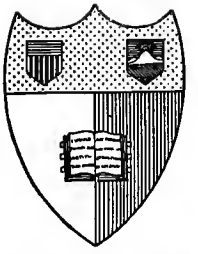
AUSTIN DOBSON

AN ANTHOLOGY OF PROSE AND VERSE



THIS book-plate and that on the title page are printed from the blocks used for Mr. Austin Dobson's personal book-plates. The former is by the late E. A. Abbey, R.A., and the latter by the late Alfred Parsons, R.A.

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WITH A FOREWORD BY
EDMUND GOSSE

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PREFACE

THE Poems appearing in this volume are included by arrangement with Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., the publishers of Austin Dobson's " Collected Poems."

As regards the prose extracts, I am greatly indebted to Messrs. Chatto & Windus for the very generous way in which they have allowed me to draw on the various volumes of essays published by them. I also wish to record, in the case of the following publishers, my appreciation of their permitting me to use passages from the volumes appearing after their names.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. (*De Libris, Henry Fielding,* and *Samuel Richardson*).

Mr. Humphrey Milford (Oxford University Press) (*A Bookman's Budget* and *Later Essays*).

Messrs. William Heinemann (*William Hogarth*).

Messrs. Harper & Bros. (*Horace Walpole*).

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd. (*Oliver Goldsmith*).

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (*Richard Steele*).

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. (*The Spectator*).

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Lastly, I cannot adequately thank my father's old friend, Mr. Edmund Gosse, for the foreword he has contributed and also for his kind advice. Without his promise of assistance, I should have felt some hesitation in attempting to prepare this volume which Mr. J. M. Dent, in view of his many years of friendship and happy association with my father, was desirous of bringing out as a tribute to his memory.

The portrait which is included was taken by Messrs. Walter Barnett & Co., Ltd., in 1910, when Austin Dobson was in his seventy-first year.

EALING, 1922. ALBAN DOBSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON was born at Plymouth on 18 January 1840, and was the eldest son of George Clarisse Dobson. He came of a family of Civil Engineers, both his father and grandfather having followed that profession. The latter had, towards the end of the eighteenth century, settled in France and married a French lady, and it is probably from his grandmother, therefore, that Austin Dobson inherited his love of France, and, in particular, of the old French forms which he afterwards so largely adopted.

At the age of eight or nine, Austin Dobson was taken to Holyhead, where his father had been appointed resident engineer in charge of the construction of the breakwater. His education, begun at Beaumaris Grammar School, was continued at Coventry, where (as he used to recall) Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher was, for a time, one of his school-fellows. It was finally completed at Strasbourg, at that time still a part of France.

Like his father and his grandfather, Austin Dobson was intended to follow the calling of a Civil Engineer, and there was some prospect of his entering the Armstrong works. At the age of sixteen, however, he obtained a nomination, which enabled him to enter the Civil Service, as a Clerk in the Board of Trade,

where in later years he had for colleagues, among others, Cosmo Monkhouse and Edmund Gosse, a fact which prompted an American contemporary to refer to that Department as "A Nest of Singing Birds." There is evidence also that Austin Dobson had an early idea of becoming a painter. At all events for a time he attended evening schools at South Kensington, and the drawings that survive from those early days reveal considerable talent. Shortly before 1864, however, he turned his thoughts seriously towards poetry, and in that year his first poem "A City Flower" appeared in *Temple Bar* and was followed a few months later by "The Sundial" in the same magazine. His next attempt was a contribution of seven poems to the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, at intervals during 1865 and 1866, but he thought it advisable to reprint only two of these when his poems came to be collected in book form. From 1868 onward he became a frequent contributor to several magazines, but particularly to *St. Paul's*, which had recently been launched by Mr. Anthony Trollope. Among the poems of that period may be mentioned "Une Marquise," "A Dead Letter," "The Dying of Tanneguy du Bois," The "Angiola" Songs, "A Gentleman (and a Gentlewoman) of the Old School," "Before Sedan," and "Tu Quoque." On these and other poems may be said to rest, to a large extent, Austin Dobson's reputation as a "brilliant lyrical poet," to use the phrase with which a hundred of his friends greeted him on his seventieth birthday.

At this point it may be interesting to observe that Austin Dobson contributed to the *Saturday Journal*

during 1874 and the early part of 1875, as well as to *Evening Hours*, a number of poems bearing the signature "Walter Bryce." None of them, with the sole exception of "In the Belfry," was ever reprinted. In Mr. Francis Edwin Murray's invaluable Bibliography, to which reference is made in the Appendix to this volume, most of the poems shown as appearing in the *Saturday Journal* are unsigned poems, of which the authorship is apparent from the contents page.

In 1873, the poet's verses were, for the first time, collected in a volume entitled "Vignettes in Rhyme," while in 1877, a second volume, "Proverbs in Porcelain," was published. In 1883 appeared a third volume, "Old World Idylls," comprising most of the poems contained in the two earlier volumes, and two years later it was followed by its companion volume, "At the Sign of the Lyre"; later editions of these two volumes being provided with extra titles for binding up as "Poems on Several Occasions."

Three volumes of poems, selected from the foregoing, and illustrated, in two instances, by Hugh Thomson, and in the third by Bernard Partridge, appeared between 1892 and 1895, by which date various volumes had also been published in America where, for some fifteen years or more, Austin Dobson's poems had attracted considerable attention. It was not, however, until 1897 that the first edition of "Collected Poems" was published, in which were included all the poems which the poet considered worthy of reprinting in permanent form up to that date. In 1921 the ninth edition (third impression) of this volume appeared; it contains a very large

number of poems not included in the first edition of 1897. It cannot, however, be said to be complete.

It has not infrequently been observed that Austin Dobson's main flow of poetry ceased after 1885. Judging from the great mass of poems composed before that date, by which he will, perhaps, be best remembered by posterity, this is substantially true. One cannot, however, ignore the many poems belonging to the period 1885–1921, written latterly only at rare intervals, and not infrequently for some charitable object, which are represented in this volume and are to be found in the later editions of "Collected Poems." His reluctance to produce verses in any quantity after about 1900 was solely due to his unwillingness to publish anything that was in his opinion not up to his earlier standard. Many poems were written even in his declining years which never appeared in print.

Austin Dobson's first prose works appeared in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* in 1866, and were short studies of four Frenchwomen, Mlle. de Corday, Madame Roland, the Princesse de Lamballe and Madame de Genlis. Although "Four Frenchwomen," under which title these papers were published in 1890 in volume form, may be regarded as one of the writer's happiest efforts, comparatively little further prose of this kind was attempted until 1882, if we except one paper appearing in 1872 and never reprinted. In 1874, however, his first original prose work in book form appeared, under the title of "A Handbook of English Literature."

From 1882 onwards Austin Dobson devoted himself assiduously to those eighteenth-century studies, which

were subsequently collected into the three series of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" and other volumes.

During the same period, he found time to write the lives of William Hogarth (1879), Henry Fielding (1883), Thomas Bewick (1884), Richard Steele (1886), Oliver Goldsmith (1888), Horace Walpole (1890), Samuel Richardson (1902), and Fanny Burney (1903).

In 1885 Austin Dobson became a Principal in the Board of Trade, and in 1901 he retired from the Public Service. Apart from his work on the many volumes which he edited, or for which he wrote notes or introductions, his years of retirement were devoted to his eighteenth-century researches, as the result of which he produced the further volumes of eighteenth-century essays, which are set out in detail in the Appendix. The last three or four volumes were, however, compiled with considerable effort. For some years failing eyesight had rendered writing a very slow and somewhat tedious process, and during his declining years he was also subject to severe rheumatoid arthritis in the right leg, a malady which confined him very largely to the house. He endured his disability with extraordinary patience and continued to write, although with increasing difficulty. His last volume, "Later Essays," appeared only a few months before he died.

He was laid aside for some time in the early months of 1921, but showed signs of recovery as the summer approached. Towards the end of June, however, he had a heart attack from which he never really recovered, and after a lingering illness, he passed peacefully away on the morning of 2 September 1921.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Austin Dobson was an honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh University, and was also for many years a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. In 1891 he became a member of the Athenæum Club under the Rule which permits the election each year, by the Committee, of a limited number of persons of distinguished eminence in science, literature, the arts, or for public service. In 1912 he was made an honorary member of the Authors' Club of New York, a distinction at that date only enjoyed by three other Englishmen—Thomas Hardy, Lord Morley, and the late Lord Bryce.

For many years he served on the Committees of the London Library, the Royal Literary Fund, and the Incorporated Society of Authors.

In 1868 he married Frances Mary, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Beardmore (a distinguished Civil Engineer and past President of the Meteorological Society), by whom he had a family of five sons and five daughters, all of whom survive him.

ALBAN DOBSON.

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FOREWORD

THE youngest son of the poet, to whose piety the ensuing collection owes its existence, has kindly asked me to send it on its way with a few words of welcome. But no speech of mine can be needed to recommend the selected work of Austin Dobson. The editor has gathered a bouquet out of one of the most carefully arranged and exquisitely tended gardens in the whole of English literature. The colour and perfume of these beautiful pieces needs no further praise from me, who, indeed, have had the happiness of urging their merits on the public, in season and out of season, for fifty years.

The generations follow one another so fast, and the new is so ruthless in its haste to shoulder the old out of favour, that it is a deep pleasure to me, myself now a waif and relic of a bygone time, to find Mr. Alban Dobson faithful to the tradition and loyal to the memory of his dear and admirable father. He will be rewarded, I am sure, not merely by the approval of those who have long enjoyed the works of a writer who, in his own sphere, was almost perfect, but by the gratitude of younger readers who may now enjoy for the first time the verse and prose of an exquisite artist.

EDMUND GOSSE.

AUSTIN DOBSON

AN ANTHOLOGY OF PROSE & VERSE

THE THAMES AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

A FAMOUS river is a natural conductor of tradition. We stand by this or that decaying monument,—in this or that deserted chamber—and often find them as unsuggestive as the primrose was to Peter Bell. But with a river the case is different. It is alive. It was the contemporary of yesterday as it is the contemporary of to-day,—as it will be of to-morrow when we shall no more tread its banks. For myself, I confess I never look upon the Thames—that Thames which to me, as an impenitent Londoner, is far above either Amazon or Mississippi—without feeling that my apprehension of the past, or at all events that portion of the past with which I am best acquainted, is strangely quickened and stimulated. Beside the broad, smooth-flowing stream, now, alas! sadly harried of fussy steam-launches and elbowed of angular embankments, I have merely to pause, and memories press thick upon me. I can see Steele landing at Strand Bridge, with "ten sail of Apricock boats" from Richmond, after taking in melons at Nine Elms; I can see "Sir Roger" and "Mr. Spectator" embarking at the Temple Stairs in the wherry of the waterman who had lost his

leg at La Hogue. Yonder comes a sound of French horns, and Mr. Horace Walpole's barge goes sliding past, with flashing oars, carrying Lady Caroline Petersham and " Little Ashe " to mince chicken at Vauxhall, and picking up Lord Granby on the way— " very drunk from Jenny's Whim." Or it is Swift, with " that puppy Patrick " in attendance to hold his nightgown and slippers, bathing by moonlight at Chelsea ; and by and by posting home to tell Mrs. Dingley and Stella, in the famous " Journal," that he has lost his landlady's napkin in the water, and will have to pay for it. Lower down, at the Dark House at Billingsgate, is the merry party of Hogarth's " Five Days' Tour," setting out at one in the morning on their journey towards Gravesend, lying on straw under a tilt, and singing " St. John " and " Pishoken " to keep up their spirits. Or lower down again, at Rotherhithe, it is Henry Fielding, sick of many diseases, but waiting cheerfully (only that his wife, poor soul, has a " raging tooth ! ") to start in the " Queen of Portugal," Richard Veal, master, on his last voyage to Lisbon. Or again. . . . But there would be no end to the " agains."

(*Side-Walk Studies.*)

ARTISTS THREE

In the world of pictorial recollection there are many territories, the natives of which you may recognize by their characteristics as surely as Ophelia recognizes her true love by his cockle-hat and sandal shoon. There is the land of grave gestures and courteous

inclinations, of dignified leave-takings and decorous greetings; where the ladies (like Richardson's Pamela) don the most charming round-eared caps and frilled *négligés*; where the gentlemen sport ruffles and bag-wigs and spotless silk stockings, and invariably exhibit shapely calves above their silver shoe-buckles; where you may come in St. James's Park upon a portly personage with a star, taking an alfresco pinch of snuff after that leisurely style in which a pinch of snuff should be taken, so as not to endanger a lace cravat or a canary-coloured vest; where you may seat yourself on a bench by Rosamond's Pond in company with a tremulous mask who is evidently expecting the arrival of a "pretty fellow"; or happen suddenly, in a secluded side-walk, upon a damsel in muslin and a dark hat who is hurriedly scrawling a *poulet*, not without obvious signs of perturbation. But whatever the denizens of this country are doing, they are always elegant and always graceful, always appropriately grouped against their fitting background of high-ceiled rooms and striped hangings, or among the urns and fish-tanks of their sombre-shrubbed gardens. This is the land of STOTHARD.

In the adjoining country there is a larger sense of colour—a fuller pulse of life. This is the region of delightful dogs and horses and domestic animals of all sorts; of crimson-faced hosts and buxom ale-wives; of the most winsome and black-eyed milk-maids and the most devoted lovers and their lasses; of the most headlong and horn-blowing huntsmen—a land where Madam Blaize forgathers with the impeccable worthy who caused the death of the Mad Dog; where John Gilpin takes the Babes in the Wood *en*

croupe; and the bewitchingest Queen of Hearts coquets the Great Panjandrum himself "with the little round button at top"—a land, in short, of the most kindly and light-hearted fancies, of the freshest and breeziest and healthiest types—which is the land of CALDECOTT.

Finally, there is a third country, a country inhabited almost exclusively by the sweetest little child-figures that have ever been invented, in the quaintest and prettiest costumes, always happy, always gravely playful,—and nearly always playing; always set in the most attractive framework of flower-knots, or blossoming orchards, or red-roofed cottages with dormer windows. Everywhere there are green fields, and daisies, and daffodils, and pearly skies of spring, in which a kite is often flying. No children are quite like the dwellers in this land; they are so gentle, so unaffected in their affectation, so easily pleased, so trustful and so confiding. And this is GREENAWAY-land.

(*De Libris.*)

A SONG OF THE GREENAWAY CHILD

As I went a-walking on *Lavender Hill*,
O, I met a Darling in frock and frill;
And she looked at me shyly, with eyes of blue,
"Are you going a-walking? Then take me too!"

So we strolled to the field where the cowslips grow,
And we played—and we played for an hour or so;
Then we climbed to the top of the old park wall,
And the Darling she threaded a cowslip ball.

Then we played again, till I said—" My Dear,
This pain in my side, it has grown severe ;
I ought to have told you I'm past three-score,
And I fear that I scarcely can play any more ! "

But the Darling she answered,—" O no ! O no !
You must play—you must play.—I shan't let you go ! "
—And I woke with a start and a sigh of despair
And I found myself safe in my Grandfather's-chair !

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CHARLES I.

THEN in 1674, the present " noble equestrian statue," as Walpole styles it, was erected, not too promptly, by Charles II.

Its story is singular,—almost as singular as that of the statue of the Merry Monarch himself, which loyal Sir Robert Viner, " Alderman, Knight and Baronet," put up in the old Stocks Market. It appears to have been executed about 1633 by Hubert Le Sœur, a pupil of John of Bologna, for the Lord High Treasurer Weston, who intended it to embellish his garden at Roehampton. By the terms of the commission it was to be of brass, a foot larger than life, and the sculptor " was to take advice of his Maj. (Charles I.) riders of greate horses, as well for the shape of the horse and action as for the graceful shape and action of his Maj. figure on the same." Before the beginning of the Civil War, according to Walpole, the statue, cast but not erected, was sold by the

Parliament to John Rivett, brazier, dwelling at the Dial near Holborn Conduit, who was strictly enjoined to break it up. Rivett, whose "faith was large in time," carefully buried it instead, and ingenuously exhibited some broken brass in earnest of its destruction. Report further says that, making capital out of both parties, he turned these mythic fragments into knife and fork handles, which the Royalists bought eagerly as relics, and the Puritans as tokens of the downfall of a despot. In any case there is evidence to show that the statue was still in Rivett's possession in 1660, and it is assumed that it passed from him or his family to the second Charles. Strype says that he presented it to the King, which is not unlikely.

(*A Paladin of Philanthropy.*)

LONDON SMOKE

ONE of the many projects of that indefatigable philanthropist, Mr. John Evelyn, of Sayes Court, Deptford, was a scheme for suppressing London smoke. Walking in the Palace at Whitehall, not long after the Restoration, in order to refresh himself with the sight of his Royal Master's illustrious presence (the expression is his own), he was sorely disturbed by the presumptuous vapours which, issuing from certain tunnels or chimneys in the neighbourhood of Northumberland House and Scotland Yard, did "so invade the court, that all the rooms, galleries, and places about it were fill'd and infested with it; and that to such a degree, as men could hardly discern one another for the clowd,

and none could support." Indeed that high and mighty Princess, the King's only sister, " Madame " herself, accustomed as she had been to the purer air of Paris, was grievously offended, both in her breast and lungs, by this " prodigious annoyance," which not only sullied the glory of his Majesty's imperial seat, but endangered the health of his subjects. These " funest " circumstances set busy Mr. Evelyn a-thinking ; and presently gave rise to his learned tractate " Fumifugium ; or, the Inconveniencie of the Aer and Smoak of London dissipated," which he inscribed to King Charles II., and in which he dealt summarily with the " hellish and dismal cloud of sea-coal," by recommending that all brewers, dyers, lime-burners, soap-boilers and the like inordinate consumers of such fuel, should be dismissed to a competent distance from the city, and moreover—as might be anticipated from the future author of " Sylva "—that every available vacant space should at once be planted with sweet-smelling trees, shrubs and flowers. " Our august Charles "—always a compliant monarch—highly approved these opportune suggestions, and a Bill was drafted accordingly. But there the matter rested. A century later, when Evelyn's pamphlet was reprinted, nothing had been done : while numerous glass-houses, foundries and potteries had added their baleful tribute to the " black catalogue." Nor can it be affirmed even now that the evil is entirely of the past, since, not many months ago, the London County Council [1909] were still assiduously concerting measures for what Evelyn terms the " melioration of the aer."

(*Old Kensington Palace and Other Papers.*)

THE DYING OF TANNEGUY DU BOIS

En los nidos de antaño
No hay pájaros hogaño.
SPANISH PROVERB.

YEA, I am passed away, I think, from this ;
Nor helps me herb, nor any leechcraft here,
But lift me hither the sweet cross to kiss,
And witness ye, I go without a fear.
Yea, I am sped, and never more shall see,
As once I dreamed, the show of shield and crest,
Gone southward to the fighting by the sea ;—
There is no bird in any last year's nest !

Yea, with me now all dreams are done, I ween,
Grown faint and unremembered ; voices call
High up, like misty warders dimly seen
Moving at morn on some Burgundian wall ;
And all things swim—as when the charger stands
Quivering between the knees, and East and West
Are filled with flash of scarves and waving hands ;—
There is no bird in any last year's nest !

Is she a dream I left in Aquitaine ?—
My wife Giselle,—who never spoke a word,
Although I knew her mouth was drawn with pain,
Her eyelids hung with tears ; and though I heard
The strong sob shake her throat, and saw the cord
Her necklace made about it ;—she that prest
To watch me trotting till I reached the ford ;—
There is no bird in any last year's nest !

Ah ! I had hoped, God wot,—had longed that she
  Should watch me from the little-lit tourelle,
Me, coming riding by the windy lea—
  Me, coming back again to her, Giselle ;
Yea, I had hoped once more to hear him call,
  The curly-pate, who, rushen lance in rest,
Stormed at the lilies by the orchard wall ;—
  There is no bird in any last year's nest !

But how, my Masters, ye are wrapt in gloom !
  This Death will come, and whom he loves he cleaves
Sheer through the steel and leather ; hating whom
  He smites in shameful wise behind the greaves.
'Tis a fair time with Dennis and the Saints,
  And weary work to age, and want for rest,
When harness groweth heavy, and one faints,
  With no bird left in any last year's nest !

Give ye good hap, then, all. For me, I lie
  Broken in Christ's sweet hand, with whom shall
    rest
To keep me living, now that I must die ;—
  There is no bird in any last year's nest !

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND FAGIN

I MET George Cruikshank in December 1877. He came one morning to see Mr. Frederick Locker, at whose house I was breakfasting ; and he was at once invited to join the party. He died on February 1, 1878, aged eighty-six. Writing his life, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, at Mr. Locker's suggestion, applied to me for

my recollections of the above interview, and I wrote to him the following, which he printed ("Life of George Cruikshank," New Ed., 1883, p. 153). "He (Cruikshank) told us many particulars respecting his work, and especially his visits to prisons and criminals in connexion with 'Oliver Twist.' Finally, I asked him if the popular story of the conception of Fagin's wonderful attitude in the condemned cell was correct. He replied rather energetically, 'False!' You will remember that in that version the drawing was the result of accident. The artist was biting his nails in desperation, when suddenly he caught the reflection of his perplexed face in a cheval glass—hence Fagin. Cruikshank's account was different. He had never been perplexed in the matter, or had any doubt as to his design. He attributed the story to the fact that not being satisfied whether the knuckles should be raised or depressed, he had made studies of his own hand in a glass, to the astonishment of a child-relative looking on, who could not conceive what he was doing. He illustrated his account by putting his hand to his mouth, looking, with his hooked nose, wonderfully like the character he was speaking of,—so much so that for a few minutes afterwards Mr. Locker playfully addressed him as 'Mr. Fagin.' I did not see at the time why he was so tenacious. But, of course, what he wished to impress upon us was that the drawing of Fagin in the cell, which shares with Sikes attempting to destroy his dog the post of honour in 'Oliver Twist,' was the result, not of a happy accident, but his own persistent and minute habit of realization; and though there appears to be a modern disposition to doubt that a man can know anything about his own

past, I for one shall always prefer Mr. Cruikshank's story to the others."

At this date, old as he was, he had no marked appearance of age, and even some relics of the "old buck." I recall (there is no harm in mentioning it now !) that though he was comparatively bald, a long lock of hair was carefully brought forward from the back of his head, and kept in position on his brows by a thin elastic string. I wrote his life for Vol. 13 of the D.N.B., and was lucky enough to satisfy both his widow and his executor, Dr. B. W. Richardson. Mr. Locker gave me one of Cruikshank's original illustrations [1] to "Rob Roy," a beautiful little tinted pencil drawing which represents Francis Osbaldistone bursting in upon Justice Inglewood and Morris the gauger (ch. viii.).

(*A Bookman's Budget.*)

THE LETTERS OF CHESTERFIELD AND WALPOLE

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S occasional efforts are practically forgotten, and his reputation rests mainly upon his letters to his son and his godson. These, as is well known, are less *nouvelles à la main* than lay sermons, inculcating a special code or scheme of conduct, which may be described roughly as the cultus of the imperturbable. As is also equally well known, they, and especially the earlier series, contain maxims which

[1] This drawing was included among the Austin Dobson books sold at Sotheby's on March 13, 1922, when it was purchased by one of his daughters (Dr. Margaret Dobson).

show extraordinary moral insensibility,—an insensibility which is more culpable when it is remembered to whom their injunctions were addressed. But these reservations made at starting, they will be found to be packed with the varied teaching of a shrewd criticism of life, and of a close, if cynical observation of mankind; and although their main doctrine is the converse of *esse quam videri*, those who think nothing is to be learned from them but the manners of a dancing master and the morals of a courtesan, are probably more biassed by the recollection of a prejudiced epigram, than influenced by a study of the letters themselves. The correspondence of Walpole, on the other hand, is of a different type. No one could call that didactic, or hortatory, or even learned. But, if Chesterfield gives us the theory of eighteenth-century life, as he conceived it, Walpole shows us that life in practice, as he lived it. It would be hard to find a more vivacious, a more amusing, a more original chronicler; hard to find a more lively and brilliant chronicle. "Nothing," says Thackeray truly, "can be more cheery that Horace's letters. Fiddles sing all through them: wax-lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equipages, glitter and sparkle there; never was such a brilliant, jigging, smirking Vanity Fair as that through which he leads us." His anecdotal gossip keeps the reader continually on the alert; his *bon mots* surprise and delight, his phraseology and unexpected use of words add the finishing piquancy of touch. His descriptions of places and events are amazingly fresh and vivid; his perception of character of the keenest, and even his antipathies and little affectations (when they do not traverse our own) have

a particularly stimulating savour. Open him where you will, you are sure of something that will annotate, if it does not constitute, the social history of the day.

Upon the whole, Horace Walpole, who himself wrote of Noble Authors, was, in his own day, the most illustrious of them all. In the letters, memoirs and minor verse which are their function, he was unrivalled; but he was also the writer of two books which, in any station of life, would have brought him a literary reputation, "The Castle of Otranto" and "The Mysterious Mother."

(*Side-Walk Studies.*)

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

He lived in that past Georgian day,
When men were less inclined to say
That "Time is Gold," and overlay
With toil their pleasure;
He held some land, and dwelt thereon,—
Where, I forget,—the house is gone;
His Christian name, I think, was John,—
His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him,—a face
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
Fresh-coloured, frank, with ne'er a trace
Of trouble shaded;
The eyes are blue, the hair is drest
In plainest way,—one hand is prest
Deep in a flapped canary vest,
With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,
With silver buttons,—round his throat,
A soft cravat ;—in all you note
An elder fashion,—
A strangeness, which, to us who shine
In shapely hats,—whose coats combine
All harmonies of hue and line,—
Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see !
Men were untravelled then, but we,
Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea
With careless parting ;
He found it quite enough for him
To smoke his pipe in " garden trim,"
And watch, about the fish tank's brim,
The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue,—
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung,—
He liked the drone of flies among
His netted peaches ;
He liked to watch the sunlight fall
Athwart his ivied orchard wall ;
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of Paint and Patch,
And yet no Ranelagh could match
The sober doves that round his thatch
Spread tails and sidled ;
He liked their ruffling, puffed content,—
For him their drowsy wheelings meant
More than a Mall of Beaux that bent,
Or Belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began,
He shunned the flutter of the fan;
He too had maybe " pinked his man "
In Beauty's quarrel;
But now his " fervent youth " had flown
Where lost things go; and he was grown
As staid and slow-paced as his own
Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held
That no composer's score excelled
The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled
Its jovial riot;
But most his measured words of praise
Caressed the angler's easy ways,—
His idly meditative days,—
His rustic diet.

Not that his " meditating " rose
Beyond a sunny summer doze;
He never troubled his repose
With fruitless prying;
But held, as law for high and low,
What God withholds no man can know,
And smiled away inquiry so,
Without replying.

We read—alas, how much we read!
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed
With endless controversies feed
Our groaning tables;
His books—and they sufficed him—were
Cotton's " Montaigne," " The Grave " of Blair,
A " Walton "—much the worse for wear—
And " Æsop's Fables."

One more,—" The Bible." Not that he
Had searched its page as deep as we ;
No sophistries could make him see
Its slender credit ;
It may be that he could not count
The sires and sons to Jesse's fount,—
He liked the " Sermon on the Mount,"—
And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,
A red-cheeked lass who long was dead ;
His ways were far too slow, he said,
To quite forget her ;
And still when time had turned him gray,
The earliest hawthorn buds in May
Would find his lingering feet astray,
Where first he met her.

" *In Cœlo Quies* " heads the stone
On Leisure's grave,—now little known,
A tangle of wild-rose has grown
So thick across it ;
The " Benefactions " still declare
He left the clerk an elbow-chair,
And " 12 Pence Yearly to Prepare
A Christmas Posset."

Lie softly, Leisure ! Doubtless you
With too serene a conscience drew
Your easy breath, and slumbered through
The gravest issue ;
But we, to whom our age allows
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,
Look down upon your narrow house,
Old friend, and miss you !

THE PASSING OF MADAME ROLAND

THE famous Chauveau de la Garde, chivalrous to Quixotism, always ready for that dangerous honour of disputing his victims to Fouquier-Tinville, came to offer her [Madame Roland] his advocacy, but she declined it, refusing to peril his head in her defence. She went to the tribunal wholly dressed in white, "her long black hair hanging down to her girdle." Coming back, she smilingly drew her hand over the back of her neck, to signify to her fellow-prisoners that she was doomed. She had thanked her judges for having thought her worthy to share the fate of the great and good men they had murdered, "and will try," so she says, "to show upon the scaffold as much courage as they."

She did so. At the foot of the guillotine, it is said, she asked for pen and paper to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her, but her request was not granted. Her sole companion in the tumbril was a certain Lamarque, an assignat-printer. She cheered and consoled him—almost brought back his failing courage by her easy gaiety. To shorten his suffering she offered to give up to him her right of dying first; but Sanson pleaded adverse orders. "Come, you can't refuse the last request of a lady," and Sanson yields. As they were buckling her on the plank her eyes caught sight of the great statue of Liberty which stood on the Place de la Revolution. "*O Liberté, comme on t'a jouée!*" murmured she. . . . And in the cemetery of the Madeleine there is no stone to show where lie the ashes of the Queen of the Gironde.

There were two men living at that hour who did

not long survive the knowledge of her death. One, all stunned and shattered, leaves his place of refuge, walks out four leagues from Rouen, and, sitting down quietly against a tree, passes his sword-cane through his heart, dying so calmly that he seems, when found next morning, "as if asleep." The other, at St. Emilion, "loses his senses for several days." He, too, tracked from place to place, and wandering away from his pursuers, is found at last in a cornfield near Castillon, half-eaten by the wolves. The first of these men was her husband, Roland; the second was her lover, Buzot.

(*Four Frenchwomen.*)

CONCERNING OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THIRTY years of taking-in; fifteen years of giving-out;—that, in brief, is Oliver Goldsmith's story. When, in 1758, his failure to pass at Surgeons' Hall finally threw him on letters for a living, the thirty years were finished, and the fifteen years had been begun. What was to come he knew not; but, from his bare-walled lodging in Green-Arbour-Court, he could at least look back upon a sufficiently diversified past. He had been an idle, orchard-robbing school-boy; a tuneful but intractable sizar of Trinity; a lounging, loitering, fair-haunting, flute-playing Irish "buckeen." He had knocked at the doors of both Law and Divinity, and crossed the threshold of neither. He had set out for London and stopped at Dublin; he had started for America and arrived at Cork. He had been many things: a medical student, a strolling musician, an apothecary, a corrector of the press, an usher at a Peckham "academy." Judged by

ordinary standards, he had wantonly wasted his time. And yet, as things fell out, it is doubtful whether his parti-coloured experiences were not of more service to him than any he could have obtained if his progress had been less erratic. Had he fulfilled the modest expectations of his family, he would probably have remained a simple curate in Westmeath, eking out his " forty pounds a year " by farming a field or two, migrating contentedly at the fitting season from the " blue bed to the brown," and (it may be) subsisting vaguely as a local poet upon the tradition of some youthful couplets to a pretty cousin, who had married a richer man. As it was, if he could not be said to have " seen life steadily, and seen it whole," he had, at all events, inspected it pretty closely in parts; and, at the time when he was most impressible, had preserved the impress of many things, which, in his turn, he was to re-impress upon his writings. " No man "—says one of his biographers—" ever put so much of himself into his books as Goldsmith." To his last hour he was drawing upon the thoughts and reviving the memories of that " unhallowed time " when, to all appearance, he was hopelessly squandering his opportunities. To do as Goldsmith did would scarcely enable a man to write a " Vicar of Wakefield " or a " Deserted Village,"—certainly the practice cannot be preached with safety " to those that eddy round and round." But viewing his entire career, it is difficult not to see how one part seems to have been an indispensable preparation for the other, and to marvel once more (with the philosopher Square) at " the eternal Fitness of Things."

(*A Paladin of Philanthropy.*)

MOLLY TREFUSIS

" Now the Graces are four and the Venuses two,
And ten is the number of Muses ;
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you,—
My dear little Molly Trefusis ! "

So he wrote, the old bard of an " old Magazine " :
As a study it not without use is,
If we wonder a moment who she may have been,
This same " little Molly Trefusis ! "

She was Cornish. We know that at once by the
" Tre " ;
Then of guessing it scarce an abuse is
If we say that where Bude bellows back to the sea
Was the birthplace of Molly Trefusis.

And she lived in the era of patches and bows,
Not knowing what rouge or ceruse is ;
For they needed (I trust) but her natural rose,
The lilies of Molly Trefusis.

And I somehow connect her (I frankly admit
That the evidence hard to produce is)
With BATH in its hey-day of Fashion and Wit,—
This dangerous Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her, radiant in ribbon and knot,
(How charming that old-fashioned puce is !)
All blooming in laces, fal-lals, and what not,
At the PUMP ROOM,—Miss Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her reigning,—a Beauty,—a Toast,—
Where BLADUD's medicinal cruse is;
And we know that at least of one Bard it could boast,—
The Court of Queen Molly Trefusis.

He says she was "VENUS." I doubt it. Beside,
(Your rhymer so hopelessly loose is!)
His "little" could scarce be to Venus applied,
If fitly to Molly Trefusis.

No, no. It was HEBE he had in his mind;
And fresh as the handmaid of Zeus is,
And rosy, and rounded, and dimpled—you'll find—
Was certainly Molly Trefusis!

Then he calls her "a MUSE." To the charge I reply
That we all of us know what a Muse is;
It is something too awful,—too acid,—too dry,—
For sunny-eyed Molly Trefusis.

But "a GRACE." There I grant he was probably right;
(The rest but a verse-making ruse is);
It was all that was graceful,—intangible,—light,—
The beauty of Molly Trefusis!

Was she wooed? Who can hesitate much about that
Assuredly more than obtuse is;
For how could the poet have written so pat
"*My* dear little Molly Trefusis!"

And was wed? That I think we must plainly infer,
Since of suitors the common excuse is
To take to them Wives. So it happened to her,
Of course,—"little Molly Trefusis!"

To the Bard? 'Tis unlikely. Apollo, you see,
In practical matters a goose is;—
'Twas a Knight of the Shire, and a hunting J.P.,
Who carried off Molly Trefusis!

And you'll find, I conclude, in the "*Gentleman's Mag.*,"
At the end, where the pick of the news is,
"*On the* (blank), *at 'the Bath,' to Sir Hilary Bragg, With a Fortune,* MISS MOLLY TREFUSIS."

Thereupon . . . But no farther the student may pry,
Love's temple is dark as Eleusis;
So here, at the threshold, we part, you and I,
From "dear little Molly Trefusis."

HOGARTH *VERSUS* WILKES

IT is to Hogarth and his fellow-Governor at the Foundling, John Wilkes, that my next jotting relates. These strange colleagues in charity afterwards—as is well known—quarrelled bitterly over politics. Hogarth caricatured Wilkes in *The Times*: Wilkes replied by a *North Briton* article (No. 17) so scurrilous and malignant that Hogarth was stung into rejoining with that famous squint-eyed semblance of his former crony, which has handed him down to posterity more securely than the portraits of Zoffany and Earlom. Wilkes's action upon this was to reprint his article with the addition of a bulbous-nosed woodcut of Hogarth "from the Life." These facts lent interest to an entry which for years had been familiar to me

in the Sale Catalogue of Mr. H. P. Standly, and which ran thus: "The NORTH BRITON, No. 17, with a PORTRAIT of HOGARTH in WOOD; *and a severe critique on some of his works: in Ireland's handwriting* is the following—'*This paper was given to me by Mrs. Hogarth, Aug.* 1782, *and is the identical North Briton purchased by Hogarth, and carried in his pocket many days to show his friends.*'" The Ireland referred to (as will presently appear) was Samuel Ireland of the *Graphic Illustrations*. When, in 1892, dispersed items of the famous Joly collection began to appear sporadically in the second-hand catalogues, I found in that of a well-known London bookseller an entry plainly describing this one, and proclaiming that it came "from the celebrated collection of Mr. Standly of St. Neots." Unfortunately, the scrap of paper connecting it with Mrs. Hogarth's present to Ireland had been destroyed. Nevertheless, I secured my prize,[1] had it fittingly bound up with the original number which accompanied it; and here and there, in writing about Hogarth, bragged consequentially about my fortunate acquisition. Then came a day—a day to be marked with a black stone!—when in the British Museum Print Room, and looking through the "—— Collection," for the moment deposited there, I came upon *another* copy of the *North Briton*, bearing in Samuel Ireland's writing a notification to the effect that it was the identical No. 17, etc., etc. Now which is the right one? Is either the right one? I inspect mine distrustfully. It is soiled, and has

[1] This volume was one of the Austin Dobson books sold at Sotheby's in March 1922, and was bought by the compiler of this Anthology.

evidently been folded; it is scribbled with calculations; it has all the aspect of a *vénérable vétusté*. That it came from the Standly collection, I am convinced. But that other pretender in the (now dispersed) "—— Collection"? And was not Samuel Ireland (*nomen invisum!*) the, if not fraudulent, at least too-credulous father of one William Henry Ireland, who, at eighteen, wrote *Vortigern and Rowena*, and palmed it off as genuine Shakespeare? I fear me—I much fear me—that, in the words of the American showman, I have been "weeping over the wrong grave."

(*De Libris.*)

THE BANQUETING-HOUSE IN WHITEHALL

THOSE who, having sufficiently examined the Palladian exterior of the Banqueting-House, and duly noted the famous weather-cock on the eastern end, which, or an earlier example thereof, James II. is said to have set up to warn him of the approach of the Dutch fleet, desire farther to inspect the interior, can easily do so, since (as already stated) the building is now a museum. Its chief feature of interest is the ceiling, which represents the Apotheosis of James I. It is painted black, partly gilded, and divided into panels by bands, ornamented with a guilloche. Of the three central compartments, that at one end represents the British Solomon on his throne, "pointing to Prince Charles, who is being perfected by Wisdom." The middle compartment shows him "trampling on the globe and flying on the wings

of Justice (an eagle) to heaven." In the third he is "embracing Minerva, and routing Rebellion and Envy." These panels, and others at the sides, were painted by Rubens in 1635, with the assistance of his pupil Jordaens. They were restored by Cipriani. In 1837, the whole building, which had been closed since 1829, was refitted and repaired under the direction of Sir Robert Smirke.

It would occupy too large a space to trace the history of the Banqueting-House from its first erection to its Georgian transformation into an unconsecrated chapel (1724), seductive as it might be to speak of it as the theatre of Ben Jonson's masques and the buffooneries of Cromwell. In Charles II.'s time, to which, in the foregoing remarks, we have mainly confined ourselves, it was the scene of many impressive ceremonies and state receptions. It was in the Banqueting-House that Charles begged his Honourable House of Commons to amend the ways about Whitehall, so that Catherine of Braganza might not upon her arrival find it "surrounded by water"; it was in the Banqueting-House that he gravely went through that half solemn, half ludicrous business of touching for the evil; it was in the Banqueting-House that, coming from the Tower of London with a splendid cavalcade, he created at one time six Earls and six Barons. Under its storied roof he magnificently entertained the French Ambassador, Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, on which occasion he presented Mr. Evelyn, from his own royal plate, with a piece of that newly-imported Barbadian luxury, the King-pine; it was here also that he received the Russian Ambassador with his presents

of carpets and sables and "sea-horse teeth"; and the swarthy envoys from Morocco, with their scymetars and white *albagas,* and their lions and "estridges" (ostriches).

(*A Paladin of Philanthropy.*)

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN

"*Phyllida amo ante alias.*"—VIRG.

THE ladies of St. James's
Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them,
With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at *Ombre,*
With candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's!
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air:

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
  Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's!
  They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever,
  Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her colour comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,—
  It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's!
  You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
  Their phrases are so grand:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops
  The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's!
  They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you—for seconds;
  They frown on you—for weeks:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
  Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
  I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
  And give me all to keep;

I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me!

HORACE WALPOLE AS A VIRTUOSO

As a virtuoso and amateur, his [Walpole's] position is a mixed one. He was certainly widely different from that typical art connoisseur of his day—the butt of Goldsmith and of Reynolds—who travelled the Grand Tour to litter a gallery at home with broken-nosed busts and the rubbish of the Roman picture-factories. As the preface to the *Aedes Walpolianae* showed, he really knew something about painting, in fact was a capable draughtsman himself, and besides, through Mann and others, had enjoyed exceptional opportunities for procuring genuine antiques. But his collection was not so rich in this way as might have been anticipated; and his portraits, his china, and his miniatures were probably his best possessions. For the rest, he was an indiscriminate rather than an eclectic collector; and there was also considerable truth in that strange "attraction from the great to the little, and from the useful to the odd" which Macaulay has noted. Many of the marvels at Strawberry would never have found a place in the treasure-houses—say of Beckford or Samuel Rogers. It is difficult to fancy Bermingham's fables in paper on looking-glass, or Hubert's cardcuttings, or the fragile mosaics of Mrs. Delany either at Fonthill or St. James's Place. At the same time, it should be remembered that several

of the most trivial or least defensible objects were presents which possibly reflected rather the charity of the recipient than the good taste of the giver. All the articles over which Macaulay lingers, Wolsey's hat, Van Tromp's pipe case, and King William's spurs, were obtained in this way; and (with a laugher) Horace Walpole, who laughed a good deal himself, would probably have made as merry as the most mirth-loving spectator could have desired. But such items gave heterogeneous character to the gathering, and turned what might have been a model museum into an old curiosity-shop. In any case, however, it was a memorable curiosity-shop, and in this modern era of *bric-à-brac* would probably attract far more serious attention than it did in those practical and pre-æsthetic days of 1842 when it fell under the hammer of George Robins.

(*Horace Walpole—A Memoir.*)

THE CASE OF ELIZABETH CANNING

On Monday the 29th of January, 1753, one Elizabeth Canning, a domestic servant aged eighteen or thereabouts, who had hitherto borne an excellent character, returned to her mother, having been missing from the house of her master, a carpenter in Aldermanbury, since the 1st of the same month. She was half-starved and half-clad, and alleged that she had been abducted, and confined in a house on the Hertford Road, from which she had just escaped. This house she afterwards identified as that of one Susannah or Mother Wells, a person of very indifferent reputation. An ill-favoured old gipsy woman named

Mary Squires was also declared by her to have been the main agent in ill-using and detaining her. The gipsy, it is true, averred that at the time of the occurrence she was a hundred and twenty miles away in Dorsetshire; but Canning persisted in her statement. Among other people before whom she came was Fielding, who examined her, as well as a young woman called Virtue Hall, who appeared subsequently as one of Canning's witnesses. Fielding seems to have been strongly impressed by her appearance and her story, and his pamphlet (which was contradicted in every particular by his adversary, John Hill) gives a curious and not very edifying picture of the magisterial procedure of the period. In February, Wells and Squires were tried; Squires was sentenced to death, and Wells to imprisonment and burning in the hand. Then, by the exertions of the Lord Mayor, Sir Crisp Gascoyne, who doubted the justice of the verdict, Squires was respited and pardoned. Forthwith London was split up into Egyptian and Canningite factions; a hailstorm of pamphlets set in, one of the best of which was by Allan Ramsay the painter; portraits and caricatures of the principal personages were in all the print shops; and, to use Churchill's words in *The Ghost*,

> "... *Betty Canning* was at least,
> With *Gascoyne's* help, a six months feast.

In April, 1754, however, Fate so far prevailed against her that she herself, in turn, was tried at the Old Bailey for perjury. Thirty-eight witnesses swore that Squires had been in Dorsetshire; twenty-seven that she had been seen in Middlesex. After some hesita-

tion, quite of a piece with the rest of the proceedings, the jury found Canning guilty; and she was transported for seven years. At the end of her sentence she returned to England to receive a legacy of £500, which had been left to her three years before by an enthusiastic old lady of Newington Green. Her "case" is full of the most inexplicable contradictions; and it occupies in the *State Trials* some four hundred and twenty closely-printed pages of the most curious and picturesque eighteenth-century details. But how, from the 1st of January, 1753, to the 29th of the same month, Elizabeth Canning really did manage to spend her time is a secret that, to this day, remains unrevealed.

(*Henry Fielding—A Memoir.*)

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street
  Comes with his kind old face,—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
  And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place,*"
  And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville*";
He smiles, as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,
  And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,
  Where the noisy fish-wives call;
And his compliment pays to the "*Belle Thérèse,*"
  As she knits in her dusky stall.

IN PRAISE OF HOGARTH

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
  And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
  In his tails for a *pain d'épice.*

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
  Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a " *Ma foi, oui !* "
  And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
  To the furrier's daughter Lou. ;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red
  And a " *Bon Dieu garde M'sieu !* "

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*
  And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne ;
And a mock " off-hat " to the Notary's cat,
  And a nod to the Sacristan :—

For ever through life the Curé goes
  With a smile on his kind old face—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
  And his green umbrella-case.

IN PRAISE OF HOGARTH

It is neither by his achievements as an engraver, nor by his merits as a painter, that he retains his popular position among English artists. It is as a pictorial chronicler of life and manners, as a satirist and humourist upon canvas, that he makes his foremost claim upon posterity. His skill in seizing upon the ridiculous and the fantastic was only equalled by his power of rendering the tragic and the terrible. And

it was not only given to him to see unerringly and to select unfalteringly, but to this was added a rare and unique faculty for narrative by action. Other artists have succeeded in detached scenes of comic genre, or in isolated effects of passion and horror; but none has combined them with such signal ability, and carried them from one canvas to another with such assured dexterity, as this dramatist of the brush. To take some social blot, some burning fashionable vice, and hold it up sternly to "hard hearts"; to imagine it vividly, and body it forth with all the resources of unshrinking realism; to tear away its conventional trappings; to probe it to the quick, and lay bare its secret shameful workings to their inevitable end; to play upon it with inexhaustible ingenuity, with the keenest and happiest humour; to decorate it with the utmost profuseness of fanciful accessory and suggestive detail; to be conscious at the gravest how the grotesque in life elbows the pathetic, and the strange, grating laugh of Mephistopheles is heard through the sorriest story—these were his gifts, and this was his vocation, a vocation in which he has never yet been rivalled. Let the reader recall for a moment—not indeed such halting competitors as Bunbury and Collet, Northcote and the "ingenius" Mr. Edward Penny, but—any names of note, which during the last sixty years have been hastily dignified by a too indulgent criticism with the epithet "Hogarthian," and then consider if he honestly believes them to be in any way on a level with the painter of *Marriage à la Mode*. In his own line, he stands supreme and unapproached;

Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

(*William Hogarth.*)

MADAME DE GENLIS PAYS A VISIT TO VOLTAIRE

Of Voltaire she [Madame de Genlis] can only say, *Vidi tantum.* In 1776, she was travelling for her health under the escort of M. Gillier and a German painter of the name of Ott. Being at Geneva, she wrote for permission to visit Voltaire at Ferney, and received a most gracious reply. He would resign his dressing-gown and slippers in her favour, he answered, and invited her to dinner and supper. It was the custom (she says) for his visitors, especially the younger ladies, to pale, and stammer, and even faint upon their presentation to the great man; this, in fact, was the etiquette of the Ferney court. Madame la Comtesse, although unwilling to be pathetic, determined at least to put aside her habitual simplicity, to be less reserved, and, above all, less silent.

With her she took M. Ott, who had never read a line of the author, but was, nevertheless, overflowing with the requisite enthusiasm. They passed on their way the church which he had built, with its superscription of "*Voltaire à Dieu,*" which made her shudder. They arrived three-quarters of an hour too soon, but she piously consoled herself by thinking that she had possibly prevented the penning of a few additional blasphemies. In the antechamber they discovered a Correggio, whilst occupying the place of honour in the drawing-room was a veritable signboard, upon which Voltaire was represented as a victorious archangel trampling his grovelling Pompignans and

Frerons under his feet. They were received by Madame Denis (the heroine of that unseemly and unfortunate flight from the great Frederick) and Madame de St. Julien, who told them that Voltaire would shortly appear. In the interim Madame de St. Julien took her for a ramble, very much to the detriment of an elaborate toilette, which she confesses she had not neglected. Indeed, when at last she hears that the great man is ready to receive her, a passing glance in the glass assures her, to her complete discomfiture, that she presents an utterly tumbled and pitiable appearance.

Madame de St. Julien had advised her to salute Voltaire, adding that he would certainly be pleased. But he took her hand and kissed it, which act of respect was quite sufficient to make her embrace him with great good will. M. Ott was almost transported to tears upon his introduction. He produced some miniatures of sacred subjects, which immediately drew from M. de Voltaire a few critical remarks which were highly offensive to his rigorous lady visitor. At dinner, she says, he seemed anything but amiable, appearing to be always in a passion with the servants, and calling to them at the top of his voice, which was, however, one of his habits of which she had already been warned. After dinner Madame Denis played to them upon the harpsichord in an old-fashioned style which carried her auditress back to the reign of Louis XIV., and after that their host took them for a drive in his *berline*.

(*Four Frenchwomen.*)

THE IDYLL OF THE CARP

(The SCENE is in a garden,—where you please,
So that it lie in France, and have withal
Its gray-stoned pond beneath the arching trees,
And Triton huge, with moss for coronal.
A PRINCESS,—feeding fish. To her DENISE.)

THE PRINCESS.

THESE, DENISE, are my Suitors!

DENISE.

Where?

THE PRINCESS.

These fish.
I feed them daily here at morn and night
With crumbs of favour,—scraps of graciousness,
Not meant, indeed, to mean the thing they wish,
But serving just to edge an appetite.

(*Throwing bread.*)

Make haste, *Messieurs!* Make haste, then! Hurry.
See,—
See how they swim! Would you not say, confess,
Some crowd of Courtiers in the audience hall,
When the King comes?

DENISE.

You're jesting!

THE PRINCESS.

Not at all.
Watch but the great one yonder! There's the
Duke;—
Those gill-marks mean his Order of St. Luke;
Those old skin-stains his boasted quarterings.

Look what a swirl and roll of tide he brings ;
Have you not marked him thus, with crest in air,
Breathing disdain, descend the palace-stair ?
You surely have, DENISE.

DENISE.

I think I have.
But there's another, older and more grave,—
The one that wears the round patch on the throat,
And swims with such slow fins. Is he of note ?

THE PRINCESS.

Why that's my good *chambellan*—with his seal.
A kind old man !—he carves me orange-peel
In quaint devices at refection-hours,
Equips my sweet-pouch, brings me morning flowers,
Or chirrups madrigals with old, sweet words,
Such as men loved when people wooed like birds
And spoke the true note first. No suitor he,
Yet loves me too,—though in a graybeard's key.

DENISE.

Look, Madam, look !—a fish without a stain !
O speckless, fleckless fish ! Who is it, pray,
That bears him so discreetly ?

THE PRINCESS.

FONTENAY.

You know him not ? My prince of shining locks
My pearl !—my Phœnix !—my pomander-box !
He loves not Me, alas ! The man's too vain !
He loves his doublet better than my suit,—
His graces than my favours. Still his sash
Sits not amiss, and he can touch the lute
Not wholly out of tune—

DENISE.

Ai ! what a splash !
Who is it comes with such a sudden dash
Plump i' the midst, and leaps the others clear ?

THE PRINCESS.

Ho ! for a trumpet ! Let the bells be rung !
Baron of *Sans-terre*, Lord of *Prés-en-Cieux*,
Vidame of *Vol-au-Vent*—" *et aultres lieux !* "
Bah ! How I hate his Gasconading tongue !
Why, that's my bragging Bravo-Musketeer—
My carpet cut-throat, valiant by a scar
Got in a brawl that stands for Spanish war :—
His very life's a splash !

DENISE.

I'd rather wear
E'en such a patched and melancholy air,
As his,—that motley one,—who keeps the wall,
And hugs his own lean thoughts for carnival.

THE PRINCESS.

My frankest wooer ! Thus *his* love he tells
To mournful moving of his cap and bells.
He loves me (so he saith) as Slaves the Free,—
As Cowards War,—as young Maids Constancy.
Item, he loves me as the Hawk the Dove ;
He loves me as the Inquisition Thought ;—

DENISE.

" He loves ?—he loves ? " Why all this loving's naught !

THE PRINCESS.

And " Naught (quoth JACQUOT) makes the sum of
Love ! "

DENISE.

The cynic knave ! How call you this one here ?—
This small shy-looking-fish, that hovers near,
And circles, like a cat around a cage,
To snatch the surplus.

THE PRINCESS.

CHÉRUBIN, the page.
'Tis but a child, yet with that roguish smile,
And those sly looks, the child will make hearts ache
Not five years hence, I prophesy. Meanwhile,
He lives to plague the swans upon the lake,
To steal my comfits, and the monkey's cake.

DENISE.

And these—that swim aside—who may these be ?

THE PRINCESS.

Those—are two gentlemen of Picardy.
Equal in blood,—of equal bravery :—
MOREUIL and MONTCORNET. They hunt in pair ;
I mete them morsels with an equal care,
Lest they should eat each other,—or eat Me.

DENISE.

And that—and that—and that ?

THE PRINCESS.

I name them not.
Those are the crowd who merely think their lot
The lighter by my hand.

DENISE.

And is there none
More prized than most? There surely must be one,—
A Carp of carps!

THE PRINCESS.

Ah me!—he will not come!
He swims at large,—looks shyly on,—is dumb.
Sometimes, indeed, I think he fain would nibble,
But while he stays with doubts and fears to quibble,
Some gilded fop, or mincing courtier-fribble,
Slips smartly in,—and gets the proffered crumb.
He should have all my crumbs—if he'd but ask;
Nay, an he would, it were no hopeless task
To gain a something more. But though he's brave,
He's far too proud to be a dangling slave;
And then—he's modest! So . . . he will not come!

FIRST EDITIONS

ONE of the things that perplexes the dreamer—for, in spite of the realists, there are dreamers still—is the almost complete extinction of the early editions of certain popular works. The pompous, respectable,

full-wigged folios, with their long lists of subscribers, and their magniloquent dedications, find their permanent abiding-places in noblemen's collections, where, unless—with the *Chrysostom* in Pope's verses—they are used for the smoothing of bands or the pressing of flowers, no one ever disturbs their drowsy diuturnity. Their bulk makes them sacred: like the regimental big drum, they are too large to be mislaid. But where are all the first copies of that little octavo of 246 pages, price eighteenpence, "Printed by T. Maxey for Rich. Marriot, in S. Dunstans Church-yard, Fleetstreet" in 1653, which constitutes the *editio princeps* of Walton's *Angler*? Probably they were worn out in the pockets of Honest Izaak's "brothers of the Angle," or left to bake and cockle in the sunny corners of wasp-haunted alehouse windows, or dropped in the deep grass by some casual owner, more careful for flies and caddis-worms, or possibly for the contents of a leathern bottle, than all the "choicely-good" madrigals of Maudlin the milkmaid. In any case, there are very few of the little tomes, with their quaint "coppers" of fishes, in existence now, nor is it silver that pays for them. And that other eighteenpenny book, put forth by "*Nath. Ponder* at the *Peacock* in the *Poultrey* near *Cornhil*" five and twenty years later,—*The Pilgrim's Progress from This World, to that which is to come,*—why is it that there are only five known copies, none quite perfect, now extant, of which the best sold not long since for more than £1,400? Of these five, the first that came to light had been preserved owing to its having taken sanctuary, almost upon publication, in a great library, where it was forgotten. But the

others that passed over Mr. Ponder's counter in the Poultry,—were they all lost, thumbed and dog's-eared out of being? They are gone,—that is all you can say; and gone apparently beyond reach of recovery.

(*De Libris.*)

SOMERSET HOUSE, AND CHAMBERS, ITS ARCHITECT

But the work which formed the chief occupation of the latter years of Chambers's life was the construction of the group of public buildings which, when, under an Act of 15 George III., the Queen's Palace was transferred to Buckingham House, took the place of old Somerset House in the Strand. Plans of an unpretentious character had been provisionally prepared by William Robinson, then Secretary to the Board of Works. At this juncture it was forcibly urged by Burke and others that, for the proper accommodation of the important institutions and departments concerned, something more ambitious was needed; and that it would be well to make so extensive an undertaking "an object of national splendour as well as of official convenience." In October 1775 Robinson died. By the King's desire, Chambers succeeded him; and not unnaturally discarded his predecessor's modified but unfinished designs for new ones of his own. His scheme, which included the whole of the area now occupied by Somerset House and King's College, though somewhat varied as time went on for lack of funds, was eventually approved.

His salary was fixed at £2,000 a year; and, in 1776, the first stone of what Fergusson styles "the greatest architectural work of the reign of George III." was duly laid.

. . . . .

From first to last, it is estimated that Somerset House must have cost about £500,000. It was still unfinished when its designer died; and supplementary decorative work continued to be done in the internal north façade down to 1819, while some of the additions to the group of buildings are of a yet later date. The superintending of its construction constituted the main occupation of Chambers's closing years. At the time of his decease in 1796, he had moved from Berners Street to a small house in Norton (now Bolsover) Street, Marylebone, once a favoured resort of artists, since Wilson, Wilkie and Turner all resided there. He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. A tactful employer, and a friendly, cheerful, amenable man of the world, he was on familiar terms with many of his more illustrious contemporaries. Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, Dr. Burney, Caleb Whitefoord, and other notabilities, were all of his circle; and he was a member of a professional club known as the Architects' Society, which met at the rendezvous of the Dilettanti—the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street.

(*Old Kensington Palace and Other Papers.*)

CUPID'S ALLEY

A MORALITY

O, Love's but a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle!
See the couples advance,—
O, Love's but a dance!
A whisper, a glance,—
"Shall we twirl down the middle?"
O, Love's but a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle!

It runs (so saith my Chronicler)
Across a smoky City;—
A Babel filled with buzz and whirr,
Huge, gloomy, black and gritty;
Dark-louring looks the hill-side near,
Dark-yawning looks the valley,—
But here 'tis always fresh and clear,
For here—is "Cupid's Alley."

And, from an Arbour cool and green
With aspect down the middle,
An ancient Fiddler, gray and lean,
Scrapes on an ancient fiddle;
Alert he seems, but aged enow
To punt the Stygian galley;—
With wisp of forelock on his brow,
He plays—in "Cupid's Alley."

All day he plays,—a single tune!—
But, by the oddest chances,
Gavotte, or Brawl, or Rigadoon,
It suits all kinds of dances;

My Lord may walk a *pas de Cour*
To Jenny's *pas de Chalet* ;—
The folks who ne'er have danced before,
Can dance—in " Cupid's Alley."

And here, for ages yet untold,
Long, long before my ditty,
Came high and low, and young and old,
From out the crowded City ;
And still to-day they come, they go,
And just as fancies tally,
They foot it quick, they foot it slow,
All day—in " Cupid's Alley."

Strange Dance ! 'Tis free to Rank and Rags ;
Here no distinction flatters,
Here Riches shakes its money-bags,
And Poverty its tatters ;
Church, Army, Navy, Physic, Law ;—
Maid, Mistress, Master, Valet ;
Long locks, gray hairs, bald heads, and a',—
They bob—in " Cupid's Alley."

Strange pairs ! To laughing, light Fifteen
Here capers Prudence thrifty ;
Here Prodigal leads down the green
A blushing Maid of fifty ;
Some treat it as a serious thing,
And some but shilly-shally ;
And some have danced without the ring
(Ah me !)—in " Cupid's Alley."

And sometimes one to one will dance,
And think of one behind her ;

And one by one will stand, perchance,
  Yet look all ways to find her;
Some seek a partner with a sigh,
  Some win him with a sally;
And some, they know not how nor why,
  Strange fate!—of "Cupid's Alley."

And some will dance an age or so
  Who came for half a minute;
And some, who like the game, will go
  Before they well begin it;
And some will vow they're "danced to death,"
  Who (somehow) always rally;
Strange cures are wrought (mine Author saith),
  Strange cures!—in "Cupid's Alley."

It may be one will dance to-day,
  And dance no more to-morrow;
It may be one will steal away
  And nurse a life-long sorrow;
What then? The rest advance, evade,
  Unite, dispart, and dally,
Re-set, coquet, and gallopade,
  Not less—in "Cupid's Alley."

For till that City's wheel-work vast
  And shuddering beams shall crumble;—
And till that Fiddler lean at last
  From off his seat shall tumble;—
Till then (the Civic records say),
  This quaint, fantastic *ballet*
Of Go and Stay, of Yea and Nay,
  Must last—in "Cupid's Alley."

AN OLD-TIME MEMENTO

THERE lie before me two battered copper medals on which sundry burnished and irregular bosses serve to represent the half-dozen ships employed by "EDWARD VERNON, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the Blue," in the taking of Portobello, "according to plan." This fortunate triumph over the "whiskered Dons" occurred on November 22, 1739; and it is curious to note how its "revival of British glory" seems to have caught on with the depressed lieges of George the Second. For a space, the Admiral's head (until it was supplanted by that of the hero of Culloden) figured on endless inns and posting-houses, and the story of Portobello became a household word. Fifteen years after date, in a corner of Hogarth's *Canvassing for Votes*, a barber and cobbler are still discussing the subject with the aid of a quart pot and some broken bits of tobacco pipe, much as Oglethorpe explained the Siege of Belgrade to Boswell and Johnson after dinner, or "Lieutenant Esmond," in the Haymarket, *aliquo mero*, made Blenheim a reality for Messrs. Addison and Steele. When John Howard went a-touring in the prisons, he found the game of "portobello" as favourite a recreation with the convicts he visited as skittles or mississippi; and it is also notable that at a feast given in London to celebrate Vernon's victory, Henry Carey first sang "God save the King." Finally, the name of Portobello survived for many years on a long-existent tavern in St. Martin's Lane, a few doors north of the church, and not unknown to George Borrow. For the original sign of this

(amateurs please note!) Hogarth's friend, Peter Monamy, the marine-painter, made a popular picture of Vernon's flagship, the *Burford*.

(*Later Essays*, 1917–1920.)

THE ART OF HUGH THOMSON

In virtue of certain gentle and caressing qualities of style, Douglas Jerrold conferred on one of his contributors—Miss Eliza Meteyard—the pseudonym of "Silverpen." It is in the silver-pensive key that one would wish to write of Mr. Hugh Thomson. There is nothing in his work of elemental strife,—of social problem,—of passion torn to tatters. He leads you by no *terribile via*,—over no "burning Marle." You cannot conceive him as the illustrator of *Paradise Lost*, of Dante's *Inferno*—even of Doré's *Wandering Jew*. But when, after turning over some dozens of his designs, you take stock of your impressions, you discover that your memory is packed with pleasant fancies. You have been among "blown fields" and "flowerful closes"; you have passed quaint road-side inns and picturesque cottages; you are familiar with the cheery, ever-changing idyll of the highway and the bustle of animal life; with horses that really gallop, and dogs that really bark; with charming male and female figures in the most attractive old-world attire; with happy laughter and artless waggeries; with a hundred intimate details of English domesticity that are pushed just far enough back to lose the hardness of their outline in a softening haze of retrospect. There has been nothing more tragic

in your travels than a sprained ankle or an interrupted affair of honour; nothing more blood-curdling than a dream of a dragoon officer knocked out of his saddle by a brickbat. Your flesh has never been made to creep: but the cockles of your heart have been warmed. Mechanically, you raise your hand to lift away your optimistic spectacles. But they are not there. The optimism is in the pictures.

(*De Libris.*)

THE BALLAD OF "BEAU BROCADE"

"Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!"
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

SEVENTEEN hundred and thirty-nine:—
That was the date of this tale of mine.

First great GEORGE was buried and gone;
GEORGE the Second was plodding on.

LONDON then, as the "Guides" aver,
Shared its glories with *Westminster;*

And people of rank, to correct their "tone,"
Went out of town to *Marybone.*

Those were the days of the war with *Spain,*
PORTO-BELLO would soon be ta'en;

WHITEFIELD preached to the colliers grim,
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him;

"BEAU BROCADE"

WALPOLE talked of "a man and his price";
Nobody's virtue was over-nice:—

Those, in fine, were the brave days when
Coaches were stopped by . . *Highwaymen!*

And of all the knights of the gentle trade
Nobody bolder than "BEAU BROCADE."

This they knew on the whole way down;
Best,—maybe,—at the "*Oak and Crown.*"

(For timorous cits on their pilgrimage
Would "club" for a "Guard" to ride the stage.

And the Guard that rode on more than one
Was the Host of this hostel's sister's son.)

Open we here on a March day fine,
Under the oak with the hanging sign.

There was Barber DICK with his basin by;
Cobbler JOE with the patch on his eye;

Portly product of Beef and Beer,
JOHN the host, he was standing near.

Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,
Lumbering came the "*Plymouth Fly*";—

Lumbering up from *Bagshot Heath,*
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth;

Passengers heavily armed inside;
Not the less surely the coach had been tried!

Tried!—but a couple of miles away,
By a well-dressed man!—in the open day!

Tried successfully, never a doubt,—
Pockets of passengers all turned out!

Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped,—
Even an Ensign's wallet stripped!

Even a Methodist hosier's wife
Offered the choice of her Money or Life!

Highwayman's manners no less polite,
Hoped that their coppers (returned) were right;—

Sorry to find the company poor,
Hoped next time they'd travel with more;—

Plucked them all at his ease, in short:—
Such was the "*Plymouth Fly's*" report.

Sympathy! horror! and wonderment!
"Catch the Villain!" (But Nobody went.)

Hosier's wife led into the Bar;
(That's where the best strong waters are!)

Followed the tale of the hundred-and-one
Things that Somebody ought to have done.

Ensign (of BRAGG's) made a terrible clangour :
But for the Ladies had drawn his hanger !

Robber, of course, was " BEAU BROCADE " ;
Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid.

Devonshire DOLLY, plump and red,
Spoke from the gallery overhead ;—

Spoke it out boldly, staring hard :—
" Why didn't you shoot then, GEORGE the Guard ? "

Spoke it out bolder, seeing him mute :—
" GEORGE the Guard, why didn't you shoot ? "

Portly JOHN grew pale and red,
(JOHN was afraid of her, people said ;)

Gasped that " DOLLY was surely cracked,"
(JOHN was afraid of her—that's a fact !)

GEORGE the Guard grew red and pale,
Slowly finished his quart of ale :—

" Shoot ? Why—Rabbit him !—didn't he shoot ? "
Muttered—" The Baggage was far too 'cute ! "

" Shoot ? Why he'd flashed the pan in his eye ! "
Muttered—" She'd pay for it by and by ! "
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made,
For GEORGE *was in league with* " BEAU BROCADE " !

And JOHN the Host, in his wakefullest state,
Was not—on the whole—immaculate.

But nobody's virtue was over-nice
When WALPOLE talked of " a man and his price " ;

And wherever Purity found abode,
'Twas certainly *not* on a posting road.

II

" Forty " followed to " Thirty-nine."
Glorious days of the *Hanover* line !

Princes were born, and drums were banged ;
Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

" Glorious News ! "—from the *Spanish Main ;*
PORTO-BELLO at last was ta'en.

" Glorious news ! "—for the liquor trade ;
Nobody dreamed of " BEAU BROCADE."

People were thinking of *Spanish Crowns ;*
Money was coming from seaport towns !

Nobody dreamed of " BEAU BROCADE,"
(Only DOLLY the Chambermaid !)

Blessings on VERNON ! Fill up the cans ;
Money was coming in " *Flys* " and " *Vans.*"

Possibly JOHN the Host had heard;
Also, certainly, GEORGE the Guard.

And DOLLY had possibly tidings, too,
That made her rise from her bed anew,

Plump as ever, but stern of eye,
With a fixed intention to warn the "*Fly*."

Lingering only at JOHN his door,
Just to make sure of a jerky snore;

Saddling the gray mare, *Dumpling Star;*
Fetching the pistol out of the bar;

(The old horse pistol that, they say,
Came from the battle of *Malplaquet;*)

Loading with powder that maids would use,
Even in "Forty," to clear the flues;

And a couple of silver buttons, the Squire
Gave her, away in *Devonshire.*

These she wadded—for want of better—
With the B—SH—P of L—ND—N'S "Pastoral
Letter";

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus equipped and accoutred, DOLLY
Clattered away to "*Exciseman's Folly*";—

Such was the name of a ruined abode,
Just on the edge of the *London* road.

Thence she thought she might safely try,
As soon as she saw it, to warn the "*Fly*."

But, as chance fell out, her rein she drew,
As the BEAU came cantering into the view.

By the light of the moon she could see him drest
In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest;

And under his silver-gray surtout,
The laced, historical coat of blue,

That he wore when he went to *London-Spaw*,
And robbed Sir MUNGO MUCKLETHRAW.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,
(Trembling a little, but not afraid,)
"Stand and Deliver, O 'BEAU BROCADE'!"

But the BEAU rode nearer, and would not speak,
For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek;

And a spavined mare with a rusty hide;
And a girl with her hand at her pocket-side.

So never a word he spoke as yet,
For he thought 'twas a freak of MEG or BET;—
A freak of the "*Rose*" or the "*Rummer*" set.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid,)
" Stand and Deliver, O ' BEAU BROCADE ' ! "—

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,
Hit the BEAU in the bridle arm.

Button the first went none knows where,
But it carried away his *solitaire ;*

Button the second a circuit made,
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade ;—
Down from the saddle fell " BEAU BROCADE " !

Down from the saddle and never stirred !—
DOLLY grew white as a *Windsor* curd.

Slipped not less from the mare, and bound
Strips of her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,
Fettered his ankles—tenderly.

Jumped on his chestnut, BET the fleet
(Called after BET of *Portugal Street*) ;

Came like the wind to the old Inn-door ;—
Roused fat JOHN from a three-fold snore ;—

Vowed she'd 'peach if he misbehaved . . .
Briefly, the " *Plymouth Fly* " was saved !

Staines and *Windsor* were all on fire :—
DOLLY was wed to a *Yorkshire* squire ;
Went to Town at the K—G's desire !

But whether His M—J—STY saw her or not,
HOGARTH jotted her down on the spot ;

And something of DOLLY one still may trace
In the fresh contours of his " *Milkmaid's* " face.

GEORGE the Guard fled over the sea :
JOHN had a fit—of perplexity ;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state ;—
But JOHN was never immaculate.

As for the BEAU, he was duly tried,
When his wound was healed, at *Whitsuntide ;*

Served—for a day—as the last of " sights,"
To the world of *St. James's-Street* and "*White's,*"

Went on his way to TYBURN TREE,
With a pomp befitting his high degree.

Every privilege rank confers :—
Bouquet of pinks at *St. Sepulchre's ;*

Flagon of ale at *Holborn Bar ;*
Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car—
(" t " is omitted where HEROES are !)

Every one knows the speech he made;
Swore that he " rather admired the Jade ! "—

Waved to the crowd with his gold-laced hat:
Talked to the Chaplain after that;

Turned to the Topsman undismayed . . .
This was the finish of " BEAU BROCADE " !

And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide
In the leaves of a dusty " LONDONER'S GUIDE " ;

" *Humbly Inscrib'd* (*with curls and tails*)
By the Author to FREDERICK, *Prince of* WALES :—

" *Published by* FRANCIS *and* OLIVER PINE ;
Ludgate-Hill, at the Blackmoor Sign.
Seventeen-Hundred-and-Thirty Nine."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

IN attempting to estimate Goldsmith as he struck his contemporaries—to use Mr. Browning's phrase—it is important to bear in mind his history and antecedents. Born a gentleman, he had, nevertheless, started in life with few temporal or personal advantages, and with a morbid susceptibility that accentuated his defects. His younger days had been aimless and unprofitable. Until he became a middle-aged man, his career had been one of which, even now, we do not know all the degradations, and they had left their mark upon his manners. Although he knew Percy

as early as 1759, and Johnson in 1761, it was not until the establishment of "The Club," or perhaps even until the publication of "The Traveller," that he became really introduced to society, and he entered it with his past associations still clinging about him. If he was—not unnaturally—elated at his success, he seems also to have displayed a good deal of that nervous self-consciousness, which characterizes those who experience sudden alternations of fortune. To men like Johnson, who had been intimate with him long, and recognized his genius, his attitude presented no difficulty, but to the ordinary spectator he seemed awkward and ill at ease, prompting once more the comment, that genius and knowledge of the world are seldom fellow-lodgers. On his own part, too, he must have been often uncertain of his position and capricious in his demands. Sometimes he was tenacious in the wrong place, and if he thought himself neglected, had not the tact to conceal his annoyance. Once, says Boswell, he complained to a mixed company that, at Lord Clare's, Lord Camden had taken no more notice of him than if he "had been an ordinary man"—an utterance which required all Johnson's championship to defend. At other times he would lament to Reynolds that he seemed to strike a kind of awe upon those into whose company he went, an awe which he endeavoured to dispel by excess of hilarity and sociability. "Sir Joshua," says Northcote (or Laird, who collected Northcote's "Recollections"), "was convinced, that he was intentionally more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his character would be sufficiently supported by his works." This anecdote

may pair off with the story of that affected solemnity by which he sometimes imposed upon those about him; but in either case the part is a dangerous one to play.

(*Life of Oliver Goldsmith.*)

CONCERNING SAMUEL RICHARDSON

In attempting some picture of Richardson's character, it will be well to take his best qualities first. He was undoubtedly a well-meaning man, diligent, laborious, punctual, methodical, very honourable, very benevolent, very rigid in his principles, and also very religious. He had, in fact, all the traditional virtues of the "Complete English Tradesman"; and had he died at fifty, would have deserved no better epitaph, —although to his obituary notice it might have been added, as a supplementary merit, that he was "particularly Esteem'd by his Friends as a Master of the Epistolary Style, and Noted for his singular Excellence as an Index Maker." But his deferred literary successes, while they disclosed and developed his latent genius, also developed and disclosed some other less worshipful traits in his disposition. The gradual preoccupation with his work, which was a consequence of his peculiarly introspective method, eventually became an absorbing egotism which at last left him little else to think about; and an absorbing egotism passes easily into inordinate vanity. Added to this, his imperfect education and unlettered life had left him profoundly diffident as to the scope of his own powers, making it necessary that he should be periodi-

cally reassured as to those powers by fresh applications of flattery, and flattery, like some other dangerous stimulants, has generally to be administered in increasing doses. Johnson, who respected the purity of his motives, admitted his good qualities, and was under obligations to him besides, bears the strongest testimony to this foible in his friend. Richardson, he later told Mrs. Piozzi, "could not be contented to sail down the stream of reputation, without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar." (The mixed metaphor should no doubt be laid to the credit of the lady narrator.) "He died"—said Johnson again—"merely for want of change among his flatterers; he perished for want of more, like a man obliged to breathe the same air till it is exhausted." With the growth of his appetite for praise, grew his impatience of contemporary authors of any eminence. Sterne, Pope, Fielding—were all systematically depreciated by the man who professed that he had not read, or could not read them. Yet he found no difficulty in warmly commending the poetry of Young and Aaron Hill, and the prose of Orrery and Thomas Edwards. In Fielding's case, it is true that he had some definite ground for personal antipathy. But—as already hinted—he seems to have been far less affected by the ridicule cast upon *Pamela* by *Joseph Andrews*, than annoyed by the success of *Clarissa's* rival, *Tom Jones*. An adversary he could treat with contempt, real or feigned; what he could not tolerate was a popular competitor, and he showed his irritation, it must be confessed, in a very pitiful fashion. It has been urged—and should be remembered—that he may really have felt a genuine distaste for the moral

tone of some of his more illustrious contemporaries; but the contention would have more force had he not been a writer himself. Another characteristic, traceable to his early training and unexpected elevation, is a certain note of uneasy servility—where rank and riches are concerned. This crops up continually in his correspondence, always with unpleasant effect. For the rest, a great deal must be allowed to the valetudinarian habit, which prompted him to soften the asperities of his daily life as much as possible, to avoid unnecessary friction, and to break the blow of care. "His perpetual study," says Johnson once more, "was to ward off petty inconveniencies, and procure petty pleasures." These are not the ambitions of a strong-minded, self-reliant man; but they are intelligible, nay, to some extent excusable, in one, no longer young, who had worn himself out by a long course of mechanical drudgery, and then cultivated his constitutional nervousness to the verge of disease by the persistent exercise of a preternaturally minute imaginative faculty. One can conceive that male companions, and especially male companions of a robust and emphatic kind, would have been wholly unsuited to such a nature, which found its fitting atmosphere and temperature in the society of women, refined enough to be appreciative, fastidious enough to be judiciously critical, but above all, ready and willing to supply him, as occasion required, with that fertilising medium of caressing and respectful commendation without which it was impossible for him to make any satisfactory progress with his work.

(*Samuel Richardson.*)

RANK AND FILE

(SOUTH AFRICA, 1900–1)

O UNDISTINGUISHED Dead!
Whom the bent covers, or the rockstrewn steep
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn,—I weep,
O undistinguished Dead!

None knows your name.
Blacken'd and blurr'd in the wild battle's brunt,
Hotly you fell . . . with all your wounds in front:
This is your fame!

THE DUKE OF NIVERNAIS IN ENGLAND

IN August, 1762, he [the Duke of Nivernais] was officially appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to London from His Most Christian Majesty Louis XV.; the Duke of Bedford, on the other hand, being appointed to Paris. Nivernais brought with him as his secretary that ambiguous personage, M. d'Eon de Beaumont, then a captain in the d'Autichamp regiment of dragoons. They crossed from Calais in the *Princess Augusta* yacht (Captain Ray), which had already, a day or two earlier, carried Bedford to France; and they arrived at Dover at half-past eight on the morning of September 11, having occupied five hours in coming, as against the two hours and forty minutes in which Bedford had made the passage. Notwithstanding this inconsistency of the elements, Nivernais distri-

buted one hundred guineas among the yacht's crew. At Dover he was welcomed with salvoes of cannon, and much appearance of enthusiasm. He proceeded to Canterbury the same day in a coach-and-six provided by the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Poyntz (probably William, elder son of Stephen Poyntz, the Duke of Cumberland's former governor), who had accompanied him from Paris, posting to town in advance to prepare for his arrival. At Canterbury, as at Dover, he found the troops under arms to welcome him. The landlord of the "Red Lion," where he alighted, having suffered considerably during the war by the billeting of soldiers upon that hostelry, conceived the brilliant idea of recouping himself at one blow for much unremunerative small beer by fleecing the French Ambassador. For a night's lodging to twelve persons, and a modest supper of which the solids were restricted to boiled mutton, fowls, poached eggs, fried whiting, and a few oysters, he presented the Duke with a bill of £44 odd. The details of this curiosity in extortion, which was printed in most of the London newspapers, are as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Tea, coffee, and chocolate	1	4	0
Supper for self and servants	15	10	0
Bread and beer	3	0	0
Fruit	2	15	0
Wine and punch	10	8	8
Wax candles and charcoal	3	0	0
Broken glass and china	2	10	0
Lodging	1	7	0
Tea, coffee, and chocolate	2	0	0
Chaise and horses for next stage	2	16	0

The charge for lodging, it will be seen, is almost the smallest item. Nivernais, of course, paid the bill *en grand seigneur*, merely remarking that business on such terms must be exceptionally profitable. The sequel of the story is, however, entirely to the credit of "perfidious Albion." The county gentry were scandalized at the imposition, and the other Canterbury innkeepers at once took steps to disclaim all connection with their rapacious brother. In a letter to the *St. James's Chronicle*, the "Lion" endeavoured to justify himself upon the grounds above stated; but he was practically boycotted, and ruined in six months, being at last only set on his feet again by the Duke himself, who helped him from France with money.

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. Second Series.*)

THOMAS BEWICK AND HIS ART

IF you ask a true Bewickian about Bewick, he will begin by dilating upon the markings of the Bittern, the exquisite downy plumage of the Short-eared Owl, the lustrous spring coat of the Starling, the relative and competitive excellences of the Woodcock and the White Grouse; but sooner or later he will wander off unconsciously to the close-packed pathos of the microscopic vignette where the cruel cur is tearing at the worried ewe, whose poor little knock-kneed lamb looks on in trembling terror; or to the patient, melancholy shapes of the black and white horses seen vaguely through the pouring rain in the tailpiece to

the "Missal Thrush"; or to the excellent jest of the cat stealing the hypocrite's supper while he mumbles his long-winded grace. He will tell you how Charles Kingsley, the brave and manly, loved these things; how they fascinated the callow imagination of Charlotte Brontë in her dreary moorland parsonage; how they stirred the delicate insight of the gentle, pure-souled Leslie; and how Ruskin (albeit nothing if not critical) has lavished upon them some of the most royal of his epithets.

* * * * *

As a moralist, Bewick is never tired of exhibiting the *lachrimæ rerum*, the brevity of life, the emptiness of fame. The staved-in, useless boat; the ruined and deserted cottage, with the grass growing at the hearthstone; the ass rubbing itself against the pillar that celebrates the "glorious victory"; the churchyard, with its rising moon, and its tombstone legend, "Good Times, bad Times, and all Times got over," are illustrations of this side of his genius. But the subject is one which could not be exhausted in many papers, for this little gallery is Bewick's "criticism of life," and he had seventy-five years' experience. His final effort was a ferryman waiting to carry a coffin from Eltringham to Ovingham; and on his death-bed he was meditating his favourite work. In a lucid moment of his last wanderings he was asked of what he had been thinking, and he replied, with a faint smile, that he had been devising subjects for some new Tailpieces.

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. First Series.*)

THE SIMPLE LIFE

" And 'a babbled of green fields."
—SHAKESPEARE-CUM-THEOBALD.

WHEN the starlings dot the lawn,
Cheerily we rise at dawn ;
Cheerily, with blameless cup,
Greet the wise world waking up ;—
Ah, they little know of this,—
They of Megalopolis !

Comes the long, still morning when
Work we ply with book and pen ;
Then,—the pure air in our lungs,—
Then " persuasion tips our tongues " ;
Then we write as would, I wis,
Men in Megalopolis !

Next (and not a stroke too soon !)
PHYLLIS spreads the meal of noon,
Simple, frugal, choicely clean,
Gastronomically mean ;—
Appetite our entrée is,
Far from Megalopolis !

Salad in our garden grown,
Endive, beetroot,—all our own ;
Bread,—we saw it made and how ;
Milk and cream,—we know the cow ;
Nothing here of " Force " or " Vis "
As at Megalopolis !

After, surely, there should be,
Somewhere, seats beneath a tree,
Where we—'twixt the curling rings—
Dream of transitory things;
Chiefly of what people miss
Drowsed in Megalopolis!

Then, before the sunlight wanes,
Comes the lounge along the lanes;
Comes the rocking shallop tied
By the reedy river-side;—
Clearer waves the light keel kiss
Than by Megalopolis!

So we speed the golden hours
In this Hermitage of ours
(*Hermits* we are not, believe!
Every Adam has his Eve,
Loved with a serener bliss
Than in Megalopolis):—

So—until the shadows fall:
Then Good Night say each and all;
Sleep secure from smoke and din,
Quiet Conscience tucks us in;
Ah, they nothing know of *this*,—
They of Megalopolis!

(*Thus* URBANUS *to his Wife*
Babbled of The Simple Life.
Then—his glances unawares
Lighting on a List of Shares—
Gulping all his breakfast down,
Bustled, by the Train, to TOWN.)

A VISIT TO HORACE WALPOLE

To the rigorous exactitudes of modern realism it may seem an almost hopeless task to revive the details of a day in a Twickenham Villa when George the Third was King. And yet, with the aid of Horace Walpole's letters, of the " Walpoliana " of Pinkerton, and, above all, of the catalogue of Strawberry Hill printed by its owner in 1774, there is no insurmountable difficulty in deciding what must probably have been the customary course of events. Nothing is needed at the outset but to assume that you had arrived, late on the previous night, at the embattled Gothic building on the Teddington Road, and that the fatigues of your journey had left you little more than a vague notion of your host, and a fixed idea that the breakfast hour was nine. Then, after carrying with you into the chintz curtains of the Red Bedchamber an indistinct recollection of Richardson's drawings of Pope and his mother, and of Bermingham's " owl cut in paper," which you dimly make out with your candle on the walls, you would be waked at eight next morning by Colomb, the Swiss valet (as great a tyrant over his master as his compatriot Canton in the " Clandestine Marriage "), and in due time would repair to the blue-papered and blue-furnished Breakfast Room, looking pleasantly on the Thames. Here, coasting leisurely round the apartment, you would probably pause before M. de Carmontel's double picture of your host's dead friend, Madame du Deffand, and her relative the Duchesse de Choiseul, or you would peer curiously at the view of Madame de Sévigné's hotel

in the "Rue Coulture St. Catherine." Presently would come a patter of tiny feet, and a fat, and not very sociable, little dog, which had once belonged to the said Madame du Deffand, would precede its master, whom you would hear walking, with the stiff tread of an infirm person, from his bedroom on the floor above. Shortly afterwards would enter a tall, slim, frail-looking figure in a morning-gown, with a high, pallid forehead, dark brilliant eyes under drooping lids, and a friendly, but forced and rather unprepossessing smile. Tonton (as the little dog was called), after being cajoled into a semblance of cordiality, would be lifted upon a small sofa at his master's side, the tea-kettle and heater would arrive, and tea would be served in cups of fine old white embossed Japanese china. And then, the customary salutations exchanged and over, would gradually begin, in a slightly affected fashion, to which you speedily grow accustomed, that wonderful flow of talk which (like Praed's Vicar's)

> "Slipped from politics to puns,
> And passed from Mahomet to Moses,"—

that endless stream of admirably told stories, of recollections graphic and humorous, of sallies and *bon mots*, of which Horace Walpole's extraordinary correspondence is the *cooled* expression, but of the vivacity and variety of which, enhanced as they were by the changes in the speaker's voice and look, and emphasized by his semi-French gesticulation, it is impossible to give any adequate idea.

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. First Series.*)

THE TRIUMVIR MARAT

NEARLY a century ago, there lived in the Rue des Cordeliers one who had made himself a power in France. Long before the tocsin first sounded in 1788, this man—half dwarf, half maniac, foiled plagiarist and *savant manque*, prurient romancer, rancorous libeller, envious, revengeful, and despised—had heaped up infinite hatred of all things better than himself. "Cain in the social scale," he took his stand upon the lowest grade, and struck at all above him with dog-like ferocity, with insatiable malignity. Champion of the *canaille*, he fought their battles, and the "common cry of curs" was his. Denounced to the Constituent Assembly, hunted by the Paris Commune, besieged in his house by Lafayette; shielded by Danton; hidden by Legendre; sheltered by the actress Fleury; sheltered by the priest Bassal; proscribed, pursued, and homeless, he still fought on, and the publication of *L'Ami du Peuple* was not delayed for a single hour. By the name that he had conquered, all Paris knew him. Woe to the noble who was "recommended" by the remorseless "People's Friend!" Woe to the *suspect* who fell into the clutches of that crafty "Prussian Spider!" Day after day he might be seen at the Convention,—cynical, injurious, venomous; dressed in a filthy shirt, a shabby, patched surtout, and ink-stained velvet smalls; his hair knotted tightly with a thong, his shoes tied carelessly with string. Men knew the enormous head and pallid, leaden face; the sloping, wild-beast brows and piercing, tigerish eyes; the croaking, "frog-like

mouth " ; the thin lips, bulged like an adder's poison-bag,—men knew the convulsive gestures, the irrepressible arm with its fluttering proscription list, the strident voice that cried incessantly for " heads,"—now for five hundred, now for five hundred thousand. All Paris knew the Triumvir Marat, who, in concert with Robespierre and the Mountain, was slowly floating France in blood.

(*Four Frenchwomen.*)

THE DANCE OF DEATH

(AFTER HOLBEIN)

" *Contra vim* MORTIS
Non est medicamen in hortis."

HE is the despots' Despot. All must bide,
Later or soon, the message of his might ;
Princes and potentates their heads must hide,
Touched by the awful sigil of his right ;
Beside the Kaiser he at eve doth wait
And pours a potion in his cup of state ;
The stately Queen his bidding must obey ;
No keen-eyed Cardinal shall him affray ;
And to the Dame that wantoneth he saith—
" Let be, Sweet-heart, to junket and to play."
There is no King more terrible than Death.

The lusty Lord, rejoicing in his pride,
He draweth down ; before the armèd Knight
With jingling bridle-rein he still doth ride ;
He crosseth the strong Captain in the fight ;
The Burgher grave he beckons from debate ;

He hales the Abbot by his shaven pate,
Nor for the Abbess' wailing will delay;
No bawling Mendicant shall say him nay;
E'en to the pyx the Priest he followeth,
Nor can the Leech his chilling finger stay . . .
There is no King more terrible than Death.

All things must bow to him. And woe betide
The Wine-bibber,—the Roisterer by night;
Him the feast-master, many bouts defied,
Him 'twixt the pledging and the cup shall smite;
Woe to the Lender at usurious rate,
The hard Rich Man, the hireling Advocate;
Woe to the Judge that selleth Law for pay;
Woe to the Thief that like a beast of prey
With creeping tread the traveller harryeth:—
These, in their sin, the sudden sword shall slay . . .
There is no King more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity,—nor will be denied.
When the low hearth is garnishèd and bright,
Grimly he flingeth the dim portal wide,
And steals the Infant in the Mother's sight;
He hath no pity for the scorned of fate:—
He spares not Lazarus lying at the gate,
Nay, nor the Blind that stumbleth as he may;
Nay, the tired Ploughman,—at the sinking ray,—
In the last furrow,—feels an icy breath,
And knows a hand hath turned the team astray . . .
There is no King more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity. For the new-made Bride,
Blithe with the promise of her life's delight,

That wanders gladly by her Husband's side,
He with the clatter of his drum doth fright.
He scares the Virgin at the convent grate;
The Maid half-won, the Lover passionate;
He hath no grace for weakness and decay:
The tender Wife, the Widow bent and gray,
The feeble Sire whose footstep faltereth;—
All these he leadeth by the lonely way. . . .
There is no King more terrible than Death.

ENVOY

Youth, for whose ear and monishing of late,
I sang of Prodigals and lost estate,
Have thou thy joy of living and be gay;
But know not less that there must come a day,—
Aye, and perchance e'en now it hasteneth,—
When thine own heart shall speak to thee and say,—
There is no King more terrible than Death.

JOHNSONIANA

(Being things Dr. Johnson *might* have said if his speech could have been enriched by some of our popular war-words.)

To Sir JOHN HAWKINS, Kt.:

"Sir, I perceive objection is your *objective*. But contradiction is not argument."

To FANNY BURNEY (who coloured readily):

"Make yourself easy, my dear little Burney. Your blushes do you credit. Nature disdains a *camouflage*."

Of Mr. SEWARD :

" Seward is hypochondriacal. We must *sterilize* him, or he will infect us."

To EDWARD CAVE :

" Sir, the book is fundamentally bad. The whole impression should be *scrapped*."

To JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. (who has posted himself behind Johnson's chair to take notes) :

" What is all this, Sir? Go back at once to your *dug out*—at the bottom of the table."

To OLIVER GOLDSMITH :

" You and I, Doctor, must contrive to think clearly. We must *standardize* our ideas."

To a MIXED AUDIENCE (after talking by himself for a quarter of an hour) :

" This discussion has *submerged* us. We must get to the *periscope*, and find out where we are ! "

To Mrs. THRALE (at Streatham) :

" Do you know how Farmer *Catchcrop* has named his twins? " (*With a rhinoceros laugh.*)

" He has called them *Zeppelina* and *Submarina*."

(*Later Essays*, 1917–1920.)

CAPTAIN CORAM'S CHARITY

HIS [Captain Coram's] crowning enterprise was the obtaining of a charter for the establishment of the Foundling Hospital. Going to and fro at Rotherhithe, where in his latter days he lived, he was constantly coming upon half-clad infants, " sometimes alive, sometimes dead, and sometimes dying," who had been abandoned by their parents to the

mercy of the streets; and he determined to devote his energies to the procuring of a public institution in which they might find an asylum. For seventeen years, with an unconquerable tenacity, and in the face of the most obstinate obstruction, apathy, and even contempt, he continued to urge his suit upon the public, being at last rewarded by a Royal charter and the subscription of sufficient funds to commence operations. An estate of fifty-six acres was bought in Lamb's Conduit Fields for £3,500; and the building of the Hospital was begun from the plans of Theodore Jacobsen. Among its early Governors were many contemporary artists who contributed freely to its adornment, thereby, according to the received tradition, sowing the seed of the existing Royal Academy. Handel, too, was one of its noblest benefactors. For several years he regularly superintended an annual performance of the "Messiah" in the Chapel (an act which produced no less than £7,000 to the institution), and he also presented it with an organ. Having opened informally in 1741 at a house in Hatton Garden, the Governors moved into the new building at the completion of the west wing in 1745. But already their good offices had begun to be abused. Consigning children to the Foundling was too convenient a way of disposing of them; and, even in the Hatton Garden period, the supply had been drawn, not from London alone, but from all parts of the Kingdom. It became a lucrative trade to convey infants from remote country places to the undiscriminating care of the Charity. Once a waggoner brought eight to town, seven of whom were dead when they reached

their destination. On another occasion a man with five in baskets got drunk on the road, and three of his charges were suffocated. The inevitable outcome of this was that the Governors speedily discovered they were admitting far more inmates than they could possibly afford to maintain. They accordingly applied to Parliament, who voted them £10,000, but at the same time crippled them with the obligation to receive all comers. A basket was forthwith hung at the gate, with the result that, on the first day of its appearance, no less than 117 infants were successively deposited in it. That this extraordinary development of the intentions of the projectors could continue to work satisfactorily was of course impossible, and great mortality ensued. As time went on, however, a wise restriction prevailed; and the Hospital now exists solely for those unmarried mothers whose previous character has been good, and whose desire to reform is believed to be sincere.

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. First Series.*)

THE SUNDIAL

'Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain;
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:
I am a Shade: a Shadowe too arte thou:
I marke the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?

Here would the ringdoves linger, head to head ;
  And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time ; and here the peacock spread
  His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon ;
  Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stept,
That swung a flower, and, smiling, hummed a tune,—
  Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.

O'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed ;
  About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone ;
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
  Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

She leaned upon the slab a little while,
  Then drew a jewelled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic smile,
  Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail ;
  There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale—
  An inner beauty shining from her face.

She, as if listless with a lonely love,
  Straying among the alleys with a book,—
Herrick or Herbert,—watched the circling dove,
  And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation found
  Of some dread secret half-accounted true,—
Who knew what hands and hearts the letter bound
  And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two,—

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone ;
  The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head ;
And 'twixt her taper-fingers pearled and shone
  The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

The shade slipped onward to the falling gloom ;
  There came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume,
  A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head ;

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
  Scar-seamed a little, as the women love ;
So kindly fronted that you marvel how
  The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove ;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun ;
  Uncrowned three lilies with a backward swinge
And standing somewhat widely, like to one
  More used to " Boot and Saddle " than to cringe

As courtiers do, but gentleman withal,
  Took out the note ; held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall ;
  Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard ;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast ;
  Laughed softly in a flattered happy way,
Arranged the broidered baldrick on his chest,
  And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

. . . . .

The shade crept forward through the dying glow ;
  There came no more nor dame nor cavalier ;
But for a little time the brass will show
  A small gray spot—the record of a tear.

PEG WOFFINGTON'S EARLY DAYS

At some time between 1718 and 1728—for it does not seem practicable to fix the date exactly—a certain Madame Violante was in the habit of providing entertainment to those of the Dublin play-goers for whom the two established theatres in Aungier Street and Smock Alley had ceased to afford any adequate attraction. A Frenchwoman with an Italian name, Madame Violante was by profession a tumbler and tight-rope dancer, and had built a booth at the back of a house fronting upon Fownes's Court, and close to College Green. Here, among other daring feats by herself and company, she was accustomed, as a crowning exploit, to traverse the high rope with two baskets, each containing a child, suspended to her feet. That this sensational exhibition—perhaps far less dangerous than it seemed—was attended by accident, is not recorded. But history, discreet as to the identity of one of the small occupants of the baskets, has disclosed that of the other. Her name was Margaret Woffington ; and she was the elder daughter of a journeyman bricklayer, then dead, and of a living mother, who took in washing. When, by familiarity, Madame Violante's periculous performance had lost its interest, she left Dublin for other towns ; and the dark-eyed child who had been wont to swing beneath her, returned home once more to cry " half-penny salads " about the streets, or to fetch water from the Liffey for her mother, now keeping a small huckster's shop in the poorest part of Ormond Quay. The young gentlemen from College Green patronized

the tiny water-cress merchant with the bright eyes and apt answers; and by the time the whirligig of Madame Violante's wanderings had brought her round once more to the Irish capital, little Woffington was growing into a graceful girl. This, from what follows, must have been in 1729. For it was just at the period when London had gone "horn mad" over the exceptional success of John Gay's audacious *Beggar's Opera*. One of the collateral developments of that success was the representation of the piece by children; and Madame Violante, quick to shoot the flying folly, promptly organized a Lilliputian *troupe* for the Irish market. Little Peg Woffington was cast for Polly; and soon distanced all her juvenile —one might almost say infantile—rivals, not only by her native precocity, but by the positive charm of her acting.

(*Side-Walk Studies.*)

RALPH ALLEN, SOMETIME POSTMASTER OF BATH

RALPH ALLEN was the son of the landlord of the "Duke William" or "Old Duke" Inn at St. Blazey in Cornwall. His grandmother kept the post office at St. Colomb, not many miles away; and being employed here as a boy, his alertness and intelligence attracted the notice of the district surveyor, in consequence of which he was transferred to the Bath Post Office. He had inborn gifts for organization; and his foot once on the ladder, his ascent was assured. The timely discovery of a projected English rising in

connection with Mar's rebellion, procured him at once the favour of the Ministry; the patronage of General (afterwards Marshal) Wade, then stationed at Bath; and, in due course, the office of Bath Postmaster. In this capacity he set about the much-needed task of reforming the very rudimentary postal service. In those days, the days of the first George, except over certain radial routes to and from the capitals of the three kingdoms, there was practically no transmission of mails, and bye or lateral communication between county and county or town and town, was of the most dilatory and circuitous description. Although a Post Office Act of 1711 had afforded scope for what are known as "cross-posts," nothing much had been done. Nine years later, Allen, being then no more than six-and-twenty, took up the work. He obtained a concession from the Government empowering him to establish better methods, and virtually to rearrange, in these respects, the entire letter-carrying machinery of England and Wales. For this he had to pay a heavy annual "consideration"; and his first essays were necessarily made at a loss. But in the end his energy and resource triumphed over every obstacle; and although, on subsequent renewal of the contract, the rent was raised, his profits by degrees became so considerable as to make him a rich man. By the simultaneous exploitation of the valuable oolite quarries at Hampton and Combe Downs near Bath, he not only materially increased his already ample means, but added to the architectural beauty of the town, while his generous use of his wealth earned him the merited reputation of a public benefactor. He died in June 1764, aged seventy-one, and is buried

under a beautiful mausoleum in Claverton churchyard. He was twice married, his second wife, Elizabeth Holder, surviving him. A monument was erected to him on a part of his estate, which is also a monument to the bad taste of his heir, Bishop Warburton.

(*At Prior Park and other Papers.*)

" GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE ! "

" Si vieillesse pouvait !—"

SCENE.—*A small neat Room. In a high Voltaire Chair sits a white-haired old Gentleman.*

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS. BABETTE.

M. VIEUXBOIS (*turning querulously*).

DAY of my life ! Where *can* she get ?
BABETTE ! I say ! BABETTE !—BABETTE !

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*).

Coming, M'sieu' ! If M'sieu' speaks
So loud, he won't be well for weeks !

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Where have you been ?

BABETTE.

Why, M'sieu' knows :—
April ! . . . Ville d'Avray ! . . . Ma'am'selle ROSE !

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Ah! I am old,—and I forget.
Was the place growing green, BABETTE?

BABETTE.

But of a greenness!—yes, M'sieu'!
And then the sky so blue!—so blue!
And when I dropped my *immortelle,*
How the birds sang!

(*Lifting her apron to her eyes.*)

This poor Ma'am'selle!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

You're a good girl, BABETTE, but she,—
She was an Angel, verily.
Sometimes I think I see her yet
Stand smiling by the cabinet;
And once, I know, she peeped and laughed
Betwixt the curtains . . .
Where's the draught?

(*She gives him a cup.*)

Now I shall sleep, I think, BABETTE;—
Sing me your Norman *chansonnette.*

BABETTE (*sings*).

" *Once at the Angelus*
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed;
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the Head."

M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*).

" She was an Angel " . . . " Once she laughed " . . .
What, was I dreaming ?
Where's the draught ?

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*).

The draught, M'sieu' ?

M. VIEUXBOIS.

How I forget !
I am so old ! But sing, BABETTE !

BABETTE (*sings*).

" One was the Friend I left
Stark in the Snow ;
One was the Wife that died
Long,—long ago ;
One was the Love I lost . . .
How could she know ? "

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*).

Ah, PAUL ! . . . old PAUL ! . . . EULALIE too !
And ROSE . . . And O ! " the sky so blue ! "

BABETTE (*sings*).

" One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild ;
One had my Father's face ;
One was a Child :

All of them bent to me,—
Bent down and smiled ! "
(He is asleep !)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*).
" How I forget ! "
" I am so old ! " . . . " Good-night, BABETTE ! "

THE " GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE "

IN 1778 the " Gentleman's Magazine," once fondly described by Johnson as " a periodical pamphlet, of which the scheme is known wherever the English language is spoken," was more than forty-seven years old. Since Edward Cave, in January 1731, had first set up his presses in the quaint turreted building at Clerkenwell, formerly the entrance to the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, the " Gentleman's Magazine " had gradually grown to be an established institution, penetrating to the remotest corners of the three kingdoms, flourishing in the face of opposition, improving notwithstanding its prosperity, and victoriously holding its own against a host of envious imitators and competitors. " London " and " Universal," " Scot's " and " European "—none of these or their congeners had any vogue at all corresponding to that of the blue-covered periodical which came out regularly at the end of each month, with a representation of the old Gatehouse on its first page. The rude type-metal [?] cut still shows the side-door opening into Cave's offices, and the window of the great room over the archway where (as report affirms) Garrick made his

début in Fielding's " Mock Doctor." In its earliest form the " Gentleman's Magazine " bore the subtitle of " Monthly Intelligencer " ; and the putative " author " was announced as " Sylvanus Urban, Gent.," a compound " nom de guerre " of itself happy enough to absolve its begetter from any imputation of sluggish invention. The initial purpose was simply to give " Monthly a View of all the Pieces of Wit, Humour, or Intelligence daily offer'd to the Publick " in the swarming news-sheets of which, even at this date, there were in London alone no fewer than two hundred ; to add to these things " Select Pieces of POETRY," " *Transactions* and *Events*, Foreign and Domestick," Births, Deaths and Marriages, etc., " Prices of *Goods* and *Stock*," " Bill of *Mortality*," " A Register of Books," and " Observations in *Gardening*." Subject to the inevitable modifications arising out of expansion and experience, and the greater originality born of confidence, this continued to be the staple matter of the Magazine, since the " Preface " to the Index for the first fifty-six volumes, while dwelling on the growth of the antiquarian element in the text, lays particular stress on the permanent value of the Historical Chronicle, and the records of Books and Pamphlets, especially—as regards the latter—for the period antecedent to the appearance [in 1749] of the " Monthly Review " of Ralph Griffiths. Many of the numbers reached five or six editions ; and according to Johnson, the sale in Cave's day was ten thousand copies.

(*Rosalba's Journal and Other Papers.*)

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PRISONS ACCORDING TO JOHN HOWARD

"LOOKING into the prisons, I [John Howard] beheld scenes of calamity which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate. In order, therefore, to gain a more perfect knowledge of the particulars and extent of it, by various and accurate observation, I visited most of the *County-Gaols* in England."

These plain and unpretentious words usher in a record of activities which, in reality, was only closed by the writer's death. The ground he covered in the visits so briefly described was exceptional, and the rapidity of his movements, at that date, almost incredible. On the Continental excursions, with which from time to time he varied his English tours, he generally slept in the German travelling carriage he had bought; but in England the common post-chaise of the period, from its frequent haltings at prison doors, became so noisome that he was at last obliged to take exclusively to the saddle. How he escaped infection from the almost universal small-pox and jail-fever, to say nothing of the historical perils of the eighteenth-century highway, is nothing short of miraculous. Often he penetrated into places where even the keepers shrank from following in his steps. The pestilential atmosphere affected his wearing-apparel, involving constant changes; his very notebook grew foul and tainted, and his solitary disinfectant—a phial of vinegar—inoperative and offensive. Nothing but his scrupulous cleanliness and the Spartan simplicity of his dietary, generally

confined to bread and milk, can have protected him. But in order to avoid discontent and dispute, it was his custom, at all houses of call, to pay for food which he himself did not eat; while his confidential attendant, Thomasson, and his endless postilions, &c., were always permitted to take their ease in their inn, whatever happened to their ascetic and inflexible employer.

Those who are curious as to what he saw, and the farther he went the more he discovered, must consult his own faithful and unshrinking records. But a few instances may be given here. At Nottingham he found that the poorer prisoners slept in damp "dug-outs" forty-seven steps down, cut in the sandy rock; at Wolverhampton the premises were so ruinous that, in order to prevent the escape of those confined, they had to be kept in irons; at Gloucester for men and women there was but "one small day room," twelve feet by eleven. At Ely, as insecure as Wolverhampton, it had been the practice to chain the inmates to the floor on their backs, with a spiked iron collar about their necks, and a heavy bar over their legs. At Exeter county jail, it is recorded, there was "no chimney, no courtyard, no water, no sewer." But if at Exeter this last convenience was wanting, in another case it ran *uncovered* through the damp, earth-floored den. This was at Knaresborough in Yorkshire, where Howard heard a loathly story of an officer, who, shut up for a few days as a town debtor, took a dog with him to defend him from vermin. "The dog was soon destroyed, and the Prisoner's face much disfigured by them." At Plymouth there were two small chambers for felons. One of these—the "Clink"—

was solely lighted and ventilated by a wicket in the door, seven inches by five, and to this contracted breathing-hole three prisoners under sentence of transportation " came by turns for air." At Gosport, Newport, Portsmouth, and Southampton the jails were equally horrible and evil-smelling, while at Horsham Bridewell the wretched captives had but one room, with the result that the keeper himself had died of the distemper. Other houses of correction revealed similar enormities. There were stories of prisoners who were, or had become, insane; of hopeless lunatics hidden for years in subterranean cells. And overcrowding, bad air, starvation, and cruelty were not the only or the worse defects of the prevailing system, which, where money was obtainable and the keepers " in a concatenation accordingly," favoured and fostered all kinds of intemperance, immorality, gambling, and profanity. But for the present purpose it is time to cry " Enough."

(*Later Essays*, 1917–1920.)

FOR A CHARITY ANNUAL

In Angel-Court the sunless air
  Grows faint and sick; to left and right
  The cowering houses shrink from sight,
Huddled and hopeless, eyeless, bare.

Misnamed, you say? For surely rare
  Must be the angel-shapes that light
                In Angel-Court

Nay! the Eternities are there.
Death at the doorway stands to smite;
Life in its garrets leaps to light;
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair
In Angel-Court.

BERTOLINI'S

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, however, contained other memorable buildings besides Newton House. On its left, and extending to Orange Street, came the Orange Street Congregational Chapel, where Toplady occasionally preached; and of which that vivacious ecclesiastic, the Rev. Charles de la Guiffardière—Queen Charlotte's French reader and the "Mr. Turbulent" of Fanny Burney's *Diary*—was once minister. At the opposite corner stood, in later years, the "Newton's Head" or "Bertolini's," a popular tavern and resort of the early Victorian *literati*, by whom it was sometimes irreverently designated "Dirtolini's," though rather by inevitable suggestion than absolute appropriateness, since it is said to have been clean enough, and the cooking was good and cheap, while the "seasoning" was unsurpassed. The proprietor, a dignified and assiduous Italian in a black wig, who always received the money himself, eventually retired with a fortune. Its "local notoriety," or show-guest, was an ancient Mr. Seymour, who, in 1868, had dined there every day for forty-three years, invariably occupying, from five till eight, the same box on the left-hand side of the fireplace, which was religiously reserved for him, speaking

to no one but the waiters, reading the *Daily News* for so long, sleeping for so long, and punctually repairing, at a fixed hour, to the vehicle which carried him to his remote home in the suburbs. Whether it was in this hostelry that Tennyson once heard the waiter "breathing short-winded accents" to the underworld concerning "Two gravies, three mocks and a pea" (the last word sonorously drawn out), I know not; but he certainly frequented Bertolini's in his younger London days, as did David Masson, William Allingham, Edward FitzGerald and Edmund Yates, from whom some of the above details are borrowed.

(*A Bookman's Budget.*)

THE EARLY DAYS OF MADAME ROYALE

MADAME ROYALE, the first child and only daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles on the 19th of December, 1778. The tradition of her earlier years, doubtless coloured by the circumstances of her after experiences, represents her as, even in her girlhood, already unusually sedate, very reserved, and abnormally alive to her high position as the descendant of Louis le Grand and the Empress Maria-Theresa. To these characteristics was presently added a growing air of sadness ("la petite Madame est trieste," says a contemporary), which was not likely to decrease as time went on. Almost from her birth, the air was filled with disquieting premonitions of the forthcoming upheaval. In 1789 came the fall of the Bastille. She was then eleven. On the night of the subsequent 6th October,

she was roused suddenly to see her mother escaping half-dressed from the furious Femmes de la Halle, who slashed the vacant bed to tatters. With her parents and her brother, she made that humiliating progress from Versailles to Paris, in which the royal carriage was preceded by the pike-borne heads of murdered bodyguards. She took part in the momentous but ill-managed flight to Varennes of June 1791: she was a witness of the attack of the 20th June 1792 on the Tuileries, and of the terrible scenes in August following. Clinging to the Princess Elizabeth, and with the Dauphin on the other side listlessly kicking the dead autumn leaves, she walked in the mournful procession which made its way across the Tuileries gardens when the King sought unblessed sanctuary with the Legislative Assembly. Then came the long, stifling sojourn in the reporters' box of the Logographe, and the subsequent transfer of the party to the tender mercies of the Paris Commune. "How old is Mademoiselle?" a National Guard had asked Marie Antoinette a few days before; and the Queen had answered, "She is of an age when such scenes are only too horrible!" As a matter of fact, she was not yet fourteen.

(*Rosalba's Journal and Other Papers.*)

A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE

"De mêmoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier."

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old,—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare ;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
" He is older now ! He will soon be dead ! "

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground ;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them gently under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BATH ACCORDING TO M. BARBEAU

ONE seems to see the clumsy stage-coaches depositing their touzled and tumbled inmates, in their rough rocklows and quaint travelling headgear, at the " Bear " or the " White Hart," after a jolting two or three days' journey from Oxford or London, not without the usual experiences, real and imaginary, of suspicious-looking horsemen at Hounslow, or masked " gentlemen of the pad " on Claverton Down. One hears the peal of five-and-twenty bells which greets the arrival of visitors of importance ; and notes the obsequious and venal town-waits who follow them to their lodgings in Gay Street or Milsom Street or the Parades,—where they will, no doubt, be promptly attended by the Master of the Ceremonies, " as fine as fivepence," and a very pretty, sweet-smelling gentleman, to be sure, whether his name be Wade or Derrick. Next day will probably discover them in chip hats and

flannel, duly equipped with wooden bowls and bouquets, at the King's Bath, where, through a streaming atmosphere, you may survey their artless manœuvres (as does Lydia Melford in *Humphry Clinker*) from the windows of the Pump Room, to which rallying-place they will presently repair to drink the waters, in a medley of notables and notorieties, members of Parliament, chaplains, and led-captains, Noblemen with ribbons and stars, dove-coloured Quakers, Duchesses, quacks, fortune-hunters, lackeys, lank-haired Methodists, Bishops, and boarding-school misses. . . . With the gathering shades of even, you may pass, if so minded, to Palmer's Theatre in Orchard Street, and follow Mrs. Siddons acting Belvidera in Otway's *Venice Preserv'd* to the Pierre of that forgotten Mr. Lee whom Fanny Burney put next to Garrick; or you may join the enraptured audience whom Mrs. Jordan is delighting with her favourite part of Priscilla Tomboy in *The Romp*. You may assist at the concerts of Signor Venanzio Rauzzini and Monsieur La Motte; you may take part in a long minuet or country dance at the Upper or Lower Assembly Rooms, which Bunbury will caricature; you may even lose a few pieces at the green tables; and, should you return home late enough, may watch a couple of stout chairmen at the door of the "Three Tuns" in Stall Street, hoisting that seasoned toper, Mr. James Quin, into a sedan after his evening's quantum of claret. What you do to-day, you will do to-morrow, if the bad air of the Pump Room has not given you a headache, or the waters a touch of vertigo; and you will continue to do it for a month or six weeks, when the lumbering vehicle

with the leathern straps and crane-necked springs will carry you back again over the deplorable roads ("so *sidelum* and *jumblum*," one traveller calls them) to your town-house, or your country-box, or your city-shop or chambers, as the case may be. Here, in due course, you will begin to meditate upon your next excursion to THE BATH, provided always that you have not dipped your estate at "E.O.," or been ruined by milliners' bills;—that your son has not gone northwards with a sham Scotch heiress, or your daughter been married at Charlcombe, by private license, to a pinchbeck Irish peer. For all these things—however painful the admission—were, according to the most credible chroniclers, the by-no-means infrequent accompaniment or sequel of an unguarded sojourn at the old jigging, card-playing, scandal-loving, pleasure-seeking city in the loop of "the soft flowing Avon."

It is an inordinate paragraph, outraging all known rules of composition! But then—how seductive a subject is eighteenth-century Bath!—and how rich in memories is M. Barbeau's book!

(*De Libris.*)

HOME REMEDIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THESE were the days when people took cowslip-wine for sleeplessness, added saffron to their tea against low spirits, and put goose-grass in their spring-porridge as "good for the scurvy." Conserve of marigold-flowers was reckoned a specific for trembling of the heart; while an approved recipe for toothache was trefoil, primrose leaves, and pounded yarrow.

Viper broth was still used medicinally; and elixir of vitriol was recommended for asthma. Snails, also, were in favour, not as the table-delicacy referred to in Bramston's "Man of Taste," but to cure consumption. Some of the other remedies read oddly. Mrs. Delany speaks of a spider in a goose-quill, hung round a child's neck, as infallible in ague; and one of Mrs. Montagu's correspondents describes the lamentable case of an ancient Countess of Northampton who succumbed after a treatment of "bouillon" prepared from a cock which had been previously dosed for the purpose by Dr. Ward's celebrated pill.

(*Rosalba's Journal and Other Papers.*)

A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

She lived in Georgian era too.
Most women then, if bards be true,
Succumbed to Routs and Cards, or grew
Devout and acid.
But hers was neither fate. She came
Of good west-country folk, whose fame
Has faded now. For us her name
Is "Madam Placid."

Patience or Prudence,—what you will,
Some prefix faintly fragrant still
As those old musky scents that fill
Our grandams' pillows;
And for her youthful portrait take
Some long-waist child of Hudson's make,
Stiffly at ease beside a lake
With swans and willows.

I keep her later semblance placed
Beside my desk,—'tis lawned and laced,
In shadowy sanguine stipple traced
By Bartolozzi;
A placid face, in which surprise
Is seldom seen, but yet there lies
Some vestige of the laughing eyes
Of arch Piozzi.

For her e'en Time grew debonair.
He, finding cheeks unclaimed of care,
With late-delayed faint roses there,
And lingering dimples,
Had spared to touch the fair old face,
And only kissed with Vauxhall grace
The soft white hand that stroked her lace,
Or smoothed her wimples.

So left her beautiful. Her age
Was comely as her youth was sage,
And yet she once had been the rage;—
It hath been hinted,
Indeed, affirmed by one or two,
Some spark at Bath (as sparks will do)
Inscribed a song to "Lovely Prue,"
Which Urban printed.

I know she thought; I know she felt;
Perchance could sum, I doubt she spelt;
She knew as little of the Celt
As of the Saxon;
I know she played and sang, for yet
We keep the tumble-down spinet
To which she quavered ballads set
By Arne or Jackson.

A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Her tastes were not refined as ours ;
She liked plain food and homely flowers,
Refused to paint, kept early hours,
Went clad demurely ;
Her art was sampler-work design,
Fireworks for her were " vastly fine,"
Her luxury was elder-wine,—
She loved that " purely."

She was renowned, traditions say,
For June conserves, for curds and whey,
For finest tea (she called it " tay "),
And ratafia ;
She knew, for sprains, what bands to choose,
Could tell the sovereign wash to use
For freckles, and was learned in brews
As erst Medea.

Yet studied little. She would read,
On Sundays, " Pearson on the Creed,"
Though, as I think, she could not heed
His text profoundly ;
Seeing she chose for her retreat
The warm west-looking window-seat,
Where, if you chanced to raise your feet,
You slumbered soundly.

This, 'twixt ourselves. The dear old dame,
In truth, was not so much to blame ;
The excellent divine I name
Is scarcely stirring ;
Her plain-song piety preferred
Pure life to precept. If she erred,
She knew her faults. Her softest word
Was for the erring.

If she had loved, or if she kept
Some ancient memory green, or wept
Over the shoulder-knot that slept
Within her cuff-box,
I know not. Only this I know,
At sixty-five she'd still her beau,
A lean French exile, lame and slow,
With monstrous snuff-box.

Younger than she, well-born and bred.
She'd found him in St. Giles', half dead
Of teaching French for nightly bed
And daily dinners;
Starving, in fact, 'twixt want and pride;
And so, henceforth, you always spied
His rusty " pigeon-wings " beside
Her Mechlin pinners.

He worshipped her, you may suppose.
She gained him pupils, gave him clothes,
Delighted in his dry bons mots
And cackling laughter;
And when, at last, the long duet
Of conversation and picquet
Ceased with her death, of sheer regret
He died soon after.

Dear Madam Placid! Others knew
Your worth as well as he, and threw
Their flowers upon your coffin too,
I take for granted.
Their loves are lost; but still we see
Your kind and gracious memory
Bloom yearly with the almond tree
The Frenchman planted.

BEWICK'S BRITISH BIRDS

THERE is no doubt that the "Birds" are Bewick's highwater mark. He worked in these under a conjunction of conditions which was especially favourable to his realistic genius. In the first place, he was called upon not to invent or combine, but simply to copy nature with that "curious eye" which slurs nothing, striving only to give its full import and value to the fold of a feather, the tenderest markings of breast and back, the most fugitive accidents of attitude and appearance. Then, having made his drawing in colour or otherwise, he was not obliged to see it altered or degraded in its transference to the wood-block at the hands of another person. Between his original study and the public he was his own interpreter. In confiding his work to the wood he was able to select or devise the most effective methods for rendering the nice varieties of plumage, from the lightest down to the coarsest quill-feather, to arrange his background so as to detach from it in the most telling way the fine-shaped, delicate-shaded form of his model, and to do all this with the greatest economy of labour, the simplest array of lines. Finally, besides being the faithfullest of copyists, and the most skilful of wood-engravers, he was able to bring to the representation of "these beautiful and interesting aërial wanderers of the British Isles" (as he styles them) a quality greater than either of these, that unlessoned insight which comes of loving them, the knowledge that often elevates an indifferent workman into an artist, and without which, as may be seen from the

efforts of some of Bewick's followers, the most finished technical skill and most highly trained trick of observation produce nothing but an *imago mortis*. These birds of Bewick,—those especially that he had seen and studied in their sylvan haunts,—are *alive*. They swing on boughs, they light on wayside stones; they flit rapidly through the air; they seem almost to utter their continuous or intermittent cries; they are glossy with health and freedom; they are alert, bright-eyed, watchful of the unfamiliar spectator, and ready to dart off if he so much as stir a finger. And as Bewick saw them, so we see them, with their fitting background of leaf and bough, of rock or underwood,—backgrounds that are often studies in themselves. Behind the rook his brethren stalk the furrows, disdainful of the scarecrow, while their black nests blot the trees beyond; the golden plover stands upon his marshy heath; the robin and the fieldfare have each his appropriate snow-clad landscape; the little petrel skims swiftly in the hollow of a wave. Not unfrequently the objects in the distance have a special biographical interest. To the left of the magpie is one of those worn-out old horses, with whose sufferings Bewick had so keen a sympathy. It has apparently broken its neck by falling over a little cliff, part of the rails of which it has carried with it in its descent. At the back of the guinea-hen is the artist himself, seated on a wall; in the cut of the blackbird is a view of Cherryburn.

(*Thomas Bewick and his Pupils.*)

RICHARD STEELE AS A MAN OF LETTERS

WITH Steele's standing as a man of letters we are on surer ground, since his own works speak for him without the distortions of tradition. To the character of poet he made no pretence, nor could he, although —witness the Horatian lines to Marlborough—he possessed the eighteenth-century faculty of easy octosyllabics. Of his plays it has been said that they resemble essays rather than dramas, a judgment which sets one wondering what would have been the critic's opinion if Steele had never written the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. It is perhaps more to the point that their perception of strongly marked humorous character is far more obvious than their stagecraft, and that their shortcomings in this latter respect are heightened by Steele's debatable endeavours not (as Cowper says) " to let down the pulpit to the level of the stage," but to lift the stage to a level with the pulpit. As a political writer, his honesty and enthusiasm were not sufficient to secure him permanent success in a line where they are not always thrice-armed that have their quarrel just; and it is no discredit to him that he was unable to contend against the deadly irony of Swift. It is as an essayist that he will be best remembered. In the past, it has been too much the practice to regard him as the colourless colleague of Addison. We now know that he deserves a much higher place; that Addison, in fact, was quite as much indebted to Steele's inventive gifts as Steele could possibly have been indebted to Addison's sublimating spirit. It may be that he was a more

negligent writer than Addison; it may be that he was inferior as a literary artist; but the genuineness of his feelings frequently carries him farther. Not a few of his lay sermons on anger, pride, flattery, magnanimity, and so forth, are unrivalled in their kind. He rallied the follies of society with unfailing tact and good-humour; he rebuked its vices with admirable courage and dignity; and he wrote of women and children as, in his day, no writer had hitherto dared to do. As the first painter of domesticity, the modern novel owes him much. But modern journalism owes him more, since—to use some words of his great adversary—he "refined it first, and showed its use."

(*A Paladin of Philanthropy.*)

A DEAD LETTER

"À cœur blessé—l'ombre et le silence."
—H. DE BALZAC.

I

I DREW it from its china tomb;—
It came out feebly scented
With some thin ghost of past perfume
That dust and days had lent it.

An old, old letter,—folded still!
To read with due composure,
I sought the sun-lit window-sill,
Above the gray enclosure,

A DEAD LETTER

That glimmering in the sultry haze,
  Faint-flowered, dimly shaded,
Slumbered like Goldsmith's Madam Blaize,
  Bedizened and brocaded.

A queer old place! You'd surely say
  Some tea-board garden-maker
Had planned it in Dutch William's day
  To please some florist Quaker,

So trim it was. The yew-trees still,
  With pious care perverted,
Grew in the same grim shapes; and still
  The lipless dolphin spurted;

Still in his wonted state abode
  The broken-nosed Apollo;
And still the cypress-arbour showed
  The same umbrageous hollow.

Only,—as fresh young Beauty gleams
  From coffee-coloured laces,—
So peeped from its old-fashioned dreams
  The fresher modern traces;

For idle mallet, hoop, and ball
  Upon the lawn were lying;
A magazine, a tumbled shawl,
  Round which the swifts were flying;

And, tossed beside the Guelder rose,
  A heap of rainbow knitting,
Where, blinking in her pleased repose,
  A Persian cat was sitting.

" A place to love in,—live,—for aye,
If we too, like Tithonus,
Could find some god to stretch the gray,
Scant life the Fates have thrown us ;

" But now by steam we run our race,
With buttoned heart and pocket ;
Our Love's a gilded, surplus grace,—
Just like an empty locket !

" ' The time is out of joint.' Who will
May strive to make it better ;
For me, this warm old window-sill,
And this old dusty letter."

II

" Dear *John* (the letter ran), it can't, can't be,
For Father's gone to *Chorley Fair* with *Sam*
And Mother's storing Apples,—*Prue* and Me
Up to our Elbows making Damson Jam :
But we shall meet before a Week is gone,—
' 'Tis a long Lane that has no turning,' *John !*

" Only till Sunday next, and then you'll wait
Behind the White-Thorn, by the broken Stile—
We can go round and catch them at the Gate,
All to Ourselves, for nearly one long Mile ;
Dear *Prue* won't look, and Father he'll go on,
And *Sam's* two Eyes are all for *Cissy, John !*

" *John,* she's so smart,—with every Ribbon new,
Flame-coloured Sack, and Crimson Padesoy :

As proud as proud ; and has the Vapours too,
  Just like My Lady ;—calls poor *Sam* a Boy,
And vows no Sweet-heart's worth the Thinking-on
Till he's past Thirty . . . I know better, *John !*

" My Dear, I don't think that I thought of much
  Before we knew each other, I and you ;
And now, why, *John,* your least, least Finger-touch
  Gives me enough to think a Summer through.
See, for I send you Something ! There, 'tis gone !
Look in this corner,—mind you find it, *John !* "

III

This was the matter of the note,—
  A long-forgot deposit,
Dropped in an Indian dragon's throat,
  Deep in a fragrant closet,

Piled with a dapper Dresden world,—
  Beaux, beauties, prayers, and poses,—
Bonzes with squat legs undercurled,
  And great jars filled with roses.

Ah, heart that wrote ! Ah, lips that kissed
  You had no thought or presage
Into what keeping you dismissed
  Your simple old-world message !

A reverent one. Though we to-day
  Distrust beliefs and powers,
The artless, ageless things you say
  Are fresh as May's own flowers,

A DEAD LETTER

Starring some pure primeval spring,
  Ere Gold had grown despotic,—
Ere Life was yet a selfish thing,
  Or Love a mere exotic!

I need not search too much to find
  Whose lot it was to send it,
That feel upon me yet the kind,
  Soft hand of her who penned it;

And see, through two score years of smoke,
  In by-gone, quaint apparel,
Shine from yon time-black Norway oak
  The face of Patience Caryl,—

The pale, smooth forehead, silver-tressed;
  The gray gown, primly flowered;
The spotless, stately coif whose crest
  Like Hector's horse-plume towered;

And still the sweet half-solemn look
  Where some past thought was clinging,
As when one shuts a serious book
  To hear the thrushes singing.

I kneel to you! Of those you were,
  Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,—
Whose fair old faces grow more fair
  As Point and Flanders yellow;

Whom some old store of garnered grief,
  Their placid temples shading,
Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf
  With tender tints of fading.

Peace to your soul! You died unwed—
Despite this loving letter.
And what of John? The less that's said
Of John, I think, the better.

BRIGHTER LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE pleasure-loving 'prentice of the last century when, in Chepe or Fleet, he put up his shutters, and put on his sword, can seldom have been at a loss for amusement. Not only had every inn on the outskirts of the sign-haunted City its skittle-ground, or bowling-green, or nine-pin alley, where he might doff his tarnished gala-dress, perch his scratch wig upon a post (as he does in Mr. Edwin Abbey's charming pictures), and cultivate to his heart's content the mysteries of managing a bowl with one hand and a long "churchwarden" with the other, but nearly every village within a mile or two of Paul's boasted its famous summer garden, presenting its peculiar and specific programme of diversions—diversions which included the enviable distinction of rubbing elbows with the quality, and snatching, for a space, the fearful joy of "Bon Ton." At Pentonville there was the White Conduit House, upon whose celebrated cakes and cream Dr. Oliver Goldsmith had once the misfortune of entertaining a party of ladies, and of then finding himself—like Señor Patricio in "Le Sage"—without the wherewithal to pay the reckoning; at Islington there was Sadler's Wells, where you might not only genteelly discuss the "killibeate" (as Mr. Weller's friend

called it), but regale yourself with the supplementary and gratuitous recreation of "balance-masters, walking on the wire, rope-dancing, tumbling, and pantomime entertainments." At Bagnigge Wells, in what is now the King's Cross Road, you might, after being received at the Assembly Room by a dignified Master of the Ceremonies with a Cocked Hat, enjoy, to the sound of an organ, the refreshment (with gilt spoons) of tea, which would be handed to you by a page with a kettle, like Pompey in the second plate of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress"; at Cuper's (*vulgo* "Cupid's") Gardens, on the Surrey side of the water over-against Somerset House, you might witness the noted fireworks, listen to Mr. Jones, his harp-playing, and assist at various other amusements, some of which, it is to be feared, were more suited to Thomas Idle than to Francis Goodchild. Then—as time-honoured as any, since they dated from Pepys and the Restoration, and survived until Chatterton could write their burlettas—there were, at the bottom of Harley Street, the renowned Gardens of Marybone, which, in addition to the pyrotechnic displays of Caillot and Torré, and the privilege of having your pockets emptied by the illustrious George Barrington or some equally quick-handed artist, offered the exceptional attractions of "fine Epping butter," "Almond Cheesecakes," and "Tarts of a Twelve-penny size," made by no less a personage than the sister of Dr. Trusler, author of that popular didactic work, the "Blossoms of Morality." All of these, however, were but the shadows of the two greater rallying-places, Vauxhall and Ranelagh, both of which were on the Thames.

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. Second Series.*)

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD—POET LAUREATE

In a contemptuous list of the chief writers in the *World*, drawn up as a corrective to Horace Walpole's praise of some of its contributors, Macaulay speaks of Whitehead (whom he calls Whithed) as "the most accomplished tuft-hunter of his time." He also reproaches him with being forgotten. This is surely too severe. To be a tuft-hunter—although no social recommendation—need not disqualify a man for poetry. As for being forgotten, that has happened to many estimable persons, and will doubtless happen to many more. Whitehead was, of course, in no sense "strenuous"—possibly he was constitutionally of languid vitality. He liked ease and quiet. He liked refined and well-bred people; he liked the leisurely amenity and the large air of great houses in the country. In middle-age he was fortunate enough to find an asylum with noble friends to whom he could be agreeable without subserviency, and by whom he was esteemed without being patronized. He was probably a delightful companion to his "superannuated lord and lady" [Earl and Countess of Jersey], and to all their circle. Being a bachelor, he injured no one by his lack of ambition. In regard to his verses, what is most observable is the extent of his qualifications, and the moderate standard of his achievement. He was a good classical scholar; he had travelled intelligently; he was apparently well-read in Continental literature. He could write heroics like Pope's, blank-verse like Thomson's, anapaests like Prior's, elegies like Gray's. He had considerable humour, and a convenient gift of

epigram. Dull he certainly was not—whatever Churchill might say. But he seems always to have been afraid to depart from tradition—to let himself go. He imitates where he should originate. He is "always good and never better." His facility is great, his taste cultivated, and his tone—for his time—exceptionally discreet. Why, with this equipment, he did not do greater things, may safely be left to the Timothy Tittles and Dick Minims of criticism who are always lamenting that a sunflower is not a rose—or the converse. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to think sympathetically of that placid, sauntering, summer-day life in the gardens of Middleton Park, or Nuneham, where "Farmer George's" Laureate sometimes meditated a birthday ode, and sometimes turned an inscription for an urn or a sundial.

(*Old Kensington Palace and Other Papers.*)

A BALLAD TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

of the Spanish Armada

KING PHILIP had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us,
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main;
But we had bold Neptune to back us,—
And where are the galleons of Spain?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames,
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us;
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus,—
For where are the galleons of Spain?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-whack us;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain;
Alas! that his Greatness should lack us!—
But where are the galleons of Spain?

ENVOY.

GLORIANA! the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain;
He must reach us before he can rack us,
And where are the galleons of Spain?

STRAWBERRY HILL

ON the 5th of June, 1747, Walpole announces to Mann that he has taken a little new farm, just out of Twickenham. . . . It stood on the left bank of the Thames, at the corner of the Upper Road to

Teddington, not very far from Twickenham itself. It had been built about 1698 as a "country box" by a retired coachman of the Earl of Bradford, and, from the fact that he was supposed to have acquired his means by starving his master's horses, was known popularly as Chopped-Straw Hall. Its earliest possessor not long afterwards let it out as a lodging-house, and finally, after several improvements, sub-let it altogether. One of its first tenants was Colley Cibber, who found it convenient when he was in attendance for acting at Hampton Court; and he is said to have written in it the comedy called *The Refusal; or, The Ladies' Philosophy*, produced at Drury Lane in 1721. Then, for eight years, it was rented by the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Talbot, who was reported to have kept in it a better table than the extent of its kitchen seemed, in Walpole's judgment, to justify. After the Bishop came a Marquis, Henry Bridges, son of the Duke of Chandos; after the Marquis, Mrs. Chenevix, the toy-woman who, upon her husband's death, let it for two years to the nobleman who *predecessed* Walpole, Lord John Philip Sackville. Before this Mrs. Chenevix had taken lodgers, one of whom was the celebrated theologian, Père Le Courrayer. At the expiration of Lord John Sackville's tenancy, Walpole took the remainder of Mrs. Chenevix's lease; and in 1748 had grown to like the situation so much that he obtained a special act to purchase the fee simple from the existing possessors, three minors of the name of Mortimer. The price he paid was £1356 10s. Nothing was then wanting but the name, and in looking over some old deeds this was supplied. He

found that the ground on which it stood had been known originally as " Strawberry-Hill-Shot." " You shall hear from me," he tells Mann in June, 1748, " from STRAWBERRY HILL, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house; so pray, never call it Twickenham again."

The transformation of the toy-woman's " villakin " into a Gothic residence was not, however, the operation of a day. Indeed, at first, the idea of rebuilding does not seem to have entered its new owner's mind. But he speedily set about extending his boundaries, for before 26 December, 1748, he has added nine acres to his original five, making fourteen in all—a " territory prodigious in a situation where land is so scarce." Among the tenants of some of the buildings which he acquired in making these additions was Richard Francklin, the printer of the *Craftsman*, who, during Sir Robert Walpole's administration, had been taken up for printing that paper. He occupied a small house in what was afterwards known as the Flower Garden, and Walpole permitted him to retain it during his lifetime.

(*Horace Walpole—A Memoir.*)

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SCULPTOR

As a sculptor, Roubillac retains the traces of his foreign training as markedly as he retains the impress of his foreign nationality. To the last he is the pupil of Coustou and Balthazar; and he had little temptation to be otherwise. Neither from Rysbrack nor

Scheemakers—aliens like himself, and schooled upon alien models—was he likely to learn anything, even if they had been his superiors in ability, which they certainly were not; and there was no English master of sufficient importance to influence him in any way. Indeed, to define him accurately, one has to go back to the old distinction between Greek and Roman art—between the type and the individual. It is not to the school of Phidias or Praxiteles that Roubillac belongs; it is to the school of Lysippus, or rather of his brother Lysistratus. With the lover in the old song, "it is not Beauty he demands"—at all events it is not Beauty exclusively; it is Character first. One can understand how opposed his "tormented" and dramatic manner must have been to the restrained and stately style of Flaxman,—Flaxman who could see in Roubillac nothing but conceits and epigrams of the chisel. One can understand also how infinitely Roubillac would have preferred to Flaxman's Greek severities what Northcote calls "the captivating and luxuriant splendours of Bernini." Roubillac, in short, besides being a Frenchman in grain, which was much, was also an eighteenth-century realist, which was more. He delighted in the seizure of fugitive expression, the fixing of momentary gesture, the indication of moods of mind, the ingenious reproduction of costume, detail, surface, texture. He copies the marks of small-pox, the traces of ancient scars, the clocks of a stocking, the petty folds and trivial wrinkles of material. In his work it is idle to look for repose, for gravity, for dignity. But he will give you action, even to gesticulation; expression, even to grimace. He is most happy in his busts; and these again are

best of their kind when, like those of Pope and Hogarth, they are modelled from the life. Of his elaborate monumental and sepulchral efforts, the day is past. Still, they had their day; and those to whom the Nightingale tomb now seems bizarre and exotic, may nevertheless take pleasure in remembering that it was once admired by a great authority on the Sublime and Beautiful—by the critic and orator, Edmund Burke.

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. Second Series.*)

A FLOWER SONG OF ANGIOLA

Down where the garden grows,
  Gay as a banner,
Spake to her mate the Rose
  After this manner:—
"We are the first of flowers,
  Plain-land or hilly,
All reds and whites are ours,
  Are they not, Lily?"

Then to the flowers I spake,—
  "Watch ye my Lady
Gone to the leafy brake,
  Silent and shady;
When I am near to her,
  Lily, she knows;
How I am dear to her,
  Look to it, Rose."

Straightway the Blue-bell stooped,
  Paler for pride,
Down where the Violet drooped,
  Shy, at her side :—
" Sweetheart, save me and you,
  Where has the summer kist
Flowers of as fair a hue,—
  Turkis or Amethyst ? "

Therewith I laughed aloud,
  Spake on this wise,
" O little flowers so proud,
  Have ye seen eyes
Change through the blue in them,—
  Change till the mere
Loving that grew in them
  Turned to a tear ?

" Flowers, ye are bright of hue,
  Delicate, sweet ;
Flowers, and the sight of you
  Lightens men's feet ;
Yea, but her worth to me,
  Flowerets, even,
Sweetening the earth to me,
  Sweeteneth heaven.

" This, then, O Flowers, I sing ;
  God, when He made ye,
Made yet a fairer thing
  Making my Lady ;—
Fashioned her tenderly,
  Giving all weal to her ;—
Girdle ye slenderly,
  Go to her, kneel to her,—

" Saying, ' He sendeth us,
He the most dutiful,
Meetly he endeth us,
Maiden most beautiful !
Let us get rest of you,
Sweet, in your breast ;—
Die, being prest of you.
Die, being blest.' "

HORACE WALPOLE AS A LETTER WRITER

But it is not by his [Walpole's] professedly literary work that he has acquired the reputation which he retains and must continue to retain. It is as a letter-writer that he survives ; and it is upon the vast correspondence, of which, even now, we seem scarcely to have reached the limits, that is based his surest claim *volitare per ora virum*. The qualities which are his defects in more serious productions become merits in his correspondence ; or, rather, they cease to be defects. No one looks for prolonged effort in a gossiping epistle ; a weighty reasoning is less important than a light hand ; and variety pleases more surely than symmetry of structure. Among the little band of those who have distinguished themselves in this way, Walpole is in the foremost rank ; nay, if wit and brilliancy, without gravity or pathos, are to rank highest, he is first. It matters nothing whether he wrote easily or with difficulty ; whether he did, or did not, make minutes of apt illustrations or descriptive incidents : the result is delightful. For diversity of interest and perpetual entertainment, for

the constant surprises of an unique species of wit, for happy and unexpected turns of phrase, for graphic characterization and clever anecdote, for playfulness, pungency, irony, persiflage, there is nothing in English like his correspondence. And when one remembers that, in addition, this correspondence constitutes a sixty-years' social chronicle of a specially picturesque epoch by one of the most picturesque of picturesque chroniclers, there can be no need to bespeak any further suffrage for Horace Walpole's " incomparable letters."

(*Horace Walpole—A Memoir.*)

CONCERNING RICHARD STEELE

On the 19th May, 1708, Her Majesty Queen Anne being then upon the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, a coach with two horses, gaudy rather than neat in its appointments, drew up at the door of my Lord Sunderland's Office in Whitehall. It contained a lady about thirty, of considerable personal attractions, and dressed richly in cinnamon satin. She was a brunette, with a rather high forehead, the height of which was ingeniously broken by two short locks upon the temples. Moreover, she had distinctly fine eyes, and a mouth which, in its normal state, must have been arch and pretty, but was now drawn down at the corners under the influence of some temporary irritation. As the coach stopped, a provincial-looking servant promptly alighted, pulled out from the box-seat a large case of the kind used for preserving the voluminous periwigs of the period, and subsequently

extracted from the same receptacle a pair of shining new shoes with square toes and silver buckles. These, with the case, he carried carefully into the house, returning shortly afterwards. Then ensued what upon the stage, would be called " an interval," during which time the high forehead of the lady began to cloud visibly with impatience, and the corners of her mouth to grow more ominous. At length, about twenty minutes later, came a sound of laughter and noisy voices; and by-and-by bustled out of the Cockpit portal a square-shouldered, square-faced man in a rich dress, which, like the coach, was a little showy. He wore a huge black full-bottomed periwig. Speaking with a marked Irish accent, he made profuse apologies to the occupant of the carriage—apologies which, as might be expected, were not well received. An expression of vexation came over his good-tempered face as he took his seat at the lady's side, and he lapsed for a few minutes into a moody silence. But before they had gone many yards, his dark, deep-set eyes began to twinkle once more as he looked about him. When they passed the Tilt-Yard, a detachment of the Second Troop of Life Guards, magnificent in their laced red coats, jack boots, and white feathers, came pacing out on their black horses. They took their way towards Charing Cross, and for a short distance followed the same route as the chariot. The lady was loftily indifferent to their presence; and she was, besides, on the farther side of the vehicle. But her companion manifestly recognized some old acquaintances among them, and was highly gratified at being recognized in his turn, although at the same time it was evident he was also a little apprehensive lest the

"Gentlemen of the Guard," as they were called, should be needlessly demonstrative in their acknowledgment of his existence. After this, nothing more of moment occurred. Slowly mounting St. James's Street, the coach turned down Piccadilly, and, passing between the groups of lounging lackeys at the gate, entered Hyde Park. Here, by the time it had once made the circuit of the Ring, the lady's equanimity was completely restored, and the gentleman was radiant. He was, in truth, to use his own words, "no undelightful Companion." He possessed an infinite fund of wit and humour; and his manner to women had a sincerity of deference which was not the prevailing characteristic of his age.

There is but slender invention in this little picture. The gentleman was Captain Steele, late of the Life Guards, the Coldstreams, and Lucas's regiment of foot, now Gazetteer, and Gentleman Waiter to Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, and not yet "Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff" of the immortal *Tatler*. The lady was Mrs. Steele, *née* Miss Mary Scurlock, his "Ruler" and "absolute Governesse" (as he called her), to whom he had been married some eight months before. If you ask at the British Museum for the Steele manuscripts (Add. MSS. 5, 145, A, B, and C), the courteous attendant will bring you, with its faded ink, dusky paper, and hasty scrawl, the very letter making arrangements for this meeting ("best Periwigg" and "new Shoes" included), at the end of which the writer assures his "dear Prue" (another pet name) that she is "Vitall Life to Yr Oblig'd Affectionate Husband & Humble Ser^{nt} Rich^{d} Steele."

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. First Series.*)

BEFORE SEDAN

" The dead hand clasped a letter."
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HERE in this leafy place
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies.
'Tis but another dead ;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
Kings must have slaves ;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves :
So this man's eye is dim ;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side ?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died ;—
Message or wish, may be ;—
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled !—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child :—
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died:—But no;—
Death will not have it so.

MADAME DE GENLIS VISITS ENGLAND

MADAME DE GENLIS had long been meditating a descent upon England. Already some years before, Gibbon had been charged to procure her lodgings at London.

* * * * *

At last, in 1785, she left her pupils at St. Leu, and "in the pleasant month of June" a soft Etesian gale wafted over the illustrious visitor to our hospitable shores. The trip, her record tells us, was "exceedingly brilliant." The public prints teemed with the most obliging notices, and the most complimentary verses, amongst the rest an ode by Hayley. At one of the theatres (she says) *Hamlet* was performed in her honour; Lord Inchiquin took her to the House of Commons. By desire of the Prince of Wales, Lord William Gordon entertained her at his house, and the "First Gentleman in Europe" "paid great attention" to the illustrious adviser of Philippe *Egalité*. Burke

invited her to his country seat, and afterwards carried her to Oxford. While with him she made the acquaintance of the "Chevalier Reinolds," as she calls him, who "shifted his trumpet and only took snuff" when the enthusiastic lady talked to him of her art achievements. Here, too, she met Windham, whose published *Diary*, however, contains nothing very important about her. The Queen, to whom she had hitherto forwarded copies of her works, gave her a private audience; Lord Mansfield, then over eighty years of age, asked permission to visit her, and presented her with a moss-rose tree, which she claims to have first introduced into France. She made an excursion to Blenheim, where the Duchess of Marlborough finding out by the lodge-book how celebrated a lady had left her grounds, sent a servant after her with a present of pine-apples. She offered the man a guinea, which he refused, saying, "Madame, I cannot accept it—I am a Frenchman." Another visit was paid to the son-in-law of Richardson, who (she says) offered her a MS. copy of *Pamela*, corrected by the author himself, upon the condition that she would translate it literally, a proposition which she did not consider herself to be warranted in making. Mr. Bridget took her to St. Bride's, in the aisle of which his father-in-law lay buried, and told her that the year before a great French lady, Madame du Tesse, had flung herself down upon the stone, crying and groaning so terribly as to make her companion fear that she would faint. If anywhere in that old churchyard was wandering the spirit of the mild-eyed, half-feminine little printer, it must have felt a well-nigh mortal vanity at such an offering of sentimental tears.

(*Four Frenchwomen.*)

CONCERNING JACOB CATS

By his readers he was affectionately styled "Vader Cats"; and his collected works in familiar moments were known as the "Household Bible." His big folio was to be found by poor men's hearths, and in the windows of the rich—even as Baker's "Chronicle" lay in the window of Sir Roger de Coverley. When now we open the vast volume (*i.e.*, Jan Jacobz Schipper's Amsterdam edition of 1655), its bulk appals us. It is a book to be approached only from the side of dimension. Like Shakespeare's fat knight, it measures so much about. Not to lay stress on the blackness of the type, which is in itself portentous, it is printed in two columns,—sometimes even in three. Turning the tall pages timidly, you become conscious, in addition to a Babel of proverbs and emblems in all languages, of a long didactic poem on "Marriage" (*Houwelick*), which traces that institution, with abundant illustration, from maidenhood to widowhood. Then of another, and a still longer effort, entitled "Nuptial Ring" (*Trou-ringh*), wherein it is treated, among other things, of Crates and Hipparchia, of Adam and Eve, of Masinissa and Sophonisba, of Eginhard and the daughter of Charlemagne, of Jacob and Rachel. (Jacob, it may be noted in parenthesis, has apparently been educated in France, for in the picture he has carved "la belle Rachell" upon a tree-trunk, and written under it "Vive l'Amour.") Then there is a "pastoral romance" of "Galatea"; a poem on "Country-Life" (*Buytenleven*), in the frontispiece of which is a view of Sorgh-vliet, and towards the end

of the book, another series of poems called invitingly "Coffins for the Living" (*Doodt-Kisté voor de Levendige*). These are only part of the contents. Beside and between them are numerous other pieces, accompanied like the rest by prefaces and sub-prefaces, by appendices, excursuses, commentaries, head-notes, shoulder-notes, side-notes, foot-notes, postscripts, and addresses to the *Lector benignus* ("*goetgunstige Leser*") which hedge them in on all sides. Poetry, with our Dutch poet, is not by any means a trickling rill from Helicon; it is inundation *à la mode du pays*,—a flood in a flat land, covering everything far and near with its sluggish waters.

(*Side-Walk Studies.*)

A MILTONIC EXERCISE

(TERCENTENARY, 1608-1908)

"*Stops of various Quills.*"—LYCIDAS.

WHAT need of votive Verse
To strew thy *Laureat Herse*
With that mix'd *Flora* of th' *Aonian Hill*?
Or *Mincian* vocall Reed,
That *Cam* and *Isis* breed,
When thine own Words are burning in us still?

Bard, Prophet, Archimage!
In this Cash-cradled Age,
We grate our scrannel Musick, and we dote:
Where is the Strain unknown,
Through Bronze or Silver blown,
That thrill'd the Welkin with thy woven Note?

Yes—" we are selfish Men " :
Yet would we once again
Might see *Sabrina* braid her amber Tire ;
Or watch the *Comus* Crew
Sweep down the Glade ; or view
Strange-streamer'd Craft from *Javan* or *Gadire !*

Or could we catch once more,
High up, the Clang and Roar
Of Angel Conflict,—Angel Overthrow ;
Or, with a World begun,
Behold the young-ray'd Sun
Flame in the Groves where the *Four Rivers* go !

. . . . . .

Ay me, I fondly dream !
Only the Storm-bird's Scream
Foretells of Tempest in the Days to come ;
Nowhere is heard up-climb
The lofty lyric Rhyme,
And the " God-gifted Organ-voice " is dumb.

THE *TATLER* AND THE *SPECTATOR*

THE farewell number of the *Tatler* appeared on the 2nd of January, 1711 ; the first number of the *Spectator* on the 1st of March following. In appearance the two papers were not dissimilar. Both were single folio leaves in double column ; both—at all events when the *Tatler* was nearing its end—consisted of a single essay, headed by a Latin quotation, and followed by advertisements. Each was equally open to the charge, which had been made by an injured

correspondent, of being offered to the world on "Tobacco Paper" in "Scurvy Letter." The only material difference was that the *Tatler* was published three times a week; and the *Spectator* was published daily—a difference scarcely enough in itself, one would suppose, to justify a fresh departure. But why the *Tatler* was prematurely concluded at the two-hundred and seventy-first number, and the *Spectator* substituted for it, remains a problem the solution of which is still to seek. Steele's story is, that he had become individually identified with "Mr. Bickerstaff," and that his own fallible personality was powerless to give authority to his office of Censor. "I shall not carry my Humility so far as to call myself a vicious Man, but at the same Time must confess, my Life is at best but pardonable: And with no greater Character than this, a Man would make but an indifferent Progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable Vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a Freedom of Spirit that would have lost both its Beauty and Efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele." Upon the face of them these are sufficient reasons, and they would have sufficed had it not been for the fact that the *Tatler* was almost immediately succeeded by another paper which—as Swift says truly—was "in the same nature." But it has also been suggested that there were other reasons at which Steele himself in his valedictory words hints vaguely. "What I find is the least excusable Part of all this Work,"—he tells us,—"is, that I have in some Places in it touched upon Matters which concern both the Church and State." This obiter dictum opens too long and intricate an enquiry to be here

pursued in detail. Briefly stated, it would seem that certain utterances of Mr. Bickerstaff (not of necessity from Steele's pen) had offended Harley, who had come into power while the *Tatler* was in progress, and that with those utterances its cessation was in some way connected. A certain amount of colour is given to this contention in a tract by John Gay which expressly says that the *Tatler* was laid down as a sort of submission to, and composition with, the Government for some past offences. But here again it is to be observed that the *Spectator*, though, at the outset, professing neutrality between Whigs and Tories, neither observed nor engaged to observe a total abstinence from politics, so that, after all, caprice, or the weariness of the work which Swift alleges, may have played a foremost part in those "Thousand nameless Things" which made it irksome to Steele to continue to personate Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff. One circumstance, however, is beyond all question. Whether Defoe's *Review* or the *Athenian Mercury* or the *London Gazette* had most to do with the establishment of the *Tatler* may be debatable; but there can be no doubt that the *Spectator* is the legitimate successor of the *Tatler*. The *Tatler* is the *Spectator* in the making; and the *Spectator* is the developed and perfected *Tatler*, which, beginning with little save the *Quicquid agunt Homines* of its motto, gradually grew more ethical and less topical, restricting itself at last almost exclusively to those separate essays on single subjects which we are still wont to associate with the name of the *Spectator*.

(*Introduction to the Spectator—Messrs. Dents' Reprint.*)

HENRY FIELDING AS A NOVELIST

It is not, however, by his pamphlets, his essays, or his plays that Fielding is really memorable; it is by his triad of novels, and the surpassing study in irony of *Jonathan Wild*. In *Joseph Andrews* we have the first sprightly runnings of genius that, after much uncertainty, had at last found its fitting vein, but was yet doubtful and undisciplined: in *Tom Jones* the perfect plan has come, with the perfected method and the assured expression. There is an inevitable loss of that fine waywardness which is sometimes the result of untrained effort, but there is the general gain of order, and the full production which results of art. The highest point is reached in *Tom Jones*, which is the earliest definite and authoritative manifestation of the modern novel. Its relation to De Foe is that of the vertebrate to the invertebrate: to Richardson, that of the real to the ideal—one might almost add, the impossible. It can be compared to no contemporary English work of its own kind; and if we seek for its parallel at the time of publication we must go beyond literature to art—to the masterpiece of that great pictorial satirist who was Fielding's friend. In both Fielding and Hogarth there is the same constructive power, the same rigid sequence of cause and effect, the same significance of detail, the same sidelight of allusion. Both have the same hatred of affectation and hypocrisy—the same unerring insight into character. Both are equally attracted by striking contrasts and comic situations; in both there is the

same declared morality of purpose, coupled with the same sturdy virility of expression. One, it is true, leaned more strongly to tragedy, the other to comedy. But if Fielding had painted pictures, it would have been in the style of the *Marriage à la Mode ;* if Hogarth had written novels, they would have been in the style of *Tom Jones*. In the gentler and more subdued *Amelia*, with its tender and womanly central-figure, there is a certain change of plan, due to altered conditions—it may be, to an altered philosophy of art. The narrative is less brisk and animated ; the character-painting less broadly humorous ; the philanthropic element more strongly developed. To trace the influence of these three great works in succeeding writers would hold us too long. It may, nevertheless, be safely asserted that there are few English novels of manners, written since Fielding's day, which do not descend from him as from their fount and source ; and that more than one of our modern masters betray unmistakable signs of a form and fashion studied minutely from their frank and manly ancestor.

(*Henry Fielding—A Memoir.*)

" IN AFTER DAYS "

In after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honoured dust,
I shall not question or reply.

THE END OF LOUIS XVI.

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then would testify,
Saying—"He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!

THE END OF LOUIS XVI. ACCORDING TO THE ABBÉ EDGEWORTH

Louis then left the Tower on foot, turning round more than once in his progress to look at the gloomy structure which for five weary months had been his prison, and which still retained within its walls all that he held most dear. He was manifestly much affected and struggling hard to collect his energies. At the exit gate of the Temple a closed carriage was waiting with two gendarmes. They opened the door, and entered the vehicle with the King and his companion, who sat by his side. Edgeworth had been told privately on the previous day that an effort would be made to rescue his Majesty at the scaffold. He had also heard (though this must have been after the event) that the gendarmes had orders to assassinate the King on the least indication of any popular movement in his favour. This he hesitated to believe; and, in any case, what was projected by the two

sanguine conspirators was rendered futile by the far-reaching precautions of the vigilant Santerre. During the journey to the Place de la Revolution (late Place Louis XV.), which lasted about two hours, the King, not being able to converse with the Abbé in the presence of the guards, was at first silent. The Abbé handed to him the only book he had with him, his breviary, indicating psalms proper to the occasion, which they repeated alternately. A troop of mounted gendarmes led the van of the cortège; Santerre and the Mayor of Paris (Chambon) followed with the municipal officers. Next came three pieces of heavy ordnance, the gunners of which had their matches lit; and then the carriage. In front of the horses—according to Edgeworth—were stationed drummers, whose function it was to drown summarily any inopportune demonstrations.

By decree of the National Convention, the guillotine had been erected in the centre of the square, on a site facing the entrance to the Tuileries, between the avenue leading to the Champs Elysées and the pedestal occupied up to August 1792 by that butt of the epigrammatists, Bouchardon's bronze equestrian statue of his Majesty's grandfather. Here, shortly after ten, the carriage stopped in the space which had been cleared about the scaffold. This space was encircled by cannon; and beyond, as far as the eye could reach, the great enclosure was occupied with a multitude of armed spectators. The King whispered to his companion, "We have arrived, unless I am mistaken." An executioner came to open the door, and the gendarmes prepared to alight; but the King stopped them, saying in an authoritative tone, "Messieurs, I commend this gentleman to you; take care that he

receives no insult after my death. I charge you to look to this matter!"—an injunction to which no reply was at first vouchsafed, but, seeing that the King was about to repeat his words, an ironic assurance was roughly given that Edgeworth would be duly attended to.

The executioners next surrounded the King with intent to undress him; but he proudly forestalled their efforts by undoing his collar and opening his shirt. They then cut his hair. Their proposal to tie his hands naturally made him indignant, and he protested, and would even have resisted, but, at the persuasion of Edgeworth, he submitted. His hands being tied—behind his back—Edgeworth helped him up the steep steps to the scaffold; and from the difficulty experienced in mounting, began to fear that his courage was failing. But no sooner had the King reached the topmost step than he, as it were, escaped from his companion. Traversing the entire breadth of the scaffold with a firm tread, he silenced by a single glance the noisy drummers in front of him; and, in a voice loud enough to be plainly audible at the neighbouring Pont Tournant, began to declare that he died innocent of the crimes imputed to him; that he forgave the authors of his death, and that he prayed God the blood they were about to shed might never fall on France. He would have added more, but a mounted officer (Santerre), brandishing his sabre, rode furiously forward, and commanded the drummers to strike up again. Then, after a moment of hesitation, Sanson and his four *commis* closed relentlessly upon their pinioned victim and thrust him under the axe. . . .

(*Later Essays*, 1917–1920.)

A FAMOUS FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE BAILLI DE SUFFREN

In action Suffren's habitual head-dress was a wide-brimmed felt hat, which had been given to him by his brother, the Bishop of Nevers and Sisteron, and which was regarded by the common seamen with as much superstitious veneration as the historical grey coat of Napoleon inspired in the veterans of the Grande Armée. Like Nelson, negligent of his costume, which in India his excessive corpulence obliged him to reduce as much as possible, he generally appeared in his shirt and a light cotton vest or jacket. He resembled Robinson Crusoe in being frequently accompanied by a favourite parrot; and, as may, perhaps, be inferred from his obesity, was an excellent trencherman, fully recognizing the sanctity of the dinner-hour. His tastes, nevertheless, were simple. He was warmly attached to his family and friends; and in all his campaigns seems to have sighed for the quiet of his Provençal home. But once on shipboard his energy was indefatigable, and he never yielded to the enervating influence of an Eastern atmosphere. "Je sers," he wrote to his friend, the Countess d'Alais, "pour faire la guerre, non ma cour aux femmes de l'Isle de France." By the able seaman, who knew his work, the Bailli was idolized; by the "officier à talons rouges," who did not, he was naturally disliked. A rigorous disciplinarian, he was inexorable to cases of insubordination or imputed

cowardice; and his concise and uncompromising censure, conveyed in a constitutionally nasal tone, must have been an additional terror to delinquents. "Je persiste," he said, receiving the excuses of a defaulter, "je persiste à dire que vous avez entaché le pavillon." Some of his letters to the Countess d'Alais, published by Captain Ortolan in the "Moniteur" for 1859, give an intimate idea of his individuality.

(*At Prior Park and Other Papers.*)

THE SONG OF THE SEA WIND

How it sings, sings, sings,
Blowing sharply from the sea-line,
With an edge of salt that stings;
How it laughs aloud, and passes,
As it cuts the close cliff-grasses;
How it sings again, and whistles
As it shakes the stout sea-thistles—
How it sings!

How it shrieks, shrieks, shrieks,
In the crannies of the headland,
In the gashes of the creeks;
How it shrieks once more, and catches
Up the yellow foam in patches:
How it whirls it out and over
To the corn-field and the clover—
How it shrieks!

How it roars, roars, roars,
In the iron under-caverns,
In the hollows of the shores;
How it roars anew, and thunders,
As the strong hull splits and sunders:
And the spent ship, tempest driven,
On the reef lies rent and riven—
How it roars!

How it wails, wails, wails,
In the tangle of the wreckage,
In the flapping of the sails;
How it sobs away, subsiding,
Like a tired child after chiding;
And across the ground-swell rolling,
You can hear the bell-buoy tolling—
How it wails!

DAVID GARRICK'S LAST APPEARANCE

BUT the *ineluctabile tempus* was at hand, and on Monday, June 10, 1776, came what, in modern theatrical parlance, would be "positively the last appearance." That Garrick would have chosen some important character on this occasion might perhaps have been expected. The renewed representation of Richard, however, and the demands made upon his strength in Lear, taken in connection with the sufficiently pathetic aspects of this abandonment of his profession, decided him to make his farewell bow in a less arduous part. He chose Don Felix in "The Wonder" of

Mrs. Centlivre—an impersonation having certain affinities with that of Johnson's Kitely. From floor to ceiling the theatre was crowded by admirers of all ranks, and of almost all nationalities. The proceedings opened with a prologue (memorable for the line, "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind") in aid of the Theatrical Fund. This, to which the profits of the night were to be devoted, had been set on foot by himself. Then came the piece. "Never," says the *Morning Post*, "were the passions of love, jealousy, rage, etc., so highly coloured or admirably set off: in short, he finished his comic course with as high a theatrical climax as he did on Saturday evening his tragic one." Replying to the already quoted letter of Madame Necker, he himself supplies some account of his feelings. "Though I performed my part," he says, "with as much, if not more, spirit than I ever did, yet when I came to take the last farewell, I not only lost almost the use of my voice, but of my limbs too; it was, indeed, as I said, *a most awful moment*." He here refers to the brief and unaffected address which he gave at the close. There was no attempt at an epilogue; "the jingle of rhyme, and the language of fiction," he told his audience, would be unsuited to the occasion. In a few faltering and almost conventional words, which were interrupted by a burst of genuine tears, he confined himself to assuring them of the sincerity of his past efforts on their behalf, and of his unalterable gratitude for their long kindness to himself. The Country Dance customary at the end of Act V. had been already omitted; and it was now felt by spectators and performers alike that Dibdin's "Musical Entertainment" of "The Waterman,"

which was intended to follow "The Wonder," and in which Bannister was to play his popular part of Tom Tug, could not take place. And so—accompanied by the uncontrolled sobbings of Mrs. Garrick in her box—the curtain came down upon the excited plaudits and farewells of one of the most brilliant and enthusiastic audiences which had ever filled that historic house.

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. Third Series.*)

JONATHAN SWIFT AND THE JOURNAL TO STELLA

A DIM light was burning in the back room of a first-floor in Bury Street, St. James's. The apartment it irradiated was not an extensive one; and the furniture, sufficient rather than sumptuous, had that indefinable lack of physiognomy which only lodging-house furniture seems to possess. There was no fireplace; but in the adjoining parlour, partly visible through the open door, the last embers were dying in a grate from which the larger pieces of coal had been carefully lifted out and ranged in order on the hobs. Across the heavy high-backed chairs in the bedroom lay various neatly-folded garments, one of which was the black gown with pudding sleeves commonly worn in public by the eighteenth-century divine, while at the bottom of the bed hung a clerical-looking periwig. In the bed itself, and leaning toward a tall wax candle at his side (which, from a faint smell of singed woollen

still lingering about the chamber, must recently have come into contact with the now tucked-back bed-curtain), was a gentleman of forty or thereabouts, writing in a very small hand upon a very large sheet of paper, folded, for greater convenience, into one long horizontal slip. He had dark, fierce-looking eyebrows, an aquiline nose, full-lidded and rather prominent clear blue eyes, a firmly-cut handsome mouth, and a wide, massive forehead, the extent of which was, for the moment, abnormally exaggerated by the fact that, in the energy of composition, the fur-lined cap he had substituted for his wig had been slightly tilted backward. As his task proceeded, his expression altered from time to time; now growing grave and stern, now inexpressibly soft and tender. Occasionally the look almost passed into a kind of grimace, resembling nothing so much as the imitative motion of the lips which one makes in speaking to a pet bird. He continued writing until, in the distance, the step of the watchman—first pausing deliberately, then moving slowly forward for a few paces—was heard in the street below. "Past twelve o'clock!" came a wheezy cry at the window. "*Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock!*" followed the writer, dragging out his letters so as to reproduce the speaker's drawl. After this, he rapidly set down a string of words in what looked like some unknown tongue, ending off with a trail of seeming hieroglyphics: "*Nite, nown deelest sollahs. Nite dee litt MD, Pdfr's MD. Rove Pdfr, poo Pdfr, MD MD MD FW FW FW Lele Lele Lele Lele michar MD.*"[1] Then, tucking his paper under his pillow, he popped

[1] Sollahs = Sirrahs. MD = Stella or My Dear. Pdfr = Swift. FW = Farewell. Lele is doubtful.

out the guttering candle, and, turning round upon his side with a smile of exceeding sweetness, settled himself to sleep.

The personage thus depicted was Jonathan Swift, Doctor of Divinity, vicar of Laracor by Trim, in the diocese of Meath in the kingdom of Ireland, and Prebendary of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. Second Series.*)

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS

WHEN Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,—
And my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer,
Full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip
The orchard long,—
Sing hid, sweet honey
That no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses,—
And my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters
  The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
  The broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest
  Where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers,—
  And my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter
  With hail and storm,
And red fire roaring
  And ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going
  Of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting,—
  And my Love's heart.

CONCERNING HENRY FIELDING

THAT other picture of his [Fielding's] character, traced and retraced (often with much exaggeration of outline), is so familiar in English literature, that it cannot now be materially altered or amended. Yet it is impossible not to wish that it were derived from some less prejudiced or more trustworthy witnesses than those who have spoken—say, for example, from Lyttelton or Allen. There are always signs that Walpole's malice, and Smollett's animosity, and the rancour of Richardson, have had too much to do with the representation; and even Murphy and

Lady Mary are scarcely persons whom one would select as ideal biographers. The latter is probably right in comparing her cousin to Sir Richard Steele. Both were generous, kindly, brave, and sensitive; both were improvident; both loved women and little children; both sinned often, and had their moments of sincere repentance; to both was given that irrepressible hopefulness and full delight of being which forgets to-morrow in to-day. That Henry Fielding was wild and reckless in his youth it would be idle to contest; indeed it is an intelligible, if not a necessary, consequence of his physique and his temperament. But it is not fair to speak of him as if his youth lasted for ever. "Critics and biographers," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "have dwelt far too exclusively upon the uglier side of his Bohemian life"; and Fielding himself, in the *Jacobite's Journal*, complains sadly that his enemies have traced his impeachment "even to his boyish years." That he who was prodigal as a lad was prodigal as a man, may be conceded; that he who was sanguine at twenty would be sanguine at forty (although this is less defensible) may also be allowed. But, if we press for "better assurance than Bardolph," there is absolutely no good evidence that Fielding's career after his marriage materially differed from that of other men struggling for a livelihood hampered with ill-health, and exposed to all the shifts and humiliations of necessity. . . . If any portrait of him is to be handed down to posterity, let it be the last rather than the first; not the Fielding of the green-room and the tavern — of Covent Garden frolics and "modern conversations"; but the energetic magis-

trate, the tender husband and father, the kindly host of his poorer friends, the practical philanthropist, the patient and magnanimous hero of the *Voyage to Lisbon*. If these things be remembered, it will seem of minor importance that to his dying day he never knew the value of money, or that he forgot his troubles over a chicken and champagne. And even his improvidence was not without its excusable side. Once—so runs the legend—Andrew Millar made him an advance to meet the claims of an importunate tax-gatherer. Carrying it home, he met a friend, in even worse straits than his own; and the money changed hands. When the tax-gatherer arrived there was nothing but the answer: "Friendship has called for the money and had it; let the collector call again." Justice, it is needless to say, was satisfied by a second advance from the bookseller. But who shall condemn the man of whom such a story can be told?

(*Henry Fielding—A Memoir.*)

WILLIAM MASON AND HIS BIOGRAPHY OF GRAY

On 30th July, 1771, Gray died, and was buried on 6th August in Stoke-Poges churchyard. He left to Mason £500, together with all his "books, manuscripts, coins, music printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion." Out of this bequest Mason began, not long afterwards, to prepare Gray's "Memories."

Borrowing a hint either from his own indolence, or Conyers Middleton's life of Cicero, and discarding the stereotyped method of his day he proceeded, by printing Gray's letters with a brief connecting narrative and notes, to make him, as far as possible, "his own biographer," and in this way to present "a regular and clear delineation of his life and character." His plan proved excellent; and it was at once adopted by subsequent writers as the true method of life-writing. It remains the true method of life-writing still—where there are letters, be it understood; but in Mason's case there was one grave defect, of which his contemporaries were happily ignorant. Regarding Gray's correspondence as mere raw material, he treated it in a way which would now be regarded as disingenuous. A biographer is no doubt entitled to suppress or withhold as he thinks fit, but he is not justified in garbling or falsifying. Mason practically did both. He left out passages without indicating that anything had been omitted; he turned two letters into one; and he freely altered the wording in others where he thought alteration was required. He may possibly have held that he was justified in what he did by the custom of his day; and it is not necessary to suppose him wilfully misleading. But he certainly cannot be defended on one plea which has been put forward in his defence, namely—that he could not foresee the future interest which would attach to Gray as an author. The question is one of editorial good faith; and it remains a serious drawback to a work which Rogers read and re-read delightedly; which Miss Mitford regarded as "one of the most

attractive books ever written "; and which, sophisticated though it be, does not give an unfavourable or inadequate picture of Mason's friend and critic.

(*At Prior Park and Other Papers.*)

TO AN INTRUSIVE BUTTERFLY

"Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way."
—FIVE RULES OF BUDDHA.

I WATCH you through the garden walks,
I watch you float between
The avenues of dahlia stalks,
And flicker on the green;
You hover round the garden seat,
You mount, you waver. Why,—
Why storm us in our still retreat,
O saffron Butterfly!

Across the room in loops of flight
I watch you wayward go;
Dance down a shaft of glancing light,
Review my books a-row;
Before the bust you flaunt and flit
Of "blind Mæonides"—
Ah, trifler, on his lips there lit
Not butterflies, but bees!

You pause, you poise, you circle up
Among my old Japan;
You find a comrade on a cup,
A friend upon a fan;

You wind anon, a breathing-while,
Around AMANDA's brow;—
Dost dream her then, O Volatile!
E'en such an one as thou?

Away! Her thoughts are not as thine.
A sterner purpose fills
Her steadfast soul with deep design
Of baby bows and frills;
What care hath she for worlds without,
What heed for yellow sun,
Whose endless hopes revolve about
A planet, *ætat* One.

Away Tempt not the best of wives;
Let not thy garish wing
Come fluttering our Autumn lives
With truant dreams of Spring!
Away! Reseek thy "Flowery Land";
Be Buddha's law obeyed;
Lest Betty's undiscerning hand
Should slay . . . a future PRAED!

HORACE WALPOLE AND CHATTERTON

TOWARDS the close of 1768, and early in 1769, Chatterton fretting in Mr. Lambert's office at Bristol, and casting about eagerly for possible clues to a literary life, had offered some specimens of the pseudo-Rowley to James Dodsley of Pall Mall, but apparently without success. His next appeal was made to Walpole, and mainly as the author of the

Anecdotes of Painting in England. What documents he actually submitted to him is not perfectly clear, but they manifestly included further fabrications of monkish verse, and hinted at, or referred to, a sequence of native artists in oil, hitherto wholly undreamed of by the distinguished virtuoso he addressed. The packet was handed to Walpole at Arlington Street by Mr. Bathoe, his bookseller (also notable as the keeper of the first circulating library in London); and, incredible to say, Walpole was instantly "drawn." He despatched without delay to his unknown Bristol correspondent such a courteous note as he might have addressed to Zouch or Ducarel, expressing interest, curiosity, and a desire for further particulars. Chatterton as promptly rejoined, forwarding more extracts from the Rowley poems. But he also, from Walpole's recollection of his letter, in part unbosomed himself, making revelation of his position as a widow's son and Lawyer's apprentice who had a "taste and turn for more elegant studies," which inclinations, he suggested, his illustrious correspondent might enable him to gratify. Upon this, perhaps not unnaturally, Walpole's suspicions were aroused, the more so that Mason and Gray, to whom he showed the papers, declared them to be forgeries. He made, nevertheless, some private enquiry from an aristocratic relative at Bath as to Chatterton's antecedents, and found that, although his description of himself was accurate, no account of his character was forthcoming. He accordingly—he tells us—wrote him a letter "with as much kindness and tenderness as if he had been his guardian," recommending him to stick to his profession, and

adding, by way of postscript, that judges, to whom the manuscripts had been submitted, were by no means thoroughly convinced of their antiquity. Two letters from Chatterton followed,—one (the first) dejected and seemingly acquiescent; the other, a week later, curtly demanding the restoration of his papers, the genuineness of which he re-affirmed. These communications Walpole, by his own account, either neglected to notice, or overlooked. After an interval of some weeks arrived a final missive, the tone of which he regarded as "singularly impertinent." Snapping up both poems and letters in a pet, he scribbled a hasty reply, but, upon reconsideration, enclosed them to their writer without comment, and thought no more of him or them. It was not until about a year and a half afterwards that Goldsmith told him, at the first Royal Academy dinner, that Chatterton had come to London and destroyed himself—an announcement which seems to have filled him with unaffected pity.

(*Horace Walpole—A Memoir.*)

HENRY FIELDING SETS OUT FOR LISBON

NOT far from where these lines are written, on the righthand side of the road from Acton to Ealing, stands[1] a house called Fordhook. Shut in by walls, and jealously guarded by surrounding trees, it offers itself but furtively to the incurious passer by. Never-

[1] This was written over thirty years ago.

theless, it has traditions which might well give him pause. Even in this century, it enjoyed the distinction of belonging to Lady Byron, the poet's wife; and in its existing drawing-room "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," was married to William, Earl of Lovelace. But an earlier and graver memory than this lingers about the spot. More than one hundred and forty-three years ago, on a certain Wednesday in June, the cottage which formerly occupied the site was the scene of one of the saddest leave-takings in literature. On this particular day had gathered about its door a little group of sympathetic friends and relatives, who were evidently assembled to bid sorrowful good-bye to some one, for whom, as the clock was striking twelve, a coach had just drawn up. Presently a tall man, terribly broken and emaciated, but still wearing the marks of dignity and kindliness on his once handsome face, made his appearance, and was assisted, with some difficulty (for he had practically lost the use of his limbs), into the vehicle. An elderly, homely-looking woman, and a slim girl of seventeen or eighteen, took their seats beside him without delay; and, amid the mingled tears and good wishes of the spectators, the coach drove off swiftly in the direction of London. The sick man was Henry Fielding, the famous novelist; his companions, his second wife and his eldest daughter. He was dying of a complication of diseases; and, like Peterborough and Doddridge before him, was setting out in the forlorn hope of finding life and health at Lisbon.

(*Eighteenth Century Vignettes. First Series.*)

IN THE BELFRY

WRITTEN UNDER RETHEL'S "DEATH, THE FRIEND"

TOLL! Is it night, or daylight yet?
Somewhere the birds seem singing still,
Though surely now the sun has set.

Toll! But who tolls the Bell once more?
He must have climbed the parapet.
Did I not bar the belfry door?

Who can it be?—the Bernardine,
That wont to pray with me of yore?
No,—for the monk was not so lean.

This must be He who, legend saith,
Comes sometimes with a kindlier mien
And tolls a knell.—This shape is Death!

Good-bye, old Bell! So let it be.
How strangely now I draw my breath!
What is this haze of light I see? . . .

IN MANUS TUAS, DOMINE!

HORACE WALPOLE AND MACAULAY

WHEN, in October, 1833, Lord (then Mr.) Macaulay completed for the *Edinburgh* his review of Lord Dover's edition of Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann, he had apparently performed to his entire satisfaction the operation known, in the workmanlike vocabulary of the time, as "dusting the jacket" of his unfortunate reviewee. . . .

Among those who occupy themselves in such enquiries, it has been matter for speculation what particular grudge Macaulay could have cherished against Horace Walpole when, to use his own expression, he laid it on him "so unsparingly." To this his correspondence affords no clue. Mr. Cunningham holds that he did it "to revenge the dislike which Walpole bore to the Bedford faction, the followers of Fox and the Shelburne school." It is possible, as another authority has suggested, that "in the Whig circles of Macaulay's time, there existed a traditional grudge against Horace Walpole," owing to obscure political causes connected with his influence over his friend Conway. But these reasons do not seem relevant enough to make Macaulay's famous onslaught a mere *vendetta*. It is more reasonable to suppose that between his avowed delight in Walpole as a letter-writer and his robust contempt for him as an individual, he found a subject to his hand, which admitted of all the brilliant antithesis and sparkle of epigram which he lavished upon it. Walpole's trivialities and eccentricities, his whims and affectations, are seized with remorseless skill, and presented with all the rhetorical advantages with which the writer so well knew how to invest them. As regards his literary estimate, the truth of the picture can scarcely be gainsaid; but the personal character, as Walpole's surviving friends felt, is certainly too much *en noir*. Miss Berry, indeed, in her "Advertisement" to Vol. vi. of Wright's edition of the *Letters*, raised a gentle cry of expostulation against the entire representation. She laid stress upon the fact that Macaulay had not known Walpole in the

flesh (a disqualification to which too much weight may easily be assigned); she dwelt upon the warmth of Walpole's attachments; she contested the charge of affectation, and, in short, made such a gallant attempt at a defence as her loyalty to her old friend enabled her to offer. Yet, if Macaulay had never known Walpole at all, she herself, it might be urged, had only known him in his old age. Upon the whole, "with due allowance for a spice of critical pepper on one hand, and a handful of friendly rosemary on the other," as Croker says, both characters are "substantially true." Under Macaulay's brush Walpole is depicted as he appeared to that critic's masculine and (for the nonce) unsympathetic spirit; in Miss Berry's picture, the likeness is touched with a pencil at once grateful, affectionate, and indulgent. The biographer of to-day who is neither endeavouring to portray Walpole in his most favourable aspect, nor preoccupied (as Cunningham supposed the great Whig essayist to have been) with what would be thought of his work "at Woburn, at Kensington, and in Berkeley Square," may safely borrow details from the delineation of either artist.

(*Horace Walpole—A Memoir.*)

STOWE AS IT WAS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

To the attentive student of the excellent plan and views which are contained in Seeley's charming little quarto of 1797, dedicated floridly to George Gren-

ville Nugent Temple, Marquess of Buckingham, the first thought will probably be

> " Thanks, sir," cried I, " 'tis very fine,
> But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
> I find, by all you have been telling,
> That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling."

Swift's biting lines on Blenheim certainly apply in a sense to Stowe, as they do to other eighteenth-century mansions. Spacious " rooms of state " abound; but the living accommodation is starved proportionately. All along the garden front are vast reception chambers. To left and right of the great oval saloon entered from the portico, with its splendid processional frieze, its choice statues, and its Carrara marble pavement, these apartments open into each other to the farthest extremity of the wings; while on the northern side is a hall corresponding to the portico, and decorated by Kent with a ceiling which celebrates the martial exploits of Lord Cobham. There is a chapel wainscoted with cedar carved by Grinling Gibbons, and having a roof to match that of the Royal Chapel at St. James's; there are a library and ante-library filled with more than ten thousand volumes, chiefly collected by the Marquess of Buckingham; there is a " Grenville Room " crowded with family portraits, some of them by Reynolds and Kneller, others by that clever amateur, the Marchioness. The great billiard room is filled with miscellaneous portraits, Van Dycks and Lelys and Gainsboroughs. In the dining and drawing rooms and state closet are famous Rembrandts and Rubens', Claudes and Poussins, Titians and Leonardos, Dürers

and Metzus. In other rooms are Gobelin tapestries —triumphs of Bacchus and Ceres, triumphs of the Allies in the Low Countries under Marlborough; and everywhere there are busts, and bronzes, and vases, and tables in "verde antico"; sphinxes and sarcophagi; chests inlaid with mother of pearl and cunningly carved chimney-pieces; lustres and pier-glasses; green damask and crimson velvet; "china and old Japan infinite."

Such was "eighteenth-century Stowe." Seen through the fine Corinthian arch at the north end of the two-mile avenue leading from Buckingham, the garden-front still presents to the latter-day spectator much the same aspect as it presented to his predecessor of a hundred years ago. But most of the valuable contents of the house enumerated above, together with other treasures added by later owners, were dispersed in the time of the second Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, at the great sale of 1848, which lasted forty days, and realized more than seventy-five thousand pounds.

(*At Prior Park and Other Papers.*)

LOVE IN WINTER

BETWEEN the berried holly-bush
The Blackbird whistled to the Thrush:
"Which way did bright-eyed Bella go?
Look, Speckle-breast, across the snow,—
Are those her dainty tracks I see,
That wind beside the shrubbery?"

The Throstle pecked the berries still.
" No need for looking, Yellow-bill ;
Young Frank was there an hour ago,
Half frozen, waiting in the snow ;
His callow beard was white with rime,—
'Tchuck,—'tis a merry pairing-time ! "

" What would you ? " twittered in the Wren ;
" These are the reckless ways of men.
I watched them bill and coo as though
They thought the sign of Spring was snow ;
If men but timed their loves as we,
'Twould save this inconsistency."

" Nay, Gossip," chirped the Robin, " nay ;
I like their unreflective way.
Besides, I heard enough to show
Their love is proof against the snow :—
' Why wait,' he said, ' why wait for May,
When love can warm a winter's day ? ' "

THE DEATH OF THE BAILLI DE SUFFREN

NOT the least interesting thing relating to the famous French admiral who, about 1782–3, gave us so much trouble in the Bay of Bengal, is the manner of his death—a mystery which, even now, can hardly be said to have been conclusively solved. In 1788, after some years' residence in France, he had been deputed by Louis XVI to superintend the equipment of a fleet at Brest. While engaged in this task, he died suddenly, and was buried, on the 10th of December, in the Church of Sainte-Marie-du-Temple.

The cause of death was said to be apoplexy. He was a prodigiously fat man, and consequently no suspicion was aroused. But nearly forty years afterwards, the late M. Auguste Jal, the historiographer of the French Navy, published an entirely different account of the circumstances. According to this, the Bailli had been killed in a duel by the Prince de Mirepoix, who had invoked his good offices on behalf of two nephews, who were under sentence for dereliction of duty while in India. The Bailli, a blunt seaman, with little reverence for *marins pour rire*, as he held these young gentlemen to be, had refused to intervene; and being pressed, had confirmed his decision so contemptuously as to provoke a challenge from the Prince. His advanced years, and extreme corpulence, entirely unfitted him for combat, and he was mortally wounded. This was the story that was for a long time accepted. It rested on the evidence of a solitary witness, one Dehodencq, who died in May, 1849, aged eighty-seven, at No. 61, rue du Faubourg-Montmartre. He persisted in it for many years without variation, and he had no motive for inventing it, while it was a plausible feature of the narrative that the Bailli himself, on his deathbed, had enjoined those about him to observe absolute secrecy in the matter.

(*A Bookman's Budget.*)

THE LEARNED MRS. CARTER

ELIZABETH, or Eliza, Carter was born at Deal on December 16, 1717, being the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D., Perpetual Curate of

Deal Chapel, and one of the six preachers at Canterbury Cathedral. Elizabeth's mother, Dr. Carter's first wife, was the only daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne of Bere Regis in Dorset. The greater part of the considerable fortune she brought her husband disappeared with the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, a disaster which is supposed to have induced, or promoted, the decline of which she eventually died, when Elizabeth was about ten years old. Dr. Carter was an accomplished Greek, Latin, and Hebrew scholar, who acted as preceptor to his children. His daughter seems early to have formed the desire to follow in his steps; but her initial efforts were not equal to her aspirations. She was at first as preternaturally slow and dull as Goldsmith, so much so, indeed, that her desponding parent repeatedly exhorted her to desist from what he regarded as an unsound ambition. But by dint of early rising and dogged perseverance, combined with such extraneous aids to erudition as wet towels, coffee, green tea, and snuff (all of which are specified), she gradually overcame her native disabilities, although, in the process, she probably laid the foundation of the distressing chronic headaches which lasted her lifetime. Her tastes were primarily linguistic. French she acquired *au fond* from a refugee Huguenot pastor at Canterbury with whom she boarded for a twelvemonth; while in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew her father instructed her in common with her brothers. Spanish, Italian, and German she taught herself, going on in later life to learn something of Portuguese and finally of Arabic. As a linguist she put the spirit above the letter, professing to care little

for grammar, though, as a matter of fact, in this respect she was more fully equipped than she pretended. Johnson, at all events, placed her very high among contemporary Grecians, since he once said of an unnamed though celebrated scholar (Dr. Birkbeck Hill says " perhaps Langton "), " that he understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter " ; and it is on record that she once effectively confuted Archbishop Secker with regard to a Greek construction. Language, however, did not wholly absorb her youthful energies. She was very fond of mathematics, history, and geography —ancient geography in particular. " She was, literally,"—says her first biographer—" better acquainted with the meanderings of the Peneus and the course of the Ilissus, than she was with those of the Thames or Loire "—a perverted proficiency which, according to a well-known anecdote, should have earned her the sympathy of Charles Lamb. In addition, she was especially partial to astronomy and astrology. Music, too, attracted her. She played, not very successfully by her own account, on the spinet as well as on that eighteenth-century corrective to melancholy, the German flute. She dabbled also in drawing and painting. All this intense application, abstruse and otherwise, was, it must be confessed, not undiversified by lighter distractions. Besides being unpretentious, she was cheerful and sociable, qualities which speedily made her a desirable inmate of many county houses ; and she often paid long winter visits to relatives in London, where she soon found admiring friends. Nor, notwithstanding a serious cast of mind, were her tastes inexorably ascetic. Not only was she, unlike many of her con-

temporaries, a fanatic for fresh air, and used, as her solitary cosmetic, cold water, but at Deal she was accustomed to vary her desk work (as Dickens did) by vigorous walking exercise; and, as a classic, must have interpreted the Horatian *neque tu choreas sperne* as applicable to both sexes, since, for a time at least, her unexpended vitality found its escape in energetic dancing. She speaks, on one occasion, of having walked three miles in a high wind, danced nine hours, and then walked home again. After thus "playing the rake," as she calls it, it is not surprising to find that she took part, with her brothers and sisters, in a performance of *Cato* (presumably the memorable work of Mr. Joseph Addison), the title-role being *read* by her father—nay, that once, when Canterbury went stage mad, she even acted a king and wore a sword.

(*Later Essays*, 1917–1920.)

A MADRIGAL

[*Written for* Choral Songs in Honour of Queen Victoria, 1899, *and set to music by* Sir HUBERT PARRY.]

WHO can dwell with greatness! Greatness is too high;
Flowers are for the meadow, suns are for the sky;—
Ah! but there is greatness in this land of ours,
High as is the sunlight, humble as the flowers!

QUEEN, of thee the fable! LADY, thine the fate!
Royal, and yet lowly, lowly, and yet great;—
Great in far dominion, great in bannered years,
Greater still as woman, greatest in thy tears!

HORACE WALPOLE AS A MAN

WALPOLE'S character may be considered in a fourfold aspect, as a man, a virtuoso, a politician, and an author. The first is the least easy to describe. What strikes one most forcibly is, that he was primarily and before all an aristocrat, or, as in his own day he would have been called, a "person of quality," whose warmest sympathies were reserved for those of his own rank. Out of the charmed circle of the peerage and baronetage, he had few strong connections; and although in middle life he corresponded voluminously with antiquaries such as Cole and Zouch, and in the languor of his old age turned eagerly to the renovating society of young women such as Hannah More and the Miss Berrys, however high his heart may have placed them, it may be doubted whether his head ever quite exalted them to the level of Lady Caroline Petersham, or Lady Ossory, or Her Grace of Gloucester. In a measure, this would also account for his unsympathetic attitude to some of the great *literati* of his day. With Gray he had been at school and college, which made a difference; but he no doubt regarded Fielding and Hogarth and Goldsmith and Johnson, apart from their confessed hostility to "high life" and his beloved "genteel comedy," as gifted but undesirable outsiders—"horn-handed breakers of the glebe" in Art and Letters—with whom it would be impossible to be as intimately familiar as one could be with such glorified amateurs as Bunbury and Lady Lucan and Lady Di. Beauclerk, who were all more or less born in the purple. To the friends of his own

class he was constant and considerate, and he seems to have cherished a genuine affection for Conway, George Montagu, and Sir Horace Mann. With regard to Gray, his relations, it would seem, were rather those of intellectual affinity and esteem than downright affection. But his closest friends were women. In them, that is in the women of his time, he found just that atmosphere of sunshine and *insouciance*,—those conversational "lilacs and nightingales,"—in which his soul delighted, and which were most congenial to his restless intelligence and easily fatigued temperament. To have seen him at his best, one should have listened to him, not when he was playing the antiquary with Ducarel or Conyers Middleton, but gossiping of ancient greenroom scandals at Cliveden, or explaining the mysteries of the "Officina Arbuteana" to Madame de Boufflers or Lady Townshend, or delighting Mary and Agnes Berry, in the half-light of the Round Drawing Room at Strawberry, with his old stories of Lady Suffolk and Lady Hervey, and of the monstrous raven, under guise of which the disembodied spirit of His Majesty King George the First was supposed to have revisited the disconsolate Duchess of Kendal. Comprehending thoroughly that cardinal precept of conversation—"never to weary your hearer," he was an admirable *raconteur*; and his excellent memory, shrewd perceptions, and volatile wit—all the more piquant for its never-failing mixture of well-bred malice—must have made him a most captivating companion. If—as Scott says—his temper was "precarious," it is more charitable to remember that in middle and later life he was nearly always tormented with a malady seldom

favourable to good humour, than to explain the less amiable details of his conduct (as does Mr. Croker) by the hereditary taint of insanity. In a life of eighty years many hot friendships cool, even with tempers not " precarious." As rgards th e charges sometimes made against him of coldness and want of generosity, very good evidence would be required before they could be held to be established ; and a man is not necessarily niggardly because his benefactions do not come up to the standard of all the predatory members of the community. It is besides clear, as Conway and Madame du Deffand would have testified, that he could be royally generous when necessity required. That he was careful rather than lavish in his expenditure must be admitted. It may be added that he was very much in bondage to public opinion, and morbidly sensitive to ridicule.

(*Horace Walpole—A Memoir.*)

RICHARD STEELE'S " DEAR PRUE "

It can scarcely be supposed that Steele's wedded life was of that idyllic serenity, which the charm of his individuality and the warmth of his attachment would seem to promise. In the absence of any utterances from Mrs. Steele herself, it would be unwise to infer too much respecting her from her husband's letters. But it is impossible not to read those letters without receiving a certain vague impression which is not entirely to her advantage. As an unmarried woman she had been a beauty and a " scornful lady,"—to use the seventeenth-century synonym for a coquette,—

and she apparently continued to retain as a wife a good deal of that affected disdain and tenacity of worship which had characterised her as a spinster. She seems also to have been given to vapours, and variable beyond the licence of her sex; and from her injunction to her husband, when choosing a house, to get one near a church, was probably something of a *dévote*. The general effect produced upon one is that, notwithstanding intervals of genuine tenderness and even indulgent toleration, she was on the whole " gey ill to live with," and that when things went wrong, she was by no means sparing of complaints and recriminations which Steele's self-reproachful and promptly repentant nature must have found especially hard to bear. Yet he seems to have loved her dearly. Although, as we have seen, his language once or twice strikes a more dignified note than usual, he is undeviating in his cordiality of tone. To the last she is his " Absolute Governesse," his " capricious Beauty," his " dear dear Prue." When years afterwards he writes of her in the dedication to the *Ladies Library*, it is with the same steadfast loyalty, and the brief note which records her death speaks of her as his " dear and honoured Wife."

It must, however, be admitted that, on her side, there was some ground for disillusion. To have married a gentleman with a court appointment and " a Competency in worldly goods," who was irregular in his habits, and always at his wits' end for a guinea, was scarcely a satisfactory change from the flattered existence of a prospective Fortune, or the indolent *sommeils du matin* (dear to Millamant) of irresponsible maidenhood. And the escape from impecuniosity

is less easy for the woman than for the man. Steele, with his elastic vitality and his keen interest in human nature, could easily fling to the Cretan winds both Barbadoes and the bailiffs over a bottle with an opportune " school-fellow from India." But it must have been far otherwise for " dearest Prue," nursing the wreck of her expectations in tearful *tête-à-tête* with the sympathetic Mrs. Binns, or waiting nervously, in an atmosphere of Hungary Water, for the long-expected tidings that her husband's vaguely-defined " affairs " were at last successfully composed. If she was peevish and irritable, her peevishness and irritability were not without a certain justification.

(*Richard Steele.*)

" SAT EST SCRIPSISSE "

(TO E. G., WITH A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS)

WHEN You and I have wandered beyond the reach of call,
And all our Works immortal lie scattered on the Stall,
It may be some new Reader, in that remoter age,
Will find the present Volume and listless turn the page.

For him I speak these verses. And, Sir (I say to him),
This Book you see before you,—this masterpiece of Whim,
Of Wisdom, Learning, Fancy (if you will, please, attend),—
Was written by its Author, who gave it to his Friend.

For they had worked together,—been Comrades
of the Pen ;
They had their points at issue, they differed now and
then ;
But both loved Song and Letters, and each had close
at heart
The hopes, the aspirations, the " dear delays " of Art.

And much they talked of Measures, and more they
talked of Style,
Of Form and " lucid Order," of " labour of the
File " ;
And he who wrote the writing, as sheet by sheet was
penned
(This all was long ago, Sir !), would read it to his
Friend.

They knew not, nor cared greatly, if they were spark
or star ;
They knew to move is somewhat, although the goal
be far ;
And larger light or lesser, this thing at least is clear,
They served the Muses truly,—their service was
sincere.

This tattered page you see, Sir, this page alone
remains
(Yes,—fourpence is the lowest !) of all those pleasant
pains ;
And as for him that read it, and as for him that
wrote,
No Golden Book enrolls them among its " Names of
Note."

And yet they had their office. Though they to-day
are passed,
They marched in that procession where is no first or
last;
Though cold is now their hoping, though they no
more aspire,
They too had once their ardour—they handed on
the fire.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

A SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AUSTIN DOBSON'S PUBLISHED VOLUMES OF POETRY AND PROSE

THE list that follows is not intended to do more than indicate the published volumes owing their whole authorship to Austin Dobson. Students or collectors of his writings should consult "A Bibliography of Austin Dobson attempted by Francis Edwin Murray" (Derby. Frank Murray, 1900),—an admirable volume, of which the only defect is that it does not deal with any item appearing after 1899 or 1900.

I. POETRY

"Vignettes in Rhyme." (Henry S. King & Co.) 1873 Second edition, 1874; third edition, 1875.

"Proverbs in Porcelain." (Henry S. King & Co.) 1877. Second edition (C. Kegan Paul & Co.), 1878.

"Old World Idylls." (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) 1883. Also a large paper edition. Sixteenth and last printed edition, 1906.

"At the Sign of the Lyre." (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) 1885. Also a large paper edition. Eleventh and last printed edition, 1904.

"Poems on Several Occasions." (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) 1889. This was merely a reprint, under a new title, of "Old World Idylls" (ninth edition) and "At the Sign of the Lyre" (sixth edition).

"Selected Poems." (Heinemann & Balestier, Ltd.) 1892. For circulation in Continental Countries, and not to be introduced into Great Britain, Ireland, or the British Colonies.

"The Ballad of Beau Brocade." (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) 1892. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Also a large paper edition. Second and third editions, 1892. Pocket edition, 1903. Also a hand-coloured limited issue of the pocket edition.

"Proverbs in Porcelain." (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) 1893. Illustrated by Bernard Partridge. Also a large paper edition. Pocket edition, 1905.

"The Story of Rosina." (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) 1895. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Also a large paper edition.

"Poems on Several Occasions." (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) 1895. Also another more limited edition on handmade paper.

"Collected Poems." (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) 1897. There have been altogether nine editions of this work (the later editions including many poems not appearing in earlier editions), the third impression of the ninth edition having appeared in 1920.

"Carmina Votiva." A small privately printed volume which appeared in July, 1901.

Poems (Selected). (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) 1905.

II. Prose

"The Civil Service Handbook of English Literature" (Lockwood & Co.) 1874. Second edition (corrected and extended), 1880. New edition, extended by W. Hall Griffin under the title of "A Handbook of English Literature." (Crosby Lockwood & Son.) 1897.

"Hogarth." (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.) 1879. "Great Artists" Series. Second edition, 1883. Reprinted, 1890.

"William Hogarth." (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) 1891. An extension of the previous volume. Also a large paper edition. New and cheaper edition, 1893. New and enlarged edition (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) 1898. A further edition (William Heinemann), 1902. This formed one of a series of sumptuous Art Monographs. Revised and reprinted in cheaper form, 1907.

"Fielding." (Macmillan & Co.) 1883. English Men of Letters Series. Second edition, 1889. Revised edition, 1907.

"Bewick and his Pupils." (Chatto & Windus.) 1884. Also a large paper edition. Second edition, 1889. New and enlarged edition, 1899.

"Richard Steele." (Longmans, Green & Co.) 1886. English Worthies Series. Second edition, 1888.

"Life of Oliver Goldsmith." (Walter Scott.) 1888. "Great Writers" Series. Also a large paper edition.

"Four Frenchwomen." (Chatto & Windus.) 1890. Also a large paper edition. Second edition (in two forms, one with a portrait and one without), 1891. Special paper edition, 1893.

"Horace Walpole." (James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.) 1890. Limited edition. Second edition (in cheaper form), 1893, of which there was also a large paper edition. Reprinted in a popular form (Harper & Co.), 1910.

"Eighteenth Century Vignettes." (Chatto & Windus.) 1892. Also a large paper edition. Second edition, 1897. Fine paper edition, 1905. Pocket edition (Thomas Nelson & Sons), 1912.

"Eighteenth Century Vignettes." Second Series. (Chatto & Windus.) 1894. Also a large paper edition. Fine paper edition, 1905.

"Eighteenth Century Vignettes." Third Series. (Chatto & Windus.) 1896. Fine paper edition, 1905.

"A Paladin of Philanthropy." (Chatto & Windus.) 1898.

"Side-Walk Studies." (Chatto & Windus.) 1902. Second edition, 1903.

"De Libris." Prose and Verse. (Macmillan.) 1908. Second edition, 1911.

"Old Kensington Palace." (Chatto & Windus.) 1910.

"At Prior Park." (Chatto & Windus.) 1912.

"Eighteenth Century Studies." (J. M. Dent & Sons—Wayfarers' Library). 1914. This volume contained Essays selected from some of the previous volumes.

"Rosalba's Journal." (Chatto & Windus.) 1915.

"A Bookman's Budget." (H. S. Milford, Oxford University Press.) 1917.

"Later Essays, 1917-1920." (H. S. Milford, Oxford University Press.) 1920.

III. American Editions

A number of the works above described were also published in America. These are dealt with fully and faithfully in Mr. Murray's Bibliography already mentioned. It may, however, be of interest to record the following volumes which either, as regards their contents, vary from their English counterparts, or were not issued in England at all.

"Vignettes in Rhyme and other Verses." (Henry Holt & Co.) 1880. Reprinted, 1885.

"At the Sign of the Lyre." (Henry Holt & Co.) 1885.

"The Sundial." (Dodd, Mead & Co.) 1890. Illustrated

by George Wharton Edwards. Also a limited edition on Japan paper.

Collected Edition of Austin Dobson's works (Dodd, Mead & Co.), comprising the following volumes :—

Poems (two volumes).
" Four Frenchwomen."
" Eighteenth Century Vignettes " (three volumes).
" Oliver Goldsmith."
" Horace Walpole."
Miscellanies (two volumes).
" Henry Fielding."

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