapters were, in fact, written by him when he was propped up by pillows in bed. He had the consolation, a short time before his death, of having a Government pension of 100*l.* a-year, which was offered him by Sir Robert Peel, in the following noble and touching letter, Sir Robert knowing of his illness, but not of his imminent danger—"I am more than

repaid," writes Peel, "by the personal satisfaction which I have had in doing that for which you return me warm and characteristic acknowledgments. You perhaps think that you are known to one with such multifarious occupations as myself merely by general reputation as an author; but I assure you that there can be little which you have written and acknowledged which I have not read, and that there are few who can appreciate and admire more than myself the good sense and good feeling which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limits within which wit and facetiousness are not very often confined. You may write on with the consciousness of independence as free and unfettered as if no communication had ever passed between us. I am not conferring a private obligation upon you, but am fulfilling the intentions of the Legislature, which has placed at the disposal of the Crown a certain sum (miserable, indeed, in amount) to be applied to the recognition of public claims on the bounty of the Crown. If you will review the names of those whose claims have been admitted on account of their literary or scientific eminence, you will find an ample confirmation of the truth of my statement. One return, indeed, I shall ask you—that you will give me the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance."

To this statement in the *Cornhill Magazine* are appended the following reflections:—"O sad, marvellous picture of courage, of honesty, of patient endurance, of duty struggling against pain! How noble Peel's figure is standing by that sick-bed, how generous his words, how dignified and sincere his compassion! And the poor

dying man, with a heart full of natural gratitude towards his noble benefactor, must turn to him and say—‘If it be well to be remembered by a Minister, it is better still not to be forgotten by him in a ‘hurly Burleigh!’ Can you laugh? Is not the joke horribly pathetic from the poor dying lips? As dying Robin Hood must fire a last shot with his bow—as one reads of Catholics on their death-beds putting on a Capuchin dress to go out of the world—here is poor Hood at his last hour putting on his ghastly motley, and uttering one joke more. He dies, however, in dearest love and peace with his children, wife, friends; to the former especially his whole life had been devoted, and every day showed his fidelity, simplicity, and affection. In going through the record of his most pure, modest, honourable life, and living along with him, you come to trust him thoroughly, and feel that here is a most loyal, affectionate, and upright soul, with whom you have been brought into communion. Can we say as much of all lives of all men of letters? Here is one at least without guile, without pretension, without scheming, of pure life, to his family and little modest circle of friends tenderly devoted.”

After a lethargy, which continued four days, Hood died May 3rd, 1845. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, where a poetical monument has been erected to his memory. He left a son, who inherits much of his father's genius.

“Hood,” says one of his biographers, “was undoubtedly a man of genius. His mind was stored with a vast collection of materials drawn from a great variety of sources, but especially his own observations; and he possessed the power of working up those materials into combinations of wit and humour and pathos of the most

original and varied kinds. He has wit of the highest quality, as original and as abundant as Butler's or Cowley's, drawn from as extensive an observation of nature and life, if not from so wide a reach of learning, and combined with a richness of humour of which Butler had little and Cowley none. His humour is frequently as extravagantly broad as that of Rabelais, but he has sometimes the delicate touches of that of Addison. As a punster he stands alone. His puns do not consist merely of double meanings of words—a low kind of punning, of which minds of a low order are capable, and with which his imitators have deluged English comedy and comic literature—but of double meanings of words combined with double meanings of sense in such a manner as to produce the most extraordinary effects of surprise and admiration. His power of exciting laughter is wonderful, his drollery indescribable, inimitable. His pathetic power is not equal to his comic, but it is very great. The moral tendency of Hood's works is excellent. In the indulgence of his spirit of fun, he is anything but strait-laced as regards the introduction of images and phrases which a fastidious person might call vulgar or coarse; but an indecent description or even allusion will not easily be found. He is liberal-minded, a warm eulogist as well as a glowing depicter of the good feelings of our nature and the generous actions which those feelings prompt, and he is an unsparing satirist of vice, pretension, and cant in all their forms.

“Hood, in his person, was thin, pale, and delicate; in his temper he was kind and cheerful; he seems to have imbibed the social and benevolent feeling of his friend Lamb, and he was no less than Lamb a favourite among

his friends. His long-continued sufferings only stimulated him to amuse himself and others by the exercise of his extraordinary imagination; and when at last he could no longer bear up under his bodily pains, his complaint was simple, but it indicated a terrible degree of suffering—‘I cannot die, I cannot die.’”

A WITTY ARCHBISHOP.

An industrious student, a deep thinker, an acute reasoner, a learned mind, a correct and at times elegant writer—these are titles of honour which the mere outside-world, travelling in its flying railway-carriage, will gladly award to the late Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately). Not so familiar are certain minor and more curious gifts, which he kept by him for his own and his friends’ entertainment, which broke out at times on more public occasions. He delighted in the oddities of thought, in queer quaint distinctions; and if an object had by any possibility some strange distorted side or corner, or even point, which was undermost, he would gladly stoop down his mind to get that precise view of it, nay, would draw it in that odd light for the amusement of the company.

Thus he struck Guizot, who described him as “startling and ingenious, strangely absent, familiar, confused, eccentric, amiable, and engaging, no matter what unpoliteness he might commit, or what propriety he might forget.” In short, a mind with a little of the Sydney Smith’s leaven, whose brilliancy lay in precisely these

odd analogies. It was his recreation to take up some intellectual hobby, and make a toy of it. Just as, years ago, he was said to have taken up that strange instrument the boomerang, and was to be seen on the sands casting it from him, and watching it return. It was said, too, that at the dull intervals of a visitation, when ecclesiastical business languished, he would cut out little miniature boomerangs of card, and amuse himself by illustrating the principle of the larger toy, by shooting them from his finger.

The even, and sometimes drowsy, current of Dublin society was almost always enlivened by some little witty boomerang of his, fluttering from mouth to mouth, and from club to club. The Archbishop's last was eagerly looked for. Some were indifferent, some were trifling; but it was conceded that all had an odd extravagance, which marked them as original, quaint, queer. In this respect he was the Sydney Smith of the Irish capital, with this difference—that Sydney Smith's king announced that he would never make the lively Canon of St. Paul's a Bishop.

Homœopathy was a medical paradox, and was therefore welcome. Yet in this he travelled out of the realms of mere fanciful speculation, and clung to it with a stern and consistent earnestness, faithfully adhered to through his last illness. Mesmerism, too, he delighted to play with. He had, in fact, innumerable *dadas*, as the French call them, or hobby-horses, upon which he was continually astride.

This led him into a pleasant affectation of being able to discourse *de omnibus rebus, &c.*, and the more recondite or less known the subject, the more eager was he to speak. It has been supposed that the figure of the

“Dean,” in Mr. Lever’s pleasant novel of *Roland Cashel*, was sketched from him. Indeed, there can be no question but that it is an unacknowledged portrait.

“What is the difference,” he asked of a young clergyman he was examining, “between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same; yet there is a very nice distinction.” Various answers were given. “Well,” he said, “it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony.”

“Morrow’s Library” is the Mudie of Dublin; and the Rev. Mr. Day, a popular preacher. “How inconsistent,” said the archbishop, “is the piety of certain ladies here. They go to *Day* for a sermon, and to *Morrow* for a novel!”

At a dinner-party he called out suddenly to the host, “Mr. ——!” There was silence. “Mr. ——, what is the proper female companion of this John Dory?” After the usual number of guesses an answer came, “Anne Chovy.” [This has been attributed to Quin, the actor and epicure.]

Another Riddle.—“The laziest letter in the alphabet? The *letther* G!” (lethargy).

The Wicklow Line.—The most unmusical in the world—having a Dun-Drum, Still-Organ, and a Bray for stations.

Doctor Gregg.—The new bishop and he at dinner. Archbishop: “Come, though you *are* John Cork, you mustn’t stop the bottle here.” The answer was not inapt: “I see your lordship is determined to draw me out.”

On Dr. K——x’s promotion to the bishopric of Down, an appointment in some quarters unpopular: “The Irish

government will not be able to stand many more such Knocks Down as this!"

The merits of the same bishop being canvassed before him, and it being mentioned that he had compiled a most useful Ecclesiastical Directory, with the Values of Livings, &c., "If that be so," said the archbishop, "I hope the next time the claims of our friend Thom will not be overlooked." (Thom, the author of the well-known *Almanack*.)

A clergyman, who had to preach before him, begged to be let off, saying, "I hope your Grace will excuse my preaching next Sunday."—"Certainly," said the other indulgently. Sunday came, and the archbishop said to him, "Well! Mr. —, what became of you! we expected you to preach to-day."—"Oh, your Grace said you would excuse my preaching to-day."—"Exactly; but I did not say I would excuse you *from* preaching."

At a lord lieutenant's banquet a grace was given of unusual length. "My lord," said the archbishop, "did you ever hear the story of Lord Mulgrave's chaplain?" "No," said the lord lieutenant. "A young chaplain had preached a sermon of great length. 'Sir,' said Lord Mulgrave, bowing to him, 'there were some things in your sermon of to-day I never heard before.' 'Oh, my lord,' said the flattered chaplain, 'it is a common text, and I could not have hoped to have said anything new on the subject.' 'I heard the clock strike twice,' said Lord Mulgrave."

At some religious ceremony at which he was to officiate in the country, a young curate who attended him grew very nervous as to their being late. "My good young friend," said the archbishop, "I can only say to you what the criminal going to be hanged said to those

around, who were hurrying him, ‘Let us take our time ; they can’t begin without us.’”—(*Yorick Junior.—Notes and Queries. Third Series.*)

The following charade, said to be one of the last by Dr. Whately, has puzzled many wise heads :—

“Man cannot live without my *first*,
 By day and night it’s used ;
 My *second* is by all accursed,
 By day and night abused.
 My *whole* is never seen by day,
 And never used by night ;
 Is dear to friends when far away,
 But hated when in sight.

A Correspondent of *Notes and Queries* suggests the following solution :—

“*Ignis*, or fire, all men will own
 Essential to the life of man ;
Fatuus, a fool, has been, ’tis known,
 Cursed and abused since time began.
 Some *Ignis Fatuus*, Will-o’-wisp,
 Not seen by day, nor used by night,
 Men love, and for their phantom list,
 When ’tis unseen, but hate its sight.

LITERARY MADMEN.

“Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And their partitions do their bounds divide.”—DRYDEN.

This bold assertion has long since been pronounced incorrect. Nevertheless, the barrier between genius and madness has not been traced. Eccentricity is often mistaken for craziness; and the entire subject is beset with nice points and shades of controversy. In 1860 appeared Octave Delepierre's *Histoire Littéraire des Fous*, upon the soundness of which critics are divided in opinion. The following sketch of its contents, however, shows the work to be full of interest.

A history of literary madmen is yet to be written—whether it be a history of authors who have gone mad, or of persons who, being mad, have turned authors. It is singular to notice what relief madmen find in literary composition; so much so, that it has been employed as a method of cure in more than one of our lunatic asylums. At the Crichton Royal Institution, Dumfriesshire, a little journal, entitled the *New Moon*, was published every month, the contents being contributed, set up, and printed by the inmates in their lucid moments. Occasionally there was a little incoherence—a little roughness; but, as a whole, the *New Moon* would bear comparison with many other amateur periodicals. Here are two stanzas written by a man tortured by long sleeplessness, whom private misfortunes had driven mad:—

“Go! sleep, my heart, in peace,
Bid fear and sorrow cease:
He who of worlds takes care,
One heart in mind doth bear.

“Go! sleep, my heart, in peace,
 If death should thee release,
 And thus night hence thee take,
 Thou yonder wilt awake.”

Theology has sent more people mad than any other pursuit—a truth of which M. Delepierre’s *Histoire Littéraire des Fous* furnishes some interesting illustrations.

The writer has, however, occasionally mistaken eccentricity for craziness. Simon Stylites on his pillar and St. Anthony in his cave were crazed; but we do not think that Baxter’s *Hooks and Eyes for Believers’ Breeches* is an indication of insanity any more than such works as *La Seringue Spirituelle pour les Ames constipées en Dévotion*, or *La Tabatière Spirituelle pour faire éternuer les Ames dévotes*. Very probably, if we could refer to these works, we should find that the title had little or nothing in common with the contents, but as a mere trick to catch purchasers. Few people would charge Latimer with being mad because he preached a “Sermon on a Pack of Cards.” Nor do we think any conclusion can be drawn unfavourable to the Jesuit missionary Paoletti from the mere fact of his writing a treatise to prove that the American aborigines were eternally damned without hope of redemption, because they were the offspring of the Devil and one of Noah’s daughters. His mind had not lost its balance to such a degree as that of old Portel, who persuaded himself that the soul of John the Baptist had passed into his body; or of Miranda, a living man, who fancies himself the forty-ninth incarnation of Adam through Romulus and Mohamed; while Queen Victoria is the seventieth embodiment of the soul of Eve, by way of Miriam and the Virgin Mary! Geoffrey Vallée was another mono-

maniac of this class, who began by having a shirt for every day in the year, which he used to send into Flanders to be washed at a certain spring, and ended by being burnt at the stake as an atheist for a silly book he wrote. Our own John Mason, who proclaimed Christ's coming, and declared Water Stratford, near Buckingham, to be the seat of his throne, has had many imitators at home and abroad. •

Endeavours to interpret prophecy and explain the Apocalypse have turned many a brain, even in our own days. One Francis Potter wrote a book with the following title:—"An Interpretation of the number 666, wherein it is shown that this number is an exquisite and perfect character, truly, exactly, and essentially describing that state of government to which all other notes of Antichrist do agree." A Frenchman, Soubira, ran mad on the same subject about the same period. In 1828 he published a pamphlet with this meagre title—"666." Here is a sample:—

Les banquiers de la France	666
Des organistes de la Foi	666
Et des concerts de la cadence	666
Vont accomplir la loi	666
Et contenter l'alliance	666

Joseph O'Donnely fancied he had discovered the primitive language, and printed some specimens of it at Brussels in 1854.

The literary madman is often harmless enough, and his condition being not rarely the result of an over-taxed brain, in his lucid moments he is his former self. If in his mad moments Lee called upon Jupiter to rise and snuff the moon; it was in his calmer hours that he

replied to the sneers of a silly poet—"It is very difficult to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool." Christopher Smart was another poetical lunatic, whose best pieces were composed while he was under restraint. These are not, however, very remarkable, their chief merit consisting in their history. Like the Koran, they were committed to writing under circumstances of great difficulty; the whitened walls of his cell were his paper, and his pen the end of a piece of wood burnt in the fire. Thomas Lloyd belonged to this class, but few of his fragments have been preserved. Milman, of Pennsylvania, lost his bride by lightning on their wedding-day: his reason never recovered the shock.

Luke Clennel, the engraver, forgot his art during his long state of unreason, but would compose very passable verses; while John Clare, whose poetry brought him into note, and led to his ruin, scarcely wrote at all during his mad moods. Thomas Bishop took to the drama, and his *Koranzzo's Feast, or the Unfair Marriage*, a tragedy founded on facts 2,366 years ago, is a serious performance, amply illustrated. Among the characters are four queens, three savages, and five ghosts, not including the ghost of a clock, intended as part of the stage furniture. The most singular of this class of one-sided writers is M. G. Desjardins, who, we believe, is still alive. It is impossible to imagine a head more completely turned than his.

Another writer of this eccentric class is Paulin Gagne, author of *L'Unitéide, ou la Femme-Messie*, a poem in twelve cantos. The thirty-eighth act of the eighth canto passes in a potato-field, and the scene is opened by *Pataticulture* in a speech of this fashion:—

“Peuples et Rois, je suis la Pataticulture,
Fille de la nature et du siècle en friture ;
J’ai toujours adoré ce fruit délicieux
Que, dit-on, pour extra, mangeaient jadis les Dieux.”

He winds up by declaring that

“Dans la pomme de terre est le salut de tous.”

In the following act, *Carroticulture* is introduced with a new version of the *Marseillaise* :—

“Allons, enfans de la Carotte.”

Science and Philosophy have had their victims ; and though we must except Newton, so long reckoned among those whose brain had given way under intense thought, we must include Kant, his disciple Wirgman, and others of less note. William Martin, whose two brothers made themselves famous in very different lines—one by setting fire to York Minster, the other by his paintings—was as mad as could be desired, both in science and poetry. Here is a sample combined :—

“The creation of the world,
Likewise Adam and Eve, we know,
Made by the Great God, from
Whom all blessings flow.”

The famous Walking Stewart went crazy on “the polarization of moral truth.” At the dinner-table he spoilt the digestion of his guests by turning the conversation to his one beloved subject, and he was as fatal as the Ancient Mariner to any man who might chance to address him a civil word in public places or conveyances.

A deplorable instance of this class is afforded by Wirgman, the Kantesian, just named, who, after

making a fortune as a goldsmith and silversmith, in St. James's Street, Westminster, squandered it all as a *regenerating philosopher*. He printed several works, and had paper made specially for one, the same sheet being of several different colours; and as he changed the work many times while it was printing, the expense was enormous: one book of four hundred pages cost 2,276*l*. He published a grammar of the five senses, which was a sort of system of metaphysics for the use of children; and he maintained that when it was universally adopted in schools, peace and harmony would be restored to the earth, and virtue would everywhere replace crime. He complained much that people would not listen to him, and that although he had devoted nearly half a century, he had asked in vain to be appointed Professor in some University or College—so little does the world appreciate those who labour unto death in its service. Nevertheless, exclaimed Wirgman, after another useless application, “while life remains, I will not cease to communicate this blessing to the rising world.”

A PERPETUAL-MOTION SEEKER.

The celebrated French physician, Pinel, relates the case of a watchmaker who was infatuated with the chimera of Perpetual Motion, and to effect this discovery, he set to work with indefatigable ardour. From unremitting attention to the object of his enthusiasm, coinciding with the influence of revolutionary disturbances, his imagination was greatly heated, his sleep was interrupted,

and at length a complete derangement took place. His case was marked by a most whimsical illusion of the imagination: he fancied that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it had been thrown promiscuously among the heads of many other victims; that the judges having repented of their cruel sentence, had ordered their heads to be restored to their respective owners, and placed upon their respective shoulders; but that, in consequence of an unhappy mistake, the gentleman who had the management of that business, had placed upon his shoulders the head of one of his unhappy companions. The idea of this whimsical change of his head occupied his thoughts night and day, which determined his friends to send him to an asylum. Nothing could exceed the extravagance of his heated brain: he sung, he cried, or danced incessantly; and as there appeared no propensity to commit acts of violence or disturbance, he was allowed to go about the hospital without control, in order to expend, by evaporation, the effervescence of his spirits. "Look at these teeth!" he cried; "mine were exceedingly handsome; these are rotten and decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul and diseased. What difference between this hair and that of my own head!"

The idea of perpetual motion frequently recurred to him in the midst of his wanderings; and he chalked on all the doors or windows as he passed the various designs by which his wondrous piece of mechanism was to be constructed. The method best calculated to cure so whimsical an illusion appeared to be that of encouraging his prosecution of it to satiety. His friends were accordingly requested to send him his tools, with materials to work upon, and other requisites, such as plates of copper

and steel, and watch-wheels. His zeal was now redoubled; his whole attention was rivetted upon his favourite pursuit: he forgot his meals, and after about a month's labour our artist began to think he had followed a false route. He broke into a thousand fragments the piece of machinery which he had fabricated with so much toil, and thought, and labour; he then entered upon a new plan, and laboured for another fortnight. The various parts being completed, he brought them together; he fancied that he saw a perfect harmony amongst them. The whole was now finally adjusted—his anxiety was indescribable—*motion succeeded*; it continued for some time, and he supposed it capable of continuing for ever. He was elevated to the highest pitch of ecstasy and triumph, and ran like lightning into the interior of the hospital, crying out, like another Archimedes, "At length I have solved this famous problem, which has puzzled so many men celebrated for their wisdom and talents!" Grievous to add, he was checked in the midst of his triumph. The wheels stopped! the *perpetual motion* ceased! His intoxication of joy was succeeded by disappointment and confusion; though to avoid a humiliating and mortifying confession, he declared that he could easily remove the impediment: but, tired of such experimental employment, he determined for the future to devote his attention solely to his business.

There still remained another imaginary impression to be counteracted—that of the exchange of his head, which unceasingly occurred to him. A keen and unanswerable stroke of pleasantry seemed best adapted to correct this fantastic whim. Another convalescent, of a gay and facetious turn, instructed beforehand, adroitly

turned the conversation to the subject of the famous miracle of St. Denis, in which it will be recollected that the holy man, after decapitation, walked away with his head under his arm, which he kissed and condoled with for its misfortune. Our mechanician strongly maintained the possibility of the fact, and sought to confirm it by an appeal to his own case. The other set up a loud laugh, and replied with a tone of the keenest ridicule, "Madman as thou art, how could St. Denis kiss his own head? Was it with his heels?" This equally unexpected and unanswerable retort forcibly struck the maniac. He retired confused amidst the laughter which was provoked at his expense, and never afterwards mentioned the *exchange of his head*.

THE ROMANTIC DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

More than two centuries ago, when Clerkenwell was a sort of court-quarter of the town, its most distinguished residents were William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and his wife, Margaret Lucas, both of whom are remembered by their literary eccentricities. The Duke, who was a devoted royalist, after his defeat at Marston Moor, retired with his wife to the Continent; and with many privations, owing to pecuniary embarrassments, suffered an exile of eighteen years, chiefly in Antwerp, in a house which belonged to the widow of Rubens. Such was their extremity that they were both forced at one time to pawn their clothes to purchase a dinner. The Duke beguiled his time by writing an

eccentric book on horsemanship. During his absence Cromwell's parliament levied upon his estate nearly three-quarters of a million of money. Upon the Restoration, he returned to England, and was created Duke of Newcastle; he then retired to his mansion in Clerkenwell; he died there in 1676, aged eighty-four.

The duchess was a pedantic and voluminous writer, her collected works filling ten printed folios, for she wrote prose and verse in all their varieties. "The whole story," writes Pepys, "of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. April 26th, 1667.—Met my Lady Newcastle, with her coach and footmen all in velvet, herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town talk is now-a-days of her extravagances, with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches because of pimples about her mouth, naked-necked without anything about it, and a black *just-au-corps*. May 1st, 1667.—She was in a black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold, and snow-white curtains, and everything black and white. Stayed at home reading the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." On the 10th of April, 1667, Charles and his Queen came to Clerkenwell, on a visit to the duchess. On the 18th John Evelyn went to make court to the noble pair, who received him with great kindness. Another time he dined at Newcastle House, and was privileged to sit discoursing with her grace in her bed-chamber after dinner. She thus describes to a friend her literary employments:—"You will find my works like infinite nature, that hath neither beginning

nor end, and as confused as the chaos, wherein is neither method nor order, but all mixed together, without separation, like light and darkness." "But what gives one," says Walpole, "the best idea of her passion for scribbling, was her seldom revising the copies of her works, lest it should disturb her following conceptions. Her servant John was ordered to lie on a truckle-bed in a closet within her grace's bed-chamber; and whenever, at any time, she gave the summons, by calling out 'John,' I conceive poor John was to get up, and commit to writing the offspring of his mistress' thoughts. Her grace's folios were usually enriched with gold, and had her coat-of-arms upon them. Hence, Pope, in the *Dunciad*, Book I. :—

"Stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete."

In her *Poems and Fancies*, 1653, the copy now in the British Museum, on the margin of one page is the following note in the Duchess' own handwriting :—
 "Reader, let me intreat you to consider only the fancyes in this my book of poems, and not the language of the numbers, nor rimes, nor fals printing, for if you doe, you will be my condemning judg, which will grive me much." Of this book she says :—

"When I did write this book I took great paines,
 For I did walk, and thinke, and break my braines;
 My thoughts run out of breath, then down would lye,
 And panting with short wind like those that dye;
 When time had given ease, and lent them strength,
 Then up would get and run another length;
 Sometimes I kept my thought with strict dyet,
 And made them fast with ease, rest, and quiet,
 That they might run with swifter speed,
 And by this course new fancyes they could breed;
 But I doe feare they are no so good to please,
 But now they're out my braine is more at ease."

At page 228 occurs this strange fancy :—

“Life scums the cream of beauty with Time’s spoon,
And draws the claret wine of blushes soon.”

Again, she tells us that—

“The brain is like an oven, hot and dry,
Which bakes all sorts of fancies, low and high ;
The thoughts are wood, which motion sets on fire ;
The tongue a peele, which draws forth the desire ;
But thinking much, the brain too hot will grow,
And burns it up ; if cold, the thoughts are dough.”

To a volume of the Duchess’ plays is prefixed a portrait of her Grace, and this couplet under it :—

“Her beauty’s found beyond the skill
Of the best paynter to embrace.”

There is a story current that the Duke being once, when in a peevish humour, complimented by a friend on the great wisdom of his wife, made answer, “Sir, a very wise woman is a very foolish thing.”

Another eccentric inhabitant of Newcastle House was Elizabeth, Duchess of Albemarle, and afterwards of Montague. She was married in 1669 to Christopher Monck, second Duke of Albemarle, then a youth of sixteen, whom her inordinate pride drove to the bottle and other dissipation. After his death, in 1688, at Jamaica, the Duchess, whose vast estate so inflated her vanity as to produce mental aberration, resolved never again to give her hand to any but a sovereign prince. She had many suitors ; but true to her resolution, she rejected them all, until Ralph Montague, third Lord and first Duke of that name, achieved the conquest by courting her as *Emperor of China* : and the anecdote has been

dramatized by Colley Cibber, in his comedy of *The Double Gallant, or Sick Lady's Cure*. Lord Montague married the lady as "Emperor," but afterwards played the truant, and kept her in such strict confinement that her relations compelled him to produce her in open court, to prove that she was alive. Richard Lord Ross, one of her rejected suitors, addressed to Lord Montague these lines on his match :—

" Insulting rival, never boast
 Thy conquest lately won :
 No wonder that her heart was lost,—
 Her senses first were gone.

" From one that's under Bedlam's laws
 What glory can be had ?
 For love of thee was not the cause :
 It proves that she was mad."

The Duchess survived her second husband nearly thirty years, and at last "died of mere old age," at Newcastle House, August 28th, 1738, aged ninety-six years. Until her decease, she is said to have been constantly served on the knee as a sovereign ; besides keeping her word, that she would not stoop to marry any one but the Emperor of China.

SOURCES OF LAUGHTER.

In a clever paper in the *Saturday Review* (Oct. 7th, 1865), we find these amusing anecdotal instances of the sources means *movere jocum* :—

" A sustained, deliberate pride would have rather pre-

vented than encouraged that fit of laughter which has preserved to posterity the name of a certain Marquis of Blandford. He, being noted for laughing upon small provocation, was once convulsed for half-an-hour together on seeing somebody fillip a crumb into a blind fiddler's face, the fits returning whenever the "ludicrous idea" recurred to him. An habitual sense of superiority would have prevented this sudden glory at sight of a beggar's helplessness under insult.

"There are personalities which lie so hid under a disguise that they are not readily known for such. The humorist and the cynic have each a knack of investing with human weaknesses things, animate and inanimate, in which plainer minds can see no analogy to human nature. We have known a man of quaint fancies laugh till the tears ran down at seeing a rat peep out of a hole. He caught a touch of humanity in the brute's perplexed air; he guessed at something behind the scenes imperious to our grosser vision. A bird, frumpish and disquieted on a rainy day, suggests to such a man some social image of discontent that makes capital fun for him. He can improve these lower creatures into caricatures of his friends, or of mankind at large. Mr. Formby owned himself unable to help "laughing out loud" in the presence of Egyptian antiquities, with the Memnon at their head; he laughed at an ancient civilization, at the men of the past personified by their works. Saturnine tempers can only laugh at imminent danger or positive calamity; mortal terror is the most ludicrous of all ideas to them. Mr. Trollope represents Lord de Courcy, who had not laughed for many a day, exploding at the notion of his neighbour earl having been all but tossed by a bull; and the joke would have

been better still if the bull had had his will. This tendency is frequently to be seen with a defective sympathy, and we believe the things that make men laugh are an excellent clue at once to intellect and temper. Many a man does not betray the tiger that lurks within him till he laughs. There are times when the body craves for laughter as it does for food. This is the laughter which, on some occasion or other, has betrayed us all into a scandalous, unseasonable, remorseful gaiety. After long abstinence from cheerful thought, there are few occasions so sad and solemn as to render this inopportune revolt impossible, unless where grief absorbs the whole soul, and lowers the system to a uniformity of sadness. In fact, as no solemnity can be safe from incongruities, such occasions are not seldom the especial scene of these exposures—of explosions of a wild, perverse hilarity taking the culprit at unawares; and this even while he is aghast at his flagrant insensibility to the demand of the hour.

“This is the laughter often ascribed to Satanic influence. The nerves cannot forego the wonted stimulus, and are malignantly on the watch, as it were, to betray the higher faculties into this unseemly indulgence. Thus John and Charles Wesley, in the early days of their public career, set forth one particular day to sing hymns together in the fields; but, on uplifting the first stave, one of them was suddenly struck with a sense of something ludicrous in their errand, the other caught the infection, and both fell into convulsions of laughter, renewed on every attempt to carry out their first design, till they were fain to give up and own themselves for that time conquered by the Devil. There is a story of Dr. Johnson much to the same purpose. Naturally

melancholy, he was yet a great laugher, and thus was an especial victim to the possession we speak of, for no one laughs in depression who has not learnt to laugh in mirth. He was dining with his friend Chambers in the Temple, and at first betrayed so much physical suffering and mental dejection that his companion could not help boring him with remedies. By degrees he rallied, and with the rally came the need of a general reaction. At this point Chambers happened to say that a common friend had been with him that morning making his will. Johnson—or rather his nervous system—seized upon this as the required subject. He raised a ludicrous picture of the “testator” going about boasting of the fact of his will-making to anybody that would listen, down to the innkeeper on the road. Roaring with laughter, he trusted that Chambers had had the conscience not to describe the testator as of sound mind, hoped there was a legacy to himself, and concluded with saying that he would have the will set to verse and a ballad made out of it. Mr. Chambers, not at all relishing this pleasantry, got rid of his guest as soon as he could. But not so did Johnson get rid of his merriment; he rolled in convulsions till he got out of Temple Gate, and then, supporting himself against a post, sent forth peals so loud as, in the silence of the night, to be heard from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch. We hear of stomach coughs; this was a stomach, or ganglionic, laugh.

“The mistimed laughter of children has often some such source as this, though the sprite that possesses them has rarely the gnomelike essence. A healthy boy, after a certain length of constraint, is sometimes as little responsible for his laughter as the hypochondriac. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in describing, and even defending,

a Puritanical strictness of Sabbath observance, recalls the long family expositions and sermons which alternated in her youth with prolix Meeting services, at all of which the younger members of the household were required to assist in profound stillness of attention. On one of these occasions, on a hot summer afternoon, a heedless grasshopper of enormous dimensions, leapt on the sleeve of one of the boys. The tempting diversion was not to be resisted; he slyly secured the animal, and imprisoned a hind leg between his firmly compressed lips. One by one, the youthful congregation became alive to the awkward contortions and futile struggles of the long-legged captive; they knew that to laugh was to be flogged, but after so many sermons the need was imperative, and they laughed, and were flogged accordingly. Different from all these types is the grand frank laugh that finds its place in history and biography, and belongs to master minds. Political and party feeling may raise, in stirring times, any amount of animosity, even in good-natured men; but once bring about a laugh between them, and an answering chord is struck, a tie is established not easily broken. Something of the old rancour is gone for ever. There is a story of Canning and Brougham, after hating and spiting one another through a session, finding themselves suddenly face to face in some remote district in Cumberland, with only a turnpike gate between them. The situation roused their magnanimity; simultaneously they broke into laughter, and passed each on his separate way, better friends from that time forth.

“No honest laughter knows anything about his own laugh, which is fortunate, as it is apt to be the most grotesque part of a man, especially if he is anything of an original. Character, humour, oddity, all expatiate

in it, and the features and voice have to accommodate themselves to the occasion as they can. There is Prince Hal's laugh, "till his face is like a wet cloak ill laid up;" there is the laugh we see in Dutch pictures, where every wrinkle of the old face seems to be in motion; there is the convulsive laugh, in which arms and legs join; there is the whinny, the ventral laugh, Dr. Johnson's laugh like a rhinoceros, Dominie Sampson's laugh lapsing without any intermediate stage into dead gravity, and the ideal social laugh—the delighted and delighting chuckle which ushers in a joke, and the cordial triumphant laugh which sounds its praises. We say nothing of all the laughs—and how many there are!—which have no mirth in them; nor of the "ha ha!" of melodrama, and the ringing laugh of the novel, as being each unfamiliar to our waking ears. Whatever the laugh, if it be genuine and comes from decent people, it is as attractive as the Piper of Hamelin. It is impossible not to want to know what a hearty laugh is about. Some of the sparkle of life is near, and we long to share it. The gift of laughter is one of the compensating powers of the world. A nation that laughs is so far prosperous. It may not have material wealth, but it has the poetry of prosperity. When Lady Duff Gordon laments that she never hears a hearty laugh in Egypt, and when Mr. Palgrave, on the contrary, makes the Arabs proper a laughing people, we place Arabia, for this reason, higher among the countries than its old neighbour. And it is the same with homes. Wherever there is pleasant laughter, there inestimable memories are being stored up, and such free play given to nerve and brain, that whatever thought and power the family circle is capable of will have a fair chance of due expansion."

Conbibial Eccentricities.

BUSBY'S FOLLY AND BULL FEATHER HALL.

AT Busby's Folly, a bowling-green and house of public entertainment, upon the site of the Belvidere Tavern, Pentonville, there met on the 2nd of May, 1644, a fraternity of Odd Fellows, members of the Society of Bull Feathers Hall, who claimed, among other things, the toll of all the gravel carried up Highgate Hill. A rare tract, entitled, *Bull Feather Hall, or the Antiquity of Horns amply shown*, 1664, relates the manner of going from Busby's Folly to Highgate:—"On Monday, being the 2nd of May, some part of the fraternity met at Busby's Folly, in Islington, where, after they had set all things in order, they thus marched out, *ordine quisque suo*:—First, a set of trumpets, then the controller, or captain of the pioneers, with thirty or forty following him with pickaxes and spades to level the hill, and baskets withal to carry gravel. After them another set of trumpeters, and also four that did wind the horn; after them, the standard, *alias* an exceeding large pair of horns fixed on a pole, which three men carried, with pennants on each tip, the Master of the Ceremonies attending it, with other officers. Men followed the flag, with the arms of the

society, with horned beasts drawn thereon, and this motto :—

‘To have, and not to use the same,
Is not their glory, but their shame.’

“ After this came the mace-bearer, then the herald-at-arms, with the arms of the society. The coat I cannot rightly blazon, but I remember the supporters were on one side, a woman with a whip in her hand, besides that of her tongue, with a menacing look, and underneath the motto, *Ut volo, sic jubeo* ; on the other side, a man in a woful plight, and underneath him, *Patientia patimur*.” In this order they marched, attended by multitudes of people. This club, as the tract informs us, used to meet in Chequer Yard, in Whitechapel, their president being arrayed in a crimson satin gown and a furred cap, surmounted by a pair of antlers ; and on a cushion lay a cornuted sceptre and crown ; the brethren drank out of horn cups, and were sworn on admission, upon a blank horn-book. They met twice a-week, “ to solace themselves with harmless merriment and promote good fellowship among their neighbours.”

Busby’s Folly was afterwards called “ Penny’s Folly.” Here Zucker, a high German, who had performed before their Majesties and the Royal Family, exhibited his Learned Little Horse from Cowland, who was to be seen looking out of the windows up two pair of stairs every evening before the performance began. Curious deceptions, “ Comus’s philosophical performances,” and the musical glasses, were also exhibited here.

OLD ISLINGTON TAVERNS.

Less than half a century ago, the Old Red Lion Tavern, in St. John Street Road, the existence of which dates as far back as 1415, stood almost alone: it is shown in the centre-distance of Hogarth's picture of *Evening*. Several eminent persons frequented this house: among others, Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, Dr. Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith. In a room here Thomas Paine wrote his infamous book, *The Rights of Man*, which Burke and Bishop Watson demolished. The parlour is hung with choice impressions of Hogarth's plates. The house has been almost entirely rebuilt.

Opposite the Red Lion, and surrounded by pens for holding cattle on their way to Smithfield, was an old building, called "Goose Farm:" it was let in suites of rooms; here lived Cawse, the painter; and in another suite, the mother and sister of Charles and Thomas Dibdin: the mother, a short and squab figure, came on among villagers and mobs at Sadler's Wells Theatre; but, failing to get engaged, she died in Clerkenwell Poorhouse. Vincent de Cleve, nicknamed Polly de Cleve, for his prying qualities, who was treasurer of Sadler's Wells for many years, occupied the second-floor rooms above the Dibdins. "Goose Yard," on the west of the road, serves to determine the site of the old farmhouse.

The public-house facing the iron gates leading to Sadler's Wells Theatre, with the sign of "The Clown," in honour of Grimaldi, who frequented the house, was, in

his day, known as the King of Prussia, prior to which its sign had been that of the Queen of Hungary. It is to this tavern, or rather to an old one, upon the same site, that Goldsmith alludes in his *Essay on the Versatility of Popular Favour*. "An alehouse-keeper," says he, "near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the late war with France, pulled down his own sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago for the King of Prussia, which may probably changed in turn for the man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration." The oldest sign by which this house has been distinguished was that of the Turk's Head.

At the Golden Ball, near Sadler's Wells, were sold by auction, in 1732, "The valuable curiosities, living creatures, &c., collected by the ingenious Mons. Boyle, of Islington;" including "a most strange living creature bearing a near resemblance of the human shape; he can utter some few sentences and give pertinent answers to many questions. There is likewise an Oriental oyster-shell of a prodigious weight and size, it measures from one extreme part to the other above three feet two inches over. The other curiosity is called the Philosopher's Stone, and is about the size of a pullet's egg, the colour of it is blue, and more beautiful than that of the ultramarine, which together with being finely polished is a most delightful entertainment to the eye. This unparalleled curiosity was clandestinely stolen out of the late Great Mogul's closet; this irreparable loss had so great an effect upon him that in a few months after

he pined himself to death: there is a peculiar virtue in this precious stone, that principally relates to the fair sex, and will effectually signify, in the variation of its colour, by touching it, whether any of them have lost their virginity."

Of the Rising Sun, in the Islington Road, in *Mist's Journal*, February 9th, 1726, we read that for the ensuing Shrove Tuesday "will be a fine hog, barbyqu'd—*i.e.* roasted whole, with spice, and basted with Madeira wine, "at the house where the ox was roasted whole at Christmas last."

In the Islington Road, too, near to Sadler's Wells, was Stokes's Amphitheatre, a low place, though resorted to by the nobility and gentry. It was devoted to bull and bear-baiting, dog-fighting, boxing, and sword-fighting; and in these terrible encounters, with naked swords, not blunted, women engaged each other to "a trial of skill;" they fought *à la mode*, in close fighting jackets, short petticoats, Holland drawers, white thread stockings, and pumps; the stakes were from 10*l.* to 20*l.* Then we read of a day's diversion—a mad bull, dressed up with fireworks, to be baited; cudgel-playing for a silver cup, wrestling for a pair of leather breeches, &c.; a noble, large, and savage, incomparable Russian bear, baited to death by dogs; a bull, illuminated with fireworks turned loose; eating one hundred farthing pies, and drinking half a gallon of October beer, in less than eight minutes, &c.*

* Selected and abridged from Pinks's *History of Clerkenwell*, 1865.

THE OYSTER AND PARCHED-PEA CLUB.

The ancient town of "Proud Preston," in Lancashire, from the year 1771 to 1841, a period of seventy years, boasted its "Oyster and Parched-Pea Club." It was at first limited to a dozen of the leading inhabitants, all of the same political party, and who now and then drank a Jacobite toast with a bumper. Its President was styled the Speaker. Among its staff of officers was one named *Oystericus*, whose duty it was to order and look after the oysters, which then came "by fleet" from London. There were also a Secretary, an Auditor, a Deputy Auditor, and a Poet Laureate or Rhymesmith, as he was generally termed; also the Cellarius, who had to provide port of the first quality; the Chaplain; the Surgeon-General, the Master of the Rolls (to look to the provision of bread-and-butter); the *Swig*-Master, whose title expresses his duty; Clerk of the Peas; a Minstrel, a Master of the Jewels, a Physician-in-Ordinary, &c. Among the Rules and Articles of the Club, were, "That a *barrel of oysters* be provided every Monday night during the winter season, at the equal expense of the members; to be opened exactly at half-past seven o'clock. "Every member on having a son born, shall pay a gallon—for a daughter half-a-gallon—of port, to his brethren of the club, within a month of the birth of such child, at any public-house he shall choose." Amongst the archives of the club is the following curious entry, which is *not* in a lady's hand:—

- "The ladies of the Toughey [? Toffy] Club were rather

disappointed at not receiving, by the hands of the respectable messenger, dispatched by the still more respectable members of the Oyster Club, a few oysters. They are just sitting down, after the fatigues of the evening, and take the liberty of reminding the worthy members of the Oyster Club, that oysters were *not made for man alone*. The ladies have sent to the venerable president a small quantity of sweets [? pieces of Everton toffy] to be distributed, as he in his wisdom shall think fit."

In 1795 the club was threatened with a difficulty, owing, as stated by "Mr. Oystericus," to the day of the wagon—laden with oysters—leaving London, having changed. Sometimes, owing to a long frost, or other accident, no oysters arrived, and then the club must have solaced itself with "parched peas" and "particular port." Amongst the regalia of the club was a silver snuff-box, in the lid of which was set a piece of oak, part of the quarter-deck of Nelson's ship *Victory*. The Rhymesmith's effusions were laughable, as:—

"A something monastic appears among oysters,
 For gregarious they live, yet they sleep in their cloisters;
 'Tis observed, too, that oysters, when placed in their barrel,
 Will never presume with their stations to quarrel.
 From this let us learn what an oyster can tell us,
 And we all shall be better and happier fellows.
 Acquiesce in your stations, wherever you've got 'em;
 Be not proud at the top, nor repine at the bottom;
 But happiest they in the middle who live,
 And have something to lend, and to spend, and to give."

"The bard would fain exchange, alack!
 For precious gold, his crown of laurel;
 His sackbut for a butt of sack;
 His vocal skill for oyster barrel!"

These lines are from an Ode in 1806:—

“ Nelson has made the seas our own ;
Then gulp your well-fed oysters down,
And give the French the *shell*.”

A MANCHESTER PUNCH-HOUSE.

About the middle of the last century, a man named John Shaw, who had served in the army as a dragoon, having lost his wife and four or five children, solaced himself by opening a public-house in the Old Shambles, Manchester, in conducting which he was supported by a sturdy woman-servant, “Molly.” John Shaw, having been much abroad, had acquired a knack of brewing punch, then a favourite beverage ; and from this attraction, his house soon began to be frequented by the principal merchants and manufacturers of the town, and to be known as “John Shaw’s Punch-house ;” sign it had none. As Dr. Aikin says in 1795 that Shaw had then kept the house more than fifty years, we have here an institution dating prior to the memorable ’45. Having made a comfortable competence, John Shaw, who was a lover of early hours, and, probably from his military training, a martinet in discipline, instituted the singular rule of closing his house to customers at eight o’clock in the evening. As soon as the clock struck the hour, John walked into the one public room of the house, and in a loud voice and imperative tone, proclaimed “Eight o’clock, gentlemen ; eight o’clock.” After this no entreaties for more liquor, however urgent or sup-

pliant, could prevail over the inexorable landlord. If the announcement of the hour did not at once produce the desired effect, John had two modes of summary ejection. He would call to Molly to bring his horse-whip, and crack it in the ears and near the persons of his guests; and should this fail, Molly was ordered to bring her pail, with which she speedily flooded the floor, and drove the guests out wet-shod. Tradition says that the punch brewed by John Shaw was something very delicious. In mixing it, he used a long-shanked silver table-spoon, like a modern gravy-spoon, which, for convenience, he carried in a side pocket, like that in which a carpenter carries his two-foot rule. Punch was usually served in small bowls (that is, less than the "crown bowls" of later days) of two sizes and prices; a shilling bowl being termed "a P of punch"—"a Q of punch" denoting a sixpenny bowl. The origin of these slang names is unknown. Can it have any reference to the old saying—"Mind your P's and Q's?" If a gentleman came alone and found none to join him, he called for "a Q." If two or more joined, they called for "a P;" but seldom more was spent than about sixpence per head. Though eccentric and austere, John won the respect and esteem of his customers, by his strict integrity and steadfast adherence to his rules.

For his excellent regulation as to the hour of closing, he is said to have frequently received the thanks of the ladies of Manchester, whose male friends were thus induced to return home early and sober. At length this nightly meeting of friends and acquaintances at John Shaw's grew into an organized club of a convivial character, bearing his name. Its objects were not political; yet, John and his guests being all of the same political

party, there was sufficient unanimity among them to preserve harmony and concord. John's roof sheltered none but stout, thorough-going Tories of the old school, genuine "Church and King" men; nay, even "rank Jacobites." If, perchance, from ignorance of the character of the house, any unhappy Whig, any unfortunate partisan of the house of Hanover, any known member of a dissenting conventicle, strayed into John Shaw's, he found himself in a worse condition than that of a solitary wasp in a beehive.

The war played the mischief with John's inimitable brew: limes became scarce; lemons were substituted; at length of these too, and of the old pine-apple rum of Jamaica, the supplies were so frequently cut off by French privateers, that a few years before John Shaw's death, the innovation of "grog" in place of punch struck a heavy blow at the old man's heart. Even autocrats must die, and at length, on the 26th January, 1796, John Shaw was gathered to his fathers, at the ripe old age of eighty-three, having ruled his house upwards of fifty-eight years; namely, from the year 1738. But though John Shaw ceased to rule, the club still lived and flourished. His successor in the house carried on the same "early-closing movement," with the aid of the same old servant Molly. At length the house was pulled down, and the club was very migratory for some years. It finally settled down in 1852, in the "Spread Eagle" Hotel, Corporation Street, where it still prospers and flourishes.

In 1834, John Shaw's absorbed into its venerable bosom another club of similar character, entitled "The Sociable Club." The society possesses amongst its relics oil-paintings of John Shaw and his maid Molly, and of

several presidents of past years. A few years ago, a singular old china punch-bowl, which had been the property of John Shaw himself, was restored to the club as its rightful property by the descendant of a trustee. It is a barrel-shaped vessel, suspended on a stillage, with a metal tap at one end, whence to draw the liquor, which it received through a large opening or bung-hole. Besides assembling every evening, winter and summer, between five and eight o'clock, a few of the members dine together every Saturday at 2 P.M.; and they have still an annual dinner, when old friends and members drink old wine, toast old toasts, tell old stories, or "fight their battles o'er again." Such is John Shaw's club—nearly a century and a quarter old.
—*Abridged from the Book of Days.*

"THE BLUE KEY."

Some fifty years since, there was at Bolton a little club of manufacturers, all of them old men, who met regularly in the forenoon at the "Millstone Inn," to drink their single glass of ale and compare notes on the news of the day. They established this curious custom among themselves. There was no great number of clerks and assistants in those days, and when a manufacturer left his counting-room, or warehouse, he locked the door and carried off the key, generally a pretty large one. Now, this Millstone Club preferred in cold weather to have their ale *with the chill off*. To effect this, each member put the bow of his warehouse-key into the fire, and when sufficiently warm, plunged it

into his glass of ale. A long continuance of this custom caused the handle of each key to acquire a dark blue colour, and this "blue key" became a kind of emblem or talisman of the club friends.—*French's Life of Samuel Crompton.*

BRANDY IN TEA.

Miss Berry relates, among her earliest Brighton reminiscences, the following odd story of old Lady Clermont, who was a frequent guest at the Pavilion. "Her physician had recommended a moderate use of stimulants to supply that energy which was deficient in her system, and brandy had been suggested in a prescribed quantity, to be mixed with her tea. I remember well having my curiosity excited by this, to me, novel form of taking medicine, and holding on by the back of a chair to watch the *modus operandi*. Very much to my astonishment, the patient held a liqueur bottle over a cup of tea and began to pour out its contents, with a peculiar purblind look, upon the back of a teaspoon. Presently she seemed suddenly to become aware of what she was about, turned up the spoon the right way, and carefully measured and added the quantity to which she had been restricted. The tea so strongly "laced" she then drank with great apparent gusto. Of course it was no longer "the cup that cheers but not inebriates;" but what seemed inexplicable to my ingenuous mind was the unvarying recurrence of the same mistake of presenting the back of the spoon instead of the front. I was aware that it did not arise from defect of sight. Lady Clermont could see almost

as distinctly as myself. Nevertheless, the cordial was permitted to accumulate in the tea till the old lady chose to adopt a better measurer, and then she most conscientiously took care not to exceed the number of teaspoonfuls the obliging doctor had prescribed. I was not then aware that this was a case in which the remedy was the reverse of worse than the disease. Lady Clermont liked brandy as a medicine, and made this bungle in measuring it by way of innocent device for securing a much larger dose than she had been ordered. The gravity with which she noticed her apparent mistake, without attempting to correct it, and her little exclamation of surprise, so invariably uttered, amused me so much that when she quitted the Pavilion the best part of my day's entertainment seemed to have departed with her.”

“THE WOODEN SPOON.”

The ludicrous sobriquet of the Ministerial Wooden Spoon originated as follows :—Towards the close of each Session of Parliament, a list of the votes of those Members of the Government who are in the House of Commons is produced at the Fish Dinner then given ; and he who is lowest on the list is probably regarded by his Cambridge friends, at least, as *the wooden spoon*. During the administration of Sir Robert Peel, on one of these anniversaries, when the ministerial party was starting for Greenwich, one of them, in passing through Hungerford Market, bought a child's penny mug and a wooden spoon. After dinner, when the list of votes was read out, the penny mug, on which was painted “James,” or “For a good boy,” was presented,

with all due solemnity, to Sir James Graham, and the wooden spoon to Sir William Follett. This is thought to be the origin of the above strange custom.

A TIPSY VILLAGE.

Livingston, in a recent journey in Africa, fell in with the Manganja savages, as low as any he had ever met with, except Bushmen; yet they cultivate large tracts of land for grain which they convert into *beer!* It is not very intoxicating, but when they consume large quantities, they do become a little elevated. When a family brews, a large number of friends and neighbours are invited to drink, and bring their hoes with them; and they let off the excitement by hoeing their friend's field. At other times they consume large quantities of beer, like regular toppers, at home. Dr. Livingston *in one village found all the people tipsy together*: the men tried to induce the women to run away for shame, but the ladies, too, were "a little overcome," and laughed at the idea of their running. The village-doctor, however, arranged matters by bringing a large pot of the liquid, with the intention of reducing the travellers to the general level.

Odd things have been said of Gin. Burke, in one of his *spirituel* flights, exclaimed, "Let the thunders of the pulpit descend upon drunkenness, I for one stand up for gin." This is a sort of paraphrase on Pope's couplet:

"This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of our laws on gin."

WHAT AN EPICURE EATS IN HIS LIFE-TIME.

In a life of sixty-five years' duration, with a moderate daily allowance of mutton, for instance, an epicure will have consumed a flock of 350 sheep; and altogether for dinner alone, adding to his mutton a reasonable allowance of potatoes and other vegetables, with a pint of wine daily for thirty years of this period, above thirty tons of solids and liquids must have passed through his stomach. Soyer, in his practical work, *The Modern Housewife*, says:—

Take seventy years of the life of an epicure, beyond which age of that class of *bon vivants* arrive, and even above eighty, still in the full enjoyment of degustation, &c. (for example, Talleyrand, Cambacères, Lord Sefton, &c.); if the first of the said epicures, when entering on the tenth spring of his extraordinary career, had been placed on an eminence—say the top of Primrose Hill—and had had exhibited before his infantine eyes the enormous quantity of food his then insignificant person would destroy before he attained his seventy-first year—first, he would believe it must be a delusion: then, secondly, he would inquire where the money could come from to purchase so much luxurious extravagance?

Imagine on the top of the above-mentioned hill, a rushlight of a boy just entering his tenth year, surrounded with the *richerché* provision and delicacies claimed by his rank and wealth, taking merely the consumption of his daily meals. By close calculating, he would be surrounded and gazed at by the following number of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, &c.:—By no less than 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs; in poultry, 1,200 fowls, 300 turkeys,

150 geese, 400 ducklings, 263 pigeons, 1,400 partridges, pheasants, and grouse; 600 woodcocks and snipes; 600 wild ducks, widgeon, and teal; 450 plovers, ruffles, and reeves; 800 quails, ortolans, and dotterels, and a few guillemots, and other foreign birds; also, 500 hares and rabbits, 40 deer, 120 guinea fowl, 10 peacocks, and 360 wild fowl. In the way of fish, 120 turbot, 140 salmon, 120 cod, 260 trout, 400 mackerel, 300 whittings, 800 soles and slips, and 400 flounders; 400 red mullet, 200 eels, 150 haddocks, 400 herrings, 5,000 smelts, and some 100,000 of those delicious silvery whitebait, besides a few hundred species of fresh-water fishes. In shell-fish, 20 turtles, 30,000 oysters, 1,500 lobsters or crabs, 300,000 prawns, shrimps, sardines, and anchovies. In the way of fruit, about 500lb. of grapes, 360lb. of pine-apples, 600 peaches, 1,400 apricots, 240 melons, and some 100,000 plums, greengages, apples, pears, and some millions of cherries, strawberries, raspberries, currants, mulberries, and an abundance of other small fruit, *viz.* walnuts, chestnuts, dry figs, and plums. In vegetables of all kinds, 5,475lbs. weight; about 2,434½lbs. of butter, 684lbs. of cheese, 21,000 eggs, 100 ditto of plovers. Of bread, 4½ tons, half-a-ton of salt and pepper, near 2½ tons of sugar; and if he had happened to be a bibacious boy, he could have formed a fortification or moat round the said hill with the liquids he would have to partake of to facilitate the digestion of the above-named provisions, which would amount to no less than 11,673½ gallons, which may be taken as below:—49 hogsheads of wine, 1,368½ gallons of beer, 584 gallons of spirits, 342 ditto of liqueur, 2,394 ditto of coffee, cocoa, tea, &c., 304 gallons of milk, 2,736 gallons of water—all of which would actually protect him and his anticipated property from any young thief or fellow-schoolboy. This calculation has for its basis the medium scale of the regular meals of the day, which, in sixty years, amounts to no less than 33½ tons weight of meat, farinaceous food, and vegetables, &c.; out of which the above are in detail the probable delicacies that would be selected by an epicure through life.

Canning, on being asked what was the German for astronomy (he knowing nothing about German), said, "Oh! *twinkle craft*, to be sure."

EPIITAPH ON DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.

Dr. Maginn, it is to be regretted, died at an early age, of consumption. The following epitaph, written for him by his friend, John G. Lockhart, conveys a tolerably correct idea of his habits:—

WALTON-ON-THAMES, AUGUST, 1842.

Here, early to bed, lies kind William Maginn,
 Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
 Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
 Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin ;
 So, his portion soon spent, like the poor heir of Lynn—
 He turned author ere yet there was beard on his chin,
 And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
 For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin ;
 Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
 " Go a-head, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,"
 But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
 Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,
 Else his acting for certain was equal to Quin ;
 But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin
 (All the same to the doctor, from claret to gin),
 Which led swiftly to jail, and consumption therein.
 It was much, when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
 He got leave to die here, out of Babylon's din.
 Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard a sin :
 Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn.

It is not generally known that Dr. Maginn wrote for Knight and Lacey, the publishers, in Paternoster Row, a novel embodying the strange story of the Polstead murder, in 1828, under the title of the *Red Barn*. The work was published anonymously, in numbers, and by its sale the publishers cleared many hundreds of pounds. Dr. Maginn's learned and witty essays, in verse and

prose, scattered over our monthly magazines during nearly a quarter of a century, merit collective republication.

Talking of odd epitaphs, that upon Beazeley, the architect and dramatist, was written, or rather spoken, by Theodore Hook, as follows :—

“ Here lies Sam Beazeley,
Who lived hard and died easily.”

GREENWICH DINNERS.

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, in his *Life and Recollections*, relates some amusing anecdotes of these pleasant gatherings :—

“ On two occasions,” he says “ I remember that the late Lord Rokeby went to Greenwich behind a pair of posters, and that in coming back the postboy, excessively drunk, upset him on the road. He was much too good-natured to insist on the man’s discharge, and, perhaps because he liked a glass of wine himself, he was inclined to forgive a lad overcome by porter ; so the carriage was righted and no notice taken of the matter. It so happened that some time after, Lord Rokeby had again to go to Greenwich, and when his carriage and pair of posters came to the door, he saw in the saddle the same postboy who had brought him to grief.

“ ‘ Oh, you’re there, are you ? ’ he said, in that dear, good-natured way he had of speaking. ‘ Now mind, my good fellow, you had your jollification last time ; it’s my turn now, so I shall get drunk, and you must keep sober.’

“ The postboy touched his hat in acquiescence with

in safety, at all events, and, I dare say, in a very happy state of mind."

The writer also remembers a dinner at the Ship, where there were a good many ladies, and when D'Orsay was of the party, during which his attention was directed to a centre pane of glass in the bay window over the Thames, where some one had written in large letters with a diamond, D'Orsay's name in improper conjunction with a celebrated German *danseuse* then fulfilling an engagement at the Opera. With characteristic readiness and *sang-froid*, he took an orange from a dish near him, and, making some trifling remark on the excellence of the fruit, tossed it up once or twice, catching it in his hand again. Presently, as if by accident, he gave it a wider cant, and sent it through the window, knocking the offensive words out of sight into the Thames.

LORD PEMBROKE'S PORT WINE.

Lord Palmerston (who, when in office, was accustomed to employ his pleasantries as *paratonnerres* for troublesome visitors), one day related the following anecdote to a deputation of gentlemen who waited upon him to urge the reduction of the Wine-duties. Referring to the question of adulterations, "I remember," said his lordship, "my grandfather, Lord Pembroke, when he placed wine before his guests, said—'There, gentlemen, is my champagne, my claret, &c. I am no great judge, and I give you this on the authority of my wine-merchant; but I can answer for my port, for I made it myself.' I still have his receipt, which I look on as a curiosity; but I confess I have never ventured to try it."

The following is Lord Pembroke's veritable receipt:— Eight gallons of genuine port wine, forty gallons of cider, brandy to fill the hogsheads. Elder-tops will give it the roughness, and cochineal whatever strength of colouring you please. The quantity made should not be less than a hogshead: it should be kept fully two years in wood, and as long in bottle before it is used.

A TREMENDOUS BOWL OF PUNCH.

We find the following recorded upon the sober authority of the veteran *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

On the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russell's house, when he was Captain-General Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean Sea. It was made in a fountain in a garden in the middle of four walks, all covered overhead with orange and lemon-trees; and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, namely:—

- 4 hogsheads brandy.
- 25,000 lemons.
- 20 gallons lime-juice.
- 1,300 weight of fine white Lisbon sugar.
- 5lbs. grated nutmegs.
- 300 toasted biscuits.
- One pipe of dry mountain Malaga.

Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain, and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups for the company; and, in all probability, more than 6,000 men drank

Miscellanex.

LONG SIR THOMAS ROBINSON.

THERE were two Sir Thomas Robinsons alive at the same time. The one above mentioned was called *Long* as a distinguishing characteristic. Some one told Lord Chesterfield that *Long* Sir Thomas Robinson was very ill. "I am sorry to hear it."—"He is dying by inches."—"Then it will be some time before he dies," was the answer.

One of Sir Thomas Robinson's freaks was to go Paris in his hunting suit, wearing a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. In this strange dress he joined a large company at dinner; when a French abbé, unable to restrain his curiosity, burst out with, "Excuse me, sir, are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history?"

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S WILL.

The will of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield contains this prelude:—"Satiated with the pompous follies of this life, of which I have had an uncommon share, I would have no posthumous ones displayed at my funeral, and therefore desire to be buried in the next burying-place to the place where I shall die, and limit the whole

expense of my funeral to 100*l*." Shortly after comes the following clause:—"The several devises and bequests hereinbefore and hereinafter given by me to and in favour of my said godson, Philip Stanhope, shall be subject to the condition and restriction hereinafter mentioned—that is to say, that in case my said godson, Philip Stanhope, shall at any time hereafter keep or be concerned in the keeping of any racehorse or racehorses, or pack or packs of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the course of the races there, or shall resort to the said races, or shall lose in any one day at any game or bet whatsoever the sum of 500*l*., then, and in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express will that he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate the sum of 5,000*l*. to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for every such offence or misdemeanour as is above specified, to be recovered by action for debt in any of his Majesty's courts of record at Westminster." The will entails a similar penalty on the letting of Chesterfield House. The late Lord Chesterfield, who was son of the man on whom these liabilities were imposed, certainly let Chesterfield House; and had, we will venture to say, passed some nights at the "infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners." His ancestor vested the infliction of the penalty in the reverend hands of the Dean and Chapter, to mark, by a sort of Parthian dart, his sense of the grasping spirit he considered they had evinced in their dealings with him respecting the land on which his house was built, and to show what a rigid enactment of the penalty imposed he anticipated from such sharp practitioners.

AN ODD FAMILY.

In the reign of William III., there resided at Ipswich a family which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the "Odd Family." Every event remarkably good or bad happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every member had something odd in his or her person, manner, or behaviour. The very letters in their Christian names always happened to be an odd number: the husband's name was Peter, and the wife's name Raboh: they had seven children, all boys, *viz.* Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel: the husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm: Solomon was born blind of one eye, and Roger lost his sight by accident; James had his left ear bit off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed. All these, except the latter, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet one inch high at the age of nineteen; the stump-footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girls in the borough would listen to the addresses of their brothers. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white; yet every one of the children's hair was red. The husband was killed by accidentally falling into a deep pit in the year 1701; and his wife, refusing all kinds of sustenance, died five days after him, and they were buried in one grave. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier; and, although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas,

and David, it appears by the church registers, died in different places, and were buried on the same day, in the year 1713; and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames in the year 1723. Such a collection of odd circumstances never occurred before in one family.—*Clarke's Account of Ipswich.*

AN ECCENTRIC HOST.

Lady Blessington used to describe Lord Abercorn's conduct at the Priory at Stanmore as very strange. She said it was the most singular place on earth. The moment any persons became celebrated, they were invited. He had a great delight in seeing handsome women. Everybody handsome he made Lady Abercorn invite; and all the guests shot, hunted, rode, or did what they liked, provided they never spoke to Lord Abercorn except at table. If they met him they were to take no notice. At this time, *Thaddeus of Warsaw* was making a noise. "Gad!" said Lord Abercorn, "we must have these Porters. Write, my dear Lady Abercorn." She wrote. An answer came from Jane Porter, that they could not afford the expense of travelling. A cheque was sent. They arrived. Lord Abercorn peeped at them as they came through the hall, and running by the private staircase to Lady Abercorn, exclaimed, "Witches! my lady. I must be off," and immediately started post, and remained away till they were gone.

QUACKERY SUCCESSFUL.

Sir Edward Halse, who was physician to King George III., driving one day through the Strand, was stopped by the mob listening to the oratory of Dr. Rock, the famous quack, who, observing Sir Edward look out at the chariot-window, instantly took a number of boxes and phials, gave them to the physician's footman, saying, "Give my compliments to Sir Edward—tell him these are all I have with me, but I will send him ten dozen more to-morrow." Sir Edward, astonished at the message and effrontery of the man, actually took the boxes and phials into the carriage; on which the mob, with one consent, cried out, "See, see, all the doctors, even the King's, buy their medicines of him!" In their young days, these gentlemen had been fellow-students; but Rock, not succeeding in regular practice, had metamorphosed himself into a quack. In the afternoon, he waited on Sir Edward, to beg his pardon for having played him such a trick; to which Sir Edward replied, "My old friend, how can a man of your understanding condescend to harangue the populace with such nonsense as you talked to-day? Why, none but fools listen to you."—"Ah! my good friend, that is the very thing. Do you give me the *fools* for my patients, and you shall have my free leave to keep the people of sense for your own." Sir Edward Halse used to divert his friends with this story, adding, "I never felt so like a fool in my life as when I received the bottles and boxes from Rock."

THE GRATEFUL FOOTPAD.

It is related of Jerry Abershawe, the notorious footpad, that on a dark and stormy night in November, after having stopped every passenger on the Wandsworth road, being suddenly taken ill, he stopped at his old haunt, the Bald-faced Stag public-house, when his comrades sent to Kingston for medical assistance, and Dr. William Roots, then a very young man, attended. Having bled him, and given the necessary advice, the doctor was about to return home, when his patient, with much earnestness, said, "You had better, sir, have some one to go back with you, as it is a very dark and lonesome journey." This, however, the doctor declined, observing that he had "not the least fear, even should he meet with Abershawe himself," little thinking to whom he was making this reply. It is said that the footpad frequently alluded to this scene, with much comic humour. His real name was Louis Jeremiah Abershawe. He was tried at Croydon for the murder of David Price, a Union Hall officer, whom he had killed with a pistol-shot, and at the same time wounded a second officer with another pistol. In this case the indictment was invalidated by some flaw; but having been tried and convicted, for feloniously shooting at one Barnaby Turner, he was hung in chains, on Wimbledon Common, in August, 1795.

A NOTORIETY OF THE TEMPLE.

Through reverses at law, how many persons has
for her own. Miss Flight, the little

lady who was always hovering about the courts, and behaving eccentrically, was one of this class, known to Dickens's readers. Doubtless, she was considered a mere pen-and-ink sketch from fancy, but she was a fact, every inch of her. She would, we know, stop the most learned judges that sit on the bench when in full swing of their awful judgment. She would rise and shake her lean weird fist at the embodiment of wisdom in horse-hair, and exclaim, "Oh, you vile man! oh, you wicked man! Give me my property! I will issue a *mandamus*, and have your *habeas corpus*!" And having continued in a like fashion for a minute or two, she would bind up her papers in "red tape"—at least, tape that had once been red, and had followed her dirty fortunes for years—and either subside into the seat granted her beside the barristers or depart triumphant from court. No usher had dared exclaim "Silence!" or send forth the hush of the cackling animal peculiar to that official. No barrister had nudged her under the fourth rib, as he might have done another, and would have done had she been fairer. And the learned Judge, sitting patiently till the end, with a mild perspiration only rising on the tip of the nose to show that he was in any way put out, would then, as if nothing had occurred, resume the thread of his learned judgment, to be appealed against, perhaps, soon after. What the mystery is between Miss Flight and the Bar no one can tell. She may have been the embodiment of a peculiar wrong, and have appeared in the eyes of the bewigged as a sort of ghost threatening the evil-doers with the shades. Perhaps she was pensioned merely out of some stray idea of benevolence. We scarcely thought of that in connection with the object of our comment, and yet to a certain

extent it may be true, as she received from the right learned Middle Temple a sum of shillings per week, which she added to a sum of shillings received from the right learned Inner Temple, and so she supported life. But why the learned of the law gave something for nothing, and were afraid of and respectful to the little woman, let no man inquire. The little woman's soul has, however, fitted, and we can say that, after all, the few young lawyers who know nought of her history will send after her whither she has gone a word of regret.

—*Court Journal*.

A RIDE IN A SEDAN.

From a house in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and the other fair and high-born women who canvassed for Charles James Fox, used to watch the humours of the Westminster election. Pitt writes to Wilberforce on the 8th of April, 1784, "Westminster goes on well, in spite of the Duchess of Devonshire, and the other women of the people; but when the poll will close is uncertain." Hannah More, as appears from the date of her letters, resided at one period in Henrietta Street, and in one of them we find an amusing account of an adventure which she met with during the Westminster election. To one of her sisters she writes,—“I had like to have got into a fine scrape the other night. I was going to pass the other evening at Mrs. Coles's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I went in a chair. They carried me through Covent Garden. A number of people, as I went along,

were an hundred armed men, who suspected every chairman belonged to Brookes's, and would fall upon us. In spite of my entreaties the men would have persisted, but a stranger, out of humanity, made them set me down, and the shrieks of the wounded, for there was a terrible battle, intimidated the chairmen, who were at last prevailed upon to carry me another way. A vast number of people followed me, crying out, 'It is Mrs. Fox: none but Mr. Fox's wife would dare to come into Covent Garden in a chair; she is going to canvass in the dark!' Though not a little frightened, I laughed heartily at this, but shall stir out no more in a chair for some time."

MR. JOHN SCOTT (LORD ELDON) IN PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Scott broke ground in Parliament in opposition to the famous East India Bill, and began with his favourite topic, the honesty of his own intentions, and the purity of his own conscience. He spoke in respectful terms of Lord North, and more highly still of Mr. Fox; but even to Mr. Fox it was not fitting that so vast an influence should be entrusted. As Brutus said of Cæsar—

“—— he would be crown'd!

How that might change his nature,—there's the question,”

It was an aggravation of the affliction he felt, that the cause of it should originate with one to whom the nation had so long looked up; a wound from him was doubly painful. Like Joab, he gave the shake of friendship, but the other hand held a dagger, with which he de-

spatched the constitution. Here Mr. Scott, after an apology for alluding to sacred writ, read from the book of Revelation some verses which he regarded as typical of the intended innovations in the affairs of the English East India Company:—" 'And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns. And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast; and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him? And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.' Here," said Mr. Scott, "I believe there is a mistake of six months—the proposed duration of the bill being four years, or forty-eight months.—'And he caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads.'—Here places, pensions, and peerages are clearly marked out.—'And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the Great'—plainly the East India Company—'is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird.'"

He read a passage from Thucydides to prove that men are more irritated by injustice than by violence, and described the country crying out for a respite, like Desdemona—

"Kill me to-morrow—let me live to-night—
But half-an-hour!"

This strange jumble was well quizzed by Sheridan, and Mr. Scott appears to have found out that rhetorical

embellishment was not his line; for his subsequent speeches are less ornate.

In the squibs of the period, their obscurity forms the point of the jokes levelled at him. Thus, among the pretended translations of Lord Belgrave's famous Greek quotation, the following couplet was attributed to him:—

“ With metaphysic art his speech he plann'd,
And said—what nobody could understand.”

A CHANCERY JEU-D'ESPRIT.

Sir John Leach was a famous leader in Chancery in his day; afterwards Vice-Chancellor, and finally Master of the Rolls.

“ Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place ”

the character assigned to him by Sir George Rose in a *jeu-d'esprit*, the point of which has suffered a little in the hands of Lord Eldon's biographers, Mr. Twiss and Lord Campbell. The true text, we know from the highest authority, ran thus:—

Mr. Leach
Made a speech,
Angry, neat, and wrong;
Mr. Hart,
On the other part,
Was right, and dull, and long.
Mr. Parker
Made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without;
Mr. Cooke
Cited a book,
And the Chancellor said, ' I doubt.'

Mr. Twiss good-naturedly suggests that "Parker" was taken merely for the rhyme; but we are assured that this was not so, and that the verses represent the actual order and *identities* of the argument. By the favour of the accomplished author we are enabled to lay before our readers his own history of this production. "In my earliest years at the Bar, sitting idle and listless rather than listening, on the back benches of the court, Vesey, junior, the reporter, put his notebook into my hand, saying, 'Rose, I am obliged to go away. If anything occurs, take a note for me.' When he returned, I gave him back his notebook, and in it the fair report, in effect, of what had taken place in his absence; and of course thought no more about it. My short report was so far *en règle*, that it came out in *numbers*, though certainly *lege solutis*. It was about four or five years afterwards—when I was beginning to get into business—that I had a motion to make before the Chancellor. Taking up the paper (the *Morning Chronicle*), at breakfast, I there, to my surprise and alarm, saw my unfortunate report. 'Here's a pretty business!' said I; 'pretty chance have I, having thus made myself known to the Court as satirizing both Bench and Bar.' Well, as Twiss truly narrates, I made my motion. The Chancellor told me to 'take nothing' by it, and added, 'and, Mr. Rose, in this case, the Chancellor does not doubt.' But Twiss has not told the whole story. The anecdote, as he left it, conveys the notion of a taunting displeased retaliation, and reminds one of the Scotch judge, who, after pronouncing sentence of death upon a former companion whom he had found it difficult to beat at chess, is alleged to have added, 'and now, Donald, my man, I've checkmated you for ance!'

“ If Twiss had applied to me (I wish he had, for Lord Eldon’s sake), I might have told him what Lord Eldon, in his usual consideration for young beginners, further did. Thinking that I might be (as I in truth was) rather disconcerted at so unexpected a contretemps, he sent me down a note to the effect that, so far from being offended, he had been much pleased with a playfulness attributed to me, and hoped, now that business was approaching me, I should still find leisure for some relaxation ; and he was afterwards invariably courteous and kind ; nay, not only promised me a silk gown, but actually—*credite Posteris*—invited me to dinner. I have never known how that scrap (which, like a Chancery suit which it reports, promises to be *sine-final*) found its way into print.”—*Note, in the Quarterly Review.*

HANGING BY COMPACT.

In 1827, there was recorded in the *London Magazine*, the following strange instance of

“ The wearied and most loathed worldly life.”

Some few years ago, two fellows were observed by a patrol sitting by a lamp-post in the New Road ; and on closely watching them, he discovered that one was *tying up* the other (who offered no resistance) by the neck. The patrol interfered, to prevent such a strange kind of murder, when he was assailed by both, and pretty considerably beaten for his good offices. The watchmen, however, poured in, and the parties were secured. On examination next morning, it appeared that the men had been gambling ; that one had lost all his money to

the other, and had at last proposed to stake his clothes. The winner demurred: observing, that he could not strip his adversary naked, in the event of his losing. "Oh," replied the other, "do not give yourself any uneasiness about that. If I lose, I shall be unable to live, and you shall hang me, and take my clothes after I am dead; as I shall then, you know, have no occasion for them." The proposed arrangement was assented to; and the fellow having lost, was quietly submitting to the terms of the treaty, when he was intercepted by the patrol, whose impertinent interference he so angrily resented.

THE AMBASSADOR FLOORED.

Coleridge, in his *Table Talk*, truly says, "What dull coxcombs your diplomatists at home generally are. I remember dining at Mr. Frere's once in company with Canning, and a few other interesting men. Just before dinner, Lord — called on Frere, and asked him to dinner. From the moment of his entry, he began to talk to the whole party, and in French, all of us being genuine English; and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France and had seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war. Of none of those things did he say a word; but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery, dress, and the like. At last he paused for a little, and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur

of the Deluge, and the preservation of life in Genesis and the *Paradise Lost*, and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton’s description in his *Noah’s Flood* :—

“And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravine as that chew the cud,
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the Ark leads down the lioness ;
The bull for his beloved mate doth low, ,
And to the Ark brings on the fair-eyed cow.’

Hereupon, Lord —— resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah’s Ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty, and filled up the foreground. ‘Ah! no doubt, my Lord,’ said Canning; ‘your elephants, wise fellows! stayed behind to pack up their trunks!’ This floored the ambassador for half-an-hour.”

“THE DUTCH MAIL.”

When, in 1827, Sir Richard Phillips published his *Personal Tour through the Midland Counties*, he related the following amusing incident :—

“When I was in Nottingham, I fell in with a plain elderly man, an ancient reader of the *Leicester Herald*, a paper which I published for some years in the halcyon days of my youth. Its reputation secured to me many a hearty shake by the hand, accompanied by the watery eye of warm feeling as I passed through the Midland counties. I abandoned it in 1795, for the *Monthly Magazine*, and exchanged Leicester for London. This

ancient reader, hearing I was in Nottingham, came to me with a certain paper in his hand, to call me to account for the wearisome hours which an article in it had cost him and his friends. I looked at it and saw it headed 'Dutch Mail,' and it professed to be a column of *original Dutch*, which this honest man had been labouring to translate, for he said he had not met with any other specimen of Dutch. The sight of it brought the following circumstance to my recollection:—

“On the evening before one of our publications, my men and a boy were frolicking in the printing-office, and they overturned two or three columns of the paper *in type*. The chief point was to get ready in some way for the Nottingham and Derby coaches, which at four in the morning required 400 or 500 papers. After every exertion, we were short nearly a column, but there stood in the galleys a tempting column of *pie*. Now, unlettered readers, mark—*pie* is a jumble of odd letters, gathered from the floor, &c., of a printing-office, and set on end, in any manner, to be distributed at leisure in their proper places. Some letters are topsy-turvy, often ten or twelve consonants come together, and then as many vowels, with as whimsical a juxtaposition of stops. It suddenly bethought me that this might be thought 'Dutch,' and, after writing as a head, 'Dutch Mail,' I subjoined a statement that, 'just as our paper was going to press, the Dutch Mail had arrived, but as we had not time to make a translation, we had inserted its intelligence in the original.' I then overcame the scruples of my overseer, and the *pie* was made up to the extent wanted, and off it went as *original Dutch*, into Derbyshire and *Nottinghamshire*! In a few hours other matter, in plain English, supplied its place for our local

publication. Of course all the linguists, schoolmasters, high-bred village politicians, and correspondents of the *Ladies' Diary*, set their wits to work to translate my Dutch, and I once had a collection of letters containing speculations on the subject, or demanding a literal translation of that which appeared to be so intricate. How the Dutch could read it was incomprehensible! My Nottingham *quidnunc* at times had, for above four-and-thirty years, bestowed on it his anxious attention. I told him the story, and he left me, vowing, that as I had deceived him, he would never believe any newspaper again."

BAD SPELLING.*

There is a story of a man who borrowed a volume of *Chaucer* from Charles Lamb, and scandalized the gentle Elia in returning it by the confidential remark, "I say, Charley, these old fellows spelt very badly." We do not know what this precision would have said of the lords and ladies of Morayshire 150 years ago, for, with few exceptions, they spelt abominably. Even Henrietta, Duchess of Gordon, daughter of the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, who writes most sensibly and affectionately to her "deare freind, Mistress Elizabeth Dunbar," is not immaculate in this respect. She talks of a "gownd," is "asured there will be an opportunity," and speaks of "sum wise and nessary end." But it is a shame of us even to appear to disparage this excellent lady for what was then such a usual infirmity. Her letters are, perhaps, the most worth reading of any in Captain Dunbar's collection, and her literary criticisms

* From the *Times'* review of Captain Dunbar's *Letters*, 1865. •

on the books she wishes her "deare freind" to read are especially interesting. The gentlemen were, perhaps, still more careless than the ladies in their spelling. Here are a couple of notes, the latter of which is enough to make a modern salmon-fisher's mouth water:—

"Cloavs, Jnr 29, 1703.

"Affectionat Brother,—Cloavs and I shall met you the morou in the Spinle moore, betwixt 8 and nine in the morning, where ye canot miss good sporte twixt that and the sea. ffaile not to bring ane bottle of brandie along, ffor I asheure you ye will lose the wadger. In the mean time, we drink your health, and am your affectionat brother, " R. DUNBAR.

"To the Laird off Thunderton—Heast, heast."

"Innes, June 25, 5 at night.

"Sir,—You will not (I hope) be displeasd when I tell you that Wat. Stronoch, this forenoon, killed *eighteen hundred Salmon and Grilses*. But it is my misfortune that the boat is not returned yet from Inverness, and I want salt. Therefore by all the tyes of friendship send me on your own horses eight barrels of salt or more. When my boat returns, none, particularly Coxton, shall want what I have. This in great heast from, dear Archie, yours, HARRIE INNES.

"I know not but they may kill as many before 2 in the morning, for till then I have the Raick, and tomorrow the Pott. These twenty years past such a run was not as has been these two past days in so short a time, therefore heast, heast; spare not horse hyre. I would have sent my own horses, but they are all in the hill for peatts. Adieu, dear Archie."

Our ancestors seem to have regarded spelling much as we regard the knowledge of French. It was disgraceful not to have a smattering of it, but exceptional to have mastered it thoroughly. When we compare the above notes, which would not confer much credit on a modern national schoolboy, with a letter written by Duncan Forbes in 1745, we find ourselves in quite a different atmosphere. The Lord President is terribly angry with the Elgin justices for winking at smugglers; but he writes like a scholar and a man of business. While on the subject of spelling, we must select from Captain Dunbar's collection two choice specimens of cacography, a "chereot," and "jelorfis." The reader will probably guess that the former stands for chariot, as cheroots were then unknown, but we defy him to unravel the latter without the context. "Jelorfis" is the phonetic utterance of an unlucky wight who had got into prison for giving a chop to another man's nose, and stands in his vocabulary for "jailer's fees." There are several characteristic letters from the celebrated Lord Lovat, in which his Scottish pawkiness and French courtliness, no unusual mixture early in the eighteenth century, are clearly displayed. This singular personage, who may be described as Nature's outline sketch of a character which she afterwards elaborated in the Bishop of Autun, but who, unlike Talleyrand, had the misfortune to die in his stocking-feet, wrote his letters on gilt-edged paper, enclosed in envelopes, and in these honied words addresses the Dunbar of that day:—

"I am exceeding glad to know that you and your lady are well, and having inquired at the bearer if you had children, he tells me that you have a son, which gives me great pleasure, and I wish you and your lady

much joy of him, and that you may have many more, for they will be the nearest relatives I have of any Dunbars in the world, except your father's children; and my relation to you is not at a distance, as you are pleased to call it, it is very near, and I have not such a near relation betwixt Spey and Ness; and you may assure yourself that I will always behave to you and yours as a relation ought to do; and I beg leave to assure you and your lady of my most affectionate regards, and my Lady Lovat's, and my young ones, your little cousins."

Lord Lovat wrote this letter when he was past seventy. Four years later, Dr. Carlyle, of Inveresk, then a mere youth, met him at Luckie Vint's tavern. He describes him as a tall, stately man, with a very flat nose, who, after imbibing a goodly quantity of claret, stood up to dance with Miss Kate Vint, the landlady's niece. Five years later still, his head fell on the scaffold at Tower Hill.* Here we may pause to observe a curious instance of traditionary linkage. Dr. Carlyle died within the first decade of this century, so that many persons still living may have conversed with one who had been in company with a man born early in the reign of Charles II. Lovat was not only fond of flattering other people, but liked to be flattered himself also. This he accomplished by the simple expedient of sending self-laudatory puffs to the *Edinburgh Courant* and *Mercury*, for the insertion of which paragraphs he paid from half-a-crown to four shillings each.

* For an account of Lord Lovat's execution, see *Century of Anecdote*, vol. i., p. 124.

A "SINGLE" CONSPIRATOR.

About thirty years ago, when those atrocious crimes were committed which made the name of Burke a generic title for certain murders, an old woman entered the shop of a surgeon-apothecary in an Irish county-town and offered to sell him a "subject." He was quite ready to complete the contract, but he desired to learn some details for his guidance as to the value of the object in question, and put to her for this purpose certain queries. Imagine his horror to discover that "the subject" was at that very moment alive, being a boy of nine or ten years of age, but of whom, the bargain being made, the old woman was perfectly prepared to "dispose," she being so far provident as not to bring a perishable commodity to market till she had secured a purchaser. Determined that such atrocity should not go unpunished, he made an appointment with her for another day, on which she should return and more explicitly acquaint him with all she intended to do, and the means by which she meant to secure secrecy. At this meeting—that his testimony should be corroborated—he managed that a policeman should be present, and, concealed beneath the counter, listen to all that went forward. The interview, accordingly, took place; the old woman was true to her appointment, and most circumstantially entered into the details of the intended assassination, which she described as the easiest thing in life—a pitch-plaster over the mouth and a tub of water being the inexpensive requisites of the case. When her narrative, to which she imparted a terrible gusto, was finished, the policeman came forth from his lair and arrested her. She was

thrown at once into prison, and sent for trial at the next assizes. Now, however, came the difficulty. For what should she be arraigned? It was not murder—it was still incomplete. It was, therefore, conspiracy to kill; but a single individual cannot “conspire;” and so, to fix her with the crime, it would be necessary to include the surgeon in the indictment. If they wanted to try the old woman, the doctor must share the dock. Now, all the ardour for justice could scarcely be supposed to carry a man so far; the doctor “demurred” to the arrangement, and the old hag was set at liberty.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A MISCALCULATION.

We have in England an old story of a luckless wight, who, having calculated he should live a certain number of years, parcelled out his income accordingly; but finding he lived to become penniless, he took to begging, and affixed on his breast a small box to receive contributions, with this brief but significant prayer: “Pray remember a poor man who has lived longer than he thought he should.”

In 1843, the counterpart of this strange story really happened in Paris to a man named Jules André Gueret. When twenty-five years of age, he possessed a considerable fortune, and resolved never to marry. He converted his entire estate into hard cash, and, in order not to suffer any losses from failures, depreciation of property, &c., he kept his money in his own possession. He had made the following calculation:—“The life of a sober man extends over a period of seventy years; that of a

man who denies himself no kind of amusement may attain fifty-five or sixty; thus the whole of my hopes cannot go beyond that period; at any rate, as a last resort, suicide is at my command." He divided his money into equal portions for each year's expenditure. This division was so nicely arranged, that, at the expiration of the sixtieth year, Gueret would have nothing left, and each year he scrupulously spent the sum set apart. But, alas! he had not reflected on the clinging attachment of man to life, for in 1843, having exceeded the prescribed period, he patiently submitted to his misfortune, and, being then old and infirm, he took his stand on the Quai des Célestins with a small box and a few lucifer-matches, living on the charity of the passers-by. He wore suspended round his neck a piece of pasteboard, on which were written the following lines of his own composing:—

"Ayez pitié, passants, du pauvre André Gueret,
Dont la vie est plus longue, hélas! qu'il ne croyait."

The cholera carried him off at last, to the great regret of the *artistes* of the Ile St. Louis, whose leisure hours he whiled away by the relation of his youthful recollections. He died in one of the hospitals of Paris.

AN INDISCRIMINATE COLLECTOR.

In the *Scotsman*, May, 1866, we find the following curious case of eccentricity related as having occurred in the city of Edinburgh: it is strongly tinged with oddity, and would be fairly laughed at did it not present a lamentable instance of waste of means. The details are as follows:—A good many years ago, a gentleman who

filled a prominent situation in one of the Edinburgh banks, at a good old age, married his servant. The pair lived happily together for several years, when the gentleman died, leaving by his will 1,000*l.* to his widow, in addition to an annuity of 300*l.* and a mansion, which he had built and elegantly furnished ; it is situated in the midst of a garden, surrounded by a high stone wall. Shortly after her husband's death, the widow became notorious for two peculiarities: first, the rigid exclusion of all visitors from her house, the invariable answer to all entreaties to see her being that she was not at home, or could not be seen ; the second was her constant attendance at book and most other sales which took place in Edinburgh, where during the season she might daily be seen carrying a large blue bag, in which she deposited and carried home her purchases, which were of the most miscellaneous description. Matters went on thus for some twenty years. On Sunday, May 6, 1866, the old lady, in her usual health, went into her garden to take the air, and, as she did not return so speedily as was her wont, her servant looked out at the main door, when she found her mistress sitting on the stone steps dead. This unexpected event speedily cleared up the mystery which enveloped her domestic relations.

On the house being entered by warrant from the sheriff, it was found converted into a vast magazine for the conservation of the purchases of the last twenty years. The lobby had been decorated with statuary figures, standing, with the pedestals, some eight feet high ; but these were totally hidden by piles of books, intermixed with rubbish of every description, heaped up on every side—a narrow passage being left in the centre. Every room in the house was filled with piles of books, rotten

mattresses, stuffed dogs, female dresses, made and unmade, cheap jewelry, old bonnets, pictures, and prints, with a great variety of other articles, intermixed with straw, hair, shavings, &c., which covered all the floors to the depth of several feet; and similar piles filled the beds, and lay heaped on every article of furniture in the house. The smell from the mass of festering rubbish was intolerable. Upwards of five tons weight of books had to be removed before the rooms could be inspected. Most of the smaller articles were found tied up in bags or parcels, in the state in which they had been brought home. The deceased, it seems, cleared a hole which she had scooped out amid a vast quantity of rubbish in one of the rooms, and there, on the floor, with only a hair mattress beneath her, the tick of which had rotted away on one side, she took her rest in the dress she daily wore, without blankets or covering of any kind.

The deceased, though a purchaser of books to so large an extent, never read any, nor knew anything of their value; and when asked what were their uses, her answer was that she bought them to present to ministers or the children of her friends. The tenacity with which she preserved the secrets of her prison-house may also be judged of by the fact that her servant, a young Highland girl, had never, though she had been six months in her service, been beyond the walls of the garden. The girl was carefully locked up every time the deceased left the house until her return, and she never was allowed to go out of her mistress' sight.

THE BISHOPS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Reverend Sydney Smith, on the bare suggestion that Lord John Russell's Church Commission should collect the Church revenues, and pay the hierarchy out of them, imagined and described the scene of payment in the following irresistible words:—"I should like to see this subject in the hands of H. B. I would entitle the print,—

"The Bishops' Saturday Night; or,
Lord John Russell at the
Pay-Table.

The Bishops should be standing before the pay-table, and receiving their weekly allowance; Lord John and Spring Rice counting, ringing, and biting the sovereigns, and the Bishop of Exeter insisting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given him one which was not weight. Viscount Melbourne, in high chuckle, should be standing with his hat on, and his back to the fire, delighted with the contest; and the Deans and Canons should be in the background waiting till their turn came, and the Bishops were paid; and among them a Canon of large composition, urging them not to give way too much to the Bench. Perhaps I should add the President of the Board of Trade, recommending the truck principle to the Bishops, and offering to pay them in hassocks, cassocks, aprons, shovel-hats, sermon-cases, and such like ecclesiastical gear."

"RATHER THAN OTHERWISE."

Theodore Hook gives somewhere a finished trait of one of those characters who are so dreadfully tenacious of truth, that they will not risk losing their hold of it by a direct answer to the simplest question. A gentleman who was very much in debt had a servant with this sort of scrupulous conscientiousness. He was horribly dunned and in such daily danger of arrest, that the sight of a red waistcoat (which the myrmidons of the sheriff wore in the last century) threw him into a sort of scarlet fever. One day he had reason to believe that during his absence an unpleasant visitor of that description had called, and on returning, he was very particular in his inquiries respecting the persons who had been at the house. His cautious servant partly described one calling who excited his alarm. "What kind of man was he?" The girl could not say. "Had he any papers in his hand?" She did not observe. "Did he wear top-boots?" The cautious housemaid could not charge her memory. At last, as a final effort to satisfy his curiosity, the tantalized debtor gasped out a final question, "Had he," he asked, almost dreading the answer, "a red waistcoat?" The girl stood for a moment in an attitude of profound cogitation, and after she had worked up her master to the highest pitch of impatience by delay, drawled out, "Well, sir, I think he had—*rather than otherwise.*"

CLASSIC SOUP DISTRIBUTION.

While the Relief Act was in operation in Ireland, in time of famine, one of the committees received the following answer to an advertisement for the post of clerk:—

“ Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.”

VIRG. *Ecl.* iii., 90.

“ Ego sum—I am

Parvus homo—A little man,

Aptus vivere—Fit to live

In quod dabis—On what you’ll give;

Per totam diem—And, the whole day,

Familiariter—‘In the family way.’

Distribuere—Out to deal

Farinam Indicam—Indian meal,

Aut jus Soyerum—Or Soyer’s soup,

Multo agmini—To many a troupe

Mulierum et hominum—Of woman and man

Stanneo vase—With a tin can.

Hoc tibi mitto—I send this in,

(Ne peccatum—No murtherin’ sin,)

Nam locum quæro—For a place I seek,

Ut quaque hebdomada—That every week

Fruar et potiar—We may ‘*hob and nob*’

Quindecim ‘Robertullis’—On Fifteen ‘Bob.’

CAIUS JULIUS BATTUS, Philomath.

“ *Ballinahoun, v. Prid.* 1 d. Maii, MDCCCLVII.”

The Irish paper from which this is taken adds, that the classic candidate was rejected.

ALPHABET SINGLE RHYMED.

An eccentric Correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, who signs “Eighty-one,” has sent to that journal the following amusing trifle—an Alphabet constructed on a single rhyme:—

"A was an Army, to settle disputes ;
 B was a Bull, not the mildest of brutes ;
 C was a Cheque, duly drawn upon Coutts ;
 D was King David, with harps and with lutes ;
 E was an Emperor, hailed with salutes ;
 F was a Funeral, followed by mutes ;
 G was a Gallant, in Wellington boots ;
 H was a Hermit, and lived upon roots ;
 J was Justinian, his Institutes ;
 K was a Keeper, who commonly shoots ;
 L was a Lemon, the sourest of fruits ;
 M was a Ministry—say Lord Bute's ;
 N was Nicholson, famous on flutes ;
 O was an Owl, that hisses and hoots ;
 P was a Pond, full of leeches and newts ;
 Q was a Quaker, in whitey-brown suits ;
 R was a Reason, which Paley refutes ;
 S was a Serjeant, with twenty recruits ;
 T was Ten Tories, of doubtful reputes ;
 U was uncommonly bad cheroots ;
 V vicious motives, which malice imputes ;
 X an Ex-King, driven out by émeutes ;
 Y is a Yawn ; then the last rhyme that suits,
 Z is the Zuyder Zee, dwelt in by coots."

NON SEQUITUR AND THEREFORE.

Lord Avonmore was subject to perpetual fits of absence of mind, and was frequently insensible to the conversation that was going on. He was wrapped in one of his wonted reveries, and not hearing one syllable of what was passing (it was at a large professional dinner given by Mr. Burke), Curran, who was sitting next to his Lordship, having been called on for a toast, gave, "All our absent friends," patting at the same time Lord Avonmore on the shoulder and telling him he had just drunk his health. Taking the intimation as a serious one, Avon-

more rose, and apologizing for his inattention, returned thanks to the company for the honour they had done him by drinking his health.

There was a curious character, Serjeant Kelly, at the Irish bar. He was, in his day, a man of celebrity. Curran used to give some odd sketches of him. His most whimsical peculiarity was his inveterate habit of drawing conclusions directly at variance with his premises. He had acquired the name of *Serjeant Therefore*. Curran said that he was a perfect human personification of a *non sequitur*. For instance, meeting Curran one Sunday, near St. Patrick's, he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered: therefore I shall make a point of being at the Four Courts to-morrow at ten." At another time, observing to a person whom he met in the street, "What a delightful morning this is for walking!" he finished his remark on the weather by saying, "therefore, I will go home as soon as I can, and stir out no more the whole day."

His speeches in Court were interminable, and his *therefore* kept him going on, though every one thought that he had done. The whole Court was in a titter when the Serjeant came out with them, whilst he himself was quite unconscious of the cause of it.

"This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he would tell the jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute: *therefore*, I shall now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible." Into such absurdities did the Serjeant's favourite "therefore" betray him.

INDEX

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

- A**BERSHAW, JERRY, gratitude of, 288.
- Ackermann, the Publisher, and William Combe, 205.
- Albemarle, the Eccentric Duchess, of, 256.
- Alphabet Single Rhymed, 311.
- Ambassador floored, 296.
- Angelo and Peter Pindar, 202.
- Apocalypse, Interpretation of, 247.
- Archbishop, a witty one, 240-244.
- Artists, Eccentric, 49-86.
- Avonmore, Lord, his Absence of Mind, 311.
- B**ASSLE, MARTIN, the Calculator, 224.
- Bentinck, Lord George, at Doncaster, 16.
- Berkeley, the Hon. Grantley, his Youthful Days, 22-28.
- Betty, W. H. W., "Young Roscius," 87-92.
- Bidder, George, the Calculator, 226.
- Bishops' Saturday Night, 308.
- Blake, William, Painter and Poet, 60-72.
- Blake, William, Death of, 72.
- Blake, William, by Dr. de Bois-mont, 67.
- Blake, William, in Fountain Court, 70.
- Blake, William, married, 63.
- "Blue Key," the, 273.
- Boaden, Mr., his Account of Young Roscius, 90.
- "Bolton Trotters," Origin of, 38.
- Bonaparte caricatured by Gilray, 57.
- Bone and Shell Exhibition, 36.
- Books, Mr. Heber's Collections, 220-221.
- Book-collector, Heber, the, 218.
- Boyhood of Edmund Kean, 123.
- Bradshaw, Mr., M.P., and Maria Tree, Courtship of, 138.
- Brandy in Tea, 274.
- Brighton Races, Thirty Years ago, 9.

- Bunn, A., and his Mysterious Parcel, 125.
- Burke and Pitt, caricatured by Gilray, 54, 55.
- Busby's Folly and Bull Feather Hall, 263.
- Buxton, Jodediah, account of, 226.
- Byron, Lord, and Monk Lewis, 145.
- C**ALCULATORS, Extraordinary, 224.
- Canning's *Friend of Humanity and Knife-grinder*, 183.
- Canning on Grattan's Eloquence, 190.
- Canning, his Humour, 180-190.
- Canning, by Lord Byron, 190.
- Canning and Lord Eldon, 187.
- Canning in Office, 185, 186.
- Canning and the Present of Fustian, 180.
- Canning and Prince Metternich, 183.
- Canning and "the Queen of Spades," 181.
- Canning and his College Servant, 186.
- Canning and Sydney Smith, 189.
- Capon, the Scene-painter, 41.
- Caricatures by Gilray, 54.
- Castle Spectre*, Mrs. Powell's mistake, 149.
- Catching a Cayman, 44.
- Chancery *jeu-d'esprit*, 293.
- Charade, by Dr. Whately, 244.
- Charke, Charlotte, Colley Cibber's Daughter, 135-138.
- Charnwood Forest, Liston in, 117, 118.
- Chesterfield, Lord, his Will, 283.
- Cibber, Colley, his Daughter, 135-138.
- "Clown" Tavern, Sadler's Wells, the, 265.
- Club, the Mulberries, Shakspearian, 133.
- Cobbett, Eccentricities of, 214-218.
- Cobbett's Gridiron Sign, 215, 216.
- Cobbett's Nicknames, 217.
- Cobbett's *Political Register*, 215.
- Cobbett's *Porcupine Papers*, 214.
- Cobbett and Tom Paine's Bones, 218.
- Colburn, Zerah, the Calculator, 225.
- Coleraine, Eccentric Lord, 40.
- Collector, an Indiscriminate, 305.
- Combe, William, Author of *Dr. Syntax*, 204.
- Combe, William, in the King's Bench Prison, 204, 205.
- Combe, William, on Lithography, 205.
- Conspirator, Single, 303.
- Convivial Eccentricities, 263.
- Cooke, T. P., in Melodrama and Pantomime, 129.
- Cranford Bridge Inn, 26.
- Cranford, Sporting Life at, 22.
- Crazy Jane*, by Monk Lewis, 148.

Criticism, Rare, 95.
Curtis, the Old Bailey Eccentric,
31.

DAWSON, DANIEL, at Don-
caster, 11.

Dr. Syntax, the Author of, 203.
Dick England, the Gambler, 7.
Doncaster Eccentrics, 13.
Doran, Dr., his account of Wil-
liam Combe, 206.
Dowton in Tragedy, 115,
Dowton, Oddities of, 114.
Dunbar, Captain, his Letters,
299.
Dunlop's Remarks on Mrs. Rad-
cliffe's Writings, 209.
'Dutch Mail,' the, 297.

ELEGY on a Geologist,
48.

Elliston at Richmond, 141.
England, Dick, the Gambler, 7.
Epicure, what he Eats in his Life-
time, 277.
Epitaphs, Odd, 279.
Etching, Gilray's rapid, 58.
Executions, taste for witnessing,
33.

FAMILY, an Odd one
285.

Flaxman, Letters to, from Blake,
65.
Flight, Miss, of the Temple, 288.

Footpad, the Grateful, 288.
Fordyce, Dr., the Gourmand, 4.
Fordyce, Dr., and his Patient, 5.
Funeral of Jemmy Hirst, 15.
Fuseli and Blake, 71.

GARRICK'S Acting described
by Munden, 113.

Garrick, and Dance's Portrait of
him, 100.
Garrick, and Hardham of Fleet
Street, 92-94.
Garrick, Mrs., Death of, 99.
Garrick, Mrs., her Funeral, 101.
Garrick, Mrs., and Horace Wal-
pole, 102.
Geologist, Elegy on, 48.
German for Astronomy, 278.
Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, 60-62.
Gilray and his Caricatures, 49-
59.
Gilray, Caricatures, George III.,
52, 53.
Gilray in St. James's Street, 52.
Gin, on, 276.
Golden Ball Tavern, Sadler's
Wells, 266.
"Goose Tavern," Islington, 265.
Gourmand Physician, 4.
Greenwich Dinners, 280.
Grimaldi, the Clown, account of
106-112.
Grimaldi finds Money, 109.
Grimaldi's First Appearance, 107.
Grimaldi's Farewell, 109, 110.
Grimaldi, Old, and "No Popery,"
107.

- H**ANGING by compact, 295.
 Hardham's "No 37," 92.
 Hayley and Blake, 65, 67.
 Heber, the Book-collector, 218.
Hindoo Bride, Monk Lewis's, 144.
 Hood, Thomas, account of, 231-240.
 Hood, Death and Burial of, 238.
 Hood's *Epping Hunt*, 234.
 Hood's First Work, 233.
 Hood's Ode to Grimaldi, 110.
 Hood, Thomas, at School, 231.
 Hood set up in Business, 233.
 Hood and Sir Robert Peel, 236, 237.
 Hood's *Up the Rhine*, 235.
 Hood's various Works, 234.
 Host, Eccentric, 286.
 Hunting experiences at Cranford, 27.
- I**SLINGTON, Charles Lamb's Cottage at, 229.
 Islington, Old Taverns, 265.
- J**EMMY HIRST, at Doncaster, 13.
 Jerrold, Douglas, at the Mulberries Club, 135.
- K**, EDMUND, his Boyhood, 123.
 Kean, Edmund, undervalued by Downton, 115.
 Kelly, Serjeant Otherwise, 312.
- Kemble, Fanny, in the United States, 131.
 Kemble, John, and the O. P. Riot, 97.
- L**AMB, CHARLES, at Munden's last Performance, 112.
 Lamb, Charles, his Cottage at Islington, 229.
 Laughter, Sources of, 257-262.
 Lewis, Monk, Account of, 142-150.
 Lewis, Monk, in the West Indies, 146.
 Liston in a Counting-house, 119.
 Liston's First Appearance, 119.
 Liston and Stephen Kemble, 121.
 Liston and Tate Wilkinson, 122.
 Liston in Tragedy, 116-122.
 Literary Madmen, 245.
 London Eccentric, the, 41.
 Lovat, Lord, and Miss Kate Vint, 303.
 Love-passage, an Eccentric one, 138.
- M**ACKINNON, COLONEL, his Practical Joking, 3.
 Mackintosh, Cool Sir James, 211-214.
 Mackintosh, Sir James, his Recordership of Bombay, 213.
 Madmen, Literary, 245-250.
 Maginn, Dr., Epitaph on, 279.
 Manchester Punch House, 270.
 Masquerade Incident, 127.

- Mathews, C., Spanish Ambassador Hoax, 103.
- Mellish, Colonel, Sketch of, 11.
- Miscalculation, an Odd one, 304.
- Monk Lewis, Account of, 142-149.
- Mulberries, the Shakspearian Club, 133.
- Munden's Last Performance, 112.
- NEWCASTLE**, the Romantic Duchess of, 253.
- Nimrod's Sketch of Colonel Mellish, 11.
- Nollekens, the Sculptor, Eccentricities of, 72-86.
- Nollekens, his Avarice, 72.
- Nollekens' Bust of Dr. Johnson, 74.
- Nollekens' Bell-tolling, 73.
- Nollekens and the Barber, 79.
- Nollekens and Lord Coleraine, 41.
- Nollekens' Generosity, 86.
- Nollekens' Gaicties, 80, 81.
- Nollekens and the Hawkinses, 76.
- Nollekens and the Legacy-hunters, 83.
- Nollekens married, 74.
- Nollekens and Northcote, 80.
- Nollekens' Parsimony, 75.
- Nollekens at Rome, 73.
- Nollekens at the Royal Academy Club, 77.
- Nollekens and his Sitters, 74, 75, 81.
- Nollekens' Spelling, 80.
- Nollekens' Wardrobe, 85.
- Nollekens' Will, 86.
- Nollekens, Mrs., her Wardrobe, 78.
- Non Sequitur and Therefore, 311.
- ODDITIES** of Dowton, 114.
- Old Bailey Character, 31-36.
- Old Red Lion Tavern, St. John Street Road, 265.
- O. P. Riot, the, History of, 96.
- Oyster and Parched-Pea Club, 268.
- PARCEL**, a Mysterious one, 125.
- Parr, Dr., at Cambridge, 168.
- Parr, Dr., at Cards, 170.
- Parr, Dr., at Colchester, 165.
- Parr, Dr., his Generosity, 171.
- Parr, Dr., at Harrow and Stanmore, 165.
- Parr, Dr., at Hatton, 165, 166.
- Parr, Dr., and Dr. Johnson, 165.
- Parr, Dr., Oddities of, 162-172.
- Parr, Dr., the Prince of Wales, and Duke of Sussex, 169.
- Parr, Dr., on the Shakspeare Forgeries, 167.
- Parr, Dr., and Sir W. Jones, 163.
- Parr, Dr., his Smoking, 167.
- Parr, Dr., his Spital Sermon, 171.

- "Paul Pry," Origin of, 98.
 Pembroke, Lord, his Port Wine, 281.
 Perpetual-Motion Seeker, 250.
 Peter Pindar, Dr. Wolcot, 190-203.
 Peter Pindar's Attacks on Geo. III., 195.
 Peter Pindar, Giffard, and Wright, 197.
 Peter Pindar's Lines on Dr. Johnson, 196.
 Peter Pindar, Death and Burial of, 201.
 Peter Pindar and Nollekens, 196.
 Peter Pindar outwits a Publisher, 199.
 Peter Pindar's Satires, 195.
Poetical Sketches, by W. Blake, 61.
 Poole, John, his *Paul Pry*, 98, 99.
 Porson, at Cambridge, 156.
 Porson, at the Cyder Cellar, 154.
 Porson's Drinking, 154, 155.
 Porson's Eccentricities, 150-161.
 Porson's Epigrams, 151.
 Porson and Horne Tooke, 153.
 Porson and the Young Oxonian, 160.
 Porson and Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, 154.
 Porson, Portrait of, 160.
 Porson's Wit and Repartee, 157.
 Punch, tremendous Bowl of, 282.
 Punch House, at Manchester, 276.
- QUACKERY, Successful, 287.
 'Quid Rides?' 37.
- RADCLIFFE, MRS., and the Critics, 208.
 "Rather than otherwise," 309.
 Richmond, Duke of, and T. P. Cooke, 130.
 Ride in a Sedan, 290.
 Robinson, Long Sir Thomas, 283.
 Roderick Dhu, Mr. T. P. Cooke, as, 129.
Romeo and Juliet in America, 131.
 Roscius, Young, Account of, 87-92.
 Roscius, Young, his Earnings, 91.
 Roscius, Young, first appears, 87.
 Roscius, Young, in London, 89.
 Roscius, Young, his Popularity, 91.
 Roscius, Young, in Scotland, 88.
 Roscius, Young, Sketch of, 87.
 Rowlandson, the Caricaturist, 206.
 Rowlandson and Gilray, the Caricaturists, 58.
 Ryland, the Forger, and Blake, Painter, 61.
- SCOTT, MR. JOHN, in Parliament, 291.
 Scott, Sir Walter, and Monk Lewis, 144, 145.
 Sedan, Ride in, 290.

- Seven Dials, What became of them? 28.
- Shakespeare Monument, George IV. and Elliston, 126.
- Shark Story, by Monk Lewis, 147.
- Sicilian Boy Calculator, 224.
- Smart, Christopher, the Poetical Lunatic 248.
- Smith, Albert, and Seven Dials, 29.
- Soane, Sir John, lumpooned, 222.
- Songs, by W. Blake, 62, 64.
- Soup Distribution, Classic, 310.
- Sources of Laughter, 257.
- Spanish Ambassador Hoax, Matthews, 103.
- Spelling, Bad, 299.
- Stewart, Walking, Sketch of, 17-22.
- Stewart, Walking, a General, 20.
- Stokes' Amphitheatre, Islington Road, 267.
- T**AVERNS, Old, at Islington, 265.
- Temple, Notoriety of the, 288.
- Thackeray and Waterton, 47.
- Tipsy Village, 276.
- Tooke and D'Alembert, 177.
- Tooke and his Daughters 176.
- Tooke's Death and Burial, 179.
- Tooke and the Income Tax, 177.
- Tooke and the Judges, 173.
- Tooke, John Horne, Oddities of, 172-180.
- Tooke and Purley, 174.
- Tooke's Sunday Dinners, 175.
- Tooke and Wilkes, a Retort, 172.
- Tooke's Wit, 178.
- Tooke, the Poulterer, and the Prince of Wales, 173.
- Traveller, the Listless, 44.
- Travellers, Eccentric, 42-48.
- Trekschuit Tourist, the, 43.
- True to the Text, 144.
- V**AN AMBURGH, the Lion Tamer, 43.
- Visions by W. Blake, 68, 69, 70.
- “**W**ALKING STEWART,” Sketch of, 17-22.
- Walpole, Horace, on William Combe, 206.
- Waters, Sir John, his Escape, 1.
- Waterton, Charles, the Traveller, 44-48.
- Wellington, Lord, hoaxed, 4.
- Whately, the Witty Archbishop, 240-244.
- Wilkes, John, Sheridan on, 55.
- Wurgman, the Kantesian, 249.

Wolcot, Dr.—*see* Peter Pindar.

Wolcot, Dr., in Cornwall,
193

Wolcot, Dr., in Jamaica, 192.

Wolcot, Dr., and Opie, the
Painter, 193.

Wolcot, Dr., and Royal Academi-
cians, 194.

“Wooden Spoon, the,” 275.

YOUNG ROSCIUS, Sketch of
the, 87—*see* Roscius, Young

THE END.

