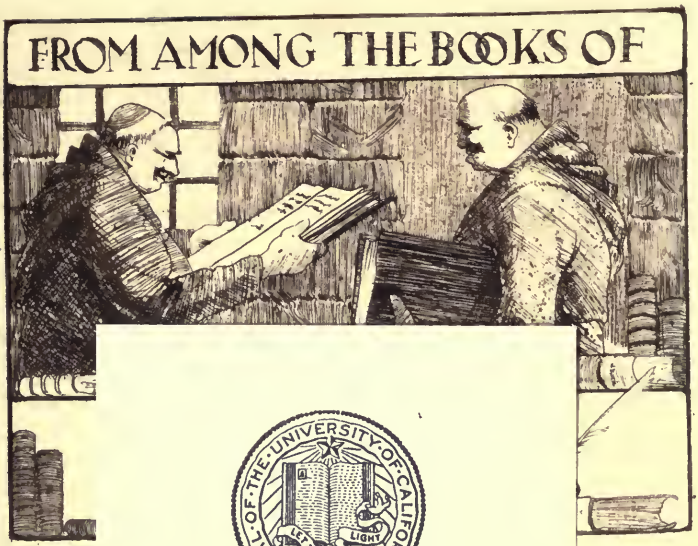

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LOS ANGELES

A BOOKMAN'S BUDGET

Good-bye, my Book. To other eyes,
With equal mind, I now address you,
Since in Dame Fortune's *lap it lies*
Either to ban you or to bless you.

You have been long a 'care not light':
If those for whom you were intended
Refuse to read your page aright,
You must not therefore feel offended.

This is a Game we play, my Book:
Sometimes one scores, sometimes one misses,
And though the lot for which we look
Be neither bread-and-cheese nor kisses,

The point is: Was your purpose good?
Your meaning plain to comprehension?
Have you successfully withstood
All tedium, tattle, spite, pretension?

Have you contrived no verbal haze
To hide your poverty of matter?
Have you, unjustly, failed to praise,
Or have you, feebly, stooped to flatter?

You won't be free from fault, I know.
None would believe me if I said it.
But still—you did your best, and so,
That should be counted to your credit.

A. D.

HOW SAD IS LIFE WITHOUT A FRIEND!

From a copperplate by William Blake in vol. III of Salzmann's 'Elements of Morality', 1791

A
BOOKMAN'S BUDGET

COMPOSED AND COMPILED BY
AUSTIN DOBSON

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TO

ARTHUR WAUGH

1890–1917

Time marks our days with white and black
In his Perennial Almanack;
But there 's one day I don't forget,
And that 's the day when first we met.

PREFACE

DESPITE the pitfalls of a Preface, a few words are required to explain the origin and growth of this desultory miscellany. During an enforced suspension of plans and projects, I found it expedient to take up some temporary occupation. Casting about for the needful initial suggestion, I happened on an old note-book in which, for several years, it had been my practice to jot down extracts from my reading which had either appealed to me personally or had influenced my writing. These I began to transcribe; and speedily found them multiply under my pen. Then, in quest of further material, I went on to forage among certain forgotten causeries I had once contributed to a now-extinct periodical, adding, from time to time, divers stray copies of bookish versicles not yet comprised in any collection of my poems. Presently an encouraging friend suggested that I might 'enliven my character' by including a few original adversaria on things in general. This I at once essayed to do; and thus came gradually to intersperse sundry detached passages from my printed prose—passages which, to my over-heated imagination, appeared to invite an attention they had not hitherto obtained. The outcome of my labours is the present compilation. As will be apparent, it is mainly literary. There

is no desire to compete with such stimulating aids to conversation as the historic Book of Riddles *which Master Slender lent to Alice Shortcake,* '*a fortnight before Michaelmas*'*; still less is there any unsound ambition to rival that ruthless retailer of bons mots whom Pascal classifies as* 'mauvais caractère'. My *volume is no more than it professes to be, namely, the disconnected and, possibly, contradictory commonplace-book of a journeyman of letters. My hope is that it may attract the notice of some whose tastes are akin to my own. If, by good fortune, it should reach a wider audience, so much the better.*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Ealing,
April, 1917.

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A. D.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

'WHEN we are employed in reading a great and good Author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after Treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the Mind, will be of use to us on sundry Occasions in our Lives.' (FIELDING, on 'Reading', *Covent Garden Journal*, February 4, 1752, No. 10.)

'*L'expérience de beaucoup d'opinions donne à l'esprit beaucoup de flexibilité, et l'affermit dans celles qu'il croit les meilleures.*' (JOUBERT, as quoted in Arnold's 'Literary Influence of Academies'.)

'*Toutes choses sont dites déjà; mais comme personne n'écoute, il faut toujours recommencer.*' (ANDRÉ GIDE, as quoted in *The Library* for July 1916.)

A BOOKMAN'S BUDGET

LITERATURE AND LIFE

'THE small-minded man, having achieved one little thing well, puffs himself out into a semblance of greatness. The large-minded man, who may have done many things excellently, looks round upon the immeasurable work of the world and realises the poverty of his own share in it. He lives, in short, by ideas, and ideas save him from conceit.' . . . 'To make literature serve life; to lighten the burden of existence by reflection upon the infinite suffering of the world; to regard oneself, in all humility, as less than the mote that flickers in the sunlight of eternity; and out of that sense of insignificance, to gather—not despair, but the larger and austerer hope: that is the lesson of such a life.' . . . 'And the consolations of such a hope have been found to endure.

> "Thank God, that, while the nerves decay
> And muscles desiccate away,
> The brain 's the hardiest part of men,
> And thrives till three-score years and ten."

If only a man can feel that truth, and can work in the light of it all his days, he need never know old age; and death itself may come as a friend in the morning.' (*Reticence in Literature*, &c., by ARTHUR WAUGH, 1915, pp. 186, 187. The article is on 'George Birkbeck Hill', and the verse quotation is from EDMUND GOSSE, *Collected Poems*, 1911, p. 236.)

TRUE LEARNING

'LEARNING is a peculiar compound of memory, imagination, scientific habit, accurate observation, all concentrated through a prolonged period on the analysis of the remains of literature. The result of this sustained effort is not a book but a man. It cannot be embodied in print, it consists in the living man. . . . True learning does not consist of a stock of facts—the merit of a dictionary—but in the discerning spirit, a power of appreciation, "judicium," as it was called in the sixteenth century—which is the result of the possession of a stock of facts.' (MARK PATTISON, quoted in obituary notice of Ingram Bywater, *Times*, 18. xii. 14.)

CATHOLICITY IN TASTE

'I PROTEST that I am devoted to no school in particular: I condemn no school, I reject none. I am for the school of all the great men; and I am against the school of the smaller men. I care for Wordsworth as well as for Byron, for Burns as well as Shelley, for Boccaccio as well as for Milton, for Bunyan as well as Rabelais, for Cervantes as well as for Dante, for Corneille as well as for Shakespeare, for Goldsmith as well as Goethe. I stand by the sentence of the world.' (FREDERIC HARRISON, *The Choice of Books*, 1886, p. 77.)

'FAME'S GREAT ANTISEPTIC'

'SHE [Eugénie de Guérin] . . . had that in her which preserves a reputation . . . *distinction*. Of this quality the world is impatient; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it;—it ends by receiving its influence, and by undergoing its

law. This quality at last inexorably corrects the world's blunders, and fixes the world's ideals. It procures that the popular poet shall not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the popular historian for a Tacitus, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet.' (MATTHEW ARNOLD'S *Essays in Criticism* (First Series), Ed. 1902, p. 155.)

LANDOR'S DISDAIN OF POPULARITY

'"I NEITHER am", he said, "nor shall ever be popular. Such was never my ambition. But one thing is quite certain. I shall have as many readers as I desire to have in other times than ours. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." And he thought of his own fame no less than of the ordering of his life when he placed into the mouth of Dante these significant words: "Let us love those that love us, and be contented to teach those that will hear us. Neither the voice nor the affections can extend beyond a contracted circle." ' (Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, with 'Introduction' by E. DE SÉLINCOURT, 'World's Classics,' 1915, pp. xxxvii–xxxviii.)

LANDOR'S GREEK MODELS

'WEARERS of rings and chains!
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right.
In vain my faults ye quote;
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's height.'

Last Fruit off an Old Tree, 1853,
Epigram cvi.

A TEST

'*Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit, et qu'elle vous inspire des sentiments nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger l'ouvrage; il est bon, et fait de main d'ouvrier.*' (La Bruyère: *Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit.*)

AN APHORISM FOR CRITICS

'*Les hommes ne sont justes qu'envers ceux qu'ils aiment.*' (Joubert, from Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* (First Series), Ed. 1902, p. 301.)

PETTY CRITICISM

'Great is the man, who with unwearied toil
Spies a weed springing in the richest soil.
If *Dryden's* page with one bad line be bless'd,
'Tis great to show it, as to write the rest.'

Fielding, *Of True Greatness.*

JOHNSON ON CRITICISM

Speaking to Fanny Burney with reference to an unsympathetic remark by Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, Johnson said: 'There are three distinct kinds of judges upon all new authors or productions; the first are those who know no rules, but pronounce entirely from their natural taste and feelings; the second are those who know and judge by rules; and the third are those who know, but are above the rules. These last are those you should wish to satisfy. Next to them rate the natural judges; but ever despise those opinions that are formed

by the rules.' (*Diary of Mme D'Arblay*, 1904, i. 183). Of the second class his own 'Dick Minim' in the *Idler*, June 9 and 16, 1759, affords an admirable burlesque illustration.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM

CONTEMPORARY criticism has this disadvantage—that it is often strangely at fault. Writing under date of March 9, 1850, Macaulay says in his *Diary*—'It is odd that the last twenty-five years, which have witnessed the greatest progress ever made in physical science,—the greatest victories ever achieved by man over matter,—should have produced hardly a volume that will be remembered in 1900.' Commenting on this, in the *Life and Times of Tennyson*, 1809 to 1850, the late Professor Lounsbury follows it up by another quotation from a letter of Macaulay written a few months afterwards, in which he declares that Sir Henry Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde* 'is still, in my opinion, the best poem that the last thirty years have produced'; and then asks—'Could a more suggestive illustration be furnished of the worthlessness of contemporary criticism of the productions of the imagination? The quarter of a century, whose intellectual poverty was so strongly pointed out by Macaulay, had witnessed the production of much of the best work of both Tennyson and Browning in poetry; of Dickens and Thackeray and Carlyle in prose; not to speak of no small number of writers like Bulwer, Disraeli, Kingsley and others who still continue to be remembered and read.' (Prof. BRANDER MATTHEWS on 'Writing in Haste and Repenting at Leisure,' American *Bookman*, April 1916, p. 136.)

THE INFLUENCE OF CONTEMPORARIES

'No models of past times, however perfect, can have the same vivid effect on the youthful mind, as the productions of contemporary genius. . . . The great works of past ages seem to a young man things of another race, in respect to which his faculties must remain passive and submiss, even as to the stars and mountains. But the writings of a contemporary, perhaps not many years older than himself, surrounded by the same circumstances, and disciplined by the same manners, possess a reality for him, and inspire an actual friendship as of a man for a man. His very admiration is the wind which fans and feeds his hope. The poems themselves assume the properties of flesh and blood. To recite, to extol, to contend for them is but the payment of a debt due to one who exists to receive it.' (COLERIDGE'S *Biographia Literaria*, Chapter I.)

THE AUTHOR'S RESPONSIBILITY

'AN author by profession had need narrowly to watch his pen, lest a line should escape it which by possibility may do mischief, when he has been long dead and buried. What we have done, when we have written a book, will never be known till the day of judgement: then the account will be liquidated, and all the good that it has occasioned, and all the evil, will witness either for or against us.' (COWPER to Newton, August 16, 1789.)

PERSPICUITY

IT is a precept of Quintilian that 'Care should be taken, not that the reader may understand if he will; but that he must understand, whether he will or not.' (MEIKLEJOHN'S *Art of Writing English*, 1899, p. 310.)

THOROUGHNESS

'"RARE as epic song", says the *doyen* of our living creative writers, himself no mean scholar, Mr. George Meredith, "is the man who is thorough in what he does. And happily so; for in life he subjugates us, and he makes us bondsmen to his ashes."' (Warren's *Essays of Poets and Poetry*, 1909, 25.) Elsewhere (p. 221) it is observed of Mark Pattison that he 'could not, or would not, write on any topic, until he had read all that had been written upon it.'

GENIUS AND MEDIOCRITY

'HAVE you not observed that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations in the Court, the Church and the law? It must be so; for Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? Whereas, if he had used a razor, or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet.' (SWIFT to Bolingbroke, December 19, 1719.)

MODES OF IMPROVEMENT

'"NAY, sir, there are three ways of making them [the *Ramblers*] better:—putting out,—adding,—or correcting." Chalmers suggests that in saying this, he had in mind "Quintilian's remarks on correction, *Hujus operis est adjicere, detrahere, mutare.*"' (Birkbeck Hill's *Select Essays of Johnson*, 1889, xviii.)

BONS MOTS

'*Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère.*' So says Pascal, a fine humourist himself (*Pensées*, Ed. 1675, p. 270). It seems too sweeping, for surely *all* bons mots are not thus 'obnoxious to censure'. But La Bruyère supplies a gloss on the words which sets everything right: "*Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère*": *je dirais s'il n'avait été dit. Ceux qui nuisent à la réputation ou à la fortune des autres, plutôt que de perdre bon mot, méritent une peine infamante: cela n'a pas été dit, et je l'ose dire.*' (*Caractères: De la Cour.* Hachette's ed. N.D. p. 125.)

NON-ARRIVAL

'*On disparaît bientôt sans avoir rien été*
Que la variété d'une variété!'
(ROSTAND, *Chantecler*, 1910, 169, Act iii.)

WE 'live laborious days', alas!
To reach the bottom of the class,
Dismissed at end, for consolation,
With 'Creditable Variation'!

A. D.

ADDISON ON PEDANTRY

'THERE is another Kind of Pedant, who, with all *Tom Folio's* Impertinencies ['Tom Folio' is the 'learned idiot' of the paper], hath greater Superstructures and Embellishments of *Greek* and *Latin*, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same Degree as he is more learned. Of this Kind very often are Editors, Commentators, Interpreters, Scholiasts and Criticks; and in short, all Men of deep Learning without common Sense. These Persons set a greater Value on themselves for having found out the Meaning of a Passage in *Greek*, than upon the Author for having written it; nay, will allow the Passage it self not to have any Beauty in it, at the same Time that they would be considered as the greatest Men of the Age for having interpreted it. They will look with Contempt upon the most beautiful Poems that have been composed by any of their Contemporaries, but will lock themselves up in their Studies for a Twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound, such Trifles of Antiquity, as a modern Author would be contemned for.' (*Tatler*, No. 158, April 13, 1710.)

'THE WELL-READ MAN'

'EVERYONE knows the story of the lady who, after listening to the stunning catalogue of Southey's daily activities, interjected the question: "But pray, Mr. Southey, when do you *think*?" The question arises naturally to our lips when we happen to meet that alarming portent, the well-read man. His aim in life has been to get through as much printed matter as he possibly can without regard either to its fitness for him or his fitness

for it. He has exercised his eyes at the expense of his brains. He prefers heavy works in many volumes, covering long periods with vast detail. He is a perfect arsenal of titles. His idea of rational conversation is to pin you in a corner and compare the number of books he has read with the number you have read, in the eager hope of making you ashamed of yourself. Deprive him of the printed page and you leave his mind a blank; it is a mere safe-deposit of other men's opinions, and never reacts upon its contents. Where the oracles are dumb, he is mute. Instead of a thought he can only offer you a quotation.' (*Spectator*, February 20, 1915. Article on 'Pitfalls in Bookland'.)

'*LE STYLE, C'EST L'HOMME*'

Such is the compact, current, and metaphoric version of an utterance attributed to Buffon in his famous *Discours de Réception* to the French Academy on August 25, 1753. It is not, however, to be found in the *Recueil des Harangues prononcées par MM. de l'Académie Françoise* (1764, vol. vi, p. 176). But according to a contemporary '*plaquette*' or pamphlet of 1753 referred to by M. Roger Alexandre (*Musée de la Conversation*, 3rd edn. 1897, p. 497), what Buffon said was (pp. 23–4) *Le stile* [sic] *est l'homme même.* For this, modern purists, relying on Buffon's studious avoidance of metaphor, have chosen to substitute *Le style est de l'homme même*, a form adopted in Didot's corrected edition of 1843, though without citing any authority for the alteration. The reader must take his choice; or, if he please, decide—as, in the absence of M. Alexandre's '*plaquette*' and Didot's source of information, he is perfectly at liberty to do—that the whole question is

debatable. Meanwhile, as stated above, the popular voice has selected *Le style, c'est l'homme*—with all its metaphoric shortcomings—and it is not likely now to be deposed. The germ of Buffon's idea, it may be added, is traced by M. Villemain (*Cours de Littérature Française*, 1855, ii, p. 211) to the *Oratio vultus animi* of an unnamed 'ancient'. Here (M. Villemain tells his audience) '*vous retrouvez l'axiome tant cité et souvent mal cité de Buffon "Le style est l'homme même", résumé naturel de son discours à l'Académie et de son génie tout entier.*' '*Oratio imago animi*' is a heading to one of the sections of Ben Jonson's *Timber* ('Temple Classics' edn. 1898, p. 100, No. cxxi), and a note refers the reader to Quintilian's *Institutes of Oratory*, ii. 10. 12. 'No glass renders a man's form or likeness so true as his speech,' says 'rare Ben'. 'Nay, it is likened to a man; and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language; in the greatness, aptness, sound structure, and harmony of it.'

THE EVIDENCE OF STYLE

THIS—to say the least—is frequently misleading. Without going back to the time-honoured case of Erasmus and Scaliger's oration,[1] two modern instances may be cited. Mr. Thackeray, says Forster, claimed the *Pleasant and Delightful History of Thomas Hickathrift* for Henry Fielding. But both Mr. Forster and Mr. Thackeray should have remembered that their common acquaintance, Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff of the *Tatler*, had written of Hickathrift as a chap-book when Fielding was a baby. In the same way *Tommy Trip* has, by no

[1] *Pursuits of Literature*, tenth edn., 1799, p. 1.

mean judges, been attributed to Goldsmith upon the strength of the following quatrain :

> 'Three Children sliding on the Ice
> Upon a Summer's Day,
> As it fell out they All fell in,
> The Rest they ran away.'

Alas ! and alas ! for the 'evidence of style'. Not only had these identical lines been turned into Latin in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1754, when Goldsmith was still studying medicine at Leyden, but they are quoted at p. 30 of *The Character of Richard St*[ee]*le, Esq.*, by 'Toby, Abel's Kinsman', which was issued by 'J. Morphew, near Stationer's Hall,' as far back as the month of November 1713. As a matter of fact, they are much older still, being affirmed by Chambers in his excellent *Book of Days* to be, in their first form, part of a long and rambling story in doggerel rhyme dating from the early part of the Civil Wars, which is to be found at the end of a little old book entitled *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, 12mo, London, 1653, and 1677.

Macaulay also was not always happy in his deductions from the evidence of style. He asserted (*Edinburgh Review*, January 1843, pp. 565–7) that Johnson must have assisted Miss Burney in her second novel of *Cecilia*. He had not 'the smallest doubt' that the great man 'revised' and in places 'retouched' it. But Johnson (*Burney Diary*, 1904, ii. 116) is made to say expressly that he 'never saw one word of it before it was printed'. What is more, he told Opie (Hazlitt's *Conversations of Northcote*, 1830, No. 14) that he had never even read it through! 'Though' (he added) 'I don't wish this to be known.' It is, however, quite evident that Miss Burney frequently wrote in Johnsonese.

'ONLY A ROMANCE'

'LET us try to catch something of the skill of the great masters of Romance, of Cervantes and Le Sage, of Goethe and Jean Paul, and let us unite to it the most serious thoughts and speculations which have stirred mankind. . . .

'"But," you say, "it is only a Romance."

'True. It is only human life in the "highways and hedges", and in "the streets and lanes of the city", with the ceaseless throbbing of its quivering heart; it is only daily life from the workshop, from the court, from the market, and from the stage; it is only kindliness and neighbourhood and child-life, and the fresh wind of heaven, and the waste of sea and forest, and the sunbreak upon the stainless peaks, and contempt of wrong and pain and death; and the passionate yearning for the face of God, and woman's tears, and woman's self-sacrifice and devotion, and woman's love. Yes, it is only a Romance. It is only the ivory gates falling back at the fairy touch. It is only the leaden sky breaking for a moment above the bowed and weary head, revealing the fathomless Infinite through the gloom. It is only a Romance.' (Preface, dated October 18, 1881, to the New Edition of SHORTHOUSE'S *John Inglesant*.)

NOVEL-READING

M. RENAN apparently had no taste for what has been called 'anodyne' literature. He could never read a novel. One day, by a lake in Savoy, his friend Taine settled him comfortably under a tree, and equipped him with a volume of Balzac, of whom Renan knew nothing. Taine then went for

his usual constitutional. When he returned Renan had fallen asleep, and Balzac had fallen into the water. Taine (*Life and Letters*, 1908, pp. 235, 242) professed to have read Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme* fifty times. This is to some people inconceivable, though Taine's fidelity to his favourites may perhaps account for it. But a stranger preference for one dish is recorded in Dean Stanley's *Life and Correspondence* by Prothero and Bradley, 1893, ch. iv, p. 65. 'He [Dr. Arnold of Rugby] was looking at something about Smollett, and said *Humphry Clinker* was not thought enough of, generally—and upon my telling him I [Stanley] had never read it—" Oh! you must read *Humphry Clinker*; if you have not got it, I will lend it to you. *It is not too much to say that I have read it through fifty times* "—and accordingly he jumped up and got it down for me.' Taine's assertion may have been a mere colloquial exaggeration; but Dr. Arnold's words, above italicized, are more precise, and leave us wondering a little at the peculiarity of his choice.

THE PERILS OF IRONY

Irony, which Byron described as a 'master-spell', and Mrs. Slipslop called 'ironing',[1] is at times an awkward edged-tool. There is no better illustration of this than an anecdote of the late Lord Justice Bowen. Once, when acting as a

[1] Byron must have remembered this when he said that the irrepressible Mme de Staël was 'well ironed' by Sheridan at one of Rogers's breakfasts. (The anecdote here related is based on a leading article in the *Westminster Gazette* for January 17, 1916, from which his Lordship's words are quoted textually.)

Puisne Judge, there came before him the case of a burglar who, having entered a house by the top-story, was afterwards captured below stairs in the act of sampling the silver. The defence was more ingenuous than ingenious. The accused was alleged to be a person of eccentric habits, much addicted to perambulating the roofs of adjacent houses, and occasionally dropping in 'permiscuous' through an open skylight. This naturally stirred the judge to caustic comment. Summing up, he is reported to have said: 'If, gentlemen, you think it likely that the prisoner was merely indulging an amiable fancy for midnight exercise on his neighbour's roof; if you think it was kindly consideration for that neighbour which led him to take off his boots and leave them behind him before descending into the house; and if you believe that it was the innocent curiosity of the connoisseur which brought him to the silver pantry and caused him to borrow the teapot, then, gentlemen, you will acquit the prisoner!' To Lord Bowen's dismay, the jury *did* instantly acquit the prisoner.

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS

FIELDING is not unfrequently credited with the first use of this phrase, which he employs in Book xiv, ch. i, of *Tom Jones*. But he could scarcely have fathered it, as he had been anticipated by Pancrace in the *Mariage Forcé* of his favourite Molière (Sc. vi). Goldsmith, indeed (to whom it is sometimes attributed on the strength of Letter XX in the *Citizen of the World*), goes so far as to call it in 1760 'a very common expression among the Europeans'! though in England—his Oriental is made to say—the state of things ought more

properly to be described as 'an anarchy of literature'. That the democratic author of *The Traveller* approved it (at its best) as an institution, is however clear from a subsequent anecdote related by Boswell. 'One evening, in a circle of wits, he [Goldsmith] found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority. "Sir," (said he) "you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic."' (*Life of Johnson*, Birkbeck Hill's edn., 1887, vol. ii, p. 257.) But, as Lyttelton's punctuator, Andrew Reid, actually edited from 1728 to 1736 a periodical entitled *The Present State of the Republick of Letters*, it is clear that both Fielding and Goldsmith only employed a then well-accepted form of words.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LEARNING

CULTURE by Committee has seldom succeeded, and the Society for the Encouragement of Learning was not a success. It began in 1736 with large pretensions and much blowing of trumpets. That distinguished nobleman, Charles, second Duke of Richmond and Aubigny, was chosen for President, with 'Brian Fairfax, Esq.' M.A. and Commissioner of Customs, for Vice. Bishop Percy's friend, Sir Hugh Smithson, later Duke of Northumberland, and the 'long Sir Thomas Robinson' of Walpole's correspondence, were Trustees, while among the hundred and two members were many 'gentlemen of letters and high life'. The Secretary (at £50 per annum) was the Alexander Gordon whose *Itinerarium Septentrionale* is mentioned at the beginning of Scott's *Antiquary*. But 'Singing Sandy', as, for his musical gifts, he was popularly

called, seems to have been exceptionally untunable in himself, since he was both tactless and pragmatical. As already stated, the Society set out with ambitious aspirations. It was to assist authors and improve the conditions of publication by paying particular attention to the *format*, printing and production of books; and, with the aid of experienced distributors, such as Andrew Millar and Nourse, to place them on the market in the most effectual manner. Most of all, of course, it was to regard quality, and the promotion of masterpieces. But here, unhappily, things broke down, for distinguished authors were either not forthcoming, or declined to come forth in response to the ducal invocation. One of the first notabilities approached, according to Gordon, was the septuagenarian Bentley, whose long-incubated edition of the astronomer Manilius had, for more than forty years, been ready for the press. But the 'mighty scholiast' not only scouted the blandishments of the Society by consigning his priceless performance to the care of 'a common bookseller'; but was unkind enough to ridicule and belittle the pretensions of the society in all quarters, thereby exciting its outraged Secretary to language which was more energetic than judicious. Another 'man of genius and merit' whose collaboration was next solicited, was Bentley's old adversary, Conyers Middleton, then known to be engaged on the *Life of Cicero* he put forth five years later. Middleton proved as intractable as Bentley, while Thomson of the *Seasons*, although (with Paul Whitehead!) he had been honoured by a seat on the Committee of Management, was far too 'canny' to desert his compatriot Andrew Millar and the 'lawful money of Great Britain', for any visionary Golconda

engineered by patrician amateurs.[1] Gordon's unthankful office only lasted for three years, and the enterprise fared no better in fresh hands. The Society subsequently essayed publication on its own account by issuing an edition of Aelian's *Natural History.* But it was speedily compelled to revert to the established methods; and eventually faded away in the shallows and miseries of insolvency. It is characteristic of what Mr. Hardy calls 'Life's little ironies' that the period of its infructuous activities, namely, 1736–48, covers the independent and unassisted emergence of one of the great literary forces of the century—the modern English novel. *Pamela* appeared in 1740, and *Joseph Andrews* in 1742.

ANDREW MILLAR'S WILL

Andrew Millar, bookseller in the Strand, first 'over-against *St. Clement's Church*' and afterwards 'over-against *Catherine-street,*' is now rather an elusive personality. Yet Johnson held that Millar, in his day, had 'raised the price of literature', and called him—in contempt of the perfunctory patronage of letters affected by great people—the true 'Maecenas of the age'. He was a co-proprietor in the famous *Dictionary*; and he was the publisher of Thomson, Hume and Fielding. Born, like Fielding, in 1707, he retired from business in 1767, in favour of his partner and former apprentice, Thomas Cadell, and he died in 1768. A friend, who has had access to his Will, furnishes me with the following particu-

[1] From a letter of Edward Cave to Dr. Birch, printed by Boswell, it would seem that, at one time, there was some idea of offering Johnson's *Irene* to the Society. (*Life of Johnson*, ed. by G. B. Hill, 1887, i. 153.)

lars from it, which seem worth setting down. He bequeathed to David Hume, 'the historian and philosopher, now in London,' the sum of £200. This may be noted in connexion with Hume's apparent distrust of Millar's honesty, as revealed in his letters to Strahan (Birkbeck Hill's ed., 1888, pp. 24, 97, 141, &c.). He also left £200 each to William and Allan Fielding, the two sons of Henry Fielding, whose complete works, prefaced by Arthur Murphy, he had published in 1762. This again may perhaps be regarded as an indication that Millar had not done ill by the sale of that edition, as well as of the generosity which he had already evidenced by giving their father an extra hundred for *Tom Jones* (Walpole's *Corr.*, Toynbee's ed., 1903, vol. ii, p. 384). Another legatee (£50 for a ring) was Sir Andrew Mitchell, K.C.B., then British Minister at Berlin, whom he had consulted as to the publication of Fielding's *Amelia* (Wraxall's *Memoirs*, 1904, p. 33). He desired to be buried in the family vault he had purchased for his son; and his frugal funeral expenses were not to exceed £50. Contrary to the usual practice,[1] moreover, he was to be interred by daylight, 'so that my friends may not be exposed to night damp by which so many are injuriously affected.' There is an obelisk to his memory in the King's Road cemetery at Chelsea.

[1] Besant's *London in the Eighteenth Century*, 1902, pp. 247, 270, 271. In a funeral ticket attributed to Hogarth by Samuel Ireland (*Graphic Illustrations*, 1794, i. 10), the recipient is invited to 'accompany y^e^ Corps' to its destination 'at —— of the Clock in the Evening'.

LIFE'S ENVOI

'*A shroud has no pockets.*'
Scottish Proverb.

Our life is but an empty show:
Naked we came and naked go.
Both for the humble and the proud,
There are no pockets in the shroud.

A. D.

FAMILY PEWS
(XVIIIth Cent.)

'In some old country churches there still survive the family pews, which were like small rooms, and in which the occupants could read or sleep without being seen by anyone: in one or two cases there are fire-grates in these; and in one strange example at Langley, in Bucks, the pew is not only roofed in but it has a lattice in front with painted panels which can be opened and shut at the occupants' pleasure, and there is a room in connection with it in which is a library of books, so that it would be quite possible for anyone to retire for a little interlude without the rest of the congregation's being aware of it.' (Mitton's *Jane Austen and Her Times*, 2nd edn. [1906], 38.) The pew and library here mentioned were built by Sir John Kederminster, 1630–50. They are referred to under Langley Marsh in Thorne's *Environs of London*, 1876, and in Knight's *Passages of a Working Life*, iii, 170.

THE STAGE-COACH BASKET

This is sometimes described so loosely as to suggest that the describer had a very vague idea of

what it was like. In reality it was a huge wicker receptacle behind the coach, supported by iron bars. It was used primarily for baggage; but was often occupied by the passengers, who, like Pastor Moritz in 1782, found it very comfortable going up hill, but another-guess matter going down. 'Then', says this experienced witness, 'all the trunks and parcels began, as it were, to dance around me, and everything in the basket seemed to be alive, and I every moment received from them such violent blows that I thought my last hour was come.' (*Travels in England*, 1795, p. 247.) Sometimes it was occupied by the guard; and from it in 1741 a certain resolute Captain Mawley shot a highwayman. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xi. 498.) There is a good picture of the basket in Hogarth's *Country Inn Yard*, 1747, where an old crone is smoking contentedly among the boxes. Here it is shown between the hinder wheels. A still better example is to be found in Philip de Loutherbourg's 'Summer's Evening'.

THE MONITOR

'WHAT was a monitor in George's days?' asks Cowper in the *Time Piece*, l. 580; and then answers his own question—

> 'A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin.
> We wear it at our backs. There, closely brac'd
> And neatly fitted, it compresses hard
> The prominent and most unsightly bones,
> And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use
> Sov'reign and most effectual to secure
> A form, not now gymnastic as of yore,
> From rickets and distortion, else our lot.
> But, thus admonish'd, we can walk erect—
> One proof at least of manhood! while the friend
> Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge.'

'A monitor', in short, must have been a sample or variation of that penitential 'backboard', the 'careful and undeviating use' of which 'for four hours daily during the next three years', was enjoined upon Amelia Sedley as the finishing touch to her education at Miss Barbara Pinkerton's Academy in Chiswick Mall. Apparently it was worn by both sexes, old and young; and gives an appalling idea of the rigours of that 'iron time' when it was possible for a peer of the realm (Lord Abercorn) to make the tour of Europe without once touching the back of his post-chaise. 'I sing the Sofa,' says Cowper. And—one may fairly add—'No wonder!'

OLD-WORLD REMEDIES

Some one has recently (1914) been lecturing on bygone nostrums. A good many are mentioned in Mrs. Climenson's volumes on Elizabeth Montagu. Those 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 invaluable for 'passion 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 celebrated in Gay's *Trivia* and Bramston's *Man of Taste*, but to cure consumption. Some of the other specifics 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 that purpose by Dr. Joshua Ward's celebrated Pill.

DRUGS AND HERBS

'In the knowledge of simples, wherein the manifold wisedome of God is wonderfully to be seen, one thing would be carefully observed; which is, to know that herbs may be used in stead of drugs of the same nature, and to make the garden the shop: For home-bred medicines are both more easie for the Parsons purse, and more familiar for all mens bodyes. So, where the Apothecary useth either for loosing, Rubarb, or for binding, Bolearmena, the Parson useth damask or white Roses for the one, and plantaine, shepherds purse, knot-grasse for the other, and that with better successe. As for spices, he doth not onely prefer home-bred things before them, but condemns them for vanities, and so shuts them out of his family, esteeming that there is no spice comparable, for herbs, to rosemary, time, savoury, mints; and for seeds, to Fennell, and Carroway seeds. Accordingly, for salves, his wife seeks not the city, but preferrs her garden and finds before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssope, and mercury, adders tongue, yerrow, melilot and Saint *Johns* wort made into a salve; And Elder, camomill, mallowes, comphrey and smallage made into a Poultis have done great and rare cures.' (GEORGE HERBERT'S *Country Parson*, Dean Beeching's edn., 1898, p. 92.)

LAMB'S HAM AND BEEF SHOP

When Barry Cornwall asked Lamb how he felt among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, that irrepressible humourist replied, 'he was obliged to think of the Ham and Beef shop near St. Martin's Lane in order to bring his thoughts from their almost too painful elevation to the sober regions of every-day life.' (Lucas's *Life*, 4th ed., 1907, p. 229.) When one remembers that Johnson preferred Fleet Street to the Vale of Tempe, and that Lamb's love of London was fanatical, it is difficult to decide how much of his utterance was pure fun.[1] But it is curious to find this same 'ham and beef shop' recurring in Ch. i. of Thackeray's *Catherine* as a symbol of sempiternity comparable only to Matthew Arnold's 'old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street'. 'Take another instance (says the putative author, 'Mr. Ikey Solomons') :—take the man in the beef-shop in Saint Martin's Court. There he is, to all appearance quite calm; before the same round of beef—from morning till sundown—for hundreds of years very likely. Perhaps when the shutters are closed, and all the world tired and silent, there is HE, silent, but untired—cutting, cutting, cutting.' The extract gives the exact locality, 'Saint Martin's Court'—the Charing Cross Road end, once Castle Street. In its last days—not so many years ago—it was a curiosity shop, with a bow-window which one remembers. Thackeray, who makes George Osborne of *Vanity Fair*—'in a blue coat with brass buttons, and a neat buff waistcoat'—set out from Old Slaughter's Coffee House hard by to marry Amelia Sedley, probably knew the place well.

[1] Cp. his more detailed letter to Manning of September 24, 1802, written not long after his return from the Lakes.

No. 1, ST. MARTIN'S STREET

THERE have been worse losses to 'vanishing London' than the 'ham and beef shop' in St. Martin's Court. Not many months ago a much-engineered agitation arose concerning the apprehended demolition of an old Georgian house in Dean Street, Soho, for which, among other things, was claimed a traditional though never satisfactorily established connexion with Hogarth and his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. But No. 1, St. Martin's Street, which once was undoubtedly the residence of Newton and Fanny Burney, was ruthlessly resigned to the housebreaker; and nothing now remains of it but the basement walls—if they indeed still exist. This was the building of which Lord Macaulay too hopefully predicted (*Edinburgh Rev.*, January, 1843) that it would 'continue to be well-known as long as our island retains any trace of civilization.' 'Newton House', as it was last called, was inhabited by Sir Isaac from 1710 to 1725; and from 1774 and many subsequent years by Dr. Charles Burney, the musician, and his daughter Fanny. In the Observatory constructed by Newton on the roof Fanny Burney wrote parts of *Evelina*; and from this coign of vantage the family witnessed the illumination of Leicester Fields by the fires of the Gordon rioters. It would take too long to recount all the traditions of the Burney occupation; but they have been reverently chronicled in Miss Constance Hill's excellent *House in St. Martin's Street*, 1907. Of late years the appearance of the building, in spite of a Society of Arts authentication, was dingy and dilapidated. Inquiring pilgrims, no less, occasionally inspected it. 'This,' an excited tourist is said to have exclaimed to his wife, 'was the house of the

celebrated philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton.' Whereat his unimpressed companion could find no better comment than, 'How convenient for the Alhambra!'—a place of entertainment, which, to be sure, is close at hand.

In describing this relic of the past as pulled down, a consolatory piece of information must be added. According to a letter from Mr. Hugh Phillips in the *Times* of December 4, 1913, it appears that it was removed, in sections carefully packed and numbered, to Hitchin, where its re-erection was contemplated. How far this has progressed, I have no present information.

'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 Fitz Gerald and Edmund Yates, from whom some of the above details are borrowed. One of the latest entries in Allingham's *Diary* runs: 'In talking of London, we [Tennyson and Allingham] spoke of old nooks and corners, old taverns, "*Bertolini's*," off Leicester Square, now shut up; old Mr. Seymour—who dined there fifty years, &c.; "The Cock"—"Dick's."' This colloquy took place in 1880. At Dick's, which was on the south side of Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, Tennyson once had a room.

MADRIGAL AND EPIGRAM

'*Certain poète marital*
À Vénus compare sa femme:
C'est pour la belle un madrigal;
C'est pour Vénus une épigramme.'

(Attributed, in Littré, to 'Guichard.')

Imitated, in eighteenth-century fashion:

ON POET DICK

When DICK his wife doth VENUS call,
We pass it—in a madrigal;
But all the same (tho' that 's between us)
'Tis no great compliment to VENUS!

A. D.

THE EXCEPTION AND THE RULE

'*C'est un grand mal de suivrè l'exception au lieu de la règle. Il faut estre sévère et contraire à l'exception. Mais néanmoins, comme il est certain qu'il y a des exceptions de la règle, il faut en juger sévèrement, mais justement.*' (PASCAL, *Pensées*, Ed. 1675, p. 311.)

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS

SOME years ago, an exceptionally vigilant critic took me to task for saying, in a note to Hazlitt's *Lectures on the English Comic Writers* ('Temple Library' Edition), that the aphorism '*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*' was 'given indifferently to Talleyrand and Napoleon'. He contended that Thomas Paine had 'made the phrase famous' in *The Age of Reason*, among some portions of which work added to it in October, 1795, occurs the following: 'The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes

the sublime again.' Paine (said my censor) was so pleased with the idea that he repeated it in Part II of his book.

Thus rebuked, it became my duty to look up the matter. I found, on investigation, that Napoleon unquestionably used the aphorism I had quoted. Here is my authority: '*Enfin, après avoir répété de nouveau deux ou trois fois "du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas" . . . il demanda à partir.*' (*Ambassade dans le Grand-Duché de Varsovie*, by M. de Pradt, second edn. 1815, pp. 219–20.) The Abbé de Pradt, the narrator, was the person to whom Napoleon spoke; and I think that Hazlitt, who later (1828–30) wrote a life of Napoleon Buonaparte in which he translates the above sentence from de Pradt (iv. 56), had this form in mind, and not the shapeless and straggling utterance of Paine, which, moreover, is not his own, but had been said before by Fontenelle and Marmontel. On further inquiry I found the Paine quotation in more than one accessible handbook, viz.: Hain Friswell's 'Familiar Quotations', 1866, p. 306 (where the Hazlitt form is also given to Talleyrand); Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations', 1901, p. 431 (where the Hazlitt form is called 'Napoleon's celebrated *mot*'); and King's 'Classical and Foreign Quotations,' 1904, p. 78. I have also seen the Hazlitt form ascribed to the Abbé Sieyès. Ward ('Dict. of Quotations', 1893, p. 334) only gives the passage from Paine. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, my own impression is that, in its current form, the aphorism belongs to Napoleon or Talleyrand, both of them expert *mot*-makers, who may, of course, have found their raw material elsewhere. I doubt if they found it in Paine, and Paine certainly did not originate it.

Here are the respective passages, above referred to, from Fontenelle and Marmontel: '*L'on ne saurait mieux faire voir que le magnifique et le ridicule sont si voisins, qu'ils se touchent*'—Scarron is speaking of his Virgil travesty to Seneca ('*Œuvres de Fontenelle*, 1825, iv. 32). Fontenelle died in 1757, and the '*Dialogues des Morts*', in which the above occurs, dates from 1683. Marmontel says: '*En général, le ridicule touche au sublime*' (*Œuvres Complettes de Marmontel*, 1787, v. 188).

FOOT-NOTES

'BRAVE, honest' William Cobbett has somewhere said that 'foot-notes' ought to be written '*fool*-notes,' while Isaac d'Israeli has defended them. For myself, I prefer to distinguish. Where a foot-note reveals its writer's incapacity to incorporate all he has to say with the body of his text, I am with Cobbett; but as regards illustrative or detachable notes (by which mere references are not intended) I am with the author of the *Curiosities of Literature*. Indeed, I could almost go as far as Leigh Hunt in his high-pitched enthusiasm for Warton's *Minor Poems of Milton*. Of this he says: 'His edition of the minor poems of Milton is a wilderness of sweets. It is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation; though I confess I am inclined enough to pardon any notes that resemble it, however numerous. The "builded rhyme" stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot. The young poet lives there, served by the nymphs and fauns.' (*Indicator*, lxiii.)

UNUSUAL WORDS

'THERE is a saying of Caesar's . . . that an unusual word should be shunned as a ship would shun a reef —*insolens verbum tanquam scopulum vitandum*.' (EARLE'S *English Prose*, 1890, p. 42.)

THE LONG SENTENCE

THIS is at once defined and exemplified by Helps, Ch. vii of *Realmah*, 1868, in a passage of eighteen lines (*v.* Earle's *English Prose*, 1890, 210). But the champion specimen is in Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*, 1825. Writing of Coleridge, he contrives 'to spin out a single sentence to one hundred and ten lines. It contains the word "and" ninety-seven times, with only one semicolon, and is probably the longest sentence in any author, ancient or modern.' (MEIKLEJOHN'S *Art of Writing English*, 1899, 243.)

FIXING THE IDEA

LAMB'S fantastic favourite, 'that princely woman, the thrice-noble Margaret Newcastle,' has found other advocates, notably the late accomplished critic and book-lover, Joseph Knight, once a popular Editor of *Notes and Queries*. But she certainly had her peculiarities. 'She kept', says Theophilus Cibber (*Lives of the Poets*, 1753, ii. 164), 'a great many young ladies about her person, who occasionally wrote what she dictated. Some of those slept in a room contiguous to that in which Her Grace lay, and were ready at the call of her bell to rise any hour of the night to write down her conceptions, lest they should escape her memory. The young ladies no doubt often dreaded Her Grace's conceptions, which

were frequent.' Monsieur J. J. Jusserand, from whose *English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare* (1890, p. 381) this passage from Cibber is borrowed, also refers to Johnson's story how Pope in the terrible winter of 1740 tired out Lord Oxford's servant by calling at all hours of the night for pen and paper. But Pope and the Duchess merely anticipated a more modern character. Of the celebrated Mr. Pecksniff it is related (*Martin Chuzzlewit*, Ch. v) that he was accustomed to keep drawing materials near his bedside, in case an architectural idea should come into his head in the night, when he would instantly bound from his couch, and fix it for ever.

[Since writing the above, I find, from one of Mr. Clement Shorter's interesting *Literary Letters* (*Sphere*, October 16, 1915), that Mr. Pecksniff's peculiarity was also that of Mr. S. C. Hall, who was said to be Pecksniff's prototype.]

THE SOLACE OF SONG

'*Vt Mel Os, sic Cor Melos afficit, & reficit.*'
Deuteromelia, 1609.

Variation:

As honey to the parchéd mouth,
As a cool draught in days of drouth,
So a bright stave (unless it bores,
Not being either mine or yours!)
Builds up, refreshes and restores.

A. D.

REPETITION

'REPEAT yourself. Repetition is a powerful figure of rhetoric.' This was attributed by Monsieur J. Cornely in the *Figaro* to Émile de Girardin, whose

doctrine was, never to abstain from writing something under the pretext that it had already been written. The public like it—he held. 'They daily partake of the same dishes, go to see the same pieces, and listen to the same tunes.'

(This comes from an article on the suppression of documents in the Dreyfus question.)

REAL CHARACTERS IN FICTION

'An odd declaration by Dickens that he did not mean Leigh Hunt in Harold Skimpole (*Bleak House*). Yet he owns that he took the light externals of the character from Leigh Hunt, and surely it is by those light externals that the bulk of mankind will always recognize character.' (Macaulay in Trevelyan's *Life*, 1908, p. 685.) He goes on to refer to Hunt's admitted 'loose notions of *meum* and *tuum*', which are also characteristic of Skimpole. Cf. *Joseph Andrews*, Book iii, ch. i; *Fielding* ('Men of Letters'), 1907, p. 84; Steele in *Spectator*, No. 262; and John Ireland's *Hogarth Illustrated*, 1791, iii. 343: 'A general character will always bear some resemblance to a particular one.' The words are Hogarth's, and Hogarth also quotes the couplet:

> 'We neither this nor that Sir Fopling call,
> He 's knight o' the shire, and represents you all.'

THE 'UNPARALLELED' PEIRESC

This is my justification for the epithet 'unparalleled': 'He [Peiresc] sought Books, not for himself alone, but for any that stood in need of them. He lent an innumerable company, which were never restored; also he gave a world away . . . of which he could hardly hope ever to get the like

again: Which he did when learned men had occasion to use them.' Nor was he content with being an ideal lender; he was also an ideal borrower. 'Such Books as he borrowed, being neglected by their owners and ill-bound, he delivered to his binder to be rectified and beautified, viz. when their subject matter or rarity deserved that cost; so that having received them, ill-bound, and ill-favoured, he returned them trim and handsome.' (*The Mirrour of True Nobility and Gentility. Being the LIFE of the Renowned Nicolaus Claudius Fabricius Lord of Peiresk* . . . Written by the Learned Petrus Gassendus . . . Englished by W. Rand . . . London 1657, pp. 194, 195.) Those who care to know more of this exemplary bibliophile and remarkable character are referred to the second edition of the present writer's *De Libris*, 1911, pp. 229–53. There is a memorial bust of Peiresc in front of the Faculté de Droit at Aix, of which he was a senator. It was erected in 1895.

BOOKS WITH ASSOCIATIONS

I HAVE recently met with the title 'Association-Book' in a second-hand catalogue. It may be common; but it is new to me. I take it to be applicable to books which are interesting on account of those who have previously owned or annotated them. Books of this kind were especial favourites with the excellent Peireskius. 'If (says his biographer) he had received by gift, or had bought Books which had belonged to learned men, he esteemed them so much the more highly, by how much the fuller they were of such things, as they had inserted with their own handwriting . . . For he could never endure, that the least invention, or

observation of any man, should be lost; being alwayes in hopes, that either himself, or some other would be advantaged thereby.' (*Life*, by Gassendi, Rand's translation, 1657, p. 199.) I have a few books myself which come in this category. One is the *Works* (1720) of John Philips, who wrote *The Splendid Shilling*. It contains the autograph of Thomson of the *Seasons*, and the book-plate of Lord Prestongrange—the 'Lord Advocate Grant' of R. L. Stevenson. Another, the *Coplas* (or Couplets) of Jorge de Manrique, Knight of the Order of Santiago, and a valiant *soldado*, derives its interest from the fact that, at the foot of the title-page, in beautiful neat script, are the words 'Robert Southey. Paris. 17 May 1817'—being the year in which the author of *Thalaba the Destroyer* stayed at Como with Walter Savage Landor. A third volume is Pepys' *Memoires Relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England for Ten Years, 1690.* It has the two plates, one an *ex-libris*, of the author, by R. White after Kneller; and once belonged to honest old Thomas Coram of the Foundling, who gave it to a Mr. Mills, as is testified by a short autograph letter which is pasted in it. I dare say I have others, but I forget them for the moment.

TRANSCRIBERS

Another of Peiresc's peculiarities was that he did not shrink from marking or annotating his books. 'He was not therefore of their mind, who having gotten fair Books, are afraid to blot them with such lines [*underscorings*], or marginal notes: for he esteemed those Books most highly, into which he could insert most notes; and therefore he

commonly caused all his Books, when they were in Quires, to be washed over with Alum-water, and when he foresaw their Margents would not be large enough, he caused white paper to be bound between the printed leaves.' (*Life*, by Gassendi, Rand's translation, 1657, p. 199.) For these, and other purposes, he employed numerous transcribers, capable linguists, so that when he would have anything transcribed, he might not fail to have it done to his mind. And doubtless he had often to echo the humorous diatribe addressed by the author of the *Canterbury Tales* to his long-haired copyist:

> Adam Scriveyn, if ever it thee bifalle
> Boece or Troylus for to writen newe,
> Under thy long lokkes thou most have the scalle
> But after my making thou write more trewe.
> So ofte a daye I mot thy worke renewe,
> Hit to correcte and eek to rubbe and scrape;
> And al is through thy negligence and rape.

Unhappy Chaucer! Had he but lived in the days of the typewriter!

'A FOOL IN HIS OWN RIGHT'

'Ein Quidam sagt: "Ich bin von keiner Schule;
Kein Meister lebt mit dem ich buhle;
Auch bin ich weit davon entfernt
Dass ich von Todten was gelernt"—
Das heisst, wenn ich ihn recht verstand:
"Ich bin ein Narr auf eigne Hand."'

Goethe.

This may be roughly paraphrased in English:

Saith one: 'To no school I belong;
No living Master leads me wrong;

Nor do I, for the things I know,
A debt to any dead man owe '—
Which means, in phrasing less polite :
' I am a Fool in my own Right.'

A. D.

CRITICAL SUPERSUBTLETY

ART-CRITICISM takes many forms ; but there are three varieties of it which must be fairly familiar to most people. The first sees only what is obvious ; the second perceives dimly that something additional is suggested ; the third discovers what is not there at all. No example of the first class is necessary. Of the second, the wry-faced drummer in the foreground of Hogarth's famous *March to Finchley* is a good illustration. Some years ago, a writer in *Notes and Queries*[1] pointed out, with persuasive sagacity, that Hogarth evidently meant this personage to be glad on one side of his face and sorry on the other. ' The side *nearest the wife* is convulsed with grief, whereas the other, or off-side, is beaming with joy.' It may perhaps be held that this is perilously near the frontier of the third class. But there can be no manner of doubt concerning my instance of this last division, which I borrow from a description I once read of Dürer's *Knight, Death and the Devil.* The Knight, it will be remembered, is shown riding through a wood with his gruesome escort. Under the raised hind leg of the horse—it was pretended—was a secret gin or snare, which would presently overthrow both man and beast. But any one—not preoccupied with seeing too far into a mill-stone—can readily satisfy himself that Dürer first engraved the horse's

[1] Ninth Series, i. 244.

leg too long. Then, having shortened it, instead of beating out the old contour, he dexterously turned it into the weed or grass-blade which the critic mistook for a mantrap. Any photograph of the print will make this clear.

MACLISE'S TALLEYRAND

THE portraits which Daniel Maclise, under the pseudonym of 'Alfred Croquis', contributed between 1830 and 1838 to *Fraser's Magazine*, are not often cruel. Of two of them, however, this certainly cannot be said. One is a 'mortal likeness' of the shrivelled, cadaverous Rogers, uncannily large-eyed and hairless, and almost inviting the looker-on to expect that dry, sepulchral croak which Dickens so mercilessly imitated in his rendering of 'Mr. Justice Stareleigh'. It was of this drawing that Goethe exclaimed, closing the book with a shrug of horror, 'They would make me look like that.' The other represents the septuagenarian Talleyrand; and was probably taken during his residence in England as Ambassador (1830–5). Dante Rossetti, who must be admitted a competent judge, described this portrait in the *Academy* for April 15, 1871; and regarded it as the most important of the entire series. 'One picture (he writes) stands out from the rest in mental power, and ranks Maclise as a great master of tragic satire. It is that which grimly shows us the senile torpor of Talleyrand, as he sits in after-dinner sleep between the spread board and the fireplace, surveyed from the mantel-shelf by the busts of all the sovereigns he had served. His elbows are on the chair-arms; his hands hang; . . . The book he read, as the lore he lived by, has dropped between his feet; his chap-fallen mask

TALLEYRAND

From the drawing by Daniel Maclise ('Alfred Croquis') in 'Fraser's Magazine'

is spread upwards as the scalp rests on the cushioned chair-back; the wick gutters in the wasting candle beside him; and his last master claims him now. All he was is gone, and water or fire for the world after him—what care had he? The picture is more than a satire; it might be called a diagram of damnation: a ghastly historical verdict which becomes the image of man for ever. This is one of the few drawings which Maclise has signed with his *nom de plume* at full length, and he had reason to be proud.' Rossetti has read a good deal into the picture, and his words are obviously coloured by dislike. They are too much *en noir*. No doubt Talleyrand's decline was unbeautiful; and Macaulay, who is not unfriendly, testifies to his corpse-like pallor, his frightful wrinkles, the peculiarly glassy stare of his eyes, his lank hair, and his 'hideously distorted' foot.[1] But he does full justice to the 'poignancy without effort' of his conversation which made you forget his ugliness and infirmities; and one sighs, in Maclise, for some compassionate touch to recall the courtly and benevolent old gentleman, described by Jeffrey and Leigh Hunt as the *bienvenu* at Holland House, who talked tersely and unaffectedly, as became 'the best teller of a story in Europe', drank (like Horace Walpole) little but iced-water, dined sparingly, and only spoke of eating when casually interested in the mysteries of cocky-leeky. As it stands, the portrait might have served for that life of the Prince-Bishop, which Thackeray projected, but never wrote.

[1] This Maclise suppresses or forgets—a fact which suggests that the drawing may have been based, not on an actual sketch from life, but on portrait and description.

PAINTERS AND ENGRAVERS

'It is a notable fact—and if it has not been already recorded, must assuredly have been remarked—that fate seems always to provide the eminent painter with his special and particular interpreter on steel or copper. Thus, around Reynolds are the great mezzotinters, McArdell, Fisher, Watson, Valentine Green. Gainsborough has his nephew, Gainsborough Dupont; Constable, his Lucas. For Wilson there is Woollett; for Stothard there are Heath and Finden. To come to later days, there is Turner with his Willmores and Goodalls, and Landseer with his brother and (no pun intended) his Cousens. Similarly for Wilkie (after Burnet), the born translator into dot and line seems to have been Raimbach.' ('An English Engraver in Paris' in *A Paladin of Philanthropy*, &c., 1899, p. 173.)

VAGARIES OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION

It is curious to note how a cosmopolitan classic fares in the hands of foreign illustrators. Take, for instance, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. In Germany, Ludwig Richter, a very capable designer, gives us a bare-footed, thick-ankled Sophia, making hay with her straw hat at her back. Instinctively one strikes out 'Sophia', and writes in 'Frederika' or 'Dorothea'. Similarly, Dr. Primrose is turned by another German artist into a loose-lipped, heavy-jowled pastor, in a dressing-gown and slippers, while Mr. Burchell figures in top-boots and a Tony Lumpkin hunting cap. Elsewhere the patriarchal Ephraim Jenkinson studies the Cosmogony by the aid of a tankard of a pattern unmistakably Teutonic.

In France, Tony Johannot's compositions are as frankly Gallic. When the vicar and his lady discuss, in the sanctity of their bedchamber, the marriage prospects of their daughters, they do it from separate four-posters with twisted uprights and a crucifix between them! Another French artist (M. V. A. Poirson) makes 'Squire Thornhill' a gay young *chasseur* with many-buttoned gaiters and a *fusil en bandoulière*, while the hero of the 'Elegy on a Mad Dog' appears in the 'wooden shoes' (with straw in them) which, to English cobblers, were so long the chief terror of French invasion. That distinguished etcher, M. Lalauze, on the other hand, lifts the whole Wakefield family into the *haute noblesse*. An elegant Dr. Primrose blesses an elegant George with the air of a Rochefoucauld, while plain Mrs. Primrose (in the background), bearing the Bible and staff, becomes a *grande dame*. Under the same delicate needle, the scene in the hayfield changes to a *fête galante* after the fashion of Lancret or Watteau. Even English artists permit themselves strange deviations of costume. In 1793 Squire Thornhill has a three-cornered hat and ruffles; in 1820 he wears whiskers and a cocked hat set athwartships. Olivia, who, in 1793, disdained his proffered money in a cap and sash, disdains him in 1820 in her own hair and a high waist. Probably neither of these reproduce the fashion of 1766, when the book was published. (Varied from *Side-Walk Studies*, 1903, pp. 130–147.)

THE POET

'*Le cœur du poète contient, et bien plus encore, tout ce que l'humanité a senti, aime tout ce qu'elle a aimé, possède tout ce qu'elle envie, souffre, quand il s'y condamne par la libre action de la pensée, tout ce qu'elle est capable de souffrir.*' (CHARLES NODIER, Prefatory Notice to the *Vicaire de Wakefield*, Bourgueleret, 1838, pp. viii–ix.)

THE RIDDLE

'*Others abide our question.*'—M. ARNOLD.

WHAT like wert thou, O Riddle of our Race!
Whose intent eye the minds of men could see,
And, by excess of intuition, trace
In the dull germ its full maturity?

Thou, 'of imagination all compact,'
Alone among thy fellows, could'st ally
The thought and word, the impulse and the act,
Cause and effect, unerringly. But why?

None can make answer! To our ken a shade,
Thou—for whom souls lay open—art as dark
As formless phantoms of the night that fade
With daybreak and the singing of the lark.

We may explore thy Secret still, yet thou,
Serene, unsearchable, above us all,
Look'st down, as from some lofty mountain-brow,
And art thyself thine own Memorial.

A. D.

(*A Book of Homage to Shakespeare*, 1916.)

THE PROGRESS OF ART

'PRE-RAFFAELISM [*sic*] has come—and gone. It is already so far in the distance as to be somewhat mythical, subject to late, unknowing suggestions and remakings. It is, to me, nothing but the usual revolt of the young on entering into this wonderful world—this brilliant diamond of so many flashing facets—this world of worlds. It succeeds for a time, so long as it has any force or truth in it, and then it is followed, either by another flash from another facet, or extinction. It is nothing but the usual breezy excitement of the youthful newcomer, with the newcomer's new eyes, fresh clear mind and independent thought, who finds the old world tired, weary, inactive, and very much in need of a rousing shake. So the newcomer sets about reforming the old world until, grown old, he is himself reformed by the newest reformer. It is always going on, and I think always will. The fundamental idea of Pre-Raffaelism is, roughly speaking, truth to Nature. To be consistent, we should add—truth to Life.

'And this is where we are now [1916] as far as Art is concerned, in gloomy darkness. The mad, maniacal dancing of the Post-Impressionist, the amazing Cubist, and incomprehensible Futurist, adding to the sadness of the darkness. And this is the end of Pre-Raffaelism! In the dreadful Post-Impressionist exhibition, there was a large canvas representing four hideous misshapen creatures dancing uncouthly over a mound. And I interpret the dance as one of Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism and senseless, unfeeling Ignorant Brutality over the grave of murdered Art, with all its Beauty, Grace, Love, Tenderness, Imagination, Poetry, and

Friendliness—all swept away in Art-Attila destruction. But Art never dies—she will arise in all her noble Beauty and Charm, and some future S—— will look back and recall the sad, strange time.'

(W. S. BURTON, from 'An Artist's Faith', by M. H. Spielmann, *Times*, February 7, 1916. Mr. Burton died on January 26.)

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

ACCORDING to Defoe's *Compleat English Gentleman*, written in 1728–9, but not published until 1890, a 'gentleman' is primarily and exclusively a man of landed property, becoming 'complete' when educated in accordance with his station. 'Our modern Acceptation of a *Gentleman*', says Defoe at p. 13, 'is this: A person BORN (for there lies the Essence of Quality) of some known, or Ancient Family; whose Ancestors have at least for some time been rais'd above the class of Mechanicks.' And from what he adds elsewhere, it is clear that, in his view, the root of the distinction consisted in inherited Estate. Not a word of conduct, feeling or refinement! Conceive a definition which excludes Captain Shandy of Dendermond and Namur and Captain Cuttle of the 'Wooden Midshipman'! But luckily a third Captain, Captain Steele of Lucas's, had already given a juster explanation of the word in his 69th *Tatler*, which, on this occasion, I transcribe from the old double-column first issue for Saturday, September 17, 1709: 'It is to me a very great Meanness, and something much below a Philosopher, which is what I mean by a Gentleman, to rank a Man among the Vulgar for the Condition of Life he is in, and not

according to his Behaviour, his Thoughts and Sentiments, in that Condition. . . . The Circumstance of Life should not be that which gives us Place, but our Behaviour in that Circumstance is what should be our solid Distinction. . . . He who thinks no Man above him but for his Virtue, none below him but for his Vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong Place, but will frequently emulate Men in Rank below him, and pity those above him.' Steele here goes far to anticipate the present 'modern acceptation' of the term 'gentleman'.[1]

In Cardinal Newman's *IX Discourses Addressed to the Catholics of Dublin*, this 'modern acceptation' is developed at considerable length. It is too detailed to quote entire; but some of its pronouncements may be reproduced. It starts with the statement that 'it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain'. . . . 'The true gentleman . . . carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. . . . He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours when he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled,

[1] Despite Dekker's reference to Our Lord as 'The first true gentleman that ever breathed', and a few other passages, Defoe's editor, Dr. Bülbring, is 'inclined to believe that the idea of a "gentleman by feeling" is in reality only a creation of the present [i. e. the nineteenth] century.' Cp. Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*, 1848, *passim*.

never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. . . . He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable; to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny.' What remains relates chiefly to the gentleman's bearing in controversy; but what has been quoted will suffice for the student to meditate—and to copy if he can.

A BRIEFER DEFINITION

LIVY'S definition is: '*Haud minus libertatis alienae quam suae dignitatis memor.*' (Quoted in Warde Fowler's *In Memoriam* Preface to Irwin's *Clifton School Addresses*, 1912, xiii.)

A LAYMAN'S FAITH

'To me, the central point is the Resurrection of Christ, which I believe. Firstly, because it is testified by men who had every opportunity of seeing and knowing, and whose veracity was tested by the most tremendous trials, both of energy and endurance, during long lives. Secondly, because of the marvellous effect it had upon the world. As a moral phenomenon, the spread and mastery of Christianity is without a parallel. I can no more believe that colossal moral effects lasting for 2,000 years can be without a cause, than I can believe that the various motions of the magnet are without

a cause, though I cannot wholly explain them. To any one who believes the Resurrection of Christ, the rest presents little difficulty. No one who has that belief will doubt that those who were commissioned by Him to speak—Paul, Peter, Mark, John—carried a divine message. St. Matthew falls into the same category. St. Luke has the warrant of the generation of Christians who saw and heard the others.' (LORD SALISBURY to the Rev. W. T. M'Cormick, *Record*, 28: viii: 1903.)

'TO LOVE HER, IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION'

INTUITION—to adapt a well-known saying of Scott—is a good critical crutch but a very indifferent leg. Some thirty years ago, a distinguished poet, now dead, asserted confidently in the *Spectator* that Steele's famous utterance really belonged not to that 'sentimental debauchee'—as I think he was unkind enough to call him—but to the infinitely superior genius of Congreve. Nevertheless, the facts were against even the trained insight of Mr. Swinburne. The discussion which straightway arose, established clearly that there were two descriptions of *Aspasia* (Lady Elizabeth Hastings) in the *Tatler*: one in No. 42, and the other in No. 49. The former of these is attributed (on no very definite evidence) to Congreve; the latter, which contains 'To love her, is a liberal Education', has always been unhesitatingly assigned to Steele, of whose manner it bears internal traces; while even intuition might have suggested that the phrase is much more likely to have emanated from the warm heart of 'Mr. Bickerstaff' than the cold and glittering wit of the author of 'The Way of the World'.

The context of Steele's words is seldom quoted, but it is worth repeating, though it is only in the familiar quotation that he reaches his flashing point. '*Aspasia* [the writer of No. 42, by the way, spells it *Aspatia*] must therefore be allow'd to be the first of the beauteous Order of Love, whose unaffected Freedom, and conscious Innocence, give her the Attendance of the Graces in all her Actions. That awful Distance which we bear towards her in all our Thoughts of her, and that chearful Familiarity with which we approach her, are certain Instances of her being the truest Object of Love of any of her Sex. *In this accomplish'd Lady, Love is the constant Effect, because it is never the Design. Yet, tho' her Mien carries much more Invitation than Command, to behold her is an immediate Check to loose Behaviour; and to love her, is a liberal Education:*[1] For, it being the Nature of all Love to create an Imitation of the beloved Person in the Lover, a regard for *Aspasia* naturally produces Decency of Manners, and good Conduct of Life, in her Admirers.' (*Tatler*, No. 49, Tuesday, August 2, 1709.)

LOST BOOKS

'ONE of the things that exercise 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

[1] These italics are mine.

Geneva 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. Dunstan's Church-yard, Fleet-street," 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 milk-maid. In any case, there are very few of the little tomes, with their quaint engravings 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 or six copies, none quite perfect, now extant, of which the best sold not long since for more than £1,400? Of these, the earliest 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*, 2nd edition, 1911, p. 71.)

ON THE SHELF

(Liber loquitur.)

'*Bouquin de rebut acheté au rabais.*'
ALFRED DE MUSSET.

I WAS once on the table; I'm now on the shelf.
Let me give a look round, and take stock for myself.

We are not a large party: an ancient *Who's Who*
(Grim sepulchre now of some names that were new!);
Spectator, vol. four, and a *Scot's Magazine*,
With a bulky *Burn's Justice* wedged tightly between;
The excellent Hanway, his *Essay on Tea*,
And *Rhymes for the Roadway*—by 'NEMO'. That 's ME!
Naught else but a packet of fish-hooks and floats;
A cracked Toby jug, and a sample of oats.

No mortal disturbs our seclusion, save when
Some ruddy-armed handmaid comes now and again
To bang us together, and fill up the cup
By putting us back with the bottom-side up;
Or the Farmer that owns us, when smoking at night,
Will ruthlessly tear out a leaf for a light,
Since the ledge that we live on stands over the settle
Where he nods by the fire-log, or blinks at the kettle.

But how did I come here? I came—as I think—
With a light-h arted tourist who stopped for a drink,
And tested our home-brewed so long on the lawn
That he either forgot me—or left me in pawn.

The former, I fancy. At end I've a serawl :
' *Price fourpence, and bought at a market-place stall.*
Not bad too, as verse—with a lingering note
That gives you a curious lump in the throat.'

I was one of three hundred. First twenty went off,
' Complimentary copies,' for critics to scoff,
Who were kind, on the whole. Other eighty were sold
(Less so much in the shilling) ; then, shop-worn and old,
And so for all saleable purposes dead,
We were promptly ' remaindered ' at twopence a head.

O impotent close ! But, however you doubt it,
Your twopenny readers are not to be flouted !
For the rich, though they buy, yet they never may need you,
While the poor, if they buy, are quite likely to read you.
And who knows but the laggard who left me behind
May not have been Poet, too, after his kind ?
A mute one, perchance, but still ready to snatch
From my numbers the lilt that he hungered to catch ;
Or to find, in the verses there writ without knowing,
That prorcant hint which could set him a-going.
Who shall mete the mysterious commerce of souls ?
Was the flambeau of Coleridge not kindled by Bowles ?
I myself may have failed. You may count me ' poor stuff ' ;
But I light a new beacon. And that is enough.[1]

A. D.

[1] These verses appeared in *Methuen's Annual.*

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 on canvas, that he makes his foremost claim on 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

HOGARTH PAINTING FIELDING

Fancy silhouette by Hugh Thomson

as Bunbury and Collet, Northcote and the " ingenious " 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*, 1907, 152–3.)

HOGARTH RELICS

Relics have a knack of disappearing surreptitiously. Now and again one hears inquiries concerning the little memorial tablets to a bird and dog once preserved in Hogarth's happily still-existent garden at Chiswick. It is to be feared that these inquiries must continue unanswered, unless the fable that the tablets emigrated to America should turn out to be true. The first mention of them—or rather of one of them—that I remember, is to be found in a note to vol. i, pp. cv and cvi of John Ireland's *Hogarth Illustrated*, 1791, where it is stated that in a ' corner [of the garden is] a rude and shapeless stone, placed upright against the wall, and inscribed

" Alas, Poor Dick !
1760.
Aged Eleven."

Beneath the inscription are two cross-bones of birds, surmounted with a heart and death's head. The sculpture was made with a nail, by the hand of Hogarth, and placed there in memory of a favourite bullfinch, who is deposited beneath.' To this must have been added in 1791, during the tenancy

of the house by Hogarth's relative, Mary Lewis, another, which was erected to a dog named Pompey (not, as often asserted, to Hogarth's own dog Trump), and it bore, in parody of Churchill's epitaph at Dover, the words, 'Life to the last enjoy'd here Pompey lies.' The only representation of these memorials which I have been able to discover, is a woodcut by F. W. Fairholt in the *Art Union* for August 1, 1848, afterwards reproduced in Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, 1st series, 1850–3.

What became of the tablets after this date, is unknown. According to Thorne's *Environs of London*, 1876, Pt. i, p. 108, they had disappeared in 1874, though they were supposed to be safely buried under the concrete of a pigsty which then occupied the site ;[1] but Mr. Alfred Dawson, a later tenant of the house, searched for them carefully without success (*Chiswick Times*, December 6, 1901). In 1880, or thereabouts, a visitor to the spot was shown a doubtful fragment (*Daily Graphic*, September 19, 1892) ; and Mr. F. G. Stephens (*Athenaeum*, September 17, 1892) stated that he had been informed by 'a local authority' that the tablets had been sold to 'an American gentleman'. Since the house passed into the hands of Colonel R. W. Shipway, further minute investigation has again been made, in vain. (Letter, *penes me*, of August 19, 1908, from Mr. F. W. Peel of Bedford Park.) The tablets have vanished—beyond recall—probably to Pope's (or is it Ariosto's ?)

> 'lunar sphere,
> Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.'[2]

[1] In the *Graphic* for November 14, 1874, is a sketch of the pigsty by W. B. Murray, giving the position of the slabs.

[2] 'Rape of the Lock,' Canto v, ll. 113–14.

CHODOWIECKI'S HOLIDAY

NOTHING—to my thinking—is more attractive than the authentic pictorial record of an old-time holiday, especially if it be impressed with a well-marked individuality. Modern photography and modern processes can, of course, present a literal and lifeless reality; but the kind of record I have in view gives what the camera cannot give—the mind of the chronicler behind the history. Such a persuasive and panoramic document is the *Von Berlin nach Danzig* of Daniel Chodowiecki, a record dating as far back as June 1773; but as vivid and human to-day as if taken from last night's newspaper. The artist, a popular German book-illustrator in the last half of the eighteenth century, after thirty years of incessant labour in Berlin, determined to pay a visit to his mother at his birthplace, Danzig. Accordingly, he set out on horseback, sketching freely on the road in his *Tagebuch*, from his first putting foot to stirrup, all those incidents of his journey which he could possibly transfer to paper. These, jotted down in pencil, he afterwards worked up with pen and brush; and not a few of them attain the level of finished studies in genre. In the first drawing you see him bidding effusive farewell to his family in his courtyard; in the next he is pacing forth, sword at side, on his long-tailed, Roman-nosed roadster, with his riding-coat neatly folded in front, and his valise *en croupe*. Then man and beast are being punted across the Oder in a flat-bottomed ferry-boat. At Pyritz his horse loses a shoe, which has to be replaced; at Massow [1] he suffers the humours

[1] The names are modernized.

of a wayside inn, where he is rudely roused from his first slumbers (on straw) by a couple of top-booted revellers who execute a cumbrous minuet on the wooden floor to the music of some wandering minstrels.[1] He is caught in a storm and draws it; he comes to grief in a bog, and afterwards depicts the scraping of its mud from his horse's hoofs. He sketches the poor travellers he passes; he sketches the bandy-legged innkeeper; he sketches that other truculent host at Wutzkow, who tells such blood-curdling stories to the Silesian and his lanky carter as they sit at supper, while the soldier's wife feeds her child with a spoon. At last he appears riding down the lime-tree *allée* of Langfuhr, the Danzig suburb; and so into Danzig itself, where, having put up his horse in a 'Gaststall', he straightway repairs to his mother's house in the Heiligengeistgasse, which he presently portrays, with its front door flanked by the two trees, called respectively Gottfried and Daniel, planted by his father many years before when he and his brother were born. In a succeeding picture he is greeted by his white-haired, half-blind mother in the little school-room where his now elderly sisters, who 'keep an academy', teach their pupils.

This closes the delineation of the journey proper. The remaining sketches, making the total up to one hundred and eight, illustrate Chodowiecki's stay in his native town, and consist, to a great extent, of interiors and single figures. He copies all the local notabilities: the Prince-Bishop and Mme Oehmken, his fat and witty 'Intendantin';

[1] The reader of Dickens will perhaps remember that the repose of Mr. Pickwick, on his first night's sojourn in the Fleet, was also disturbed by an extempore hornpipe from Mr. Mivins, otherwise the Zephyr.

the Countess Podoska, his niece; the Waywode Przebendowski; the burgomaster Conradi; the banker Dirksen; Brunatti, the French Secretary of Legation; the merchant Rottenberg; Mlle d'Aubonne (who 'cuts paper' as dexterously as Mrs. Delany or Lady Andover), and Mlle Ledikowska, who comes out on a dim landing from a brightly-lit room to bid the artist good-bye and to make a pretty picture. He draws all these; and he draws them in their 'fitting environment', the picturesque sixteenth-century houses with their balconies, and their '*Beischläge*' reaching to the roadway; the spacious and carpetless reception-rooms and their tiled stoves; the sleeping-chambers with their tent-beds, their scanty toilet-tables, and their stiff-backed, penitential-looking chairs. One of the most characteristic of the larger compositions shows the artist taking his mother's portrait in his bedroom (which he draws repeatedly). The old lady, in her Sunday cap, sits upright with her hands in her lap, decorously conscious that she must look her best. Over one chair is Chodowiecki's coat; on a second, his hat and saddle-bag. Another excellent drawing shows a 'Treckschuite' or drag-boat, crowded with pleasure-seekers, including a nervous lady who clutches at the artist's arm. But it would take many pages to describe the minutiae of these seductive designs, to which their simple treatment and fidelity of costume and detail lend all the authority of scrupulous reproduction. The original drawings are in the Academy at Berlin. But they have been well facsimiled at moderate cost by Messrs. Amsler and Ruthardt of that city. (Varied from an article on 'The Berlin Hogarth' in *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, 2nd Series, 1894, 212–16.)

THE PORTLAND SALE

'In April 1786, the "Portland Museum,"[1] announced in auctioneer phraseology as "known throughout Europe", and consisting of "shells, corals, minerals, insects, birds' eggs, agates, crystals, china, snuff-boxes, coins, medals, seals, prints, drawings, jewels, and precious stones," was sold by Skinner and Co., at her Grace's "late dwelling-house in Privy-Garden". The sale occupied about thirty days, and included 4,156 lots. One of the buyers was Horace Walpole, who secured a head in basalt of Jupiter Serapis, and an illuminated Book of Psalms, both of which he forthwith installed in the Beauclerk closet at Strawberry. Another item was a unique set of Hollar's engravings, in thirteen folio volumes. This fetched £385; but the prices generally were far below what they would have been in our time. Rembrandt etchings, for example, went for 28*s*., Chelsea china (28 pieces) for 30*s*. The gem of the sale was the blue and white glass Vase, or Sepulchral Urn, thought to have once held the ashes of Alexander Severus, which had been discovered near Rome in a sarcophagus under the Monte del Grano. Until 1770 this marvel of the ceramic art had remained in the possession of the Barberini family, being subsequently acquired by Sir William Hamilton, British Plenipotentiary at Naples, from whom, through his niece, Miss Hamilton, one of Queen Charlotte's Ladies in Waiting, the Duchess purchased it for £1,800. Henceforth it became known as the Hamilton or Portland Vase. At the sale it was

[1] This was in Portland House, Whitehall Gardens, which once occupied the site of the present No. 4 (1915). There is a water-colour drawing of it by J. Bromley, dated 1796, in the Crace Collection at the British Museum.

bought in by the third Duke for £1,029, and deposited by his son in the British Museum. Here it was smashed to pieces in February 1845 by a drunken workman; and was afterwards most ingeniously and successfully pieced together by Mr. Thomas Doubleday.' (*Rosalba's Journal*, &c., 1915, p. 127.)

A SUPPER À LA GRECQUE

It was eaten in the City of Paris in 1788, the year before the taking of the Bastille. The following account of it is summarized from the *Souvenirs* of the hostess, Mme Vigée-Lebrun the artist, on whose habitually informal and unpretentious receptions it was a hastily improvised variation:

'Sitting one evening in expectation of her first guests, and listening to her brother's reading of the Abbé Barthélemy's recently published "*Voyage du jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*," it presently occurred to her to give an Attic character to her little entertainment. The cook was straightway summoned, and ordered to prepare, *secundum artem*, specially classic sauces [1] for the eel and pullet of the evening. Some Etruscan vases were borrowed from a compliant collector on the premises, a large screen was decorated with drapery for a background, and the earliest comers, several very pretty women, were summarily costumed *à la grecque* out of the studio wardrobe. Lebrun-*Pindare* [the then-popular poet], arriving opportunely, was at once unpowdered, divested of his side-curls, crowned as Anacreon with a property laurel-wreath, and robed in a purple mantle belong-

[1] Probably some combination of grated cheese, garlic, vinegar and leek. (Barthélemy's vol. ii, chap. 25, has a most learned account *Des Maisons et des Repas des Athéniens*.)

ing to the Count de Parois, the accommodating owner of the pottery. The Marquis de Cubières, following next, was speedily Hellenized, and made to send for his guitar, which his taste for the antique had apparently already prompted him to gild like a lyre. Other guests were similarly 'translated'. For Mme Lebrun herself, it needed but the addition of a chaplet of flowers and a veil to her customary white dress, to convert her into the Aspasia of the minute; and when, at ten, M. de Vaudreuil and M. Boutin arrived for supper, they were amazed to find themselves in a company of latter-day Athenians, singing a chorus of Gluck to the accompaniment of the golden guitar of Cubières. A *supplément* had been made to the regulation bill of fare in the form of a cake confected with currants and honey; and a flask of old Cypriot wine, which had been a present, completed the illusion. Lebrun-*Pindare* declaimed a selection of his own translations from Anacreon, and the proceedings passed off with triumphant success. Though the hostess wisely refrained from any attempt to repeat this fortunate impromptu, her circumspection did not prevent rumour from exaggerating its details. At Versailles the "supper in the Manner of the Ancients" was said to have cost twenty thousand francs. This, on the precedent of Byrom's "Three Black Crows," at Rome became forty; at Vienna, sixty; and at St. Petersburg eighty thousand. Naturally the frugal King grumbled at such reckless prodigality. But the Marquis de Cubières, who had been present, was able to reassure him. As a matter of fact the entire expense had not exceeded fifteen francs.' ('Mme Vigée-Lebrun' in *Old Kensington Palace*, &c., 1910, pp. 92–4).

LEBRUN'S EPIGRAMS

It may fairly be assumed that the above-mentioned Lebrun-*Pindare* (his full name was Ponce-Denis Écouchard Lebrun) recited at the Greek supper the favourite poem of *Arion* which represents him in anthologies. But he is perhaps more memorable as an adroit epigrammatist. Here are two of his efforts :

'*Dialogue entre un pauvre Poète et l'Auteur.*

On vient de me voler !—Que je plains ton malheur !
Tous mes vers manuscrits !—Que je plains le voleur !'

This, I fancy, has been felicitously adapted in English to the case of a well-known prelate :

'I've lost my portmanteau !—I pity your grief !
My sermons were in it !—I pity the thief ! '

The other is :

'*Sur une Dame Poète.*

Églé, belle et poète, a deux petits travers :
Elle fait son visage, et ne fait pas ses vers !'

By this latter hangs a pleasant legend. The '*dame poète*' was Mme Fanny de Beauharnais, blue-stocking and Viscountess. Lebrun was professedly her friend, perhaps the actual reviser of her verses. Relying on his anonymity, he unblushingly continued to frequent her house. At his next visit, after dinner, when the party adjourned to the *salon*, they found, under the mirror of the mantelpiece, in a neat gilt frame, the above couplet, with this inscription : '*Vers faits contre moi par M. Lebrun, qui dine aujourd'hui chez moi!*' A bold, but scarcely judicious retort, since it not only gave wider circulation to the epigram, but placarded the identity of the victim. (Fournier, *L'Esprit des Autres*, 1881, pp. 279–82.)

GORDONIANA

One of the most depressing things in literary work is the ill-timed and often disconcerting apparition of 'fresh particulars'. Here is a case in point. During October 1913, being then in a northern hydropathic establishment, I was collecting, in very unfavourable circumstances, the materials for a paper on the Gordon Riots. I had even gone to the lengths of advertising for a certain rare book on the subject, but without success. Yet all the time there had been delivered, in the preceding June, at University College, a lecture on 'Lord George Gordon's Conversion to Judaism' which would have materially assisted me. If it was referred to or reported in the public prints, it had escaped me, as well as those whose assistance I had invoked. What was worse, when, two years later, it was published, it appears simultaneously with the volume of reprinted essays in which I had included my own modest performance; and I think I was fairly justified in holding that fortune had dealt unkindly with me. Not that the lecture traversed materially or modified anything I had written; but it contained or indicated various details and illustrations which could only have been brought together in leisurely fashion by an expert and enthusiast who had manifestly travelled all the by-ways of his theme. Its author was Mr. Israel Solomons, a practised writer on Jewish subjects, and a member of the Jewish Historical Society of England, before whom his paper was read.

Already, but too late to be available for my purpose, I had discovered that William Blake had been almost engulfed in the crowd of incendiaries who

LORD GEORGE GORDON
During the latter part of his imprisonment in Newgate

From a very rare mezzotint in the possession of Israel Solomons, Esq.

streamed down Long Acre in order to burn Newgate;[1] and I had also ascertained from Mr. J. Paul de Castro, that, by a curious coincidence, Fielding's son, William, had actually been a looker-on at the destruction of his father's old residence in Bow Street, then occupied or used by his uncle, Sir John. But I did not know, what I found in Mr. Solomons, that (before *Barnaby Rudge*) the state of London in the hands of the mob had served as background for chap. xv of Miss Edgeworth's Jewish tale of *Harrington* (1817), nor was I aware that *The Month* (vol. lxxviii, May 1893) had contained a highly valuable paper on the riots by the late Lionel Johnson, whose knowledge of the time was exceptional. 'He' [Gordon], says Mr. Johnson in a verbal vignette, 'was very tall, very thin, very sallow, with very high cheekbones, and very long, lank red hair. He wore spectacles, trowsers of red tartan plaid, with a coat of black velvet.' This is the Gordon of Dickens, and may be compared with the later Gordon represented in the rare mezzotint, 'unknown to Chaloner Smith,' which Mr. Solomons reproduces as his frontispiece. Here he appears in the Israelitish dress he wore during his confinement in Newgate, including the slouched hat which, from conscientious motives, he objected to remove when, in January 1793, he appeared before Lord Chief Justice Kenyon at the expiration of his sentence. He is described at this date as 'Israel Abraham Gordon, commonly called Lord George Gordon', and is duly equipped in the picture with the long beard which he regarded as so essential a sign of his adopted faith that, in 1789, he refused to interview a necessitous but beardless Jew who applied to him for help. This course he defended in a long justificatory letter which

[1] Gilchrist's *Blake*, 1880, vol. i, p. 35.

was issued in pamphlet form.[1] He seems, from authorities cited by Mr. Solomons, to have been unusually rigorous in his religious observances. 'Every morning he was seen with his phylacteries between his eyes and opposite to his heart. Every Saturday he had a public service in his room by the aid of ten Polish Jews [that being the number requisite for public worship]. He looked like a patriarch with his beautiful long beard. His Saturday's bread was baked, according to the manner of the Jews, his wine was Jewish, his meat was Jewish, and he was the best Jew in the congregation of Israel. On his prison wall was to be seen, first the ten commandments in the Hebrew language, then the bag of Talith, or fringed garment, and of the phylacteries.' 'There were, a few years ago,' (says the *Jewish Chronicle* in October 1867) 'still co-religionists alive who well remembered the eccentric nobleman, and had seen him in their youth as he sat in his prison wrapped in his praying scarf, the phylacteries on his forehead and arm, with a long beard reaching to his waist, devoutly reciting his prayers with minyon [i.e. ten males, *ut supra*].'

Mr. Solomons, it may be anticipated, takes an indulgent view of Gordon's 'mental stability', though he quotes, fairly enough, the adverse opinions of Walpole, Burke, and Hume. His little treatise is illustrated by a number of contemporary caricatures, as well as a portrait, after the miniaturist, Ozias Humphry, of Polly Levi, the beautiful and blameless Jewish girl referred to in *Barnaby Rudge*, who came daily to wait on Gordon at Newgate.

[1] The obligation to shave was recently advanced to the Stepney Tribunal as a reason for objecting to military service. The objector was an orthodox Jew whose father was a Rabbi (*Pall Mall Gazette*, June 19, 1916).

'THE PROPHET NICHOLAS'

It is probable that few to-day remember the sporting prophet of the now-defunct *Fun*, who, in the sixties, was accustomed to delight us with his unabashed partiality for 'sherry wine', his unbridled use of the locution 'than whom', and his often-renewed, but never-fulfilled 'proposals' to present the world with a definitive 'edition de looks' on the mysteries of 'Knurr and Spell'. Later artists have long eclipsed those artless waggeries. But his inventor, William Jeffery Prowse, certainly deserves more than the credit of creating the bibulous Sage of Horsleydown. Although journalism, clinging tenaciously to its quarry, claimed, and perhaps hastened, the death of its victim, Prowse left behind indications that if he had gone farther towards the 'lost old age' of which he sang, he might have ranked high as a verseman. He had the sentiment of the refrain. What could be better than the 'lilting' burden of 'The City of Prague', for which one seeks vainly in many pretentious anthologies?

> 'Though the latitude 's rather uncertain,
> And the longitude also is vague,
> The persons I pity who know not the City—
> The beautiful City of Prague!'

There is the same instinctive aptness in the memorial stanza to poor Paul Gray, whom one recalls as a graceful illustrator on *Once a Week*:

> 'Listen! *On bat* —
> *On bat le rappel là-haut.*'

My Lost Old Age is a touching little poem, though

the idea is perhaps better than the execution. Here is the final verse :

> 'We work so hard, we age so soon,
> We live so swiftly, one and all,
> That ere our day be fairly noon
> The shadows eastward seem to fall.
> Some tender light may gild them yet ;
> As yet, 'tis not so *very* cold,
> And, on the whole, I *won't* regret
> My slender chance of growing old.'

It was a chance that never came to him, for, like Paul Gray, he died early of consumption. His later winters were spent at Cimiez near Nice, whence, in 1870, he contributed to *Hood's Comic Annual* two charming fancies of 'The Drought' and 'The Rain'. In the next issue of 1871 he had become 'the late', having died abroad on Easter Sunday in the previous year. But the breezy 'Tramp Song', which was his final printed utterance, still dwells in my memory :

> 'I gaze upon the streamlet,
> As on the bridge I lean ;
> I watch its hurried ripples,
> I mark its golden-green.
> Oh ! the men of the West are stalwart,
> And the Western lasses fair,
> And merrily breathes around me
> The bracing upland air.
> And be it early morning,
> Or be it late at night,
> Cheerily ring my footsteps,
> Right ! Left ! Right ! '

In these later pieces he was evidently passing from confessedly comic verse to poetry pure and simple. But he preceded them in the first issue of the *Annua* by some striking examples of Parody. Coleridge is cleverly imitated in a piece ending—

> 'He was the first that ever burst
> From the never-silent C !

And these—as it seems to me—exactly counterfeit the authentic *ottava rima* of Byron :

'Nor did I spare from commination that
Corpulent Hanoverian, the Fourth George.
Though hard to pierce, through the thick layers of fat
That, blubberlike, protected him—his gorge
Felt my harpoon, and much he winced thereat ;
Had it been mine the bolts of Jove to forge,
I would have sent a dozen down to frighten
This mean Sardanapalus out of Brighton !

Enough : I leave my poems and my fame
To calmer judgment than in life they met.
If, in my writings, of the sacred flame
Some sparks were burning, and are burning yet,
I think I have made out a decent claim
That England will not readily forget,
To rank amongst her singers ;—if excluded,
I still wrote better, Southey, far, than *you* did.'

One of Prowse's last prose efforts was a paper on Smollett at Nice, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for 1870 (vol. xxi). There is a brief memoir of him by the younger Hood, prefixed to a volume, now rare, entitled *Nicholas's Notes and Sporting Prophecies, with some Miscellaneous Poems, . . . by the late W. J. Prowse.*

THACKERAY'S BOHEMIA

THACKERAY, in the opinion of experts, has 'most admirably described' the British Bohemia of his day. 'A pleasant land, not fenced with drab stucco, like Tyburnia or Belgravia ; not guarded by a huge standing army of footmen ; not echoing with noble chariots ; not replete with polite chintz drawing-rooms and neat tea-tables ; a land over which hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco ; a land of chambers, billiard-rooms, supper-rooms, oysters ;

a land of song; a land where soda-water flows freely in the morning; a land of tin dish-covers from taverns, and frothing porter; a land of lotus-eating (with lots of cayenne pepper), of pulls on the river, of delicious reading of novels, magazines, and saunterings in many studios; a land where men call each other by their Christian names; where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where, if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits, and the delightful capacity to be idle. I have lost my way to Bohemia now [1862], but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world.' (*The Adventures of Philip*, ch. v.)

'ARTISTS THREE'

'In the World of Pictorial Recollection there are many territories, the natives of which you may recognise by their characteristics as surely as Ophelia recognises 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 sidewalk, 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 head-long 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*, 1911, 2nd ed., pp. 93–5.)

FREDERICK LOCKER

FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON, better known as Frederick Locker, died at Rowfant in Sussex on May 30th, 1895. 'When, in 1873, my first book of verse served as my introduction to him, he was already past middle age. He had besides something of an elder generation, a touch of the extinct *bel air*—that refined and reposeful amenity which has vanished before the strenuous life and obtrusive upholstery. To me, ungregarious by habit, and a much-occupied man, the acquaintance was a wholly delightful sensation—an unhoped spy-hole, as it were, in the stage-door of the *Comédie Humaine*. My new friend with the fine taste in literature and art, had this in addition, that his knowledge was experimental where mine was theoretical. He had seen people of whom I had only heard; he had visited places of which I had only read. He seemed to know everyone—to have the *entrée* everywhere. He would tell of Landor and Earl Russell, of Lord Tennyson and Lamartine, of Thackeray and Paul de Kock, of "George Eliot" and Fred Archer, of Dickens and Tom Sayers, of whomsoever you please, sketching them lightly with a deft, quick touch in which a native kindliness was always tripping up a reluctant but very acute perception of anything like vulgarity or pretence. In his earliest book he took for motto—"*Un pauvre cynique qui n'entend*

malice, et parfois sentimental," and the characterisation, bating its needless, but perfectly genuine humility, is not unhappy. As a talker and story-teller he was unrivalled, comprehending to the full the necessity for never tiring his hearer—for suppressing the non-essential, preserving the picturesque, progressing steadily to the point. Easily bored himself, the dread of boring others that kept his poems brief, was invaluable to him as a *raconteur*. I can never remember his being dull. Some of his best anecdotes are contained in that "little lounging miscellany", the *Patchwork* of 1879; but attractive as this collection is, it lacks in cold type the effective atmosphere with which he was wont to invest his spoken narrative—the half-interrogatory smile at the finish, the drop and readjustment of the eye-glass. Modest by nature, and with a real reverence for learning, Mr. Locker would have shrunk from calling himself a scholar (a word too often used as indiscriminately as the "grand old name of gentleman")—or even a student; and, in truth, like Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, his researches lay more among men than books, while his failing health in latter years made any sustained application distasteful to him. But his instinct was unerring; and in merely dallying with a paper-knife—languidly separating the leaves of a volume apparently without opening the pages, as I have often seen him do—he would somehow manage to extract its secret, and to the last he continued to keep *au courant* of what was best or freshest in contemporary letters. His idiosyncrasy as a connoisseur was of the same type. He may have haunted Christie's and the *bric-à-brac* shops; but he certainly never ground laboriously at handbooks, or worked museum cases. Not the less, he seldom failed to secure the rare copy with

the A flyleaf, the impression with the unique *remarque*, the impeccable *sang de bœuf*, the irreproachable *rose du Barry*. He had the true collector's *flair*—an ounce of which is worth a pound of pedantry. Of his successes in this way the *Rowfant Catalogue* is a standing monument—a veritable treasure-house of Shakespeare quartos, priceless manuscripts, first issues, tall copies and Blake and Chodowiecki plates. His portrait as a man—for I am fully aware that the foregoing jottings are purely objective—must be sought for in those singularly candid pages which, under cover of a motto from his favourite Montaigne, he entitled *My Confidences*. But for a short *aperçu* of his character I know nothing better than the words with which his son-in-law, Mr. Augustine Birrell, closes the Preface to the *Appendix to the Rowfant Catalogue*: "Frederick Locker was essentially a man of the world; he devoted his leisure hours to studying the various sides of human nature, and drawing the good that he could out of all sorts and conditions of men. His delicate health prevented him from taking any very active share in stirring events; but he was content, unembittered, to look on, and his energies were continually directed towards gathering about him those friends and acquaintances who, with their intellectual acquirements, combined the charms of good manners, culture and refinement."'

[This account is reproduced from the 'Introduction' to the 'Golden Treasury' edition of *London Lyrics*, 1904. I see no reason to abate anything in it now [1915], though I fear it is but an imperfect record of a friend to whom, during more than twenty years, I was indebted for many kindnesses.]

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.[1] 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,

[1] Hodder's *Memories of my Time*, 1870.

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 to *Rob Roy*, a beautiful little tinted pencil drawing which represents Francis Osbaldistone bursting in upon Justice Inglewood and Morris the gauger (ch. viii).

'AN ADMIRABLE RACONTEUR'

When, in 1891, I had the good fortune to become a member of the Athenaeum Club, Abraham Hayward had been dead for seven years. But tradition of his tireless talk and inexhaustible anecdote was still fresh in men's memories; and his favourite corner—the north-eastern angle near the door—in the Dining Room, known familiarly to his especial circle as 'Hayward's Heath', or (ironically) as 'Temperance Corner', a name given to it when its earlier frequenters were Moore and Theodore Hook, was still

pointed out to inquiring visitors. In Locker's *My Confidences*, and Sir M. E. Grant Duff's *Diaries*, there are interesting references to Hayward's conversational gifts, combative spirit, and the biting wit which made him more admired than loved. Some less known, but not less notable reminiscences are contained in the *Recollections* of Dean Boyle of Salisbury, whose own bons mots and kindly humour I have good reason to remember. He frequently came to the Athenaeum when in town, and sometimes met Hayward there. He speaks of him as 'an admirable *raconteur*', with a 'wonderful gift of telling a story without addition or ornament. Caustic he could be, and sometimes coarse. He admired strongly, and hated strongly'. 'I had a letter from Hayward (he writes) shortly before his death, in which he told me a good story. Old Lord Strangford was dining with Quentin Dick, a very rich man, who called his attention to the soup, and said "it was turtle for the million". "Good enough", said Lord Strangford, "for the million, but not for the millionaire." He was fond of telling the good things of Lord Chelmsford's. One of his great favourites was, "When Lord Westbury appeared for the first time in the House of Lords after his fall, in plaid trousers, 'There he is,' said Lord Chelmsford, 'scotched, but not kilt.' . . ." 'A dinner at the Athenaeum (Dean Boyle goes on), with Hayward, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, and Sir Edmund Head, was a thing not to be forgotten. Anecdote followed anecdote in pelting profusion. Hayward said that among the many witticisms of Sydney Smith, he thought one of the best was, "Man is certainly a benevolent animal. A. never sees B. in distress without thinking C. ought to relieve him directly." "Helps," he said, "declares that the king of proverbs

is, 'Nobody knows where the shoe pinches but the wearer.'" After a profound silence, Stirling-Maxwell and Head, both masters of proverbs, declared that they believed he was right. Haywardiana ought to have been attempted by some one who constantly dined in his company. I heard Thackeray say that he had counted on one occasion fifty-five stories, and he did not think he had ever heard Hayward tell one of them before. It has been said that if the original of the first part of *Faust* had perished, it might almost be recovered from Hayward's prose translation.' (*Recollections*, 1895, pp. 278–80.) But the written records of such *noctes coenaeque deûm* always fall a little short of their reputation, and those who wish to realise the range of the 'champion anecdotist' of the mid-Victorian Age will have to 'overhaul' his *Essays* and *Art of Dining*. He died in 1884.

THE WAY TO HARLEY STREET

ACCORDING to Dr. Robertson Wallace, in the *Young Man*, a little soup, a morsel of meat and vegetables, or a piece of fish, a sweet and a bit of cheese is dinner enough to keep a man in health; much more than that is apt to keep him in Harley Street.

A little soup, and fish or meat;
A scrap of cheese; a modest sweet;
[An after draught of water (neat)]
Will keep you out of *Harley Street*.

A. D.

'PAMĔLA OR PAMĒLA'

THERE must have been a doubt as to the pronunciation of the name even in Richardson's day—a doubt which did not escape Fielding. 'She told me,' says the Pedlar to Parson Adams in Book iv, chap. xii, 'that I might be sure to find them out by one circumstance; for that they had a daughter of a very strange name, Paměla or Pamēla; some pronounced it one way, and some the other.' Richardson, wherever he got it, made it Paměla. This is clear from the hymns he wrote for his heroine; and Aaron Hill subserviently assured him that Mr. Pope had 'taught half the women in England to pronounce it wrong',[1] the reference being to the well-known couplet in Pope's *Epistle to Teresa Blount*:

> 'The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
> Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders mares.'

Much erudite ink was shed some years ago in attempting to determine how Sir Philip Sidney, from whose *Arcadia* Pope probably borrowed the name, accentuated it; and this was a difficult matter, as the *Arcadia* is mainly prose. But 'an old dittie' by Sidney, first printed at the end of a 1655 edition of his great romance, ultimately settled the question, as far as he was concerned. It begins:

> '*Philoclea* and *Pamela* sweet
> By chance in one great hous did meet.'

Col. Prideaux subsequently found confirmation of Pope's pronunciation in the works of William Strode, 1602–45. The first edition of the *Arcadia* is dated 1590.

[1] Barbauld's *Correspondence of Samuel Richardson*, 1804 vol. i, p. lxxviii.

PAMELA FITZGERALD

MEANWHILE, I once possessed a relic of a real Pamela, Lady Edward Fitzgerald. Three or four years ago,[1] on a summer's day, a bookstall in Westminster was suddenly strewn with a number of little duodecimos in dingy calf which had come from some recently dispersed collection. All had written in them, in a woman's hand, the name 'Pamela Fitz Gerald'. My specimen (at the modest ransom of ninepence, I think) was a Glasgow edition of the *Poems on Several Occasions* of *Edmund Waller, Esq.* 1770. I cannot say that it showed any signs of having been closely studied; but there was no reasonable doubt that it once belonged to the lady described in her marriage contract of 1792 as the 'Citoyenne Anne Caroline Stéphanie Sims, aged nineteen or thereabouts, domiciled at Paris, known in France by the name of *Paméla*, born at Fogo, in the Island of Newfoundland, and daughter of Guillaume de Brixey and of Mary Sims'.

Rumour, it is known, ascribed to her a more exalted parentage. 'Guillaume de Brixey' has an apocryphal look (it is 'Berkley' in the register at Tournay, where the marriage took place; and as to 'Fogo', in days when Secretaries of State were ignorant that Cape Breton was an island, there might well be incredulity. Moore, in his *Life of Lord Edward*, roundly speaks of the lady as 'the adopted or (as may now be said without scruple) actual daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans'; and though he afterwards mentioned in

[1] This—now somewhat revised—was originally written in 1890. Where the book is now, I know not.

a note that this had been 'positively denied', it still continued to be believed. Yet it is by no means free from doubt, and those who affirmed it counted without the sleepless activity of the contributors to the great dictionary of Messrs. Stephen and Lee. From inquiries made at Fogo by Mr. J. G. Alger, the writer of the article on Lady Fitzgerald, it appears that Mr. James Fitzgerald, J.P., of the Island, ascertained in 1834 that there did once actually live at Fogo a Mary Sims; that, in the latter part of the last [eighteenth] century, she sailed for Bristol with her infant daughter, in a vessel commanded by a Frenchman named Brixey; and that her relatives in North America 'heard nothing more of mother or child until they learned from Moore's book that Lord E. Fitzgerald had married a Nancy Sims from Fogo'. So that Madame de Genlis's story of '*l'enfant incomparable que la Providence jettoit dans mes bras*' may after all be true.

THE OFFICINA ARBUTEANA

Among my few specimens of the Strawberry Hill Press are two which I particularly value. One is Charles Lord Whitworth's *Account of Russia as it was in the Year 1710.* He was Ambassador Extraordinary to St. Petersburg in that very year, and had the honour of smoothing down the Czar when His Bearship was very angry with Queen Anne over some paltry quarrel. The book is mainly politico-statistical; and is in parts 'cruel dull and dry' (as Swift said of the *Tatler* after he had quarrelled with Steele); but in Walpole's 'Introduction' there is an original anecdote of the Czarina, which he got from the picture-collector, Sir Luke Schaub, who had it from Whitworth himself. Lord Whitworth had

known Catherine I in her less-dignified past. After he had composed matters between Peter and Anne, he was invited to a ball at Court, and taken out to dance by the Czarina. 'As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand, and said in a whisper, "*Have you forgot little Kate?*" '

The 'Account of Russia' is excellently printed. But the other specimen of the Strawberry Hill types is much more valuable, for it is not only a first edition, but the first issue from the Press. The title is: *Odes by Mr. Gray, φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι—Pindar, Olymp. II.* Printed at Strawberry-Hill, for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall-Mall, MDCCLVII. 'They are Greek, they are Pindaric, they are sublime!' writes Walpole to Mason, 'consequently, I fear, a little obscure'—an obscurity which Gray obstinately declined to dissipate by foot-notes. It is curious to re-read them now in their first quarto form, as yet unnamed 'The Progress of Poesy' and 'The Bard'; but simply 'Ode I, Ode II', and to note how many of the lines—veritable 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn'—have passed into the commonplaces of the language. A humbler but more momentous question for the collector is: How many were printed? The Walpole Catalogue of 1774 says a thousand; but Gray and Gray's biographer say two.[1]

Meanwhile the copy now before me has special features. It once belonged to the distinguished painter and poet, William Bell Scott, whose ultimate retirement from London, to the regret of his friends, brought about the dispersal of his library. Pasted at the beginning is his book-plate,

[1] Dr. Paget Toynbee informs me that in an unpublished MS. list of the Strawberry Hill Press publications which he possesses Walpole himself gives the number as 2,000.

his own design, characteristic and imaginative: a turret with moon and stars; a palette and brushes; an antique lamp with its flame blown inward by the night wind, on the wall at the side the wavering distorted shadow of a carved female figure which forms its handle. He did another *ex-libris* in the same way for Lord de Tabley, then the Hon. J. Leicester Warren. Books, coins, MSS., a classical Caryatid, and the loose leaves of a Hortus Siccus, illustrate the owner's tastes.

DE AMICITIA

BESIDE my mantelpiece hangs a little black-framed copperplate which, for two reasons, never ceases to appeal to me. The first of these reasons is, that it is said to have been 're-engraved' by William Blake after Chodowiecki—in Engelmann's exhaustive Catalogue of whose works, however, I fail to find it—for the Rev. C. G. Salzmann's *Elements of Morality*, 1791. This, according to Gilchrist, was a volume of 'pinafore precepts' translated by Mary Wollstonecraft and issued by Cowper's Dissenting publisher, Joseph Johnson of 72 St. Paul's Churchyard. The other reason—the more important one, of course—is its subject. It represents a very small boy stretched listlessly in the corner of a large double-ended couch with his head resting on his left hand. The sense of solitude is emphasized by the size of the couch, as contrasted with its diminutive occupant; and it is heightened by the longitudinal shape of the print, which adds to the barren emptiness of the scantily-furnished room. Underneath are the words, '*How sad is life without a friend!*' What part of Salzmann's third volume the picture illustrates, I do

not know, nor do I care to ask. To me the design, taken by itself, is as eloquent as Cicero, or Montaigne on Estienne de la Boëtie: 'I loved him because he was he, because I was I.' But where is the 'he' in this case? Poor, forlorn manikin! '*How sad is life without a friend!*'

'LE TROP NUIT EN TOUTES CHOSES'

'*Nos sens n'apperçoivent rien d'extrême. Trop de bruit nous assourdit; trop de lumière nous ébloüit; trop de distance, & trop de proximité empêchent la veüe; trop de longueur, & trop de breveté obscurcissent un discours; trop de plaisir incommode; trop de consonances déplaisent. Nous ne sentons ny l'extrême chaud, ny l'extrême froid... Les choses extrêmes sont pour nous, comme si elles n'estoient pas; & nous ne sommes point à leur égard. Elles nous échappent, ou nous à elles.*' (*Pensées de M. Pascal*, 1675, 169.)

FIELDING'S TOMB

FIELDING left England in search of health on Wednesday, the 26th June, 1754. He landed at Lisbon, after a tediously protracted voyage, on the 7th August. Two months later, on the 8th of October, he died in a suburb of the Portuguese capital, and was buried in the English cemetery. His first tomb, which Wraxall, in 1772, found 'nearly concealed by weeds and nettles', was erected by the English Factory. For this, a more impressive memorial was substituted in 1830, chiefly by the instrumentality of the Rev. Christopher Neville, British Chaplain at Lisbon. In a photograph taken many years ago, it appears as a heavy sarcophagus on a large base, surmounted by an urn and flame, like that on Hogarth's tomb at Chiswick. It is still—or was, when the photograph was made—surrounded

HENRY FIELDING, ÆT. XLVIII

Fanry silhouette by Hugh Thomson

by the secular cypresses from which the spot takes its name of *Os Cyprestes*. There is a long Latin epitaph on the front; but at the back is the better known

LUGET BRITANNIA GREMIO NON DARI
FOVERE NATUM.

TO F. M. D.
(With a Volume of Herbert)

I

When I go
From my place
At your feet,
Sweet,
All I know
Of your face
I recall—
All;
Being by
(In the net)
I forget.
Why?
1868.

II

Being by,
I but hear
What you say—
Yea,
Naught am I
But an ear
To the word
Heard;
Then I go
And the grace
Of your face
Know.
A. D.

TWO PICTURES FROM 'VADER CATS'

The majority of the illustrations to the works of the Dutch poet Jacob Cats are *genre* pictures; some, however, are grim moralities. Here are specimens in both kinds. The scene of *Kinderspel* ('Children's Games') is laid in the great square of Middelburg with its old Gothic houses and central clump of trees. 'Down the middle of the foreground, which is filled by a crowd of figures, advances a regiment of little Dutchmen, marching to drum and fife, and led by a fire-eating captain of fifteen. Around this central group are dispersed knots of children,

playing leap-frog, flying kites, blowing bubbles, whipping tops, walking on stilts, skipping, and the like. In one corner the boys are busy with blind-man's buff; in the other, the girls, with their stiff head-dresses and vandyked aprons, are occupied with their dolls. Under the pump some seventeenth-century equivalent for chuck-farthing seems to be going on vigorously; and, not to be behindhand in the fun, two little fellows in the distance are standing upon their heads. The whole composition is full of life and movement, and—so conservative is childhood—might, but for the costume and scene, represent a playground of to-day. No doubt it represented, with far closer fidelity, the playground of the artist's time.'

In the graver kind, only one of the simpler compositions can be described; and it 'is certainly a most gruesome allegory of life. A man is seen scaling an apple-tree, which clings with snake-like roots to the side of a burning pit or well, inhabited by a fearsome and ravening dragon. About the brim of the pit a restless bear runs backwards and forwards, eager for its prey; but rats are gnawing busily at the tree-trunk, and by and by the tree, climber and all, will topple crashing in the flames.' (The quotations are from 'Vader Cats', *Side-walk Studies*, 1902, pp. 268, 274.)

A DRAP O' THE BEST

(Highland Colloquy)

First Hielan'man.—'She'll pe ta pest whusky I shall have tastit for efermore.'

Second Hielan'man.—'So tit I, neither!'

Third Hielan'man.—'Neither tit I, too!'

[This was the epigraph to a drawing by William Small in *Fun*, representing three drovers at the door of a tavern.]

GIBBON ON DURATION OF LIFE

'WHEN I contemplate the common lot of mortality, I must acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. The far greater part of the globe is overspread with barbarism or slavery; in the civilized world the most numerous class is condemned to ignorance and poverty, and the double fortune of my birth in a free and enlightened country, in an honourable and wealthy family, is the lucky chance of an unit against millions. The general probability is about three to one that a newborn infant will not live to compleat his fiftieth year.[1] I have now passed that age,[2] and may fairly estimate the present value of my existence in the threefold division of mind, body, and estate.' [This he proceeds to do, concluding as follows:] 'The present is a fleeting moment; the past is no more; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful. This day may *possibly* be my last; but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow me about fifteen years,[3] and I shall soon enter into the period which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent historian of Nature,[4] who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season, in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis.[5] I am far more

[1] Buffon, *Hist. Nat.*, vii. 158–64.

[2] This was written at Lausanne in March, 1791, when he was in his fifty-fourth year.

[3] Buffon, p. 224.

[4] Buffon again.

[5] See Buffon, p. 413. In private conversation, that great

inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine: I will not suppose any praemature decay of the mind or body; but I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.' (*Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon*, 1896, pp. 343, 347.) This, as already noted, was written in 1791; Gibbon died in January 1794. Not inappropriately that most suggestive of annotators, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, recalls from Sainte-Beuve the fine words of Bossuet describing life as something '*qui nous manquera tout à coup comme un faux ami, lorsqu'elle semblera nous promettre plus de repos*'. (*Causeries*, x. 201.)

GIBBON ON RATIONAL PRIDE

'THE rational pride of an author may be offended rather than flattered by vague indiscriminate praise; but he cannot, he should not, be indifferent to the fair testimonies of private and public esteem. Even his social sympathy may be gratified by the idea that, now in the present hour, he is imparting some degree of amusement or knowledge to *his friends* in a distant land; that one day his mind will be familiar to the grandchildren of those who are yet unborn.[1] I cannot boast of the friendship or favour of princes; the patronage of English

and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. (*Gibbon's* note.)

[1] This is further explained by a note. 'In the first of ancient or modern romances (*Tom Jones*, B. xiii, c. 1) this proud sentiment, this feast of fancy, is enjoyed by the Genius of Fielding. "Foretell me that some future [tender] maid, whose grandmother is yet unborn, &c."' (GIBBON.)

literature has long since been devolved on our booksellers, and the measure of their liberality is the least ambiguous test of our common success.' (*Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon*, 1896, p. 346.)

LINES FOR A BED AT KELMSCOTT MANOR

'THE wind 's on the wold
And the night is a-cold,
And Thames runs chill
Twixt mead and hill,
But kind and dear
Is the old house here,
And my heart is warm
Midst winter's harm.
Rest then and rest,
And think of the best
Twixt summer and spring
When all birds sing
In the town of the tree,
And ye lie in me
And scarce dare move
Lest earth and its love
Should fade away
Ere the full of the day.

I am old and have seen
Many things that have been,
Both grief and peace,
And wane and increase.
No tale I tell
Of ill or well,
But this I say,
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst and best
Right good is rest.'

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A FRENCH BOOKSHOP

THERE is a graceful illustration to Corneille's five-act comedy of *La Galerie du Palais*, which gives a good idea of a French bookshop in 1762. Its designer was Hubert Bourguignon, otherwise Gravelot; its engraver, Noël le Mire. It shows one of the passages or arcades in the old Palais de Justice at Paris, with its long row of uniform windows above, and its recessed booths below. To the right are a mercer and a *lingère;* to the left a bookseller's stall, open at the front and side. The bookseller is busy with a couple of fashionably-dressed male customers, preoccupied for the moment by the more pressing attractions of a young lady opposite, who is cheapening laces at the *lingère's* counter. '*Ce visage vaut mieux que toutes vos chansons,*' says the legend under the print. The relevant passage of Act I of the play runs as below. The *lingère* has been complimenting the *libraire* on the success of the last new book, which, it appears, is selling like hot cakes. He, in his turn, congratulates her on the steady demand for silk-stuffs, to which she rejoins laughingly that, if it continues, she must move to larger premises. Thereupon arrive Messieurs Dorimant and Cléante, with their silk bags, and their *tricornes* under their arms. They are at once assailed by the bookseller:

'*Monsieur, vous plait-il voir quelques livres du tems?*

DORIMANT.

Montrez m'en quelques-uns.

LE LIBRAIRE.

Voici ceux de la mode.

CE VISAGE VAUT MIEUX QUE TOUTES VOS CHANSONS

From an engraving by N. le Mire after H. Gravelot

DORIMANT.

Otez moi cet auteur, son nom seul m'incommode ;
C'est un impertinent, ou je n'y connais rien.

LE LIBRAIRE.

Ses œuvres toutefois se vendent assez bien.

DORIMANT.

Quantité d'ignorans ne songent qu'à la rime.

LE LIBRAIRE.

Monsieur, en voici deux dont on fait grande estime.
Considérez ce trait, on le trouve divin.

DORIMANT.

Il n'est que mal traduit du cavalier Marin ;
Sa veine au demeurant me semble assez hardie.

LE LIBRAIRE.

Ce fut son coup d'essai que cette comédie.

DORIMANT.

Cela n'est pas tant mal pour un commencement ;
La plupart de ses vers coulent fort doucement.
Qu'il a de mignardise à décrire un visage ! '

But, at this juncture, enter the fair Hipolyte and her companion Florice ; and Dorimant, whose 'only books' are 'woman's looks', falls in love at first sight. '*Ce visage vaut mieux que toutes vos chansons,*' he says to the bookseller. Nothing could be more natural, and more skilful, than the little dialogue. A less practised dramatist would have laboured it with superfluous literary points. With Corneille it does its dramatic business without a wasted word.

ANDREW LANG

AMONG many delightful gifts, the late Andrew Lang excelled in throwing off rhymed inscriptions for books that he gave away. I am fortunate enough to possess two or three. In a little Elzevir Horace he presented to me, he wrote the following :

> ' *To Austin Dobson.*
> The Bard was short to outward view,
> And "short,"—to match,—this copy, too ;
> But, being HORACE, still he 's dear,
> And still,—though cropped,—an *Elzevir* ! '

For the *Letters to Dead Authors*, 1888—a work he rightly regarded as ' literature '—at my request, he composed this sextet, which he afterwards printed in the second edition :

> ' Go, Letters to the irresponsive Ghosts
> That scarce will heed you less than living Men.
> For now New Books come thicker than on coasts
> And meads of Asia swarm the sea birds, when
> The snow-wind drives them south, in clamorous hosts,
> From their salt marshes by Cayster's fen.'

Pasted in *Perrault's Popular Tales*, which the same writer edited for the Clarendon Press in 1888, I find this in his handwriting. ' Another Way ' refers, I think, to the fact that I too had tried my ineffectual hand on the epigram it paraphrases :

> ' *ANOTHER WAY.*
>
> Why seem the singers of old time,
> The statesmen—Homer—Cicero,—
> When *you* translate, no more sublime ?
> No more the men we used to know ?
> Why, when you lend them style and rhyme,
> You make them all Perraults,—Perrault.'

'CLARISSA'

'I AM with you. I am with you. I am with you about *Clarissa Harlowe*. It is one of the most wonderful of novels—thoroughly unhealthy, don't you think? I found it was a favourite with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and was not at all surprised. It seems to me one of the few books that are like an experience, you are not quite the same after you have read it as you were before. *Richard Feverel* is another. *Résurrection* is another. I suppose there 's nothing to compare with it for minuteness except *The Ring and the Book*; but *The Ring and the Book* goes in for "goodness", and not for "virtue", and what a difference that makes!' (*Gathered Leaves from the Prose of Mary E. Coleridge*, by Edith Sichel, 1910, 255.)

'LES MISÉRABLES'

'I HAVE twice in my life, ten or twelve years apart, been melted, prostrated and yet comforted by the *Misérables*: it is a book which, if compared at all, I compare with Job, with *Inferno*, with *Lucretius*, not with any play. It is a pathological work. It is almost a synoptic view of human suffering. Marius may be a fool, that is a part of the misery—he is not set up as a hero; he is beloved by the poor lean girl who gets shot: I pity her. He is beloved by the girl who is dear to Jean Valjean, and so he gives Jean Valjean the opportunity of self-denial at the end. I don't feel sure that it would have been a much better book had Marius been sensible. The greatest fault of the book you do not notice; it is the want of identity

in the convict of the first volume and the Monsieur-manufacturer. The break is too violent.

'The book is a sort of Gospel of self-redemption, and it will, I hope, long continue to give some little relief to those who, having offended against society, nevertheless continue to keep loving hearts, and though again and again assailed by the defenders of virtue, do not cease to try to be good to other wretches.' (Cory's *Letters and Journals*, 1897, 391.)

BOUILLABAISSE

WRITING in July 1863, not long before Thackeray's death, George Augustus Sala, with an enthusiasm which surely 'o'erleaps itself', speaks of the *Ballad of Bouillabaisse* as 'one of the most beautiful lyrics extant in any language'. As a set-off to his superlatives, however, he goes on to impugn *bouillabaisse* itself. He calls it 'horribly nauseous', especially as prepared at Marseilles: 'At Marseilles, where *bouillabaisse* is made in perfection, the cook always has at his side a cauldron of *boiling tallow*—tallow, not oil, mind! He plunges a long rolling-pin into this cauldron, withdraws it, and holds it aloft until the tallow is congealed. Then he gives it another dip, and another and another, until the rolling-pin is surrounded by a sufficient thickness of solidified tallow. And then he plunges the greasy staff into the kettle of *bouillabaisse* and turns it round and round till all the tallow is melted from it, and has become incorporated with the delightful *pot-pourri* of " red mullet, tomatoes, red pepper, red burgundy, oil, and garlic ". After this, go and eat your fill of *bouillabaisse*!' (SALA'S *Breakfast in Bed*, 1863, 294.) As a gastronomic critic Sala counts. He was a culinary expert who had been taught the art

by an experienced mother; and the last but one of his many works was *The Thorough Good Cook.* [There is another, and rather more palatable, account of Bouillabaisse in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *From a Cornish Window,* 1906, 33–35.]

'DUTCH PICTURES'

THE writer of Sala's obituary notice in the *Athenaeum* for December 14, 1895, was uncharitable enough to wind up by implying that Sala had mistaken his vocation, and that his real function in life was to rival the great *chef de cuisine* Alexis Soyer, whom he had known in boyhood at the Gore House Symposium. This was not only harsh, but spiteful. It is perhaps true that Sala lacked the constructive tenacity requisite for a sustained effort, and that his pen was happiest in embroidering an accepted idea. But no one was better at a brief burst; no one possessed a more retentive memory or a greater command of decorative detail. If the hand-to-mouth requirements of journalism had disqualified him for prolonged production and vitiated his style by its opportunities for 'defying the matter' to fill a column, his works nevertheless contain many detached passages which exhibit the picturesque manner current in the sixties at its best. Let any one, for instance, turn, in that much-neglected *tour de force,* the *Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous,* to the chapter which deals with the attempt of Damiens on Louis XV, or to that which, depicting London in the shadow of the Forty-Five, closes with the pitiable passing of Shenstone's Jemmy Dawson, and he must at once realize the vivid veracity of the presentment.

And there is somewhere, though I cannot now remember where, a portrayal of the death-bed of George IV which, as I recall it, seemed to me quite marvellous in its contemptuous verisimilitude. My favourite passage, however, is in the *Dutch Pictures* of 1861, and has for subject the young Pretender, the once 'bonny Prince Charlie', in his besotted and deplorable decline. 'We are in the pit of an Italian theatre. Wax tapers, in bell-shaped shades, flare round the dress circle, for we are in the eighteenth century, and as yet gas and fishtail burners are not. Gaudy frescoes decorate the front of the tiers of boxes; the palisade of the orchestra is surmounted with a spiked railing; the occupants of the pit, in which there are no seats, wear cocked-hats and wigs, and, in the dress circle, the beaux sport laced ruffles and sparkling-hilted swords, and the belles powder and patches. In one of the proscenium boxes is the Grand Duke, sitting, imposing in embroidery; behind him are his suite standing humble in ditto. The corresponding box on the other side of the proscenium is empty. The first act of the opera is over, and an intermediary ballet is being performed. . . . Then commences the second act of the opera. About this time, verging on half-past nine in the evening, you hear the door of the vacant private box open. An easy chair is brought down to the front, and a book of the opera, a bottle of essences, and a golden snuff-box are placed upon the ledge before it. Anon enters unto these an infirm, staggering, broken-looking old man, with a splendid dress hanging in slovenly magnificence on his half-palsied limbs. He has a bloated countenance, marbled with purple stains, a heavy eyelid and a bloodshot eye that once must have been bright blue. Every feature is

shattered, weary, drooping, and flaccid. Every nerve is unstrung: the man is a wreck, and an unsightly one. His flabby hands are covered with rings, a crumpled blue ribbon crosses his breast, and round his neck hangs another ribbon, from which dangles something that sparkles, like a diamond star. Finally, he is more than three parts inebriated. It is easy to understand *that* from his unsteady hand, from the dozing torpor into which he occasionally falls, from the querulous incoherence of his speech, from the anxiety manifested by the thin, pale, old men in uniform, with the cross of a commander of Saint Louis, and the hard-featured gentlemen with silver thistles in their cravats, who stand on either side of their master, and seem momentarily to fear that he will fall out of his chair. The beaux and belles in the dress circle do not seem to express much curiosity at the advent of this intoxicated gentleman. They merely whisper "*È il Signore Cavaliere*: he is very far gone to-night", or words to that effect. The spectacle is no novelty. The opera is that most beautiful one by Gluck, *Orfeo*. The Orpheus of the evening, in a Grecian tunic, but bewigged and powdered according to orthodoxy, is singing the sublime lament "*Che farò senza Euridice*". The beautiful wailing melody floats upwards, and for a moment the belles forget to flirt, and the beaux to swagger. Cambric handkerchiefs are used for other purposes than to assure the owner that the rouge on the cheeks holds fast, and is not coming off. What is the slovenly magnifico opposite the Grand Duke doing? During the prelude he was nodding his head, and breathing stertorously; but as the song proceeds, he sits erect in his chair; his blue eye dilates, a score of seams and furrows on his brows and cheeks vanish;

he is a Man. But the strain concludes, and his Excellency bursts into a fit of maudlin weeping, and has recourse to the bottle of essences.' (*Dutch Pictures*, 1861, pp. 17–19.)

Cela est vu, surely, and bears the hall-mark of convincing realism! The Forty Five seems to have had an exceptional fascination for the writer, since one of the best short stories in the *Dutch Pictures*, 'The Captain's Prisoner,' takes it for background.

JANE AUSTEN

Of Jane Austen, Gladstone said—or is reported to have said—'She neither dives nor soars,' which may possibly be a recollection of the *Dunciad*, or Byron's *Manfred*:

> 'Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
> To sink or soar.'

And Dickens would not trust himself to express in words his lack of sympathy with her work. To a lady by whom he was approached on the subject, he replied by shaking his head as much as to say, 'Do not ask me.' (Locker's *My Confidences*, 1896, p. 325.) Both verdicts are intelligible—the latter in particular. It is easy to conceive that the author of *Pickwick*, with his high spirits, his fondness for sign-post characterization, and his bias to burlesque, was (as Locker suggests) 'hardly capable of appreciating her [Miss Austen's] peculiar genius, at once delicate and strong, her truth to nature, with all its little harmonies and discords, her fine humour and exquisite restraint'. On the other hand, she contrived to captivate Scott and Coleridge and Macaulay—to say nothing of such later devotees as the Master of Balliol and Lord Beaconsfield.

Lord Beaconsfield indeed declared that he had read *Pride and Prejudice* no fewer than seventeen times! (Jowett's *Life*, 1897, ii. 109.) That independent critic, Edward FitzGerald, however, could not stand her at all; though she was 'quite capital', he admitted, 'in a Circle he had found it quite unendurable to walk in'. 'Cowell (he writes elsewhere) constantly reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit Philology is done; it composes him, like Gruel; or like Paisiello's Music, which Napoleon liked above all other, because he said it didn't interrupt his Thoughts.' The key to this antipathy is partly to be found in another letter: 'I cannot get on with Books about the Daily Life which I find rather insufferable in practice about me. . . . Give me People, Places, and Things, which I don't and can't see; Antiquaries, Jeanie Deans, Dalgettys, &c.' (FitzGerald's *Letters*, 1894, ii. 13, 131, 190.)

CHEAP PRAISE

'In this liberal London, pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to.' (Carlyle, *Reminiscences*, ed. 1881, i. 230.)

'*Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.*'
(Boileau, *L'Art Poétique*, *Chant* 1.)

You need never lack praise, if you stoop to acquire it,
For folly finds always its fool to admire it.

A. D.

'TOUT PASSE!'

'*A dire vrai, monsieur, toutes ces petites misères ne méritent pas qu'on s'en occupe deux minutes; tout cela tombe bientôt dans un éternel oubli. . . . Il y a des sottises et des querelles dans toutes les conditions de la vie. . . . Tout passe rapidement comme les figures grotesques de la lanterne magique. . . . Les détails des guerres les plus sanglantes périssent avec les soldats qui en ont été les victimes. Les critiques mêmes des pièces de théâtre nouvelles, et surtout leurs éloges, sont ensevelis le lendemain dans le néant avec elles et avec les feuilles périodiques qui en parlent.*' (VOLTAIRE to Hume on the Quarrel with Rousseau, October 24, 1766. Voltaire's *Works*, liii. 503.)

'PRO PATRIA'

A *Times* Military Correspondent found the following scribbled on the wooden casing of a French bomb-proof shelter: 'To the earth, my body; to God, my soul; to France, my heart.' (*Times*, April 10, 1916.)

A SAFE AMBITION

'*Tenir peu de place, et en changer peu.*' Fontenelle said he learned this of Jean Corbinelli, Mme de Sévigné's '*homme à facettes*', a maxim-writer who is supposed to have given points to La Rochefoucauld.

'DUCUNT VOLENTEM FATA'

'How truly he spoke, who said, "*ducunt volentes fata, nolentes trahunt.*" We see, every day, so many proofs of this, that I think nothing was ever better

said.' (*Maxims of Guicciardini*, translated by Emma Martin, 1845, p. 55, No. 48.) The unnamed author is said to be Seneca, *Ep.* 107, 11, translating from the Greek Stoic Cleanthes, and the exact wording is—'*Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.*' (King's *Classical and Foreign Quotations*, 1904, p. 76.)

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[1] 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

[1] He derived this title from his rank in the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

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.

Shortly stated, Dehodencq's account was as follows: In 1788, when he was about six-and-twenty, he had been a member of the Bailli's household in the modest capacity of *officier de la bouche*. In December, he remembered hearing from the Bailli's valet, Duchemin, that his master had been brought home from Versailles with a sword-thrust through the body. By order of the surgeon who was immediately summoned, Dehodencq was sent out to get some nettles to '*fouetter*', or '*débrider* (stimulate) *la plaie*', an old-time expedient which had no success. It was winter, and Dehodencq was accustomed to say that he found the nettles under the snow in the allée des Veuves of the Champs-Élysées. This account, taken down almost entirely from Dehodencq's dictation, M. Jal published in a note to his *Scènes de la vie maritime*, 1832, iii, p. 161. On the 17th July, 1845, M. Cunat of St. Malo, then engaged on the Bailli's biography, and wishing to confirm the facts from the witness's own lips, visited Dehodencq at Batignolles, in company with M. Jal. Dehodencq repeated, much in the same terms, what he had formerly related to Jal, adding a few minor details which duly figure

in M. Cunat's pages. The story naturally found no very favourable reception with the Bailli's family; and, as might be expected, other versions were put forward. One, preserved by J. S. Roux (*Le Bailli de Suffren dans l'Inde*, 1862, pp. 231–2), makes the duel the result of an altercation at a ball; according to another, dating from 1866, Suffren fell a victim to the mistaken treatment of a physician sent to him by order of Mesdames de France.

This last version was familiar to M. Jal, who was excusably unwilling to substitute it for that of Dehodencq, whom he had known intimately for thirty years. But since M. Jal's death, it has been told, with fuller particulars, in the attractive *Légendes et Curiosités de l'Histoire*, by Dr. Cabanès [1912], pp. 255–65: '*Comment est mort le Bailli de Suffren.*' Dr. Cabanès quotes M. Lacour-Gayet, a Member of the Institute, who in his turn cites a little *duodecimo* treatise on Gout and Rheumatism, by Dr. Alphonse Leroy, of which a second edition was published in 1805. According to this authority, the Bailli, who had been suffering from gouty erysipelas, had gone to Versailles to visit the aunt of Louis XVI, Madame Victoire. He looked so ill that the princess proposed to send him her own physician, who prescribed bleeding at the arm. It was objected that the Bailli's medical attendant had already ordered leeches on the feet. '*Le médecin de cour, rapporte le docteur Leroy, répondit par un petit sarcasme. M. de Suffren, impatienté, offrit le bras, mais à peine fut il piqué, qu'après un peu de sang épanché, il perdit connaissance; la goutte fit une métastase rapide sur la poitrine. On réitéra la saignée, et lorsque j'allai voir cet illustre ami, qui m'avait promis de se faire appliquer les sangsues aux jambes, je restai stupéfait en apprenant son agonie*

. . . ' (p. 264). This account, it is right to state, was not penned to refute the duel story, but is a mere '*obiter dictum*' in a medical work—a fact which adds to its value as evidence. On the other hand, Jal's first question to Dehodencq in 1845 had been : '*D'abord, dites-moi, je vous prie, le Bailli est bien mort d'apoplexie, n'est-ce pas?—Non, non, en duel! Et en disant ces mots, M. Dehodencq a vivement porté la main sur son cœur, comme pour affirmer sur l'honneur la vérité de ce qu'il disait.*' It is difficult to conceive why Dehodencq, for no appreciable motive, should have invented and persisted in the circumstantial story which carried conviction to the minds of MM. Jal and Cunat. Meanwhile, it may be noted that Dr. Cabanès gives an excellent copy of Houdon's bust of the Bailli in the Musée d'Aix.

BONAPARTE'S WAY

He 'never could bear to have any answer but a decided answer. "One day," said Cuvier to Fanny Edgeworth at Paris, "I nearly ruined myself by considering before I answered. He asked me, '*Faut-il introduire le sucre de betterave en France?*' '*D'abord, Sire, il faut songer si vos colonies . . .*' '*Faut-il avoir le sucre de betterave en France?*' '*Mais, Sire, il faut examiner . . .*' '*Bah! je le demanderai à Berthollet!*' " ' (Maria Edgeworth, by the Hon. Emily Lawless, 1904, p. 157.)

NELSON AND SUFFREN

'*Pourquoi n'en ai-je pas trouvé un de sa trempe? j'en aurais fait notre Nelson, et les affaires eussent pris une autre tournure!*' This is what Napoleon said to Las Cases at Saint Helena concerning the Bailli de Suffren, of whose mysterious and tragic death I have already sufficiently spoken. There is another curious connexion between the names of Suffren and Nelson. Some years after the French Admiral's death, a seventy-four-gun ship was named 'Suffren' in his honour. But in 1794 it was decided that the name of a ci-devant noble (the Bailli was the son of a Marquis) could not properly figure among republican designations. The vessel's name was consequently changed to *Redoutable*. The *Redoutable* (Capt. Lucas) took part in the battle of Trafalgar, and from her mizen-top came the musket ball that killed Lord Nelson. (Auguste Jal's *Dict. Critique*, 2nd ed. 1872, p. 1157.)

'O FOR A BOOKE'

O FOR a Booke and a shadie nooke,
eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
or the Streete cryes all about.
Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
both of the Newe and Olde;
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
is better to me than Golde.

These lines, which have attained considerable popularity, made their first appearance—as far as I know—at p. 35 of Alexander Ireland's *Book-Lover's Enchiridion*, 1883, under the vague and Scott-like heading, 'Old English Song.' On more than one occasion, they have been assigned to an

'old book'; but the old book has never been forthcoming; and all inquiries as to the source of the quotation have been fruitless. In these circumstances, it may fairly be argued that they are possibly not old at all. The late Mr. John Wilson, bookseller, once of 93 Great Russell Street, and later of 12 King William Street, Strand, informed me, not long before his death in 1889, that he made up the octave as a motto for one of his second-hand catalogues, where, I fancy, I saw it. Mr. Wilson was one of the elder race of booksellers, who, like the late Mr. Bertram Dobell[1] of Charing Cross Road, loved books almost too well to sell them. He was a most intelligent man, very well-read; and I fully believed him. He was modestly amused at the vogue his *pastiche* gradually obtained; and I seem to remember he mentioned that his daughter was surprised at his 'dropping into poetry'. I have more than once repeated this story in print; but the commonplace solution of a difficulty has only a slender chance against a picturesque tradition.

THE LEGEND ON THE WALL

'*O toi qui passes par ce cloître,*
Recueille-toi: tu n'es pas sûr
De voir s'allonger et s'accroître
Un autre jour ton ombre au mur.'

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

O THOU, who passest by this way,
Bethink thee, canst thou surely say
Thy shadow of To-day will fall
To-morrow on this cloister wall?

A. D.

[1] Obiit December 14, 1914.

IN SHADOW-LAND

Mrs. Nevill Jackson's very interesting *History of Silhouettes*, 1911, is liberally illustrated. Yet it might be more attractive still, and more instructively 'embellished', if her plan had included a larger number of notabilities. She gives us the well-known Burns, and Shelley, and Mrs. Leigh Hunt's white Byron. But I seem to recollect several familiar silhouettes scattered about as frontispieces or illustrations to books, of which there are no copies in her pages. Where, for instance, is the 'shade' of Gray (*Works* by Gosse, 1884), on which Mason and Benjamin Wilson based the poet's portrait in the *Memoirs* of 1775? Where is the Goldsmith, attributed to Ozias Humphry, R.A., which Sir Theodore Martin gave to the National Portrait Gallery in 1883? Then, in Samuel Ireland's *Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth* (vol. ii, 1799, p. 144), there is an excellent reduced copy of a combined silhouette of Hogarth and Garrick; while at the beginning of Miss Jane H. Adeane's *Girlhood of Maria J. Holroyd*, 1897, there are equally good presentments of Gibbon and his friend Lord Sheffield. Portraits of Sir John Hawkins and 'Mr. Cradock of Gumley' are also to be found in their respective *Memoirs*. Wright's *Life of Cowper* (1892, p. 546) has a so-called 'well-known' profile of that poet (which, in Lady Hesketh's opinion, did not, at first, reproduce with sufficient fidelity the abnormal flatness of the back of her cousin's head); and there is another of Fanny Brawne 'by Monsr. Edouart' at p. 3 of the famous Keats Letters of 1878. Edouart has certainly given her a Cleopatra nose and a dignified bearing. Lastly—the

'lastly' only of this by no means exhaustive list —there is a pleasing little picture of Frederick Locker as a child of three in *My Confidences*, 1896, p. 1. It is dated 1824; and is said to have been executed by 'Miss Charlotte Milnes'. Who was Miss C. M.? She does not figure in Mrs. Jackson's 'Index' or 'List of Silhouettists, &c.' But she must have been exceptionally skilful in manœuvring what Mr. Pope describes as the 'glitt'ring Forfex'.

FANCY SILHOUETTES

Some of the most convincing of the modern 'shades' in Mrs. Jackson's pages are by that accomplished artist, the late Phil May. These, I presume, are drawn, and not cut out with the scissors. The supposition set me thinking how easily many of the popular eighteenth-century profile-portraits, for which Cochin set the fashion, might be turned into silhouettes by the simple process of blacking-in the contours with Indian ink; and I mentioned this casually to my good friend Mr. Hugh Thomson. Mr. Thomson is not a man whose ready invention can be stimulated with impunity; and he at once fell to work on Hogarth's well-known profile of Fielding. The result was a silhouette which would have deceived the keenest eye, save that it had nothing of the conventional beautifying which characterizes the work of Monsieur Edouart and his confrères. Further experiments followed; and ended in a miniature portrait-gallery, *plus vraie que la vérité*, from which I am allowed to reproduce three specimens. The full-length at p. 85, is based, as regards the head, on Hogarth, while the representation of Fielding in the anonymous caricature

RICHARDSON READING TO HIS 'MUSES AND GRACES'

Fancy silhouette by Hugh Thomson

of the Canning case, dated 1753, furnished the costume and the flannel-swathed legs. The Richardson here given, playfully exhibits the author of *Clarissa* reading that masterpiece to a circle of admirers, and provisionally steadying his vertigo-haunted foothold by a cane concealed under the ample skirts of his coat. But the crown and top of the trio for verisimilitude, which I have inserted at p. 54, shows Hogarth at his easel, where he sits, not, as in his original picture, 'painting the Comic Muse,' but roughing out a preliminary outline for a portrait of the author of *Tom Jones*.

COKE UPON LITTLETON

'WHENEVER that great lawyer [Littleton] is pleased to put down two opinions directly contradicting each other . . . the latter opinion is always the best, and always his own.' (FIELDING, 'On L. Bolingbroke's Essays,' *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, 1907, p. 132 (World's Classics Series).)

MALHERBE AT WORK

'*Le bonhomme Malherbe m'a dit plusieurs fois, qu'après avoir fait un poème de cent vers, ou un discours de trois feuilles, il falloit se reposer dix ans.*' (*Lettres de J. L. G. de Balzac*, 25 July, 1650. *Œuvres*, tom. ii, p. 881.)

CROMWELL'S MOTTO

'*Qui cessat esse melior, cessat esse bonus.*'

An inquiry as to the source of this by the late J. M. Lely elicited a reply in *The Author* for May 1, 1903 (on the authority of the 'D. T.'), to the effect

that it was written in Cromwell's pocket Bible in the possession of the Earl of Chichester. The writer, Hubert Haes, having failed to find more, inclined to believe 'that it was Cromwell's own composition'. [The above was suggested by me as the motto for a mantelpiece at University Hall, St. Andrews.]

A RONDEAU

(On *Notes and Queries*)

In 'N. and Q.' we meet to weigh
The Hannibals of yesterday;
We trace, thro' all its moss o'ergrown,
The script upon Time's oldest stone,
Nor scorn his latest waif and stray.

Letters and Folk-lore, Art, the Play;
Whate'er, in short, men think or say,
We make our theme—we make our own,
In 'N. and Q.'

Stranger, whoe'er you be, who may
From China to Peru survey,
Aghast, the waste of things unknown,
Take heart of grace, you're not alone;
And all (who will) may find their way
In 'N. and Q.'[1]

A. D.

December, 1882.

[1] As these pages pass through the press, I note, with regret, the death of John Collins Francis, whose long and indefatigable association with 'N. and Q.' will be familiar to its readers. He died December 27, 1916, in his 79th year.

A MISLEADING CHRISTIAN NAME

CORNEILLE wrote some superb verses to a lady beginning

> '*Marquise, si mon visage*
> *A quelques traits un peu vieux,*
> *Souvenez-vous qu'à mon âge*
> *Vous ne vaudrez guère mieux.*'

The rest are to be found in Corneille's *Œuvres*, 1862, x, pp. 165–6. They have been paraphrased by Frederick Locker. '*Marquise*' suggests a lady of quality. But they were really addressed to a young actress, Marquise-Thérèse de Gorle, otherwise Mlle du Parc, and the 'Andromaque' of Racine, one of her admirers. She died 11th December, 1668, aged about twenty-five [35 ?], being then the widow of René Berthelot, sieur du Parc (Molière's 'Gros-René' in the *Dépit amoureux*), d. 1664. Why she was christened *Marquise* is not explained; but contemporaries speak of '*son port de Reyne*'. (Cp. Jal's Dict., 1872, p. 936.)

THE EPITHET 'NICE'

ON this, there is the following Dialogue in Allingham (*Diary*, 1907, 297.)

'*T*[*ennyson*].—A lady the other day here—a very nice woman (I don't altogether like the word, but I want it), was praising a friend of yours. "Nice" is objectionable, but it is useful—a "nice" person is one that you're satisfied with.

'*W. A*[*llingham*].—It used to mean fastidious,—discriminative, but there 's not much harm in its being turned about and applied to the object.

'*T.* No: it 's something or somebody that satisfies your niceness.'

This was in 1880. The word 'nice' must even

then have had a prosperous career, for in Miss Austen's *Northanger Abbey* of 1818, Henry Tilney is already censuring its use by Catherine Morland. 'Oh, it is a very nice word, indeed!—it does for everything. Originally, perhaps, it was applied to express neatness, propriety, delicacy, or refinement: people were nice in their dress, in their sentiments, or their choice. But now [*circa* 1800] every commendation on every subject is comprised in this one word.' (Chap. xiv.) Locker uses it frequently. (Cp. Hodgson's *Errors in the Use of English*, 1882, pp. 40–1.)

RIGMAROLE

Landor, commenting on *Humphry Clinker*, seems to restrict 'rigmarole' to a fantastic and circuitous mode of ending a letter. 'By rigmarole I mean such a termination as this: "It had like to have kindled the flames of discord in the family of yours always," &c.' (Forster's *Life*, 1876, p. 499.) Here is a mild example from the author of *Evelina*: 'With affection more sincere, and a heart more true, nobody can love my dear Mrs. Thrale more fervently and faithfully than her ever devoted F. Burney.' (D'Arblay, *Diary*, 1904, i, 434 n.) A milder form still is to be detected in Johnson's famous letter to Chesterfield of February 7, 1755, though it is usually obscured by the faulty insertion of a full stop after the word 'exultation'. 'I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, My Lord, Your Lordship's most humble, Most obedient Servant, Sam. Johnson.' (Boswell's *Life*, by Birkbeck Hill, 1887, i, 263. Boswell prints from a copy of the letter dictated by Johnson to Baretti,

and afterwards corrected by Johnson himself.) Dickens has raised rigmarole to a fine art in the Micawber correspondence of *David Copperfield.* This is one of the endings (ch. xxviii): 'After premising thus much, it would be a work of supererogation to add that dust and ashes are for ever scattered

On
The
Head
Of
WILKINS MICAWBER.'

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

Hood's Magazine was the last periodical with which its editor was connected. In the spring of 1840 he had returned from the continental exile to which, in order to avoid a bankruptcy not due to fault of his own, he had voluntarily subjected himself. Neither the unfriendly climate of Coblenz nor the malaria of the Dutch marshes had been favourable to the consumptive habit in which he had so long 'lived with Death'; and on the strong representations of his friend and physician, Dr. William Elliot of Stratford, he had come back to England, cheerful, but suffering sadly. Colburn, the publisher, had promptly given him work on the *New Monthly Magazine,* then controlled by Theodore Hook. In August 1841 Hook died; and Hood, by what seemed unusual good fortune, was at once called to the vacant editorial chair. But Colburn, like the distinguished literary man who afterwards married his widow, was emphatically a 'harbitrary gent'. He was interfering and dicta-

torial; and poor Hood's position was by no means a bed of roses, though he loyally strove to 'breathe his comic vein' to the best of his ability, and notwithstanding harassing legal proceedings, arising out of his home-coming, courageously declined to be assisted by the Royal Literary Fund. Although referred to as a 'Professor of *Pun*manship', he was not—strange to say—on the original staff of *Punch*, which made its debut in July 1841. But, two years later, he, for the moment, trebled its circulation by the 'Song of the Shirt'. The extraordinary success of this opportune plea for the sweated seamstress need not be here recapitulated; but there can be little doubt that the increased popularity it brought to Hood, coupled with the untenable state of his relations with Colburn, led to the negotiations which at the end of 1843 brought about the establishment of *Hood's Magazine*.

Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany—to quote its full title—first appeared on January 1, 1844, and ended in June 1845. Its price was half a crown, and its office No. 1, Adam Street, Adelphi. As might be expected, its prospectus fairly crackled with a *feu de joie* of pun and equivoque. There was, it said, to be a total abstinence from such stimulating topics and fermented questions as Politics and Polemics; but for the Sedate there were to be papers of a becoming gravity, and the lovers of Poetry would be supplied with numbers in each Number. An endeavour would be made to be 'merry and wise, instead of merry and otherwise'. A critical eye was to be kept on current Literature, a regretful one on the Drama, and a kind one on the fine Arts, from whose Artesian well there would be an occasional drawing. As regards the contributors, the bill of company was even better

than the bill of fare. Dickens, fresh from a new triumph with the *Christmas Carol*, promised his help. Browning, Walter Savage Landor, Bulwer Lytton, Monckton Milnes, Samuel Lover, G. P. R. James, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the Howitts, B. W. Procter ('Barry Cornwall'), D. M. Moir, the 'Delta' of *Blackwood* and the author of that progenitor of the 'Kailyard School', *Mansie Wauch*—all offered their assistance. Lastly, the enthusiastic chronicler of Irish character, Mrs. S. C. Hall, regardless of the suspected status of the unpaid, proposed to supply occasional gratuitous sketches 'as a tribute of veneration to the writer of the "Song of the Shirt"'—a proposal which Hood judiciously declined as inequitable.

It is a testimony to the real respect and sympathy for Hood that most of these engagements were loyally performed. To the May number Dickens contributed 'A Threatening Letter to Thomas Hood, from an ancient Gentleman'. Browning sent 'The Flight of the Duchess', 'Garden Fancies', 'The Tomb at St. Praxed's', and other pieces, afterwards included in his *Romances and Lyrics* of 1845; Landor, 'The Prayer of the Bees for Alciphron' and the Dialogue between Dante and Beatrice; and Lytton, a dramatic sketch entitled 'The Death of Clytemnestra'. G. P. R. James makes a dual appearance, and 'Delta' sends some 'Gaelic Melodies'. The Hon. Mrs. Norton and Samuel Lover are both to the fore; but the impulsive Mrs. S. C. Hall seems in practice to have confined herself to a solitary paper. Monckton Milnes, Charles Mackay, and Richard Howitt frequently 'oblige'. And there is one notable contributor who could not possibly have figured in Hood's programme, since he had been dead for

twenty years or more. *Hood's Magazine* contains four then unpublished poems by John Keats—'Old Meg' ('Meg Merrilies'), a song, 'Hush, hush, tread softly', and two sonnets, one being that beginning 'High-mindedness, a jealousy for good', addressed to the poet's friend, Benjamin Robert Haydon, the painter.

The Hamlet of the performance, however, was naturally Hood himself; and weak and failing as he was, he cannot be said to have been absent from the stage. A considerable part of the first number was supplied by himself, and he was fortunate enough to open with one of the best of all his poems, the sombre and arresting study in desolation and decay entitled 'The Haunted House', which had the additional advantage of an effective steel engraving by J. Cousen after Thomas Creswick. This, indeed, may have prompted the poem. The second number opened with 'The Lady's Dream', another essay in the 'Song of the Shirt' vein, which contains the oft-quoted—

> 'Evil is wrought by want of Thought
> As well as want of Heart.'

But he reached his highest in the second volume with 'The Bridge of Sighs', which many think his *chef-d'œuvre*. It was also to the Magazine that he contributed the touching farewell stanzas 'I smell the Rose above the mould'. These represent his most notable work; but not its extent. Verses signed and unsigned, 'comic copy of all sorts', together with numbers of the little punning cuts familiar to his admirers, were poured out profusely whenever he was able to work, while a novel, 'Our Family', never finished, dragged slowly to its twenty-third chapter.

In spite, however, of its hopeful opening and distinguished supporters, *Hood's Magazine*, like its editor, was doomed from the outset. Its proprietor proved a man of straw. There were early difficulties with the printers, involving vexatious delays in publication, and fresh arrangements, all of which things added grievously to the burden of the already overwrought conductor; and the closing page of the first volume announced ominously that he was seriously ill with heart trouble originally brought about 'by the wearing excitement of ceaseless and excessive literary toil'—a fact pictorially vouched for by a rueful little tail-piece, actually dispatched from the sick man's bed, and presenting a group of medicine bottles and leeches as his editorial 'apologies' for the defaulting chapters of 'Our Family'. From this attack he rallied, and struggled on courageously until March 1845, when the public were again informed that he was 'more seriously ill than even *he* had ever been before'. At the end of the April number he was obviously dying, and on the 3rd of May following he was dead. He lies buried at Kensal Green, where in 1854 a monument by Matthew Noble was erected to his memory. But the fittest epitaph on his strenuous, honourable and self-sacrificing life is Lowell's quatrain:

'Here lies a Poet. Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst know how truly great was he,
Go, ask it of the poor.'

LEIGH HUNT'S JOURNAL

Leigh Hunt's Journal; a Miscellany for the Cultivation of the Memorable, the Progressive, and the Beautiful, 1850–1, must not be confused with his earlier *London Journal* of 1834–5, although to some extent it resembles it. Like *Hood's Magazine*, it was the last effort of its projector as the editor of a periodical; and, to judge from the difficulty I have found in procuring the seventeen numbers to which it extended, must now be comparatively rare. But it is worth possessing, though Hunt had passed that sixty-sixth year which is now supposed to lie on the other side of efficiency. His tone, as manifested in his cheery introduction, is as bright as ever; and he had several known supporters—to say nothing of some who were afterwards to become known. Among the former was Carlyle, who contributed three very characteristic papers on Duelling, entitled 'Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago', the first of which vividly depicts the historical encounter between John Holles of Haughton and Gervase Markham in Sherwood Forest; the last, a desperate sword-and-dagger fight on Calais sands between Sir Thomas Dutton and Sir Hatton Cheek. All these, which purport to come from the great man's 'waste bag', have been reprinted. Another distinguished collaborator was Landor, who sent several of his tiny occasional pieces, to which Hunt himself seems (No. 9) to have prefixed the felicitous title of *Poemetti*. One, at least, of these deserves to be recalled, although it has already found a place in *Last Fruit off an Old Tree* (No. lxxxvii). It is headed 'Reproof of Thanks'.

> 'Nay, thank me not again for those
> Camellias, that untimely rose;

But if, whence you might please the more,
And win the few unwon before,
I sought the flowers you loved to wear,
O'erjoy'd to see them in your hair,
Upon my grave, I pray you, set
One primrose or one violet.
. . . Stay . . . I can wait a little yet.' [1]

Landor's last verses for Hunt were three quatrains addressed to Sir Charles James Napier on his final return from the East in 1751. Among other established versemen were William Allingham, whose initial collection of poems, dedicated to Hunt, was noticed in the first numbers of the *Journal*; and Richard Henry Horne of the farthing epic of *Orion*, who had not yet substituted 'Hengist' for his second Christian name. Edmund Ollier is also represented. In No. 15 there is a poem by James Payn, entitled 'The Poet's Death', which must have been one of the earliest adventures in letters of that prolific humorist and novelist, while another piece, 'Rizpah', is initialed 'H. G. H.', which *may* stand for the name of the father of a famous fictionist and poet of our own day, Mr. Maurice Hewlett. But perhaps the most interesting of all are the verses, 'The Deformed Child', by that devoted 'factotum, amanuensis, friend, son and servant', Vincent Leigh Hunt, to whom his father, in his last years, owed so much, and who died a few months later, in October 1752.

Leigh Hunt, perhaps purposely, contributed no poetry of his own to his briefest serial. There are tales, sketches and essays in his old manner, one of which is in support of the Poor Brethren of the Charterhouse, to whose ranks its most distinguished member, Colonel Thomas Newcome, had not yet

[1] The version from *Last Fruit* is here printed.

been admitted.[1] A longer contribution is a three-act comedy entitled 'Lovers' Amazements' (it has been suggested that 'Lovers' Confusions' would be a better name), the scene of which is laid in Paris. It runs through Nos. 5 to 13, and was the last of Hunt's published dramatic works. Lively enough in dialogue, it has no great merit as an acting play, though when, seven years later, it was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, it was not unfavourably received. But it is probable that the true *causa causans* of the *Journal* was the resumption of those delightful gossipries called 'The Streets of London', which their author had written as supplements to his *Journal* of sixteen years before, and which had subsequently been collected in 1848 in two volumes under the title of *The Town*. Having begun at St. Paul's, he had ended in Whitehall; and in Whitehall he again takes up his pen, carrying his survey through eleven further chapters to St. Margaret's Church and Westminster Abbey. The Abbey and St. Margaret's remain; but many changes have come about in the district since Hunt broke off abruptly in No. 13 of his magazine, apparently never again to return to the subject. These eleven chapters have much of the desultory, discursive charm of the earlier sketches in *The Town*; but the writer's opportunities of research were obviously narrowing; and he had to beat out his available information to the fullest extent. To annotate and complete what he has brought together in his chatty chronicle would to-day require a far longer book than he ever contemplated. Spenser's King Street and Prior's Duke Street have long passed away; and the huge Government buildings which now cover their sites as far as Dover House,

[1] *The Newcomes* appeared in 1853–5.

seem almost to have 'scrouged' Downing Street out of assertive existence. Where once stood Lord Carrington's, a towering War Office overshadows the old Banqueting Hall of Inigo Jones, brow-beating Kent's stunted Horse Guards; and if, in happier days (this is written in 1916), the new Board of Trade of Mr. Vincent Harris, designed for the accommodation of 3,800 officials (!), should ever become a fact, Whitehall Gardens, with its memories of Peel and the Portland Museum and Gibbons's bronze statue of James II (now at the back of the new Admiralty), will disappear altogether 'as a tale that is told'. For, according to *The Times*,[1] the contemplated structure will occupy a frontage reaching from Horse Guards Avenue to Montagu House, and extending in the rear to the Victoria Embankment.

A PREGNANT SENTENCE

'WHAT is the most remarkable, the most self-sustained and powerful sentence you know?' Lord Rowton asked Lord Beaconsfield. The answer was—'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'!

'CURIOSA FELICITAS'

'WHAT Horace called "the modest industry of the Matine bee", the world called *curiosa felicitas*, "felicity reduced to a science".' (*Essays of Poets and Poetry*, by SIR HERBERT WARREN, 1909, p. 218.) Elsewhere he speaks of Swinburne as saying that Matthew Arnold's criticism was mainly a matter of 'studious felicity of exquisite phrase' (p. 83).

[1] February 6, 1915.

Cp. Coventry Patmore: '*Curiosa felicitas* . . . has been absurdly rendered "curious felicity", but means the "careful luck" of him who tries many words, and has the wit to know when memory, or the necessity of metre or rhyme, has supplied him unexpectedly with those which are perhaps even better than he knew how to desire.' (*Religio Poetae*, 1893, p. 147.)

'CORRUPTIO OPTIMI PESSIMA'

'Of all kinds of corruption,' says St. Francis de Sales, 'the most malodorous is rotten lilies.' (Coventry Patmore, *Religio Poetae*, 1893, p. 89.)

King, *Classical and Foreign Quotations*, 1904, p. 388, puts the Latin among his *Adespota*, or 'ownerless' sayings, but claims to have found it in Feltham's *Resolves*, art. 'Of Women' (1628); and cites from Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 94, the couplet:

> 'For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
> Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.'

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

'It is to France that we and Europe turn for the model of lucid order and logical disposition, of crystalline form and brightness, of nicety and *netteté* of expression. *Le mot juste, une belle page*, these are ideals of every French writer, of how few English! Here and there a genius arises like that of Bunyan or Burns or John Bright, trained mainly on its own tongue—though Burns knew some French and some Latin—a natural genius, which expresses itself with incomparable felicity; but the majority of good European writers have been

reared on the ancient or on the modern classics, practically on Greek and Latin, on French, or Italian.' (SIR HERBERT WARREN'S *Essays of Poets and Poetry*, 1909, p. 286.) In this connexion may be recalled the words of Matthew Arnold: 'It is said that Richelieu had it in his mind [when initiating the Academy] that French should succeed in its general ascendancy, as Latin had succeeded Greek; if it was so, even this wish has to some extent been fulfilled.' (*Essays in Criticism* (First Series), Ed. 1902, p. 44.)

ARTIST AND ARTISAN

'GIVE pensions to the learned pig
Or the hare playing on a tabor;
Anglus can never see perfection
But in the journeyman's labour,'

wrote William Blake. I once turned this idea into a splenetic *ballade*, of which the *Envoi* ran:

'In Art to be artisan pays,
Your Artist earns mere bread and butter;
Don't trust, I beseech, to the bays,
Far better a broom and a gutter!'

RUSKIN'S CLASSIFICATION OF ARTISTS

'RUSKIN classes artists as (1) Naturalists, those who try to give an objective representation of nature and human life, ignoring neither the good nor the evil, a representation undistorted, as far as may be, by the refraction of their own mental atmosphere; (2) the Purists, those who shut their eyes to all but the good and beautiful; and (3) those whom we may call Pessimists, who dwell by preference on the darker side.' (E. H. WHINFIELD'S *Quatrains of Omar Khayyám*, 1902, p. viii.)

ANOTHER CLASSIFICATION

(*Not of Artists*)

'THE world is full, as he says [Feuillet de Conches, after Mme du Deffand], of *trompeurs, trompés et trompettes.*' (*Edin. Review*, 1866, p. 439.) With this may be compared Lady Mary's distribution of humanity into 'Men, Women, and Herveys', and the modern 'Good Critics, bad Critics, and the critic of the *Superfine Review*'. But it must have some older model, for Richardson groups the characters in *Grandison* as 'Men, Women, and Italians'.

THE OTHER SIDE

'OUR antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.' (BURKE.) This passage was prefixed to the first paper in the first edition of Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, 1865.

POETIC ORNAMENT

'FOR unreal ornament Dante cared nothing. Poetry, he recognised, should be as reasonable as prose. Its ornament and arrangement should bear analysis: "Poetic licence is allowed", he says, "to poets, but licence with reason. The great poets of old did not speak without consideration, nor should they who rhyme to-day; for it were a shame that one should rhyme under the cloak of figure and rhetorical colouring, and afterwards, if questioned, should not be able to strip his words of their clothing, and show their true meaning.

Of such foolish rhymers", he adds, "I and my first friend know many." (*Vita Nuova*, § 25.)

'Poetry, then, should be as reasonable as prose. It should bear being broken up and paraphrased as prose, not indeed without loss, but without absolute destruction.' (SIR HERBERT WARREN'S *Essays of Poets and Poetry*, 1909, p. 160.)

POETIC LICENCE

M. THÉODORE DE BANVILLE, in his chapter on this subject, follows the venerated precedent of Horrebow, writing of the snakes in Iceland. 'There are none'—says the Bishop. '*Il n'y en a pas*'—says the '*Roi des Rimes*', speaking of '*Licences poétiques*'. But he does not stop there. Fired by a noble indignation, he goes on: '*Le premier qui imagina d'accoupler ce substantif* licence *et cet adjectif* poétique *a créé et lancé dans la circulation une bêtise grosse comme une montagne, et qui, par malheur, ne s'est pas bornée à accoucher d'un seul rat! Comment et pourquoi y aurait-il des* licences *en poésie? Quoi! sous prétexte qu'on écrit en vers, c'est-à-dire dans la langue rhythmée et ordonnée par excellence, on aurait le droit d'être désordonné et de violer les lois de la grammaire ou celles du bon sens! Et cela sous prétexte qu'il eût été trop difficile de faire entrer dans un vers ce qu'on voulait y mettre et comment on voulait l'y mettre! Mais c'est en cela précisément que consiste l'art de la versification, et il ne peut consister à ne pas faire ce qu'il est chargé de faire.* Racine contient Vaugelas, *a dit Victor Hugo, et cela signifie que le poëte doit observer fidèlement les plus étroites règles de la grammaire. Sous peine de ne pas exister et de devenir niais, lâche, incompréhensible,*

il doit se montrer soumis à ces règles grammaticales plus que ne le fut jamais le prosateur le plus pur, et le plus châtié.' (*Petit Traité de Poésie Française*, N.D., p. 56.)

GRAY ON POETIC DICTION

'As to matter of stile, I have this to say: The language of the age is never the language of poetry; except among the French, whose verse, where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself; to which almost every one, that has written, has added something by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatives: Nay sometimes words of their own composition or invention. Shakespear and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former. Let me give you some instances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great master of our poetical tongue.' [Here these follow, and the writer then goes on:] 'But they are infinite: And our language not being a settled thing (like the French) has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible. In truth, Shakespear's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great excellencies you mention. Every word in him is a picture.' (TOYNBEE'S *Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, 1915, ii. 27.) This is the letter of April 1742, which appraises the recently-published *Joseph Andrews* of Fielding, and contains the famous laudation of Marivaux and Crébillon.

ON THE FUTURE OF POETRY

'N'est-il pas vrai, vous tous?'
Don Ruy Gomez to his ancestors in *Hernani*.

Bards of the Future! you that come
With striding march, and roll of drum,
What will your newest challenge be
To our prose-bound community?

What magic will you find to stir
The limp and languid listener?
Will it be daring and dramatic?
Will it be frankly democratic?

I know not. Far be it from me
To darken dark futurity;
Still less to render more perplexed
The last vagary, or the next.

Leave Pindus Hill to those who list,
Iconoclast or anarchist—
So be it. 'Whoso breaketh, pays.'
I stand upon the ancient ways.

I hold it for a certain thing
That, blank or rhyming, song must sing;
And more, that what is good for verse,
Need not, because of rhyme, grow worse.

I hold that they who deal in rhyme
Must take the standpoint of the time—
But not to catch the public ear
As mountebank or pulpiteer;

That the old notes are still the new,
If the musician's touch be true—
Nor can the hand that knows its trade
Achieve the trite and ready-made;

That your first theme is HUMAN LIFE,
Its hopes and fears, its love and strife—
A theme no custom can efface,
Common, but never commonplace;

For this, beyond all doubt, is plain:
The Truth that pleased, will please again,
And move men as in bygone years
When HECTOR'S wife smiled through her tears.[1]

A. D.

'POINT AND DRAPERY'

'ONE great distinction I appeared to myself to see plainly, between even the characteristic faults of our elder poets and the false beauties of the moderns. In the former, from Donne to Cowley, we find the most fantastic out-of-the-way thoughts, but in the most pure and genuine mother English; in the latter, the most obvious thoughts, in language the most fantastic and arbitrary. Our faulty elder poets sacrificed the passion, and passionate flow of poetry, to the subtleties of intellect and the starts of wit; the moderns to the glare and glitter of a perpetual yet broken and heterogeneous imagery, or rather to an amphibious something, made up, half of image and half of abstract meaning. *The one sacrificed the heart to the head, the other both heart and head to point and drapery.*' [The italics are mine.] (COLERIDGE'S *Biographia Literaria*, chapter I.)

[1] *Scribner's Magazine*, January 1914. Suggested by a Lecture delivered by Mr. Edmund Gosse in June 1913. The closing illustration is borrowed from a speech of J. R. Lowell.

THYRSIS

POPE speaks of verses he 'could not forget having once seen them'.[1] Is not this the real test of poetic appeal to us—at all events personally? For instance, I can always re-read with pleasure these two stanzas of *Thyrsis*:

'So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

'Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.'

The last lines haunt one. And the 'volleying rain', the 'tossing breeze', and the 'high Midsummer pomps' are exquisite. But—even at the risk of 'seeking knots in a reed'—it may be questioned whether 'shine' is absolutely inevitable as applied to a rose, while, in the penultimate line, a less halting word than 'under' might surely have been chosen.

[1] Coleridge says this more fully. He gives it as an aphorism: 'That not the poem which we have read, but that to which we return, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power and claims the name of essential poetry.' (*Biographia Literaria*, ch. i.)

'NON OFFENDAR MACULIS'

TALKING of minor lapses, I remember hearing a close critic of poetry say that he had once drawn Tennyson's attention to a blemish in the 'Ode to a Nightingale'; and that Tennyson, whose admiration for Keats was unbounded, had replied, 'I wish you had not told me; for I shall now always see it.' I think the blemish in question must have been in Stanza 3, where 'leaden-*eyed* despairs' is followed by the line, 'Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous *eyes*.' Once discovered, this is certainly difficult to forget. But such seed-splitting is a thankless task; and it is well to bear in mind the little apologue quoted by Puckle in his *Club* (Ed. 1713, pp. 11–12) from the *Ragguagli di Parnasso* of Trajan Boccalini: 'A Critic, presenting *Apollo* with a very severe Censure upon an Excellent Poem, was ask'd for the good Things in that Work: But the Wretch answering, He minded only its Errors; *Apollo* order'd a Sack of unwinnow'd Wheat to be brought, and Critic to pick out and take all the Chaff for his Pains.' (The *Ragguagli* were translated in 1706 by John Hughes of the *Spectator*, under the title of *Advices from Parnassus*. Hughes revised an earlier version by Carey.)

FLAUBERT ON STYLE

'WHAT distinguishes great geniuses is generalization and creation; they resume scattered personalities in a type, and bring new characters to the conscious perception of humanity; do we not believe in the existence of Don Quixote as in that of Caesar? Shakespeare is something tremendous in this respect; he was not a man but a continent;

there were great men in him, whole crowds, countries. They have no need of attending to style, men like that, they are strong in spite of all their faults and because of them ; but we, the little ones, we are worth nothing except by finish of execution. Hugo, in this century, will knock the bottom out of everybody, although he is full of bad things, but what a wind ! What a wind ! I venture here on a proposition which I would not dare to express anywhere else : it is that the great men often write very badly, and so much the better for them. It is not to them that we must go to look for the art of form, but to the second bests, to Horace, to La Bruyère ; one should know the masters by heart, idolize them, try to think like them—and then separate from them for ever. In the matter of technical instruction there is more profit to be drawn from the learned, the dexterous minds.' (GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, in Tarver's *Life*, 1895, pp. 147–8.)

THE SEDUCTION OF THE SECOND-CLASS

' *Une étude charmante et curieuse, c'est l'étude des poëtes du second ordre : d'abord, comme ils sont moins connus et moins fréquentés, on y fait plus de trouvailles, et puis l'on n'a pas pour chaque mot saillant un jugement tout fait ; l'on est délivré des extases convenues, et l'on n'est pas obligé de se pâmer et de trépigner d'aise à de certains endroits, comme cela est indispensable pour les poëtes devenus classiques.*'

' *C'est dans les poëtes du second ordre, je crois pouvoir l'avancer sans paradoxe, que se trouve le plus d'originalité et d'excentricité.*'

' *Ces écrivains dédaignés ont le mérite de reproduire la couleur de leur temps ; ils ne sont pas exclusive-*

ment traduits du grec et du latin.' (GAUTIER, *Les Grotesques*, 1859, pp. 1, xiv.)

Cp. '*Je laisse de côté le très-grand nombre d'hommes de talent qui écrivent sans les signer les articles des revues, et qui, comme des soldats dans une armée, manifestent parfois plus clairement que les généraux, les facultés et les inclinations de leur temps et de leur nation.*' (TAINE, *Avertissement* to vol. iv of the *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise.*) See also the opening words of Arnold's 'Joubert' (*Essays in Criticism*, First Series, No. VII).

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE

'I REMEMBER a tale concerning a theefe, that was indyted of felonie, for robbing by the highe wayes syde, and being indyted by the name of *Latro* was condemned by y^e^ name of *Fur*, for which the theefe quarrelled, and sayde the Judge had done him wrong. And when he would not cease exclamation Mayster Skelton the Poet, being a maister of wordes, and cunning in Grammer, was called to declare the difference betweene *fur* and *latro*, whose answere was, that he saw no great difference between *fur* and *latro*, saving this, that *fur* did sit on the bench, and *latro* stoode at the barre.' (*A Sermon* [in Paule's Church] *of God's fearfull threatnings for Idolatrye . . . with a Treatise against Usurie*, by Richard Porder (1570), p. 68.) Puckle says in his *Club*, under 'Gamester', that the difference between *fur* and *latro* is the same as between *aleator* and *tesserarum lusor*, which means that there is no difference at all.

'COLLECTORS, PLEASE COPY'

'For many years there had been familiar to me in the Sale Catalogue of Mr. H. P. Standly of Paxton Place, St. Neots, Hunts., 1845, an entry which ran thus (p. 84): "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, was Samuel Ireland of the *Graphic Illustrations*. When, in 1892, dispersed items of the famous collection of Dr. J. R. Joly of Dublin began to appear sporadically in the secondhand 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. Neot's". Unfortunately the memorandum connecting it with Mrs. Hogarth's present to Ireland had been destroyed. Nevertheless, I secured my prize, 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, &c., &c. Now which is the right one? Is either the right one? I inspect mine distrustfully. It is soiled, and has evidently been folded; it is scribbled with

calculations; it has all the aspect of a *vénérable vétusté*. That it came from the Standly sale, 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 authentic 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*, 1911, 2nd ed., pp. 11–13.)

FOR A FLORAL WREATH

(January 22, 1901)

GREAT Queen, great Lady, Mother most of all!
Beyond the turmoil of Earth's hopes and fears,
How should you need the tribute of our tears—
Our helpless, useless tears! But they must fall.

A. D.

THE HALF AND THE WHOLE

'FOOLS, they know not how much more the half is than the whole,' said Hesiod to his brother, urging him not to go to law over what might prove a costly dispute. Connected with this, is a pleasant anecdote of Mr. Gladstone, first given by the late Lord Alverstone in his *Recollections of Bar and Bench*, 1914, and afterwards corrected by Mr. G. W. E. Russell (*Times Lit. Supplement*, Nov. 19, 1914). On hearing the quotation Gladstone declined to believe that any Greek ever said anything of the kind. Confronted later with the original text in the *Works and Days*, he reiterated his

disbelief in it. He had no doubt it was an interpolation! What is most piquant is, that he afterwards employed it himself in a review of Tennyson, and was forced to lay the blame on his 'decaying faculties'.

THE EPITHET 'SENTIMENTAL'

JOHNSON, who must often have heard this word, ignores it altogether; and in Todd's edition of his *Dictionary*, 1818, it is expressly marked with a star as one of the modern words which are *not* to be found in the Doctor's collection. According to Sir Sidney Lee's exhaustive article in the D.N.B. on Sterne, that author is to be regarded as the originator of the epithet. Sir Sidney says that it first occurs in a letter of 1740 written by the future author of *Tristram Shandy* to the Miss Lumley he afterwards married. Here is the precise and characteristic passage: 'I gave a thousand pensive penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced, in those quict and sentimental repasts—then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child.' (Sterne's *Works* by Saintsbury, 1894, x, 25). Nine years later, however circulated, 'sentimental' had grown so much in vogue, that it had reached from London to the provinces. 'Mrs. Belfour' (Lady Bradshaigh), writing from Lincolnshire to Richardson, says: 'Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask you . . . what in your opinion, is the meaning of the word *sentimental*, so much in vogue amongst the polite, both in town and country? In letters and common conversation, I have asked several who make use of it, and have generally received for answer, it is—it is—*sentimental*. Every-

thing clever and agreeable in that word; but [I] am convinced a wrong interpretation is given, because it is impossible everything clever and agreeable can be so common as this word. I am frequently astonished to hear such a one is a *sentimental* man; we were a *sentimental* party; I have been taking a *sentimental* walk. And that I ought to be reckoned a little in the fashion, and, as I think, show them the proper use of the word, about six weeks ago, I declared that I had just received a *sentimental* letter. Having often laughed at the word and found fault with the application of it, and this being the first time I ventured to make use of it, I was loudly congratulated upon the occasion: but I should be glad to know your interpretation of it.' (Richardson's *Correspondence*, 1804, ix, pp. 282–3). The reply of the author of *Clarissa*, which should have been interesting, is not given; but it is clear that by this date (1749) 'sentimental' must have been overworked by 'the polite'. Eleven years after this, we meet with it in the Prologue to Colman's 'Dramatick Novel' of *Polly Honeycombe*. 'And then,' he says, commenting on the fiction of the period:

> 'And then so *sentimental* is the stile,
> So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
> Plot and elopement, passion, rape and rapture,
> The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—Chapter.'

With February, 1768, came Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, on which Wesley has this comment: 'I casually took a volume of what is called "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy". *Sentimental!* What is that? It is not English: he might as well say, *Continental* [?]. It is not sense. It conveys no determinate idea: yet one fool makes many. And this nonsensical word (who

would believe it?) is become a fashionable one!' (*Journal*, February 11, 1772.) In 1773, Goldsmith puts it in the 'Dedication' to *She Stoops*: 'The undertaking a comedy not merely *sentimental*, was very dangerous;' and Garrick (forgetting Kelly and *False Delicacy*) uses it more than once in the Prologue to the same play, e.g. 'Faces are blocks in sentimental scenes.' Further examples might easily be multiplied, for the word, in spite of Johnson, had now come to stay. Two years subsequently we find Sheridan referring to

> 'The goddess of the woful countenance,
> The sentimental Muse,'

in an occasional Prologue to the *Rivals*. It must already have passed into the vocabulary of the learned. Todd gives examples from Shenstone and Langhorne; Warton has it more than once in his *History of English Poetry*; and it figures in the Essays of Vicesimus Knox. Eventually its vogue declined. 'During the first years of my residence in England, what is called sentimental was the hobby horse of many moral writers, and of such persons as professed to have finer feelings, and tenderer nerves, than others, though they contradicted it frequently by their actions. The public, however, grew tired of this, as of all other things; and many persons of both sexes may now be seen, smiling with a kind of contempt, though often without reason, and very little to their honour, at everything which appears to them to come under the denomination of sentimental.' (*A View of England towards the Close of the xviiith Century*, by F. A. Wendeborn, LL.D., 1791, ii, 84–5.) Wendeborn was for many years pastor of the German Church on Ludgate Hill. (Appendix C (expanded) to Goldsmith's Poems, Oxford edition, 1906.)

JOHNSON ON SAVAGE

'His Mind was in an uncommon Degree vigorous and active. His Judgment was accurate, his Apprehension quick, and his Memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learned from others in a short Time better than those by whom he was informed, and could frequently recollect Incidents, with all their Combination of Circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present Time; but which the Quickness of his Apprehension impressed upon him. He had the peculiar Felicity, that his Attention never deserted him; he was present to every Object, and regardful of the most trifling Occurrences. He had the Art of escaping from his own Reflections and accommodating himself to every new Scene.

'To this Quality is to be imputed the Extent of his Knowledge compared with the small Time which he spent in visible Endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory Conversation with the same Steadiness of Attention as others apply to a Lecture, and, amidst the Appearance of thoughtless Gayety, lost no new Idea that was started, nor any Hint that could be improved. He had therefore made in Coffee-houses the same Proficiency as others in Studies; and it is remarkable, that the Writings of a Man of little Education and little Reading have an Air of Learning scarcely to be found in any other Performances, but which perhaps as often obscures as embellishes them.' (*Account of the Life of Mr.* Richard Savage, *Son of the Earl Rivers*, 1744, pp. 179–80.)

At p. 11 of the 'Men of Letters' *Shakespeare*, 1907, Sir Walter Raleigh quotes this (from the later version in the *Lives of the Poets*), and goes on:

'Reinstate the Elizabethan taverns in place of the coffee-houses, and every word of this description is probably true of Shakespeare. If we may infer anything from his writings, we may be sure of this, that he had the art of giving himself wholly to his company, and accommodating himself to every new scene.'

THE DREAD OF IMITATION

'THE human being does not exist who can say that he has never been influenced by anyone or anything. We read a book, close it, replace it on the shelf, but in the book was a sentence we cannot forget. It has become part of ourselves. We may forget the book in which we read it, or even wholly forget that we have read it, or only remember it imperfectly. No matter! We shall never again be the same as we were before we read it. Now, how is the power of this influence to be explained? By the fact that it has merely revealed some part of us hitherto unknown. Thus those who dread influences, and try to avoid them, make a tacit avowal of the poverty of their minds. I remember that on one occasion George Meredith advised a young lady who sent him a story she had written to read, to wait, to read and study the great authors before attempting composition herself. She replied that she wanted to do original and not imitative work, and therefore could not follow his counsel. Meredith then wrote with some severity: "If hard study should kill your creative effort, it will be no loss to the world or to you. And if, on the contrary, the genius you possess should survive the process of mental labour, it will be enriched and worthy of a good rank."' (Miss ELIZABETH LEE on André Gide, in *The Library*, July, 1916, vol. vii, Third Series, p. 248.)

ASSIMILATION

'*Il fault qu'il* [the reader] *imboive leurs* [his authorities'] *humeurs, non qu'il apprenne leurs preceptes: et qu'il oublie hardiement, s'il veult, d'où il les tient, mais qu'il se les sçache approprier. La verité et la raison sont communes à un chascun, et ne sont non plus à qui les a dictes premierement, qu'à qui les dict aprez: ce n'est non plus selon Platon que selon moy, puis que luy et moy l'entendons et veoyons de mesme. Les abeilles pillotent deçà delà les fleurs; mais elles en font aprez le miel, que est tout leur; ce n'est plus thym, ny mariolaine: ainsi les pieces empruntees d'aultruy, il les transformera et confondra pour en faire un ouvrage tout sien, à sçavoir son iugement: son institution, son travail et estude ne vise qu'à le former. Qu'il cele tout ce dequoy il a esté secouru, et ne produise que ce qu'il en a faict.*' (MONTAIGNE, *De l'institution des enfants*, Book i, ch. 25.)

'STUDY TO BE QUIET'

'*Tout le malheur des hommes vient de ne sçavoir pas se tenir en repos dans une chambre.*' (PASCAL, *Pensées*, Ed. 1675, p. 195.)

THE BACK-SHOP

'*Il se fault reserver une arriereboutique, toute nostre, toute franche, en laquelle nous establissions nostre vraye liberté et principale retraicte et solitude. En cette cy fault il prendre nostre ordinaire entretien de nous à nous mesmes . . .*' (MONTAIGNE, *De la Solitude*, Book i, ch. 38.)

'*Miserable à mon gré, qui n'a chez soy où estre*

à soy, où se faire particulierement la court, où se cacher! . . . [Ie] treuve aulcunement plus supportable d'estre tousiours seul, que ne le pouvoir iamais estre.' (Ib. *De trois commerces*, Book iii, ch. 3.)

EXTRA MUROS

'To me [Epicurus] there is this advantage in a place at some distance from the city. Having by no means the full possession of my faculties where I hear unwelcome and intrusive voices, or unexpected and irregular sounds that excite me involuntarily to listen, I assemble and arrange my thoughts with freedom and with pleasure in the fresh air, under the open sky: and they are more lively and vigorous and exuberant when I catch them as I walk about, and commune with them in silence and seclusion. (LANDOR'S *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans*, 1853, 'Epicurus, Leontium, and Ternissa,' p. 220.)

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY

'A MAN always in society is one always on the spend; on the other hand, a mere solitary is at his best but a candle in an empty room.' (JOHN NEWTON.)

THE PASSION FOR PERFECTION

IT was the opinion of Voltaire that an author, while life lasted, should continue to correct his works. This view seems to have been shared by Rousseau and Hume. 'He [Hume] more than once quotes "a saying of Rousseau's, that one half of a man's life is too little to write a book and the

other half to correct it." In truth, he never wearied of the attempt to bring his works as near to perfection as possible, and it was from his death-bed that his last corrections were sent.' (*Letters of David Hume to William Strahan*, edited by G. Birkbeck Hill, 1888, p. x.)

REVISION AFTER PUBLICATION

WHERE verse is concerned, Voltaire's precept, as above quoted, is perhaps arguable; and there is a time-honoured and often excusable predilection for the first reading, or rather for what the public receives as the first reading. On this theme I once wrote the following as a general plea for 'the much-suspected practice of revision after publication'. 'Of such amendment conservative admirers are sometimes impatient. Forgetting by what mental palimpsests a poem has attained to its printed maturity, they resent deviations from the form with which they were at first acquainted. Yet the writer's defence is better than it seems. He alters a word, not from mere whim, but because he has used it too often; he changes an image because on reflection he discovers it to be a mere effort of memory; he retouches a line because, although it has escaped critical comment, he has felt from the outset that it was inadequate. Of all this his readers know nothing. Yet it justifies his procedure, in spite of the *Ars Poetica*.'[1] (Introduction to Locker's *Rowfant Rhymes* (Rowfant Club), 1895, p. 15.)

[1] *Nescit vox missa reverti.*

GOLDSMITH ON PLAGIARISM

GOLDSMITH has sometimes been accused of using other people's ideas. To be sure (we have it on the best authority), he touched nothing that he did not adorn. All the same, it is amusing to find him writing sententiously: 'It was the fashion with the wits of the last age, to conceal the places from whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder.' (*Poems of Parnell*, 1770, p. xxxii.)

UNCONSCIOUS PROSE

ACCORDING to M. Roger Alexandre, *Musée de la Conversation*, 1897, p. 408, the real M. Jourdain in this case (*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, 1670, Act II, Sc. iv) was a certain comte de Soissons mentioned by Mme de Sévigné: '*Comment, ma fille? J'ai donc fait un sermon sans y penser? J'en suis aussi étonnée que M. le comte de Soissons quand on lui découvrit qu'il faisoit de la prose.*' (June 2, 1680.)

BOOKS AND IDEAS

'LORD LYTTON [i. e. Robert, Earl Lytton] had not the epigrammatic power of his father, who characteristically said to him, "Do you want to get at new ideas? read old books; do you want to find old ideas? read new ones."' (*Times Literary Supplement*, Oct. 19, 1906.)

THE PAROLE OF LETTERS

'THE subject of quotation being introduced, Mr. Wilkes censured it as pedantry. JOHNSON. "No, Sir, it is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world."' [Apparently, he was here using *parole* in its sense of countersign; or, as he defines it in his Dictionary, 'a word given in assurance'.] (Hill's *Boswell*, 1887, iv. 102.)

'BE DOING!'

'*Nous sommes nayz pour agir: Quum moriar, medium solvar et inter opus;*[1] *ie veux qu'on agisse, et qu'on alonge les offices de la vie, tant qu'on peult; et que la mort me treuve plantant mes choulx, mais nonchalant d'elle, et encores plus de mon iardin imparfaict.*' (MONTAIGNE, *Que philosopher c'est apprendre à mourir*, Book i, ch. 19.)

GROWTH

'THE shade ripens, while the sun often spoils.' (JAMES HANNAY, of Thackeray, *Course of English Literature*, 1866, p. 326.)

GUICCIARDINI'S PROLIXITY

'THERE was, it is said, a criminal in Italy, who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind, and went to the oar.' (*Macaulay's Essays: Burleigh and his Times*, second paragraph.)

[1] Ovid, *Amor.* ii. 10. 36.

What Macaulay had in memory was probably the following:

'Boccalini, who lived half a Century after Guicciardini, tells us [1] that a Lacedemonian Littérateur, for the crime of having said in three words what he might have said in two, was condemned by the Senate of Sparta to read Guicciardini's War of Pisa. The wretched Spartan read one page, but, insupportably wearied by such "harangues on the taking of every Dovecote", entreated that his punishment might be commuted for any other torment, for it was more cruel than any that the most ingenious artist had ever devised for the most monstrous tyrant.' (*The Maxims of Francis Guicciardini*, translated by Emma Martin, 1845, p. xxii.)

DON QUIXOTE ON BIOGRAPHY

'THERE is no need [observed Don Quixote] of recording events which do not change or affect the truth of a history, if they tend to bring the hero of it into contempt. Aeneas was not in truth and earnest so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so wise as Homer describes him.'

'That is true,' said Samson [Carrasco]; 'but it is one thing to write as a poet, another to write as an historian; the poet may describe or sing things, not as they were but as they ought to have been: but the historian has to write them down, not as they ought to have been, but as they were, without adding anything to the truth or taking anything from it.' (*Don Quixote*, Second Part, ch. iii, Ormsby's Translation.)

[1] *Ragguagli di Parnasso*, 1630, vi. 30.

A 'CORNHILL' RONDEAU

THE following Rondeau was written by request for the five-hundredth number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1901 (vol. xi, No. 62, N.S.):

'*On our first day out, I asked leave to speak for myself, whom I regarded as the captain of a great ship.*' (ROUNDABOUT PAPERS, No. ix.)

'For two-score years the tumbling spray
Has fallen from our bows away;
What change of skipper and of crew,
Since first the CORNHILL sailed the blue,
Grain-laden, Master, THACKERAY!

TROLLOPE, GEORGE ELIOT, GASKELL—nay,
Our own dear "BLACKSTICK" of to-day,—
What wealth of genius old and new
For two-score years!

Once more we steer across the bay.
With no vain thought our hearts are gay:
Our log is clean, our course is true;
What we have done, we mean to do;
We hope, once more, to lead the way
For two-score years!'

A. D.

'PRIDE AND PREJUDICE'

'EVERYTHING in this novel—time, place, action, diction, costume—reminds us of our daily life; and yet under this commonplace surface a great artist has revealed a most dramatic conflict of universal human emotions. To have imagined a being, manly, honourable, generous, but so eaten up with the pride of birth and rank that he has brought

himself, on conscientious principles, to separate a friend from a young woman with whom he is in love, on account of her undesirable connections; to bring him, by the irony of events, to fall in love with the sister of her whom he has injured, a person possessing all the fascinations of grace, frankness, and high spirit, supplying by the lightning rapidity of her wit and intuition her want of knowledge and experience; to exhibit the conflict between the man's pride and his passion; to cause his pride, when it can no longer resist, to revenge itself for its defeat by an offensive proposal of marriage; to paint, in language of the exactest propriety, the maidenliness and severity with which the heroine rejects the suit, and the humiliation, the astonishment, the indignation of the hero; finally, to describe the gradual process by which the fine nature of the man, recognising the justice of his sentence, purges itself of its master vice and makes a generous return for the indignity done to it—never was there a more admirable δέσις, or complication of plot, in any Greek comedy; never a more well-conceived περιπέτεια or reversal of the action; never a more satisfactory λύσις or *dénouement* of the moral situation. Justly may we transfer to the creator of so perfect a work the compliment which was, perhaps with some exaggeration, paid to Menander: "Oh, Nature and Jane Austen, which of you has copied from the other?"' (W. J. COURTHOPE, *Life in Poetry: Law in Taste*, 1901, pp. 201–2.)

IRREVOCABILE VERBUM

'THE Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.'
FITZGERALD'S *Rubáiyát*, 3rd version, lxxi.

'THE words are utter'd, and they flee.'
M. ARNOLD, *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön.*

'WHAT I have said, I have said. And the word once uttered flies beyond recall.' (*Jocelin of Brakelond*, 'King's Classics' edn., 1907, p. 22.)

'*Semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.*'
HORACE, *Epp.* i. 18. 71.

ORIGINALITY

'No bird has ever uttered note
That was not in some first bird's throat:
Since Eden's freshness and man's fall
No rose has been original.'
T. B. ALDRICH in *The Chap-book.*

'*Jamais les arbres verts n'ont essayé d'être bleus.*'
THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE green trees never aim at blue.
They want no change. And why should you?
(Nothing betrays a poor vitality
Like straining for originality.)
A. D.

'QUI REPLICAT MULTIPLICAT'

'HE [Thackeray] was rather prone to neglect that golden maxim of Bacon's, Qui replicat multiplicat, and his impulsive sensitiveness probably prevented him from adopting that other counsel of the wise: "Write your reply as stingingly as you possibly can; keep it a night, and put it in the fire next day."' (SAINTSBURY'S 'Introduction' to Thackeray's 'Legend of the Rhine', &c., 1908, p. xv.)

Cf. Leconte de Lisle's '*Mais le plus sage en rit, sachant qu'il doit mourir*';[1] also Lanoue's *Coquette corrigée*:

> '*Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte est pour le sot,*
> *L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne et ne dit mot.*'

Macaulay, who sometimes consoled himself with Lanoue's couplet, wrote in his *Diary* (February 15, 1851)—'Odd that two lines of a damned play, and, it should seem, a justly damned play, should have lived near a century and have become proverbial.' (Life by Trevelyan, ch. iii, ed. 1908, p. 89 n.) But it is scarcely exact to call *La Coquette corrigée* a 'damned play', for, though coldly received at first, it afterwards 'became extremely popular'. (Hawkins's *French Stage in the Eighteenth Century*, 1888, ii. 43.)

Johnson never answered anything that was written against him, except in the case of Hanway's angry reply to his review of the *Essay on Tea*. (Birkbeck Hill's *Boswell*, 1887, i. 314.)

[1] This is from the *Requies* of the poet. The entire stanza runs:

> '*La vie est ainsi faite, il nous la faut subir.*
> *Le faible souffre et pleure, et l'insensé s'irrite,*
> *Mais le plus sage en rit, sachant qu'il doit mourir.*'
> (*French Lyrics*, selected and annotated by George Saintsbury, 1882, p. 233.)

NATIONAL SERVICE

'THE Success of our Enemies is (humanly speaking) impossible; nay, the personal Danger to most of us is so inconsiderable, that those who bravely determine to attend his Majesty in the last Exigency, will most probably never be called for; but should unforeseen Accidents demand it, nothing but absolute Impotency from Age or Infirmity can excuse our Attendance. The Use of Arms is soon learned; and tho' we may not be expert Soldiers, if our Hearts are good, our Hands will be of Service.' (HENRY FIELDING, *The True Patriot* newspaper, Dec. 10, 1745.)

ON INVASION

'BE not deceived, there is no wall of adamant, no triple flaming sword, to drive off those lawless assassins that have murdered and pillaged in every other land; Heaven has made with us no covenant, that there should be joy, and peace here, and wailing, and lamentation in the world besides: I would counsel you to put on a mind of patient suffering, and noble acting; whatever energies there are in the human mind, you will want them all; every man will be tried to the very springs of his heart, and those times are at hand which will show us all as we really are, with the genuine stamp, and value, be it much, or be it little, which nature has impressed upon each living soul.' (SYDNEY SMITH, *Sermons*, 1809—'On Invasion,' preached 1804.)

PESSIMISM

'*Le pessimisme est pour le civil ce que la désertion est pour le soldat.*' (*Écho de Paris.*) This was quoted in Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Dundee (June 5, 1915) as 'Pessimism in the civilian is the counterpart of cowardice in the soldier'. He referred to it as 'a recent saying of our Allies, the French'. It is said to have been conspicuously displayed in Buckingham Palace.

RONDEAUS OF THE WAR

I. TO BELGIUM

For Right, not Might, you fought. The foe,
Checked in his wild World-overthrow,
  Ravaged, with his remorseless band,
  Your ancient fanes and peaceful land,
Thinking to crush you at a blow.

You are not crushed, as well we know.
If you are trodden, 'tis to grow;
  Nor can they fail at last who stand
    For Right, not Might!

God speed you, Belgium! Time will show
How large a debt to you we owe.
  To you—through all reverses grand—
  Men stretch to-day a grateful hand . . .
God speed you still—in weal and woe—
    For Right, not Might.

A. D.

(*King Albert's Book.*)

II. 'THAT WOODEN CROSS'

THAT wooden cross beside the road
Marks—as the now-blurred legend showed—
  That there a '*soldat anglais*' dead
  Has found betimes his foreign bed—
His last impregnable abode!

'Tis no uncommon episode,
You say, of War's barbaric code,
  For which so many men have bled—
    That wooden cross!

Nay, but this blood was well bestowed:
'Twas shed for nations 'neath the load
  Of mailed oppression fury-fed,
  And ruthless rapine, sore bestead.
Surely it needs no funeral ode—
    That wooden cross!

A. D.

(*Khaki.*)

III. FOR THE BLINDED SOLDIERS

WE that look on, with God's goodwill,
Have one plain duty to fulfil:
  To drive—by all fair means—afar
  This hideous Juggernaut of War,
And teach the Future not to kill.

But there 's a plainer duty still:
We need to meet the instant ill,
  To heal the wound, to hide the scar—
    We that look on!

What timelier task for brain and quill
Than aiding eyes no light can thrill,
No sight of all good things that are,
No morning sky, no evening star—
Shall we not help with all our skill,
We that look on?

(*Blinded Soldiers' Book.*)

IV. 'WE HOPE TO WIN'

'WE hope to win?' By GOD'S help—'Yes':
Though of the 'when', no man can guess,
Since there may yet be long-drawn strain,
Alternate change of pride and pain,
Till Victory come—at last—to bless.

But there are other wars that press—
Wars bred of surfeit and success—
Which, if we would our place maintain,
We hope to win.

There is the war with Selfishness—
The purblind fiend that 'doubts' distress;
With hearts that fail and lips that feign;
With Drink, with Lust, with Greed of Gain . . .
These are the wars in which, not less,
We hope to win!

A. D.

(*Spectator*, April 3, 1915.)

V. 'WHEN THERE IS PEACE'

'*When there is Peace our land no more*
Will be the land we knew of yore.'
Thus do our facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be Heaven? Will it be Hell?
When there is Peace.

This let us pray for, this implore:
That all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in loftier aims excel
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, nobler, than before,
When there is Peace.

A. D.

(*Spectator*, January 1, 1916.)

MOLIÈRE

'SAINTE-BEUVE asserted that to love Molière, "to love him sincerely, is to have a guarantee against many a defect and many a fault; it is to be antipathetic to all pedantry, all artificiality of style, all affectation of language; it is to love common sense in others as well as in yourself; it is to be assured against the dangers of over-estimating our common humanity, or of under-estimating it; it is to be cured for ever of fanaticism and intolerance."' (*Molière: His Life and his Works*, by BRANDER MATTHEWS, 1910, p. 358.)

FIELDING AND MOLIÈRE

ALLINGHAM says (*Diary*, 1907, p. 386) that Du Maurier thought the dialogue between Trissotin (Cotin) and Vadius in *Les Femmes savantes* was 'the funniest thing in Molière'. I cannot help fancying that Fielding (who knew his Molière) must have been thinking of this dialogue when he wrote the entirely admirable discourse between the Poet and the Player in *Joseph Andrews*, Book iii, chap. x.

THE BURIAL OF MOLIÈRE[1]

(After J. Truffier)

DEAD—he is dead! The rouge has left a trace
On that thin cheek where shone, perchance, a tear,
Even while the people laughed that held him dear
But yesterday. He died,—and not in grace,
And many a black-robed caitiff starts apace
To slander him whose *Tartuffe* made them fear.
And gold must win a passage for his bier,
And bribe the crowd that guards his resting-place.

Ah, Molière, for that last time of all,
Man's hatred broke upon thee and went by,
And did but make more fair thy funeral.
Though in the dark they hid thee stealthily,
Thy coffin had the cope of night for pall,
For torch, the stars along the windy sky.

ANDREW LANG.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

IN October 1730 the English Actress Anne Oldfield, Pope's 'Narcissa', was buried in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. 'Alive with Peers, with Monarchs in her Grave,'[2] she sleeps between Craggs and Congreve.

In March 1730 the French Actress Adrienne Lecouvreur, 'long the cynosure of all eyes in theatre and salon,' was conveyed by an old hackney-coach

[1] After four days' delay, the burial of Molière was effected at night, with mutilated ceremonial, on the express appeal of Mme Molière to Louis XIV.

[2] Bramston's *Man of Taste*.

to a nameless grave in an obscure corner on the south bank of the Seine known as *La Grenouillère*, where she was interred by two street porters, in the presence of a few friends. Not having renounced her art, the Archbishop of Paris refused to give her Christian burial, although he distributed to the poor a bequest she had made to them. (Hawkins's *French Stage in the Eighteenth Century*, 1888, i, 253, 254.)

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

THE accepted answer is, of course, 'That depends on the liver.' But the following addendum is not, I think, equally familiar. A French *savant* of repute, being asked how he should render the above reply in his own tongue, said at once '*Question de foi*[*e*]' —an admirable example of translation which betters the original.

AN ARCTIC EPITAPH

No grave more nobly graced,
No whiter pall than that which wraps the heads
Of those who sleep where the lone land outspreads
Its ice-bound waste.

These, Mother, were thy sons,
Brood of thy brood, whose seed by sea and land
Still man to-day, and in days gone have manned
Our English guns.

No mortal foe defied.
What Nature in her silent holds of snow
Hides from all outer ken, they strove to know,
And striving—died.

A. D.

A 'MATTER-OF-FICTION' MAN

'A "matter-of-fiction man" he [Lamb] once called himself; and fiction was to him more real than fact. Although he went regularly, if late, to the India House, he lived in literature, from Shakespeare to John Woolman, from the classics to the Lake poets. He has confessed his perplexity when a fellow-passenger on a coach asked him what he thought would be the value of the shops in Cheapside. "If", he says pensively, "the man had asked me what song the Sirens sang, or by what name Achilles went when he hid himself among women, I might have hazarded a solution."' (*Stray Leaves*, by HERBERT PAUL, M.P., 1906, p. 245.) There is no need to think that Lamb was remembering his favourite Parson Adams; but it was Fielding's hero who knew all about the Pillars of Hercules, and had never heard of the Levant.

'NIMIUM NEC LAEDERE, NEC LAUDARE'

I 'CONVEYED' this as a book-motto from an eighteenth-century magazine. But I now fancy the writer must have been remembering imperfectly these words of Erasmus, which are prefixed to the fourth edition of La Bruyère's *Caractères*: '*Admonere voluimus, non mordere; prodesse, non laedere; consulere moribus hominum, non officere.*' ('*Notre intention a été d'avertir, non de mordre; d'être utile, non de blesser; de faire du bien aux mœurs, non du tort aux hommes.*')

OF USING BOOKS

ONE way is—'As some men do Lords, learn their titles correctly, and brag of their acquaintance.' (Attributed to Swift.)

OF LOSS OF TIME

'WASTE not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That, endeavour and dispute.'
FITZGERALD'S *Rubáiyát*, 3rd version, liv.

(Cf. chap. on Anti-Cant (*Candide* and *Rasselas*) in Whittuck's '*Good Man*' *of the Eighteenth Century*, 1901, p. 168. 'Work without disputing.' 'It is the only way to render life supportable.'

TIME WELL EMPLOYED

'*A Man* that is *Young* in *Years* may be Old in Hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely.' (BACON, *Essays*, xlii, '*Of Youth and Age.*')

THE LIMITS OF BIOGRAPHY

'UN biographe, en effet, ne peut avoir qu'un dessein, celui de présenter avec exactitude la succession de tous les faits qui composent la vie de son héros. La moindre date, le plus menu détail ont leur importance à ses yeux, il doit dire tout ce qu'il sait. D'autre part, on ne lui demande pas d'apprécier les œuvres de celui dont il écrit la vie, mais simplement de raconter les circonstances au milieu desquelles ses œuvres se sont produites.' (*Comédie de Molière*, by GUSTAVE LARROUMET, *Avant-propos.*)

A NOTE OF INTERROGATION

'IF a popular work—I mean a work intended to please and instruct general readers—is generally disliked, how can it be a good work?' (JEFFREY, in PASTON'S *Side-Lights on the Georgian Period*, 1902, p. 47.)

PIKES AND POETS

'I THINK none but Pikes and Poets prey upon their kind.' (Warburton to Garrick, April 22, 1762.)

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS

'FOR I have naught but sentences to fit my maw, as *plures occidit crapula quam gladius ; musa ieiunantibus amica* ; repletion killeth delicately ; and an old saw, Socrates, The belly is the head's grave.' (*A tragical Comedie of Alexander and Campaspe.*)

SÉVIGNIANA

'*Tout de bon, rien n'est si beau que ces allées que vous avez vues naître.*' (*Lettres Choisies de Mme de Sévigné*, 1888, p. 83.)

'*Je trouve que tout me manque, parceque vous me manquez.*' (*Ibid.*, p. 152.)

ROCHESTER ON THE VANITY OF HUMAN REASON

'THEN Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and *make* him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That *all* his life he has been in the wrong.'
A Satyr against Mankind.

Jowett was very fond of repeating these lines (*Life*, 1897, ii. 39 *n.*) ; and Tennyson declaimed them with 'almost terrific force' to Lecky (*Life*, ii. 201), dwelling specially, it is supposed, on the *italicized*[1] words. (Hill's Johnson's *Lives*, 1905, i. 223 *n.*)

[1] Italicized by Lecky.

STYLE

'STYLE is the shadow of a personality.' (NEWMAN.)

'The saying in the most perspicuous and succinct way what one thoroughly understands; and saying it so naturally that no effort is apparent.' (EDWARD FITZGERALD in Chambers's *Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, iii. 425.)

'To the unembarrassing matter, the unembarrassed style!' (PATER'S *Essays from the Guardian*, 1896, 12.)

AN EPITOME OF LIFE

'*On entre, on crie,*
Et c'est la vie :
On bâille, on sort,
Et c'est la mort.'

This is apparently a favourite album inscription in France—not always over the same signature. But the real author, according to M. Roger Alexandre's *Musée de la Conversation*, 3rd edition, 1897, p. 535, was the poet Ausone de Chancel, who wrote it in 1836 at the beginning of an album he gave to his sister-in-law. It is a typical example of French conciseness.

ANOTHER

DU MAURIER'S *Trilby* closes with the following verses :

'A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good-day!

'A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

'A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

'A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so, good-bye!'

These, in the book, are followed by a farewell tail-piece of drawing and writing materials, touchingly conspicuous among which is a pair of spectacles with the left lens darkened.

FESTINARE NOCET

'*Travaillez à loisir, quelque ordre qui vous presse,*[1]
Et ne vous piquez point d'une folle vitesse.'
(BOILEAU, *L'Art Poétique*, Chant i.)

Go your own pace. No showy action
Can do the work of honest traction;
And those who hurry most may find
More than they think is left behind.

A. D.

THE FACT OF EXISTENCE

'"*Ie n'ay rien faict d'aujourd'huy.*" *Quoy! avez vous pas vescu? c'est non seulement la fondamentale, mais la plus illustre de vos occupations.*'
(MONTAIGNE, *De l'expérience*, Book iii, chap. xiii.)

[1] Boileau's note says that Georges de Scudéry, to excuse his hasty composition, always alleged that he was ordered to finish, which (it may be added) is quite conceivable, if he was as long-winded as his sister Madeleine, the author of the *Grand Cyrus*.

Cf. Hor. *Odes* iii. 29 :

> ' *Ille potens sui,*
> *Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem*
> *Dixisse, " Vixi ".*'

> ' Happy he,
> Self-centred, who each night can say,
> " My life is lived ".'
> (Conington, 1872, *Odes*, 101.)

SELF-DEPRECIATION

' *Ne nous hâtons pas de prendre au mot ces gens de goût qui ont horreur de se surfaire.*' (Sainte-Beuve, *Montaigne* (*Causeries du Lundi*), 1853, iv. 62.)

When Pot extolled *Irene* to the skies,
Your downright Johnson bluntly said ' Pot lies ' ; [1]
Yet had Pot spoken of his work as ' rot ',
One shrinks to think what might have been Pot's lot.
A. D.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

' Figaro. *Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer.*' (Beaumarchais, *Barbier de Séville*, 1775, Act i, Sc. ii.)

> ' And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
> 'Tis that I may not weep.'
> (Byron, *Don Juan*, Canto IV, St. 4.)

Dr. John Brown (' John Leech ', at beginning) quotes ' the ballad '—

> ' Werena my heart licht, I wad die.'

[1] Birkbeck Hill's *Boswell's Johnson*, 1887, iv. 5, n. 1.

FAME

'*No dilettantism: nothing for "a cake that is not turned"*.[1] With him who is in his very soul bent on fame, all succeeds, for he spares no pains, nor money, nor risks. . . . Dead and empty are the deeds of men that lack this pricking spur.' (LORD MORLEY, *Miscellanies*, 4th Series, 1908, p. 87. Art. on Guicciardini, from whom the passage is quoted.)

THE MINOR POET

'WHEN he writes, he commonly steers the Sense of his Lines by the Rhime that is at the End of them, as Butchers do Calves by the Tail.' (BUTLER'S *Genuine Remains*, 1759, ii. 114.)

He has a similar thought in *Hudibras*, Part 1, Canto i, line 463—

'(For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses).'

SHENSTONE ON MARIA DOLMAN

LANDOR thought Shenstone's memorial inscription to his cousin, Maria Dolman, of Brome, Staffordshire, who died at twenty-one of smallpox, 'the most beautiful of epitaphs.' It was on an urn at the Leasowes, and ended—

'Heu, quanto minus est
Cum reliquis versari,
Quam Tui
Meminisse—'

which the late A. J. Munby rendered as follows:

'Ah, how much less, all living loves, to me
Than that one rapture of remembering Thee!'

But these things are untranslatable!

[1 Cf. Hosea vii. 8.]

In Tollemache's *Old and Odd Memories*, 1908, p. 44, it is stated that Shenstone's words were borrowed by Sir G. Shuckburgh for his first wife's epitaph. 'The same monument records the death of Shuckburgh's second wife, whom he married within three years.'

This recalls an anecdote in my own experience. A widower dedicated a collection of translated verse 'To Her who is not lost, but only gone before'; and promptly married another of the family.

THE NAME OF ERASMUS

He had been called Gerhard after his father, Gerhard meaning 'beloved'. 'Desiderius is barbarous Latin for that, and Erasmus is barbarous Greek for it. . . . It was a singular fortune for a master of literary style to be designated by two words which mean the same thing, and are both incorrect.' (Jebb's *Erasmus*, 1897, pp. 2–3.)

TRUE HUSBANDRY

'The principal thing, in matters of economy, is to cut off all superfluous expenses; but true husbandry, in my mind, doth lie in expending the same money to more vantage than another; and, as the vulgar say, to have four pennies for your groat.' (*Maxims of Guicciardini*, translated by Emma Martin, 1845, p. 151, No. 152.)

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

'It has been the fashion to decry the eighteenth century, as young fops laugh at their fathers. But we were there in the germ; and a "Professor of Eighteenth Century History and Literature" who

knew his business, might tell young Englishmen more of that which it is profoundly important they should know.' (HUXLEY, *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 22, 1891.)

A GLIMPSE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË

'THEY [Cory's companions on a visit to Haworth] told me what Richmond told them about Charlotte Brontë's portrait. She was very shy, and for two sittings he was out of hope; but the third time she met the Duke of Wellington's servant leaving the house; which made Richmond say, "If you had been here a quarter of an hour sooner you would have seen the Duke of Wellington." Whereupon she broke out into eager talking about the Duke; and so the painter caught the expression given in his portrait, of which I bought a photograph in Keighley. When Richmond was getting on well with the portrait she stood behind him looking at it: he heard a sob—she said, "Excuse me—it is so like my sister Emily."' (*Letters and Journals of W. Cory*, 1897, p. 187. Cory calls *Shirley* the 'best of books'. The portrait was the well-known drawing made by George Richmond, R.A., for Mr. George Smith, Miss Brontë's publisher, and bequeathed by him to the National Portrait Gallery.)

HEINE AND DON QUIXOTE

'HEINE, a later magician in laughter and tears, has narrated his own alternating attitudes towards *Don Quixote*. It was the first book he read after he had really learnt to read; and he took the tale, he has told us, with the unshaken faith and seriousness of childhood. Unlearned as yet in the irony

of life or literature, he wept bitter tears over the ridicule and rebuffs of the noble-hearted knight. He re-read the book every five years or so with ever-varying feelings. As a youth he was, he confesses, bored by it. Later, he saw in it only the comic side, and laughed at the follies of the mad knight-errant. Older yet again and wiser he made friends for life with Quixote and Sancho. Afterwards he had but to glance over his shoulder to perceive attending him the phantom forms of the thin knight and the fat squire—more particularly, he adds, when he himself hung irresolute at some parting of the ways. What Heine felt by turns, the world has felt by classes.' (*Times Lit. Supplement*, January 13, 1905.)

SENTIMENTAL COMEDY

'"ROMANESQUE comedy", writes Voltaire, "is a bastard species of the drama, and, being neither tragic nor comic, reveals an inability to create tragedies or comedies." And then he goes on to commend Lachaussée (Hawkins's *French Stage in the Eighteenth Century*, 1888, i. 300). I cannot help thinking that Goldsmith remembered this when, in 1773, he defined "Sentimental Comedy" as "a kind of *mulish* production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility".' (*Westminster Magazine*, 1773, vol. i, p. 4.)

BUNYAN'S STYLE

'"I COULD also", he says, "have stepped into a style much higher than this in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do; but I dare not.

God did not play in convincing of me; the Devil did not play in tempting of me; neither did I play when I sunk as into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me: wherefore I may not play in my relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was."' (BUNYAN, by William Hale White, 1905, pp. 10–11.)

GOLDSMITH'S GRAVE

'AT Temple Bar we [i.e. Carlyle and William Allingham] got out, and he consented to come into the Middle Temple, where he said he had never been before in his life. We entered, after a slight demur of the janitor (it being Sunday), by the gate and lane leading to the porch of the Temple Church. "Close by," I said, "is Goldsmith's grave." "Where is it?" said C., and crept slowly on my arm till we stood beside the simple but sufficient monument, a stone about coffin length, and eighteen inches high. I read aloud the inscriptions; C. took off his broad-flapped black hat saying, "A salute." I followed his example, and thus we stood for a few seconds. When our hats were on and we were turning away, C. laughed and said, "Strange times, Mr. Rigmarole!" Then, "Poor Oliver!—he said on his death-bed, 'I am not at ease in my mind.'"' (WILLIAM ALLINGHAM: *A Diary*, 1907, p. 276.)

'Mr. Rigmarole' is Goldsmith's pseudonym in 'A Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap'. (*Essays*, 1765, No. 19.) Carlyle was familiar with Forster's *Life*; and, I think, recommended the retention of the illustrations which accompanied the first edition.

PRIOR'S 'PEGGY'

PRIOR'S lines to Lord Harley's daughter, when a child of five, should scarcely need repeating, because, like Landor's 'Rose Aylmer', most people must know them by heart. But a little problem has lately arisen in this connexion, which cannot be discussed without reproducing them once more. In the second volume of Mr. A. R. Waller's definitive edition of Prior's *Works*, 1907, p. 131, they are given as below:

A
LETTER
TO
THE HONOURABLE *LADY*
MISS *MARGARET-CAVENDISH-*
HOLLES-HARLEY

My noble, lovely, little PEGGY,
Let this, my FIRST-EPISTLE, beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven:
In double beauty say your pray'r,
Our father first, then *notre père*;
And, dearest CHILD, along the day,
In ev'ry thing you do and say,
Obey and please my LORD and LADY,
So GOD shall love, and ANGELS aid, Ye.

If to these PRECEPTS You attend,
No SECOND-LETTER need I send,
And so I rest Your constant Friend.

M. P.

This is the accepted version, and it corresponds with that given at pp. 133–4 in the second volume

of Prior's *Miscellaneous Works* of 1740 [1739], where it is said to be printed from Prior's original manuscript, 'Revised by Himself, and Copied fair for the Press by Mr. ADRIAN DRIFT, His Executor,' who died in 1738. It also corresponds with the copy printed from Prior's MSS. at Longleat (Bath MSS., Hist. MSS. Commission, 1908, iii. 481), where it is dated March 29 [April 9, 1720]. There is consequently no other version. And here comes in the little problem aforesaid. In a note to the *Times Lit. Supplement* (Oct. 21, 1915), Dr. Paget Toynbee has recently pointed out that he has in his possession an unpublished letter,[1] written in October 1739 to Horace Walpole by his friend Richard West, in which West, transcribing Prior's poem, corrects line 5 to 'In double *duty* say your pray'r', and notes in the margin, 't'is printed Beauty, it must be wrong.' It is certainly printed 'beauty'; and, at first sight, many will think 'beauty' the more poetical word; and hesitate to regard it, with West, as impossible. *Per contra*, 'duty,' besides being more logical, is also more in accordance with the Popesque vocabulary. Moreover, the belated sagacity begotten of West's comment prompts a doubt whether Prior, in this studiously simple address, would really have talked to a five-year-old child of the 'beauty' of her prayers; and, on the whole, one is left inconclusively wondering whether it may not be possible that, by some accident or trick of the pen, he wrote down one word when he really meant another. Such things have happened! But to go behind a poet's speech to find out a poet's meaning, is to travel speculative ground.

[1] Since printed at pp. 253–4 of Toynbee's *Corr. of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton*, 1915, vol. i.

ATHOS AND COL. NEWCOME

'*Après une heure de cette extase, Athos éleva doucement ses mains blanches comme la cire; le sourire ne quitta point ses lèvres, et il murmura, si bas qu'à peine on l'entendit, ces deux mots adressés à Dieu ou à Raoul:—*ME VOICI *!*' [1]

Was Thackeray thinking of this *Me voici!* when he wrote the passage—which he could not bring himself to dictate to his amanuensis—about the ADSUM of Colonel Newcome?

TAEDIUM VITAE

'A MAN would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, onely upon a wearinesse to doe the same thing so oft over and over.' (BACON, *Essay* 2.) I faney I have read somewhere that Arbuthnot longed for death only because he was tired of the daily dressing and undressing, which would be an exact justification of my Lord Verulam. But, for the moment, I can find nothing more on this head than an anecdote in Spence to the effect that Arbuthnot regarded being shaved three times a week as infinitely more unendurable than anything that could possibly be suffered by women. (SPENCE, *Anecdotes*, by Singer, 1820, p. 329.)

LETTERS AND STUDIES

'HE doth err who says, *Letters and studies waste men's brain*; for it may perhaps be true where it is not sound; but where Letters find Nature good, they make her perfect. For Natural Talents, joined to Talents which a man may get, do make an admirable mixture.' (*Maxims of Guicciardini*, translated by Emma Martin, 1845, p. 137, No. 133.)

[1] *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, at end.

POETRY AND STYLE

'NOTHING which does not transport is poetry. The lyre is a winged instrument.'

'A serious urbanity is the characteristic of the academic style. It alone is suited to a literary man addressing lettered readers.' (JOUBERT, quoted in *Academy*, Mar. 30, 1878.)

'TOM JONES'

'I HAVE been reading for the first time these 36 years *Tom Jones*, with great interest. It is a man's book, coarse and rough, but full of human nature, sense and genius, the mere writing, the plot and the wit, perfect. But we are all so changed now, for better *and* worse, that these books, like the dress and manners of their times, must become obsolete. Still, I hope Fielding will long remain a classic.' (*Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 179.)

The foregoing was written in 1864. In 1882 Dr. Brown wrote to Sir Theodore Martin: 'I was reading *Tom Jones* the other night, with great admiration and comfort. What manliness! what a style! the introductions delicious. I can't read Smollett, at least, not much of him, though his humour is perhaps greater than Fielding's, whose wit is greater.' (*Ibid.*, p. 276.)

THE HOUSE OF LE SAGE

'HIS house is at Paris in the *Faubourg St. Jaques*; and so, open to the country air: the garden laid out in the prettiest manner that ever I saw, for a town garden. It was as pretty as it was small, and when he was in the study-part of it, he was quite

retired from the noise of the street, or any interruptions from his own family. The garden was only of the breadth of the house, from which you stept out into a raised square parterre, planted with a variety of the choicest flowers. From this, you went down, by a flight of steps on each side, into a *Berceau* [*Treillage en voûte*]; which led to two rooms or summer-houses quite at the end of the garden. These were joined by an open portico, the roof of which was supported with columns, so that he could walk from the one to the other all under cover, in the intervals of writing. The berceaux [*sic*] were covered with vines and honeysuckles, and the space between them was grove-work. It was in the right-hand room as you go down that he wrote *Gil Blas*.' (SPENCE, *Anecdotes*, &c., Singer's edn., 1820, p. 249.)

LITERARY BREAKFASTS

ROGERS was fond of referring to Rousseau's '*goût vif pour les déjeuners*'. It was Rousseau's opinion that '*C'est le temps de la journée où nous sommes le plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise*'. (*De Libris*, 1911, p. 143.)

Lady St. Julians, in Disraeli's *Sybil*, would not have agreed with Rousseau and Rogers. 'Men who breakfast out are generally liberals', she held; and 'dangerous characters'. And Lady Firebrace supported her. It showed 'a restless revolutionary mind, that can settle to nothing; but must be running after gossip the moment they are awake'. (Bk. v, ch. vii.)

MISS LYDIA WHITE

SOME years ago there were sporadic inquiries as to this forgotten notability, the 'Miss Diddle'[1] of Byron's 'Blues', whose dinners and suppers, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, were as popular as the breakfasts of Rogers. The passing curiosity was promptly satisfied; but I do not remember that Bulwer's contemporary reference to her in *Pelham*, 1828, was recalled. In chap. viii the Lady Roseville and Wormwood of the story talk of literature, *conversaziones*, and Lydia White. 'Miss White', said Lady Roseville, 'has not only the best command of language herself, but she gives language to other people. Dinner parties usually so stupid, are, at her house [No. 113, Park Street, Grosvenor Square], quite delightful. There I have actually seen English people look happy, and one or two even almost natural.' To which Wormwood replies *more suo*; but adds an unwonted testimony as to these particular entertainments. 'Lydia White's *soirées* are indeed agreeable. I remember the last time I dined there, we were six in number, . . . and the conversation was without "let or flaw". Every one, even S——, said good things.' A note adds that this was written before Miss White's death, which took place early in 1827. On November 13, 1826,[2] Sir Walter Scott had visited her for the last time. He 'found her extended on a couch, frightfully swelled, unable to stir, rouged, jesting, and

[1] The note identifying Miss Diddle with Miss White describes her as 'an accomplished, clever, and truly amiable, but very eccentric lady', 'whose hospitable functions have not yet been supplied to the circle of London artists and literati.'

[2] Three days later, on the 16th, Scott, with his daughters and Lockhart, breakfasted with Rogers.

dying. She has a good heart (he adds), and is really a clever creature, but unhappily, or rather happily, she has set up the whole staff of her rest in keeping literary society about her. The world has not neglected her. It is not always as bad as it is called. She can always make up her soirée, and generally has some people of real talent and distinction.' (Scott's *Journal*, 1891, i. 305.) She 'made up her soirée' to the last, writing, with her own hand, invitations for a fresh party only shortly before she died.

THE CHARITIES OF LEARNING OBLIGATORY

'To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness is the sordidest piece of covetousness.' (Quoted from Sir Thomas Browne in Irwin's *Clifton School Addresses*, 1912, p. 212.)

TO THESTYLIS

A Remonstrance

'Tis good, as all the world believes,
'With *Thestylis* to bind the sheaves';
But only, be it said, provided
The labour is not too one-sided!

For surely an essential point
Is that the duty shall be joint;
Nor can it be but right and fit
That *Thestylis* should 'do her bit'.

Futile the service when the maid
Prefers to linger in the shade,
Or fan herself with listless air,
Or twine the corn-flowers in her hair.

A. D.

LECTURES

'LECTURES were once useful;'—said Johnson to Boswell;—'but now, when all can read, and books are so numerous, lectures are unnecessary. If your attention fails, and you miss a part of a lecture, it is lost; you cannot go back as you do upon a book.' (Birkbeck Hill's *Boswell's Johnson*, 1887, iv. 92.) But he had previously qualified this by admitting their use 'where experiments were to be shewn'. (*Ibid.*, ii. 7.) Gibbon, with certain reservations, agreed with him (*Memoirs*, ed. 1900, p. 54); and Charles Darwin was of opinion that there were 'no advantages and many disadvantages in lectures as compared with reading'. (*Life*, ed. 1892, p. 11.) I have seen it stated that a late Head Master of a great public school confessed openly that he had learned nothing from lectures but the art of forgetting.

THE DREAM OF DIUTURNITY

'SINCE the brother of death [sleep] daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation. . . . There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end.' (SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S *Hydriotaphia*, 1658, ch. v, pp. 77, 79.)

WORDS WITH A PAST

THIS peculiarity of style, as defined by the President of Magdalen, consists in 'giving to a word a sort of *aura* of association, and thus many meanings at once'. It is said to be characteristic of Sophocles, Virgil, and Tennyson. (SIR HERBERT WARREN'S *Essays of Poets and Poetry*, 1909, 14 n.)

'THE IDEAL OF MODERN DRAMA'

MR. A. B. WALKLEY finds this in a precept of Voltaire: '*Tout doit être action dans la Tragédie, chaque scène doit servir à nouer et à dénouer l'intrigue, chaque discours doit être préparation ou obstacle.*' (*Ibid.*, 1909, 30 n.)

EVELYN'S MOTTO

'*Omnia autem probate; quod bonum est, tenete*' (1 Thess. v. 21). This must be Evelyn's motto: '*Omnia explorate; meliora tenete.*'

AN ADROIT COMPILER

'LENÔTRE, that admirable historian of holes and corners. His indeed is the very art and glory of piecemeal and patches:

> Un peu du mien,
> Pas mal du vôtre,
> Beaucoup du sien —
> Et c'est Lenôtre.'

(*Times* review.)

COQUELIN AND 'CYRANO'

ALTHOUGH not an autograph-collector, in July 1898 I applied, through the late Mr. Bram Stoker for the autograph of M. Coquelin. He was then acting in M. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* at the Lyceum Theatre. He kindly sent with it the following:

'*Ma vie*
*Ce fut d'être celui qu'*on *souffle et qu'on oublie*
to my friend Austin Dobson
C. Coquelin.
18 Juillet '98.'

(The words, with the variation of '*qu'*on' for '*qui*', are from the fifth act of the play.)

AN INVECTIVE AGAINST BOOK-BUILDERS

'I BELIEVE every man of sensibility might with some advantage do this [i. e. keep a journal], omitting all megrims, grumblings and sneers. This is more wholesome, I think, than cooking novels, or parasitically growing out of the bones of a dead man, or serving up with paradox sauce some very stale stuff about a past generation.' (*Extracts from the Letters and Journals of William Cory, author of* '*Ionica*', 1897, p. 205.)

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

'THAT passion, from whence men take occasion to run into the dreadful vices of malice and revenge, —even that passion, as implanted in our nature by God, is not only innocent, but a generous movement of mind. It is, in itself, and in its original, no more than indignation against injury and wickedness.' (BUTLER, in Walsham How's *Four Gospels*, note to John ii. 15.) Cp. Lear's 'noble anger', Act ii, sc. 4.

CONCESSIONS TO IGNORANCE

'MEN must be taught, as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.'
(POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, 574.)

'CHE FARÒ'

'I DOUBT whether any still among us compose their scores as in the days when we are told how Gluck had his harpsichord carried out into a flowering meadow, and placing a bottle of champagne at either end, then and there devised *Che Farò* for the delight of generations to come.' (*Blackstick Papers*, by LADY RITCHIE, 1908, p. 6.)

GIL BLAS

'"LET us read *Gil Blas*." I am so fond of that book that if I were younger I should like to go and spend six months in Spain, living a roving life among the people and drawing inspiration from them, so as to illustrate the work.' (GRÉARD'S *Meissonier*, 1897, 'Memories,' p. 295.)

THE SMELL OF GORSE

'YONDER came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
Gold-like and warm: it 's the prime of May,
Better than mortar, brick, and putty,
Is God's house on a blowing day.'
(GEO. MEREDITH, in *Once a Week*, September 3, 1859.)

To my ignorance, 'nutty' was not entirely free from the suspicion of reversed exigence of rhyme, until I realized its exact fitness as an epithet at Gerrard's Cross in the Spring of the year 1908.

'EMPTY OR FULL'

REFERRING to 'newspapers, which consist of just the same number of words, whether there be any news in them or not'—Fielding goes on, 'They may likewise be compared to a stage coach, which performs constantly the same course empty as well as full.' (*Tom Jones*, Bk. ii, ch. 1.)

Steele had the same thought before him :—'When a Man has engag'd to keep a Stage-Coach, he is oblig'd, whether he has Passengers or not, to set out.' (*Tatler*, No. 12, May 7, 1709.)

MONTAIGNE ON MEMORY

AMONG the advantages of a *bad* memory, Montaigne includes—'*les lieux et les livres que ie reveoy me rient tousiours d'une fresche nouvelleté*'; which Florio Englishes—'The places or bookes which I read-over, do ever smile upon me, with some new noveltie.' (*Des Menteurs*, Book i, ch. 9, and Waller's Florio, 1897, i. 45.)

His mind was most active 'on horse-backe, where my amplest meditations and my farthest reaching conceits are'. (Ch. v, Book iii, vol. v, p. 150 in Florio.) He must have had an 'ambling pad', and a quiet road. It would be ill 'meditating' on a bicycle over a tram-line!

ANDREW LANG ON MONTAIGNE

'HIS Essays are among the few works that really and literally make life more opulent with accumulated experience, criticism, reflection, humour. He gives of his rich nature, his lavish exuberance of character, out of that fresh and puissant century to

this rather weary one. . . . He has at bottom the intense melancholy, the looking forward to the end of all, which is the ground-note of the poetry of Villon, and of Ronsard, as of the prose of Chateaubriand.

'He is one of the last authors whom modern taste learns to appreciate. He is a man's author, not a woman's; a tired man's, not a fresh man's. We all come to him, late indeed, but at last, and rest in his panelled library.' (Quoted in Waller's Florio's *Montaigne*, 1897, i. 278.)

'THE TATLER'

'THE whole of the time is mirrored in its pages. We see the theatre, with Betterton and Bracegirdle on the stage, or that "romp" Mrs. Bicknell dancing; we see the side-box bowing "from its inmost rows" at the advent of the radiant "Cynthia of the minute"; we hear the shrill cries of the saucy orange-wenches, or admire at the pert footmen keeping guard over their mistresses' bouquets. We see the church with its high pews, and its hour-glass by the pulpit; we hear, above the rustle of the fans and the coughing of the open-breasted beaux, the sonorous periods of Burnet or Atterbury; we scent the fragrance of Bergamot and Lavender and Hungary-water. We follow the gilded chariots moving slowly round the Ring in Hyde Park, where the lackeys fight and play chuck-farthing at the gates; we take the air in the Mall with the Bucks and Pretty Fellows; we trudge after the fine lady in her glass chair bound upon her interminable "how-dees". We smile at the showy young Templars lounging at Squire's or Serle's in their brocaded "night-gowns" and strawberry-sashes; we listen to the politicians at White's or the Cocoa-

Tree; we company with the cits at Batson's, and the Jews and stock-brokers at Jonathan's. We cheapen our Pekoe or Bohea at Motteux's China Warehouse; we fill our boxes with musty or "right Spanish" at Charles Lillie's in Beaufort Buildings; we choose a dragon-cane or a jambee at Mather's toy-shop in Fleet Street. We ask at Lintot's or Tonson's for "Swift in *Verse and Prose*"; we call for the latest *Tatler* at Morphew's by Stationers' Hall. It is not true that Queen Anne is dead: we are living in her very reign; and the Victorian era, with its steam and its socialism, its electric light and its local option, has floated away from us like a dream.' ('RICHARD STEELE', in *English Worthies*, 1886, pp. 114–15.)

'BEER AND SKITTLES'

R. L. S. is usually credited with 'Life is not all Beer and Skittles'. But is it not a happy crystallization of Sam Weller's comment on certain inmates of the Fleet Prison? '*They* don't mind it; it 's a regular holiday to them—all porter and skittles.' (*Pickwick Papers*, chap. xli.)

A MOTTO FOR ANTHOLOGISTS

'ME list nat of the chaf, ne of the stree,
Maken so long a tale as of the corn.'
(CHAUCER'S *Man of Law's Tale*, Pt. 2.)

PETER THE GREAT AND CHARLES XII

HERE, from the 'Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper', 1865, p. 193, is a confirmation of Peter's manners and customs as depicted by John Evelyn. The date is July 1716, and the writer J. Clavering, Esq. He

met 'his Czarian *Majesty*', he says, at Herrenhausen. 'I had the Honour to eat at his Table several Times, which I was not very ambitious of, for he never uses Knife nor Fork, but always eats with his Fingers; never uses a Handkerchief, but blows his Nose with his Fingers, therefore you may guess how agreeable it is to be in His *Majesty's* Company.' The account is somewhat crude, but so was the subject. And what says Victor Hugo? '*Quand la chose est, dites le mot.*' (Cf. the 'very true description' of Charles XII, at the end of Voltaire's *L fe*, 2nd ed., 1732, pp. 367–71, where that '*mighty* and *dirty Monarch*' is said to have spread his bread and butter with his thumbs.)

CONVERSATION

How much, by the way, we have narrowed the meaning of the word 'conversation'! With the eighteenth-century men, it implied not only what it implies now—witness Swift's *Polite Conversation*—but it also signified an assembly, as in Hogarth's 'Midnight Modern Conversation' and Walpole's letters. 'Roman Conversations are dreadful things,' he tells Conway in 1740. And Fielding in his little-known *Essay on Conversation* (*Miscellanies*, 1743, i, p. 117) gives it the wider acceptation of all social intercourse. 'The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation;' and he goes on to say that 'good-breeding' is the 'art of pleasing in conversation'.

Fielding's essay is full of excellent things, one of which may be quoted, because, even '*dans le siècle où nous sommes*', its teaching is not obsolete. 'Be not', he says, 'too observant of trifling ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the

room, except with one greatly your superior; but when such a one offers you precedence, it is uncivil to refuse it: of which I will give you the following instance. An English nobleman, being in France, was bid by Lewis XIV to enter his coach before him, which he excused himself from; the King then immediately mounted, and ordering the door to be shut, drove on, leaving the nobleman behind him.' The *Roi Soleil* was certainly a summary instructor in good manners.

Here is Fielding's testimony to the charm of Lord Chesterfield: 'See the Earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind, how affable, how condescending!—himself the only one who seems ignorant that he is every way the greatest person in the room.' But Fielding was a prejudiced witness, because Lord Chesterfield, to whom he had dedicated *Don Quixote in England*, had opposed the fatal 'Licensing Act' in a famous speech for which it is not impossible that the author of *Pasquin* and the *Historical Register* furnished the arguments.

MENDED OR ENDED

When, some years back, it was irreverently suggested that the House of Lords should incontinently be 'mended or ended', the *quidnuncs* at once fell to wonder whether the saying was invented or remembered. The result I forget; but it had been said before; and, oddly enough, I found it the other day in two very different places. One was Florio's *Essayes* (as quoted in M. Jusserand's *English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*), where, speaking of the 'perfect-imperfect *Arcadia*' of Sidney, he says that

the author 'lived not *to mend or end it*'. A few minutes later, opening *Don Juan* (Canto x, 42), I read:

> 'This is the way physicians *mend or end us, Secundum artem*, &c.

TRIOLETS

THE following triolets on the triolet are by my friend, M. THÉODORE MONOD, who permits their publication:

Sitôt paru, sitôt passé,
Le triolet fait mon affaire:
Un sourire . . . un soupir lassé . . .
Sitôt paru, sitôt passé.
L'étoile filante a laissé
Un sillon d'or dans la nuit claire . . .
Sitôt paru, sitôt passé,
Le triolet fait mon affaire.

Connaissez-vous le triolet,
Ce gai babil de poésie,
Chansonnette d'un seul couplet?
Connaissez-vous le triolet?
Vous diriez d'un rossignolet,
Rossignolant sa fantaisie . . .
Connaissez-vous le triolet,
Ce gai babil de poésie?

LITERARY ALCHEMY

IN an Address on Descartes delivered by Prof. Huxley to the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association (*Macmillan's Magazine*, May 1870) occurs the following epigrammatic characterization of Voltaire: 'He expressed everybody's thoughts better than anybody.'

A FAULTY SENTENCE

THE late C. Kegan Paul (*Faith and Unfaith*, 1891, p. 230) quotes from William Russell's *Modern Europe* the following example: 'They hunted the bear on the voluptuous parterre, the trim garden and the expensive pleasure ground, where effeminacy was wont to saunter or indolence to loll.' 'They' were the Goths in Italy. 'It is scarcely possible', says Mr. Kegan Paul, 'to have more faults; the rhyming syllables at the outset, the idiotic epithets, the personification of qualities, the ignoble word which concludes it without just cause.'

A PARALLEL FROM TENNYSON'S 'PRINCESS' (PT. I)

> 'The land, he understood, for miles about
> Was till'd by women; all the swine were sows,
> And all the dogs'—

Contrast—

'The ascetic rule of St. Basil, which the monks follow, is very severe: no female, not even a cow or a hen, is permitted to approach the Holy Hill [Mount Athos].' (*British Quarterly Review*, July 1869, p. 232, on Tozer's *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*.)

BRUMMELL AND VILLON

ONCE, when visiting at Belvoir Castle, that impudent *poseur* and man-milliner, George Brummell, had the audacity to ring the great fire-bell, at once crowding the hall with the terrified inmates of the building in every variety of night costume. Thereupon Brummell appeared in an upper gallery, and blandly explained that his valet had forgotten his hot water—or as other accounts have it—his barley-

water. A somewhat similar story is told of that Parisian genius and gamin, François de Montcorbier, otherwise Villon, who roused a household with cries of 'fire', only to point them appealingly to his parched and burning throat. But there is a certain humour in the poor scarecrow's escapade, for which he no doubt suffered due penalty, while Brummell richly deserved to be drawn through a horse-pond. (I take this from an old notice I wrote in 1885 of a new edition of Captain Jesse's *Life of Brummell*. Where I found the Villon episode I forget.)

BARREN TRAVEL

'It was told *Socrates*, that one was no whit amended by his travell: *I believe it wel* (said he) *for he carried himselfe with him.*' (Florio's *Montaigne*, Book i, chap. xxxviii.)

TRENTE ANS

'*Qui n'a pas vaincu à trente ans, ne vaincra jamais.*' (Joseph de Maistre in Lowell's *Dryden*.)

MOTTO FOR A LIBRARY

'In a certain quiet Cathedral City of our own there is an antique library, over the portal of which runs the old inscription:

ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ

the "Healing-place of the Soul".' (*The Golden Sayings of Epictetus*, by Hastings Crossley, M.A., 1903, xxxviii.)

Mr. H. R. Tedder (*The Librarian in Relation to Books*, 1907, p. 8) speaks of this as 'the famous inscription over the doorway of the library of Osymandyas—"The Dispensary of the Soul.'

EPIGRAMS ON ART

Advice to a Poet

My counsel to the budding bard
Is, 'Don't be long', and 'Don't be hard'.
Your 'gentle Public', good my Friend,
Won't read what they can't comprehend;
And what they really like the best,
Is something short and well-expressed.
Therefore, if you would hold their ear,
Be brief, above all things, and clear.

A. D.

A Fatal Error

Parnassus' peaks still take the sun,
But why, O lyric brother!
Why build a pulpit on the one,
A platform on the other?

A. D.

The Poetry of Artifice

'Within this verse', says Dick, 'you see
There 's not a single "A" or "B".
'Why not', says Ned, 'go farther yet,
And leave out *all* the alphabet?'

A. D.

Silent Criticism

I read my rhymes to Jack, who straight
Slips off to Sleep's dominion;
Then yawns, when I expostulate—
'Why sleep is . . . my opinion!'

A. D.

A VITAL QUESTION

'TRULY, I would the gods had made thee poetical,' says Touchstone to Audrey. To which she replies: 'I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?'

(*As You Like It*, Act iii, sc. 3.)

BOOK LORE

'*Haurit aquam cribris qui vult sine discere libris.*' (Motto to Hon. J. Leicester Warren's [Lord de Tabley's] *Book Plates*, 1880.)

'Who, without Books, essays to learn,
Draws water in a leaky urn.'

A. D.

GIFTS

'AND thou shalt take no gift: for a gift blindeth them that have sight.' (Exodus xxiii. 8, R.V.)

IDOLS

'NEITHER will we say any more to the work of our hands, *Ye are* our gods.' (Hosea xiv. 3, R.V.)

BIOGRAPHY

'He that writes the Life of another is either his friend or his enemy.' (JOHNSON, *Idler*, No. 84.)

Jeffrey, 'liveliest of critics', would probably not have objected to the latter condition—provided it were combined with the needful knowledge. Of Scott's proposal to review Godwin's redundant and irrelevant Life of Chaucer (which is happily described

as 'a Pyramid over a handful of dust'), he exclaimed, 'Ah! just the article I like—*he hates the man, and knows the subject.*' (JAMES HANNAY'S *Course of English Literature*, 1866, p. 167.)

A GOOD 'LIFE'

'A GOOD "Life" is a portrait of a man, and something more than that; and requires a union of qualities, by no means common, in the writer. With respectable abilities, a biographer can produce a judicious and sensible narrative of the career of a remarkable person; or with respectable abilities of a lighter kind, he may seize the picturesque traits of his individuality and achievements. But it is very rare to find a master in *both* these arts—one whose judgment enables him to discern what *is* really significant in the little accessories of biography (as anecdotes, &c.), and who has a genius at the same time equal to fine dramatic delineation. Between the biographer who is only sensible, and the biographer who is only smart, the reader too often falls to the ground.' (*Ibid.*, 1866, pp. 156–7.)

PICTURESQUE BIOGRAPHY

'IN the process of examining the evidence [as to Cervantes] some picturesque legends must be discarded. Carlyle is quoted as saying: "A certain strong man, of former time, fought stoutly at Lepanto, worked stoutly as Algerine slave; stoutly delivered himself from such working; with stout cheerfulness endured famine and nakedness and the world's ingratitude; and sitting in gaol, with one

arm left him, wrote our joyfullest, and all but our deepest, modern book, and named it *Don Quixote.*" The details are not strictly accurate: Cervantes did not deliver himself from slavery, was not treated with any special ingratitude by the world, did not lose one of his arms, and did not (so far as we know) write *Don Quixote* when in gaol.' (' Preface ' to *Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra,* by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY, F.B.A., 1913, p. xi.)

THACKERAY AND DICKENS

' WE [Thackeray and Allingham] talked among other things of Dickens. I said how much a story of Dickens might be improved by a man of good taste with a pencil in his hand, by merely scoring out this and that.

' Says Thackeray (with an Irish brogue), " Young man, you're threadin' on the tail o' me coat ! "

' I did not understand at first.

' " What you've just said applies very much to your humble servant's things."

' I disclaimed this, and Prout said emphatically, " Not a word too much in them." '

(WILLIAM ALLINGHAM: *A Diary,* 1907, p. 78. This conversation took place at Paris in August 1858, the year of *The Virginians*; at that date Dickens's last book was *Little Dorrit,* 1857.)

Of Thackeray's dialogues George Meredith says: ' Such is the verisimilitude of the dialogues that they might seem to be heard from the mouths of living speakers.' (Lady Ritchie's ' Introduction ' to the *Denis Duval* volume of the ' Centenary Biographical Edition ', vol. xxi, p. xxxiii.)

AINGERIANA

'NOBODY who heard Mr. Ainger read "Falstaff" can ever forget it; and one can almost hear him make the comment which Lamb made on Shakespeare's anachronistic mention of Aristotle in *Troilus and Cressida*: "That 's what Johnson referred to when he wrote—'And panting Time toiled after him in vain.'" Surely one of the happiest quotations ever made!' (*Stray Leaves*, by HERBERT PAUL, M.P., 1906, p. 236.)

Some one was praising a certain Rev. Mr. Footman, once a famous preacher, I think, at Brompton. Some one else (as usual) professed to prefer the older divines. 'Ah!' said Ainger, 'we cannot all be *Butlers*!' (One, who knew Ainger well, told me this.)

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DINNER

'WE had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lambe, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content.' This is Pepys' record of a dinner given by him at his house looking upon Seething Lane, on April 4, 1663, and (*credite posteri!*) 'most neatly dressed by our owne only mayde'. There were seven or eight guests.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HOSPITALITY

THACKERAY'S account of a dinner under Anne, in Lecture 3 of the *Humourists*, has been regarded as an exaggerated conglomeration. But here, under George III, is another, at Grove House School, Kensington, to which Mrs. Papendick was invited in June 1783. 'We sat down ten in number. After soup and fish, there was a round of beef at the top, a roast goose at the bottom, at the two sides a leg of lamb boiled, and a loin, fried, and four appropriate vegetables, all put on the table at once. *Peas were eaten with a broad-bladed knife*, best forks only having three prongs. These viands being removed, in their place came two gooseberry pies, at the top and bottom, baked and boiled custard at each side, Swiss and other cheese, radishes and butter.' (*Journals*, 1887, i. 193, 194.)

FOR A CLOSING PAGE

'Never a palinode.' 'Q.'

LIFE, like a page unpenned,
  Spreads out its whiteness;
Nothing, from end to end,
  Marring its brightness.

Surely a field to claim
  Steadfast endeavour?
Where one might win a name
  Sounding for ever?

. . . .

Now—to review it all—
  What a prosaic,
Futile, impersonal,
  Paltry mosaic!

Plans that ne'er found a base;
  Wingless up-yearning;
Speed that ne'er won the race;
  Fire without burning;

Doubt never set at rest,
  Stifle or falter it;
Good that was not the best . . .
  Yet—would you alter it?

O

Yet—would you tread again
All the road over?
Face the old joy and pain—
Hemlock and clover?

•

Yes. For it still was good,
Good to be living;
Buoyant of heart and blood;
Fighting, forgiving;

Glad for the earth and sky;
Glad—for mere gladness;
Grateful, one knew not why,
Even for sadness;

Building a larger scope
Out from successes;
Finding the ray of hope
Gleam through distresses;

Blithe to the close, and still
Tendering ever,
Both for the Good and Ill,
Thanks to the GIVER.

. . . .

So, though the script is slow,
Blurred though the line is,
Let the poor record go
Forward to FINIS.

A. D.

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