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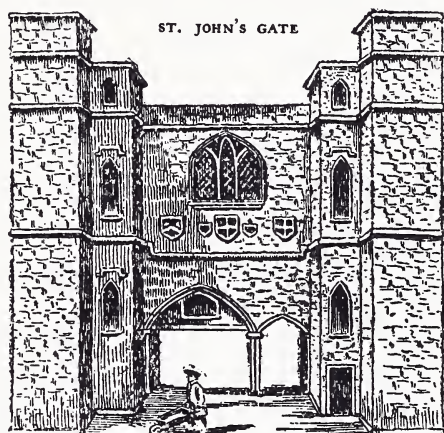
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CONTENTS

(January, 1906)

	PAGE
AN APOSTLE OF LIGHT. By N. P. MURPHY	I
PASQUINO AND PASQUINADES. By A. FRANCIS STEUART	8
SOME SCHOOLBOYS OF FICTION. By G. P. GORDON	13
A LEARNED DANDY: SCROPE DAVIES. By J. A. LOVAT- FRASER	24
THE JERUSALEM OF THE WEST. By C. EDWARDES	30
FLOWER O' THE MAY. By MRS. H. G. ALDIS	42
WILLIAM SMYTH: "THE SWEET LYRIST OF PETERHOUSE," By H. VAUGHAN	56
THE ROMANCE OF A SONNET. By H. A. SPURR	70
ITALIAN LEGENDS OF THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST. By E. C. VANSITTART	78
A GREAT BRITISH ADMIRAL. By N. R. MARTIN	85
TABLE TALK	102

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1906.

AN APOSTLE OF LIGHT.

PADDY BRESLIN'S legs dangled across the arm of his chair. A pair of spectacles rested on his nose, through which he was absorbing the mental pabulum provided by the "Reading Made Easy" he held in his hand. Behind him blazed the turf-fire, casting playful gleams across his shoulder, or shooting tongues of flame up to the iron skeleton of the crane. On a stool opposite sat Matt Hanlon, Paddy's henchman. His head, grown grey in Paddy's service, nodded drowsily in the heat of the fire. Paddy suddenly turned and glared fiercely over at his retainer.

"Knowledge are power," he roared, flourishing the precious volume.

Matt, thus rudely startled out of his repose, stared across at his master.

"I say agin that knowledge are power," reiterated Paddy, as if under the impression that Matt had disputed his point.

"Divil a thing else it is," said Matt, nodding his head in vigorous agreement, for Matt was an amiable man, so much that, if Paddy had asserted that knowledge was a pound of tallow candles, he would have just as readily assented.

"I tell ye," exclaimed Paddy oracularly, removing his legs from the arm of the chair, "whin a man has knowledge he has the kings, imperors, an' gombeen min av the world on dher his feet, so he has."

"Thru for ye, thru for ye," agreed Matt.

"Thim that has the knowledge is thim that conquers."

"Divil a word av lie in that anyway."

Paddy's face flamed with enthusiasm. "Look at the thrashin' mills, an' the masheens an' the stame ingines, where would they be if there wasn't any knowledge or larnin'?"

"Iviry word as thrue as if the parish priest himself said it."

Paddy wagged his head confidently.

"Ah, 'tis well I know it. Look at the min I seen in me young days who had the blessin's av knowledge, it's not all as one as us they are this minyet, diggin' an' pruggin' in the ground to get a livin', but it's beyant they are"—Paddy waved his hands comprehensively, so as to embrace the four quarters of the globe—"aye mebbe, millunaires for all we know."

"Aye, indeed," responded Matt, who had not the least notion what a millionaire was, "there's me brother Mike's son, shure, isn't he 'arnin' two dollars a day on a railroad out there?"

"Look at that now," cried Paddy, "there's an instance for ye of what I say. Knowledge takes the spade out av a man's hand, an' puts in the throwel or the hammer, an' later on the pen, an' iviry year the instrumment he uses to carve out his fortune grows smaller an' smaller, till he has so much money in the ind that he has no need for usin' a tool at all."

"It's a terrible fine thing the same knowledge is," said Matt, who at the same time would have much preferred an ounce of pigtail tobacco.

"Musha, why don't you make an endeyvour to larn?" said Paddy.

"Is it me? Arrah, what would I be doin' larnin'?" said Matt, as much alarmed as if his master had suggested that he should rob a hen-roost.

The wrinkles in Paddy's face gathered into an expression of irritation.

"Don't be talkin', man. It's the absence av larnin' that laves ye in the manial position ye are."

"Shure some one must do the work I'm at, manial as it is."

"Thru enough." There was some doubt in Paddy's tone. "But even though a man is in a sarvin' position, the sinse that he has knowledge in here" (tapping his head) "makes him indipindent. Whin his masther acts tyrannical, he sinds him to the divil an' goes somewhere else. It acts agin the grain av a man av larnin' to be ordhered about like a dog or a horse. He soon gets to see that in ivirythin' except the chanst av bein' born into the world wid a silver spoon in his mouth, he's the aiqual av the very man that does be browbatin' him."

A light struggled into Matt's eyes.

"Begor, I nivir thought av that before ! I nivir knew that larnin' would do that much for a man."

Paddy saw that he had gained an advantage, and he prepared to follow it up. He took off his spectacles.

"Now look here, Matt ; there's no *raison* in the world why ye can't commence at once an' disperse the clouds av ignorance from yer benighted intellects." Paddy had just read that sentence in the "Reading Made Easy." "Ye're not a bit too ould. This valuable voloom tells me that Cato, whoever the divil he was, a mighty big fella ye may be sure—well, he larnt Greek when he was eighty."

For a moment Matt tolerated the idea that Cato must have been an old idiot to have done such a thing. But a difference from his master in anything was never allowed long harbourage in Matt's mind. His fidelity revolted, and he replied after a pause :

"Begor ! he must have been a mighty tough ould chap."

"That's what he was, as tough as an ass," was Paddy's unfortunate simile, which, however, passed without comment from Matt.

"Shure the likes av him 'ud be sthrugglin' through the rule of three, an' they on their death-beds."

"Aye, indeed," said Paddy. "That shows the power av knowledge over the minds av even the biggest av us."

"Thru for ye. Av coorse, divil a much use it 'ud be to thim an' they so ould ; but none the more for that, it's grand to see it. It reminds ye av seein' an ould horse sthrainin' at the plough."

"I'm delighted to see ye comin' round to my way of thinkin', Matt. Now from this out, iviry night that's in it we'll set to work an' I'll insinse ye into the glories av larnin', so I will."

Matt did not receive the project with any kind of enthusiasm. He would much rather be let alone to sit by the fire and smoke his pipe. But he had been henchman to Paddy for so many years, and had so habituated himself to obey, that any tendency to disobedience had long since become atrophied.

"Ye see what a man it will make av ye afther a time," continued Paddy. "Ye'll grow indipident. Ye won't be contint to be doin' things like a masheen. Ye'll want to know the *raison* av what ye've been axed to do. It won't do for a mumber av Parlymint to come here an' ax ye to vote for him widout givin' ye a *raison* for it. In fact ye'll find the benefits av larning in ivirything ye do."

And so Paddy Breslin opened his class, and nightly instructed Matt Hanlon in his tasks. Needless to say, Matt, after a day spent at the plough, was in no humour for reading and writing lessons ;

but Paddy was all enthusiasm, and kept Matt rigorously to the mill.

He purchased the necessary text-books and copying exercises. Every morning the kitchen was littered with sheets of paper bearing the crude caligraphic efforts of the pupil, and the extraordinary and leviathan figures with which he marked his progress in the knowledge of "Mathewmatics," as he called it, until Lizzie remarked dolefully that she might as well "be sarvin' in a schoolhouse." She had her compensation, however, in the humour she extracted from the situation. Sitting by the fire, she watched the strenuous efforts of the master and the pupil. It was with a species of fascination that she gazed at Matt, whose gnarled fingers grasped the pen as a bandit does his stiletto. Then he attacked the exercises, assisting his efforts with violent movements of the head and lollings of the tongue and contortions of the face, for Matt pressed every portion of his anatomy into the service of knowledge. Over him stood Paddy, his mouth and head bearing sympathetic company with those of Matt. Then Lizzie would go out to the horse stable to laugh, and presently return to listen to a criticism of Paddy on some of his pupil's exercises.

"Musha, that's not bad, shure enough," said Paddy, gazing at the hieroglyphics, "but divil a bit av me can make head or tail av it."

"It's intinded for 'the pin is mightier nor the soord,' as I see it here in the copy."

Paddy gazed at it anew, his head cocked on one side, a dubious expression on his face.

"Tell me now how ye came at that, Matt. Ye have 'the' right enough, but the next word sthruck me as bein' 'hin,' not 'pin.' Ye must always make the sthrokes downwards av the 'p,' mind ye. Now, look at 'mightier.' I don't wish to disparage it, but it's a terrible sthree av a word altogether. Iviry letther av it looks to me to be dhrunk an' disordherly. Ye must compriss yer letthers together; in fact, jine thim as if they wor shakin' hands, not to be lanin' thim up agin one another as if they would fall down onless they wor supported that way. Let me show you how I'd do it."

Paddy took Matt's place at the table, and commenced laboriously to set an object-lesson to his pupil. In the meantime Matt had fallen asleep by the fire, and before Paddy had reached "sword" in the trite maxim he was interrupted by a stentorian snore. Paddy turned round and glared over his spectacles at the nodding scholar.

"Musha, look what he's at instead av attindin' to his lessons," said he, indignantly.

“Och, lave him alone, sorr,” said Lizzie, who considered a tranquil slumber to transcend all the benefits of knowledge, “shure he’s put a hard day’s work over him in the field and does be sleepy.”

“I’m afeard nayther av ye appreciate the grandeur av larnin’,” said Paddy, reproachfully,

“In throth, I don’t,” exclaimed Lizzie, frankly, “I’m thinkin’ it’s all nonsense. I wouldn’t be able to clane up plates or bile a pig’s pot one bit the betther wid all the larnin’ in the world in me head.”

“No, but if ye wor full av knowledge, ye wouldn’t be at that thrade at all.”

Lizzie laughed. “An’ who would ye get to do this work for ye if ivirybody had their head full av larnin’ an’ stuck up their nose at feedin’ hins an’ pigs?”

“Och, don’t be talkin’,” said Paddy, seeing that in Lizzie he was not likely to have so easy a convert as Matt. “Shure, what matter what trade ye’re at, whatever it is ye’ll find larning useful to ye. The great Bacon says that larnin’ makes the full man, an’ I suppose he manes woman too,” rather dubiously. “Ye ought to read Bacon, Lizzie.”

“Begor, if it’s all the same to you, sorr, I’d rather ate it.”

Just then Matt made a snort, and commenced to mumble. Paddy and Lizzie listened.

“The pin is mightier nor the soord, bad luck to it. Look at the crook on the ‘g’ there, like a bandy-legged tailor, an’ shure the ‘t’ is paralysed altogether. Git up out av that, Bet, shure I nearly dhruv the mare into the ditch, thinkin’ of the same larnin’. Och, wirra, two an’ two makes five, an’ another two makes the price of an ounce av pigtail, an’ if ye add three more on to that, ye have all ye want for five pints av porther.” Matt woke up and stared around. Then, getting to his feet, he exclaimed, “Begar, I’ll be off to bed,” and hobbled out to the barn.

In time Paddy’s persistent efforts had their due effect. Matt’s reluctance to study faded away, and an eagerness to finish his tea in order to attack his lessons was detected and rejoiced over by his master. A glimmer of ambition, mysteriously wan and moonlike to Matt’s mind, began to spread over the much-thumbed leaves of his task-books.

Paddy also noted something else. He perceived that Matt no longer obeyed his orders without question. If commanded to do a certain work, he would ask to be satisfied of the reason for its necessity. Many were the half-hours of amusement that Lizzie derived

from watching Matt and his master discussing the need or ultimate value of some task that Paddy had directed.

"Begar," she would say, "I'm gettin' it hard set to say this while back who is the mather an' who's the sarvint."

Then again, Paddy often discovered Matt, with his horses standing idle and himself sitting on the handle of the plough, buried in some abstruse treatise. Paddy would walk away with a dubious smile on his face.

"Begannies, knowledge are power, but I wish to goodness Matt 'ud get on with his work."

But the chief effect of Matt's plunge into the Pierian spring was his attitude of growing independence towards his master. He began to address him by his Christian name, instead of the customary "Sorr." He required to be called four or five times in the morning before he would rise, instead of being the first to get up as heretofore. In every way he exposed the fact that he thought himself the equal of his master. One morning matters reached a climax. Paddy, in bad humour, owing to the loss of a sheep on the previous night, went out to the barn to call Matt.

"Arrah, get up there, Matt."

The only answer was a stentorian snore.

"Get up out av that, ye lazy, sleepy dhroner," cried Paddy, angrily.

There was a snort and an enquiring "eh?"

"If ye don't get up I'll hunt ye wid a fork."

"Who are ye talkin' to, Paddy Breslin?" came in a sleepy voice from the barn. "I must ax ye not to be spakin' to yer aiguals in that way."

"Aiguals, ye cloosh," roared Paddy, "musha, what airs ye're puttin' on yerself."

"Ye're right, Paddy, I'm not yer aigual, I'm yer supayrior," said Matt, now thoroughly awake. "Didn't I bate ye last night at mathewmatics? Wasn't I able to get over 'the asses' bridge' while ye wor stuck in the middle? Wasn't that so?"

A flush on Paddy's face corroborated the truth of this statement.

"That's nothin' to do with this business. Get up at once an' go down an' look at the sheep."

"Go down an' look at yer own dirty sheep. What a nice mornin' ye want me to go through the fields an' get rheumatiz. Go you down, an' be the time ye come back I'll have the answer to that sum in the Rule av Three ready for ye. Ye rimimber it's the one ye couldn't make head or tail av last night."

Thoroughly humiliated by this confrontation of base comparisons, Paddy turned away with bowed head, followed by this suggestion from the barn :

“ I say, Paddy, ye might finish the fencin’ av that gap below. I don’t think I’ll be gettin’ up till midday.”

On the following May Day Matt was directed to carry himself and his learning to a distance from Ballybeg. When he had gone Paddy returned to the kitchen, gathered up his schoolmaster’s stock-in-trade, and added them to the burning turf on the hearth. Then he breathed a sigh of relief.

“ Begar ! knowledge are power, but it’s the power av dynamit that’s in it, for it sometimes blows up thim that handles it.”

N. P. MURPHY.

PASQUINO AND PASQUINADES.

IN the fifteenth century there dwelt near the Piazza Navona, in Rome, a tailor (some say a cobbler) named Pasquino, who became known far and wide on account of his wit and bitter comments on the times. When he died his loss was deeply felt, and his name was transferred to an old battered truncated statue of Menelaus at the corner of the Braschi Palace, and, oddly enough, in order that his comments on current events might still be heard, the custom came into being that epigrams were tied on to him or thrust into his mutilated arms ; and once there, they were, we may be sure, soon repeated from lip to lip by the scandal-loving and irreverent population of Rome. At a later date Pasquino's admirers provided another statue at the foot of the Capitol for him to converse with under the name of Marforio (*a foro Martis*). Their dialogues have an historic celebrity, and if we are allowed to recapitulate some (not those appertaining to religious polemics), they may show what an excellent index of public opinion Pasquino was, and what a watchful eye he kept upon the doings of the Popes, his rulers.

Pasquino's heyday of outspokenness was in the time of Alexander VI., the Borgia Pope, and he drew attention not only to the great scandals of the Papal Court, but also to the venality of the Pope himself. He pointed out :

Alexander sells the keys, Christ, Altar. Well,
He bought them first, so has the right to sell¹—

and attacked him even on account of his designation as "Sixth" :—

Sextus Tarquinius, et Nero, sextus et iste ;
Semper sub sextis perdita Roma fuit.

In a bitter attack, when in 1497 the Pope dredged the Tiber for the murdered body of his son, the Duke of Gandia, Pasquino pointed out that he was a real "fisher of men" at last.

When the bellicose Julius II. succeeded to the Papal tiara, in

¹ Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum ;
Emerit ille prius, vendere jure potest.

1503, Pasquino at once rose up in arms, and seized the occasion for pointing out that, as the Pope had evidently no use for the Keys of Peter in battle, he had taken to himself instead the sword of Paul. He libelled this Pope's warlike beard and continued to "point morals" during his ten years' reign. When Julius in his turn was followed by the Medici Leo X., the luxurious patron of all the arts, Pasquino at once pointed out to him the sale of Indulgences, in the words :

Bring gifts, good folk, not hymns ; the gods obey
Sweet money, which alone in Heaven hath sway.¹

Upon his sudden death, in 1522, Pasquino wickedly chuckled, saying :

Why, do you ask, did Leo then not take at his last hour
The Sacraments ? He'd sold them all, and so had not the power²—

and reminded the dead Pope that his career had been :

The See as Fox you gain ;
Leo, as Lion reign ;
As Dog you die, in vain.

Poor Pasquino himself nearly endured an eclipse when, in 1522, the Flemish Pope Adrian VI. succeeded. The Pope disliked his outspoken ways, and Pasquino in turn detested the new Pope's foreign origin and unostentatious life, announcing at once on his election that the Vatican was "To be let." When later the Pope, annoyed by his lampoons, ordered the statue to be thrown into the Tiber, an official saved him by pointing out that, "like a frog, Pasquino will find a voice in the water"; and if burned instead, the place of martyrdom would be made "a place of pilgrimage for wits." So the unpopular Adrian left him alone, with the sole reward that, when the Pope died, his doctor received the honorific title of "deliverer of his country."

Pasquino, though voluble always, left little mark on the pontificate of Clement VII. (Medici) ; but when he died a suspicious death in 1534, at once hailed his physician Matteo Curzio :

Curzio slew Clement—gold should be his meed
Who to us all gave safety by the deed—

and annoyed the "Cardinale della Gonella," who became the next Pope as Paul III. (Farnese), by asking him,

¹ Dona date, astantes, versus ne reddite ; sola
Imperat ætheriis alma moneta deis.

² Sacra sub extrema si forte requisitis hora
Cur Leo non potuit : omnia vendiderat.

As songs vast sums were worth to Bards of old,
Is not my silence, Paul, worth sums untold? ¹—

attacking his infamous nepotism later in the words :

Pray for Pope Paul ; zeal is his bitter cup—
'Tis for his house, and that doth eat him up. ²

An epigram which attacked a later Pope, and which still remains current, is that which Pasquino gave forth when Pope Innocent X. (Barberini) despoiled the Pantheon of its roof to adorn the Barberini Palace :—

Quod non fecerunt Barbari fecerunt Barberini.

He hinted in another line :

These Barberini faith would shake ;
Their deeds alone us atheists make.

When Pope Innocent X. became a mere puppet under the power of his sister-in-law, Olympia Maldacchini, the foundress of the family of Pamfili Doria, Pasquino pointed out to him that he “loved Olympia more than Olympus” (*magis amat Olympiam quam Olympum*), and when she died wrote, with bitter wit, her epitaph in the line :

Olim pia, nunc impia.

Queen Christina of Sweden, who left her throne and became a Catholic, as she said “for peace and quiet,” died in Rome in 1689, having been a great lover of Pasquino. Nevertheless she was placarded as :

Queen without a realm to claim,
Christian only in her name,
Woman too, though without shame ³—

and when, in later times, the French parvenue Queen-Dowager of Poland (Marie d'Arquein) came to live in Christina's palace, Pasquino recorded the fact in punning words :—

Naqui da un gallo semplice Gallina,
Vissi tra Polastri, e poi regina
Venni a Roma, Christiana ma non Christina. ⁴

¹ Ut canerent data multa olim sunt vatibus æra ;
Ut taceam quantum tu mihi, Paule, dabis ?

² Oremus pro Papa Paolo quia zelus
Domus suæ comedit illum.

³ Regina senza regno,
Christiana senza fede,
E donna senza vergogna.

⁴ Waliczewski's 'Marisienka Queen of Poland.'

Again, when the Holy Office of the Inquisition became a terror in the time of Innocent XI. (Odescalchi, 1676-89), there appeared a protest from Pasquino on the intolerance :

One speaks—the galleys are our lot ;
 One writes—the scaffold on the spot ;
 Silent—the Holy Office calls us—
 What can we do when such befalls us ?¹

But Pasquino's golden days were now becoming few ; later Popes disliked him more bitterly than their predecessors, and, the statue of Marforio having been removed to the Capitol to encourage him to silence, he was now watched and at times even guarded. Occasionally, however, even in the nineteenth century, he broke out against his oppressors. He spoke the celebrated lines against Napoleon :

MARFORIO : Tutti i francesi sono ladri ?
 PASQUINO : Non tutti, buona parte, Buonaparte ;

and when the harsh decrees of Napoleon and a great flood arrived simultaneously, he gave forth the lines which the late Mr. G. A. Sala translated freely as :

From Jupiter above comes hail and thunder,
 From Jupiter below edicts for plunder,
 And what with one and t'other Zeus
 Poor Rome is going to the deuce.²

The unfortunate Pope Pius VII., whom Napoleon had oppressed, was also attacked and lampooned as he who,

Per conservar sa fede lascia la sede,
 E per ritrovar la sede lascia la fede.

But with these few exceptions Pasquino lapsed into longer and longer silence. He woke up, however, to say in 1829, on the death of Leo XII. :

The Holy Father had three griefs at least—
 The Papacy, a life too long increased
 And to be mourned, in carnival deceased ;³

¹ Se parliamo, in gallera : se scriviamo, impiccati ; se stiamo in quiete, al santo uffizio. Eh ! che bisogna fare.

² L' altissimo la su ci manda la tempesta,
 L' altissimo la giu ci toglia quel che resta,
 E fra li due altissime
 Roma noi malissime.

³ Tre dolore ci dasti a padre santo :
 Accelar il Papato, viver tanto,
 E morir nel carnival per esser pianto.

and also to hint that only foreigners were favoured at the Papal ceremonies—a pasquinade which, in a form little different, was again applied to Leo XIII.'s reign in our own times :

PASQUINO : The Holy Father receives me to-morrow.

MARFORIO : Nonsense, he only receives foreigners.

PASQUINO (*triumphantly*) : It's all right, I turned *Heretic* yesterday.¹

Once more he awoke in 1870, when he had spirit enough to gibe at the reputed "Freedom of Rome" by writing over his truncated torso, "Liberò come il concilio" ("As I am free to move, so is the council").

A. FRANCIS STEUART.

¹ *V. Lady Morgan's Italy.*

SOME SCHOOLBOYS OF FICTION.

“**L**ADDIES are a queer growth,” says the Dominie in Mr. Barrie’s story, who found that Master Tommy’s pranks had taken away his own sense of humour. Some persons indeed might be found to go further, and agree with the saying of Plato that a boy of all wild beasts is the most difficult to manage, “wherefore,” continues the philosopher, “he must be bound as it were with many chains.” This no doubt is the view held by the bachelor uncle. Yet, as we have all been young, and most of us have been to school, the subject cannot be without an element of personal interest. To the sociologist, moreover, the study of the schoolboy in a state of nature, so to speak, throws considerable light on the manners and customs of primitive men. Indeed, in one of Mr. Meredith’s novels they are likened as a class, with more truth than politeness, to monkeys—“the greatest actors of farcical nonsense that the world possesses.”

Boys may be said to be born little conservatives. As a class they change but little, and the boy of to-day is not so very different from the one in the “Paston Letters,” who in the fifteenth century writes to thank for the present of figs and raisins. Yet books about boys vary with the prevailing tone and sentiment of the period. “Sandford and Merton” reflects the interest felt in the ideas of education which Rousseau had set forth in “Emile.” To-day the praiseworthy sentiments of an old friend, Dr. Barlow, appear too didactic to please. Edgeworth calls Day the “most virtuous human being” he had ever known. Certainly no man ever tried harder to carry out his principles to their logical conclusion. He was an ardent admirer of the humane ideas contained in the “Nouvelle Héloïse” and the “Contrat Social,” and believed in the necessity of returning to the simplicity of nature. He endeavoured to choose a wife on philosophical principles, and selected two girls to be educated after his ideas—strong in mind and body, one of whom he was eventually to marry. Neither of them, alas ! was destined to be his wife, for both agreed in a hearty dislike of his Spartan ways and uncouth manners. But, as became a philosopher, he seems to have viewed

the failure of his scheme with resignation, and in 1778 married a Miss Esther Milnes of Wakefield, who was an admirer of his writings. To cure her supposed delicacy she walked upon Hampstead Heath in the snow; and while living in Essex was allowed no servants and was obliged to give up her harpsichord. "We have no right to luxuries," said Day, "while the poor want bread." How many readers at the present day know anything of Tommy Merton, the rich man's son, and Harry Sandford, the plebeian? Originally meant for a short story to be inserted in the Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy," it sets forth Day's ideal of manliness, but we feel the work to be in reality a treatise on the deceitfulness of riches and on the virtues of a single life.

The moral earnestness which distinguished Rugby under Dr. Arnold's rule, and to some extent the men who came under his influence, is not so apparent in modern schools. How long an interval seems to divide "Tom Brown's Schooldays" from "Stalky and Co." The sentimental tone of works of the type of "Eric" seems a trifle mawkish to the more robust reader of to-day. The British authors who understand boys best are not perhaps those who have been in constant contact with them or who have written books exclusively about them. Thackeray—with much of the insight shown by Balzac in his sketch of Louis Lambert—has depicted the ups and downs, the humours and the pathos, of schoolboy life. Describing Dobbin, that dull pupil of Dr. Swishtail's famous school, in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great arms were bursting, he writes:—"Who feels injustice, who shrinks before a slight, who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy?" But his patience and good-nature are proof against the malice of his school-fellows, who sew up his corduroys tight as they are, cut his bed strings, and upset buckets and benches, so that he may break his shins over them—which he never fails to do. And dull and miserable we are told he was. Then we have, instead of a grocer's son, the great chief and dandy Cuff, a great fighter of town boys and a smuggler in wine and other forbidden comestibles. In his room he keeps top boots in which he is wont to hunt in the holidays, possesses a gold repeater, and takes snuff like the Doctor.

As a pendant to Dobbin we have the inimitable Traddles. We can picture him to ourselves at Mr. Creakle's Academy in his tight sky-blue suit that made his arms like German sausages or roly-poly puddings, the merriest and the most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned, and was always going to write to his uncle—

which he never did, if we remember rightly. In spite of injustice, he holds it a solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another. When Steerforth laughs in church, it is Traddles who suffers, and is ignominiously ejected by the beadle—but he never tells. When things go wrong, he has a habit of laying his head on the desk for a little while, and then cheers up somehow and begins to laugh again, and will draw skeletons all over his slate before his eyes are dry. He it is who champions the wretched usher against the masterful Steerforth. And Traddles is only one, though perchance the finest, of the many sketches of boys which Dickens has given us. Very lovable is Walter Gay, cheerful and merry, with his fair face, bright eyes, and curly hair. How he lights up the atmosphere of the old instrument maker's shop, where in ten days but two people had called—the man who came to ask for change for a sovereign, and the woman who wanted to know the way to Mile End turnpike. The good boys of fiction are too often uninteresting, but this charge cannot be urged against old Solomon Gill's nephew. The frank ingenuousness of his nature, added to a spice of romance and a love of the marvellous, forms a combination which must win all hearts, let alone that of Florence Dombey. And without "Wal'r," how forlorn a figure would be Captain Cuttle.

It has been said that men of genius have something of the eternal boy about them and so are better able to recall the long-lost thoughts of boyhood, and to sympathise with its feelings and aspirations, than other men. "They see, touch, and hear through a golden mist," says R. L. Stevenson of children, and many schoolboys never quite outgrow the feeling. They walk in a vain show, are passionate after dreams, and unconcerned about reality. Imaginative boys, however, are not the majority, and it is but a few years before the rank and file attain the lamentable position of the grown person, "to whom cold mutton is cold mutton all the world over." The morbid sensitiveness of a Paul Dombey is a result of feeble health, and a Philip Wakem is as rare as a Tom Tulliver is common. Few sketches are more instinct with life than that of Crossjay Patterne in the "Egoist." We meet him first as a lad of twelve, destined for the navy, "a rosy-cheeked, round-bodied rogue of a boy, who fell upon meats and puddings and defeated them, with a captivating simplicity in his confession that he never had enough to eat in his life." He had no care for books, but loved an open-air life, knowing the homes and habits of beasts and birds like many another boy of his temperament. "He knew the management of rabbits and the tickling of fish and poaching joys with combative

boys of the district, and how to wheedle a cook for a luncheon for a whole day in the rain." "And you don't pant a bit," was his tribute of guileless admiration to Clara Middleton, at the conclusion of one of the races they loved to run together. But that stress of conflicting emotions could affect her racing powers on another occasion he did not comprehend. When, having fetched a magnificent spurt, he glances behind and sees Miss Middleton walking listlessly with a hand at her side, "There's a regular girl!" he says in some disgust, for his theory is that girls always have something the matter with them to spoil a game. Similarly Tom Tulliver, it will be remembered, thought all girls silly; "they couldn't throw a stone so as to hit anything, couldn't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs." But Crossjay leaves Tom Tulliver far behind in the matter of genial good-nature, and we are not surprised when Clara Middleton owns to herself that it is Crossjay Patterne she loves.

Mr. Meredith's boys are perhaps too witty for boys, yet specimens of boyish wit and humour—much of it unconscious—abound in literature. But the funny boy lends himself too easily to caricature, like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, who was always asleep except when wanted to be. Or again, the thing on the Harrisburg coach which, when the rain was over, slowly upreared itself and patronisingly piped out the enquiry, "Well now, stranger, guess you find this a'most like an English artemoon." Then we have the envoy of Mr. Weller, senior, a young boy of about three feet high or thereabouts, in a hairy cap and fustian overalls. "Is there anybody here named Sam?" inquires this youngster at the George and Vulture, in a loud voice of treble quality. "What's the t'other name?" said Sam Weller, looking round. "How should I know?" briskly replied the young gentleman behind the hairy cap. "You're a sharp boy, you are," said Mr. Weller, "only I wouldn't show that werry fine edge too much if I was you, in case anybody took it off." The curious little fellow belonging to Quilp, with a habit of standing on his head in spite of his master's threats, is more pathetic perhaps than humorous, but we are forced to smile at Mr. Toots, that shining light of Dr. Blimber's Academy, whose chief occupation was to write long letters to himself from persons of distinction. We know that there were few better fellows in the world, in spite of the immortal "Oh, it is of no consequence," for ever on his nervous lips. Amusing, too, is Scott's little ragamuffin—a bit of a casuist in his way—who indignantly denies that he has broken his promise not to gamble away his sixpences at pitch and toss, because he gambled

them away at "neevie neevie nick-nack." What a delightful sketch is that of Mr. Harry Walmer junior and the child Norah, as told by Boots at the Holly Tree. The gentleman's luggage was but "half a dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folding up surprising small, an orange, and a chaney mug with his name on it"; and as curious as his luggage was the remedy prescribed by the hero of the elopement for Norah's fatigue—a Norfolk biffin. "There's nothing for candour like a lower schoolboy," says the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and Pip's candour as to his sister Mrs. Joe Gargery's merits emphasises the truth of the remark. "Now, Pip, your sister is a fine figure of a woman," says Joe. "I could not help looking at the fire in an obvious state of doubt. I could think of nothing better to say than 'I am glad you think so, Joe.'"

There is a good deal of humour in the description of the fight between Richard Feverel and his friend Master Ripton Thompson. Ripton is called a fool for his bad shooting by his friend. "I'm not," says Ripton, and, when Richard calls him so anew, "you shan't call me so whether I am or not," says Ripton, and sucks his lips, further intimating that a repetition of the offensive epithet twenty times running would entail unpleasant consequences. "With a gravity," says the author, "of which only boys and often barbarians are capable," Richard goes through the entire number, while the dog looks on with interrogating wags of the tail. At the twentieth solemn iteration of Ripton's capital shortcoming, Ripton delivered a smart backhander on Richard's mouth and squared precipitately. The result is very characteristic of boyish ways of regarding things. "Well, look here," said Richard, appealing to common sense, "I'm tired of knocking you down. I'll say you're not a fool if you'll give me your hand." So Ripton gains his point and Richard is also content. And this reminds us how rare stand-up fights have become, without which in former times no description of school life would have been complete. Nowadays big boys don't fight, we are told, and little boys kick each other's shins when in wrath. Even in Thackeray's day the interest in them had declined. In describing the fight between Berry and Biggs in the midst of the cloisters of Slaughterhouse, the details are much curtailed. The famous fight lasted for two hours and twenty-nine minutes. "Shall I describe," writes the author, "the hundred and two rounds of the combat? No! It would occupy too much space, and the taste for such description has passed away." We gather, however, that at the hundred and second and last round, Berry gives a blow at his

adversary's face and falls over him as he falls. Biggs, the gown boy and sad bully, cannot come up to time, and so the fight ends. We may doubt with Charles Lamb whether a bully need always be a coward, but in the literature of school fights he invariably is. Cuff's fight with Dobbin in "Vanity Fair" arises, it will be remembered, out of the bullying of little Osborne by the former. "Figs" is floored three times, but proves victorious in the result. As little George Osborne wrote to his parents, "Cuff, you know, was Cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds and Dobbin licked, so Cuff is now only second Cock." The most classical account of a stand-up fight of the old-fashioned sort is that in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," between Slogger Williams and Tom, the champion of Arthur. We have a premonition that it will not fare better with the Slogger than with the bully Flashman. He "looks rather sodden," we learn, "as if he didn't take much exercise and ate too much tuck." The account is of quite a professional character, but it is somewhat of a relief when the Doctor stops the fight as the Slogger is thrown heavily for the third time. Other times, other manners. Though the set fight is rare the bully still meets with his deserts (in fiction), as we gather from the account of how the trio Stalky, Beetle and M'Turk stopped the bullying of little Clewer.

Pip, as he slowly passes through boyhood towards his "great expectations," is a many-sided character, in which love of adventure and unconscious cruelty are mingled with sensitiveness and vanity. But we can all sympathise with him in his estimate of Pumblechook. Wretched company must that irritating personage have been who on being politely wished "Good-morning," could only say pompously "seven times nine, boy." One is glad when he is condemned to drink tar water instead of brandy, even though the spirits had gone to the refreshment of Pip's acquaintance from the hulks. A secret sympathy with the latter leads him treasonably to whisper to Joe when a movement for the capture of the outlaws on the marshes is on foot, "I hope, Joe, we shan't find them," and Joe whispers back, "I'd give a shilling if they had cut and run, Pip."

There is much pathos in the description of Pip's unconscious cruelty in his dealings with Joe and the faithful Bidly, when the news of his having come into property has disturbed the unbroken harmony of their relations in the past. Snobbishness is a characteristic of some boys as of some men, and Pip's feeling ashamed of honest Joe Gargery as he stands before the critical eyes of Estella is as natural as the similar feeling experienced by little Osborne Crawley with regard to his ungainly champion Dobbin, the grocer's

son. In the long run, however, Pip's real affection for Joe as that of little Osborne for Dobbin triumphs over temporary feelings of a less worthy sort. Pride is a feature in most boys of strong character, and its sufferings as well as consolations are well traced in the careers of Tom Tulliver and Richard Feverel. Tom, we are told, was "rather a rhadamanthine personage, having more than the usual share of boy's justice in him—the justice that desires to punish culprits as much as they deserve to be hurt, and is troubled with no doubts concerning the exact amount of their deserts." His usual way of viewing his past actions was the comfortable one of "I'd do just the same again," whereas Maggie, the impulsive, was always wishing she had done something different.

The genus "small boy" does not appear to differ much from what it was in the days when the author of "Tom Brown's School-days" wrote concerning boys of eleven and twelve—the most mischievous age of British youth—that they were as full of tricks as a monkey and of excuses as Irishwomen, making fun of their masters and their lessons. There is more luxury in the schools of to-day, and manners are on the whole softer. Fagging has lost much of its pristine rigour, and, though the bully is always with us, such an incident as the roasting of Tom by Flashman is well-nigh impossible. The melodramatic bully has followed the villain in disappearing from the pages of fiction save of the sensational order. Yet the ways and manners of boys do not suffer from any ultra-refinement. We hear of them cooking sparrows over the gas with rusty nibs, brewing unholy drinks in gallipots, skinning moles with pocket-knives, and so forth, in the intervals of discussing the iniquities of their elders. They still have a great regard for appearances, and are desirous as of old to make a good impression. Tom Tulliver, on going to a new school at King's Lorton, takes care to carry with him a small box of percussion caps, not that there was anything particular to be done with them, but they would serve to impress strange boys with a sense of his familiarity with guns. "I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?" were the first words addressed to Tom at Rugby, followed by "Haven't you got a hat? We never wear caps here. Only the louts wear caps. Bless you, if you were to go into the quadrangle with that thing on, I don't know what'd happen." So Tom has to get a regulation cat's skin at seven and sixpence. Even Mr. Toots is proud of his waistcoats, and what agonies does not Pip endure in his anxiety to appear in the most favourable light before the proud Estella!

Healthy appetites are no less common than of yore; but one

wonders whether modern digestions could tackle some of the viands of a past generation. Tom Brown and his father regale themselves at the Peacock Inn, Islington, with steaks and oyster sauce, washed down by brown stout. The boy of the older fiction is very fond of ale; and, if he is especially wicked, of spirits. Flashman, we know, was wont to drink "gin punch" to excess. In fact, the bad boy of fiction is sometimes too precociously bad. As one of the characters in "Stalky and Co." rather cruelly remarks: "They spent all their spare time stealing at S. Winifred's, when they weren't getting drunk at pubs." However, gastronomical tastes differ, and there is no disputing about them. The Fat Boy, we know, liked pie, and Thackeray's boys are very partial to tarts, especially raspberry ones. The betting on the fight between Berry and Biggs was five to three offered in ginger beer, and six to four taken in raspberry open tarts. Master Harry Walmer calls for chops and cherry pudding for two on the evening of his elopement with Norah, their breakfast the following day being of a less stimulating description—sweet milk and water and toast and currant jelly!

Boys are bound to be conventional, and if they have any ideals do not generally discuss them. Some, perhaps, may dream in their childish years of recovering some ancestral estate, such as Daylesford, but few could pursue a plan for the purpose with the calm but indomitable force of will which Macaulay ascribes to Warren Hastings. From the lips of Tom Brown we can gather the more or less conventional aspirations of the public schoolboy of that day. "I want to be A1 at cricket and football and all the other games, and make my hands keep my head against any fellow, lout, or gentleman. I want to get into the Sixth before I leave, and to please the Doctor, and I want to carry away just as much Latin and Greek as will take me through Oxford respectably—also the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy nor turned his back on a big one." And in this instance the views of life of the father are not very different from those of the son. For the former, it will be remembered, was one who "did not care a straw for Greek particles or the digamma"; "if he'll only turn out a brave, truth-telling Englishman and a gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want." What some have styled "muscular Christianity," combined with a good deal of moral enthusiasm, was at that date influencing the tone of education. The slender national regard for learning is reflected in schoolboy opinion. "Pater" Brooke, we know, put it on record that he would "sooner win two school-house matches running than get the Balliol Scholarship any day." Tom Tulliver again is deter-

mined "not to be a snuffy schoolmaster—he—but a substantial man like his father, who used to go hunting when he was younger, and rode a capital black mare." He was of opinion—like many other boys, doubtless—that, when people were grown up, nobody inquired about their writing or spelling.

The somewhat changed outlook on life as viewed from the modern standpoint—less optimistic, less didactic, practical and unsentimental—can be traced in the pages of "Stalky and Co." The chief characters are no heroes, still less saints, but on the other hand there is a refreshing absence of humbug about them. They have little respect for constituted authority, and even question the supreme importance of house matches, but the adventurous spirit is theirs, and we feel that they are in many ways admirably fitted to make smooth the rough places of the earth and to do pioneer work for the empire. Is it not related of Lord Clive that he not only climbed the lofty steeple of Market Drayton, but formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows? In George Eliot's Philip Wakem, on the other hand, we have the type of a more imaginative than robust class of boys. Conscious at once of his physical deformity and of his mental capacity, he seeks to astonish Tulliver by the splendour of his ideals. He "would like to have been a Greek and fought the Persians, and then to have come back and written tragedies, or else to have been listened to by everybody for his wisdom like Socrates, and to have died a grand death." Ideas like these were rather beyond poor Tom. That rather dangerous gift—a sense of humour—was denied to him, for we know he didn't see the joke when Mr. Stelling asked him which would he rather decline—roast beef or the Latin for it.

One of the most pleasing of Dickens's sketches of boys is contained in "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings." We remember the episode of the Major and Mrs. Edson's son Jemmy, who had a taste for engineering. To please him the Major makes locomotives out of parasols, broken iron pots, and cotton reels. Mrs. Lirriper, during her sojourn in France, observed that whenever the guide described something very long indeed, and she said to Jemmy "What does he say, Jemmy?" the young hypocrite used to murmur, with a look of vengeance in his eye, "He is so jolly indistinct." And when he had described it all over again and she said to Jemmy, "Well, Jemmy, what's it all about?" the lad used to reply, "He says the building was repaired in seventeen hundred and four, Gran." In

real life as in fiction, Dickens was fond of boys. In a genial letter written from Broadstairs to the Hon. Mrs. Watson in 1851, he describes how he took his son Charley and three of his school-fellows down the river gipsying. They went to Slough, accompanied by two immense hampers from Fortnum & Mason, "on, I believe, the wettest morning ever seen out of the tropics. The boys had got up at four (we being due at eleven), had horrible misgivings that we might not come . . . they gazed into our carriages 'all face.' When the first hamper came out of the luggage van I was conscious of their dancing behind the guard, when the second came out with bottles in it, they all stood wildly on one leg . . . couldn't sit still in the fly, but were perpetually flying up and down like the toy figures in the sham snuff boxes." Luckily the weather cleared up and they started on their trip in a galley with a striped awning. Tea and rashers of bacon at a public-house put a finishing touch to the entertainment, and they returned the last five or six miles in a prodigious thunderstorm. "This was the great success of the day, which they certainly enjoyed more than anything else . . . their perfect unconsciousness that it was at all advisable to go home and change, or that there was anything to prevent their standing at the station two mortal hours to see me off, was wonderful." The author of "Vanity Fair" had an equal affection for children. He could never see a boy (so he told Dickens) without wanting to give him a sovereign, and there was scarcely a boy of his acquaintance, we read, he had not tipped. "Here's the son of dear old So-and-So; let's go and tip him," was his usual formula on Founders' Day at Charterhouse, as he singled out a name from the gown-boys' list. He confessed that whenever he asked boys to breakfast he always gave them "beefsteaks and apricot omelette."

Of late there have been complaints of the schoolboy's want of religion. One writer goes so far as to say, "with deep conviction and with deeper sorrow, that for the average boy religion sets no standards beyond the chapel walls, has no place in his daily life. A thing for him is not right or wrong; it is according to tradition or it outrages it." And again, in a boy's dealings with his fellows and his masters "does the command 'Love thy neighbour as thyself' often amount to much more than 'honour among thieves'? Give him a boy he does not like, can afford not to like, a master whom he can with impunity, for the very kindness of the man, persecute, or—saddest of all—a schoolfellow who is not quite of his own caste, how has his text got twisted then?" Another writer in the *Contemporary Review*, under the signature of "A Schoolboy," takes up the cudgels in

defence of his fellow-scholars. He sincerely believes, on the whole, that the majority of boys do care about religion. "It still lurks in the mind's recesses, half afraid to come out, half ashamed to remain hidden. But it is a potent factor in the life at school, and helps to make that life less degraded, more elevated than it is sometimes considered." He does not, however, deny that the life is in many ways morally uncivilised, and he attempts "no defence or palliation of that almost wholly iniquitous virtue—schoolboy 'honour.'" But do not boys more or less accurately reflect the tone in religion or morality prevailing in the home circle? Again, does not the serious debating of such high matters in connection with schoolboys argue a want of a sense of proportion, if not of humour? One agrees rather with what was said by the chaplain in "Stalky and Co.": "You know, I don't talk about ethics and moral codes, because I don't believe that the young of the human animal realises what they mean for some years to come." And another writer has summed up the matter—humorously enough, but not untruly—in the words: "The life of small boys at school (before they get into long-tailed coats and the upper fifth) is often a mere case of 'lying-off'—of relapse into native savagery with its laws and customs. If you meet them in the holidays, you find them affable and full of kindness and good qualities. But boys at school and among themselves, left to the wild justice and traditional laws which many generations of boys have evolved, are entirely different beings."

G. P. GORDON.

*A LEARNED DANDY:
SCROPE DAVIES.*

TO combine the man of fashion with the man of intellect has been a not infrequent ambition of eminent Englishmen. Bolingbroke stands as the type of those who would fain unite the character of fine gentleman and man of pleasure with that of the scholar and lover of letters. He pondered on Pericles and dreamt of Demosthenes while he indited verses to the opera-singers. He cried "Vive la bagatelle!" while he was in reality engaged in the most serious pursuits. During the eighteenth century there were many strange combinations of the rake and the scholar. Topham Beauclerk was gay and dissipated, a loungeur in St. James's Street, and a man of fashion at Court; but Dr. Johnson recognised his wit and his ardent love of literature, and forgave his dissipation for his learning. Among the dandies of the early nineteenth century intellectual attainments were by no means rare, and Lytton and Disraeli wrote none the worse because they wore magnificent waistcoats and gorgeous jewels. Count d'Orsay was at once the leader of fashion in his day and a man of great accomplishments. He wore a blue satin cravat, and patent leather boots, and primrose gloves, scented with eau de jasmin. He was the first to introduce sealskin into England, and tailors, hatters, and glovers adopted his name for their wares. But his conversation was brilliant, and he possessed great literary acquirements. Disraeli and Lytton each dedicated a novel to him. He was the associate of Byron, Lamartine, and Dickens; and Walter Savage Landor, conscious of his talents, urged him to "put his pen in motion." To be, like D'Orsay, the valued friend of genius and "the glass of fashion" to his time, could be the fortune only of a remarkable personality. Lytton was another instance of the combination of the man of fashion with the man of intellect. He was a dandy, and remained a dandy to the end. Tennyson satirised him in "Punch" as the padded man who wore the stays. Yet he was a man of brilliant acquirements. Not to speak of novels like "Rienzi" and plays like "The Lady of Lyons," he was an

orator of a very high rank. Mr. Escott has stated that Lord Randolph Churchill studied his speeches closely, and Disraeli, speaking of the description of the English Constitution and the analysis of democracy in his speech against the Reform Bill of 1859, said they were "as rich and more powerful than Burke."

One of the most interesting instances of the learned dandy is furnished by Scrope Berdmore Davies. Educated at Cambridge with Lord Byron, he became a most intimate friend of the poet, who yielded to him a sincere admiration. Byron praised his "dashing vivacity" and his brilliant talk. "One of the cleverest men I ever knew in conversation," is Byron's description of his witty friend. "Davies," he said on another occasion, "has always beaten us all in the war of words, and by his colloquial powers at once delighted and kept us in order." Byron condescended to appropriate one of his friend's best *bons mots*. When Beau Brummell was obliged to retire to France he knew no French, and had to obtain a grammar for the purpose of studying the language. Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French, and he replied that Brummell had been stopped, like Buonaparte in Russia, by the elements. Byron put this pun into "Beppo":—

Crush'd was Napoleon by the Northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his new French grammar.

Byron, however, claimed that this was a fair exchange and no robbery, "for Scrope," says the poet, "made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself) by repeating occasionally, as his own, some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning." The attachment which united Byron and Scrope Davies was heartfelt and sincere. When Byron lost his mother and his friend Matthews he wrote from Newstead Abbey to Scrope Davies for consolation. "Some curse hangs over me and mine," he said. "My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do? . . . Come to me, Scrope, I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world." Davies went to Newstead, and Byron wrote of his visit: "His gaiety (death cannot mar it) has done me service; but, after all, ours was a hollow laughter."

The witticisms of Scrope Davies are scattered among the memoirs of the early nineteenth century. He called one who had the habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke and was not remarkable for

truthfulness "The Æolian Lyre." When people spoke of Major Cartwright—a political "old woman"—as "the Father of Reform," Davies proposed calling him instead "the Mother of Reform." He made an epitaph on a certain Lord L——, a prominent figure on the turf:—

Here's L——'s body, from his soul asunder,
He once was on the turf, and now is under.

In his verses on the *Swallow*, a boat in which he and his friends used to sail, he says:—

If ever, in the *Swallow*, I to sea
Shall go again, may the sea swallow me !

An odd but clever man, who was known as "Long Baillie," complained to Davies, in riding, that he had a stitch in his side. "I don't wonder at it," said Davies, "for you ride like a tailor." The aptness of the repartee was obvious to those who had seen Baillie's very tall figure on a small nag.

Davies was an accomplished scholar, and was famed for his readiness in quoting the classics. He had a great admiration for the works of Thomas Moore, and some of his happiest classical witticisms were uttered in praise of the Irish poet. He translated "Ne plus ultra" as "Nothing is better than Moore." He rendered "Ubi *plura* nitent non ego *paucis* offender maculis" into "Moore shines so brightly that I cannot find fault with Little's vagaries." Davies and Moore were close friends, and, in his biography of Byron, the latter expresses a regret that the wit of which Scrope Davies was such a master, should leave no record of its brilliance except in the memories of his hearers.

The regret expressed by Moore is one that has often been uttered in other and similar cases. Tacitus laments the extinction of the gifts which made Haterius famous in Rome. "Utque aliorum meditatio," says the historian, "et labor in posterum valescit, sic Haterii canorum illud et profluens cum ipso simul extinctum est."¹ But perhaps, after all, the reputation of Scrope Davies did not suffer so much as his admirer imagined. The charm of wit and eloquence is so evanescent that subsequent generations are often puzzled to account for the reputation of those who delighted their own times. The application of wit and eloquence depends so largely on contemporary conditions and on qualities which die with the possessor, that

¹ *Annals*, Book IV. "As the elaborate compositions of others flourish after them, so that enchanting melody of voice in Haterius, with that fluency of words which was personal to him, died with him" (Gordon's Translation).

later generations can seldom form an adequate judgment of the orator and the *diseur de bons mots* of earlier times. The taste of one age varies from that of another, and different standards prevail at different times. "There are changes in wit, as in fashion," said Sir William Temple; and he mentions as an instance the Earl of Norwich, who was the greatest wit of the Court of Charles I., and the greatest dullard in that of Charles II. No man had ever a greater reputation for *esprit* than Cicero. Yet Quintilian says that the jests of the famous Roman, through the change of taste in different ages, and the want of that action and gesture which gave the chief spirit to many of them, could never be explained to advantage, though several had attempted it. Byron greatly admired the wit of Curran. "He beats everybody," he wrote. "His imagination is beyond human, and his humour (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. . . . I never met his equal." But it would be hard to find anything more insipid and uninteresting to the present-day reader than the puns and jests of Curran. They are like salt that has lost its savour.

It was not necessary that the dandy should be high-born. "When I see these magnificent dandies," said Thackeray, "yawning out of White's, or caracoling in the Parks on shining chargers, I like to think that Brummell was the greatest of them all and that Brummell's father was a footman." But it was necessary that the dandy, whether of aristocratic descent or not, should attain a lofty standard of manners and of dress. The social talents of Scrope Davies were of the highest. His manner was perfect, and, therefore quiet. His attire was discreet, *simplex munditiis*. To Davies might be applied Disraeli's description of one of the characters in that sublime study of dandyism, "The Young Duke":—"There was nothing in his dress, though some mysterious arrangement in his costume, some rare simplicity, some curious happiness, always made it distinguished." In this Davies but followed in the footsteps of Beau Brummell, the prince of dandies, of whom Byron said he would rather be Brummell than Napoleon. Davies led the life of dissipation which characterised the age. Fine talents were squandered in the worthless amusements and degrading pursuits of the young man of pleasure. The dross and chaff of life were eagerly gathered, while the fine gold was neglected. "Yesterday," says Byron, "dined *tête-à-tête* at the 'Cocoa' with Scrope Davies. Sat from six till midnight. Drank between us one bottle of champagne and six of claret, neither of which wines ever affect me. Offered to take Scrope home in my carriage; but he was tipsy and pious, and I was obliged to leave him on his knees praying to I know not what pur-

pose or pagod." Davies indulged in all the pursuits that were cultivated by the dandies. He took an interest in *the fancy*. Thomas Moore relates that he met Jackson the boxer at Davies's dinner-table. Davies was a persistent gamester, but not a sharper. One night he won the whole fortune of a lad who had come of age the week before. The young man was so prostrated by his loss that Scrope restored the fortune he had lost, on his giving his word of honour never to play again.

It was one of the misfortunes of dandyism that it was often dogged by impecuniosity. The dandies were familiar with money-lenders and sponging-houses. Many of them seemed to keep that oath of the Carthusians which never suffered them to carry any money about them. Yet the dandies bore their financial troubles with a magnificent equanimity. They liked luxury. "Let me die," says the author of "The Young Duke," "eating ortolans to the sound of soft music." Yet they could dispense with luxury if the need arose. Lord Alvanley once wrote to a friend, "I *have* no credit with either butcher or poulterer, but if you can put up with turtle and turbot I shall be happy to see you." The dandies could joke about their troubles and worries. When Lord Alvanley was asked to take the part of the Jew in an amateur dramatic piece founded on Scott's "Ivanhoe," he declined the part with the remark, "Never could *do* a Jew in my life." Scrope Davies was no exception to his class. He was reduced to destitution by his devotion to gaming, and his last days were melancholy. In his pecuniary difficulties he found, as Cadurcis says in Disraeli's "Venetia," that the friendships of the world are wind. It is related that his distressed condition was made known to the young man whose fortune he had restored with what the gambling world regarded as great generosity. The quondam gamester, who had learnt worldly wisdom in the meantime, declined to lend Davies even a guinea. Davies took up residence in Paris, and exemplified the lines of Byron—

I am but a nameless sort of person,
A broken dandy lately on my travels.

He bore his altered circumstances with admirable philosophy. He lived in a single room, which none were allowed to enter; but it was his custom to sit daily in the garden of the Tuileries, and there the old man received with all his old grace those who visited him in his exile. He did the honours of his bench in the open air with all the dignity that had characterised him of old in London drawing-rooms. When not holding his *al-fresco* receptions, he found solace in the

Latin writers, whom he had made his own in his youth. Virgil and Horace are friends who never forsake us, and the treasures of intellectual wealth which he had stored as a young man became the consolation of his age. Dissipated as his life had been, it is difficult to restrain a certain admiration for the last days of Davies.

Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est,

said the aged Nautes to the agitated Æneas. Fortune is conquered by endurance, and if the old dandy deserved the poverty which clouded the end of his life, he bore it well.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

THE JERUSALEM OF THE WEST.

THINGS are changed in the famous city of Compostella, or Santiago, since the days when the crowds of pilgrims arriving at the base of its hill had to wait their turn of entrance and often fought for the privilege of hastening to the great shrine in the many-towered cathedral. In the fourteenth century the portals of the cathedral itself were never closed, day or night; and day and night the devout, newcomers and others, were to be seen on its pavements beneath the radiance of its never-failing lamps and its hundreds of candles. But now, in the first decade of the twentieth century, the pilgrim who comes to this mediæval spot of Spain may chance to have the terrible old diligence from Coruña all to himself; nor will he be likely to see much to excite him at the various roadside crosses and other historic roadside buildings which were anciently regarded as precious stimulants to the weary traveller at last almost within sight of his bourne. The vast hospices which studded northern Spain in a direct line from the Pyrenees, for the express service of the pilgrims, have disappeared or been turned to other uses. The bridges built across ravines and over rapid rivers for the same purpose have, of course, also become wholly practical. And even the scallop-shell on buildings, bridges and everything else raised to the glory of St. Jago has, in nine cases out of ten, been rubbed away by the winds and the rains. The modern visitor in fact does not trouble himself about the old pilgrim ritual formerly adhered to so strictly by his predecessors. He carries an umbrella instead of the immemorial "bordon" or staff, and instead of hurrying to the particular confessional in the cathedral aisles allotted to people of his particular tongue and nation, he gives his portmanteau to the eager youth who clamours for it and plods towards his hotel. But even this trivial foretaste of Santiago whets the palate. The singularly narrow streets of old granite houses, the many churches, the admirable façades to the huge edifices which hint at regal benefactions, and the deep booming note of the great cathedral bell ere the cathedral itself is reached, all kindle the fancy. Santiago's one hotel of repute is,

however, commonplace, save in the comfortable announcement on your bedroom wall that the charges therein are but six francs a day, and that the mayor will make your case his own if you have reason to protest against an overcharge. The youth of Santiago play billiards and drink fluids of bright colours in the adjacent café, a few steps from the door of which bring you to the grass-grown flags of the cathedral precincts. All here is massive and sombre and antiquated. The infrequent broad-hatted clergy who cross the flags (there were of old forty-six canons to the choir alone) have a preoccupied air, like the clock faces of the cathedral turrets, which do not pretend to tell the right time. Perhaps there will be a naughty boy or two playing ball against one or other of the inviting vertical slabs of masonry, in contempt of the ancient injunctions too on this very matter. Or there may be a demure old dame in black from head to foot, gliding over the flat tombs of the long-dead clergy with a breviary in her mittened hand. Else the place seems asleep or deserted, and you too feel drowsy in a moment, though aroused the next moment by that resounding bell which cries "Dead!" or something like it all over the grey granite buildings and echoes the word a thousand times from the dull red roofs of this city of departed glories.

Santiago echoes also with the memory of men once great as well as the countless hosts of pilgrims (not all devout) who tramped to it or came speeding towards its coast in their white-sailed ships. No mediæval romance of large compass is complete without a scene or two among its walls, which were mellow when William the Norman invaded England. It was in A.D. 846 that Spain first learned on the battlefield of Clavijo what an effect the appeal to St. Jago might have on Spanish and Christian arms. Since then, the apostle himself has had a dual influence over the nation—"this heroic nation which has chosen, and always invokes, the holy apostle as its special patron," to borrow the words of a modern Spaniard—first as warrior and secondly as pilgrim. It was in the name of St. Jago the Conqueror that her merciless sons won their victories in the lands that became Spain's richest colonies. And it was later to St. Jago the Pilgrim that these same blood-stained soldiers (though not all) came humbly, bare-footed and contrite, to confess the red sins they had committed in the name of "the Conqueror." To us others it seems a strange business. Spain herself, indeed, is far from sure now that Compostella has in the long run profited the national mind and character.

The place began, like others of its kind, in a manner the thought

of which may well excite a smile in our superior epoch. A certain hermit, one day early in the ninth century, went to Teodomiro, the Bishop of Iria, or Padrone, as it is now called, and told of sweet songs and mysterious lights above a thicket on a hill some nine miles distant. These manifestations, said the hermit, centred upon an old tree which grew from the midst of the scrub. The bishop was easily persuaded that the hermit had not merely dreamt visions. With his canons and other clergy he proceeded at midnight to the spot, and they all saw and heard what the hermit had seen and heard. The next morning, after Mass (a detail most precious in the venerable narrative), they revisited the thicket, this time with hatchets, for investigation. And here, in the midst of the brushwood at the roots of the old oak tree, they discovered the Holy Cave, and in it a tomb of stone made with hands and two smaller tombs, one on either side of it. They fell on their knees and prayed, and afterwards opened the middle tomb of the three, and therein found the body of St. James, with the head separate from it, the "bordon" or T-shaped staff, and a highly convenient letter, as follows: "Here lies Santiago, son of Zebedee and Salome, brother of St. John, killed by Herod in Jerusalem. He came across the sea with his disciples to Iria Flavia of Galicia and arrived here in an ox-cart belonging to Lupa, a lady of this district: the oxen would go no farther."

Such, in naked simplicity, was the origin of the most famous mediæval place of Christian worship and pilgrimage in all the west of Europe. One need not complete the tale of the entire authentication of the body thus found and of the bodies of Athanasius and Theodorus, the disciples who, having sailed from Joppa with the martyred apostle (some say in a marble ship), were brought by fortuitous means to the Gallician coast. Popes, one after another, gave Papal sanction to it. The kings of Leon, then struggling against the Moor and never knowing if they would have a diadem to their heads for two successive days, were, of course, convinced from the beginning—once the clergy, who ruled their minds, were also convinced. Clavijo confirmed the miracle and sent the word "Santiago" whispering down from the north into the cool fountained courtyards and hanging gardens of the contented Kaliphs of Cordova. And even as St. Jago now stirred Christian Spain and Christian Europe to the north as neither had yet been stirred, so also it moved the Moors. In the tenth century these wrote and spoke of the town itself as "the Kaaba of the Nazarenes." And late in the same century Al-Manssor the mighty, ere starting on that tremendous

raid of destruction in which he meant, once and for all time, to sweep the Christians out of Spain, swore by Allah to water his horse in the font of Santiago's church, which was doing such a reanimating work among his northern foes. Tradition says that Al-Manssor did so water his horse. He levelled Santiago to the ground and left it smoking. Yet it soon rose again and the profaned font was reinstated. The font itself may be seen to this day in a dark corner of the great church, where you enter it on the south side, past the shops of the silversmiths who beat out Compostella crosses and scallop-shells and effigies of all kinds for the good of Santiago's modern pilgrims and their own profit besides.

A hundred years after Al-Manssor's time, that weird potentate, Diego Gelmires, Bishop of Santiago—"a species of sacerdotal Mephistopheles," as Herculano calls him—set to work to make his cathedral a lure for all Christendom. In this he succeeded. It is nothing to us therefore that he was a terrible old ruffian in secular matters. Still, it is interesting, for Santiago's sake, to recall one or two of the scenes he brewed within the walls above which he hoped to set an enduring halo of glory. The citizens over whom he exercised as tyrannical a lordship as over the consciences of the kings of Leon (whom he defied in temporal concerns) put up with his hangings and tortures until they decided that they had had enough of them. Then they armed themselves and faced him. Gelmires promptly fled outside the ivy-clad walls of the city and sought the aid of Urraca the Queen of Leon. Together these two returned, breathing the vengeance of the period. Before them now the leaders of the people rushed into the cathedral and defended themselves. Here they were daily attacked in vain by the bishop. Meanwhile, the outer burghers combined anew and, joining their forces, the peaceful flock of Santiago set upon their wolfish shepherd and pressed him so hard that he and the queen were lucky to escape at full run to one of the cathedral towers. Thus it was now their turn to be besieged, the citizens using their opportunity to divide among themselves the church plate and even the vestments of the cathedral and to treat the queen's property in the same way. They piled brushwood about the tower to burn out their captives, and in this strait the queen urged Gelmires to accompany her and trust to the mercy of the mob. "Surely," said she, "they will respect you." The answering voice of the assailants was heard: "Let the queen come down if she likes: her life is safe and hers alone; the rest have got to die by fire or the sword!" In response to this cheerful invitation, Urraca descended to be instantly stripped and maltreated,

even stoned. Seeing which, a respectable facet of great Gelmires' character declared itself. Disguising himself, he found a way to join the mob undiscovered and also to save the queen from worse outrages. Then in the night they escaped together, leaving the city to the victorious rebels. Anon, however, the tables were turned again, and the lurid little picture of Santiago life nine hundred years ago ended with more episcopal hangings and tortures.

This is a sample of the various quality of the incidents of which the cathedral of Santiago has been spectator at least. Three hundred years later, too, when the place was at its highest level of holiness, there were disreputable interludes in its religious calm. Thus when Rozmittal, a Swabian knight, made his pilgrimage he was distressed to find that the cathedral was blocked to pilgrims. The mother of the archbishop (for such the dignitary now was) and the archbishop's uncle were at the time holding the cathedral against the archbishop himself, whose soldiers were on guard at the entrances. Of a truth the astonishing Gloria of Mateo in the western porch of the cathedral has, during the last seven centuries, looked upon much human history of a strangely inglorious kind.

The crusades, of course, did a great deal for Santiago, since a visit to the sacred place was a chief item in the programme of the expeditions from the north, either before or after fighting the Saracens in Palestine. But these gentry were not always welcome in the city. It was here as in Lisbon and the towns of South Portugal. The cross on their cloaks notwithstanding, the stout pilgrims and warriors from the Baltic, from Germany, and our own parts of Dartmouth and Southampton, were often more mindful of commonplace plunder than of the sins on their souls. Santiago grew in time, with good cause, extremely suspicious of them. She feared they meant to take more from her than they brought as tribute to the cathedral treasury. The visitors of 1189 were a typical proof of this. In that year, from Friesland and Denmark, a fleet of sixty or seventy vessels, with ten or twelve thousand men on board, under the command of Canute, a nephew of Denmark's king, touched the Galician coast on their way to the East. They landed and prepared to march to Santiago. But they did not get so far, for the Galicians rose upon them, urged, no doubt, by the archbishop, and drove them back to their boats, so that they had to proceed south disappointed. They were charged with having designs upon the most holy shrine itself, and especially the head of St. Jago, which, it was said, they purposed to carry north with them for the sanctification of their saintless lands. No rumour could have

been bruited better qualified to put an end to their Compostella hopes, whatever these may really have been. All these many causes concurred to make the city the lodestone of the West, and to fill it with wealth ; and very necessary were its towered and battlemented walls (bright in the fifteenth century with yellow flowers where they were not draped with ivy), its outer ditch and its practised bowmen. The effigy of St. James in his jewelled mantle, seated on his silver chair above the high altar of the cathedral, has looked unmoved on as varied crowds of the world's people as any object of its kind.

Nothing helps better to form an idea of Santiago's past magnificence than an inspection of the superb Hospicio de los Reyes, on the north side of the cathedral square. Ferdinand and Isabel built it in 1504 for the use of the pilgrims. It would shelter thousands of them in its many chambers and under the arcades of the four spacious "patios" of exquisite design and detail which occupy its four corners. The fretted Gothic portal leads by a short corridor to the hospice chapel, from which pivot the great courtyards with their balconied upper apartments. The place is soaked with human interest, even greater than that of its gorgeous architecture, in which the later Gothic and the Renaissance styles are blended caressingly. But it has long been diverted from the pilgrims themselves. Its endowments have diminished : as the Santiago chronicler somewhat pathetically puts it, from a building of universal service it passed to the nation, then to the province, and now it is merely a hospital for Central Galicia. This "merely," however, must not be thought to slight it. Spain has many admirable institutions, and the Santiago hospital is one of them. The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul were installed here in 1880, and their white caps and dark blue gowns flit winsomely across the roomy halls and among the twisted columns and grotesque gargoyles of the grassy courtyards. The children of the hospital play barefooted about the fountains and well-heads of the old hospice, and their lively voices echo (not too acutely) from its broad overhanging eaves. The terrific sound of the cathedral bell somehow seems softened here, where life is young and vigorous, and weeds have not grown thick over human hopes and ideals.

Of a kindred nature is the impressive Renaissance pile, also of the sixteenth century, founded by Fonseca, archbishop here and later at Toledo. Fonseca's name is venerated in Spain ; the trail of his good works is still plain in the peninsula. The Santiago building, entered by an overpowering portico, was intended for "the entirely free education of industrious youths," and as such it long did its

duty. But here also transition has been at work, and the building is now appropriated to the local university, for the medical schools. The very ornate old custodian who led me over it sighed as he put down his book ("The Antiquities of Madrid") and removed his spectacles for the task. The students, by scores, were conning their books in the cloisters and in the upper corridors which overlook the tangle of orange-trees, shrubs and flowers in the courtyard. One of them was sketching on a door: he fled before the ornate janitor, who stood and clamoured after him. Here too, in fact, one felt that Spain has nerves and sinews in abundance, as well as entrancing work in stone and marble. "But the library, Señor, is in disarray," said my guide, when I asked to see that also, and he added, with a fresh sigh, that it was little used except by himself. Perhaps, considering the probable nature of the collection, this was no such stupendous evil.

Fonseca was great in Santiago, even as he was afterwards great in Toledo; and the tradition of him lived on well into the nineteenth century. Bedridden dotards are still to be found in the city who remember when it was the custom daily, at nightfall, for a boy to go from the college he established, ringing a handbell and holding a torch, while he cried at intervals, "Brothers, a Paternoster and an Ave Maria for the soul of Don Alfonso de Fonseca, benefactor of this city." Santiago, which until 1873 denied itself the modern blessing of gas to its civic and other lamps, has a multitude of such mellow ways and traditions, in spite of the havoc wrought upon it by Bonaparte's Frenchmen and the seeds of scepticism that get scattered about its stones with certain of the journals of Madrid.

The cathedral itself cannot here be described otherwise than as a curious mixture of Byzantine, Gothic, and Renaissance workmanship. Hundreds of architects of different generations have set their minds and hands to labour at it. A tower of the time of Gelmires stands humbly beneath the shadow of those other far more assuming ones of a less attractive period. Windows of the twelfth century mate, by no means happily, with windows of the seventeenth century. One may see the influence of Michael Angelo in many of its parts; also of Bernini; and one may groan with the cultured sons of latter-day Santiago at the barbarism of far worse upholsterers even than Bernini and his kind. In its original plan a Latin cross of extreme simplicity and elegance, the cathedral is now externally a shapeless mass of buildings, pinnacled and turreted, amid which only a practised eye may discern its primitive nucleus.

And as of the exterior, so of the interior. One passes from its

west entrance beneath the majestic Gloria of Mateo into the sombre yet also majestic clerestoried nave to be confronted almost immediately by the nauseous decorative work of Chirriguera. There is more of it, and worse, to follow. He and his pupils have been allowed to wanton in the most reverend parts of the cathedral, which they have treated as if they had had a commission to prepare it for one of those rampant masques which the seventeenth century loved in its lighter moments. The twisted columns with gilded capitals of his bad epoch are endured side by side with the quiet grandeur of the earlier pillars, which bear the cathedral itself. Ney in 1809 carried hence half a ton of gold and silver vessels, statues and lamps. One could almost forgive him this theft if he had gone further and left the building a mere shell, so that its splendid proportions should have been displayed unmocked by these garish and humiliating excrescences. And yet that might have been dangerous, for Santiago of a hundred years ago would have hastened to replace Chirriguera's abortions with something little less appalling. Even as it is, the modern Spaniard does not see much amiss with these sprawling masses of cheap woodwork, their gilded capitals, coarse puff-cheeked cherubs and elephantine angels, when the whole is made bewilderingly theatrical by the glow of hundreds of candles and scores of silver lamps. This may or may not be ascribed to the fervour of his devotion, which enables him to see beneath all this extravagance the plain stone sepulchre in which St. Jago so long lay consecrating the entire cathedral.

But Chirriguera and ruder scene-painters than he cannot rob the cathedral of its impressive atmosphere. This dominates the place, its thousand columns and pilasters and its walls encrusted with red and black marble. The scores of exquisite figures in stone that surround Mateo's Christ, twice the size of life, which welcomes the pilgrim with uplifted hand as he crosses the cathedral's threshold, mark the mind irresistibly; and the Christ itself, not unworthy of comparison with that more famous one of Thorwaldsen in the Copenhagen Frue Kirke. The rich glow of the Spanish day touches the Gloria of the portal so that the memory of it is carried beyond into the nave, where gloom reigns, save at the high altar. Here, on a great festival, even now, the pomp is remarkable. From the enclosed choir between it and the nave (a sorry obstruction), clergy in crowds still march firmly in procession while the organ peals and 'cellos and silver trumpets lead the shrill voices of the scarlet-cassocked choristers. There is no lack, then, of Galician worshippers, if not of pilgrims from afar, and yet, perchance, you may

see a tourist of Hungary on his knees at one confessional, while a Celt from Limerick tells his sins at another confessional, with the word "Irish" above it. Then, too, the huge "botafumeiro" cleaves the air from the end of the south transept, leaving in its descent a drift of perfumed smoke behind it. Only at such times is this "king of censers" on duty. The old "botafumeiro" was of silver. This Ney hurried to the melting-pot, but its successor, though of white metal only, is just as gigantic, swings a hundred and thirty feet just as majestically, and also requires eight men to work it. The same simplicity as of yore possesses these worshippers at the shrine of St. James. One by one they grope—it were harsh to say "grovel"—towards the burnished cylinder in which the priceless "bordon" is enclosed, though not wholly, so that it may be touched through an aperture. In cold detail, the thing may be described as a hollow iron rod some forty inches long, with a cross top, all now oxidised by age and exposure. But Spain at Santiago knows that it is more than this. To them, it is the venerated staff with which St. Jago the Pilgrim and Missioner traversed the peninsula from north to south, the staff upon which he leaned while Herod Agrippa's men cut off his head, and which, later, Athanasius and Theodorus, those admirable disciples, brought with the apostle's body on the little ship from Joppa which voyaged up the Sar to Padrone. So it has been for a thousand years, and so it no doubt will be for a long time still. The organ peals, and the silver trumpets and the scarlet choir-boys cry aloud, while these rugged Galicians touch the staff and shed tears of satisfaction. But, during a solemn pause in the service of song, you hear suddenly the boom of that awful bell overhead. At such a time, to the spectator whose thoughts and aspirations are not like the thoughts and aspirations of the peasants and pilgrims around him, this knell from above has an effect that can scarcely be described. It is like palpable blackness falling in a cloud upon dazzling radiance; despair stunning hope; a future of doom descending upon a decrepit past. One knows from the guide-book that the sound comes but from a lump of metal six feet high and eight feet in diameter. Yet the fancy will have its fling notwithstanding.

The body of St. Jago lies under the high altar, in a new casket of silver, beautifully wrought, and weighing eighty solid kilogrammes. Until so recently as 1879, Santiago seems for centuries to have believed the old legend of the triple tombs and their contents, with very singular faith. In that year, however, excavations were made and the existing crypt discovered in its interesting entirety. The

legend was confirmed, if not to the letter, at least sufficiently. There was the large tomb, and the lesser tombs supported it. The arches of the crypt, the stone-work, and the very bricks all bore witness to the time of the Romans. Leo XIII. received these tidings with joy and gladly testified, like his predecessors hundreds of years before, that this could be and was no other than the body of St. James the Great. But Santiago was not content to leave the apostle's bones in the rude urn of earthenware in which they lay in the sepulchre. On July 25, 1883, the Saint's day, the cathedral was packed with pilgrims and others to rejoice in the papal certificate of authenticity, and in the following year the dried bones were removed to the gorgeous casket in which they now lie. On these occasions they might well, as in 1706, have erected "overflow" altars in the cloisters, so that none need leave the cathedral unblest.

Reascending from the crypt and the plain sarcophagi which were once overgrown with the perfumed scrub of the South and sheltered from the winds and rains by great trees, the eye is caught significantly by certain dusty banners, tokens of St. Jago's interposition in battle for Spain. He is here the superhuman warrior on the white horse, with the uplifted sword ready to drink the blood of the Moors. The banners are few, though no doubt they might be many. Four of them are British trophies and there is a Napoleonic eagle. One wonders when and where their numbers will be increased. When Ney came to Santiago, asked for a hundred thousand dollars, and sacked the cathedral without permission, the students of the university armed and drilled to oppose him. But they could do nothing more than that. The seasoned infidel warriors of France were not to be deterred by boys from working their will here. They desecrated the cathedral like Al-Manssor eight centuries earlier. Of the fifty-one silver lamps which hung before the high altar alone, they left none, and the clergy were fortunate to save such valuables as they did, including the saint's effigy's silver chair, the jewelled cover to the skull of St. James the Less, and other articles. One marvels how the two ponderous silver chandeliers, also before the high altar, escaped the ravagers. These are among the most precious relics of Santiago's well-filled treasury. Each ten feet high and ten feet broad, of enchanting design, yet adapted to bear only a dozen very stout candles apiece, they must have been difficult to remove and hide. The empty room that was the treasury a hundred years ago appeals even to an unsympathetic mind when the tale is told of the gold and silver and precious stones with which it was crowded. A

few broken-backed chant-books and other volumes are all its garnishing now. Santiago teems with contrasts. One may remember the slow ox-cart with St. Jago's body, which stopped here on the hill in the first century of our era ; and one may remember also the train of ox-carts with the cathedral plunder, which Ney's soldiers by no means allowed to halt anywhere until the spoil was secured. Centuries ago, again, Santiago expected her portion of English gold, as of the gold of all other Christian nations fond of pilgrimages. The city still looks to England for a goodly measure of its income ; but it is in return for fat oxen and eggs more or less fresh, instead of special indulgences and the consecrated medals and scallop-shells of Compostella. The ordinary tourist with an unbiassed mind is, moreover, prone rather to rejoice in the palatable pastries and liqueurs with which the city's shops abound, than in the badges and emblems of St. James which also meet his eye on every side. Santiago has as sweet a tooth as any city in Spain. This you may realise, if nowhere else, at the lavish dinner-table of its hotel, where the bouquets set amid the oranges and figs are all a foot or so in diameter. The district is as fertile as it is holy.

Modern Santiago, like ancient Santiago, is the home of many a crippled mendicant who has crawled hither to live and die in the odour of sanctity. But it is, alas ! a disappointing era for such wastrels even here. They intercept the visitor in the suburbs of the city and curse him freely if he passes by on the other side. One of them in my case went further still. He declined to excuse me, though I urged him in set phrase. Having pursued me with an ambling gait that seemed much to qualify his affliction, he ended his appeals with a flourish of his staff that had downright menace in it. But I forgave him this ill temper in my joy at seeing that his weapon was the true "bordon," T-shaped at the handle. Round his neck also was the badge of Compostella with St. Jago in full length upon it. Charity in the South suffers an interpretation other than that given to it in the hard North. In a country like this, one cannot at heart blame the vagabond who takes to the calling of mendicant. Moreover, in spite of the competition, it must be profitable enough when the cathedral bells chime forth in the fervour of a festival and when a pilgrim host ("specially conducted" in these days) from France, Portugal, or other parts of poor Spain herself, pervades the dark streets of the city.

From this aggressive beggar I returned to my hotel in time to hear words on the lips of a Government official which seem worth repeating. I had met the gentleman elsewhere in Galicia and for

the second time we dined together. "Spain, Señor," he said, even before the soup was served, "has much religion and little money." I murmured a grieved assent. "But," he added, as if hastening to correct a misapprehension, "perhaps it is well that it is so; for, assuming one may judge by other nations, if we had more money we should probably have less religion."

When the stars were bright, and the air was cool as well as sweet, together we went outside the city to the public gardens, whence we looked at the cathedral towers, across the hollow that was of old the moat to Santiago's protecting wall. Of a sudden the big bell began to toll with a kind of clumsy glee, and crack went a rocket. Other rockets also tried to hit the stars or the triple-pointed crosses of St. Jago which cap the cathedral towers. There were bombshells besides. In short, a brief frenzy of fireworks; after which all was still again, save for the intermittent booming of that sad bell.

"It is," said my friend, "the Eve of Saint —"; the name was new to me and I forget it, nor does it seem to matter. But the spectacle of poor decayed Santiago's short and sharp outburst of religious rapture mattered much. I was on the point of asking if there would have been more rockets if there had been more money in Santiago. But I am glad I held my tongue.

C. EDWARDES.

FLOWER O' THE MAY.

Wester Brae, Fife, May 3rd.

MY dear Lisa,—The address at the head of this letter is misleading. Postally, we are doubtless in the Kingdom of Fife; actually, we are in the pleasant land of Bohemia. Dino and I have rooms looking over the Forth; at this point a fascinating, sheeny sheet of water; femininely capricious, never an instant dull, with hours of such exquisite moonlight beauty that make a positive ache in the soul for lack of adequate expression.

Facing us, on the other side of a tiny bay, is a high wall of cliff like a hanging garden, covered with dark perpetual green, interspersed, as by a cunning pattern, with all kinds of pale and delicate new spring growth. At the top of this cliff are swelling, grassy mounds, leading to a little wood of budding beeches, under which runs a wide pathway like the nave of a cathedral not builded by hands. Through interlacing branches as through the tracery of a great east window, one sees the Forth again at the foot of a rocky steep, bordered by the loveliest stretch of shining shell-strewn sand to be found along the whole length of its reaches.

But what has this to do with Bohemia? you will ask. It is Bohemia just now, for here are gathered a company of Bohemians, sketching and painting, loafing and cycling, enjoying to their utmost limit these long and lovely days of May.

Sarah Jennet-Smith and her husband are both here. They have just come from the Riviera, where, she carefully tells us all, they travelled *incog.*, content to be known as plain Mr. and Mrs. Smith. I believe she was afraid of being fêted too much for work, as a tribute to his fame and position. His last picture had the honour of being hung at the Royal Academy—in a very bad place—and he has had several other small distinctions, which no one but themselves remembers. He is painting his usual seascape, with the usual purple rocks and hideous Paris-green foliage in the foreground—that abominable green which, happily, is as yet unknown to Nature. They have taken a house for the month. It is down at the shore,

surrounded by a delightful garden, with picturesque pink rocks bristling like fortifications about the outer walls. Staying with them is a charming girl. You met her, I believe, when you were in Edinburgh last autumn. Her name is Delia Galbraith, and she is the daughter of a rich manufacturer, whose father, and consequently her grandfather, married a West Indian Creole. I mention this last fact because the admixture of Creole charm with Scottish energy produces a unique and somewhat fascinating result; what, to use contradictory terms, one might call a bland vivacity. I wonder if you remember her! She is slim and tall, "with a grace," as Mademoiselle would say. Her complexion reminds one of a magnolia petal; her dark eyes look with a serene kindness on all the world. She does miniatures, chiefly of children, whom she paints with a sympathetic appreciation of their many winsome *agaceries*. Though scarcely yet out of her teens, she has had her little successes. Last year, when she was studying under Mrs. Impingham, of Sloane Square, all the pupils as well as their instructress sent in miniatures to the R.A. Delia's was one of the very few accepted, while Mrs. Impingham's, to her infinite—and natural—annoyance, was among the rejected! A sad world, my masters, where one person's success is bought by someone else's failure.

The Hoffners, those delightful musicians from Glasgow, are here also. Though all her beauty is concentrated in her voice, she is witty and attractive, and, more wonderful still, her wit does not contain a tincture of malice! Several of us went there to dinner last night, and after the most melting German duets—I never heard voices so perfectly matched as her's and her husband's—she sent us all into speechless laughter by her clever silent mimicry of a deaf old aunt, presumably fictitious. It is such a pleasant surprise nowadays to find a little talent left in private life! Mr. Hoffner, as you may perhaps remember, is never really at home except on the water. His tiny yacht, as safe as a tub, has been unswathed from its winter coverings and now lies in the Forth. He has been out in her every day since they have been here, and promises, as soon as a sufficiently warm day comes, to take as many as the yacht will carry to Inchcolme, a pretty scrap of an island, with the remains of a monastery, that looks from our windows most tantalisingly picturesque and mysterious.

Can you not come too for a few weeks? This village is after your own heart—"a haunt of ancient peace," where Romans have been and left their enduring mark, where Templars and sisterhoods have flourished and passed into oblivion; now a very bower of tree-

girt beauty, lulled by the song of the sea, whose chiefest charm in your eyes would be its simple unconventionality. Why is convention such a ruling bogey in England, such a many-headed demon to which we all make daily sacrifice? You feel it in the air; its grip is on all, from the village dame, who wonders "whatever the neighbours would say" if her spring cleaning were not finished by "Whitsuntide," to the prim Misses X., who roll their bread and butter at afternoon tea because the Y.'s, who always do the correct thing, roll *their* bread and butter; and so on, into the haunts of the highest. Does it indicate an inelastic, unoriginal type of mind, desperately afraid of the unusual, doomed for ever to run in well-worn furrows? It is an excellent thing in its way, and is doubtless an enormous factor in civilisation, but how good it is to escape from excellent things—and people—sometimes!

Let me conclude with a little anecdote Mrs. Hoffner (who, by her strange fortune as a wit, has the luck to encounter the queerest characters) told us of her landlady. This Mrs. McFee is a most lugubrious creature, who, after a long and chastening course of misfortune, has resigned herself to accept all the unkind cuts of Fate with one invariable dolorous statement: "I'm akistomed to it."

A few days after the Hoffners' arrival, just as they were expecting tea to be brought in, they heard, instead, a most unearthly clatter down the stairs, accompanied by moans of distress. Mrs. Hoffner, who is kind-hearted—and curious—enquired later of the landlady what had happened, and was told that the maidservant had dropped the trayful of tea-things downstairs. Of course Mrs. Hoffner condoled; but the landlady, with unmoved melancholy, surprised and delighted her by saying: "Och; it's no maitter, m'm, I'm akistomed to it!"

Write soon, friend of my heart and mind, and say you are coming—Ever yours,

JANET.

Wester Brae, May 10th.

My dear Lisa,—We are both sorry to hear that the invisible, nathless unbreakable, fetters of duty and circumstances bind you, this enchanting weather, to the smoky tumult of London town. This month is surpassing itself. "'Twas a wee bit nippy at the fir-r-r-st," as old Kirsty, the factotum here, remarked with her rolling Scotch r's and diminutives, but now each day is more genial than the other. The young leaves have come boldly forth in dainty spring trappings, casting their swaddling sheaths disdainfully to the ground; the hawthorn buds, close-packed in bright green settings, look like little

seed-pearls ; indeed, I have actually discovered a bit of hawthorn in flower ! True, its nook was warm and sheltered, but think of it : may-bloom in the month of Mary, north of the Tweed ! It sounds like romance to those who have endured the usual bright bitterness of the northern merrie month.

Living so much out of doors one sees the glorious pageant of spring unfolding before one's eyes, and can note with delight the fresh young beauties as they join the triumphal procession. This morning a green meadow by the ruined church, sloping to the Forth in one round lovely curve, suddenly appeared a mass of brilliant satiny yellow. Merely buttercups, *ma chérie* ; but no field of cloth-of-gold could look more sumptuous when the sunshine lighted it up.

More people have arrived here since I last wrote, but all are working vagrants ; Philistia does not take its holidays yet, thank the powers. The newcomers are a literary man and his worshipping sister of too certain age ; Todd by name, self-important by nature. They have taken a low brown-stone cottage set in a hedge-secluded garden, and covered with a mass of creepers just coming timorously into flower. They are from Rome. Gilbert Fraser came with them, and is staying at the hotel. He is the man whose "Sleeping Circe" created such a sensation at the Paris Salon last spring. He is not known in London, I believe : so much of his time has been spent in Paris and Rome. The other artists here are full of admiration for his technique, which, they unite in agreeing, is wonderful. He is a good-looking man, nearing the end of the twenties, with the long elegance of feature and warm sepia tint of colouring that you may have noticed is rather frequent among artist men. Not unlike Van Dyck's "Portrait of a Gentleman" ; but, let us be just, though the heavens fall—he makes no effort to cherish the resemblance.

Yesterday we all went to Inchcolme for the day—the little island lying in the Forth opposite Dalmeny Woods. Mr. Hoffner carried the luncheon, and as many as his toy yacht would hold. The rest followed in rowing boats, of which, at this quiet season, there is a whole fleet to choose from. Mr. Fraser rowed Delia Galbraith and me, and I was grateful to the Fates that cast my lot in such congenial company. The day was sunshiny, even hot. When we were some way from the shore, the head of a seal popped up, appearing at intervals like a ball of polished ebony ; but it made no attempt to follow the boat, as they sometimes do in the seas farther north. He was a wanderer, perhaps, not quite at home in warmer waters. Above, like a grey ribbon flung across the blue, a skein of

Solan geese flew by with whirring wings and hoarse, melancholy cries, on the way, doubtless, to their solitary stronghold, the Bass Rock.

We none of us said much. There are times of bliss, few and short in our mortal days, when

How good is life, the mere living !

when it suffices to steep oneself in the beauty of sunshine and sea, sky and atmosphere ; when existence, for a brief space, is what a decadent poet would call "a symphony in blue and gold," in which one no longer thinks, one enjoys a delectable halting-place on the lower slopes of the steep that leads to Nirvana. Once, when Delia asked Mr. Fraser about French art, he waxed eloquent for a few minutes over their sculpture of to-day, and to balance it, was correspondingly severe in denunciation of their meretricious painting. But it was one of the few ripples on the Sea of Silence. As he rowed with strong easy strokes, reminiscent of his 'Varsity days, he seemed to be taking keen note of the wide sweep of beauty all about us, and I thought, from his frequent glances, that he did not miss the beauty nearest, sitting in the stern, under a big white shady hat, with things unutterable in the depths of her dreamy eyes, while she looked with a half-smile of anticipation into that Eldorado of a girl's vision, the future. She has a charming gift of silence, which, one easily divines from her occasional vivacity, comes not of stupidity but serenity ; an ingredient in the strange Creole charm she inherits. Has it ever occurred to you that girls, in spite of cynics' sneers, really *are* sweet in the full flush of their charms? It is only when they are women, on the losing side of life, that they begin to be carping, captious and jealous, with all those other base little qualities that make "feminine" in some connections a synonym for scorn. Delia was enthusiastic over the landing-place at Inchcolme, and it is a pretty spot. It looks provokingly mysterious even at close quarters, with high black rocks of basalt on the left, at the foot of which is a beach of golden shining sand ; while to the right, a few yards away, printed in sharp grey outline on the sky are the broken walls of the monastery. Wisely, the madding crowd is excluded by a small restricting fee, so the ruins, as ruins, are in good order ; though in pre-paying days not a few of the houses on the mainland were the firmer for the good solid monastery stones built into them. For so small a patch of earth Inchcolme has had its share of vicissitudes. Monks, lepers, soldiers have all in turn inhabited the monastery, but the most dramatic scene in its record was the landing of King Alexander I. and his suite, when driven by a storm from Queensferry in

the twelfth century. A hermit was then in sole possession—his beehive cell still remains, an excellent fowl-shelter in this more practical age—who entertained king and courtiers for three days on crabs, the legend runs ; though where he procured sufficient to keep them all from starving must ever remain a mystery to the housekeeping mind. The king, in gratitude for his preservation, promised to build and endow a monastery, and there it stands to-day, in witness that he royally kept his word. Most of us were soon busy sketching. Mr. Fraser, I remarked, spent a good deal of his time in giving hints to Delia over the water-colour she promptly began of the landing-place. We all met at luncheon, on a grassy slope, against whose rocky sides the sea came lapping with a soft swishing beat ; and though Edinburgh, as the crow flies, was but a few miles away, the silence was of that restful, soothing perfection rarely attainable except on islands. It was a gay meal : Mrs. Hoffner's wit flourishes in the open air ; and Mrs. Jennet-Smith's pomposity is of the kind that only adds to the general joy. It was in the perverse nature of things that the vanilla sandwiches, a delicacy that the latter lady had specially procured from Edinburgh, should get mixed up with the salt ; but salt, as everyone knows, makes a point of exhibiting the defects of its qualities at picnics.

Delia and Mr. Fraser both went home in the yacht, and I saw no more of them till the evening, when several of us went round after dinner to the Jennet-Smiths. While four of the men were singing those lovely Elizabethan Pastorals—Stanford's setting—they both escaped through the French window into the moon-lit garden, where doubtless they found the music of their own voices sweeter far. I am not too certain that they did not wander outside the gates to the shore. When, just as we were leaving, I caught a last glimpse of her, there was a light in her lovely eyes that was not all moonlight. But what a gossipy match-maker I grow ! Let my excuse be that women are always interested in *les affaires du cœur* : when not of their own, those of other people. I must haste to catch the post, which here is rare and erratic.—Ever yours,
JANET.

Wester Brae, May 16th.

My dear Lisa,—As I write I am sitting by the open window and a warm westerly breeze is ruffling the Forth into myriads of brilliant wavelets tipped with white. A mile or so away a line of coasting vessels—seven to be quite precise—schooners and brigantines from the higher ports of the Forth, is coming into view. Such graceful stately creatures at this transforming distance, with their

brown sails full spread making the most of the favouring wind to carry them into the wider waters of the German Ocean. Have you ever noticed what a taint of inferiority that proper adjective invariably confers? Silver, yeast, measles, oceans, it matters not what ; its brand at once proclaims the article an imitation or a substitute.

I thought you would be interested in Delia. She is a really loveable girl, with all sorts of charming possibilities in her, as yet, undeveloped woman's nature. You will like to hear, I think, that she and Mr. Fraser are engaged—the outdoor intimate life we are leading here just now brings such affairs on quickly—at least they are waiting for the paternal consent, which, as his prospects are sunshiny and hers assured, there is every likelihood will be forthcoming. Parents in these enlightened days are no longer the picturesque ogres they used to be. Mr. Fraser is painting her with the view of sending it to next year's Academy, and so far as one can judge at this early stage, it will be a delightful picture. The background is a high cliff of sombre foliage ; she is gathering a branch of hawthorn from a bush in the foreground, so that her face is nearly, not quite, full in front. She wears a straight white gown, in long, lovely folds, with a sash of yellow China silk, the undyed natural tint that is pure colour and a joy to the eye. Her soft dark hair is loose and cloudy about the forehead ; and the beautiful lines of her throat are not hidden by a swathing collar. It is impossible at this stage to predict what it will turn out, but the composition, at all events, is what every portrait should be—and isn't—a picture.

Delia herself is doing a miniature of Mrs Burman's little girl, Freda (did I mention that they were here?), a frolicsome mite of three or four, with gipsy hair and eyes, and a complexion that always sets me quoting (to myself) :

Her cheek is like a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

She is a quite undauntable young person, and requires the combined wiles of several elders to keep her in position while the painting is going on. The other afternoon Nurse scolded her for a torn overall, or some such nursery sin. After a few minutes' thoughtful silence she remarked :

“Nurse, I know what's the matter wiv you.”

“Indeed,” said Nurse ; “what is it?”

“You're tired. You'll be better when you've had some tea.”

“Which,” as Nurse remarked, “was a nice take-down, if you like.”

Half an hour later.

I have just been interrupted by a call from Miss Todd, who brought with her a Madame Kersaint, an old acquaintance from Rome, who has come to stay with her for a few weeks. She is young, and, her dress proclaims, a widow: at the stage when, as someone cleverly puts it, she's "just beginning to take notice," though, from her general appearance, it would be difficult to imagine a time when she did anything else. She is possibly thirty, for she looks about twenty-five; with golden hair, and eyes so "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" that they might have been the windows of the soul of a Jeanne d'Arc instead of belonging to this kittenish creature, who uses them as if they were a piece of mechanism. To see her in widow's raiment suggested a canary in mourning. Miss Todd was, as usual, in her precise way, full of "dear John's" perfections. Hero-worship is a virtue till indulged in to excess. Then it becomes iteration, with a classical but unquotable adjective.

I'm afraid I don't like Madame Kersaint. She talked of Mr. Fraser as "Gilbert" with an almost proprietary air. I thought he must be some kind of near relative; but no. I gradually learned that a few years ago when she lived in Rome with her husband, who was a French sculptor (she is American), Mr. Fraser was very intimate with them, a sort of *ami de la maison*. This is a good deal to learn in a first visit, you will think; but it explains the kind of woman—an inconsequent chatterer, with no talent for reserve, who would give her soul's secret if she had one—a soul, I mean—to the first stranger who would listen. Puff! I'm glad she is gone, and I wish you were here, so that you could see for yourself the exquisite unusual beauty of this northern May. The village is decked as for a bridal. Gorse and broom are setting the hillside in a yellow flame.

Flower o' the broom: Take away love and our earth is a tomb!

Ladies' slippers, dainty things! are spreading like a gold-broidered carpet over the grassy cliffs; the tiny wild heartsease is beginning to show its meek, intelligent face in sunny corners; but the dominant note, suggesting the triumphant recurrent theme in Mendelssohn's Wedding March, is the flower o' the may. There is hawthorn, hawthorn everywhere! in a full pure radiance of bloom, unmarred, as yet, by a spot of rain. It gleams, like a white cascade, among the massive foliage of the cliff; in huge bouquets it overtops crumbling walls; it lends a glory to the village street, and makes a very bower of Lovers' Loan; while its perfume, pungent and nutty,

comes wafted from every quarter in warm breaths, in the erratic, elusive, wholly fascinating way that odours have.

It is May-time indeed for the two lovers! But I question whether they give much attention to it! Love is such a jealous; masterful sprite; he thrusts out all but himself. I hope you flourish.—Yours, in love,
JANET.

Wester Brae, May 23rd.

My dear Lisa,—Yesterday the ancient quiet of our little village was invaded by hordes of pleasure-hunters, and we were driven to seek seclusion on a neighbouring hill-top. It happened to be Thursday nearest the late Queen's birthday, which, on this side the Border, is still kept as a public holiday, a somewhat meagre equivalent to Whitsuntide. In Nonconformist Scotland, by the way, Whitsuntide is condemned as a "Papish festival," and is only recognised as a convenient date for the leasing of houses and similar utilitarian purposes. From an early hour the shrieking of sirens (piquant irony of nomenclature!) proclaimed the arrival of fresh battalions; and basket-laden crowds were soon swarming up the cliff-paths, and boys at the adventurous age were scaling the high rocks for the clumps of sea-pinks which flash a gleam of colour on the grey. Before we drove off we caught a glimpse of what, at a refining distance, reminded one vaguely of the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, which, one reflects, are also at a refining distance.

In that wide, nave-like pathway through the woods, high up above the shore, under the sun-gilt, tender green of the new-leaved beeches, was a gathering of lads and lasses, bright in holiday mood and attire. A few vagrant minstrels, with a sure instinct for bawbees, had followed them, and were scraping away at the maddest, merriest of Scotch dances. Melody and measure were irresistible; the tune might have galvanised a wooden leg into life, and after one or two bold pioneer couples began, the others gladly followed, and our final glance showed the whole company "footing it featly" in that most graceful of interlacing dances, a Highland reel. Seen through the fretted tracery of tree-stems and branches, it was a dainty sight. 'Arry and 'Arriet do not exist north o' Tweed, and the orderly reserve with which young Scotland takes its open-air holidays is wholly delightful, and always begets the futile wish that it could be introduced "down south."

We were off to Dunearn Hill, a few miles away from Wester Brae, a fastness not penetrable by the general public, but for which some enterprising person of our coterie had obtained the *open sesame*. We

left our "machine" (a Scotticism for conveyance) where the road finished, and climbed our way up through fir coppices, among which the wind made a soft tumult, and tiny larch plantations, bright with stately foxgloves, and great lovely ferns just beginning to uncurl their bishop's crooks. The top of the hill—it is only a few hundred feet high—was a Roman fort in the days of Agricola, and its remains are still visible. A fine post of observation for those astute conquerors! With the naked eye one can see miles away to Edinburgh, and the new town lies clearly spread out in its mathematical angles. A glass reveals lorries, and trams, and cycles, crawling up Hanover Street, and those other thoroughfares converging to that ever *via pulchra*, Princes Street.

It is decidedly a hill of interest. In some remote past streams of smoke and fire flared up from one part of its summit, as a black yawning cavity used to testify. But modern ingenuity has turned that extinct crater into a curling-pond for the practice of a manly northern sport, which appeals to the hardy Scot with greater force than the elegant figure-skating or swiftness of the south.

I'm afraid Madame Kersaint is going to make trouble. She attached herself to me during the day without the smallest encouragement on my part, and began to be very reminiscent and gushing on the subject of "Gilbert" Fraser. "He is a delightful lover," she remarked, as she watched him talking to Delia, "Are they properly engaged yet, do you know?"

"They are only waiting for Mr. Galbraith's consent," I said coldly, "and there doesn't seem to be any doubt about its being given. He is very much in love with Delia, anyone can see," I added, with the spice of defensive malice that is permitted to us all on occasion.

"Oh, do you think so?" she said, wasting a languishing look from her lovely eyes on me. "I remember him in Rome a few years ago as a most assiduous lover then, I assure you."

"Indeed," I replied, in a voice that was as the north wind for coldness. "Who was the lady? I didn't know Mr. Fraser had been engaged before."

"Oh dear no! not engaged," she said purringly. "In love merely, which is quite a different matter. Indeed, his love was so hopeless that at one time I almost feared he might do something desperate."

"Really?" I remarked, and I hope my tone was ironical. "You seem to know a great deal about it. Were you his confidante?"

"Well, yes," she said, with a simpering hesitation that would

have been pretty in Miss Eighteen, "I suppose you would call me his confidante—in fact, he was in love with me."

"But you were married, weren't you?" I said bluntly.

"Oh, but that made no difference at all in Rome," she said with an insincere, affected little laugh which made me viciously long to box her ears. "It was rather fashionable than otherwise there to be in love with your neighbour's wife."

Mr. Jennet-Smith, douce man, at this point came up, and spared me her further odious confidences. I wonder whether it is mere vanity, of which she seems to have a quite abnormal share, or whether, being free, she would like to recapture his devotion. She is exactly the pretty, dollish inanity that looks so sweet and desirable to young men in the early twenties, but who, a few years later, bores them to dumb exasperation.

Going home she was very tiresome, and managed to secure Mr. Fraser's escort the greater part of the time. We were all amused at the discovery of a charming little secret path, called the Roman Way. It used, I believe, to extend from the Fort on Dunearn Hill to the shores of the Forth; but now it commences at some distance from the hill, and merges into the woods of Wester Brae. To the casual eye it looks a hedge, and nothing but a hedge; but the initiated knows of an aperture at the Hill end, through which one sees a tunnel of greenery, just wide enough for one person and tall enough for a man to stand upright. Tradition says it was planted by the Romans as a convenient means of conveying their stores and legions from the Forth unobserved by the watching natives. Can't you see them? A long line of Roman soldiers, armour-clad, silently, swiftly marching in single file through this green bower right up to the hill fort.

Some half-a-dozen of us elected to go this way home instead of driving back in the "machine." There is a good deal of trailing foliage, and Madame Kersaint, who *would* come, and is not fitted by nature or art for that kind of enterprise, soon got mixed up in a bramble bush, and had, naturally, to be extricated by the nearest man, who happened to be Mr. Fraser. She effectually managed to keep him from Delia the rest of the way home; and Delia walked with me, apparently cheerful, but inwardly, I could see, hurt and sore at his first neglect of her. Mr. Galbraith has not yet consented. He wishes, wise man! first to see the individual to whom he is asked to give away the control of his daughter's future. He comes at the end of the month.—Yours in love,

JANET.

Wester Brae, May 27.

My dear Lisa,—The flower o' the may is fading—the pearl-like purity of bloom that looked so untouchable! Everywhere it is going, taking on the hectic pinkish tint, which is the sure stamp of decay, and every wind that blows sends a scattering shower of tiny white petals. But it has been very wonderful; it has budded and bloomed and faded all in its own namesake month, which is something of a marvel north of Tweed. True, the roses are coming fast on its heels, but with the Maying-time the early freshness of the year is gone; the leaves are settling to a uniform sober tint, and Nature is looking forward to her fruitage!

Poor Delia, whose love was a sweet flower o' the may, is very unhappy. She spends a great deal of time with little Freda Burman. She plays for hours with her down at the shore, obeying her baby-ship's caprices with a meek subjection that is the outcome of sheer unhappiness. Freda enjoys the change, and daily demands her playmate. She doubtless finds her a more agreeable companion than her somewhat grim nurse. (Her handsome, frivolous mother does not find baby society to her taste!) Yesterday I found Delia and Freda alone by the shore gathering shells, those dainty little "silver nuns." Do you remember how we used to treasure them in childhood's days?

I'm afraid that yellow-haired woman has been babbling all round; and Delia, poor sensitive child, feels it in the air. The serenity that is so much of her charm is ruffled; there are little puckers of trouble between her lovely candid eyes. I got a glimpse of her unhappiness yesterday afternoon. It was a perfect day, warm yet fresh, for a thunderstorm had recently cleared the too oppressive air. Kirsty brought us tea in the garden, a bit of rocky, grass-grown wilderness, mounting up and up till it is suddenly lost in a cool pasture shaded with great chestnut trees, that just now are illumined by gorgeous pink and white tapers. I left Dino in the centre of the village street under his big umbrella, sketching a queer little lop-sided house dated 1622, so we were quite by ourselves.

After a longer spell of silence than usual, she said slowly, somewhat wistfully, I thought:

"Do you like that Madame Kersaint?"

"I do not," I said emphatically. "I wish she had never come here."

"I do not like her either," confessed Delia, with a lovely girlish flush. "She comes up to Gilbert—Mr. Fraser—as if she had more right to be with him than—than anybody."

"What does Mr. Fraser say?" I asked.

"He does not say much, but I am sure he is very angry, especially when she says, 'You must not mind Gilbert and me talking; we used to be such friends in Rome, didn't we?' What can he say?"

Truly the man could say nothing. His past philanderings were finding him out at a most inopportune moment.

"Do you think," asked Delia suddenly, a few minuter later, "that, if a man has once loved a woman who is married, he ought to marry her when the husband dies?"

The murder was out. That wretched little canary woman had been pouring her vain nonsense into Delia's too-sensitive ears. I know her foolish little half-sentences, giving a false importance to trifles! She is quite capable of confiding to Delia all the silly speeches "Gilbert" ever made to her; she is just the kind of woman to draw them by sheer angling, and then to treasure and repeat them, at intervals, till the day of her death. Vanity has ever a good memory for compliments!

How feline the woman is! Does she really hope to marry Mr. Fraser, I wonder? She knows the surest way of severing the lovers is to go to Delia with some story of his devotion in other days! Flight is the only weapon for such an insidious little adversary, and, if Delia's father were not coming in a few days, I would try to persuade her to go home. Mr. Fraser, I do not doubt, would soon follow.

* * * * *

May 30.

Delia is dead. As I write the waves sound like a dirge wailing that beautiful lost young life, for she lies, as yet undiscovered, in their cruel shining depths. It was so sudden, so unlooked for, that I cannot yet realise it; I cannot shake off the feeling that I have only to go down to the shore to find her playing with little Freda Burman. . . . But you will like to know how it happened. Delia and Freda, were, as they have been during the past few mornings, on the sands together, and Freda, with her frolic impetuosity, was running in and out among the rocks. She is a daring child, and presently leaped from a smaller to a great boulder surrounded by water, as at the time the tide was nearly full. Nurse, sewing at a little distance, happened to look up, and, frightened lest Freda should fall in, threw down her work and ran towards the rocks to bring her back to safety. Delia, frightened also, was approaching very cautiously lest she should cause the child to start through fright or

fun. Freda, looking round, saw her, and making a hasty movement, toppled headlong among the breakers. Nurse says that Delia did not hesitate an instant. She plunged into the water after her, but an outgoing wave carried the child some little way off, and though she could swim, she seemed to have some difficulty in reaching her.

More details I cannot tell you. Nurse hailed a man who happened to be coming along the shore, and the child Freda was saved ; but his help came too late for poor Delia. Either she was exhausted, or, I have since wondered, did she, in her girlish unhappiness, think that by slipping out of life she would make the way clearer for her lover? Girls have such dear, mistaken notions of self-sacrifice ! But we shall never know. She has died young, beloved of the gods, leaving behind her the glorious record, in giving her own life for another, of having done the utmost a mortal can do. Her father, poor man, is expected some time to-day. Mr. Fraser says scarcely anything, but he is always down at the shore, watching with a wistful, yearning look, as if dumbly beseeching the sea to give him back his dead love. It has been a most painful conclusion to our bright holiday. We expect to be in London this week.—Ever yours,

JANET.

P.S.—Madame Kersaint is loudest in expressions of grief.

H. G. ALDIS.

*WILLIAM SMYTH: "THE SWEET
LYRIST OF PETERHOUSE"*

ALTHOUGH the historical works of William Smyth have in the present generation been relegated to the top shelves of the library, and his reputation as a wit and a scholar has faded away, except perhaps in the precincts of his own beloved college of Peterhouse, one cannot help feeling that the all-but-complete oblivion into which the memory of the old Cambridge professor of Modern History has fallen to-day is not altogether justified. Apart from his once prized and now totally neglected volumes, "the Professor"—as he was affectionately termed by a large circle of admirers both in the University town and outside it—was a fairly prominent figure in the English world of letters during the earlier half of the last century; and though the academic leisure in which Smyth's life was passed would be voted unpalatable, scarcely honourable, in our present age of rapid writing and of research afield, there may still perhaps exist amongst us a few old-fashioned authors who can find something attractive, tantalising even, in its record of almost unbroken literary ease, the true *σχολή* of the ancient Athenians.

The most popular, and perhaps the most striking figure in Cambridge for nearly fifty years, Smyth's memory after his death was honoured in an exceptional degree both by his own college and by the University itself, which deemed him worthy of a marble bust in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Nor can we wonder at the general esteem which his ripe scholarship and his courteous manners gained for him when we look at the portrait of the hale, genial old man, with his gentle, refined face full of kindly humour, and lit by eyes full, blue, and expressive in spite of their chronic weakness of vision. Drawing around him, by his charming personality, his learning, his wit, his love of music and literature, all that was best in Cambridge life, both academic and social, Smyth may perhaps be taken to represent the *beau-ideal* of the University don of the old school. Moreover, his reputation, as I said before, was by no means confined to Cambridge,

since he reckoned among his personal friends such great names as Coleridge, Southey, Rogers, Jane Austen (whose novels he once described, to the mingled amusement and indignation of their author, as containing a strong Unitarian tendency), and, in a special degree, the ever-famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

William Smyth came of Anglo-Irish stock that had already produced one or two men of mark. The immediate ancestor of the Smyth family, which was of Yorkshire extraction, had followed in the train of the Deputy Wentworth to Ireland, where his descendants became landowners in Leinster, intermarrying with other Anglo-Irish families such as the Dowdalls, the Scotts, the Skeffingtons, and supplying the Irish episcopate with two prelates of note in the seventeenth century. The Professor's grandfather, fourth in descent from the original settler, was a country gentleman in County Meath, who married Miss Ruth Hill, a lineal descendant of that unique product of the Munster squirearchy, Valentine Greatrakes, of Affane, "celebrated for curing diseases by the touch," a famous amateur healer whom Faithorne, the engraver, has characteristically depicted in the act of treating a demented youth by laying hands on his head. The third son of James and Ruth Smyth, Thomas, the Professor's father, was sent to Liverpool in order to make his fortune as a merchant, though possessed of acquirements more likely to win success at the Bar or in the Church than in the counting-house. At Liverpool (of which city he was mayor in 1788) Thomas Smyth became in course of time a wealthy banker, partly owing to his own industry, but chiefly through his marriage with an heiress, Miss Elizabeth Blagge, of the Fence, near Macclesfield, a house that can lay claim to some historical interest as having been the residence for a few days of the Young Chevalier, who lodged there in 1745, the Blagge family having previously fled in terror at the approach of the Jacobite army.

It was at the Fence House that William Smyth first saw the light in 1764, being the eldest son of a family of nine. Even in childhood the future historian showed a decided taste for English literature, so that he was truly fortunate in having a father who, in spite of the prosaic claims of money-making, was able to find ample leisure for teaching. His son tells us in the meagre little autobiography prefixed to his volume of verses that Mr. Smyth was able to recite without a mistake the whole of Thomson's "Palemon and Lavinia" after one perusal, and that he was fond of quoting to his children long passages from Swift, Churchill, Dryden, and particularly from the Shakespearean plays. With the exception of the classics, young Smyth received all

his early education direct from his father, who appears to have somewhat overestimated his eldest son's precocious ability. Destined to the Bar (his father's ideal profession), William Smyth was in course of time sent to Eton, where he was expected, as he himself naïvely confesses, "to form splendid connections and to exhibit his promising talents." But the intensely classical atmosphere of the place did not prove very congenial to the taste of the young poet, although he spent there three happy years of school-life. His most pleasant reminiscence of his Eton days was a certain boyish coterie which met once a week at tea and read aloud compositions, Smyth himself, under the nickname of "Eugenius," being its leading spirit and most voluminous contributor. Two of these juvenile pieces were subsequently included in his "English Lyrics," and it must be admitted that they are fully equal to the average "lispings in numbers" of many a literary giant; indeed, they give promise of a mature excellence which was by no means realised in their author.

Anxious for a University career at Cambridge, for which the methods of Eton formed a singularly poor preparation, Smyth persuaded his father to remove him from school and place him with a tutor who could supply the requisite amount of mathematics. In spite of a strong natural distaste for the science of figures in all its branches, Smyth worked with such industry and success that he finally emerged from the schools Eighth Wrangler, and was consequently, to his infinite joy, elected to a fellowship at his own college of Peterhouse in 1787. Well born and the eldest son of a rich man, without the desire or the necessity of amassing money, the young fellow settled himself down to the enjoyment of a life of literary leisure divided between his college-rooms at Cambridge and his home in Cheshire, and varied by occasional visits to town, where he delighted in concerts, in the drama, and in the conversation of men of similar tastes. But just when Smyth's prospects of the secluded life that he desired seemed fully assured, an unexpected calamity suddenly urged him into an unwilling activity. In the financial crash succeeding the fall of the Bourbon dynasty in France, the Smyth banking-house at Liverpool failed, and in consequence the once wealthy family was reduced to extreme poverty. The eldest son at once became anxious to do what he could on behalf of his parents and his two younger brothers, although, as he explains, his field of occupation was necessarily limited on account of his indifferent health and his weak eyesight, which forbade all study by artificial light. Nevertheless, thanks to the reputation for learning he had already gained, and to the kind offices of an influential friend,

Smyth was before long enabled to receive the provisional offer of a post at once, apparently, honourable, easy, and lucrative; this was the position of tutor to young Tom Sheridan, the great dramatist's only son, at the handsome salary of £300 a year.

It was, therefore, severe domestic trouble that procured Smyth the most eventful incident in his long career, his connection with that brilliant and erratic Irishman, who was at once statesman, orator, dramatist, impresario—without which the name of the earliest English historian of the French Revolution must ere now have perished. But a small portion of Sheridan's glory is reflected upon his son's tutor, who protested, suffered, noted, and criticised during his years of service, to such good purpose that his curious and rare "Memoir of Sheridan" has been largely drawn upon by various biographers and latter-day compilers of recollections. Smyth always writes more in sorrow than in anger, it is true, yet there is an undoubted tone of bitterness throughout the little volume, which was composed and privately printed nearly a quarter of a century after Sheridan's death, at the request of some Cambridge ladies whom the Professor had one evening entertained with an account of his experiences as tutor. So totally dissimilar were the habits and ideas of the unbridled, eccentric man of genius and of the punctilious, somewhat irritable young Cambridge don that subsequent dissensions between these two men were inevitable; nor need we wonder, at least from Smyth's point of view, at the tutor's pathetic summing-up of the years thus passed in Sheridan's household:

"Letters unanswered, appointments broken, a total impossibility of depending upon him for any one affair of kindness or consideration at the proper time and proper place; intercourse with him was one eternal insult, mortification, and disappointment."

It was Edward Morris, an old college friend and a would-be dramatist, who recommended the young Fellow of Peterhouse to Sheridan as a suitable companion for his sixteen-year-old son, whilst Sheridan's bosom friend Richardson—"a person of truly amiable disposition, a zealot in friendship"—warmly supported the suggestion. Smyth was accordingly summoned in haste from Liverpool to town, where it had been arranged that the four men should meet at dinner, so that Sheridan might have the desired opportunity of interviewing the prospective tutor. Three of the four persons interested arrived in good time, but Sheridan himself, as usual, was unpunctual, or rather did not appear at the dinner at all, merely sending a belated message of regret from the House of Commons, together with an invitation to the assembled trio to sup with him at midnight at the

St. Alban's Tavern. But this appointment was likewise broken, for Smyth, Morris, and Richardson, after beguiling the long June evening by walking up and down St. James's Street and by reciting passages from favourite authors to each other, found on repairing at the hour named to the St. Alban's that Sheridan neither had arrived nor was expected there. The three men waited in vain far into the small hours of the morning, but, as there came no Sheridan and no message, they at length retired to bed with feelings that can be imagined. In spite, however, of the indignation expressed by both Morris and Richardson at this treatment of their *protégé*, and the bitter disappointment of the poor tutor, who felt this humiliating conduct with all the acute pride of his former independence, and was all for returning at once to Liverpool, the matter ended satisfactorily. Sheridan expressed such genuine contrition to Richardson next day for his carelessness, and begged him so anxiously to bring Smyth to his house in Grosvenor Street (whence they might all go down together and dine at his villa at Twickenham), that Morris and Richardson were mollified. Smyth himself, indeed, was too wounded in spirit not to demur at first; but Morris, "who was an affectionate creature," finally persuaded his reluctant friend to lay aside his rancour in consideration of the interests of his family and to accept the still-unseen Sheridan's invitation. On this particular occasion, at all events, Sheridan was punctual, and there followed a most agreeable evening at the Twickenham villa, where Smyth found himself, perhaps against his will, delighted with his host's conversation and affability. After the meal it was finally arranged that Smyth was to go to Wanstead, where his patron owned another house, the fact being that this remarkable Irishman, in spite of his financial embarrassments, possessed no fewer than three residences, although he usually lodged at Nerot's Hotel; "he appeared to have a house to dine at, another to call at, a third in which to put his family, and to have his home in none of them." At the Wanstead house, where Smyth was first introduced to his charge, "a fine youth with sallow complexion and dark hair, with a quick, intelligent look and lively manner," the new tutor was agreeably surprised after his recent experience to find himself treated in an unexpectedly courteous and considerate manner.

"In the diseased state of mind that I then was, jealous of my independence, and supposing that everyone was ready to treat me like an upper servant in the house, I cannot describe what a charm I found, how I was soothed and pleased by the ceremonious attention that was shown me. . . . And here I must stop to observe that

assuredly a little courtesy and benevolence is never so well bestowed as by parents, of whatever rank, on the tutors and governesses of their children—"it shall return tenfold into their bosom."

To quote from the collection of amusing, sad, or extravagant *Sheridaniana* with which the little memoir is filled does not lie within the limits of the present biographical sketch of their narrator. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that, however petulant and even resentful he may show himself at times in his book, Smyth was fully aware of the privilege of close intimacy for several years with so famous a man—a man who had, in fact, once been Smyth's own youthful ideal of all that was brilliant and successful in the great world of politics and letters. But, despite his keen admiration for his patron's talents, Smyth always found the recollection of this period of his life an unpleasant one, even after many intervening years; this fact can easily be gathered from the pages of the memoir itself. He had become a tutor, contrary to all natural inclination, with the sole object of making money to assist an impoverished family, so that Sheridan's failure to pay his salary regularly constituted an incessant but not unnatural grievance. But this delay in receiving much-desired and much-needed payment for his services was one only of many causes of annoyance, for Sheridan's hopeless unpunctuality and vague methods were perpetually harassing the precise and conscientious scholar.

To quote an instance: on one occasion Smyth found himself in lodgings at Bognor (where the Sheridan family had spent the summer), with only the old housekeeper, Martha, for company, his pupil having been hurriedly sent for to attend his father's second marriage with the extremely youthful daughter of Dean Ogle, of Winchester—"a silly woman with a sillier man." Tutor and housekeeper were left behind without money, without supplies, and, what was worse, without any idea as to the whereabouts of either Sheridan or his son, from neither of whom could any letter or remittance be extracted. Deserted in this extraordinary manner, Smyth meditated in his enforced solitude upon his curious position, wondering whether to describe it as tragedy or comedy.

"With the assistance, however, of the screaming sea-gulls, and the waves that broke lumbering and heavy on the bold beach of Bognor, in the course of many solitary walks I made out that it was tragedy. . . . Morning after morning did we see, as we watched at the window together, poor Martha and myself, the heedless post-boy canter by the door on a gaunt steed, that we were likely soon to resemble, and letters he seemed to have for everyone but us—at

every house, some time or other, he stopped, but at our house never. The winter, too, was fast approaching, and our only consolation was that the stock of coals had been luckily laid in ; whether paid for or not was not our concern ; there they were. And further we thought that we could surely invent excuses enough to prevent the landlord from unroofing the house and turning us all into the street ; which I assured Martha, from my great knowledge of the law, to her visible satisfaction, was the only expedient to which a landlord could in a case like this resort.

“ In vain did I write, letter after letter, to Mr. Sheridan, imploring him either to send my pupil down to me, or let me come up to take care of my pupil. In vain did I represent to Tom the sorrows of the gentle Martha, the melancholy state of the house and larder, and how hopeless, not to say disreputable, would be the catastrophe if, some morning or other, we were found hanging, she at one end of a beam and I at the other.

“ No notice could be obtained for the sufferings of either of us.”

At length, after receiving no reply to an infuriated ultimatum to his pupil's father, Smyth, in a ferment of alarm and anger, posted up to town, where, on his arrival, Sheridan merely expressed great delight at seeing him, and greater surprise at his not appearing before. Soothed by his patron's charm of manner and by his warm reception, Smyth now began to reflect with misgiving upon the violent letter he had written from Bognor, and accordingly begged Sheridan to consider it as unwritten.

“ ‘ I wrote you a letter lately,’ he said, ‘ it was but an angry one ; you will be so good as to think no more of it.’ ‘ Oh ! certainly not, my dear Smyth,’ he said, ‘ I shall never think of what you have said in it, be assured ;’ and putting his hand in his pocket, ‘ Here it is,’ he cried, offering it to me. ‘ I was glad enough to get hold of it, and looking at it as I was going to throw it into the fire, lo and behold, I saw that it had never been opened !’ ”

Soon after the Bognor incident Smyth returned to Cambridge, taking with him young Tom Sheridan, “ a constant source of hope and disappointment,” whose University career he was now to superintend. But whatever influence the tutor could exercise over his sprightly pupil at home was utterly lost in the freer life of Cambridge. Tom at once became the leader and the idol of the fastest set in the place, whilst Smyth's warnings as to conduct and his inducements to study Paley, Euclid, and Adam Smith (the three reigning intellectual deities of Cambridge) were utterly disregarded. In 1806, however, Lord Moira took Tom Sheridan from college to

place him on his staff, and Smyth was at last relieved from the charge of this wayward but affectionate youth, whom he had years before bluntly characterised as fit only to enter the army. With Tom's departure from Cambridge the question of Smyth's payment had next to be solved, Sheridan's sole valuable asset being his lease of the playhouse of Drury Lane.

"As to the father, he gave me bills on his theatre at three months and six months. I asked him whether I might suffer them to go out of my hands or not. 'By all means,' he said, 'negotiate them; I mean no other.' 'Make them six months and nine months,' I said, 'that will give the treasurer more time.' 'The dog will jump at it,' said Sheridan.

"The bills were paid to my brother-in-law [Mr. Johnston], a merchant in the City, who, at the time appointed, would listen to no remonstrance from either treasurer or manager, and would have the money. He and the attorney urged poor Sheridan, till at last 'he declared he would send an express to me, who would not suffer him,' he said, 'he was quite sure, to be worried in this manner.' 'Mr. Smyth has no power over these bills now,' was the reply.

"In conclusion, some person to whom Sheridan had done an important favour stepped forward, and the money was paid. It was paid, as Sheridan's engagements, I understood, generally were, the original sum and a third more for law expenses."

In spite, however, of past disagreements and even (on Smyth part) of open quarrelling, the imperturbable, almost exasperating good nature of the great dramatist enabled the two men to continue on terms of friendship. Sheridan never wholly lost touch with Smyth, for whom he seems to have conceived a genuine regard, and he was greatly affected when, during his last melancholy days of debt and disease, his son's former tutor paid a special visit to him in the hopes of being of service to the dying man of genius. Nor were Smyth's attentions to his old patron by any means undeserved, for with the advent into power of the Whig Ministry, Sheridan had voluntarily offered to obtain for him, through his influence with Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), the very post at Cambridge which he most coveted, the Chair of Modern History, an ample reward for the many trials he had endured in Sheridan's household.

"In the year 1807 Lord Henry Petty gave me the professorship of Modern History. Now it happened that, of the posts and places at the disposal of the Government, this was the only one that could have suited me. I could not have gone through the duties of an

official situation at home ; I never could acquire a foreign language, and could not have undertaken any diplomatic situation abroad. I was left in my college cell, undisturbed in the enjoyment of such pleasures as I have mentioned. My eyes, as I grew older, grew stronger. I could read enough to prepare my lectures, my situation was honourable and not burdensome, and I have lived a cheerful life."

Smyth now prepared to settle himself down a second time to the life of academic *otium cum dignitate* that his soul loved. Although compelled to resign his fellowship in 1825 (when his succession to the family property in Cheshire at his father's death brought him within the rather absurd rule of his college against the holding of real estate by its fellows), the Professor continued to reside in his old quarters. The talk of the common-room of Peterhouse, the quiet of the libraries of Cambridge, and the cultivated society of the University town were exactly suited to his taste. Admirer of women as he always was, whether beautiful or intellectual, the weekly musical parties which Smyth gave in his college-rooms invariably contained a strong female element, amidst which shone conspicuous the Professor's two chief friends, Miss Cotton, of Madingley, and Mrs. Frere, of Downing, "who taught not only me, but all the tenants of these academic bowers, the value of elegant accomplishments and the delights of polished society." Nevertheless, in spite of his keen appreciation of the fair sex, with whom he was always an immense favourite, Smyth never married, his protestations of love being confined solely to his verses. Like his more famous countryman and contemporary, Tom Moore, Smyth was fond of singing his own compositions at these social gatherings to audiences that never failed to applaud the performer. Smyth had, in fact, a passionate fondness for music, a somewhat rare trait in a professor of the old school, which he was all the more free to indulge owing to the weakness of eyesight that prevented reading or writing after daylight had departed, thus compelling him to resort of an evening to the society of his fellow-creatures in lieu of his books. Even in his young days Smyth had been compelled to charter the services of a reader, whose welcome step upon the college staircase used invariably to draw from the Professor the quotation from Mickle's old ballad :

"His very step has music in 't
As he comes up the stair."

Popular with both young and old, Smyth thus passed forty years in Cambridge, his musical parties and his literary breakfasts ranking

amongst the chief social features of University life. His lecture-room was always well attended, and positively overcrowded on the many occasions when the Professor was expected to enlarge upon the virtues and misfortunes of his favourite heroine, Marie Antoinette, when the romantic old lecturer, himself forming a connecting link between the generation that remembered the passing events of the French Revolution and the one that he instructed, was wont to break down and weep aloud before his audience. Smyth could certainly never have been included in Burke's sweeping list of sophists, economists, and calculators, for the spirit of antique chivalry still survived in the white-haired, tender-hearted Professor, although his University had always borne the reputation of despising lost and unpopular causes. Grown feeble with his burden of four-score years, Smyth at last retired—one can imagine with what bitterness of regret—from his adored and adoring Cambridge, with which he had been so closely connected for upwards of sixty years. Nor did he long survive this voluntary uprooting and breaking of old ties, for two years later, in 1849, he died in his brother's house at Norwich, where a stained-glass window and a singularly ugly monument in the nave of the cathedral serve to perpetuate his memory. This last tribute of appreciation from the pen of his youngest and favourite brother, the Rev. Thomas Scott Smyth, Fellow of Oriel College and Vicar of St. Austell, who edited several of the Professor's works, may be given here, as it fairly expressed the general sorrow felt in Cambridge and elsewhere for the loss of a beloved and honoured teacher, who was at once gentle, witty, kindly, and learned:—

“Everyone seemed to honour him and to respect and love him, and was ready to show kindness and attention, for his sake, to those who were nearly related to him. He had a happy life, and he deserved it—for he was always ready to promote the happiness of others. As a Whig of the old school, he had settled political and moral principles, and through life he fearlessly and consistently acted upon them. He had a sublime view of religion—not the religion of mere formularies and creeds, but that which exercises over itself constant self-control and manifests its love of God by its love to its fellow-creatures.”

Regarding Smyth from the literary point of view, I have already stated that his historical works have fallen into disuse, though it is quite possible that the writings of a scholar who was conversant with the various stages of the French Revolution may yet come to be considered of increased interest, if not of actual value, as the contribution of a contemporary historian, who tried, even if he did not

succeed in the attempt, to write impartially. But as to his poetry—and verse in certain cases is said to be less perishable than prose—who nowadays ever sees a copy of the Professor's "English Lyrics," which were so warmly praised on their appearance by the "Edinburgh Review"?

"Their author is a writer of great taste and sensibility, who always expresses kind and generous feelings with an air of such natural delight that it is impossible for his readers not to love the man as much as they admire the poet. His songs do not speak the language of passion like those of Burns, nor of voluptuousness like those of Moore; but they are full of true and natural feeling, often exquisitely tender, sometimes light and playful, and always elegant and graceful."

The same Review declared the following verses as "never excelled by Moore," and though the Irish poet was extremely indignant at the comparison, and most unfairly accused Smyth of plagiarism, yet the poem is certainly strongly reminiscent of the spirit of the "Irish Melodies":—

"Pass round the bright wine, for my bosom is gay,
The night may have sunshine as well as the day;
Oh! welcome the hours when dear visions arise
To melt my kind spirit, and charm my fond eyes;
When wine to my head can its wisdom impart,
And love has its promise to make in my heart;
When dim in far shade sink the spectres of care,
And I tread a bright world with a footstep of air.

Yes, Mirth is my goddess—come round me, ye few
Who have wit for her worship, I doat upon you;
Delighted with life, like a swallow on wing,
I catch every pleasure the current may bring;
The feast and the frolic, the masque and the ball,
Dear scenes of enchantment! I come at your call;
Let me meet the gay beings of beauty and song,
And let Erin's good humour be found in the throng.

If life be a dream, 'tis a pleasant one, sure,
And the dream of to-night we at least may secure:
If life be a bubble, though better I deem,
Let us light up its colours by gaiety's beam.
Away with cold vapours! I pity the mind
That nothing but dulness and darkness can find;
Give me the kind spirit that laughs on its way,
And turns thorns into roses, and winter to May."

Parenthetically, it may be remarked here that the good Professor, although all his life a water-drinker and a confirmed but most respectable old bachelor, invariably grows convivial and amorous in his verse, singing the praises of wine and women in the Anacreontic strain that was so fashionable at this period.

The next piece, entitled "The Soldier," which is included in that once popular anthology, Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry," is perhaps Smyth's best attempt in this style of writing :—

“ On comes the foe—to arms ! to arms !
We meet—'tis death or glory,
'Tis victory in all her charms,
Or fame in Britain's story.
Dear native land ! thy fortunes frown ;
And ruffians would enslave thee !
Thou land of honour and renown,
Who would not die to save thee?

'Tis you—'tis I—that meet the ball !
And me it better pleases
In battle with the brave to fall,
Than die of cold diseases ;
Than drivel on in elbow chair,
With saws and tales unheeded,
A tottering thing of aches and care
No longer loved, nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
Thine eye with fire is streaming ;
And o'er thy cheek—thy looks—thine air
Health sits in triumph beaming ;
Thou, brother soldier, fill the wine,
Fill high the wine to beauty,
Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.”

Here the first two stanzas are really spirited in their martial sentiment and their swinging metre ; but, alas, the third verse sinks to the commonplace level of nearly all Smyth's productions. We turn indeed over the volume with its numerous poems to Lauras and Julias, to Kathleens and Emilys, in the vain hope of finding some original thought worthy of record ; all its contents are easy, graceful, rhythmical, but all appear hopelessly insipid. They are all, in fact, occasional pieces for which the occasions have long passed away ; they are withered roses to which there clings no perfume. Of the more ambitious efforts, the critic of to-day will instinctively recoil

from the turgid Inaugural Ode, written for the installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of Cambridge University in 1811, and set to music by the author's friend, Dr. Hague ; whilst in the two "Elegies to Wisdom," once greatly admired and quoted with effect in Cambridge lecture-rooms, the modern reader will perceive nothing but a feeble imitation of the master-elegy of Gray :—

“ Beside this russet heath, this forest drear,
That strews with yellow leaves the moisten'd plain,
Here, where the green path winds, O Wisdom ! here,
Did once my darling lyre to thee complain.

.

Returning seasons since have passed away ;
Oft has the spring with violets deck'd the vale,
The bee oft hummed along the summer day,
And the lake darken'd in the winter's gale.”

Here, truly, are the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration ! It is strange to observe how closely a writer and scholar of taste like Smyth could unconsciously approach parody, and how easily a past generation could be induced to admire such trite, soulless versification. Of more interest than these elaborate pieces is the epitaph on the unhappy boy-poet, Henry Kirke White, almost as completely forgotten by the present generation as Smyth himself. The Professor, it would seem, was invited to write this eulogy of the dead poet (whom in life he had often befriended during his short college career) by the American traveller and botanist, Francis Boott, who, on reading Southey's account of Kirke White's poverty, struggles, and premature end, had visited Cambridge with the special object of erecting a lasting monument to the ill-starred genius :—

“ Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame
To Granta's bower the youthful poet came ;
Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed ;
But worn with anxious thought the flame decayed :
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr-student faded and expired.
O genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost, 'midst duties too severe !
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and showed what WHITE had been ;
Nor told in vain. Far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came and sought the poet's grave ;
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.”

It is indeed both curious and unfortunate that William Smyth, "the sweet lyrical of Peterhouse," with natural talents so highly cultivated, should not have left behind him more enduring work than his "English Lyrics," and that the claim of such a kindly, popular, and interesting personality to literary remembrance should rest in the present day almost solely on a little volume of anecdotes which was written merely to amuse a private circle of friends.

H. VAUGHAN.

THE ROMANCE OF A SONNET.

THERE is a book yet to be written which should be the greatest of "true story books" to those who "need must love the highest when they see it," and its name should be "The Romance of Poetry." There will be told, not the lives of the poets—that would be an encyclopædia of biography, and not a book—but the private history of the great poems of the world, how they were written, and why, and who or what inspired them. All the great passions of human nature will be found within its covers, for of all types of men the poet is the most susceptible to joy and sorrow, despair and rage, rapture and love. His moods, unlike other men, are pictured in his works; not even his brother-artists in music and painting so clearly betray their inmost thoughts and feelings. Romance flows through the whole history of poesy, as if it were the life-blood of its veins. We should read in that book, for instance, of Camoens, whose unrequited love destined him to the wanderings of which the "Lusiad" was the outcome, and how he swam from his wrecked ship, losing all that he had in the world, but carrying his precious poem in his bosom; or again, we should see Alan Chartier sleeping on the terrace, and the fair Queen of France, Louis XI.'s unhappy spouse, stooping to kiss the lips that had given the world such honeyed music. There we should find the sad story of André Chenier, the French Keats, sent to the guillotine for his royalist sympathies at the early age of thirty-two; and read how he struck his forehead sadly as he passed through the streets in the fatal cart, saying to himself, "And yet there was something there! . . ." Of Keats himself there is that last sad scene, when the vessel that was conveying the young consumptive to his death in Italy, being tempest-tost in the Channel, set the voyagers ashore for a few hours' rest on the Devonshire coast. The young poet, returning revived, took his volume of Shakespeare and wrote on the fly-leaf his own last poem, beginning, "Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art"—the sonnet, be it remembered, ending with "death." There should be recorded the devotion of Petrarch for the heroine of his life and poetry, "who

for precisely twenty-one years swayed, living, the current of his life; whose eyes and voice, habitual reserve and exceptional piety, inspired poem after poem, and from whose thrall not even the lady's death released him." We should see poetry as the ruling passion of so many different souls: Herrick, in his forgotten Devonshire vicarage tending his golden apples, and promising himself that immortality which was a hundred and fifty years in coming; Christopher Smart, scrawling his wonderful "Song to David" on the whitewashed walls of his mad-house cell; Villon in his prison, penning his piteous poetic testament to the outer world; Lovelace, the loyal, cheering and uplifting his soul in the exquisite lyric by which his name is embalmed; Cowper, struggling with the gloom of his morbid religious mania, and fighting in his sane moments the fear of hell with the love of poetry. What a series of great and touching pictures the true history of the poet's heart would give us! Who that has read of it can forget Rossetti, laying his poems on his dear wife's breast as she lay in her shroud; or fail to be impressed with the might of the great Frenchman, twenty years an exile, who, with his indignant eloquence, shook and shook again the throne of the usurper "Napoleon the Little"?

Other chapters would sound a softer, gentler note, telling how Love came to the frail young girl-poet who lay awaiting death, and of the beautiful love-idyl which is told us in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese"—how the poet wife pressed the verses into her husband's hands, and escaped, frightened at her own temerity. This episode suggests another, not known to the lover of poetry and its romance, for it is an incident of French life, and the hero of the tale is forgotten, even in his own country. We may thus supply the future historian with at least the outline of a chapter for his wonderful book.

One of the most fascinating periods in the history of French literature is that of the dawn of Romanticism, in the third decade of the last century. Every such movement has its heart, like any other living creature, and this literary revolution was centred at that time in the Arsenal at Paris. Once the home of princes, this war-like building has now the most peaceful of associations, being a reference library, and eighty years ago it was ruled by Charles Nodier, the *littérateur*, one of the most charming and accomplished of men. He was the friend of Lamartine and Sainte-Beuve, the literary godfather of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas, and the fatherly adviser of De Musset, De Vigny, and others musical and artistic, dramatic and poetic, of less degree—for in the "Cénacle,"

as it was called, was focussed the strength of the famous rebellion against sterile classicism. Any account of the delightful evenings of which so many of the illustrious guests have written so lovingly and regretfully would be incomplete lacking mention of Marie Nodier, the charming "daughter of the house," to whom Dumas addressed his "*Femme au Collier de Velours*." From him, indeed, we get the necessary frame for our picture:—

"Those evenings at the Arsenal were charmingly pleasant, beyond the power of pen to describe them. They took place on Sunday, and began at six o'clock.

"Precisely at six the table was laid. There were present the original diners—such as Cailleux, Taylor and Francis Wey, whom Nodier loved like a son; then one or two more, who had been invited; and then anyone who liked to drop in. When once you had been admitted to that delightful intimacy, you went to dine with Nodier as often as you pleased. There were always two or three covers in reserve for chance guests. If these were inadequate, they laid a fourth, a fifth, and sixth extra cover. But woe betide the thirteenth arrival! The unlucky dog was pitilessly exiled to a small table—unless a fourteenth came to relieve the solitary.

"Nodier used to say that I brought him good fortune, because I relieved him of the duty of talking. But if so, I brought ill-luck to the rest of the company; for Nodier was, beyond all question, the most delightful talker in the world. . . .

"Thus did we reach the close of a delightful dinner, at which every incident or accident, except the spilling of the salt, or a roll turned bottom-upward, was treated philosophically; then coffee was served at table. . . . During that delectable moment of Asiatic enjoyment, Madame Nodier would withdraw to light the candles in the salon, and sometimes I, who took no coffee, used to attend her.

"Five minutes after it was lighted up the company entered the salon, Nodier bringing up the rear, leaning either on the arm of Dauzats or of Bixio, or of Francis Wey, or sometimes on mine. . . . Then he would begin to spin one of those charming tales of his youth, which seemed like a romance of Longus, the Greek pastoral writer, or an idyl of Theocritus; or else he would develop some dismal drama of the Revolution, either a battle in La Vendée, or an execution on the Place de la Révolution. . . . Then Marie Nodier, without saying a word, would sit down at her piano, and all at once a shower of notes burst upon us like the prelude to brilliant fireworks, and those who played cards took their places at the tables.

"Marie would sing us the songs of Lamartine and Victor Hugo,

set to music by herself ; and in the midst of that delightful melody the sudden flourish of a *contredanse* sent every gentleman in quest of a partner ; and a ball opened at once.

“ Oh ! while I am reminding you of those happy days, say, do you remember Fontenay and Alfred Johannot, those mask-like faces always so sad amid our gaiety and laughter—for there is in those who are doomed to die in their youth always a presentiment of their fate? Do you recollect Taylor, in his corner so still and quiet, dreaming of some new voyage, which should enrich France with a Spanish picture, a Greek *basso-relievo*, or an Egyptian obelisk? Do you remember Vigny, who at that period still deigned to mingle with other men? Do you recollect Lamartine, as he stood before the hearth, casting ‘as it were at our feet his melodious verses, with Hugo looking on and listening as Eteocles might have looked at Polynices with the smile of equality on his lips ; while Madame Hugo, playing with her beautiful hair, reclined upon the sofa, as if sinking beneath her weight of glory that she carried? ”

As we have said, Marie was the musician of this literary salon, and the clever young girl frequently composed settings for De Musset’s lyrics, drawing from the young poet the complimentary acknowledgment :

Il est heureux, celui dont la pensée
Qu’elle fut de plaisir, de douleur ou d’amour
A pu servir de sœur à la vôtre un seul jour,
Son âme dans votre âme un instant est passée.

(Blest is he whose thoughts of joy, sorrow, or love have found a sister in yours, even for a day : whose soul for a moment has passed into your own.)

In his “ Réponse à M. Charles Nodier ” the same poet describes one of these delightful soirées, and recalls the charming hours when

There, like a coquettish little fairy,
Our Marie,
Shone like a little cornflow’r sweet
Midst the wheat.
Stained by her busy quill, one sees
O’er the keys
Her nimble fingers oft went springing,
And singing.¹

¹ La tête coquette et fleurie
De Marie,
Brillait comme un bluet mêlé
Dans le blé.

Tachés déjà par l’escritoire,
Sur l’ivoire
Les doigts légers allaient sautant
Et chantant.

But there was another guest at these famous soirées, a young and unknown poet, Félix Arvers by name, who had just finished a brilliant scholastic career. Unlike Dumas and De Musset, who found in their patron's child a charming and clever young friend, the youth became secretly, hopelessly in love with Marie—hopelessly, because she was already betrothed to M. Mennessier, and in due season married him. The girl, as one will easily understand, took full advantage of her unique opportunities, and every one of the brilliant company that frequented the Arsenal contributed to her album, for “albums” were even then the craze. Arvers paid his debt to his young hostess by writing a sonnet in the book on the very day of her marriage—a sonnet the beauty of which we have done our best to reproduce in the following free translation :—

My soul its secret hath, a secret dear,
 A love immortal, in an hour conceived :
 A hopeless love, for which I long have grieved
 In silence, for she must not see or hear.
 Our souls dwell so apart, although so near,
 She has not seen, or seeing, not believed ;
 Naught having dared to ask and naught achieved
 I shall go hence—unshriven by a tear.
 For though God gave her such a tender heart,
 Unheeding on her way she passes by
 The voice of swooning Love, that murmurs nigh.
 In her staid life Duty plays Passion's part,
 And reading this, her eyes with tears will fill,
 And she will ask, “ Who is she ? ” wond'ring still.¹

So great was the fame of this sonnet ² that many questions arose concerning it. For a time its authorship was in dispute. This was

¹ Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère,
 Un amour éternel en un moment conçu :
 Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
 Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.
 Hélas ! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,
 Toujours à ses côtés et toujours solitaire ;
 Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
 N'osant rien demander, et n'ayant rien reçu.
 Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ai faite bonne et tendre
 Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre
 Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas ;
 A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle
 Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle,
 “ Quelle est donc cette femme ? ” et ne comprendra pas.

² For the purposes of comparison we may reprint another translation by a famous poet :—

solved once and for ever by Adolphe Racot, of the *Gazette de France*, who visited Madame Mennessier-Nodier over fifty years later in her home at Fontenay-aux-Roses. She was then active and well, looking not a day more than fifty; her talk was witty and full of pleasant memories of the past. And there, in the treasured album of her childhood's days, amongst other verses penned by all the famous poets of her day, was the sonnet and autograph of Félix Arvers.

In the same year as it was written the poem appeared in a volume of verses by the author entitled "Mes Heures Perdues." There it was christened "Sonnet imitated from the Italian," and some years after an Italian version was produced which proved one or the other to be a mere translation. But as the Italian version could never be shown to have been written previous to Arvers's, there is little doubt that it was merely a clever imitation. Like Mrs. Browning with her "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the title—which did not appear in Madame Mennessier-Nodier's album—was simply a blind. There was, however, a reason for suggesting an Italian source. Some bookman later discovered the sonnet's origin in the following passage from the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso :

. . . Ei che modesto è sì com' essa è bella,
Brama assai, poco spera et nulla chiede,
Nè sa scoprirsi, o non ardisce ; ed ella
O lo sprezza, o nol vede, o non s'avvede.
Così finora il misero ha servito,
O non visto, o mal noto, o mal gradito.

[As modest a lover as his mistress is fair, he longs greatly, hopes little, and asks nothing, neither knowing how to tell his love nor daring to do so. She for her part, sees naught of his trouble, or seeing, disdains it. Thus the unhappy one's love is unknown to her, or maybe misjudged or disdained.]

My soul its secret hath, my life too hath its mystery,
A love eternal in a moment's space conceived ;
Hopeless the evil is, I have not told its history,
And she who was the cause nor knew it nor believed.
Alas ! I shall have passed close by her unperceived,
For ever at her side and yet for ever lonely,
I shall unto the end have made life's journey, only
Daring to ask for naught, and having naught received.

For her, though God hath made her gentle and endearing,
She will go on her way distraught and without hearing
These murmurings of love that round her steps ascend,
Piously faithful still unto her austere duty,
Will say, when she shall read these lines full of her beauty,
"Who can this woman be?" and will not comprehend.

LONGFELLOW.

A third question arises : Who was the heroine of the sonnet ? In fact, there is no direct evidence to show. The point was argued by the bookmen, and some maintained that the lady was Madame Victor Hugo. But the fact that the poem was written in Marie's album, and on the day of her wedding, should go far to convince those who have any knowledge of the workings of the human heart that it was Nodier's daughter whom the unhappy man loved.

One of the poet's early friends, Sainte-Beuve, wrote of him tenderly thus in after years :

"A last reminiscence of one of my old friends, or rather of one of the acquaintances of my youth : Félix Arvers, who has not always aimed very high in his art, and certainly has not fulfilled the hope of his brilliant youth, having wasted his talents in trivial pursuits of pleasure, has had at least one great stroke of fortune—he was once possessed with a true, deep, spiritual passion, and voiced it in a superb sonnet. It is not one of those clever, powerful, finely fashioned verses such as S—— knows how to make ; it is tender and chaste—a sigh of Petrarch is embalmed in it. If Arvers has sinned greatly he may be pardoned much for that one poem."

It would seem as if this sudden hopeless passion was the fatal turning point in the young poet's life and career. Till then he had been regarded as a rival to De Musset (with whose life, character, and talent he had much in common), but henceforth Arvers gave himself up to a wild and immoral life, wasting his talents, his patrimony, and his health in writing foolish plays, and associating with the undesirable actors and actresses who performed them. A species of disease, seemingly locomotor ataxy, eventually killed him in the prime of life, and he left nothing behind him to be remembered but the sonnet in which he had, so to speak, concentrated all the strength and sorrow of his soul. Until then he had other more worthy and saner hopes.

I often had dreamed of the sweetness of home,
A haven to which the heart, storm-tost, opprest,
Might find in the end, when too weary to roam,
A last day of peace, of contentment, and rest.¹

But soon after the marriage, so happy a day for her he loved, so sad a day for him, he wrote :—

¹ J'avais toujours rêvé le bonheur en ménage,
Comme un port où le cœur, trop longtemps agité,
Vient trouver à la fin d'un long pèlerinage
Un dernier jour de calme et de sérénité.

A wakening sad, with old memories rife,
Has stripped all the happy, false hopes from my life—
Has shadowed that life, swept it bare with a breath,
And left my poor heart stricken nigh unto death.¹

These two passages from his writings, and the contrast they present, tell the story of Félix Arvers's life. To many it will seem the height of sentimentality to abandon one's days to sorrow for love of a woman who would never even know of it. But the strange breed of souls known as poets are not as other people, and it is best to take Tennyson's words for our guidance in thinking over Arvers and his wasted life :—

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit ;
Vex not thou the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.

HARRY A. SPURR.

¹ Une triste clarté, de longs regrets suivie,
De ses illusions a dépouillé ma vie ;
Elle a flétri ma joie, et n'a plus rien laissé
Dans le fond de mon cœur profondément blessé.

ITALIAN LEGENDS
OF THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST.

IN the East allegory and parable abound. The Holy Scriptures themselves testify how these were a common method of inculcating grave lessons to the careless by readily arresting their attention. Now, though lessened, the practice still obtains ; and so far south as Italy deep truths are even now sometimes touched upon in this lighter garb. Though many of the treasured stores of legends to be found in every Italian province have never been reduced to writing, but are the heirlooms of generations of grandmothers, and often border on and even overstep the limits of reverence, still most of them have their origin in a deep truth, and can teach salutary lessons. They are the property of the poor, the lowly, the illiterate, and the ignorant ; their phraseology is crude and rough, but the truths they illustrate are among the mysteries of our faith.

It has seemed to me worth while to transcribe a few examples gathered from many sources, and in most instances I have retained their unpolished diction, not changing the words in which they are wont to be related, though much local phraseology necessarily loses by the translation.

The story of lupins is common throughout Italy. At every street-corner are to be seen vendors of these bright-golden-coloured, round beans, the size of a threepenny-bit. They are soft, having been previously boiled, and go by the name of *spassa-tiempì* (time-killers). There is not a street-urchin or idler too poor to indulge in a soldo's worth of this favourite dainty, eating the bean and throwing away the husks as he walks along ; a workman will often add a handful of them to his frugal mid-day meal of dry bread and raw fennel, tomato, or onion.

The story relates how once there was a man who was poor, so poor that he had only got a handful of *lupini* for his sole meal ; as he went along, dropping the empty husks one by one, his heart was

filled with bitterness and repining, and he was full of self-pity, deeming himself indeed the poorest and most ill-used of mortals. After a while he became aware of a shadow following him, and, looking back, he saw another man who was picking up the husks he had dropped, esteeming himself fortunate to feed even on these. And thus he learnt that there were others worse off than himself, and in a rush of shame and self-abasement he turned and shared the remaining lupins with his poorer brother, feeling himself rich in that he was not so poor but that he could yet minister to another.

In Rome the reverence due to old age is inculcated by the following : When our Lord was on earth, He one day saw a young man disputing with an old man at the door of the Temple, asserting his right to enter first. The Master, having heard what was going on, touched him, saying : "Since you desire to go in first, you must accept the attributes which entitle you to do so," and in that moment the young man was turned into a feeble, tottering, white-haired old man, while he whose age had been treated with disrespect was invested with the other's youth as a compensation for the insult he had received.

It is, however, in Southern Italy that the greatest mine of wealth in legendary lore awaits the inquirer. It is worthy of note that in nearly all these quaint stories St. Peter plays the chief part, often not to his credit—a strange fact when we reflect on the high place the "chief of Apostles" holds in the Romish Church.

The Abruzzi owns the following : The disciples were one day very hungry, having had no food, and walked many miles. As they passed a flock of sheep, St. Peter said to the shepherd : "Good man, give us something to eat." The shepherd gave them a lamb. It fell to Peter to cook it ; he made a sauce of herbs, the smell of which was enough to recall the dead to life ! Meanwhile Peter felt faint with hunger, but he knew if he touched any portion of the lamb it would be discovered. As he said to himself : "I cannot touch the legs, because they saw the lamb skipping about ; I dare not meddle with the head, for they heard the lamb bleat ; but how can they know what is inside ? I will eat the heart" ; and he ate it. At table the Master said : "And where is the heart ?" St. Peter answered : "Master, a lamb does not possess a heart." "What !" replied the Lord ; "a lamb not possess a heart ? Look ! do you see this ant ? See ! if I open it, you will discover whether it possesses a heart or not ; so if I gave a heart to the ant, why should I not have given one to the lamb ?" St. Peter grew as red as a *peperone* with shame, confessed his sin of gluttony, and received the Master's forgiveness

Again : it was in summer, in the month of July. Every now and then, in their journeyings, the way of the Master and His disciples lay through fields of ripe wheat. He observed : "Behold ! this wheat cannot be cut for lack of labourers, and we, as it happens, are unoccupied ; should we not do well to set ourselves to work ? We should earn our day's hire, and for several days after not have to go begging." "You say well, Master," they all answered except St. Peter ; for he was not fond of work. Then the Master went to the owner of the field and offered Himself and His disciples as labourers ; the bargain was struck, and they all moved towards the field. Before reaching it the Master said : "You remain here while I go and see how long it will take us." He went on alone, stood in the middle of the field, lifted up His hands, blessed the wheat, and, lo ! it fell around Him ready cut, then gathered itself up into sheaves and stacks. Then He returned to His disciples, saying : "The wheat is gathered ; let us go to the owner for payment." St. Peter asked : "Master, how did You manage to reap so quickly ?" The Master replied, speaking figuratively : "I set fire to it." But St. Peter believed this literally. So they all went to be paid, and the owner of the field said : "How is it possible you can have finished so quickly ?" "Come and see," answered the Apostles. So he came, saw the work was well done, and paid them their just due.

As they proceeded on their journey St. Peter meditated : "Since it is so easy to reap a field, I will earn a few pence for myself.' Lagging behind his companions, he went to the owner of another field, and offered to do the work for a small sum. The owner readily consented. St. Peter then went to the field and set fire to the wheat. From afar the owner saw the smoke, and ran up ; but when he arrived, all was burnt up. St. Peter cried : "Wait ; do not beat me. In a short time the wheat will return in sheaves." But the *padrone* was angry, and beat him almost to death ; then bound him, handed him over to justice, and St. Peter was put into prison. The Master, with the other disciples, passed by while Peter stood at the window behind the bars, calling out : "Master ! Master ! what did you make me do ?" "What have you done ?" asked the Master. "I set fire to the wheat in order to gather it, and now here I am with broken bones. Help me, I pray." "Why, you should have set fire to it with a blessing, *sciocco* (blunder-head)," replied the Master, and, turning His back upon him, He walked on, followed by the disciples, while St. Peter remained behind afflicted and distressed. Meanwhile the Master went to the owner of the field and said to him : "How dared you ill-treat My disciple, and put

him into prison, when he had reaped your field of wheat for you?" "Reaped!" exclaimed the *padrone*; "reaped did You say? You mean burnt." "That cannot be," replied the Master. "Let us go and see." They went, and found the wheat whole and sound, cut and gathered into sheaves. So St. Peter was let out of prison and rejoined the company, but no one could take from him the blows he had received.

For the following I am indebted to Dr. Pitré, who has made an exhaustive collection of the legends of his native Sicily:

It is said that after the Lord had fashioned the world He sent for St. Peter and said to him: "Peter, go down and see what men are doing down in the world." Peter, obeying His Master, went from house to house, and saw that the people were all weeping; and feeling sorry for them, being very tender-hearted, he wept too. When he returned to the Lord, he said: "Master, they are all weeping." "Then the world is not yet right," replied the Lord. After some days He sent St. Peter down again, and he saw that the people were all laughing; so he returned very pleased, and said: "Master, they are all laughing." But the Lord answered: "The world, then, is not right yet." After more days He sent Peter for the third time to see what the people were doing, and he found some laughing and some weeping; so he returned, saying: "Master, there are those who laugh and there are those who weep." Then was the Lord content, saying: "Now the world is right." For in this world there are ever those who laugh and those who weep, because there are joys and sorrows.

Once St. Peter was walking in the country; suddenly he halted, looking into a garden in which were melons, pumpkins, and gourds, with low-growing trees and shrubs. St. Peter could not understand why tall trees should bear small fruits, and low plants large fruits. One day, therefore, he came to the Master, saying: "Master, I cannot understand one thing; it seems to me that You have done all things well, but this one thing appears wrong. Surely tall trees should bear the largest fruits, and low growths the small ones, instead of the reverse, as they do now?" The Master replied: "It seemed to Me that I had done all things well; but since you wish it thus, so it shall be." And He gave the word, and all was done as St. Peter suggested. One day shortly after St. Peter was walking in the fields, and, being very weary, sought the shade of a tree wherein he might rest. At last he espied some walnut-trees in the distance and went towards them. When he reached the trees, he saw that they were bearing enormous walnuts. Lying down in the shade, he soon fell asleep.

On this day there was a little wind blowing, and St. Peter slept soundly in the breeze. All of a sudden a blast of wind shook the tree, and a huge walnut fell right on to St. Peter's forehead; the blow woke him, and he started up, feeling as if his head were broken. "What could it have been?" he began to think, and then said to himself: "After all, the Master was right. Tall trees should not bear fruit of such a size. That is why the wind throws them down, and they wound a poor Christian. Had they been such fruit as the Master first made, they might have fallen, but would not have hurt me." So St. Peter bandaged his head and went off. When he met the Master, he told Him what had happened. The Master smiled, and then said: "Dear Peter, I had done all things well and in proportion, but you thought you knew better; see the result." St. Peter was persuaded, and crept away like a beaten dog, thinking: "I will make no more suggestions to the Master, for otherwise some worse harm may befall me."

When the Master was wandering through the world with His disciples, once being near a palace He sent St. Peter to beg for a little assistance from its owner. A servant stood before the door and refused to let him in, but St. Peter begged and prayed so hard that at last he allowed him to enter, saying: "Pretend you did not see me." When he got inside the house he saw the owner, who inquired what he wanted; but, on hearing he had come to beg, turned him out with violent abuse. St. Peter returned to the Master. Who asked: "What did he say to you?" "What did he say to me? Why, it is a wonder I got out alive!" "Go back, and ask him to give Me a little help for to-night." St. Peter went back. The servant, touched by his entreaties, let him in, repeating the injunction "Pretend you did not see me." When the owner again caught sight of Peter, he drew his sword, and, if Peter had not been quick in escaping, he would have transfixed him. When the Master saw Peter, He inquired: "Well, what did he say to you?" "What did he say to me? God knows how I have remained alive! He tried to pierce me through with his sword." "The will of the Eternal Father be done! Return once more, and pray him to help us." "Master, do You mean what You say? This time he will kill me." "No, Peter; obey and return thither." St. Peter trembled like a leaf, but obeyed. The servant tried to prevent his entrance, but ended by saying: "Do as you like. Only don't let on you saw me." St. Peter entered; but no sooner did the householder set eyes upon him than he let his dogs loose, and they fell upon the poor fellow, and, had he not been quick to save himself, would have torn him to pieces. Nevertheless they did

not hurt him. Peter returned more dead than alive. When the Master heard of this cruel treatment He said: "The will of the Eternal Father be done"; and they went their way. They had scarcely gone half a mile when they heard an appalling noise, and, turning round, they saw the whole palace disappear, for the earth had opened and swallowed it up. "*Gesù!*" exclaimed Peter, "why, in order to punish the owner of the house, should all his servants have been made to perish too?" "Ah! Peter, God's judgments are just." They walked on and on, and came upon a bee-hive. Said the Master: "Take up the bee-hive, Peter. Who knows whether we may not be able to get some honey from it?" Peter took it up, and carried it pressed against his breast. They walked on and on; suddenly he felt a bee sting him. "Ah! uff!"—he just squeezed the hive tighter against his breast; he squeezed and squeezed, till he had killed all the bees. Arrived at a certain point the Master stopped and sat down: "Peter, put down the hive, and let us see what honey it contains." When Peter placed it on the ground, all the bees fell off, dead. "Peter, what have you done?" "Master, a bee stung me; and I could not stand it, so I squeezed the hive, and all the bees died. What else could I do?" "Ah!" said the Master, "do you not remember your own words? Thus it was with the palace. What had the servants transgressed? But, for the sin of one, all had to suffer, because such are the mysterious decrees of the Eternal Father."

Another evening the Lord and His disciples were near a peasant's cottage. The Master approached the man and asked whether he would give them lodging for the night. He consented, and they all went in. Being tired, they sat down to sup, having with them bread and wine. The peasant had three lambs, which from time to time bleated "*Mmle.*" St. Peter, who was always joking, said to him playfully: "These lambs want to be eaten; what do you say?" Then the peasant showed himself to be generous by answering: "It is true that I possess little; but since you and also this my Lord wish to eat them, God's will be done. Things are going badly with me." "Well," replied Peter, "for the present we have supped; but we'll eat them to-morrow morning, if the Master be willing." The Master signified His approval, and said to the peasant: "It is true you have only these three lambs; but who knows but that the Lord will not make it up to you some time?" The Apostles, after having prayed, lay down on some straw and fell asleep.

The next day at dawn they rose, and prepared to continue their

journey. The peasant roasted the lambs, and they all breakfasted together. But while they were eating, St. Peter perceived that they had no more wine. He turned to the peasant, saying: "Friend, have you not a little wine? Ours is finished." "No, sir; the barrel is dry and empty." "Go, and draw a little," persisted Peter. "I do not believe that you have none." The peasant then turned to the Master. "Lord, this friend of yours will not believe that I have no wine. I gave you the lambs, and if I had wine I would give it to you also." "You are right," answered the Master. "Peter, this friend of ours is speaking the truth, and you will not believe him. Now repair the harm you have done." Peter rose and approached the barrel, saying: "Master, may I draw?" "Draw for this once, since our friend deserves it." Peter then drew from the empty cask, and out flowed wine as red as blood, with a delicious perfume.

Peter filled his own gourd and those of all the other Apostles, and made the peasant taste the wine in the barrel. The peasant was amazed. "The Lord giveth to whom He will," said Peter, "and to those who deserve it on account of their good deeds. The barrel, indeed, was empty; but the Lord, seeing your love, has filled it with wine, and blesses it for you on account of the kindly way in which you have treated Him." Then the peasant threw himself on his face on the ground, saying: "Blessed be God, Who vouchsafed me this grace; and may His holy will be done in all things!"

The Apostles and their Master, having finished their repast, rose to depart, and the peasant humbly pleaded: "Lord, will You not leave me a remembrance?" The Master replied: "Yes; take up the bones of the lambs, and throw them out beside the wall of the house." The peasant did so, and scarcely had they touched the ground than they became sheep and rams and lambs without end, which bleated and cried *Mmée, mmée*. "Here is the remembrance," said the Master: "that which thou doest unto another is done unto thee, full measure pressed down and running over. God gives, and God takes away. Blessed be His Holy Name!" Then they saluted each other, and the Master and His disciples departed.

E. C. VANSITTART.

A GREAT BRITISH ADMIRAL.

IN the roll of the English Admirals there is one name which stands apart from the rest : his greatest deeds were done under foreign flags ; the enemies who fought successfully against him were not found abroad but at home ; for forty years he was refused the promotion in our Navy which he had brilliantly earned, and not until he was an old man, almost past further service, was the tenth Earl of Dundonald, the liberator of South America, given his rightful rank in our Navy. His life history is one long romance. He was a great sailor, a leader of reform, a clever inventor, and a brilliant author. He had all the gifts of fortune save one—and his restless temper and hatred of authority ruined his career.

The Cochrane family have had an eventful history. One was a favourite of James III. of Scotland, and was hanged by Archibald "Bell the Cat" over the bridge of Lauder, and another led the futile rebellion in Scotland at the time of Monmouth's attempt to seize the English throne ; one was killed in the Irish rebellion in 1641 ; and in the next century another fell in the assault on Louisburgh. Since the eighteenth century, however, the Dundonalds have all been fighters and inventors. Galton could never cite a more striking instance of heredity than the Cochrane family. The ninth Earl of Dundonald served in the Navy for many years, and then retired to pursue his scientific investigations. He is well known to scientific men as the first to discover the illuminating properties of coal-gas, and as the inventor of a method for the extraction of tar from coal. The present Earl of Dundonald is not only known as the inventor of several useful military contrivances, but as the dashing cavalry leader who was the first to relieve Ladysmith. For the last two hundred years, wherever there has been fighting, on land or sea, the Cochranes have been in the thick of it and have always borne themselves well. No British family has reason to be prouder of its annals.

Lord Cochrane, the most brilliant member of this brilliant family, was born on December 14, 1775. His father had so

exhausted his property by his expenditure on his scientific researches that it was with the utmost difficulty his children were educated. In spite of their poverty, however, the Cochranes had a considerable amount of family influence. Sir Alexander Cochrane entered his nephew on the books of his ship as a midshipman directly he attained his twelfth year. This was in order to give the boy a standing on board ship in case he chose a naval career. When Lord Cochrane was seventeen, through the influence of another relative he was appointed an ensign of the 104th Regiment. But Cochrane, to his parents' great disgust, declined to enter the Army. He was bent on going to sea, and we find him in 1793 joining his uncle's ship, the *Hind*, as a midshipman. He had the advantage of serving under a strict first lieutenant of the old school—one of those eccentrics whom Captain Marryat loved to describe; in fact, the story Marryat relates of a midshipman whose sea-chest was too large for the first lieutenant's ideas, and who consequently had the pleasure of seeing the carpenter saw it in two, was Cochrane's actual experience when he first went on board.

At the beginning of his career Cochrane had no reason to complain of the slowness of his promotion. He was made lieutenant in 1796, and after taking charge of several prizes was given the command of the *Speedy* brig with orders to cruise off the Spanish coast. It was about as small a command as could be given to an officer. The armament consisted of fourteen four-pounder guns little bigger than large blunderbusses. A story goes that the *Speedy's* boatswain was asked how they managed to take prizes with such a paltry armament. He made answer that, when they got within fifty yards of the enemy, the order was given "All hands on deck throw stones." The cabins of the vessel were so small that when Lord Cochrane wished to shave himself, he had to remove the skylight and make a toilet-table of the deck. The absurdly named *Speedy* (for its sailing qualities were wretched) soon proved, however, the terror of the Spanish coast. Cochrane captured so many prizes that the Spaniards had to fit out special frigates to watch for him. During his thirteen months' cruise he took upwards of fifty vessels—and burnt as many more—122 guns and 534 prisoners. The crew of the *Speedy* was so small that it was almost impossible for them to guard prisoners; as a consequence they usually put the prisoners they had taken ashore; otherwise Cochrane's record of prisoners would be nearer 2,000 than 500.

Perhaps the best known of the *Speedy's* exploits is the capture of the Spanish frigate *El Gamo*. This vessel had been fitted out for

the special purpose of the capture of the *Speedy*, and Cochrane thought that it would be humorous to reverse matters. On May 6, 1801, they sighted *El Gamo* off Barcelona. The *Gamo* was a frigate of over six hundred tons, carried twenty-two twelve-pounders, eight eight-pounders, and two twenty-four-pound carronades, and was manned by a crew of 319. To meet these the *Speedy* had her fourteen pop-guns and a crew of fifty-four. The fight began by the *Gamo* giving the *Speedy* two or three broadsides; to these she did not reply, for her guns were quite ineffective at that distance. Cochrane tacked to and fro till he gained an advantageous position, and then laid his little ship alongside the *Gamo*. The *Speedy* lay so low in the water that the *Gamo's* broadside could only damage her rigging, whilst the trebly-loaded guns of the *Speedy*, fired upwards, made havoc of the enemy's crowded deck. Twice the Spaniards tried to board the little ship; twice Cochrane sheered off to prevent them, and gave them a volley of musketry. For an hour this continued. But let the gallant sailor tell his own story:—

Our rigging being cut up and our sails riddled with shot I told the men that they must take the frigate or be themselves taken. The doctor volunteered to take the helm; leaving him therefore for the time both commander and crew of the *Speedy*, the order was given to board, and in a few seconds every man was on the enemy's deck. Knowing that the final struggle would be a desperate one, and calculating on the superstitious wonder which forms an element in the Spanish character, a portion of our crew were ordered to blacken their faces, and what with this and the excitement of combat more ferocious-looking objects could not be imagined. The fellows thus disguised were directed to board by the head, and the effect produced was precisely that calculated on. The greater part of the Spanish crew was prepared to repel boarders in that direction, but stood for a few moments as if it were transfixed to the deck by the apparition of so many diabolical-looking figures emerging from the smoke of the bow-guns, whilst our other men who had boarded from the waist rushed on them from behind. For a moment the Spaniards seemed taken by surprise as though unwilling to believe that so small a crew could have the audacity to board them; but soon recovering themselves, they made a rush to the waist of the frigate, where the fight was for some moments gallantly carried on. Observing the enemy's colours still flying, I directed one of our men to haul them down, when the Spanish crew, without pausing to consider by whose orders the colours had been struck, and naturally believing it to be the act of their own officers, gave in, and we were in possession of the *Gamo* frigate of thirty-two heavy guns and 319 men, who an hour and a half before had looked upon us as a certain if not an easy prey.

The *Speedy's* losses in this action were three killed and eight wounded, whilst the Spaniards lost fourteen killed and forty-one wounded, their casualties thus exceeding the entire complement of the *Speedy*.

When the fight was over there was great difficulty in securing the prisoners, for the *Speedy* could only leave a prize-crew of thirty to

control 263 unwounded prisoners. Finally they were driven into the hold, guns loaded with canister were pointed down the hatchway, whilst men stood over them with lighted matches. In this way the *Speedy* brought her prize to Port Mahon. For some unknown reason Cochrane's promotion on account of this brilliant action was delayed, and before he received it the career of the *Speedy* had come to an end. Cochrane had been ordered to escort a mail-packet from Port Mahon to Gibraltar. On the way he saw some vessels at anchor near Alicant. When they saw the well-known *Speedy* they cut their cables and ran ashore. As Cochrane was on convoy duty he had orders not to make prizes, so he went ashore and set the vessels on fire. They were loaded with oil and made a tremendous blaze, which drew the attention of three French line-of-battle ships. The next morning Cochrane found himself in the midst of these vessels, any one of which could have blown the *Speedy* out of the water by a single broadside. He threw his guns and ammunition overboard, and for three hours manœuvred in the hope of escape. By dexterous seamanship he managed for a long time to evade the enemy's broadsides, but at last one better-aimed broadside brought the *Speedy's* masts down, and Cochrane was compelled to surrender. When he went on board the French flagship and presented his sword the captain politely declined to take it, saying "he would not accept the sword of an officer who had for so many hours striven against impossibility," at the same time requesting Cochrane to continue wearing it, though a prisoner. Cochrane was speedily exchanged, and after some delay was made a post-captain.

His request, however, for the promotion of his first lieutenant was refused by Lord St. Vincent on the ground "that the small number of men killed on board the *Speedy* in its action with the *Gamo* did not warrant the application." Cochrane's hasty temper led him to make the incautious retort "that these reasons were in opposition to his lordship's own promotion to an earldom as well as that of his flag-captain to knighthood, for in the battle from which his lordship derived his title there was only one man killed on board the flagship." This unfortunate remark was all the more galling because of its truth, for Nelson with the inshore squadron did all the fighting at St. Vincent, the Commander-in-Chief being merely a spectator. Thus, almost at the outset of his career, Cochrane managed to embroil himself with the First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Peace of Amiens, which followed, released Cochrane from active employment. He was conscious of the deficiencies of his education and entered himself at Edinburgh University as a student.

It was unusual to see a post-captain of the Navy seated side by side with youths at lectures, but Cochrane cared nothing for appearances. Amongst his fellow-students was Lord Palmerston of ever genial memory. But a fresh rupture with France soon drew Cochrane from his studies. In 1803 he made application to Lord St. Vincent for a ship. Not unnaturally he was coldly received. For some time he was refused a ship, and finally was appointed to the command of the *Arab* brig. The *Arab* was a collier which had been purchased into the Service. It was portentously slow and utterly unable to work to windward. As a consequence, Cochrane could reach the French coast, which he was directed to watch, with a favourable wind, but it was impossible to get back again except by drifting with the tide. There was no hope of capturing anything, for the slowest fishing boat on the French coast could show its heels to the *Arab*. Cochrane wrote to the Admiralty explaining that the *Arab* was no use for this service, and that its employment could lead only to shipwreck on the French coast. The Admiralty promptly responded with an order to cruise north-east of the Orkneys to protect the fisheries. As there were no fisheries in the neighbourhood and not even a single whaler was sighted during the cruise, the amiable intentions of the Admiralty were apparent. Cochrane bitterly says: "It was literally naval exile in a tub regardless of expense to the nation. My appointment to the *Arab* was dated October 5, 1803, and she returned to England on December 1, 1804, a period which formed a blank in my life."

Happily, on his return to England, a new First Lord was in power, and, as some compensation for his exile, Cochrane was appointed to the command of the *Pallas*, a new 32-gun frigate. He was also allowed to cruise off the Azores for a month under Admiralty orders. Never since Drake had seized the Spanish treasure ship did a British captain make a more fortunate cruise. In a fortnight he captured four richly laden Spanish vessels. So much booty was taken that, in spite of the fact that the Port Admiral at Plymouth, by a piece of contemptible sharp practice, seized half the spoil, Cochrane's share amounted to seventy-five thousand pounds. The *Pallas* sailed into Plymouth with a golden candlestick five feet high at each of her mast heads. After this cruise, Cochrane never had to press seamen for his ships; every sailor in the Navy was anxious to serve under him. On his way to Plymouth with his spoil, he again showed his presence of mind in emergencies. During a fog he fell in with three French ships of the line. By an adroit manœuvre he gained some miles on his pursuers, and, when night fell, lowered a ballasted cask over-

board with a lantern in it. The light floating on the sea misled the enemy as to his course, and in the morning his pursuers were out of sight.

When Cochrane arrived at Plymouth, he found that a General Election was proceeding. As he was desirous of exposing the abuses of the Navy in the House of Commons, Cochrane hurried to Honiton to offer himself as a candidate for the borough. The electors, however, required five guineas a head for their votes, and as Cochrane declined to bribe his opponent was elected. After the election, Cochrane sent round the bellman to announce that his agent would pay every elector who had resisted corruption and voted for him the sum of ten guineas as a reward for such nobility of character. This raised Cochrane's popularity in Honiton to a high pitch. Those who had voted for him were, of course, well pleased, and those who had voted against him were disgusted with the niggardliness of their member, who was greeted in the streets with cries of "Give us our other five guineas." In October 1806, there was again a vacancy in this pure borough. Cochrane, as before, refused to bribe the electors, but the Honiton voters, mindful of the sequel to the previous election, returned him by a triumphant majority. Then Cochrane characteristically declined to pay any voter even a shilling, and the electors of Honiton had a much-needed lesson given them.

In the interval between these elections, Cochrane on board the *Pallas* had joined the British squadron in the Bay of Biscay. The *Pallas* was for the most part detached from the squadron. During a cruise of four months she captured forty merchant vessels, burnt several signal stations and barracks, and destroyed many forts. The most brilliant action of this cruise was the capture of the *Tapaguisse* sloop from under the guns of a fort in the Garonne. Most of the crew were engaged in the cutting-out expedition when Cochrane saw three corvettes advancing to attack his enfeebled ship. He had only forty men left on board, and, under the circumstances, each of the corvettes was more than a match for him. Cochrane always took the boldest course in an emergency. He immediately made sail and attacked the enemy. He chased them up the river, drove them ashore, and as he had not men enough to seize the vessels he burnt them. This brilliant action, in which three French vessels were destroyed and one fine ship captured, though reported in glowing terms by the Admiral in command, passed unnoticed by the Admiralty; neither prize nor head money was awarded the crew of the *Pallas*.

Soon afterwards Cochrane was sent to Plymouth in charge of a convoy, and, after a leave of absence, which he spent in wooing the mercenary electors of Honiton, he was transferred to the *Impérieuse* frigate. On board this frigate there was a midshipman now as widely known as any of England's Admirals. It is pleasant to find Lord Cochrane in an official despatch calling attention to the gallantry of Midshipman Marryat. Most of the wild exploits, of which every English boy is proud to read in Marryat's novels, were simply truthful descriptions of the almost daily routine of the *Impérieuse*. Some of the scenes in "Peter Simple" are mere transcriptions of her log. Of course, like everyone on board, Marryat adored his captain, and in his journal he relates the one occasion on which Cochrane and his crew differed. The *Impérieuse* was at sea in a wild gale when a young sailor fell overboard. Lord Cochrane was on deck at the time. Some prepared to spring after their sinking comrade, others rushed to lower a boat. Above the confusion and the roaring of the sea came the stern command of Cochrane, "All hands hold fast." The men gazed at their comrade and saw him make one last despairing sign, but they obeyed orders and the poor fellow sank. Cochrane saw that it was impossible for a boat to live, and took upon himself the grave responsibility of letting one man drown rather than many. The men thought his conduct inhuman till they heard that afterwards he wept like a child in his cabin. Marryat says that he never admired Cochrane more than on this occasion. A weak captain would have subordinated his judgment to his humane feelings, but Cochrane was always careful of the lives of his crew. His wild daring was mingled with a strange Scottish prudence. He had a great aversion to those commanders who paraded the number of casualties on board their vessels as a proof of their fighting qualities. "A heavy list of casualties implies an incompetent captain," said Cochrane, and his own record is a strong argument in favour of this statement. His men soon knew that, however desperate an undertaking might appear, Cochrane would not have taken it in hand if it involved a useless expenditure of life, and consequently they would follow him anywhere, blindly confiding in his judgment. On several occasions the Admiralty attempted to discredit his successes by allusions to the few casualties on board his ship. Cochrane replied with biting sarcasm that the list of the enemy's casualties was long enough, and that it was not his duty to throw away the lives of brave English sailors.

The first cruise of the *Impérieuse* was a short one—from

November 1806 to February 1807—during which she was one of the blockading squadron in the Basque Roads. At the General Election in May 1807, Cochrane retired from Honiton, doubtless to the delight of the befooled electors, and stood for Westminster. He was returned at the head of the poll, with Sir Francis Burdett as his colleague. Directly he took his seat he brought forward a resolution with regard to naval abuses. The waste and corruption of the Admiralty at that time were appalling. Amongst other gross cases of malversation—a small one, it is true, but a fair specimen—Cochrane showed the House of Commons that his maternal grandmother was still down in the naval list of pensions as receiving £800 a year, though she had died ten years previously. Even this fact, which could not be contradicted, did not convince the House of Commons that there was any fault in the Admiralty Board. Cochrane's motion was negatived without a division. He then made strenuous efforts to secure that the sailors were paid with some approach to regularity. Some ships' crews on foreign stations had received no pay for five years. But officialdom was again too strong for him, and an obedient House of Commons pronounced the Admiralty system to be perfection. When, however, Cochrane began to give the House details of ships that had been sent from the dockyards in unseaworthy condition, so that the officers appointed to them bade farewell to their friends and sailed away with the certain knowledge of disaster awaiting them, the Admiralty thought that Cochrane was going too far. The supporters of the Government began to demand inquiry into these statements. The Admiralty, anxious to get an awkward enemy out of the way, ordered Cochrane to cruise in the Mediterranean. They thought that he would have to retire from Parliament, but, as his Westminster constituents gave him unlimited leave of absence, he was enabled to take up his command without losing his seat. The *Impérieuse* sailed from Portsmouth on September 12, 1807, and at once Cochrane had an instance given him of Admiralty management. The rigging of the *Impérieuse* was so badly fitted that the masts were nearly going by the board. He asked for a day's delay to refit, but received peremptory orders to leave the port at once. He was therefore obliged to refit his ship at sea in the midst of a wild gale. As a further specimen of Admiralty management, it may be noted that the *Impérieuse* had been sent to sea without a single cartridge on board, and Cochrane had to postpone making any till the masts and rigging had been made secure. "For two days," he says, "we lay defenceless in the Channel, a prey for the most insignificant opponent, till

I could spare hands to hoist the powder casks on deck and make cartridges."

When Cochrane joined Lord Collingwood's fleet he was directed to go to Corfu to relieve the senior officer there. On his arrival he found that his predecessor had been selling passes to the enemy's merchantmen. Cochrane, of course, with his keen hatred of corruption and his even keener love of prize money, soon put a stop to this. For thus interfering with the trade of the *enemy*, Cochrane was recalled as "wanting in discretion." It is evident to students of naval history that, though many of the naval officers were heroes, a considerable proportion were rogues. Nelson's career was nearly ruined because, when he was a young captain on the West Indian Station, he insisted that the King should not be robbed. There was this excuse for captains in the Mediterranean, that, if they took a prize, it had first to be condemned at the Admiralty Court of Malta, and the costs of the Court frequently amounted to more than the value of the prize. It was quite possible to take a merchantman, value some thousands of pounds, but, instead of there being a large sum to divide amongst the captors, the commander of the vessel might have to pay a few hundred pounds to the Court for the privilege of having risked his life in the capture of an enemy's vessel. Under these circumstances the custom of selling passes to hostile merchantmen grew up.

As Cochrane, according to the ideas of that time, was "impracticable," he was given a roving commission with general instructions "to harass the Spanish and French coast as opportunity served." For the next four months he was fully occupied. In that time he captured fifty vessels and destroyed many others. In addition he caused such fear by his night attacks on the forts that the whole Spanish coast was terror-stricken. The coasting trade entirely ceased, and, as the French garrisons in the ports were usually provided with provisions by sea, great inconvenience was caused to the army. Cochrane attacked the coasting trade in a way different to that of the other British captains. As a rule, the English men-of-war stood inshore during the day and offshore during the night, in order to allow the sailors rest. Cochrane reversed matters when he found that the Spanish coasters crept from port to port under cover of night. He stayed out at sea all day, for he knew the Spanish coasters would never venture out in daylight; he made his crew take their rest during the daytime, and at night stood inshore to pick up the prizes.

It was a great relief to the Spanish traders when peace was made

between Spain and England, and Cochrane devoted his whole attention to harassing the French garrisons. His first exploit was to take the Castle of Mongal, which commanded the road between Barcelona and Gerona. As a consequence the French General Duhesme, who was besieging Gerona, had hurriedly to raise the siege and march back to Barcelona. The French convoys marching along the coast roads of Spain were perpetually fired on by the ubiquitous *Impérieuse*, and had to take to the difficult mountain paths, where they were exposed to the attacks of the Spanish guerillas. Soon Cochrane resolved to try the effect of carrying the war into the enemy's country. He began by destroying all the newly erected semaphore stations by which the French kept up communication along their coast. He destroyed all these from the River Rhone to the Spanish border, took innumerable small vessels, levelled to the ground many barracks and forts, and threw the French into such a state of terror that large bodies of troops were withdrawn from Spain to protect the French coast. In the attack on one of the signal stations he discovered a copy of the French signal code. He burnt a quantity of papers so that the French should think the code had been destroyed, and sent it to the admiral commanding the blockading fleet in Toulon. In this way the English admiral was able to read the messages which the French semaphores transmitted, and, without moving from his station, to know the movements of all the French vessels and troops on the Mediterranean coast. He received also the earliest information of the doings of vessels detached from his own fleet. It was said that the possession of this code was worth half a dozen frigates to him.

After harassing the French coast till not a single ship dared move from its harbour, Cochrane returned to Spain. There he found that the town of Rosas was besieged by the French. When he arrived, the commandant of the castle sent him the cheerful message that he intended to surrender next day. Cochrane immediately landed with a hundred men and took command of the castle. He found that the French artillery had already made one large breach in the walls, and that it was past repair. His ingenuity, however, was equal to the occasion. He had a large pit dug inside the walls, and caused a path of greased planks to be made, so that any storming party trying to rush the breach should be irresistibly impelled into a chasm fifty feet deep. The main breach thus made secure—the smaller breaches were festooned with chains covered with fish-hooks—mines were laid all round the castle, and Cochrane waited confidently for the assault. Six thousand men were besieging the town, and

Cochrane's garrison numbered only three hundred. For a long time the French avoided an assault, but at last they attempted a night surprise. At three o'clock one morning Cochrane awoke with an impression that the French had seized the castle. He hastily left his couch, and went the round of the sentries. All seemed well, but he was still uneasy; so, as he puts it, "to divert his mind," he fired a mortar which commanded the path to the castle. The shell fell at the head of a French column which was stealthily advancing, and blew the leading ranks to pieces. In a moment the garrison rushed to their posts, and the French attack was beaten off with great slaughter. Cochrane regretfully tells us that his mantrap had not an opportunity of working, as the French storming party were all killed or wounded before they reached it. The French left fifty bodies just outside the breach, and their total loss amounted to more than five hundred. Cochrane lost three men killed and two wounded. He held out in the castle for a week, but, as the town and the citadel had both fallen into the hands of the French, he saw no advantage in risking his men's lives for the sake of a position which was, from a military standpoint, worthless. He embarked his men, blew up the castle, and left the French to make the best of a mass of shattered ruins. After this brilliant feat of arms, he returned home on leave and received from the Admiralty—not promotion nor even a letter of approval, but a formal complaint that in his last cruise he had used more canvas, gunpowder, and shot than any other captain in the service.

Soon after his return, he received a message from the Admiralty asking him if he would undertake to destroy with fireships the French fleet blockaded in Aix Roads. As Admiral Lord Gambier in command of the blockade had pronounced the scheme impracticable and inhuman, Cochrane at first declined the offer. He pointed out to the Admiralty that, if he, a young captain, were sent to do what Lord Gambier pronounced impossible, he could scarcely expect proper support from his lordship. The Admiralty Board overruled Cochrane's objections, and with great reluctance he accepted the command. He did not fear the task, for in a previous cruise he had surveyed Aix Roads, and he knew that a properly concerted attack would succeed, but he had an uncomfortable feeling that he had been set to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for others—that, if he failed, the blame would be solely his, and that, if he succeeded, the praise would be wholly given to others. The Admiralty gave him a free hand as to material and methods, and Cochrane resolved to attack the enemy by means of explosion vessels and fire-ships. He

had a large brig loaded with explosives at Plymouth, and with several old vessels to serve as fire-ships, set sail for Aix Roads. Admiral Gambier received him civilly, and, though he disapproved his plans, promised him every support. The French fleet was protected by a boom, and the channel leading to the harbour was commanded by a few badly constructed and badly armed batteries. Cochrane proposed to blow up the boom with his explosion vessel, and then to release his fire-ships. He calculated that the French would believe that all the fire-ships were laden with explosives, and, as they approached, would abandon their ships in panic. When the attack was made, his anticipations were realised to the full. The explosion vessel shattered the boom, and the French, without waiting for the fire-ships to come near, ran their fleet ashore in panic. The whole French fleet was aground and unable to defend itself. Cochrane dashed in with his frigate and attacked the stranded vessels. He signalled to Admiral Gambier that all the French vessels were aground and could be destroyed if the fleet were sent in. In reply Admiral Gambier made the signal of recall. Cochrane and the captain of another frigate ignored the signal. They destroyed five ships of the line, and signalled again and again for more ships. The only answers they received were peremptory orders to rejoin the English fleet. In vain Cochrane signalled that, if only the frigates were sent in, he could capture or destroy every French vessel. At last the French returned to man their vessels. The tide rose and some of the stranded ships floated. Cochrane saw that it was impossible for two frigates to maintain a conflict with several three-deckers and the batteries, and reluctantly retreated from the harbour. During this action Lord Gambier's fleet had remained at anchor six miles away. If he had sent half a dozen ships, one of the greatest victories in our naval annals would have been won, but he preferred to let the French fleet go free rather than to admit Cochrane had achieved what his Admiral, in a formal letter to the Admiralty, had pronounced impracticable. Cochrane's crew were furious at the cowardly malice of the Admiral. One old seaman who had served under Cochrane as petty officer, used always to say that Lord Cochrane began the battle at the wrong end. "If he had blown up Lord Gambier's ship first, we would have accounted for the boom and the French."

Cochrane's indignation at the escape of the French fleet was so great that he returned to England at once to have Lord Gambier called to account. Public indignation rose high against Lord Gambier, and that worthy admiral, in self-defence, was obliged

to demand a court-martial. The records of that court-martial are melancholy reading. Gambier's defence for his inaction was that it was impossible for his ships of the line to sail through the channel leading to Aix Roads. Cochrane laid before the Court charts to show that this was perfectly possible. Lord Gambier replied by submitting charts which, despite the fact that all the English fire-ships and two frigates had sailed through it, showed that there was not depth of water in the channel to float even a frigate. The Admiralty were in possession of a captured French chart of Aix Roads which showed the channels and the depth of water in each. Cochrane asked that this chart should be submitted to the court-martial. The Admiralty officials replied that it could not be found. Thirty years afterwards Cochrane found it in its proper place in the Admiralty records, and with it evidence to show that Lord Gambier's charts had been copied from the French chart, but that the depths of water and the directions of the channels had been altered in order to support the Admiral's contentions. In short, an English Admiral had connived at forgery in order to explain his deliberate inaction in the presence of the enemy. A packed court-martial pronounced that Lord Gambier had acted properly, and the Government, being in need of a great victory for political reasons, proposed a vote of thanks to him in the House of Commons. Cochrane attended in his place in the House to oppose the vote. The Admiralty made every effort to induce him to withdraw his opposition. He was even offered the command of a squadron of frigates to carry out his pet schemes of attack on the French coast, but he was the last man in the world to be bribed into silence. When the vote was proposed, he sarcastically observed that Lord Gambier was to be thanked by the House because he lay at anchor six miles from the scene of action ; he was to be thanked because two of his subordinate officers had deliberately disobeyed his orders ; if Lord Gambier had raised a finger the French fleet would have been utterly destroyed. The vote of thanks was carried by a purely party majority, and from that day Cochrane's doom in the Navy was sealed.

The Admiralty immediately ordered him to rejoin his old frigate in a subordinate position. He refused and was promptly superseded. In the House of Commons he continued his attacks on the naval administration, and made himself such a thorn in the side of the Government that they resolved to be rid of him. An opportunity soon offered. Cochrane was in the habit of speculating largely on the Stock Exchange. He was usually associated in his speculations with his uncle, Mr. Johnstone, and two or three other financiers.

His uncle contrived a scheme to raise the price of the Funds by a false rumour that peace had been made. A man in the uniform of a French officer rode from Dover to London spreading the report that the Emperor Napoleon had made peace proposals. The Funds rose rapidly and the conspirators sold out at a huge profit. It may be noted that Lord Cochrane did not sell a share, and that his holding of British Stock at the time was lower than it had been for years. The only thing that connected him with the conspiracy was the allegation that he had provided the sham French officer with a disguise at his London house. This was denied by Berenger, the man in question, and by Lord Cochrane, who gave a full explanation of Berenger's visit to him. The only evidence that told against Cochrane was that of a hackney coachman, who had previously been convicted for theft and was afterwards transported for highway robbery, and who alleged that Berenger entered Lord Cochrane's house wearing a French uniform. This was denied by Cochrane's servants. Lord Ellenborough, a member of the Cabinet and Cochrane's bitter political opponent, presided at the trial, and by deliberately confusing his case with that of the other prisoners (who were undoubtedly guilty), by hampering the efforts of counsel for the defence (he actually made them begin their defence at nine o'clock at night after the court had been sitting twelve hours), and by bullying the jury, contrived to obtain a verdict of guilty. As Brougham, who was Cochrane's counsel, said, if Cochrane had insisted on separating his case from that of the other prisoners, even Lord Ellenborough could not have induced the jury to return such a verdict. Cochrane was sentenced to stand in the pillory, to pay a fine of £1,000, and to undergo twelve months' imprisonment in the King's Bench. The first part of the sentence was not enforced. Sir Francis Burdett announced his intention of standing side by side with Cochrane in the pillory, and the Government dared not give the public an opportunity of showing their disgust at the unjust sentence. But they secured his expulsion from the House of Commons, though an influential minority voted against the resolution. The great constituency of Westminster showed its feeling by re-electing Cochrane. No candidate dared come into the field against him. As Westminster at that time was one of the largest constituencies, and certainly the most intelligent, in the United Kingdom, the action of the Government was emphatically condemned by this election. For some time Cochrane declined to pay his fine, but at last his health gave way under the rigours of imprisonment, and he paid it with a thousand-pound note bearing this pathetic inscription:—"My

health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of my property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice."

The public feeling in his favour was so strong that the £1,000 fine was raised by means of a penny subscription. But not even the confidence of his constituents and the wide-spread public indignation could console Cochrane for the great wrong that had been done him. In England, he was restless and unsettled, and, when the Chilian Republic, then fighting for its existence against the Spaniards, offered him the command of its Navy, he eagerly accepted. In August 1818 he left for Chili and reached Valparaiso in November. In January 1819 he took command of the seven small vessels that formed the Chilian Navy. He spent most of the year in disciplining his men and in vainly trying to induce the Spaniards to fight. But the terror of his name kept them in harbour, and Cochrane resolved to attack on land. The harbour of Valdivia was defended by a long chain of forts, some hundred pieces of artillery, and five thousand men. Cochrane landed with two hundred and fifty men and attacked the fort at the extreme end of the fortifications. As the enemy, driven from the first, were taking refuge in the next fort, he vigorously pursued them and entered with the fugitives. This plan he continued to follow all along the line, and in the course of three hours all the forts, the artillery, and some thousand prisoners had been captured by two hundred and fifty well-led men. After taking this important position, Cochrane turned his attention to the Spanish fleet. There was one fine frigate, the *Esmeralda*, which he coveted. It was anchored in Callao Bay and defended by two batteries mounting one hundred and twenty heavy guns. He resolved to cut out the *Esmeralda* and to burn all the other shipping in the port. As the frigate was directly under their own guns, it was obvious that, if the attack succeeded, the Spaniards could destroy their vessels before it could be towed out of harbour. Cochrane's ingenious mind solved the problem. There were anchored close to the *Esmeralda* a British and an American man-of-war. He conjectured that, directly the firing commenced, both these vessels would hoist position lights, in order to avoid being fired on by the forts. Cochrane made his arrangements accordingly. On November 5, 1820, he led his boats into Callao Bay. The crew of the *Esmeralda*, though vastly out-numbering their assailants, were taken by surprise, and after a sharp struggle surrendered. The forts began firing, the foreign ships of war hoisted position lights, and at precisely the same

moment similar lights were run up to the masthead of the *Esmeralda*. The Spanish gunners, confused by this, and uncertain of the whereabouts of their enemy, kept up an uncertain scattering fire on all three ships—the innocent American ship getting the worst of it. In the meantime the *Esmeralda* was towed out of the harbour. Unfortunately Cochrane was wounded in boarding the *Esmeralda*, and his second in command was lacking in nerve. As a consequence the rest of the Spanish shipping was not fired, and this omission was a great trial to Cochrane. Perhaps, however, the happiest moment of Cochrane's life, in spite of his wound, was when the crew of the British man-of-war manned their yards whilst the *Esmeralda* was towed past and loudly cheered the gallant deed of their persecuted countryman.

The loss of the *Esmeralda* was the death-blow to Spanish power in South America. A few months afterwards Lima surrendered, and there was then no organised force in the field against the Chilians. They began, however, to fight amongst themselves. General San Martin proclaimed himself Dictator of Peru and declined to pay the seamen unless they took the oath of allegiance to him. With great promptitude Cochrane sailed to Ancon and captured a large amount of treasure, which San Martin had deposited there. He paid the seamen their wages, giving General San Martin a much-needed lesson in common honesty.

As Chili and Peru were now freed from Spanish misgovernment and were much more disposed to annoy than to pay their liberator, Cochrane, in 1822, resigned his post as Admiral. He immediately received invitations to enter the service of Brazil, Mexico, and Greece. After some delay he accepted the first-named offer, and in March 1823 was appointed Admiral of the Brazilian Navy. The Portuguese were too contemptible an enemy to trouble him much, and his chief difficulties arose from the disorganisation of his Navy. After two years it was made efficient, the Portuguese were utterly defeated, and the Brazilians showed their gratitude to the foreigner who had saved them by withholding his pay. Cochrane resigned his post, and was requested by the Committee of Greek Independence to take command of the Greek Fleet. But this was too heavy a burden even for Cochrane to bear. There was no money, and the Greek sailors demanded pay in advance. When it was refused, nine-tenths of the Greek vessels sailed away to devote themselves to the more lucrative but less patriotic occupation of piracy. With an utterly inadequate and undisciplined force he could do nothing, and this expedition was Cochrane's sole failure.

The Greeks had agreed to pay Cochrane 57,000*l.* for his services. The funds were embezzled by the Committee, and finally he received 37,000*l.* in Greek stock which was worthless ; the balance was never paid.

Cochrane's feats of arms abroad had been the pride of all Englishmen. A feeling of indignation at the base treatment of the great sailor by the English Admiralty grew up in the country. When the Reform Government came into power Cochrane (now by his father's death the Earl of Dundonald) received a free pardon and was reinstated in the Navy. In the same year he was gazetted Rear-Admiral and presented at the levée. He became Vice-Admiral in 1841, Commander-in-Chief of the West Indian and North American station in 1848, and Admiral in 1851. In 1847 he was reinstated in the Order of the Bath, from which he had been expelled under circumstances of great ignominy thirty years before. During his second term of service in the Navy, Cochrane did good work by experimenting with and agitating for steam propulsion of war vessels. His experiments and inventions were of great value to the Admiralty. When through old age he was compelled to retire, he devoted himself to the production of his famous book, "The Autobiography of a Seaman," a book of such intense interest and of such high literary ability that it adds lustre even to the name of Dundonald. It is dedicated in noble terms to the electors of Westminster, who had supported him for so many years through good and evil report. Unfortunately, this work was left unfinished at his death in 1860. Not till then was his banner of knighthood reinstated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the last wrong the British Government had done him was undone.

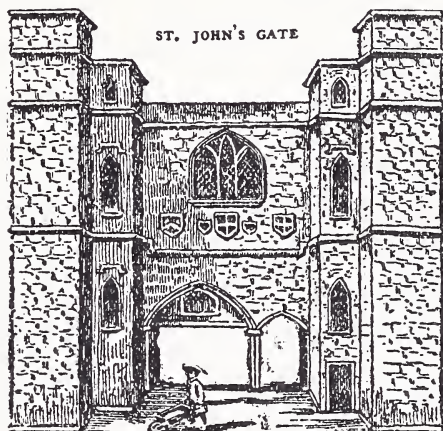
He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and, of the many famous seamen who lie there, we may well say none was more ingenious or courageous than the Earl of Dundonald. His exploits stand high in the multitude of noble deeds in our naval records ; the great wrongs that were done him are the blackest page in its annals. No tomb in the Abbey has a more pathetic interest.

TABLE TALK.

FROM its last corporeal prison my spirit bade you an affectionate farewell. With the passing of 1905 I pass once again through the mystery of metempsychosis which has been my recurrent destiny during one hundred and seventy-four years of subjective reality. The new body I have assumed still fits a little like a new coat, which lacks the comfort and adaptability of the well-worn garment, and is aggressively stiff for the humps and hollows of the study chair. It has rather been shining in all the splendour of the drawing-room, making literary acquaintances in its new environment. The familiar talk over the table has been displaced for the moment for the more formal phrases of presentation. My new body has entered the circle where my old spirit found so many pleasant friends, and hopes to be admitted soon on the terms of conversational familiarity which the old one enjoyed. In its efforts to live up to the traditions of my spiritual longevity it hopes further to have the assistance of all the old contributors to my editorial pages, and of many new ones. And, lastly, it hopes always to deserve the simple definition of my standing in the world of letters—"Gentleman."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE



NEW SERIES

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CONTENTS

(Feb.—June)

	PAGE
THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE	I
THE PEPYSIAN TREASURES	4, 225, 470
SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE GISSING	11
THE ADVENTURE OF THE "MONGOVO GEORGE"	18
THE DAY'S DOINGS OF A NOBODY	27, 150, 254, 374
THE REAL CLAVERHOUSE	32
PROPERTIUS, ELEG. II. 19	48
DAMES AT ETON	49
LEGENDARY LORE IN RECENT FICTION	51
WENLOCKS BARN	95
THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION	100
THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION	101
CAPTAIN JOHN WARD	113
MY SCHOOLGIRL LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO	126
THE DESMOND REBELLION, 1580	136
THE NEW IRISH PEASANT	143
FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN IN SHROPSHIRE	155
THE CASTROS OF LEMOS	197
PALMER'S PRINTING HOUSE	202
A LOST ART	235
THE VOYAGE OF THE "CYGNET"	243

	PAGE
THE RISE AND GROWTH OF THE MEMOIR IN ENGLAND	259
MUSWELL	315
THE FATHER OF ARABIC HISTORY	337
OLD HOUSES AND ODD DREAMS	348
TWENTY YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN CEYLON	356
LEATHER DRINKING VESSELS	363, 484
SOME ENGLISH EARTHQUAKES	379
JOHN SANDERSON, LEVANT MERCHANT	449
THE LAYING WASTE OF PLEASANT PLACES	461
AGAINST SORROW	479
MILTON IN HIS LATIN POEMS	497
ERMINE STREET AND TALLINGDON LANE	537
ENGLAND'S NATIONAL SHRINE	539
CROYLAND ABBEY	541
RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS	53, 164, 277, 390, 512
CORRESPONDENCE	67, 178, 290, 403, 522
REVIEWS	80, 187, 306, 414, 527
SYLVANUS URBAN'S NOTEBOOK	90, 191, 310, 420, 531
LEARNED SOCIETIES	97, 202, 317, 425, 542
SHORT NOTICES OF BOOKS	218, 320, 427
REVIEW OF THE MONTH	102, 205, 322, 429, 543
OBITUARY	105, 212, 330, 439, 551
TYPOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON NEW BOOKS	221
GARDEN NOTES	111, 223, 335, 447, 559

The Gentleman's Magazine

"Laus nova nisi oritur, etiam vetus amittitur."

PUBL. SYR.

EDWARD CAVE (1691-1754), the founder of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, first worked with a timber-merchant and was then apprenticed to a printer, Collins, who sent him to Norwich to conduct the *Norwich Courant*. Returning before long to London, he became a contributor to *Mist's Weekly Journal*, corrected the "Gradus ad Parnassum" for the Stationers' Company, and wrote several pamphlets on current topics. About 1725 he began to furnish country news to a London paper at a guinea a week, obtaining this news by the help of his position at the post-office, where he officiated as "clerk of the franks"; and later he provided London news for the country papers. He was imprisoned in 1727 for ten days for breach of privilege in publishing parliamentary news.

In 1731 Cave purchased a printing office at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, and began to publish THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE OR MONTHLY INTELLIGENCER. The first number, for January 1731, was issued early in February. Cave's aim was "to give Monthly a View of all the Pieces of Wit, Humour, or Intelligence daily offered to the Publick in the News-Papers" (of which no fewer than "200 Half-sheets per Month are thrown from the Press only in London" and probably as many more in the provinces), to "join therewith some other Matters of Use or Amusement that will be communicated to us," and to record the "most remarkable Transactions and Events, Foreign and Domestick." He also gave a table of the prices of the chief stocks and of certain goods in the London Market, Bills of Mortality, lists of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, and a Register (no reviews) of Books. In each number appeared several pages of verse; and to this feature he attached much importance. He did not hesitate to correct his correspondents' verses when he judged the rhymes to be faulty (see his remarks in vol. v. p. 556).

In 1732 he began the publication of Reports of the parliamentary proceedings. The speeches were collected by various persons secretly introduced into the Houses of Parliament, or were sometimes supplied by the members. William Guthrie (author of a "General History of the World") was employed to put together and edit the speeches; and later (1740-1744) Samuel Johnson—Cave's intimate friend—was parliamentary editor. The debates were termed the Debates of the Senate of Lilliput, and the speakers' names were somewhat altered. For reporting the trial of Lord Lovat in 1747, Cave was summoned to the Bar of the House and severely reprimanded. Publication of the debates was then suspended until 1752.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE was the first paper to offer prizes of any considerable value for contributions. Beginning in 1733 with the prize of a few volumes for the best piece of verse, Cave announced in 1734 that he would give £50 for the best poem on Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. The poems sent in were published in an extraordinary number of the magazine.

After Cave's death in 1754 the magazine was taken over by David Henry, a printer, Cave's brother-in-law, who seems to have managed it single-handed until 1778, when John Nichols (of the "Progresses" and "Literary Anecdotes") took a share in it and joined the management.

In 1765 reviews of books began to be given in place of bare lists of titles.

From 1792 to 1826 THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE flourished greatly under John Nichols and his son, John Bowyer Nichols (who had joined his printing business in 1796). One of the chief contributors in the latter part of the eighteenth century was Richard Gough, the antiquarian topographer.

John Nichols dying in 1826, his son, J. B. Nichols, took the management, and in 1833 became sole proprietor. He transferred a share to William Pickering, the famous publisher, but this share he afterwards repurchased. From 1834 to 1850 John Mitford, a scholar of high distinction, filled the editorial chair.

In 1851 J. B. Nichols retired from all active share in the management, and his son, John Gough Nichols, acted as editor until 1856, when they were compelled "by the great age of the one and the want of health of the other to relinquish the chief conduct of it into other hands."

The magazine was then transferred for a nominal sum to John Henry Parker, of Oxford, in whose hands it became largely architectural, though reviews of books and contributions on literary antiquities were still numerous. At the end of 1865 Parker transferred it to Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, and Co., by whom it was published until May 1868, when it was acquired by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who largely modified its antiquarian character. From 1870 to 1905 Mr. Joseph Knight (the genial and erudite editor of "Notes and Queries") contributed the Table Talk of Sylvanus Urban.

An attempt will now be made to restore THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE—which has been acquired by Lord Northcliffe—to the position that it held in the first half of the last century.

The events of the month will be succinctly recorded, and contemporary literature will be reviewed; but much space will be given as of old to literary and antiquarian research. In the preface to the first number Cave remarked that "many things deserving attention" were "only seen by Accident," inasmuch as the information was contained in "loose papers uncertainly scattered abroad." Excellent work is being done to-day by local antiquarian societies; but it still remains true that much valuable knowledge is buried away in inaccessible places and is "only seen by Accident." The new GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE will welcome communications from near and far, and will strive to serve as a *vinculum societatis* for widely scattered groups of workers.

At the end of each half-year a full index will be issued, and it is anticipated that the half-yearly bound volumes will soon be recognised as indispensable books of reference.

A. H. BULLEN.

The Pepysian Treasures—1

ON May 26, 1703, John Evelyn made in his diary the following note: "This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy. . . . He was universally belov'd, hospitable, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially." While we must remember that this is the funeral oration of a friend, it is none the less a just summary of the character, tastes, and accomplishments of Samuel Pepys. Three years later Evelyn himself died, and though he left his name upon a book well known to horticulturists—the famous "Sylva"—his reputation, like that of Pepys, suffered eclipse for more than a century. It was not until 1818 that Evelyn's "Diary" was published, and the value of his record realised. Even then, had a reader chanced on the above passage concerning Pepys, it would doubtless have had little interest for him. Perhaps he might have recalled that Jeremy Collier also praised a man of that name; perhaps he might recollect having seen his portrait. But unless he had chanced to inquire at Magdalene College, Cambridge, Pepys would have been for him a mere *nominis umbra*.

Indeed, in 1818 even the authorities at Magdalene could have given little information about the man who bequeathed to the College—under curious conditions—the valuable "Bibliotheca Pepysiana," which reached Cambridge about 1723 (when the cost of its removal and housing amounted to £117). An inquirer would have learned from the librarian that the library contained some three thousand volumes, including manuscripts, prints, maps, tracts, pamphlets, ballads, and the popular literature of the close of the seventeenth century. It had not been four years in Cambridge before it was visited by one Peter Leicester, a correspondent of John Byrom the poet. Both Leicester and Byrom were in-

terested in shorthand or "tachygraphy." Rummaging in the library, Leicester saw in Pepys's MS. catalogue an entry "Shorthand Collection," but was unable to trace the reference. Whilst searching, however, he lit upon "five¹ large volumes, quarto, being a journal of Mr. Pepys; I did not know the method, but they were writ very plain, and the proper names in common characters. . . . I had not time, and was loth to be troublesome to the library keeper, otherwise I would have deciphered some of the journal." We must suppose that the matter was forgotten by Byrom, who was just the sort of person likely to be interested in an old diary concealed under a cipher. At last, in the spring of 1819, the Master of Magdalene engaged one John Smith, an undergraduate of St. John's, to decipher the whole diary.

For nearly three years, "usually for twelve and fourteen hours a day, with frequent wakeful nights," Smith continued his laborious task. By April, 1822, he had completed the translation of Pepys's three thousand quarto pages of shorthand into over nine thousand pages of his own longhand. In the course of this immense work he met with "three hundred and fourteen shorthand characters, comprising three hundred and ninety-one words and letters, which all had to be kept continually in mind, whilst the head, the eye, and the hand of the decipherer were all engaged on the MS. Much of it was in minute characters, greatly faded, and inscribed on almost transparent paper, very trying and injurious indeed to the visual organs." Many years later he described his task as "unprofitable"!

But to-day we give all honour to John Smith, and all sympathy to his "visual organs," so nobly sacrificed. However little he may have appreciated it, his was a privilege many have envied, and a responsibility many would be eager to take upon themselves. And if he had the additional pleasure of carrying out the whole of the work in the pleasant room given up to the "Bibliotheca Pepysiana," surely he had little ground for complaint.

¹ There are six volumes altogether.

Magdalene College stands on the banks of the river ; and, raising his weary eyes from the "unprofitable" transcription, John Smith could look, eighty years ago, over quiet fields and Camus footing slow past the common. Had Pepys not left his library to his old college, the transcriber's task might have lain in the sombre depths of the British Museum, with the roar of London in his ears : then indeed we might have pitied him.

The Master of Magdalene who had engaged Smith for the task was brother to the Lord Braybrooke of that day, the family being hereditarily connected with Magdalene College. Three years after the conclusion of John Smith's labours, Lord Braybrooke published the result—with large omissions. Admitting in his preface that he has curtailed the MS. materially, he defends the action by saying that his "principal study in making the selection has been to omit nothing of public interest" ; and according to the standards of the day, Lord Braybrooke and his editorial coadjutors did their work well. None the less, it is a well-known fact that successive editions of the "Diary" have included more and more of the original, and that the soul of Samuel Pepys has been more and more fully revealed, until to-day there are few who have not become familiar with him and his wonderful book.

However, we are here concerned only indirectly with the "Diary." To repeat Evelyn's words, "His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable" ; and no one was better aware of that than Samuel Pepys. Witness the great pains he took, not only to form the collection, but to acquire the true connoisseur's intricate knowledge of his possessions, to maintain them becomingly, to house them worthily, to arrange them and catalogue them. In the dark December days of 1666 he was engaged, with the assistance of his household, in the task of ordering his books : "Spent the evening in fitting my books, to have the number set upon each, in order to my having an alphabet of my whole, which will be of great ease to me." And again, a week later : "I to my chamber, and with my brother and wife did

number all my books in my closet, and took a list of their names, which pleases me mightily, and is a jobb I wanted much to have done."

But his library was not complete in 1666; he continued buying books and collecting the floating literature of the day right up to his death. In his will he left minute instructions, directing his nephew and heir, John Jackson (to whom for his life-time the library was bequeathed), to complete certain series of tracts and books, including "the further volumes of my Lord Clarendon's History now under the press." The whole library was moreover to be carefully "compared with its catalogue, and all outlying books immediately lookt up and put into their places"; certain volumes to be bound uniformly with the rest; and Pepys's "arms or crest or cypher to be stampt in gold on the outsides of the covers of every book admitting thereof." Finally, when certain specified and unspecified additions had been made by John Jackson, "with the advice of his learned friends," the whole library was to be "closed, and from thenceforward no additions made thereto"; the books to be renumbered, rearranged, "their placing as to heighth strictly reviewed," and then to remain for ever housed in the beautiful glass-fronted oak presses provided for them.

We may notice in passing that the arrangement of the books by their "heighth," however awkward and inconvenient it may appear to us, was a far more rational method to adopt in those days, when the terms folio, quarto, octavo, &c., really signified a particular size, than it would be with our modern fashion of "off-sizes." Pepys's arrangement in his deep presses was to place the folios and large books at the back of each shelf, generally pushed well home against the back of the press, and occasionally raised on a secondary shelf half the depth of the whole; so that the octavos and smaller books could then be placed in front, leaving the back-lettering of the larger books exposed. This arrangement, which would properly horrify a modern scientific librarian, is undoubtedly economical of space; but its chief and inevitable drawback lies in the fact that access to the back

row of large volumes can only be obtained by the removal of part of the front row of books.

As far as it is possible to judge, John Jackson, the happy legatee, was an entirely trustworthy and competent person, and carried out Pepys's instructions minutely. The present condition of the library is a silent but irrefutable witness to his piety and care. But Pepys had looked forward beyond the death of his nephew: "Could I be sure," he wrote in his will, "of a constant Succession of Heirs from my said nephew . . . I should not entertain a thought of its ever being Alienated from them." This was uncertain; and he was anxious that the library should not run the risk of "falling into the hands of an incompetent heir and thereby of being sold, dissipated, or imbezelled." He therefore drew up a list of his "prevailing inclinations in this matter," a remarkable concatenation of preferences, dichotomised regularly as follows: of the two Universities, Cambridge rather than Oxford; to a private College at Cambridge rather than to the public library [now the University Library]; to Trinity or Magdalene in preference to any other college; and of these two to Magdalene rather than Trinity, "for the sake of my own and nephew's Education therein." Thus the books now rest where their collector wished them to be.

The oak presses deserve a few words. They are twelve in number, eight being placed against the walls, and four back to back in the middle of the room. They are of a handsome design, and uniform in construction. Apart from locks, it would appear that they have required little alteration since they were made, and even the catches fastening the glass doors are said to be Pepys's own invention. We learn from the "Diary" that they were all made by "Simpson the joiner," who did much carpentry for Pepys, "fitting his closet," and putting up chimney-pieces for both him and his wife. On July 23, 1666, the first consultation was held: "Comes Simpson, the Joyner, and he and I with great pains contriving presses to put my books up in; they now growing numerous, and lying one upon another on my chairs,

I lose the use to avoyde the trouble of removing them, when I would open a book." By the end of August, Sympson had finished them, and brought them round to set up in the "new closett." Pepys does not state the number of presses made in 1666, but we cannot suppose the whole twelve were made at once. On January 10, 1667-1668, he mentions only "my two presses."

Apart from the presses and their contents, the ornaments of the room are few, and indeed there is none too much space to spare. Over the doorway is one of Kneller's portraits of Pepys, who seems to have been extraordinarily fond of sitting for his picture, as two or three other portraits by Kneller are known: one by Lely, in the hall of Magdalene College; one by John Hales, in the National Portrait Gallery; and several others. Above the wide fire-place has been mounted the famous map by Ralph Agas, "Civitas Londinum, a Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster, the borough of Southwark and parts adjacent." The only other known copy of this map, which is attributed to the year 1591, and measures some six and a half feet by two and a half, is in the Guildhall Library, belonging to the Corporation of London. This was facsimiled in 1874 by E. J. Francis, with introductory essays by W. H. Overall, and quite recently an excellent reproduction, based on a comparison of the two extant copies, has been issued by the London Topographical Society.

Turning at last to the library itself, we find, as has been said above, that Pepys did not classify his books by their subject-matter, but simply by their size. In a few instances he has actually raised certain volumes on slips of wood, in order to bring the tops level with taller books in the same shelf, and, to aid the illusion, he has stamped the front edges of these stands in a tooled and gilt pattern to correspond to the bindings of the books. Thus it is pre-eminently a library where a reader may pass from language to language, century to century, subject to subject—even from print to manuscript, for the two are mixed indiscriminately. But it comprises something that appeals to each reader; for surely there was never

a library of this size that displayed such catholic tastes in its maker, or such wide interests.

First and foremost in interest and value are the six volumes of the "Diary," or, as he called it, his Journal. Of course, being written in shorthand, they convey little to the ordinary reader, and even tantalise him, as most of the proper names are in ordinary longhand. Pepys was certainly a most neat and skilled writer, and one would scarcely guess from the appearance of the pages that it was written up from day to day. Other manuscripts of his, all in longhand, and for the most part concerned with Parliamentary or Naval matters, corroborate the fact; while the manuscript title-pages, headings, indices, &c., with which he furnished his collections of ballads, plays, pamphlets, and prints, are beautiful examples of the art of handwriting. Caligraphy, indeed, as well as shorthand, "brachygraphy" or "tachygraphy" as it is variously called, seems to have been a favourite hobby with Pepys. He compiled more than one scrap-book of specimens of the art; some of the examples being engravings, of Dutch origin, of "copy-book" apophthegms, adorned with elaborate flourishes and scrolls; and some being pen-and-ink facsimiles of astonishing fidelity. There are also some musical MSS., but it is doubtful whether these are his handiwork.

Here, again, are large tomes full of prints, portraits, maps, plans, statuary, and other subjects. In one volume Pepys has arranged a series representing the Kings and Queens of England in chronological order. In another appear the portraits of the famous men and women of his day; politicians, writers, wits, soldiers, sailors, and a gallery of Court beauties. Some early specimens of the new art of mezzotinting are to be found here; but, from a collector's point of view, Pepys has destroyed much of their value by clipping them close to the engraved surface, and thus removing the imprints and lettering when any such existed. This loss, however, is more than compensated by the immense variety of his collections, and by the fact that Pepys has written the name of the original under each portrait, thus putting an end

Some Recollections of George Gissing 11

once for all to the doubts which have been raised as to the subjects of certain seventeenth-century portraits. There are still some scores of engravings lying loose in the library, which must have been overlooked both by Pepys and by John Jackson.

Of the printed books, one may perhaps give the first place to the Caxtons, of which there are four. A fifth, "The Chastising of God's Children," has also been attributed to Caxton, but is more probably the work of Wynkyn de Worde. All the four genuine Caxtons are, curiously enough, second editions. This, however, does not prevent one of them, "The History of Reynard the Fox," from being unique. First editions of this book exist in the British Museum, the Rylands Library, and the Libraries of Eton College and the Duke of Newcastle. The Pepysian volume was probably printed some eight years after the first or 1481 edition, and the last two leaves are missing, though supplied in MS. The other Caxtons are "The Game and Play of the Chess," Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," and "The Mirror of the World." The last of these is one of the commonest of Caxton's books, fifteen copies of the first edition being known, and twelve of the second.

(To be continued)

Some Recollections of George Gissing

THE book and the author are so much a part of one another that it has become a habit of mind with the lettered public to demand, almost as a right, the privilege of learning every detail, however insignificant, of the lives of their favourite writers. The features of a man's face; the clothes he wears; the food he eats; the wife he has married, and the children he has begotten, are all seemingly matters of vital interest to the readers of his books; and so vulgar curiosity satisfies itself with

illustrated interviews, having neither the patience to wait until his death, nor the good-breeding to respect his very natural desire for privacy. In no author was this same desire for privacy more marked than in George Gissing, while possibly few stood more mentally aloof from their books than he did; even though the earlier works are, in a large measure, autobiographical, and it is by these earlier works, and these alone, that he claims remembrance. It is too early, as yet, to decide what place he will finally take among the writers of the late Victorian school, but, though prophecy is both thankless and unprofitable, it is safe to say that, never a popular author, he will be remembered when the men who outran him in public favour are wholly, and deservedly, forgotten. He wrote, in all, some five and twenty books, and, of these, six touch the high-water mark of excellence in the style that is peculiarly his own—repressed, yet full of power, vivid, though sombre in colouring.

I knew his books long before I knew the man who wrote them; they impressed me deeply, and have influenced me ever since, so that now, in thinking of certain types of character, as in walking down certain London streets, I find it almost impossible to form an independent judgment; but see both men and things through George Gissing's eyes rather than my own. I met him first in Surrey, and for one long summer it was my good fortune to see him nearly every day, to know him in varying moods, and to become his close friend. He spoke to me intimately of the subjects that lay nearest his heart, and I may, without vanity, say I learned to know a side of his character that has never expressed itself in print and was even unknown—if the wholly misleading obituary notices are any guide—to his oldest friends. He was essentially a loving man; a lover of the ideal and the beautiful; a lover of nature; a lover of animals—the old collie now lying by my side was his faithful friend, and remembered by him even in his last illness. The Gissing of the Surrey lanes, and the Gissing of the series of novels that have, with singular inappropriateness, been described as an English *Comédie Humaine*, were

Some Recollections of George Gissing 13

two persons distinct and apart, and it is of the man, rather than the books, that I would now speak. In those long lazy summer afternoons spent in a dream-bound garden, or in the clear starlight nights when we walked through silent woods, or across a heather-scented common, he would talk by the hour, in that golden voice of his : could he but have written as he talked in those rare hours of expansion, his books would have been masterpieces. He spoke much of himself ; not with any hint of egoism, but as friend speaks to friend. He spoke of the early struggles that had bitten and eaten into his soul as a corrosive fluid leaving sores no after-draught of happiness was ever able to erase, for no one resented the insults and humiliations of poverty more bitterly than George Gissing. Shortly before his death, he, perhaps unwisely, broke through the iron reserve and spoke continuously of himself—with garrulity that showed the weakening of mental power so painfully evident in his later works ; and the story of the library that was bought at the price of his dinners, of the tutorship that nearly was lost for lack of a decent coat, and the London cellar where he wrote by the light of a grating continually darkened by the shadows of passers-by, all became public property. But when I knew him he was still proudly reticent, and would have resented any suggestion of an interview as an unnecessary prying into his private affairs.

His horror of poverty seems to have had birth in the disastrous visit to America (made when a very young man), of which he always spoke with almost painful emotion. A short story of his had been pirated in an American newspaper, and thinking he might find a market in the New World, he went to the States, only to be told that editors could “get as much of such stuff as they wanted without paying for it.” Then followed a nightmare of poverty. He travelled for a time with an agent for patent gas-fittings ; the agent did the necessary booming, and Gissing the practical demonstration, going to out-of-the-way country places and seeing an America few English people know. The gas-fitting partnership came suddenly to an end—I forget the exact reason, but believe

Gissing was not smart enough for the business—and after came weeks of misery, when he kept body and soul together on dough-nuts, and learned to know all the hardness of human hearts towards poverty and misfortune. Only once did he meet with sympathy and kindness, and, strange to say, this was in a lawyer's office, where he found an old clerk, in shabby black, reading the Bible during the dinner-hour. The old man did his best to help him, and Gissing never forgot this strange friend, and often spoke of the incident as the one bright spot of colour in his drab-grey memories of America; but it is characteristic of his peculiar sensitiveness with reference to any personal experience that he never attempted to turn it into copy. He realised its value, however, suggesting that I might work it into a book. "Why not use it yourself?" was my somewhat natural question. "Because I never care to put my deepest feelings in print. Do you suppose I have ever drawn my ideal woman for one of my heroines? She is for me, and not for the public."

Another time we were speaking, in desultory fashion, of the arguments for and against individual consciousness in a future state of existence, when I said, "But this does not interest you?" "No," he answered, with almost exaggerated emphasis, "but I am well aware what a loss my lack of interest is to me. It means there is a whole side of human nature I do not understand, and this is why I so often fail to touch my readers' hearts. If I could write a book that recognised the spiritual side of man, where I now appeal to one reader I should then speak to thousands." If he had only been able to make the appeal he would have compared favourably with some of the great writers of the modern Russian school, who paint in quite as sombre colours as Gissing, but relieve the gloom by the hint of a soul hidden away somewhere in their human animals even when they are wallowing in the gutter. Gissing's characters wallow as convincingly as the Russians'—the mud is real, the people are real; but they have no poetry of melancholy, no spiritual aspirations, no suggestion of the soul buried in the flesh.

Some Recollections of George Gissing 15

His chief strength lies in his power of portrayal of a certain type of character to be found in the top mud of the submerged tenth, and not—as is often erroneously stated—in depicting the small vices and lesser virtues of the lower middle class. He draws a cruel character with delicate skill and deliberate finish, and his Clem Peckover in the “Nether World,” is a very effective English rendering of Balzac’s Madame Cibot in “Cousin Pons”: the Englishwoman is coarser in her wickedness and less of an artist in vice than her French prototype, but otherwise the two are identical. Clem Peckover was taken from the life, and was rather under- than over-drawn. “She was a mercilessly cruel woman,” he said once, “or rather she was not a woman but a fiend. And yet she is more true to life than an idealised heroine would be.” Thyrsa—the sweetest and possibly the most convincing of all his women characters—he affected to despise as “a piece of boyish idealism,” but I have my own opinion on this point, and believe it was the only time he ever allowed himself to put in print a sketch, in half-tones, of his ideal woman; the book was one of his favourites, and I noticed that he was always pleased at any allusion to this study of two sisters where poverty, for once, is rainbow-tinted by love. “Demos” was another book he rated highly, and here the realism is more of the Russian than the French School. The description of the girl brought up in semi-refinement, married to the workman who has unexpectedly inherited a fortune and as unexpectedly loses it; the horrors of the *vie intime* in two small rooms, and of the man’s brutal pleasure in humiliating, at every turn, the supposed fine-ladyism of his wife, are drawn by a master hand: Gissing spares us no details, but makes us realise the truth of the picture without disgusting us. In the “Odd Women,” he discusses the problem of the surplus half-educated woman—unloved, undesired, a prey at last to drink through sheer misery—with a force and directness that almost robs it of our sympathy. He was an artist who painted an absolutely true picture (in the sense in which Hogarth’s pictures are true) of London life

in the late Seventies and the Eighties. Himself a North-countryman, he was by adoption a son of the great city; he loved her, hated her, and knew her through and through. His descriptive powers are best when he is depicting atmospheric effects in London streets—as the flood of golden sunshine in “The Day of Silence” (“Human Odds and Ends”) or the rainy night in the opening chapter of “The Unclassed.” And yet he loved the country, and the scent of a Surrey lane or the shadow of Devon woods was dearer to him than to many a man who has made a fortune by writing about them.

The influence of his early life never left him, and I often wonder what would have been the effect on Gissing the writer, if Gissing the man had served a less cruel apprenticeship when learning the trade of letters. Poverty had been his mistress: she had sat on his knee until he knew every line of her ugly face; to the day of his death, the horror of her never left him. He has been accused of a want of idealism, but it was in the poverty of the ideal, and not in the lack of it, that his real weakness lay. His grim mistress had taught him that a man's ambition should be limited to a modest income, an abundance of good food, and an easy life. On this modest income he insists until we weary of it, and feel, by the side of this grey-toned gospel of moderation, that the rank poverty of the “Nether World” seems bright-hued in comparison, with its primitive human passions and its handsome Clem Peckover. As he himself said, the wider interests, the longing of the spirit for the unattainable he did not understand—

“Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?”

—Gissing's reach and grasp were identical, and he knew this better far than did his critics, great or small. I well remember when he made a bid for popularity with the “Town Traveller,” he asked me, as a personal favour, not to read it, giving as his reason, “You like my books.” I disobeyed him—and understood. It was then the old Gissing died, and a new man took his place who does not

Some Recollections of George Gissing 17

come into these recollections except in reference to the series of papers, "By the Ionian Sea." Those sketches he told in wonderful fashion, sitting in a little hedged-in Surrey garden on windless starbright nights, and holding a small audience of three spell-bound with the charm of his voice. I know they made a good book, but have preferred to keep the memory of them as something distinct and apart, and so have never read it. As a conversationalist, Gissing was a delightful surprise to those who only knew him from his books. Given the right setting and the right audience, he would astonish by his brilliancy and the absence of the note of reasoned despair that makes itself heard in all his serious writing. It is as a serious writer that he will be remembered; as the man who knew the life of the London poor in all its bitterness, and wrote with a depth of knowledge many an earnest philanthropist struggling to grasp the social problem might well envy.

His best work was done in the days of his youth—"The Nether World," "New Grub Street," "Demos," "The Unclassed," "The Odd Women," and that very remarkable collection of short stories, "Human Odds and Ends"; a wonderful output for a young man, but yet not one of them recalls the man himself, to those who knew and loved him. He was better than his books—tender where they are hard, bright where they are sombre; a very gentle spirit in a big body. I can remember so many acts of kindness to a young author; so many sage suggestions, so much ripe advice, and kindly painstaking criticism. Of all the men I ever met he was the most generous in his praise of his brother authors, and his delight at the heavy royalties some of them earned seemed a trifle pathetic to those of us who knew that he never achieved more than the modest income of which he used to write in his 'prentice days of hope and starvation. He was still a young man when he died, but his life had been over-full of cruel experiences, and his constitution was weakened by those early privations that are supposed, by comfortable arm-chair philosophers, to make such excellent training for budding talent.

George Gissing stands, a somewhat solitary figure, grey-toned against the brightly coloured background of his fellows of the pen—the popular authors of the many editions, and the luxurious ways of living; but it is a noble figure, and one not easily to be forgotten, either as the man or the writer. To me those long lazy summer days are a memory with which I would not willingly part, and even as I write, I can recall the kindly smile and the kindly voice of the man who was my friend; for whom I have a reverent admiration mingled with regret for those golden, unforgotten hours, when we

“Tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky.”

Alas! we shall tire the sun no more.

The Adventure of the “Mongovo George”

SOME time ago in a country house I was shown as a curiosity the ledger of the captain of a Liverpool slaver, for the years 1785–1787, and it seemed to me to give such a clear picture of the slave trade as it was then pursued (without any thought of evil), that I obtained my host's permission to copy many of the entries. Before I lay them before the reader, however, I must say a little about the general conditions of the slave trade at that time.

The *modus operandi* was as follows. The ship sailed from Liverpool or Bristol or London, freighted with goods acceptable to Africans. It touched at various points on the West Coast of Africa, and in return for commodities obtained slaves who had been brought down to the coast by dealers who had bought them from slave-hunters. When its complement of slaves was made up, it sailed to America or the West Indies, and disposed of the slaves for money, whether in paper or silver. During the greater part of the eighteenth century the

“West African Trade,” as it was called, was constantly expanding.

We learn from “A Treatise upon the Trade . . . to Africa,” published in 1772, that the ships from Liverpool alone engaged in the trade rose from 1 in 1709 to 15 in 1730, 58 in 1752, 73 in 1753, 80 in 1765, and 113 (“those fitting out included”) in 1771. In that year 1771, the total number of ships engaged in the trade from all English ports together was 195, and the total number of negroes they were capable of carrying was 47,146. Of the 195, the 107 Liverpool ships then running were capable of carrying 29,250, the 58 ships from London 8136, the 25 from Bristol 8810, and the 5 from Lancaster 950.

The “Liverpool Memorandum Book for 1753” gives a list of the vessels trading at that date from Liverpool to the coast of Africa with their commanders’ and owners’ names, what part of the coast each ship went to, and for what number of slaves. In this list it is interesting to find the entry :

Ship.	Commander.	Destination.	Owners.	Slaves.
African.	John Newton.	Wind. and Gold Coast.	J. Manesty and Co.	250.

In the commander of the *African* we recognise the future Evangelical and Curate of Olney, whose harsh form of religion added to the terrors of the gentle soul-stricken poet, William Cowper.

Towards the end of the century the trade perhaps had ceased to grow. We learn from Thomas Clarkson’s treatise “On the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species” (2nd edition, 1788), that about 1786 the average number of slaves carried from Africa yearly was 100,000, but that of this number those carried in English ships amounted to about 42,000, and only 130 English ships were now engaged as against 195 in 1771. The ships sent from Liverpool were now 90 as against 107 at the earlier date. The vessels in which the slaves were transported were from 11 to 800 tons burden, and carried from 30 to 1500 slaves at a time. The largest English vessel in the trade carried 1200 slaves.

What commodities were taken out for the purchase

of slaves? They consisted largely of Indian chintzes and calicoes. Thus a pamphlet dating from about 1712,¹ tells us "The new manufactures of Annabasses, Nicanees, Tapseils and Brawles were introduced by the Royal African Company's particular . . . encouragement for the Trade to Africa, and . . . the said Company have annually taken off great quantities of the said goods and thereby given Employment to above 500 Persons in and about the City of London for the making and Dying of the said goods."

And another pamphlet of 1729-1730,² informs us that "The commodities which the Company export to Africa are Broad cloth, scarlet red and blue, Hats, Muskets, Pistols, Gunpowder, Iron Bars, Iron Ware of many sorts, Knives, Pewter Basons, Beads of many sorts, Bells, Tobacco, Silesia Linens, English spirits, Paper Brawles, Bombay stuffs, Blue Bafts, Bejutapauts, Chelloes, Cherconees, Nicconees, Tapseils, and many sorts of East India goods, &c."

Some of the above terms I cannot explain. But the "New English Dictionary" defines "baft" as "a kind of coarse and cheap (generally cotton) fabric originally of Oriental manufacture, but now made in Great Britain for export, especially to Africa," and "brawl" as having once meant "a blue and white striped cloth manufactured in India," while Whitney's Dictionary tells us that "chillo" is "a coloured cotton fabric manufactured in England for the African trade."

From the "Treatise upon the Trade to Africa," of 1772, already mentioned, we learn a little more. The writer complains that profits are unsatisfactory:

"The following are the prices Mr. Williams, the Chief of Appolonia, wants goods at and will not exceed:

	Ackies	£	s.	d.
Green and yellow ells at 10 each		2	7	4
Danes guns " 3 "		0	14	2

¹ "A clear demonstration that the . . . improvement of Britain's share of the trade to Africa . . . is wholly owing to . . . the Royal African Company."

² "An abstract of the case of the Royal African Company of England."

	Ackles	£	s.	d.
Half-barrels powder	at 9 each	2	2	6
$\frac{1}{4}$ barrels do.	„ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ „	1	1	3
Bejutapauts and negan-				
nepauts	„ 5 „	1	3	6
Blue bafts	„ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ „	1	1	4

Prime cost of each of the foregoing goods :

1 green ell	1	15	0
1 Danes gun	0	13	6
$\frac{1}{2}$ barrel powder	1	10	0
$\frac{1}{4}$ „ do.	0	15	0
1 Bejutapaut or negannepaut	0	19	0
(If Manchester)	1	4	0
1 Blue baft	1	1	0

Add to this, he says, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. insurance, and no profit is left.

Finally, Clarkson, in his book above-mentioned, writes : “The different sort of goods which these [black] traders receive in return [for slaves] and with which they deal in the inland country . . . may be divided into three sorts, East Indian, home-made or Colonial, and Venetian. The first consist of cowries . . . blue and white bafts, romals,¹ bandannoes, and other cloths and productions of the East. The second consists of bar-iron, muskets, powder, swords, pans, and other hardware, cottons, linens, spirits in great abundance. (He tells us that in 1786, 184,816 gallons of British spirits were sent to the West Coast from Liverpool alone.) . . . The third consists totally of beads.”

When the ship reached the African coast, before slaves could be purchased, certain preliminaries had to be gone through which are thus described:² “The slave-ships generally lie near a mile below the town in Bonny River. Sometimes fifteen sail, English and French, but chiefly the former, meet here together. Soon after they cast anchor, the captains go ashore to make known their arrival, and to inquire into the state of the trade. They likewise invite the kings of Bonny to come on board, to whom, previous to breaking bulk, they usually make

¹ “*Rumal* (also *romal*), a handkerchief, a small square shawl or veil.”—Whitney.

² Alexander Falconbridge, “An Account of the Slave Trade,” 1788, p. 7.]

presents (in that country termed *dashes*), which generally consist of pieces of cloth, cotton, chintz, silk handkerchiefs and other India goods, and sometimes of brandy, wine or beer. When I was at Bonny a few years ago, it was the residence of two kings whose names were Norfolk and Peppel. . . . For every negroe sold there by the traders the kings receive a duty."

As to the price realised by the slaves on the other side of the Atlantic, the author of the "Treatise," in 1772 says that "A prime Gold-Coast man slave would fetch £36 sterling in the West Indies," but that the Dutch who buy negroes at Cape Lopez often "carry them to the Portuguese at St. Thomas' Island, where for dispatch they sell them at £8 a head." According to Falconbridge, a premium was usually allowed to the captains of 6 per cent. on the sum produced by sale.

We can now follow with some understanding the fortunes of the *Mongovo George* schooner of Liverpool on her voyage of 1785-1787. Her owner was apparently Mr. William Denison, junior, of Liverpool; the captain, whose ledger we are about to quote from, does not give us his own name.

The following is the invoice of the goods he carried :

INVOICE.

	<i>Pieces.</i>		<i>Pieces.</i>
80 Bafts	240	20 yds. Red Angola Cloth .	60
22 Chints of 18 yds. each .	66	52 yds. Baiz	26
30 Chilloes of 14 yds. each .	60	75 guns	75
30 Bejutapauts	75	240 pieces Powder	240
35 Tapsails	70	74 pieces Brandy	74
60 Niuannes of 10 yds. each .	90	38 Iron Barrs	19
35 Niuannes of 8 yds. each		60 Cutlasses	15
@ 1¼ piece each	43¾	112 Pound Shott	30
25 Phoetaes 8 yds. each ditto	29¼	60 Small Locks, 24 pair	
30 Cushtaes	45	Scissors	7
40 Romalls	60	48 Pewter Basons, 48 Axes .	24
60 Turkey Plad 8¼ yds. each		48 Hatts, 72 caps, 84 razors .	15½
at 1 piece each	60	60 Spoons, 60 Plates	12
60 Silnias	60	12 Pint Bowls, 6 W. Jugs . .	6
80 G. Stuffs	40	282 Mugs	28¼
75 Brawls	37½	18 Hair Trunks	24
51¼ yds. Blue Angola Cloth .	155	77½ pieces of Beads	77½

1798¾

The entry which is first in date tells of a surprising raid made by natives on their benevolent visitors :

“June 20th, 1785. In Lat. 00.06 South while trading on the Beach were surrounded by the Natives who without the least provocation carried off $\frac{1}{2}$ Baft, $\frac{1}{2}$ Chilloe, 1 Niuannee, 1 T. [*i.e.*, Turkey] Plad, 1 Brawl, 1 blue Baiz, 1 Gun, 2 Powder, 1 Brandy, 1 Iron-bar, $\frac{1}{4}$ Bead, 5 Mugs, 1 Hatt, 2 Bottles Brandy, 1 dram glass, 2 razors.”

Then follow the entries of purchases. They were made between June 22, 1785, and January 2, 1786. Every slave was numbered, the last being No. 129. The sex and generally the height were added, as well as a list of the articles given for the purchase. I give the first entry in full as a specimen :

“At Cape Lopez¹, 22nd June, 1785.

“Bought of Mr. Greeme 1 boy $\frac{4}{6}$ [*i.e.*, 4 feet 6 in.]. No. 1. For Baft $\frac{1}{2}$ Chilloe, 1 Niuanee, 1 T. Plad, 1 3 f^m [fathom ?] Chints, 1 Romall, 1 Brawl, 1 Baiz, 1 blue, 1 gun, 3 Powder, 2 Brandy, 1 Iron bar, 1 P. [*i.e.*, Pewter] Basin, 1 Cutlass, 2 Spoons, 5 Mugs, 1 Plate, 2 Razors, 1 Hatt, $\frac{1}{2}$ beads, 1 cap, one dress.”

Other entries I give in an abbreviated form :

“23rd. Paid King Passall as Duty or Dash [such-and-such things].”

“June 25th. Bought of King Passall one Woman. No. 2.”

“One Dress for him and 3 f^m Chints and 1 red for Queen.”

“Dressed 2 of the Kings Women.”

“Dashed the Duke of Cumberland [no doubt a native so nicknamed] 1 jug Brandy, 1 Coat, 1 piece of Chints, 1 pair of shoes.”

“Bought of the Duke of Cumberland one boy $\frac{3}{11}$. No. 4.”

“King Passall dashed [*i.e.*, presented to us] one girl $\frac{3}{11}$. No. 6.”

“27th. The Duke dashed one Girl $\frac{3}{10}$. No. 9.”

“July 1st, 1785. Bought of Mandepée one man. No. 10. Dress or Dash 1 Red, 3 f^m Chints.”

“2nd. Dashed the Duke of Cumberland $2\frac{1}{2}$ f^m Chints, 1 blue, 1 fine shirt, 1 Silk Waistcoat, 1 Case of Brandy, One fine print of the Fair Quaker in gilt frame, and the King 1 Jug Brandy.” [The King’s tastes seem to have been less refined than the Duke’s.]

“August 1st. B^t. of Mafauko Jack of Camona Andauka 1 boy $\frac{3}{8}$. No. 18.”

“Majumba,² 23rd Aug., 1785. Paid as Custom &c. 1 Baft, 1 romall, 1 Cushtae, 1 T. Plad, 1 blue, 1 red, 1 gun, 1 Powder, 2 jugs brandy, and Dress for Mafauko Tom, London.”

“Dressed 2 Factory boys with 1 blue, 1 f^m, 1 cap each, & 3 Canoe boys with 1 f^m, 1 cap each.”

¹ “Trade chiefly engrossed by the Dutch.”—“A Treatise,” &c., 1772.

² “Majumba is about seventy leagues SSE. of Cape Lopez. Few slaves are purchased here.”—“A Treatise,” &c., 1772.

"Bought of King Berry one Man. No. 22."

"24th. Bought of Mangovo Jack Bailly one Woman. No. 24.

"August 25th. Bought of Jack Edwards one Man. No. 25. Dressed Jack Edwards 2 f^m and one blue."

"27th. Bought of Capt. Wilcock one boy 4/2. No. 27. Dressed Captain Wilcock 2 f^m and 1 blue."

"Sept. 2nd. Bought of King Cole one Woman. No. 31. Bought of Jack Factory boy one tooth etc."

"Oct. 5. Bought of King Bailly two men. Nos. 69, 70."

"Nov. 14th. Bought of Jack Sprat a boy 4/4. No. 97."

"Louango,¹ 21 Dec., 1785. Bought of Machengi Beauman a Woman. No. 110."

"24th, of Prince Cross a man. No. 115."

Besides these purchases of slaves, the captain records his barter and exchanges. While still on the African coast he seems to have been willing to barter slaves he had purchased to captains of other ships, if he could make a bargain off them.

Thus :

"July 8th, 1785. Bartered with Captain Vernier one Man Boy for sixty gallons Brandy."

"23rd September, 1785. Bartered with Mons^r Capitⁿ Dujardin of the ship *Nérée* of Havre de Grace forty-five slaves for 194 Bafts 63 Blue & red Chints, 50 Chilloes, 57 Bejutap^t & Negani^s, 47 Tapsails, 39 Photaes, 62 Lidiannees, 14 Romalls, 13 Coupees, 14 Cushtaes, 6 Sh^t Ninan^s, 15 Carpets 22½ yds Blue and red cloth, 90 yds. Baiz, 45 French and 45 English guns, 155 Kegs of Powder, 150 gallons of Brandy, 60 cutlasses, 15 Iron Barrs, 11 Dozⁿ Knives, 11 Pieces of Beads, 80 Mugs, 45 f^m Silk, 10 cwt Beans."

On December 19 he barter thirty slaves similarly with "Mons. D'Orée of the ship *Roy Maure* of Havre," and on the 27th, "seven small boys and one Girl" with "Mons^r Capitⁿ Rochett of Nantes." But perhaps his best stroke of business was the following :

"Took on shore at Louango a Man boy sick of the small pox and sold him to Mons^r Capitⁿ Sanson of Havre for 3 Bafts, 2 Chints, 1 Chilloe, 1 Bejutapt, 1 Tapsail, 1 L. Niuannee, 1 Coupee, 2 Blue, 2 Powder, 2 Guns, 2 Shott."

He bartered altogether in this way 132 slaves. Although according to our record he would seem to have disposed

¹ "Loango, about thirty leagues S. of Majumba, where the French purchase more negroes than both the English and Dutch together, and where they are to be had in great plenty."—"A Treatise," &c., 1772.

of more slaves than he bought, yet he evidently carried a shipload to America, as the following entries show :

“October 2nd, 1786 :

	Paper.	Dollars
1. Sold one Woman	—	280
3rd :		
3. Two Men & one woman. Mr. Matieu	—	700
2. Two Men. Mr. Pierre	—	520
1. One Boy. Mr. Mendes	35 ^o	—
1. One Girl. Mr. Berté	35 ^o	—
2. One Woman, one Girl. Madame Granpré	—	480
1. A girl. Mr. Sanmartin	—	205
—	—	—
11	700	2185

October 6th :

48. Messrs. Bidon & Sauvé bought fourty and eight Slaves
viz. twelve Men fifteen Boys fourteen Women & seven
Girls 155 each 544^o

Nov. 17th, 1786 :

Exchanged with Mon^r Bernard 1248 dol. Bitt. Paper for 743 dol. Silver.¹

The following letters show that the captain, when he sailed back to England, left a firm in New Orleans to get in the money due to his employers.

Copy of Instructions, &c., left with Messrs. Mather and Struther.

GENTLEMEN,—We have taken the liberty to trouble you with a receipt of Mon^r Cadet Moulon with Mr. Vincent’s indorsement upon the same acknowledging the property to be ours: for various Notes and Bonds amounting to the sum of Eight hund^d and thirty six paper Dollars & six thousand and four hund^d & seventy hard dollars which will all be due in the course of the ensuing month : however we do not wish that you should demand the said Notes & Bonds or their Amounts from the said Moulon sooner than four months from this time : at which time we desire you will recover the same from him on our Accounts for which purpose have indorsed his obligation in our favour to you and as soon as the amount is received we desire you will remit the neat proceeds to Mr. Wm. Denison Jun. Merchant in Liverpool to be put to the credit of the account of adventure of the *Mongovo George*.

Gentlemen,
Your most ob^t & humble serv^{ts}

¹ A Spanish dollar was worth about 4s. 9d.

Received New Orleans 7 Dec. 1786 the Original of the papers and instructions whereof the following is a Copy & we promise to act in Conformity to the instructions as well in receiving as remitting as far as in our power.

Signed, MATHER & STRUTHER.

Note des Billets que je laisse a Mon^r. Cadet Moulon pour en faire le recouvrement comme mon fonde de procuration—savoir :

	P.	Argent.
Messrs. Bidon & Sauvé leur billet	—	544 ^o
Monvant son billet	—	300
Beltremmix „	—	240
Marmillan „	—	190
J. Fernandez „	240	—
Sennac „	150	—
Le Don „	166	—
Mendez „	100	—
Sr. Seintan „	180	—
	—	—
Somme en papier	836	647 ^o piastres gourdes.

Je reconnois avoir reçu les billets mentionné cy dessous pour en faire le recouvrement, au remettre les dits billets dans leur même nature, c'est a dire cinq billets montants à la somme de six mille quatre cens soixante dix piastre gourdes sonnans, cinq ditto montant a huit cens trente six piastre monnoie courant—a la Nouvelle Orleans ce 7 X^{bre}. 1786.

Signé, MOULON.

We may now leave the captain of the *Mongovo George* to return home to England with the sense of having done his duty. Probably soon after his return he learnt with astonishment that some people in England were crying out against his trade, Mr. Thomas Clarkson in particular. But in Liverpool at least his conscience is not likely to have troubled him. Even religion was on his side. Only a year later the Rev. Raymund Harris stoutly defended him in a remarkable work of which this is the title-page :

“SCRIPTURAL RESEARCHES ON THE LICITNESS OF THE SLAVE-TRADE,
 SHEWING ITS CONFORMITY WITH THE PRINCIPLES OF
 NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION DELINEATED
 IN THE SACRED WRITINGS OF THE
 WORD OF GOD.

Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have Eternal Life.
 John, c. V., v. 39.

Liverpool, 1788.”

The Day's Doings of a Nobody 27

And this was its dedication :

“ TO THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR
RECORDER, ALDERMEN, BAILIFFS
AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL
OF THE ANCIENT AND LOYAL BOROUGH AND
CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL
THE FOLLOWING SCRIPTURAL RESEARCHES
ON THE LICITNESS OF THE SLAVE-TRADE
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THEIR MOST OBEDIENT
AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,
RAYMUND HARRIS.”

And yet, strange to say, in spite of such scriptural researches, the Slave-trade, now that a century has passed, has come to seem like a hideous nightmare, and the story of the voyage of the *Mongovo George* as a far-away relic from a time put by for ever.

The Day's Doings of a Nobody

10th January, 1906

7.30.—Rose, with my usual glance at the cut of Epicurus that hangs in my room. Remember'd that he wrote three hundred books, while his disciples are remarkable for their lack of verbosity. Lucretius can scarcely be call'd his disciple, as he is too restless and strenuous.

The birds in my room rose about the same time with much preening and picking. The canary was awake first, because, I suppose, it is the first to go to bed, and sleeps careless of my occasional midnight lamp. Its mate, the siskin, is restless with any light.

Looking out of window I see that the elms are already becoming ruddy with their undercurrent of sap.

8.0.—Came down to breakfast to find my place occupied by election pamphlets of the usual sanguine, abusive type. Explain'd as well as I could to my five-year-old daughter what an election meant. Her last remark was :

“Why don't they let them both go into Parliament?”
Why not? thought I.

After breakfast our usual portion of the Bible was read—the episode of the Golden Calf. We concluded that the worship of the Calf had nothing to do with the worship of Mammon, because the people sacrificed their ornaments to the making of it, and got nothing in return but worship.

Read then aloud a portion of *Love's Labour's Lost* for the purpose of improving my son's style in essay-writing. He is going up for an examination. He remarkt that it was very amusing, if one could only understand all the allusions. I told him what Euphuism was, and how Shakspeare satirised it, as Mr. Gilbert did the Æsthetic school about thirty years ago; to which he replied that Euphuism and Æstheticism were both dead and uninteresting, and that the satires on them were nearly as bad. I agreed generally, and added the *Ciceronianus* to his waste-paper basket.

8.45.—Walk'd in the garden to find that, as usual, my cuttings of roses were failures, with the exception of those which had shiny leaves, some of which seem'd to have taken root. An Alpine strawberry was in flower, but the anthers were blacken'd by frost; the pistil seem'd unaffected. Was I to conclude from this that the female sex was generally hardier than the male? Snowdrops were in flower and tulips above ground.

9.0.—After feeding the birds, went to the study of Homer, being at the beginning of the fifth Iliad.

His details of slaughter are tedious, I think, because his description of the passage of a spear through some part of the body takes longer to read than the duration of the action. “Down he fell with a thud, and his armour rattled above him.” In this, the time taken in description and action nearly coincide; and so the effect is not unpleasing.

“She whipt the horses to a trot; with gladness on they flew,” is pleasant because some time and space are concentrated in a bird's-eye view; or to speak more accurately, the line suddenly and indefinitely expands the reader's thought.

The Day's Doings of a Nobody 29

10.0.—On the way to the Library I pass'd a nurseryman's greenhouse full of nothing but cyclamens and poinsettias. Thought of Landor's "little flowerless cyclamen," which was no doubt one of those that flower very early in the spring, and leaf later—*C. europeum*, perhaps. What a fine, long, happy life he had! And what a capacity for writing both well and badly! Schopenhauer, whose literary monitions were very like Landor's, lived to be old, too. I could never discover why they call him a pessimist: he seem'd to have been a very reasonable person.

The colour'd bracts of the poinsettias are an attempt on the part of a flower to rehabilitate itself after having at some time in its past history degraded itself into insignificance; it had no petals to flaunt, and so it made use of its bracts: they certainly have the air of a make-shift.

At the Library I met a scholar to whom I submitted the last line of Propertius, ii. 19, for his observations, which he kindly made. The line is, "Absenti nemo non nocuisse velit." He thought that the proper translation of it is, "everybody would like to injure me (or you) in my (or your) absence." And no doubt as the line stands, that is the meaning.

"Everybody will be hurting you while you're away."

But that doesn't harmonise very well with the poem, unless it indeed expresses the poet's invincible anxiety about Cynthia.

11.45.—On coming out of the Library notic'd jonquil and chrysanthemum flowers side by side for sale. It is, I suppose, quite possible to have five generations of jonquil flowers in four years, and only four generations of chrysanthemum flowers in five years. Women in ermine and white furs were looking at the flowers, and made me think of Schopenhauer again, who deals rather hardly with the ladies. They are certainly more delighted with flowers than men are; and if they are more indifferent to works of art, may they not be of the opinion I once heard shouted in a railway carriage: "Art this! art that! I

tell you it's all blooming artfulness" ? And one cannot wonder at their aversion from poets and philosophers, seeing the records of men occupied in making a dim copy or travesty of life. Women are life itself, the ordinary vegetative life of a community, while the poets are men who see it out of focus, and get angry because their bad sight brings them into trouble. The interest they excite is that excited by caricature. Is *Lear* normal or possible ? Where poets are not dim-sighted, they are artful. I remember the town-traveller of a great publishing house being askt if he would like to be introduced to a poet. "Not I !" said he ; "all poets are tricky and bad."

It is a great pity that the lives of poets and philosophers are narrated by literary men, who have an interest in extolling or shielding their dead fellows. Would it not be better to represent them in dumb show, as like as may be ? What a warning to literary aspirants such a show would be !

12.30.—These thoughts brought me home to play with the baby, and so to dinner, which consisted chiefly of rabbit-pie. My young daughter objected to the white flesh of the animal, which she took to be solid fat. I explain'd that the life of a rabbit was too hard to admit of the growth of much fat. "But it's white and soft," she still objected. "Because the rabbit is young and female," gallantly answer'd I. "But are all rabbits young and female ?" came from another quarter : I had to give ground over the sex ; and went on to explain that if a pair of rabbits produc'd even twenty young in a year, very nearly all those shot in one spot would be young, while the old bucks, what there were, would be given to beaters or sold to villagers for fourpence. "But how do you know an old buck ?" "By the rollicking rotundity of his head and the redness of his nape, the jolly old buck !"

1.30.—After a pipe and digging a piece of ground for the robin's meal, Homer again came under my eyes. I was very much amused by the appearance of my old friend Venus and the poor figure she cut in battle. Homer treats her, as he does nearly everything else, justly ;

The Day's Doings of a Nobody 31

Rubens might have painted very well every incident of her defeat and flight. Wherever could the *Tannhäuser* legend have come from? In that she is shown as a sort of Guy Fawkes in a pantomime transformation scene; and acts for the greater confusion of fools. Whereas the real Venus, the Venus of Homer, was and always will be, a very woman and a very handsome woman, worth any man's desire. As to the worship of her, of course she was worshipt at the proper time. There is a time for everything; young people worshipt her, as they do now; when they grew older they made gods of Money, Books, or Belly. What room then for this preposterous legend of Germany, and its greater uglification in England?

3.0.—Attended a cage-bird show, where was a woodpecker in a small cage, very dull. The prize canaries, too, were dull, without that elasticity and inquisitiveness which are the mark of the ordinary home-pet. These prize-birds are bred in large quantities in a bird-room occasionally visited by the master, so they don't see enough of men and women to like them and to respond to their caresses.

A robin at the show was stated to be four years old; and I was once well acquainted with a nightingale that had liv'd seven years in a cage. So do they refute the dramatist Webster, who, if I remember rightly, makes one of his characters say:

“The robin and the nightingale do not live long in cages.”

A few days ago I might have suggested the amendment, “The halcyon and the humming-bird”; but is not the humming-bird at the Zoo doing well?

5.30.—Tea, at which we hop'd for the banishment of the bitter, harsh Indian leaf, and the re-instatement of the mild Chinese herb which takes its civility from the generations of millions of mild men who have liv'd close to it.

After tea we finish'd the reading of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and agreed that the song at the end was worth the whole play.

7.30.—In my evening stroll lighted on a Socialist

meeting, address by a man bawling half-truths in a high-pitcht voice. Tried to think whether a Socialist republic would be a good thing or a bad thing, and askt the orator what would become of idle folk in his state. "Oh, they will be eliminated in natural course," airily replied the man.

I should like to have askt him whether such a republic couldn't come quietly and gradually without noise, say, by means of quiet conversation parties given by Socialists, where proselytes would be made and instructed to vote only for heavy death-duties. Those impos'd, we should have our commonwealth in about a generation. But what sort of Utopians should we have then? And what is it makes man so unhappy?

So thinking I turn'd into my neighbour's for a game of chess, and meanly beat him by a sly capture of a pawn and the retention of that advantage to the end of the game.

10.0.—To bed. Good-night, Epicurus!

The Real Claverhouse

THE attention of more than one writer has recently been turned to the career and character of John Graham of Claverhouse, whose true position in history has, ever since his death, been much debated. But since the discovery of his letters to the Duke of Queensberry¹ it has been generally conceded that the view of Macaulay, or even of Scott, is no longer possible, and Claverhouse's most recent biographer has had no difficulty in showing that the worst charges against him are simply the outcome of "prejudice founded upon wilful neglect of evidence."

Claverhouse belonged to a younger branch of the family of Graham. The exact date of his birth is not known, but he was certainly born some time in 1648, which would make him forty or forty-one when he fell

¹ By Mark Napier, in 1859.

at Killiecrankie. We are told¹ that he had "inflamed his mind from his earliest youth by the perusal of the ancient poets, historians, and orators, with the love of the great actions they paint and describe." But he had no need to go to the records of antiquity to find a sufficiently stimulating example. The story of Montrose was still fresh in men's memories, and every son of the House of Graham must have felt that he had a personal and hereditary motive for continuing the work and avenging the death of its great chief. It is curious to note that Claverhouse got his military training under William of Orange, and there is a tradition² that he saved the life of William on one occasion. It was probably to William that he owed his introduction to the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) whom he thenceforth regarded as his special patron. In 1678 he was appointed, doubtless at the Duke's recommendation, to the command of a troop in Dumfries, with the object of quelling the disaffection of the country people; and it was in this work that he earned his very undesirable reputation.

Claverhouse would now be not quite thirty. His personal beauty was striking, and nothing could less resemble the idea one would naturally form of "Bluidy Clavers" than the face familiar to us in his portraits. It might be equally difficult to discern in it the qualities which went to the making of the hero of Killiecrankie were it not that the Cavaliers in so many instances produced this type of man—this curious blending of outward softness with inward fire. Claverhouse belongs rather to the earlier type of Cavalier, the type of Montrose and Falkland, than to the Cavaliers of the Restoration. One of the Covenanting writers³ admits that he had no taste for coarse pleasures. His manners were suave

¹ Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland" (1773), vol. i. part 2, p. 46.

² Supported by strong evidence. It is mentioned in the "Grameid" (by Dundee's Standard-bearer), in the "Memoirs" of 1714, and in the "Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel."

³ Patrick Walker, "Six Saints of the Covenant." The inference is that his natural thirst for blood left him no inclination for milder distractions.

and decorous, and so far removed from the brutality attributed to him that it is said that the poor Covenanters were more terrified by Claverhouse's coolness than by the violence of the other persecutors. There were, indeed, occasions on which the hand in the velvet glove proved as hard as iron.

At first Claverhouse's duties consisted in patrolling the country, examining suspected persons, and arresting outlawed preachers. In 1679 he was placed over a larger force with orders to disperse armed conventicles, and fire on them if they resisted. He was in search of a conventicle when he came upon the armed force at Drumclog—"very little to our advantage," as he candidly remarks. His own small troop was easily overpowered, and emboldened by this success, the rebel army swelled to alarming dimensions. At the battle of Bothwell Bridge the Duke of Monmouth was in command, and though Claverhouse was present with his troop of cavalry, he did not take a prominent part in the engagement. He then returned to his work in Galloway and Dumfries, and for the next two years little is recorded of him. The Whig writers make vague charges of oppression and cruelty, but do not go into particulars. It is likely, indeed, that Claverhouse's methods of dispensing justice were more or less rough and ready, as military justice is apt to be. He calmly reports how, when once he sent to arrest an outlawed preacher, the soldiers brought the man's brother by mistake; but "though," writes Claverhouse, "he cannot maybe preach as his brother, I doubt not but he is as well principled"—and therefore sent him to Edinburgh with the other prisoners. In 1682 more extensive powers were conferred on Claverhouse. The state of the country was alarming; Galloway was actually in revolt, "the churches quite deserted, no honest man, no [Conformist] minister in safety." It was reckoned "unsafe for anything less than an army to enter into it." In his letters to the chief minister, the Marquis¹ of Queensberry, Claverhouse describes his methods of

¹ Afterwards Duke.

dealing with the rebellion. "The way I see taken in other places," he writes, "is to put laws severely against great and small in execution, which is very just; but what effect does that produce? It makes three desperate where it gains one, and your lordship knows that in the greatest crimes it is thought wisest to pardon the multitude and punish the ringleaders." He accordingly called together the people of three parishes, and informing them that he, at least, had "no wish to enrich himself by their crimes," promised pardon for past offences if they would "conform and live regularly." This policy was so successful that at the end of two months he was able to report that "Galloway is not only as peaceful but as regular as any part of the country on this side Tay; and the rebels are reduced without blood; and the country brought into conformity to the Church government without severity or extortion." Excepting those who fell fighting,¹ no man's death can be laid to Claverhouse's account during these years. He does indeed write of one man, a smith who had made weapons for the rebels: "I am resolved to hang him. . . . There cannot be alive a more wicked fellow." But for some reason his intentions were frustrated, and the smith was not hanged.

A conspicuous feature of Claverhouse's policy was his determination to hunt out and expose offenders of rank and wealth. "It is of more consequence," he said, "to punish one considerable laird than a hundred little bodies. Besides, it is juster." It will easily be understood that, acting on this principle, he was not long in making enemies. His work in Galloway brought him into frequent collision with the Dalrymples of Stair, who, while outwardly conforming, were notoriously of Presbyterian leanings. Sir John Dalrymple (better known in history as the Master of Stair) sought to save the recusants by trying them himself and imposing merely nominal fines. Claverhouse, with characteristic audacity, set aside Dalrymple's judgments, tried the

¹ He was perhaps morally responsible for the death of one man, William Bogue, who might have been spared had not Claverhouse counselled severity.

offenders over again, and exacted the full fines prescribed by the law. Dalrymple thereupon brought against Claverhouse a charge of oppression and extortion, to which Claverhouse retaliated by a counter-charge against Dalrymple of employing rebels and conniving at treasonable practices. The result was that Claverhouse was triumphantly acquitted, while Dalrymple was sentenced to fine and imprisonment. On three separate occasions attempts were made to fasten upon Claverhouse charges of dishonesty, to which his position, which was essentially one of trust, rendered him peculiarly liable; but the charge invariably broke down on investigation. Claverhouse was able to assert,¹ "I have both at home and abroad sustained the reputation of an honest and frank man, and defy the world to reproach me of anything."

Soon after the conclusion of his lawsuit Claverhouse was employed to take despatches from the Council to the King and the Duke of York, with both of whom, but especially with the Duke, he was evidently a great favourite. The Duke, on whose initiative Claverhouse had been sent to subdue the rebellion in Galloway, was delighted with his success, and ("very justly," writes Claverhouse) attributed the first improvement in Scottish affairs to that judicious appointment. On his return he was admitted to the Privy Council, where, however, he was not much liked; his aristocratic colleagues complained of his "high, proud, and peremptory humour," and his "insufferable conceit and vanity." He was rewarded for his services with the estate of Dudhope, near Dundee, becoming at the same time Constable of the town. His first recorded act in this capacity was to obtain (with the assistance of his friend, the "Bluidy Mackenzie") the remission of the death penalty in cases of petty theft.

Those who have tried to belittle the heroism of Claverhouse's last daring enterprise have been wont to argue that a man so ambitious and so vigilant in his own interests would not have clung to the fallen King unless

¹ In a private letter to Lord Menteith, July 3, 1680. Burnet allows him "virtue and probity."

he had counted upon a restoration, and expected to make his loyalty profitable. But now, in the early part of his career, he did give a remarkable proof that he was capable on occasions of sacrificing his interest to considerations of sentiment. It is hardly possible to suggest any other motive for his very imprudent marriage with the granddaughter of the Whig Lord Dundonald, which took place in 1684. The Covenanters took the opportunity of Claverhouse's wedding to get up a fresh rising, and the marriage service was hardly concluded when he had to quit the bridal party, and set out in search of the rebels. "I will be revenged," he wrote, "some time or other, for the unseasonable trouble these Whig dogs give me. They might have let Tuesday pass." For the moment his vengeance had to stand over. The rebellion vanished into thin air on his approach, and he was unable to come upon the track of the offenders though he "offered money and threatened terribly for intelligence." But it is not recorded that on this or any other occasion he employed any form of torture in his efforts to wring information from unwilling witnesses.¹

Claverhouse's enemies were not slow to avail themselves of the weapon which his marriage had placed in their hands, and the ostensible reason for his dismissal from the Council, which happened soon after, was that, "having married a daughter of a fanatic family, viz., Dundonald, he was not fit to be trusted with the King's secrets." The real cause was a quarrel with Queensberry. It seems that Claverhouse's professional advancement brought him into continual competition with Queensberry's brother, Lord James Douglas; and in a dispute with Douglas at the Council Table Claverhouse expressed himself with so much warmth that Queensberry felt himself affronted. It happened unluckily for Claverhouse that Charles II. died just at this time; the various commissions which he held during the King's pleasure

¹ Wodrow says that torture was inflicted by "the soldiers under Claverhouse," but not that he was present, or authorised it, though, as Mr. Lang says ("History of Scotland," vol. iii.), Wodrow certainly would say so if he could.

lapsed, and, with the single exception of his commission as colonel, were not renewed. It was the one serious reverse of his life. But Claverhouse was not easily suppressed. "When my affairs go wrong," he says, "I remember that saying of Lucan, 'Tam mala Pompeii quam prospera mundus adoret.' One has occasion to show their vigour after a wrong step to make a nimble recovery." He was saved by the intervention of the new King, James II., who had no mind to see his favourite servant driven from his counsels.

These incidents are important, as it was during Claverhouse's suspension from his civil employments that the two women known as the "Wigton martyrs" were drowned in the Blednoch, and he cannot therefore have authorised the execution. Nor was he present in the Council when the resolution was passed requiring every one on pain of death to abjure the Declaration of the Covenanter, Renwick, though he signed the order giving it effect. The passing of this law led to what the Covenanters called the "Killing Time," and it is to this period that the worst of the cases charged against Claverhouse belong. Renwick's Declaration proclaimed it to be a duty, not only to resist the Government, but to put to death the officers executing the commands of the Government, and all persons who should bear witness against accused Covenanters in Courts of Law. The oath which Claverhouse and his colleagues had to administer had no reference to religion, and only denounced the Declaration "in so far as it declares war against his Sacred Majesty, and declares that it is lawful to kill all them that are employed by his Majesty." The Declaration was promptly followed up by the murder of two dragoons, and of the Episcopal minister of Carsphairn. A band of a hundred Whigs broke into the prison at Kirkcudbright, and released the prisoners. Claverhouse set out in pursuit, and reports the shooting of five in a skirmish. A more famous execution is that of John Brown, the "Christian carrier," whose story Macaulay uses with such terrible effect in his indictment of Claverhouse. Brown, it appears, had been "a long time upon

his hiding in the hills" when Claverhouse's troopers unearthed him—a fact not in itself likely to inspire Claverhouse with confidence, while his reputation for sanctity, coupled with his trade as a carrier, would naturally mark him out as a dangerous person. The oath was tendered and refused; he said "he knew no king," nor would he promise to abstain from bearing arms against the Government. A search was made, and bullets and treasonable papers being found in his possession, "I caused shoot him dead," writes Claverhouse briefly. The Covenanting historian, Wodrow, adds some picturesque details. The dragoons, he says, were so much moved by Brown's piety and eloquence that they refused to fire, upon which Claverhouse shot the man with his own hands. Another Whig writer¹ says that six of the dragoons fired, scattering his brains upon the ground. Brown's wife and children were standing by.

Macaulay thinks it probable² that the "dying ejaculations" of the martyr produced an effect even upon the "seared conscience and adamant heart" of Claverhouse, and that he was afterwards visited by pangs of remorse. This, at least, is the explanation suggested for his "strange leniency" in dealing with a lad named Hislop a few days after. On what charge Hislop was arrested is not clear, but it must be supposed that he had refused the oath, otherwise Claverhouse could not have dealt with him. Claverhouse was inclined to mercy, but a neighbouring laird, Johnstone of Westerhall, insisted on the death penalty. A warm argument took place, at the end of which Claverhouse exclaimed, "This poor man's blood shall be upon your head, Westerhall: I am free of it." As however, he gave the order for the execution,³ it follows that he must take his share of the responsibility. Why Claverhouse objected, and

¹ Patrick Walker, "Six Saints of the Covenant," p. 84.

² Macaulay takes the suggestion from Wodrow. There is certainly no sign of contrition in Claverhouse's despatch.

³ Again it is said that the soldiers refused to fire (Wodrow, vol. iv. p. 249). According to the Whig writers it would seem that it was the common practice of Claverhouse's troopers to mutiny against his orders, and that he was in the habit of allowing it.

why he allowed himself to be overborne by Westerhall, we are left to conjecture; the story certainly does not confirm the imputation of bloodthirstiness.

The case of Hislop is obscure through want of evidence. A third case, which is infinitely the worst of the three, we have on the testimony of Claverhouse himself. At the time of John Brown's arrest there happened to be a nephew of his in his company named Browning. Not being of martyr stuff, Browning offered to take the oath, upon which, being convinced of his guilt, Claverhouse "did not know what to do with him." He had recourse to his usual device of "threatening terribly," and of how terribly he could threaten he proceeds to give an illustration. Browning was ordered to say his prayers, and the carbines were actually levelled at him; then Claverhouse interposed, and told him that if he would confess he would delay the execution and would plead for him. He omitted to mention that in the absence of a confession the execution could not proceed at all. The foolish man fell into the trap, and made a confession as a result of which he was soon afterwards hanged; but Claverhouse so far fulfilled his promise to plead that he wrote to Queensberry explaining that it was by holding out a hope of pardon that he had obtained Browning's confession.

These are perhaps the most famous of the cases actually proved against Claverhouse. Some Whig writers do indeed accuse him of executing men who were willing to take the oath; but of this there is nowhere any evidence, and his action in the case of Browning proves that he was careful not to exceed his commission. One of Claverhouse's biographers,¹ who made an exhaustive examination of all the cases in which he is alleged to have taken men's lives, has shown that, excepting those of men who fell fighting, only five can be substantiated. In no instance can he be proved to have been wantonly cruel or reckless of human life. He himself fairly sums up his principles: "I am as sorry to see a man die, even a Whig, as any of themselves, but when a man dies justly for his

¹ The author of "The Despot's Champion."

own faults, and may save a hundred other from falling into the like, I have no scruple."

During the three years which preceded the Revolution Claverhouse's advancement was continuous and rapid. He supported the King's religious policy, but proved his attachment to his own church by not apostatising with Perth and Melfort. He is described¹ as "fixed in his religion," and "a great admirer of the Church of England worship"; Burnet says that the Episcopalian party in Scotland generally looked to him as their leader. Toleration being decreed, he devoted himself to the unpopular task of seeing it fairly applied to Roman Catholic and Presbyterian alike; it is charged against him as a last act of persecution that a minister who made use of his religious liberty to preach a sermon against Popery was inhibited from further preaching in Dundee. Claverhouse was promoted major-general in 1686, and in 1688 was raised to the peerage with the title of Viscount of Dundee.

The news of the threatened invasion of the Prince of Orange arrived in the September of 1688. James sent a peremptory order for the Scottish troops to join the English army at Salisbury. They found him depressed and discouraged, not knowing whom to trust. Lord James Douglas, who commanded the Scottish army in chief, consulted Dundee as to the desirability of making terms for themselves with William, but found him impracticable. In the end Lord James remained neutral, though a large part of his men went over. All Dundee's men were faithful, and were indeed so extravagantly loyal that when afterwards William remodelled the army he thought it best to disband them. After the desertion of Churchill, James broke up the camp at Salisbury and retreated to London. Dundee begged him to decide either to treat with William or to fight him; or if he would not try the chance of a battle in England, to ride to Scotland, whither he undertook to pilot him safely, and fight out the quarrel on Scottish

¹ By the Army Chaplain, Thomas Morer, "Short Account of Scotland," p. 98

ground. James wavered, and told Dundee to go to Uxbridge and consult with General Feversham; but Dundee had no sooner arrived there than tidings came of the King's flight. Then came news that the King's flight had been stopped, and that he was again in London. Dundee hastened to meet him, but found him resolved to escape to France. He promised to send Dundee a commission to command the troops in Scotland.

The same day James left England for ever. Dundee was now anxious to return to Scotland. William indeed was ready to take him into his service, and sent him a message to that effect. He refused William's offer, but employed Bishop Burnet to ask "what security he might expect if he went to Scotland to live without owning the Government." William replied that so long as he lived quietly he should not be molested, to which, according to Burnet,¹ he answered, that "unless he were forced to it, he would live quietly." He did not perhaps consider that this promise bound him to refuse any claim that might be made on his allegiance by James. For the moment the Royalists hoped to get James's right acknowledged in Scotland by constitutional means. There was a strong party for him in the Scottish Convention, headed by the Marquis of Atholl, and much was hoped for as the result of a letter which James was to write, assuring the Convention as to his regard for their religion and liberties. The letter arrived and was read, but, to the utter confusion of his friends, was found to contain no word on these points, but only a peremptory order to his subjects to return to their allegiance. The Royalists saw that so far as the Convention was concerned their hopes were at an end. There was some talk of summoning a rival convention at Stirling; but Atholl was irresolute, and Dundee refused to wait. It was indeed unsafe for him to linger in Edinburgh. The town was thronged with armed Covenanters, and it was known that his life was threatened. Macaulay says

¹ "History of My Own Time" (ed. 1753), vol. iii. p. 29. Burnet is generally trustworthy when relating incidents which happened within his own experience

that "we may well wonder that the man who had shed the blood of the saints like water should have been able to walk the High Street in safety during a single day." Whether Dundee had or had not shed the blood of the saints like water, he had no ambition to fall by the "spits and spears and lang-hafted gullies" with which they had armed themselves. What probably influenced him more was the consciousness that so long as he remained in Edinburgh some accident might any day put him in the power of the dominant party. He left the city—with, as Mr. Lang says, "the whole weight of the royal cause on the only shoulders fit to bear it"—and on his refusal to return to the Convention, was proclaimed a traitor with the usual formalities. An order being issued for his arrest, he retreated to a small property which he owned on the further side of the Grampian Hills; but a considerable force being sent to take him under General Mackay, it soon became necessary for him to seek a yet more distant refuge.

On first leaving Edinburgh, Dundee had chanced to meet a Highland gentleman, a son-in-law of the famous Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel. From him he learned that the clans, indignant at the restoration of their hereditary enemy Argyll, were arming for a general rising, and only wanted a leader. Dundee was in no hurry to avail himself of the opportunity. James had promised to send him an army of five thousand men, to whom the addition of a few thousand claymores might, indeed, be welcome; but to make war on William with only the Highland army was not an attractive prospect. The news that Mackay was on the road to arrest him forced his hand, and the proposal of the Highlanders offered at least the means of gaining time. With a handful of cavalry—about seventy altogether—he set out on his perilous campaign, and on May 1, 1689, he rode into the camp of Macdonald of Keppoch at Inverness. He sent out a summons for a general muster of the clans, and meantime startled the Lowlands by appearing at Dunkeld, where he seized in the King's name the taxes which had been collected by William's agents.

With equal suddenness he entered Perth, whence he carried off some prisoners and some much-needed supplies; and he made an attempt, which nearly succeeded, to surprise the town of Dundee. He then returned for the *rendezvous* of the clans. About fifteen hundred men joined him, but others came in afterwards, and he hoped to gain over some of the clans which had thus far remained neutral. Dundee took some trouble to make himself acceptable to his new allies. He saw at once the importance of making a friend of Lochiel—really a remarkable man, whose influence with the clans was considerably greater than the King's; and the old chieftain's experience and sagacity proved invaluable to him in dealing with men whose customs were strange to him, and whose very language he was unable to speak. Lochiel followed him with dog-like devotion, and vowed that while there was a cow in Lochaber the General and his men should never want. On the long marches Dundee is described as leading the men on foot, sharing their hardships and coarse fare; "they were ashamed to complain when they saw that their commander lived not more delicately than themselves."¹ But it was no easy task to keep order among the wild and lawless mountaineers, whose predatory habits and hereditary feuds were a constant source of trouble. Keppoch was a specially daring offender. From the skill which he showed in driving in the enemy's cattle, Dundee had bestowed upon him the nickname of "Colin of the Cows"; but unfortunately he could never appreciate the distinction between spoiling the enemy and plundering the neighbouring peaceful clans. At an early stage of their acquaintance Dundee had had occasion to tell him that he was no better than a common robber, and he finally reduced him to submission by threatening to expel him from the army. The author of Lochiel's *Memoirs* tells us that by tact and ingenuity Dundee did secure a very fair standard of discipline in his irregular army; "though he never punished delin-

¹ Dalrymple, "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland." Dalrymple's stories are to be received with caution, but the "Grameid" also speaks of Dundee as sharing the privations of his men.

quents, yet he used such artful methods as soon made them very observant of his rules." But he waited anxiously for the promised contingent of regular troops, and meantime had all he could do to keep his chieftains from fighting one another.

Dundee's force was too slender for him to take the risk of attacking Mackay until some favourable opportunity should make success practically certain. Mackay on his part was baffled by the peculiar nature of the country; the long marches wore out the spirits of his men, who grew tired of chasing Dundee about the hills. "The truth is," wrote Dundee, "I do not admire their mettle. The landing of troops will confound them terribly." And again and again he urges upon the King the necessity of sending the reinforcements promptly. All is ready. He has contrived to spread a report that the King will land in the West, and Mackay has been ordered to draw off his troops in that direction. It is therefore an excellent opportunity to effect a landing further North, about Inverlochy. And with rare disinterestedness he offers to put himself and his army under the command of the Duke of Berwick, if indeed it should be impossible for the King to come himself.

In June, as if by mutual consent, the two armies paused for an interval of rest. Mackay retired to Edinburgh, and want of provisions made it necessary for Dundee to dismiss most of the clans. But towards the end of July came news which led to an instant renewal of hostilities. Both sides were anxious to secure the support of the men of Atholl. Since his failure in the Convention the Marquis had ceased to take part in public affairs. "Atholl is gone," writes Dundee, "who did not know what to do." But Atholl's son, Lord Murray, declared for William, while his steward, a zealous Jacobite, was holding Blair, the family seat, for James. Mackay advanced with the intention of besieging Blair, and Dundee hastily sent round the fiery crosses among the clansmen. About nineteen hundred assembled, and with these he marched to Blair, leaving the rest to follow. On the way he met the promised reinforcements from Ireland.

They were found to consist of three hundred raw recruits under the command of an incompetent officer named Cannon, whom James's commission authorised to take rank next to Dundee. A supply of provisions they had contrived to lose on the way. It is difficult to fathom James's motive in failing to render, as he surely could have done, effectual support to his own cause. It is possible that, inspired by his confidential secretary, Lord Melfort, he did not really wish Dundee to succeed.¹ Since his fall he had become more uncompromising in his religious policy than before. Dundee was constantly advising moderation, and had also insisted on the necessity of dismissing Melfort, whose unpopularity threatened to wreck the cause. He had written to Melfort himself urging him to resign. "It is the unjustest thing in the world," he wrote, "that being unpopular must be a cause to be set aside by the King: I do really think it were hard for the King to do it, but glorious for you, if once you be convinced the King's affairs demand it, to do it of yourself." It is not clear, however, that Melfort had any desire to earn glory on these terms, and he may easily have persuaded the King that Dundee was no true friend to the interests he had most at heart.

With unabated courage Dundee went on with his preparations for the battle. He made his arrangements with so much secrecy and despatch that Mackay was already on the ground before he knew that Dundee was there to oppose him. Mackay, whose army numbered between three and four thousand, was in fact caught in a trap. He had advanced as far as the Pass of Killiecrankie, with the intention of placing his men on the plain beyond. The hills surrounding this plain were occupied by Dundee. From the nature of the ground Mackay could not attack, and he had gone too far to retreat. Dundee called a council of war, but he had already made up his mind to fight, and his opinion was supported by Lochiel. From his position on the

¹ This is Burnet's view (vol. iii. p. 36). The Queen, on the other hand, was so much interested in Dundee's enterprise that she pawned her jewels to provide him with funds.

hills he deliberately surveyed Mackay's preparations. Mackay led his army through the pass, and arranged them in an extended line, three deep. Dundee is said¹ to have been "much pleased" when he saw this arrangement. Though his want of cavalry might have made his attack ineffectual had Mackay's men been massed together, he saw that this thin line would not be able to sustain the impetuous rush of the Highlanders. Mackay's men were hemmed in by mountain and river, and could retreat only through the narrow pass by which they had come.

Dundee then drew up his army. He retained the formation in separate clans, but so widened the intervening spaces as to embrace Mackay's whole line. His little band of cavalry he intended to lead in person. The clans were impatient to attack, but Dundee did not give the word till sunset. He was convinced that the issue of the day would be very quickly decided, and after that the darkness would add materially to the difficulty of Mackay's retreat. At last the moment came, and as Dundee galloped along the ranks the clans set up a mighty cheer, to which the enemy returned a faint and wavering response. That was not the cry of men who were going to win, commented Lochiel. The clans descended the hill very slowly, and did not fire till they reached the plain. Then after a single volley, they drew their swords, and rushed upon the enemy. The result was as Dundee had anticipated. Mackay's men, in Macaulay's phrase, "ran like hares." But in one place a detachment of Englishmen made a firm stand. Dundee saw it, and was directing his cavalry where to attack when he was struck by a stray bullet. He was seen to ride forward a few paces, swaying in his saddle, and then dropped from his horse. He asked the person who caught him how the day was going, and was told that it went "well for the King." "It is the less matter for me," he replied, "seeing it goes well for my master."

The exact date of Dundee's death is, like that of his birth, uncertain. The battle was fought on July 27,

¹ "Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel."

1689. It is probable that he died on the field of battle where he fell, but he may have lived till the next day. He was taken to Blair Castle, and was buried in the church of Blair ; but no stone marked the grave, and the church has since become a ruin. He died with unshaken confidence in the justice of his cause, and in the King whom he had faithfully served—"sure," as he wrote a few days before his death, that "whatever evil befalls the country, the King is innocent, and I have done my duty." He left behind him the record of a life devoted to what he believed to be the true interests of his country, and of a most gallant attempt on the part of one man to sustain a lost and ruined cause.

Propertius

Eleg. ii. 19 ("Etsi me invito," &c.)

CYNTHIA, against my will you go from Rome,
 Yet am I glad you'll haunt a country lane :
 To the chaste fields will no corrupter come
 To spoil your freshness with his flatteries vain.

No brawl can rise before your window-sills,
 Nor serenade make sleep a bitter sense ;
 Alone you'll be and see the lonely hills,
 The poor man's cattle and the poor man's fence.

No jaunts to play-scenes can corrupt you now,
 Nor temples be the frequent cause of slips ;
 You'll watch the oxen toiling with the plough
 And the vine's tresses shorn with skilful clips.

You'll bear the meagre incense in the grot
 When the rough kid before the altar dies :
 With naked leg you'll dance ; it matters not
 Where all is safe from strange lascivious eyes.

And I must hunt : already Dian's shrine
Pleases me best, while prayers to Venus tire :
Wild beasts I'll catch, and crown with horns the pine,
And my own voice shall guide the bold dogs' ire.

Yet would I not attempt the lion's lair
Nor briskly go against the uncouth sow ;
Enough for me to noose the tender hare
And loose my dart at birds upon the bough

Where fair Clitumnus hides within the grove
That is its own, and washes oxen white.
Remember then, my love, when fancies rove
That I shall come ere many mornings' light.

So me your silent woods can never teach,
Nor wavelets wandering in a mossy bay,
To cease your name from unforgetful speech :
For all will harm my girl, when far away.

W. J. I.

[The last couplet in the Latin text is corrupt.]

Dames at Eton

THE death of Miss Jane Evans, on January 27, at Eton College, severs an interesting traditional link with the past. Miss Evans was the last of the old Eton "Dames," her latest predecessor being the Baroness de Rosen, who left Eton thirty years ago.

A century ago, all the boys at Eton boarded in the houses of "Dames." Dames were both male and female, and of all sorts and conditions. Some of them were of secure social position, some of them had no pretensions to gentility. Thus it is recorded that Mr. Ragueneau, at whose house the Duke of Wellington boarded, was once descried in Eton, in the middle of the holidays, by a Master who was passing through on his way abroad ; "What news, Mr. Ragueneau ?" the Master hailed from

his chaise as he passed; "D——n 'em, they've riz the bread!" was the only reply.

It was a fairly lucrative, though an uncomfortable, position in the old days. The "Dames" had no legal authority; they could only complain to the Master who was attached as Tutor to the House. It is said that there were three old ladies, sisters, who held a Dame's House at Eton, one of whom was very infirm, one rather infirm, and the third enjoyed tolerable health. If there was an outbreak of disorder in a boy's room, the healthiest would appear, and entreat the boys to desist. If they did so, she retired to her own quarters; but if she did not return, and the noise continued, the second good lady arrived with faltering step, showing signs of hysterics: this was generally sufficient to quell the most uproarious, but if even that failed, the invalid arrived upon the scene, and fainted away upon a chair. It is said that the third expedient had only once to be tried. The same old ladies used to attend the parish Church, and as they walked at different paces, and yet liked to arrive together at the door, they invented a species of handicap, thereby affording great amusement to their young charges, who enjoyed seeing the start.

Later generations began to question the picturesque arrangements of the past; and the Masters themselves began to accept Boarding-houses. But the title of Dame still remained; a Master who was not also the Classical Tutor of the boys in his house, used to be spoken of by his boarders as "My Dame"; but as the title was also conceded to the Matrons, the Matron in a non-classical Master's house was known as "My Dame's Dame," while, if the non-classical Master was married, his wife was known as "Mrs. My Dame." This nomenclature has few advantages, except its antiquarian interest; and the title of "Dame," except as applied to Matrons, is now fast dying out.

It is hard to say what, in old days, were the qualifications for Dame-ship. The places were disposed of by interest with the Provost or Headmaster. A superannuated governess, or a gentlewoman of diminished means, or even a superior housekeeper, might be appointed.

Miss Evans herself, daughter of a previous Master, was a figure that all Etonians learnt to reverence and honour. She was a woman of great kindness, strong humour, sterling common sense, acute judgment of character, and unaffected sincerity. She ruled her little kingdom in tranquillity and decorum, like a stately constitutional queen. It was not only that she commanded prompt obedience; she conciliated the respect of the boys, besides winning their affection. She was a woman with a real quality of greatness; and her dignified figure, her gracious presence, and her kindly smile will be grievously missed at Eton.

Legendary Lore in Recent Fiction

IT is not unnatural that as the world becomes more materialistic; as Romance (in spite of Mr. Kipling's assertion to the contrary) is pushed aside by Science; some of our novelists should revolt and—leaving for a while the commonplace facts of everyday life—give us instead something as old as Time itself, the whispering of spirit-voices to the silent heart of man. The new Celtic school, under the leadership of Mr. W. B. Yeats, has made a wide use of legendary lore; and the late Mr. William Sharp (who, as Fiona Macleod, alike puzzled and charmed us) took the old legends for the sum and substance of his fiction, clothing them with modern melancholy while yet preserving something of the simplicity of the original stories. Two recently published books—one a novel, the other a collection of short stories—have made excellent use of old-world folklore. In "The Wandering of Joyce" (Duckworth and Co.) Mr. E. M. Devenish gives us the well-known legend of the Sin-eater and the less known superstition of the Green Meadows of the Sea—Gwerddonau Llion, the Welsh Avalon; and treading lightly, yet with skill, the difficult path he has chosen, proves how a touch of the fantastic and supernatural—if it be the right touch—can be made absolutely convincing. Joyce herself, like

Joan of France, hears voices that call to her and lead her by wandering paths among strange peoples, in search of the man who loved her, yet, for conscience' sake, left her. The Mission in New England with the vision-haunted Welsh sailor; the fisherman's wife in the Welsh village who is inspired to prophesy when "They" compel her to speech; the slums of New York City; all are made real to us through this uncanny suggestion of mystery, as are the four storms of wind that mark epochs in the heroine's career, and seem to blow through a book that is in every sense original. "The Dreamer's Book: being Fantasies and Daydreams dealing with the Illusions and Disillusions of Life" (Bullen) is a collection of short stories by Mr. J. H. Pearce, who is, we suppose, a Cornishman, as most of these sketches have the winds and the waves of the wild Cornish coast for their setting. "The Little Crow of Paradise"—three short pages in all—is the legend of the friendship of a bird and a man, the bird carrying a drop of water down to the man who is prisoned in the "Black Pit of Thirst"; for his reward the little black crow dwells for ever in sight of heaven and still builds his nest "on the great gold walls against which the water of life ripples musically." "A Year and a Day" is the story of a wronged woman whom love brings back to life to draw the man whom she has loved away from the shelter of his home to the cold of her lonely grave. "A Voyage to the Golden Land" tells of two children who (fearing they will be taken to the hated workhouse) steal a boat and sail in search of the fabled heaven that lies beyond Scilly, behind the sunset. In these two books, so dissimilar, there is one thing in common: each writer loves the legends about which he writes. And this is well; for the gods—even the legendary gods—are jealous, and the spirits of the past will only whisper to those who know and understand.

Retrospective Reviews

Wilson's Discourse of Usury (1572)

A Discourse uppon usurye, by waye of Dialogue and oracions, for the better varietye, and more delite of all those, that shall reade thys treatise. By Thomas Wilson, doctor of the Civill lawes, one of the Masters of her majesties honorable courte of requestes. ¶ Seene & allowed, according to the Queenes Majesties injunctions. 1572.

THE author of this work is now best known, so far as he is known at all, by his "Art of Rhetoric," published in 1553, a book which throughout the Elizabethan period enjoyed great reputation, and was evidently familiar to almost all the writers of the day. Wilson's system of rhetoric is of no great originality and of no extraordinary merit, but is marked by admirable sense and enlivened by a number of good stories excellently told, which, as they were doubtless the original cause of its great popularity, render it even at the present day well worth reading. While the "Art of Rhetoric" shows Wilson as an accomplished scholar concerned with the polishing of his native tongue, in the "Discourse upon Usury" we see him as a keen student of contemporary affairs, anxious to reform the abuses which he found in the commonwealth. Many of the Elizabethans combined the pursuit of literature with an active political life in a way which suggests that the routine work of office must have been much less burdensome than it is at present; and Wilson, while one of the most accomplished scholars of his time, was a man of importance in the world of politics and diplomacy. He had had too an opportunity of comparing foreign countries with his own. A life-long adherent of the Dudley family, on the death of Edward VI. he had been concerned in the attempt to place Lady Jane Grey upon the throne, and when this failed, had been obliged to seek safety on the Continent. There he met with at least one unpleasant adventure, for on a visit to Rome in the year

1557, he was charged with having put forward heretical opinions in his book on Rhetoric; imprisoned; and, it is believed, put to the torture. Things might indeed have gone even worse with him but for a riot which occurred upon the death of Paul IV. in 1559, when the mob broke open the prison in which he was confined and released all those who were suffering on account of their religious opinions. He made good his escape, and returning to London in the following year was given the office of Master of Requests. In 1567 he was sent as ambassador to Portugal, and in 1574 and again in 1576 to the Netherlands. In 1577 he was appointed Secretary of State, an office which he held until his death in 1581.

The subject of usury is one which was much discussed in the sixteenth century, though generally from a somewhat abstract point of view. The puritan element especially was hostile to it on the ground that it was forbidden in the Scriptures, and the pros and cons of legislation dealing with it were widely debated. The dramatists and in general that class which lived, or tried to live, by the pen, constantly refer to the subject in terms which show that it touched them nearly, and indeed if we may consider their allusions to have a reasonable basis of fact, we must acknowledge that, imperfect as our modern legislation may be, it is at least a vast improvement on a state of affairs when the grossest abuses and tricks of the crudest kind brought, with the law's assistance, those who had once in dire need borrowed the smallest sum to an almost inevitable disaster.

Several attempts had been made in the middle ages to put down usury by law, but the earliest statute with which we need concern ourselves is one promulgated in the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII. (1545), by which the rate of interest was limited to 10 per cent. per annum. This statute was repealed in 1550, and the taking of interest for loans altogether forbidden, a prohibition which was still in force when Wilson's "Discourse" was written, though at the date of its publication in 1572 the Edwardian statute had just been repealed, and 10 per cent. again allowed. In later years the rate

was gradually lowered until it reached 5 per cent., at which it stood when the limit was finally abolished by the act of 1854.

It is evident when we consider the financial conditions of the time and the very high returns that seem to have been expected from a successful enterprise, that this rate of 10 per cent., though sufficient when the security was absolutely good, was far too low for the ordinary money-lender who had to deal with clients of doubtful stability, and naturally enough, even when usury was not absolutely forbidden, many shifts were resorted to in order to defeat the law. It is with these tricks, as well as with the bad effects of usury generally, that Wilson deals. He was, as we shall see, an uncompromising opponent of every form of profit derived from the loan of money; though in this connection it must not be forgotten that neither he nor other writers of his day appear ever to contemplate other borrowers than young men who have spent beyond their income, or merchants who by the loss of their ships or other misfortune have fallen upon hard times. Borrowing at interest for the legitimate purposes of trade seems an idea quite foreign to them, or even if they do allow that it may, at times, be to the advantage of an individual to obtain money upon usury, they are careful to insist that it must always be a loss to the community at large.

Two editions of Wilson's work were published, the first in 1572, and the second, which appears to be unaltered, in 1584; both are now scarce and the book has not since been reprinted. It was dedicated to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in an epistle dated 1569. This dedication is followed by "A Christian Prologue to the Christian reader," and this again by a letter of John Jewel, the well-known Bishop of Salisbury, who had read the work in manuscript, and strongly urged the author to publish it.

As the title states, the "Discourse" is in the form of a dialogue, the characters of which are:

"MISOTOKOS. Ockerfoe, the Preacher or enemy to usury.

"KAKEMPOROS. Gromel gainer [*i.e.*, miser], the wrong merchant, or evil occupier.

“POLITIKOS. Advocate or Civilian.

“KERDALEOS. Lawyer, or rather petty-scholar in law.”

The discussion is supposed to take place at the house of the merchant, who, having heard the preacher deliver an eloquent sermon against usury has invited him to dinner in order that they may discuss the matter. After dinner, at which the merchant is “as merry as a pie,” the other guests are courteously despatched, and the merchant, the preacher, and the lawyer, retire to a pleasant arbour in the garden, where they are later joined by the civilian, and begin their talk. But they do not come to the subject of usury at once for a digression is caused by the preacher who sat “dumping in a deep conceit, as one carried with the zeal of God, and being asked what he thought of the world, began in this manner:

“It is very certain, as I take it, the world is almost at an end.”

He is requested to explain his doleful prognostication, and begins to lament the sinfulness of the times and especially the want of charity. No one cares for anything but gain, and few care how that gain is won; theft is not looked upon with the horror that it deserves, nay, “he that can rob a man by the high way is called a tall fellow.”

The lawyer defends England in comparison with other countries; according to him all have their faults, and one is not much worse than another. The passage is one of the numerous catalogues of the characteristics of foreign nations, in which travellers were accustomed to crystallise their experience, and is perhaps curious enough to give—at least in part.

“The Flemings and high Almain,” says the Lawyer, “are subject most to drunkenness, the Italian to revenge wrongs by murder. . . . The Frenchman is charged with furious rashness, and overmuch intermeddling in all causes and states; the Spaniard with intolerable pride and disdain against all others; the Portingale with overmuch superstition in religion and simplicity of life; the Scottish man with bragging and lying; the Englishman with gluttony instead of hospitality, with much theft to set forth his bravery, and sometimes treason for desire of innovation” (ed. 1572, sig. B 4).

The talk now turns more particularly to usury. Every one, says the lawyer, practises it, “even women, yea,

and goodmen Hoyden of the country, in whom a man would think were no craft or subtlety to live, can ask the shilling penny for a week, which in a year amounteth to four shillings and four pence, besides the principal; and in a twelvemonth after, the loan of a hundred pounds by the year amounteth to four hundred pound, which is marvellous strange and uncharitable" (sig. C 7). To this the preacher replies in a long sermon on usury, showing by many references to the Scriptures and to the writings of the Fathers that it is contrary to the dictates of Christianity. The sermon is an excellent statement of the case from the puritan point of view, but need not detain us; we may, however, in passing note the rate of interest which, according to him, was usually demanded, "twenty, thirty, nay, shall I say forty in the hundred sometimes?"

The parson is followed by the lawyer, who argues that, after all, interest is only a form of profit, just as any other, and that it is impossible to separate usury from other business gains which are universally counted as legitimate. He argues further that it is sometimes a great charity to lend money, "and none offence neither, as I take it, to do a good turn and to receive another"—in the form, of course, of interest. He is opposed to the statute forbidding usury, and complains that now no one can borrow money at a less rate than 30 or at least 20 per cent., for the lender naturally feels that he deserves some compensation for his risk in breaking the law, "whereas if there were a reasonable stint, all such as have need would fare the better."

The merchant now has his say. True to his character of "gromel gainer" he takes a much bolder view. He will, he says, make a profit when and where he can, and the more profit the better, "provided always that I will not come within the compass of positive laws; and this I wot well, that by all laws a man may take as much for his own wares as he can get, and it is no sin for one man to deceive another in bargaining,—so that it be not too much beyond God's forbode,—and a bargain is a bargain, let men say what they list. Such your strait

prohibition and strange preciseness, my masters, do make men weary of their lives."

The preacher replies at length to the arguments put forward by the last two speakers, and is followed by the civil lawyer, who is not to be confused with the "Lawyer or rather petty-scholar in law," whose opinions we have already heard. This speaker, we may suppose, represents the author, "Thomas Wilson, doctor of the Civil Laws," as he is called on the title-page. He takes the side of the preacher, and is equally opposed to usury, but he brings forth quite a new set of arguments drawn from secular history and from expediency. His views seem almost socialistic. Seeing, as he does, that the borrowing of money is at times a necessity, he maintains that there should be public funds from which loans could be made without interest, to assist those starting in a trade or profession, to marry poor maidens, to relieve the poor afflicted in every town and parish that are not able to help themselves, or to redeem captives from the infidels. He refers with commendation to the "*Montes pietatis*, that is to say, mounts or banks of charity" (sig. O 3), established in Italy, from which the poor might borrow on the security of their goods at a rate of interest not exceeding 3 or 4 per cent. ; only he thinks it would be much better were there no interest at all.

And now comes one of the most curious sections of the work, an account of the "divers contracts and bargains that are used to avoid usury." Unfortunately, as it is impossible to discuss these in less space than they occupy in the book itself, they must be passed over in silence save for a few words about the first, the most frequently referred to of all methods resorted to by Elizabethan money-lenders for evading the law, namely, what is called lending or borrowing "upon commodities." The way in which this was done is explained a dozen times over in works well known to students of the period, but it is perhaps sufficiently curious to be briefly described. A request for a loan of money would in the first instance be absolutely refused. The money-lender would declare that it was quite impossible for him to advance the sum

asked for,—let us suppose a hundred pounds,—for not only was he at the moment altogether without spare cash, but the transaction proposed was against the law, and he had no wish to get into trouble; nevertheless, if the borrower liked to take the loan in *goods* the matter might be arranged. The would-be borrower, seeing there was nothing better to be obtained, would then give the money-lender a promise to pay a certain sum, perhaps £130, a year hence for certain goods received by him, thus making the transaction an ordinary sale, and in return for this would receive £100 worth, nominally, of some goods or other, the money-lender taking care that these were such as could not easily be disposed of by a person unacquainted with the trade: brown-paper, lute-strings, and pack-thread seem to have been among the favourite “commodities,” and we even hear of roasted joints of mutton. The borrower, not having any idea of how to get rid of such things, would ask the lender if he could not dispose of them on his behalf, or failing this, recommend some one who would be likely to take them. One of these the money-lender was always ready to do. Sometimes the goods would be left with him to get the best price he could for them, and the borrower be asked to come back for his money on the following day. On his return he would be greeted with a thousand excuses of the badness of trade, the hardness of customers, and the like, and learn how the money-lender, with all his efforts, had only been able to get some £70 for the goods, sometimes an even smaller proportion, and with this he would have to be content; he was in debt to the extent of £130 for a loan of £70. It need hardly be said that the “commodity” was all the time lying in the back of the shop, ready for the next borrower. But even worse was the fate of the less trustful or less experienced borrower, who insisted on taking his goods away. He would certainly find none to whom he could sell them, save the person whom the lender had recommended, and with whom he was of course in league. The only result of his trouble would be that he would obtain still less for his “commodities,” for in this case a double profit

would have to be earned. The method was beautifully simple, and from the legal point of view, entirely unassailable; it had indeed such an attraction for the money-lending fraternity that, as need hardly be pointed out, it continued in use long after a change in the law had rendered it no longer a necessary precaution.

The civil lawyer now passes in review a number of cases of what at first sight appear, or can be made to appear, ordinary profits of trade, but which according to him are really usury in disguise. He refers also to the false names frequently used by money-lenders and to the dummy "friends" from whom they borrow money for their clients, and whom the officers of the law, search they never so carefully, cannot find. A northern gentleman of the highest respectability, in fact "a gosseller in show," will come, for example, to London with money entrusted to him by his friend and neighbour "John Clarke"; he himself, of course, has no interest in the matter; he is simply doing what he can for his friend, who was unfortunately prevented from coming to town himself. Nevertheless, we may be quite sure that, when the time comes for the money to be paid, the "gosseller" will feel himself fully qualified to receive it.

Many such tricks are described, but we must pass on. The civilian next turns to the Exchange and we have a long and interesting discussion of the principles of foreign exchange as the author understood it, and the manner in which bills of exchange can be used to circumvent the usury laws. The subject is, however, an intricate one, and nothing would be gained by such brief discussion as would be possible here.

Wilson, as in his other books, attempts to intermix pleasure with profit by the addition of stories. These are not so numerous, nor on the whole so good, as in the "Art of Rhetoric," but one which is told by the civilian seems worth transcribing:

"A certain famous preacher, a man most zealous in religion, and therefore with so vehement against sin (as I know few his like within this land) made a sermon, not many years past, at Paul's Cross; which sermon was wholly against usury; wherein he showed himself both very well learned and also

right godly, and, as I think, he did good to some. The same preacher dined the same day either with the mayor or sheriff or some other merchant ; but whether I cannot well tell. And coming to dinner, the party did welcome him, as it seemed, heartily ; and glosed yet indeed, as it fell out afterward, saying that he doubted not but he had done great good that day in speaking so much against usury, and therefore thanked him. Whereupon another familiar acquaintance of the said merchant said unto him secretly : What mean you, sir, to give this man so great thanks for speaking so much against usury ? I do not know him in London that gaineth more by his money than you do, and therefore methinks, you speak either hollowly or not advisedly. Tush, quod the merchant, you are a fool. I do thank him and thank him again, for wot you what ? The fewer usurers that he can make, the more shall be my gain : for then men shall chiefly seek me out. For do you think that he can persuade me to leave so sweet a trade, for a few words of his trolling tongue ? No, by the rood's body can he not ; and therefore I will clawe him and say well might he fare, and God's blessing have he too. For the more he speaketh, the better it itcheth, and maketh better for me " (sig. T 4^v).

It is perhaps worth noting that Robert Greene repeats this story in a slightly different form in his "Groatsworth of Wit" ("Shakspere Allusion-Books," N.S.S., p. 9).

We have space for little more. In a final discourse the preacher sums up the arguments against usury, insisting especially upon its evil effect in encouraging outrageous excess and display. A man is always, he argues, far more free with borrowed money than with his own. Nevertheless, he confesses that some few may perhaps have actually derived benefit from money borrowed at interest, may have saved themselves from imprisonment thereby, and from utter undoing, and that therefore some may argue that it is a good thing.

"Unto this," says he, "I answer as he that came into a church and saw it full of images made of wax asked the cause of such a sight. Unto whom one answered that those people whom these waxen images did represent, were saved from drowning by calling upon Our Lady. 'Nay, then,' quoth he again, 'where be the images of those, I pray you, that called upon Our Lady and were drowned notwithstanding ?' And so say I, if some one man have got good of usury, and hath been made thereby, how many thousands have had mischief and been utterly undone by usury ?"

But this tale is perhaps familiar ; probably, in one form or another, it has been familiar at all stages of the world's history ; so we will end with one from the few pages of epilogue with which the book concludes. We, at least,

have not met with it, to our recollection, elsewhere. It turns on the war of 1556-1557, between Pope Paul IV. and the Emperor Charles for the Kingdom of Naples, a war which, according to Wilson, was entirely due to the Pope, and to which he could have put a stop at any moment. Nevertheless, as the author tells us,

“The Holy Father did set forth in print a certain prayer for peace, and commanded that all priests within their parishes should call the people together and exhort them to pray for peace. Amongst whom one priest of a certain parish there seeing the people assembled, began to declare unto them the Holy Father's will, which was that they should all pray together for a speedy peace. And when they were thus devoutly gathered together and warned to pray, the priest said thus, after many speeches passed before. ‘Good brethren, you see I must do as I am commanded, I cannot do otherwise, and therefore I exhort you eftsoones and I pray you heartily pray for peace. But this I will say unto you beforehand, if you have any peace at all, with all your prayers, I will give my head. For how can it be otherwise, when he that is the author and the only deviser of this war doth require you to pray for peace, who might have it when he list, if he would be quiet himself? But I know he will not, and therefore your prayers will be in vain; and yet pray, sirs, *for manners' sake.*’”

Ayton's Essays

“Essays and Sketches of Character.” By the late RICHARD AYTON, Esq. With a Memoir of his Life. (Taylor and Hesse. 1825.)

My copy of this remarkable but forgotten book is endeared to me by the fact that it was the gift of a well-loved friend, the late W. J. Linton, the wood-engraver. I had journeyed, some ten or eleven years ago, from New York to spend a night with him in his cottage on the outskirts of Newhaven, Connecticut. He gave me asparagus from his garden and wine from California; and we talked, talked, talked—knowing that we should never meet again on the hither side of the Elysian fields—of books that we loved; of Elizabethan song-writers; of Keats, of Sir Thomas Browne, of Charles Lamb. In youth and middle life Linton had been “ever a fighter,” but his old age was gentle and benign. He spoke of Hazlitt with chastened admiration, and the talk about Hazlitt

led him to ask me whether I had read Richard Ayton's "Essays and Sketches of Character." I confessed that I had never heard of them. When we parted on the following morning, he insisted on making me a present of his copy of these essays; and from that day I have never ceased to love the book for its own sake and for the sake of its donor.

Richard Ayton, born in 1786 in London, was the fourth son of William Ayton of Macclesfield, whose father had been a banker in Lombard Street. At the Macclesfield Grammar School he was, according to his anonymous biographer, indefatigable in his studies, and "became an excellent Greek and Latin scholar." He was to have gone to one of the Universities, but the deaths of his father and grandfather (in 1799 and 1800) impoverished the family; and he was sent to a Manchester solicitor's office, where he found the work uncongenial. Removing to London, he continued to neglect his legal studies, and on coming of age, "as soon as he attained the absolute control of his property, he quitted the law and went to reside on the coast of Sussex, in the vain hope of limiting his expenses to the smallness of his income." His delight was to be on the sea in his little skiff; he ventured out in all weathers, and once was nearly wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. In 1811 the death of one of his brothers affected him deeply. For a time he held a small post in the public service, but—as the duties were monotonous and the salary trifling—he soon threw it up, and accompanied W. Daniell on his tour round the Coast of Great Britain. Two summers were spent with Daniell, and Ayton supplied the letterpress for the first two volumes of the "Voyage Round Great Britain." Afterwards he wrote for the stage, but with indifferent success. His health becoming impaired, he went for a sea-voyage to Scarborough, where he stayed three months. On the return voyage, in the late autumn, he encountered vile weather; and, to add to his discomfort, the ship was leaky and the crew inefficient. The hardships that he endured on this voyage, which lasted nearly three weeks, permanently weakened his

constitution. In 1821 he went back to Sussex, and there wrote (in miserable health) the essays that were posthumously published. To secure better medical advice he was moved to London in July 1823; but it was too late, and "he sank into the grave, apparently an old man, at the age of thirty-six or thirty-seven."

There are a dozen essays in the volume; all are more or less notable, but the longest and the best is "Sea-Roamers—Old Johnny Wolgar," a delightfully humorous and pathetic account of an old fellow who belonged to "a class of lowly labourers, calling themselves *Sea-Roamers*, who work out, I think, about as stubborn and precarious a 'daily bread' from the earth as any men who have ever fallen under my observation." Johnny had been a skilful fisherman, and part-owner of a boat and nets. When old age came upon him, he sold his share in the boat and took to shrimping, till his joints stiffened and he could no longer stoop. Finally, he "settled into a roamer, content to take his pittances from the bounty of that element from which he had once gallantly forced, as it were, his subsistence—a poor pensioner of the waves—an humble dependent on the chance-medley of 'jettson and flottsom.'" When Ayton first made his acquaintance, Johnny Wolgar was seventy-two years old; but he had lived hard, and looked older than his years:

"His face was hollow and grim—the eyes little better than blanks—dim—pale, deep-sunk in his head, and over-thatched with a white bushy brow:—the nose long and sharp—and the jaws skeletonised, and grizzled over from cheek to throat with a stubbly beard an inch in length. His skin had not a tinge of red upon it, but, without any hue of sickness, was mellowed by sun and wind, and age, into a fine Rembrandt tan, and furrowed, and puckered, and knotted, like the bark of an old tree. On this time-worn and weather-beaten head grew a very picturesque sort of hat, painted black and glazed, with a cupola top and a broad flapping brim, from beneath which dropped down a few lank locks of wiry hair. With all this ruggedness there was an expression of extreme mildness and benevolence in his countenance: every feature was roughened and disfigured by long suffering and exposure; but amongst all his marks of hard usage there was not one of ill-humour or discontent. Of his person you might fairly declare that it was still entire; he had all his limbs about him, though in truth his usufruct in them was singularly limited. Rheumatism, he used to say, had clapped him in irons all over; his joints were all double-locked, and would as little bend as his

shin-bones. But in losing his suppleness he had fortunately hardened upright, and it was among his few vanities that, if no longer apt at a hornpipe, he was as stiff and straight as a Prussian Grenadier. He wore a smock-frock on his body, while his lower limbs were smothered in rags, so that he had not in the least the appearance of a creature in coat and breeches, but may be said to have been rather bandaged than dressed."

It was clearly impossible for old Johnny, with his crippled limbs and cumbersome attire, to pursue his vocation on foot: he went about on his horse "Old Bob," who nicely accommodated himself to his master's ways. By the help of two or three neighbours, Johnny would be hoisted into the saddle (an old sack), his basket was handed to him, and he then grasped his long pole, with a spike and a hook at one end, "with which he had learned to stick, pick, pull and bring to basket all such valuables as he was ordinarily in the habit of meeting with." However inclement the weather might be, old Johnny Wolgar was always on the beach on winter days shortly after daybreak: "There was cliff—and beach—and wind—and rain—and sea—and surf, and—'Old Johnny Wolgar.'" When a sudden squall assailed him, you might see him

"clinging with both arms round his horse's neck—*tail* to wind—his basket capsized, and hastening fitfully homewards—his lance overboard—and himself in momentary danger of his dismissal before the rage of the tempest. This he called 'lying to.' On such occasions his fragmental dress would be sorely discomposed, entire vestments would be blown from his back; while such rigging as still adhered to him became so loosened and enlarged that he rattled in the wind like a ship 'in stays.'"

In his manner he was ceremoniously polite; and his cheerfulness was wonderful. Although his daily takings (pieces of wood, rope, a stranded fish, a bit of canvas, an old shoe, &c.) did not usually amount to more than fourpence a day, hope and curiosity never deserted him. In summer, when light winds and moderate seas brought no harvest to the beach, Johnny gave over sea-roaming and drove round the neighbouring villages in a dilapidated old cart lightly laden with nuts and gingerbread; but he hated these tranquil summer excursions, "and yearned for the animating violences, and all the hurly-burly of the beach, with a piping gale from the south."

The end came on a stormy day in February. Johnny's horse was seen standing motionless, without his rider ; and close under the horse old Johnny Wolgar was found lying lifeless, face downwards, on the beach.

The first essay "On the Spirit of Youth in the Young and the Old" (which may be compared with Hazlitt's essay "On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth"), reads oddly to-day when—thanks to our elaborate system of education—children have no illusions for time to steal, but are sensible men and women before they leave the nursery. "As we live," says Ayton, "we are reasoned or ridiculed out of all our jocund mistakes, till the full-grown man see things as they are, and is just wise enough to be miserable"; but to-day it is the children who reason us out of our pretty fancies.

In the last paper, a vivid "Account of a Descent into a Coal-Mine," Ayton passionately denounced the barbarity of employing women and young children in "these dismal dungeons," and added an eloquent appeal for "the wretched little slaves of chimney-sweepers, a numerous class of beings most infamously oppressed, whom it is not too serious to call a reproach to the country."

Correspondence

Prince Henry's Players

DEAR MR URBAN,—Upon the accession of James I., the dramatic company which had long been under the patronage of the Lord High Admiral, Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, passed under that of Henry, Prince of Wales, then a child of nine years old. In 1831 J. P. Collier published in his "History of English Dramatic Poetry" (i. p. 351) a list of the men forming this company, taken from the "Book of the Household Establishment of Prince Henry," preserved in MS. Harley, 252. Collier gives the list as representing the composition of the company immediately after James's accession, and adds a note to the effect that "Dr. Birch, in the Appendix to his 'Life of Prince Henry,' p. 455, enumerates also Anthony Jeffes [who does not appear in Collier's list], but does not quote his authority." Mr. Fleay, reproducing Collier's list in his "History of the Stage" (1890, p. 200), infers from the omission of Edward Alleyn and Anthony Jeffes that Collier had dated the document too early, and conjectures that 1608 is the true date. Since Collier, however, no one appears to have consulted the MS. This at once sets the matter at rest. The list appears in an official copy of the book of the Prince's household establishment, and though the list itself is undated, the book is dated 1610. Furthermore, Birch was quite right in giving Anthony Jeffes, whose name was omitted through an oversight of Collier's. Jeffes left the company soon after this, possibly when it passed, on Henry's death, in Nov. 1612, under the patronage of the Palsgrave, and received on his retirement the sum of £70 out of the common funds (Dulwich MS. I. 67). He was still alive in 1620. I append a transcript of the original MS.

MS. HARLEY, 252.

fol. 5 :

James · R · 1610 ·

The Cobby of the booke signed by Prince Henry

for the Allowance of dyette, wages, board wages, Rewardes & Lyvereyes that weare Belongynge vnto his Chambers, Houshold & Stables.

fol. 10 :

Comedyanes & Playores	Thomas Towne
	Thomas downton
	w ^m Byrde
	Samuelle Rowleye
	Edward Jubye
	Charles Massye
	Homfrey Jeffes
	Anthony Jeffes
	Edward Colbrande
	w ^m Parre
	Rychard Pryore
	william Stratford
ffrauncys Grace	
John Shanke	

The manuscript contains much also of antiquarian interest, but does not appear to throw any further light upon the history of the Jacobean stage.

W. W. G.

Early Editions of Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" (1592)

DEAR SIR,—I do not know whether you would care to insert the following note on one of Robert Greene's pamphlets, the "Quip for an Upstart Courtier." It will be perhaps chiefly of interest to those of your readers who care for bibliography, but the book concerned is not without importance in the literary history of the Elizabethan period, a passage in it being one of the chief causes of the well-known literary quarrel between Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe.

In the "Quip," which was published in July or August 1592, Greene took occasion to attack Gabriel Harvey and his two brothers, but in no copy of the work now known to exist can this attack be found. Its nature

may be inferred from Harvey's reply to it in his "Four Letters touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused," 1592, and from some remarks of Nashe on the subject. It is evident that Gabriel's English hexameters were ridiculed, and that his brother Richard was accused of loose living. From Nashe also (*Strange News*, C 3^v) we learn that it consisted of no more than "about seven or eight lines."

The reason of the withdrawal of the attack is not quite certain. Harvey says that Greene cancelled the passage for fear of legal proceedings; Nashe that it was withdrawn at the request of a physician who attended Greene in his last illness, and who, although much amused by the passage, did not like to see an attack upon the younger brother John, who was a member of his own profession (*Strange News*, D 4).

Now there are, at the British Museum and at the Bodleian Library respectively, copies of the "Quip," both dated 1592, but belonging to totally distinct editions. As neither of these, however, contains the attack upon the Harveys, it has been supposed that there was an edition earlier than either, which has entirely perished. This I believe not to have been the case.

The two copies mentioned contain important differences, a fact which I have nowhere seen referred to, and among them one which enables us to determine which copy belongs to the earlier edition. It is found in a story¹ told to account for the improvidence of shoemakers, which seems then to have been traditional. According to the Bodleian copy, once when Christ and Peter were on a journey, Peter was very hospitably received and entertained by a company of shoemakers. In return for this he begged a boon for them from Christ. He meant to ask that they should "ever earn a groat before they spend twopence," but unfortunately Peter had "drunk well of good double beer," and by mistake asked his boon in the form that they should "ever spend a groat before they earned twopence." The error could not be rectified, and hereof it grew

¹ Compare Grosart's edition of "Greene," xi. 264-265.

“that all the gentle craft¹ are such good fellows and spendthrifts.” Now the interesting point about this story is that in the copy at the British Museum, instead of Christ and Peter, we have the names Jupiter and Mercury: probably a certain irreverence in the original version had given offence, and the printer had been required to alter it. This change enables us to show that the Bodleian copy is the earlier, for, by great good luck, Harvey, who is answering the attacks upon himself and his brothers, and who therefore must have had the original issue of the book before him, refers to the story in very precise terms. “Saint Peter, and Christ Himself are,” he says, “Lucianically and scoffingly alledged: the one for begging, the other for granting a foolish boon, pretended ever since the fatal destiny of the gentle craft.”² This of course makes it certain that the Bodleian copy represents the earlier version of the story, a view which is supported by the fact that later dated editions follow the British Museum copy in substituting the names of Jupiter and Mercury.

But in the Bodleian copy there is a further point of interest, namely, that, as even a cursory examination would show to any bibliographer, two leaves, namely, those signed E 3 and E 4, are what is termed a “cancel.” That is to say, they are leaves printed later and substituted for the original ones. The fact that they are joined together—on a single piece of paper—is alone a sufficient proof of this, but there are others. Now each of the four pages of which these two leaves consist is shorter, *i.e.*, contains fewer lines of print, than those in the rest of the book; the deficiency on the four pages being respectively 4, 4, 3, and 2 lines. Further it is to be noticed that on E 3^v and E 4 Greene is dealing with a ropemaker.³ When we remember that the most common gibe against the Harveys was that their father

¹ The “gentle craft” was of course a common name for the trade of shoemaker.

² “Four Letters” in “Works of G. Harvey,” ed. Grosart, i. 166.

³ The cancel leaves correspond to Grosart’s edition of “Greene,” vol. xi. p. 257, l. 4 “or”—p. 262, l. 17 “I will,”

was a ropemaker, does it not seem probable, indeed almost certain, that on one of these two pages, perhaps at the foot of E 3^v, was originally the attack upon them which gave rise to so much talk; and that in the thirteen lines by which these cancel leaves are shorter than the original leaves must have been, we have the "seven or eight lines" of which Nashe speaks, with perhaps three or four lines of connecting matter which had also to be dropped?

I therefore venture to put forward the view that the editions and issues of Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier" which appeared in 1592 were as follows:

(1) The first issue of the first edition, with a passage beginning near the foot of E 3^v attacking the Harveys. Of this no copy is known to exist.

(2) A second issue of the first edition, with two new leaves E 3 and E 4 substituted for the original ones, the attack on the Harveys being omitted. This issue is represented by the copy at the Bodleian Library.

(3) A second edition, the type being set up again throughout, with the names of Jupiter and Mercury substituted for those of Christ and Peter in the story of the shoemakers referred to above, and with other alterations. This edition is represented by the copy in the British Museum.

R. B. McK.

How to Tame a Shrew

SIR,—I do not remember to have seen in print some quaint directions for the Taming of a Shrew, which I transcribed a few years ago from a sixteenth-century MS. in the British Museum (No. 15,226). Possibly you may find room for them in the columns of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*:

"If you perceive her to Increase her Language be sure you give her not a word good nor bad, but rather seem to slight her by doing some action or other, singing, dauncing, whistling or clapping thy hands one thy sides; for this will make her vex extremely, because you give her not word for word: and be sure you doe

not offer to goe away, but walk still before her or in her hearing; for if you doe thinck to avoyd her clamour by goeing abroad you are deceived; for then you doe but give her breath, and soe she will have a bill of Revival against you when you come in againe and soe by that meanes will have another fling at your Jacket: and if you must needs goe forth about your occasions, beware that she doth not meet with you, as Xantippe the wife of Socrates did meet with him; . . . but if all will not serve that you can doe to stop her rage, but she will thus every day clamour, then I wish you to bring a drum into the house and lock it up in some private Roome or study, that she may not come at it, and when she doth begin to talk aloft, do thou begin to beat aloud, which shee hearing will presently be amased, hearing a lowder voice then her own, and make her forbare scolding any more for that time; and at any time if she doe talk or scold, then sing this catch:

‘he that marries a scold, a scold;
 he hath most cause to be merry,
 for when she’s in her fits,
 he may cherish his wits
 with singing hey down dery,
 with a cup of sherry.

“Another:

‘never let man take heavenly
 the clamour of his wife,
 but if he do please to learn of me,
 to live a merry life,
 let her have a swing,
 all in a hempen string:
 or when she begins to scold,
 doe thou begin to sing,
 fa, le, ra, la, la, fa, le, ra.’”

Yours faithfully,
 MISOGYNIST.

Sir Henry Herbert's Office-Book

DEAR SIR,—Most of your readers are probably aware that the office-book kept by Sir Henry Herbert during his tenure of the Mastership of the Revels (c. 1623–1642),

which is known to have been in existence at the end of the eighteenth century, subsequently disappeared. Since, however, there may be others less familiar with the history of the important manuscript in question, I venture to trespass upon your space in the following brief summary of the facts of the case, in the hope of eliciting some clue which may lead to the discovery of the present hiding-place of the volume.

The office-book is first known to have been used by Malone in the preparation of the "Historical Account of the English Stage," prefixed to his edition of Shakespeare in 1790. It had been then recently discovered in an old chest in a house at Ribbisford, Worcestershire, belonging to Mr. Francis Ingram, Deputy Remembrancer in the Court of Exchequer (Malone's "Shakespeare," 1790, vol. i. pt. 1. p. 45, note; "Variorum Shakespeare," 1821, vol. iii. p. 57, note). The manuscript must also at one time have been in the hands of George Chalmers, who printed further extracts from it in his "Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare-Papers" [*i.e.*, the Ireland forgeries], 1799, see especially pp. 213-220. Since then, no one, it would appear, has seen the volume. In 1880 Halliwell-Phillipps stated in a letter to "Notes and Queries" (6th S. i. 73), that it was in the library of the Earl of Powis, and that it "formerly belonged to the Ingram family, and was delivered up with the title-deeds to an ancestor of the present noble owner." In answer, however, to inquiries made soon after, the Earl replied that the manuscript was not, and had never been, in his possession, and that he had no knowledge of it whatever.

The office-book is a document of the greatest possible interest and importance in the history of the drama, since it contains the dates of licensing of all plays produced during Herbert's term of office, besides much other valuable information. It is, therefore, greatly to be desired that it should be traced, and if the consent of the present owner can be obtained, transcribed and published in full.—Yours &c.,

W. W. GREG.

Kele's "Christmas Carolles"

DEAR MR. URBAN,—In 1813 Dr. Philip Bliss reprinted at Oxford in his "Bibliographical Miscellanies," certain extracts from an apparently composite volume entitled "Christmas carolles newly Imprynted," then in the possession of a Mr. Cotton. The book, or at least part of it, was printed by "Rychard Kele, dwellyng at the longe shop under saynt Myldredes chyrche," and the date is approximately 1546–1552. It was noticed in Dibdin's 1819 edition of Ames's and Herbert's "Typographical Antiquities," as "in the possession of the Revd. H. Cotton, of Christ Church, Oxford." Henry Cotton was a student of Christ Church from 1807 to 1819, Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian 1814–1822, Vicar of Cassington, Oxon., 1812–1824, Prebendary of Cashel in Ireland, 1823, and Archdeacon in 1824, and subsequently became Treasurer of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin (1832), and Dean of Lismore (1834). He lived until 1879, and compiled several valuable works, including the two series of the "Typographical Gazetteer."

I shall be very grateful if any readers can help me in discovering the present resting-place of the above book of Carols.—Yours truly,

E. K. CHAMBERS.

An Inedited Poem by Henry Vaughan

SIR,—I have in my possession a very rare little book, the title of which is as follows: "Καλῶς Τελωνήσανται; or, The Excise-Man. Shewing the Excellency of his Profession, how and in what it precedes all others; the Felicity he enjoys, the Pleasures as well as Qualifications that inevitably attend him, notwithstanding the opprobrious Calumnies of the most inveterate Detractor. Discovering his Knowledge in the Arts, Men and Laws. In an Essay. By Ezekiel Polsted, A.B." [Motto from Dryden's "Juvenal."] "London . . . 1697."

The book, as the reader may imagine from its title-page, is a very curious one, and might well form the subject of an essay on its own account. The author was something of a poet, and introduces in his essay a good deal of verse, some of which is his own. But the most interesting point about the book is that it contains a poem by Henry Vaughan, which seems not to have been known to any of the poet's editors or biographers. Two commendatory poems are prefixed to the work. The first of these is headed "On the Author and Subject," and is signed, "John Morgan—Junior de Wenalt in Com' Brecon." This is followed by Vaughan's poem, which runs thus :

"ALIUD,

TO THE

OFFICERS OF THE EXCISE.

We own'd your *Power*, and the *Pleasures* too
 That, as their *Center*, ever meet in you ;
 But your *monopolizing Sense* affords
 A Ravishment beyond the *Pow'r* of Words :
 To *Silence* thus *confin'd*, I must obey,
 And only *freely say*, that I can *nothing say*.

HENRY VAUGHAN, *Silurist*."

This poem, or rather piece of verse, is of no literary importance ; but it has a curious interest from the fact that it was in all probability the last piece of verse which Vaughan wrote, since he died in 1695, two years before the publication of Polsted's book. His last published work appeared in 1679, and from that time our information about him is very scanty. In these verses to Polsted we catch a last glimpse of him. They are not unduly laudatory, and have even a faint flavour of irony about them ; but I think they may be accepted as an evidence of the old poet's good-nature.

It is worth noting, in conclusion, that John Morgan, the author of the first commendatory poem in Polsted's book, was a kinsman of Vaughan's, one of whose poems is addressed, "To I. Morgan, of Whitehall, Esq., upon his sudden journey and succeeding marriage."

B. DOBELL.

“*The Curiosities of Scarborough.*”—“*The First Principles of Polite Behaviour*”

SIR,—As rhyming guide-books for children are not, I imagine, very common, I venture to send you a notice of “*The Curiosities of Scarborough, described in verse, for the Amusement of Juvenile Visitants.*” My copy (“A new edition”), dated 1832, was printed and published at Scarborough by C. R. Todd, “by agreement with the original proprietor.” It is a small 8vo (6 by 4 inches), of fourteen leaves, and is stated on the title-page to be “illustrated with seventeen engravings in wood”; but the publisher has not taken full credit to himself, for my copy contains eighteen. There are twenty-seven six-line stanzas; and the price of the little book was sixpence plain, and a shilling coloured.

A holiday at Scarborough was a reward for children who had worked diligently at school.

“Children, who, like the honey-bee,
Have diligent and docile been,
May claim thy smiles, hilarity!
And see what others erst have seen:
Brothers and sisters now implore
To visit Scarborough’s rocky shore.”

“Papa accedes,” and a wood-cut shows the party merrily hieing away to Scarborough in a coach-and-four. Another cut exhibits a row of bathing-machines,

“with roofs of red and green
Where courteous sea-nymphs waiting stand.”

Over the pleasure of pebble-hunting the author waxes eloquent:

“There you may see the radiant gem,
Envelop’d in a russet vest,
Which might adorn a diadem
And shine upon the fairest breast.”

The Spaw comes in for notice; and full justice is done to the Mere Tea Gardens, where

“fruit or cakes, with balmy tea,
Wait your commands respectfully.”

At Scalby Mill (“Romantic, rural, snug retreat”)

there was a "neat Tea-house," which is confidently commended. In rainy weather the juvenile visitants should betake themselves to Todd's Library, where not only books were to be found, but

"drawings lent for art's display ;
Papers of every kind and hue,
And landscapes all to nature true."

On Sunday,

"a tranquil day
Though much of fashion glares around,"

they should bend their steps to St. Mary's Church.

Near this guide-book, on one of my upper shelves, stands a little volume containing several "Children's Books." I select for notice "The First Principles of Polite Behaviour: or Practical Lessons and Examples, for the Improvement of Youth. Embellished with neat engravings on Wood," eighteen leaves, published at Edinburgh by Oliver and Boyd. I take the date to be about 1830. Some books have a long life, but I doubt whether the esteemed publishers still keep in stock this little work on juvenile etiquette. "The habit of a polished address ought to be formed in early youth," is a statement which no reasonable person will combat. A chapter is devoted to the subject of "Behaviour at Table." Lady Anson thus rebuked her six-year-old daughter: "Amelia, if I see you again put your elbows on the table, I shall send you to eat in the kitchen. You ought to remember only to rest your hands upon the table; and I have told you this twenty times." Then the father began: "And I shall tell her also, for the twentieth time, not to throw bones or pickings on the floor. The proper place to put them is on the edge of the plate. You ought not to drink with your mouth full, as I saw you do just now. You should swallow what is in your mouth first, and wipe your lips with the napkin before you begin to drink. It is equally ungentle to sing at table, unless we are requested to do so,—or to look what others have on their plates." Evidently, Lady Anson and her husband found, like the great Mr. Muzzle, that "The juniors is so very savage."

Little Thomas was a good and affectionate son ; he had no vices, but alas ! he had faults, that made everybody give him a wide berth. He would “sneeze without precaution,” and he walked so carelessly that he “bespattered with dirt those who were near him.” Young Francis was a mirror of politeness : “Observe young Francis : he is under the necessity of passing between two ladies in order to reach the place of his destination. With what modesty, and yet with how genteel an address, does he salute them ! His mamma has observed him, and is resolved to show him the most unqualified marks of her approbation during the course of the evening.” Is not that “the height of foine langwige intoirely” ? At the opposite pole to Francis was James, who made a point of never saluting anybody. The habit of “yawning in company” is severely reprobated ; an indignant father turns hotly on his son who has been guilty of this capital crime : “Sir,” said he to him, “I am ashamed to acknowledge that you are my son. No one after this will wish to see you, and I shall take good care that you are not again permitted to appear in company.” Charles was a very amiable boy ; he was always on the look-out to discover whether a lady had dropped her handkerchief, and would show himself “very active in returning it.” He knew that he would grow into a man, and so from his earliest years he laid himself out to be “polite and well-bred,” reasoning that hereafter “he would not have occasion to say to himself, ‘My neighbour has dropped something, I must pick it up and return it to him.’” To do so would be perfectly natural to him.”

M. STEUART.

A Passage in “The Duchess of Malfi”

SIR,—In the last scene of “The Duchess of Malfi,” the Cardinal, soliloquising on the troubles of a guilty conscience, exclaims :

“When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.”

Dyce has no note on this passage; nor has anybody, so far as I know, pointed out that Webster is here borrowing from Julius Capitolinus' Life (in the "Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ") of the Emperor Pertinax: "Signa interitus hæc fuerunt; ipse ante triduum quam occideretur, in piscina sibi visus est videre hominem cum gladio infestantem."—"Hist. Aug. Script.," 1671, i. 567.

A. H. B.

"The Polite Modern Jester"

DEAR MR. URBAN,—If morality is a question of geography, surely politeness may be said to be one of chronology? Example: "The Polite Modern Jester or Wit-à-la-Mode . . . making a complete Olio for every Palate: being wholly divested of Ribaldry & Indecency, by T. Brown, Jun., Esq. (Newcastle, 1775.)" The conclusion of his title would appear to indicate that T. Brown must have been very "Jun." indeed, and the party of ladies and gentlemen depicted in his frontispiece as enjoying his Olio possessed of a fine, robust, Rabelaisian sense of humour. I call your attention to this work on account of several quaint locutions in it; thus:

"Regale," signifying a dinner-party. "A Cocket-Writer at the Custom House" (?). "A close so fertile that if a kibbo was thrown in over night it would be covered with grass in the morning." What is a kibbo? "Mumpsimus" = an old woman. I find also the familiar, and yet unfamiliar, expression "to let a pun." "Prick-louse" = a tailor. "Cabbage" signifying lengths of cloth stolen by tailors from their customers' materials. The Thames is described as "irriguous"—surely an adumbration of Walt Whitman—and the fops of the town are described as "tonies."

Are not these expressions worthy of note in your pages?

Your servant,

E. H.-A.

Reviews

“THE FOTHERGILLS OF RAVENSTONEDALE, Their Lives and Their Letters.” Transcribed by CATHERINE THORNTON and FRANCES McLAUGHLIN. (Heinemann.) 10s. net.

To those readers who love to put back the clock this history of a family of Westmoreland Dalesmen must make a sure appeal. Compiled with loving care, the story of the “statesman” Henry Fothergill and his seven sons reads as freshly to-day as when first the letters were written—letters from dutiful sons to anxious parents, and from brother to brother. The opening chapter gives an account of the Fothergill ancestry, tracing it back to the inevitable Conquest, though in a letter from Alexander Fothergill of Carr End, Wensleydale (1776), it is distinctly stated that neither of the then existing Fothergills of Ravenstonedale “tho’ of good rank and estate . . . can go beyond their great-grandfather.” Whether they really belonged to the older ancestry or not, matters little: they were honest, upright, God-fearing people, and among them was numbered Elizabeth Gaunt, the “last female martyr burnt at Tyburn for the cause of the Protestant religion, October 4, 1685,” to whose memory the east window of Ravenstonedale Church was put in by a Fothergill of Brownber. The letters of George Fothergill are by far the most numerous, and in these days, when the cry of parents and county councils is for education made easy, this veracious record of the life of a poor Oxford scholar in the early years of the eighteenth century is instructive as well as a trifle pathetic. Rising at last to be Principal of St. Edmond’s Hall, George was hampered at every step by poverty. We read of old clothes that would barely hang together, meals restricted, and those long hours of work without play that are supposed to make Jack a dull boy. Work without play was not without its effect upon George; and though old Henry Fothergill and his wife were naturally proud of their scholar-son, these dutiful epistles

pleading for small sums of money, explaining meagre expenses, and detailing narrow economies, make, on the whole, somewhat monotonous reading. It is a relief to turn to Farmer Richard's breezy letters. He was the second son, who never left the Dale; but whether he is writing of home troubles, describing his dearly-loved little daughters, or giving an account of the march of the Highland prisoners into Appleby in '45, Richard is always delightful, and had he turned to literature instead of farming, might have done great things. As it is, we are grateful to him, and could have willingly spared the space given to Parson Thomas (afterwards Provost of Queen's College, Oxford) and Parson Henry (who married a Bath heiress) if only we could have had more of Farmer Richard. This history of the lives of the Fothergill family should commend itself to all careful students of the eighteenth century for the valuable picture it gives of social life among the yeoman class; a class now unhappily fast dying out, and soon to become merely a tradition.

"ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK." By GEORGE WORLEY.
(London: George Bell and Sons. 1905.) 1s. 6d.
net.

"SOUTHWARK Cathedral, formerly the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, otherwise St. Mary Overie," by George Worley, the latest volume of Messrs. Bells' well-known Cathedral Series, is an admirable example of careful work. The history of St. Saviour's, Southwark (the old designation of it comes familiarly), is one of much interest; and through all its vicissitudes and the changes of its architectural features we are taken by the author in this concise and readable little book. Mr. Worley's reference to Roman coins and pottery discovered near the site of the church reminds one that in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for 1832 there appeared an illustration of some beautiful relics found close by an old tavern which then stood at the north-east angle of the building.

A brief account is given of the transition from the original "House of Sisters" to the College of Secular Canons; and the collegiate character of the Chapter, as at present constituted, is thus made clear.

Much injured by fire, the old Priory Church was splendidly restored, indeed almost entirely rebuilt by Bishop de Rupibus, with whose labours Mr. Worley deals at some length. In this connection it is of value to note that in a chronicle of London which ran from 1089-1483 (quoted in an early GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE) an entry runs to this effect: "John' anno X° Seynt Marie Overie was that yere begonne"—that is, the year 1208. In 1273 Walter Archbishop of York (the author does not make reference to this incident) granted thirty days' indulgence to all who should contribute to the fabric. The hint was effectual and the work was soon completed.

To those who take this volume with them as a "guide" into the building to-day, it will be difficult indeed to realise that the nave, in 1831, was roofless and desecrated; "the walls, pillars and family vaults" being then, by a sagacious decree of the Vestry, "left open to the weather." In 1838 the nave was entirely removed. In 1839 a new nave was built in a style for which the name Gothic may pass; and this in its turn was demolished. The present structure took its place in 1890-1895.

Practically reproducing the original design of Bishop de Rupibus, it has apparently (as shown in the illustration on p. 31, from an old engraving) been modified in a few small details. The slender shafts from which the vaulting springs, are banded, whereas in the older structure they were free save at the junction with the pier-capitals and at the string-course below the triforium. The triforium, too, according to the engraving (in addition to being then unpierced) was carried in triple-arch design; the present arrangement is one of single-pointed arches.

The tale of Southwark Cathedral is indeed the tale of its spoliation. The Bishop's Chapel, once east of the Lady Chapel, is gone, and St. Mary Magdalen—the little church that stood in the angle of the choir and the

transept, which was the lay-chapel. The Tudor five-light east window, erected by Fox, displeased the Committee of 1822, and disappeared. Indeed it is wonderful that enough remains to make the church to-day one of the beauties of London. The great altar-screen of 1520, a work comparable to that of Magdalen Chapel at Oxford, is left; and of monumental tombs, save for those of St. Helen's, which may equal them, there are none so quaint and interesting in the metropolis. Gower's monument is well known, with its long, stiff, recumbent figure of the poet, whose head rests on three volumes of his works. He wears the collar of S.S.; and in passing one may hazard the suggestion that this much-debated ornament may have been no more than a simplified rendering of the swan—the royal emblem.

Lancelot Andrewes is buried here; as are Fletcher and Massinger. The figure of the first-named is very grave and dignified.

To students of heraldry, the coat of Cardinal Beaufort

—“the haughty Cardinal

More like a soldier than a man o' the Church”—

must be held in high esteem, for its noble rendering of the lion and lily device. The graceful fleur-de-lis, and the skilful arrangement of the diminishing compartments of the shield, are admirable.

We cannot make reference in detail to the many excellent features of this book, and content ourselves with the remark that it is worthy of the series, and of the compiler.

“MICHAEL DRAYTON, a Critical Study: with a Bibliography.” By OLIVER ELTON. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

THIS study is a revised and enlarged version of the monograph on Michael Drayton which Professor Oliver Elton wrote a few years ago for the Spenser Society. Though Mr. Elton is an enthusiastic admirer of Drayton he is at the same time eminently critical, perhaps occasionally too

critical. Indeed we venture to think that he underrates the merits of the "Polyolbion"; but opinions over that noble but ponderous "Chorographical Description" will always differ. Southey, in "The Doctor," gently deprecated Lamb's unstinted eulogy.

Mr. Elton has visited Drayton's country (and writes picturesquely about it), has examined registers and explored all possible sources of information. In early youth Drayton was page to Sir Henry Goodere the elder, at Polesworth Hall, which stood on the ground of an old nunnery. "The auditorium, or as some say the refectory, of the nuns was turned into the great hall, and is now the large room of the vicarage, spaciouly lit and panelled, with the ancient tracery on the fire-place fined away but still visible. It must have been by this hearthstone that Drayton sat and listened to the harper" (p. 7). To the Gooderes he was ever devotedly attached; and there can be no doubt that Anne Goodere, the younger daughter of his early patron, was the lady celebrated in so many of his sonnets as "Idea." On the interpretation and bibliography of Drayton's sonnets, Mr. Elton writes very fully and convincingly.

Some of Drayton's best work is found in his undated "Poemes Lyrick and Pastorall" (1606?) which contains the stirring Ode "To the Virginian Voyage," and the first draft of his glorious "Ballad of Agincourt." He was constantly engaged in revising his work, and certainly in the revised version (1619) of the Agincourt ballad he made marvellous improvements, as Mr. Elton points out.

No poem of Drayton is more happily inspired than his "Epistle to Henry Reynolds," in which he sets down with leisurely ease and ripe judgment his views on English poets from Chaucer onwards. Mr. Arthur Symons has compared it to Shelley's letter to Maria Gisborne.

The "Heroical Epistles," modelled on Ovid, are full of charm; so supple are they, so terse, and polite. In the "Barons' Wars," Drayton indulged his epic vein; he toiled early and late at his task, but—though there are fine descriptive passages—the poem was hardly worth all the labour that he gave to it. On the other hand,

his fantastic fairy poem "Nymphidia," written late in life, was a triumph.

Of his dramatic works we know little; for a time he "trafficked with the stage," but seems to have disliked the vocation.

Professor Elton is the surest guide that any reader can have who wants to make acquaintance with Drayton's multitudinous writings. We hope that his excellent book will find many readers.

"SAMHAIN: an Occasional Review." Edited by W. B. YEATS. (Maunsel, Dublin.)

WE are glad to see that Mr. W. B. Yeats writes cheerfully and confidently about the prospects of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. A new comedy by Lady Gregory will shortly be produced; Mr. Boyle has written "a satirical comedy in three acts"; Mr. Colman has revised his "Broken Soil"; Mr. Synge has been delivered of a new comedy; and Mr. W. B. Yeats has re-written his "Shadowy Waters." We learn that Mr. Synge's "Well of the Saints" has been accepted for the Deutsches Theatre of Berlin; that "The Shadow of the Glen" is to be played at the National Bohemian Theatre at Prague; and that Mr. Yeats's "Cathleen ni Houlihan" has been translated into Irish, "and been played at the Oireachtas, before an audience of some thousands." All this must be very gratifying to Mr. Yeats and his Irish *confrères*, but some of his English admirers would be better pleased if he would devote more time to the writing of lyrics. No amount of revision will make "The Shadowy Waters" tolerable on the stage, though there is good poetry in it.

According to Mr. Yeats, the light-hearted Irish peasant of fiction has never existed. "When I was a boy," he writes, "I spent many an afternoon with a village shoemaker who was a great reader. I asked him once what Irish novels he liked, and he told me there were none he could read; 'they sentimentalised the people,'

he said angrily ; and it was against Kickham that he complained most. 'I want to see the people,' he said, 'shown up in their naked hideousness.'" Though Mr. Yeats professes to be in ardent sympathy with this ferocious shoemaker, we remember that in "Where there is Nothing" he drew some Irish tinkers who were very agreeable company.

Lady Gregory's little comedy "Spreading the News," and a play by the same writer "put into Irish by 'Torna'" (whoever "Torna" may be), are included in the present number.

"ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS." Edited from the Collection of FRANCIS JAMES CHILD by HELEN CHILD SARGENT and GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE. (Cambridge Edition.) (David Nutt, London ; Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston and New York, U.S.A. 1905.) 12s. 6d. net.

THERE can be few books in the world, if any, which comprise so vast an amount of information, collected from many different sources in many different languages, under the personal supervision and direction of one man, as the late Professor Child's monumental work, "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads," published in ten parts between 1882 and 1898. So complete and comprehensive was his work, that, certainly for years to come, and possibly for ever, it will remain the *fons et origo* of future editions of the ballads ; and in interest, in fulness, in erudition, it can perhaps only be paralleled with the "New English Dictionary." But it is a book for scholars. The present reduced form offers an admirable and excellently edited substitute at a price more suited to the pockets of the general public. Where Professor Child printed every version he could find of each ballad, this single volume contains one or two versions, so chosen as to be representative of the total number of variants. Child's elaborate introductions and notes are given in a condensed form ; the glossary

is reduced to suit the selected tests ; and the *apparatus criticus* is excised. The single volume gains also by collecting under each ballad extracts from the whole of the matter thereanent in the large edition, which, as is only natural in a work published at intervals during sixteen years, contains a somewhat perplexing quantity of *addenda* and *corrigenda*. It also possesses another and a very important feature. Professor Child died before the completion of his task, and the most critical portion—the general introduction—was never written. While this loss must be deplored, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to find a more capable substitute than Professor Kittredge, who was closely in touch with Child during the issue of the original work, and was one of his most ardent and learned assistants ; and upon him, equally with Professor Gummere, devolves the honourable responsibility of continuing the labours initiated by Child. Sane in a dispute where the wildest theories have been advanced, and modest and cool where many have been fanatic and combative, Professor Kittredge has compiled a clear and well-ordered account of the beginnings and propagation of ballads. His essay is of intrinsic interest as the latest contribution by an acknowledged scholar to a long-debated literary question, and it upholds what we consider to be the most rational and most easily intelligible explanation. It may be stated thus. In origin a ballad is the spontaneous production of two or more individuals, and consists of a narrative poem, intended to be sung, and quite impersonal. It does not become a popular ballad until it gets into oral tradition ; that stamps it as the true metal, and the genuine ring can always thereafter be recognised. It is wrong to talk of the *author* of a popular ballad : *poet* (in its real sense of “ maker ”) would be more correct, but still misleading. A ballad once printed, paradoxically ceases to be a ballad. It is a flower, a native of the unsophisticated country, that perishes in civilised surroundings ; and its deadliest enemy is the printing-press. All true ballads must exist or must have existed in several versions, because, having no one maker, they have no

authorised text. In clever hands a ballad is improved ; in careless hands it degenerates ; yet both the better and the worse forms may exist simultaneously. It never was and never can be one man's property ; it belongs, now as always, to the folk.

In appearance the book is not prepossessing, but it presents the necessary features of a reference book, comprehensiveness, accuracy, and compactness. Double columns on a page seldom look well, but they are indispensable to a book of this kind. An excellent portrait of Professor Child forms the frontispiece, and a vignette of Abbotsford, appropriately enough, appears on the title-page.

“THE ITINERARY IN WALES OF JOHN LELAND IN OR ABOUT THE YEARS 1536-1539.” Extracted from his MSS., arranged and edited by LUCY TOULMIN SMITH. (London : George Bell and Sons. 1906.) 10s. 6d. net.

JOHN LELAND's manuscript notes of his six years' travels through England and Wales in 1536-1543, were unfortunately left in a rough state at his death and have suffered considerably from neglect and careless treatment, many passages having only come down to us in the transcript made by John Stow in 1576. The whole MS. was first printed by Thomas Hearne in 1710-1712, later editions appearing in 1744-1745 and 1768-1770 ; and Miss Toulmin Smith has addressed herself to the arduous task of supplying an entirely new edition. The book before us is a collection of all the matter relating to Wales and some counties adjoining, which in the original and in Hearne's edition is scattered through several volumes.

It is quite unnecessary to insist on the very great value of Leland's work. Though it is at times only too evident that the “Itinerary” contains no more than the roughest possible memoranda, intended to form the basis of a connected account of the districts through which he

passed, to the antiquarian topographer these rough notes, jotted down on the spot, are really more valuable than if they had been worked up afterwards—when the writer's recollection had grown dim—into an elaborate narrative. We may indeed at times regret that his work is almost entirely wanting—at least so far as the part dealing with Wales is concerned—in those personal touches which amuse and please us in certain later travellers over the same ground, and that he keeps so severely, one might almost say so sceptically, to the actual fact. He does, it is true, more than once find traces of giants, bones *insolitae magnitudinis*, and he sees blood-wort growing in Radnor Castle where threescore men had been put to death, but the rest is little beyond a bare record of names, places, and distances. He must in his travels have come across many old legends and curious pieces of folklore, but one “marvellous tale” is all that he tells us—of a miner and a pet crow; how one day the bird “took away his feeder's purse, and while the digger followed the crow for his purse, the residue of his fellows were oppressed in the pit with a ruin.” But this is a story to which many parallels could be found, and which can hardly be called a local tradition.

The editorial work, as we should expect from Miss Toulmin Smith, is excellently done; a map of Leland's route, so far as it can be made out, is added, as well as indexes of names and places. In appearance the book does great credit both to the publisher and to Messrs. Whittingham, the printers. We shall watch with keen interest for the remainder of Leland's “Itinerary,” which is now, we understand, in the press.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

A WELL-WISHING friend writes to note the appropriateness of a new issue of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* entering into being at the same time as a new Government, and treats it as a matter for congratulation. But he has omitted to point out any association of ideas between the two events beyond the bare coincidence, and it is not easy to do it for him. An administration can only hope at the best for a strictly limited life : it must expect, even though it should be lucky enough to escape, internal dissension and ever-diminishing popular favour ; and it must look to be succeeded eventually by its bitterest foe. Quite otherwise are the aspirations of Sylvanus Urban, but he thanks his well-wisher.

There will be, it may be hoped, many a change of Government before fine old-fashioned Toryism becomes extinct. In days of general devil-may-care even the fiercest of would-be destroyers of the past and its ideas must have read with delight the letter of real indignation and real anger of the clergyman who endeavoured to stir up the public conscience to protest against the contraction of a Spanish marriage by a princess of English descent. The clergyman has been shown to have many supporters at least equally shocked ; but these vehement shouters of "No Popery" might have reflected—honest souls!—that it is hardly fair to call upon the King to forbid the banns. A monarch, uncle of three princesses who have entered the Greek Church in connection with marriage, might well not see his way to make a distinction against a fourth niece who wishes to substitute Roman faith for Greek.

Meanwhile the children of wrath, the English princess and the Spanish king, pursue their way unpained and so pleased with the situation in which they find themselves that the court-photographer follows their movements and is encouraged to reproduce them from a hundred aspects.

On the other side of the Atlantic, the daughter of the United States president, also about to be married, is constrained to appeal publicly that she may be spared the persecution of the photographers who desire to do for her and her betrothed that which so pleases the monarch of old Spain.

While the days are gone when a single magazine issued monthly could contain all that a "gentleman" could need to know, in all other regions of living human interest have the fields likewise widened almost painfully. Fortunate were those whose names are connected with works which for good or evil covered comprehensively the whole subject undertaken: they have secured their niches from which they can now never be displaced to make room for others. No more, for instance, can a writer on English history hope to raise up a monument to himself to rank with those of Echard, Hume, and Lingard, for he works but in a corner of their field. Their histories may be superseded, but they achieved what no man single-handed now dare undertake. The modern history is a composite work published in instalments as may suit the convenience of the general editor or the various contributors who deal from their special knowledge with particular periods: it is in the true sense a magazine. There is more than one such history now in course of production and brave works they will be when they are finished, full of the finest flowers of knowledge. But such mighty books need a vast deal of leisure to read and that just at a time when there are more books and more demands on time than ever before. Gratitude was surely due to the historian who allowed his readers to believe that a few hours spent over his book would provide all they needed to know of the subject.

There is something indecent and unwelcome in the exposure and analysis of the spirit of the age. When the Frenchman was robbed of his brandy by the phylloxera, the man of Cork, the man of Ayr, and the lighterman continued to sip their whisky with cheerful unconcern.

But zeal for purity or trade jealousy has stepped in to mar their pleasure in their drink by publishing particulars of its ingredients. And after all, it seems it does not matter whether it be brewed in pot-still or patent-still so long as it be whisky, although it is not to be denied that there is a homelier and more flavoured sound about the pot-still. Fortunately no stain has yet been cast on the fair fame of Hollands, that wholesome spirit, which it is believed nourishes and maintains in full vigour some of the finest intellects of the time.

Great are modern armaments and it is with a very wholesome fear that they inspire one another. But the ruler of the country not fortunate enough to possess one would seem to be in the stronger position. President Castro flouts the mightiest nations of the earth, disdains the assistance of the Monroe doctrine, and snaps his fingers at the ships of war and quick-firing guns, knowing full well that they cannot venture to turn their fire over the lagoons of his "little Venice." There must be real fun and excitement in being a republican president like him of Venezuela, with no earthly right to the position he has gained and still occupies by simply disregarding and overriding the rights and claims of every one who crosses his path. As well him as another, think the Venezuelans, and his position appears impregnable until the day when another Castro arises to do unto him as he to others. But the superior force will hardly come from outside.

By the removal of the Working Men's College to its new premises, the old college-building in Great Ormond Street — once Lord Chancellor Thurlow's residence (whence the Great Seal of England was stolen)—falls vacant and will shortly be demolished. It has no architectural features of interest, but its intimate connection with Hughes, Charles Kingsley, and Maurice will cause its disappearance to be regretted. The Governors of the Children's Hospital have acquired it and will extend their premises over this site. They have also purchased the adjoining mansion (No. 44), but this is to be preserved ;

its fine gate and railings are a graceful example of eighteenth-century ironwork.

Sylvanus Urban cannot claim to be a forester, but he appreciates the thoughtfulness that prompted William Rider and Son, Limited, to send him "Webster's Pocket Diary for 1906" which he has found very readable and instructive. There are well-considered articles on Afforesting Waste Lands; The Education of Foresters; Forestry for Each Month of the Year; Rules for Planting, Thinning and Pruning; a Table of Average Prices of Home Grown Timber; a note on Levelling; lists of the trees and shrubs recommended for (1) seaside planting, and (2) planting in towns; prices of Contract Work; and a full list of Foresters and Assistant Foresters. From a study of this engaging little pocket-book (which is tastefully bound in limp leather), Sylvanus Urban has satisfied himself that at least a million acres of waste land might profitably be given up to afforesting. When he next indulges in tree-planting he will take care that the "tree-stems are placed perpendicular and the strongest roots on the exposed sides."

The birth-rate among Irish Quakers was formerly much higher than it is to-day. Jacob and Eliza Goff had twenty-one children; George and Lydia Newsom, eighteen; Samuel Pearson Haughton (by his three wives), eighteen. "These, of course were exceptional, but a dozen seems to have been not uncommon. Marriages with but two or three children were rare." In 1844 the membership of the Society of Friends in Ireland stood at 3186; in 1903 it had dropped to 2511. These figures are supplied by Thomas Henry Webb in the *Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, First month (January), 1906. The Irish Quakers sprang from the Planters who followed in the wake of Cromwell's army. A Friend, who resides on the land obtained by his ancestors two hundred and fifty years ago, still has the box in which the first members of the family brought over their clothes. "Keep the box," was the advice recently given to him; "you'll want it when you are going back again."

The Blackrock Urban Council (County Dublin) has elected Councillor Lady Dockrell as chairman. The clerk is convinced that Lady Dockrell is legally entitled to occupy the chair, but he believes she is the first lady chairman of an Urban Council. A far more important post was held by a woman at the close of the thirteenth century, before the days of Urban Councils. Isabella, daughter of Robert, third Baron de Veteripont, and widow of Roger de Clifford (who fell fighting for the king against the Welsh in Anglesey, 1283), claimed and maintained her right to act as High Sheriff of Westmoreland and to "sit upon the Bench upon Trials of Life and Death." The office, which was hereditary, had been granted by King John to his witty favourite Robert the first Baron. In spite of vigorous opposition Isabella made good her claim and was High Sheriff until her death—"the first woman so honoured in England," wrote her noble descendant, the high-hearted and high-handed Anne Clifford (sometime pupil of "well-languaged" Samuel Daniel).

When is an Irishman not an Irishman? Sir Edward Carson submitted that his client Mr. Gerald Purcell FitzGerald, of the Little Island, Waterford, is a domiciled Irishman, while Sir Robert Finlay contended that Mr. FitzGerald—in spite of his Irish name and the fact that he possesses an entailed Irish estate—is a domiciled Englishman. The dispute led to a pretty passage of arms between counsel, Sir Edward Carson remarking, "If a man was born on the housetop you don't suppose that would make him a sparrow"—a variation of the Iron Duke's famous retort, "I am not your horse because I was foaled in your stable." Edward FitzGerald (the translator of Omar Khayyám), who was related to the owner of Little Island, claimed to be a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, to whose memory he erected a monument on the site of the Battle of Naseby. In Mr. Gerald FitzGerald's case judgment was reserved.

Wenlocksbarn

It might safely be wagered that if any reader of this title, however well he may know his London, were to be asked, "Where is Wenlocksbarn?" he would be unable to answer. Nor need he give himself the trouble of turning for information to a gazetteer, or to any other work of reference, for they will afford him no satisfaction. Wenlocksbarn has been long lost sight of, or rather, metamorphosed, and even its own inhabitants have never heard its name. Those who know of their own knowledge that a place with this title actually existed, and to whom it was familiar, were long ago gathered to their fathers. Yet at this moment, in the very heart of the City of London, its name is set up and preserved, though doubtless remarked by few, and maybe by none. If the visitor to St. Paul's Cathedral will examine the inscriptions over the prebendal stalls, he will find among others commemorating forgotten localities one that signifies that the stall to which it is attached is held by the Prebendary of "Wenlocksbarn." The student of London and Middlesex topography, too, will notice on old maps a division of Middlesex marked "The Liberties of Finsbury and Wenlaxbarn." Finsbury is still with us, but what of "Wenlaxbarn"?

The ordinary works of reference, as has been said, throw no light on the subject, and the cathedral prebend seems the only survival of the ancient name. Here Newcourt's "Repertorium Ecclesiasticum Parochiale Londinense," and its list of the prebendaries of St. Paul's, will help the inquiry.

"The Prebendary of Wenlakesbarn, Wenlokesbern or Wallokesbern, or, as in most ancient Records, Wenlakesbyri, and sometimes Willekolkesbury, hath the fifteenth stall on the Right-side of the Choir, and the Corps of his Prebend lies in the Parish of St. Giles." Thus Newcourt, but he does not say whether he speaks of St. Giles-in-the-fields or St. Giles-without-Cripplegate. On this point the Middlesex county records offer enlightenment. A Gaol Delivery Roll of May 20, in the first year of Elizabeth, records a "True Bill that on the said day, at the lordship of Wallockes Berne in the parish of St. Giles-without-Creplegate co. Middlesex, William Davys late of London yoman stole five spades and a coulter, worth ten shillings and eightpence of the goods and chattels of William Austen 'apud dominium de Wallockes berne.'" "Wallockes berne" appears several times in the light of publicity during the same reign in connection with misdeeds done or suffered by its inhabitants. In 1558 William Barnard of "Wallockes Barne" was hanged for stealing ten shillings and eightpence from Richard Skelton of Dunstable. In 1571 Alice Arthur, late of Hendon, spinster, was convicted of vagrancy, and of having departed against his will from the service of John Naylor of "Wenloxearne," wherefore it was adjudged that the said Alice Arthur be whipt severely and burnt on the right ear. Then there is a little incident in the life of an Elizabethan policeman. "At Wenloxbarne co. Middlesex, at a

place called Mount Mill, about eight P.M. of the night [of December 16, 1577], Richard Paunforthe, William Paunforthe & Giles Harmer, late of London yomen, with seven unknown disturbers of the peace, refused to obey the orders of the watchers at Mount Mill aforesaid, viz., of William Dowdall, Nicholas Bettes, George Lawrens, Humfrey Price, William Scott, & divers others keeping watch for the Queen at Wenloxbarne, & with their swords drawn threatened the said watchers, calling out to them, Rascalles & drunken Slaves, cume & ye dare & we will be your deathes,' and afterwards the said Richard Paunforthe, William Paunforthe, Giles Harmer & others their companions fled from the said watchers, who, together with Anthony Howson the constable of Wenloxe Barne, pursued them for the purpose of arresting them, whereupon the same disturbers of the peace with swords drawn assaulted the same watchers, and so handled Anthony Howson that his life was despaired of, & then withdrew to the house of Clement Rigges yoman."

A list of Middlesex ale-houses drawn up in the reign of Edward VI. mentions one at "Wallack Berne." Since Islington, only a mile or two distant, had thirteen, it may be concluded that Wenlocksbarne, in respect of inhabitants, if not of acreage, was roughly one-thirteenth the size of Tudor Islington, and a place of very little importance. Still, a place it was, with its ale-house, its Mount Mill, its constable, its watchmen, and its hooligans; situated in the parish of St. Giles-without-Cripplegate, and from very early times part of the estates belonging to the wealthy church

of St. Paul's, where its revenues maintained a prebendal stall. It is highly probable that Wenlock Street, Wenlock Road, and Wenlock Basin, near the City Road, about a mile north of Moorgate Street, approximately mark the site of the little old hamlet, while preserving a portion of its name.

The earliest prebendary of Wenlocksbarne whose name is recorded is Adwinus, a canon of St. Paul's in 1104. Better known, however, is Richard de Bury, Treasurer and Lord Chancellor of England, Bishop of Durham, bibliophile, and author of "Philobiblon," who held this prebend in the reign of Edward III. The present holder is Bishop Montgomery. Since the passing of the Acts for the Commutation of Tithes, however, no revenues have accrued to St. Paul's from Wenlocksbarne or any other prebend.

Wenlocksbarne being thus introduced to the reader's notice, it may prove interesting to see what can be made of its name. The oldest form, according to Newcourt, was usually "Wenlakesbyri." Now the old kingdom of Gwent, on the borders of England and Wales, included the county of Monmouth, and part of this county is still called the Wentloog Hundred. This gives a useful clue. The Celtic word "gwent" signified an open or fair plain, and some think it is connected with "fen." It may yet be traced in many of our modern place-names. The Celtic "llog" or "llwch" originally meant a lake or hollow. "Gwentllwch" therefore is either "the moor-lake," or "the plain or moor in a hollow." Wentloog is is only another form of the same word; an old spelling of Wentloog is "Wenthlok," and the similarity

of Wentlok and Wenlock (or Wenlake) is so close that there is no room to doubt that the two are identical in origin. The districts where Wenlakesbyri lies hid, which are now known as Finsbury and Moorfields, with the country beyond, were anciently one wide moor, plain, or fen, bounded by the heights of what we to-day call Hampstead, Highgate and Hornsey. In Moorfields there was formerly a large lake which in Fitzstephen's time was a famous place for skating. So either the situation of the moor or plain, or its lake, gave rise to the first half of the place-name. The other half, "byri," may very well be the Anglo-Saxon "byre," dwell-

ings. Thus "Wenlakesbyri" is a compound of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon, and signifies the byre in the gwentllwch or by the moor-lake. The English no doubt adopted the native name for the district, and spoke of the dwellings they themselves raised there as the Gwentllwchbyri, later corrupted to Wenlakesbyri, Wenlaxbarne, etc.

It is interesting also to observe that if, as is usually held, "Finsbury" was originally "fens-byre," it is possible, if not probable, that Finsbury and Wenlocksbarne, quoted together in old maps, yet apparently so different, are in essence the same words, and perhaps at one time were used indifferently for the same place.

Learned Societies

THE HAKLUYT SOCIETY.—Among recent publications of this society perhaps the most noteworthy is *The Voyages of Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, 1595 to 1606* (2 vols.), translated from the original Spanish and edited by Sir Clements Markham, with three maps. Of the six narratives which compose the text of the work, the first and second deal with the unsuccessful attempt made by Mendaña in 1595 to reach the Solomon Islands which he had discovered thirty years earlier, both being written by, or at the dictation of, Quiros, his chief pilot. The first of them describes the voyage in great detail, including the discovery of the Marquesas Islands and of the island of Santa Cruz, the great sickness which overtook the party while encamped at the latter place, resulting in the death of many persons, including

Mendaña himself, and lastly the terrible passage to Manila. The remaining narratives, the first and most important of which was drawn up by the secretary of Quiros, describe his voyage in 1606 for the exploration of the great southern continent then supposed to extend from the Strait of Magellan to New Guinea, when he discovered the New Hebrides, and but for a departure from the course which he had originally intended to follow, would have reached New Zealand. An Appendix contains documents principally relating to the attempts of Quiros to obtain royal recognition and assistance after his return from the voyage. The volumes also include a bibliography of the maps of the New Hebrides, &c., by Mr. B. H. Soulsby.

Another recent publication is

the *Geographical Account of Countries round the Bay of Bengal*, 1669 to 1679, by Thomas Bowry, edited by Lieut.-Col. Sir Richard Carnac Temple. The manuscript had been known for some time, and had been quoted from by Yule and others, but had not previously been printed. The editor has bestowed much labour on the identification of the author, who only appears in the manuscript as T. B., and succeeds in showing, practically beyond doubt, that he was identical with Thomas Bowry, the author of a *Dictionary of English and Malayo*, published in 1701. The work, though unfortunately it was never completed, and seems to be but a part of what was originally planned, is of great interest on account of the keen observation displayed in it, and contains much which is not to be found elsewhere. The numerous rough but very curious sketches which accompany the manuscript are all reproduced. Some of them, especially the drawings of vessels, are very valuable on account of their evident accuracy of detail; others, especially the animals portrayed and certain "strange fishes in Queda," fall decidedly short of realism. The text is accompanied by numerous and interesting notes, which include a large number of quotations from unpublished documents, and there is, as usual in the publications of the Society, a full index.

We are especially glad to see that the Society is about to issue a new edition of Yule's *Cathay and the Way Thither*. This work, which is a collection of mediæval notices of China previous to the sixteenth century, was originally issued in 1866, and has long been out of print, and only obtainable at a high price. The Society is

very fortunate in having obtained such a competent editor as M. Henri Cordier, whose recent edition of Yule's *Marco Polo* is well known to all who are interested in the subject of early travels.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The most important publication of this society for 1905, and at the same time the most important contribution to our knowledge of the early printers which has been made for several years, is Mr. E. Gordon Duff's *Century of the English Book Trade*, which, in the form of a dictionary, contains biographical notices of all printers, stationers, book-binders, and others connected with the book trade in England from 1457, the year of issue at Mainz of the first dated book, down to the incorporation of the Stationers' Company in 1557. Since the publication of Herbert's *Typographical Antiquities* in 1785-90, much fresh information has of course come to light, but this consists, for the most part, of small, isolated facts, and lay scattered in a vast number of different publications, many of which were not easily accessible. All this, with the addition of much of his own, Mr. Duff has now brought together, and by so doing has very greatly increased the debt under which his former work has placed all students of early typography. He does not attempt to give full biographies of those of the more important printers who have already been fully dealt with elsewhere, but has wisely devoted his chief attention to the collection of every scrap of information available about those of whom less is known. References are, however, given in all cases to fuller accounts when such exist. Comparison

with Herbert shows what an immense mass of new information Mr. Duff has been able to collect about the persons, some seven hundred in number, with whom he deals, and this information is rendered of ready utility by the clear and precise manner in which it is presented. Prefixed to the work is a valuable introduction of some twenty pages dealing with the general history of English printers, especially in their relationship with foreigners, during the period.

The third part of the Society's *Hand-Lists of English Printers, 1501-1556*, is also issued. This deals with twelve printers, including Berthelet, Grafton, John Herford, Raynalde, William Middleton, and other smaller firms. It is the work of four members of the Society, the greatest number of lists (nine) being by Mr. A. W. Pollard, the longest, that of Berthelet, by Mr. W. W. Greg.

The Society also issues for this year a *Catalogue* of the English books printed before 1641, in the Library established at Dublin between 1694 and 1702 by Archbishop Marsh, by the Rev. N. J. D. White, Marsh's librarian. Unfortunately the library at one time suffered severely from the depredations of book-thieves, and many valuable works which it once possessed are there no longer. It contains little of very early date but is rich, as we should expect, in religious works of the reigns of Elizabeth and James. It is hoped to follow this catalogue by others on similar lines, dealing with other ancient libraries, the contents of which are, through the absence of a printed catalogue, little known.

THE LONDON TOPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—This Society has issued

for 1905 reproductions of two of the most interesting of the early maps of London, namely, Agas' and Faithorne's. The former, about the date of the original drawing of which there has been considerable difference of opinion, some placing it as early as 1560, others about 1590, is the earliest printed map of London on a large scale, and the most detailed of any before Faithorne's. Two copies alone are now known to exist, one in the Guildhall library and the other in the Pepysian collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge. As neither of these is perfect, the present reproduction, which is of the full size of the original (78 × 28.5 inches) has been prepared from the two copies by combining photographs of them in such a way as to eliminate the stains and other imperfections. The result is a copy which, without being an exact facsimile of either, is in fact superior to both, and represents very closely what the original map must have been when it came fresh from the printer. This is not, of course, the first time that this map has been reproduced. It was re-engraved with alterations by Vertue in 1737, and a not very satisfactory photo-lithographic facsimile was issued in 1874 for the Corporation of London, with an introduction by W. H. Overall, while reduced copies have appeared in several histories of the City. The present is, however, much preferable to these earlier reproductions, and will doubtless long remain the standard. It should be mentioned that it is printed in eight sheets, as was the case with the original issue, and that the number of copies is limited.

Faithorne's map, which was begun in 1643-7, but was not com-

pleted until 1658, besides giving much more detail than earlier maps is of especial value as showing the state of London immediately before the fire. Of this map also but two copies are known to exist, one in the British Museum, the other in the Bibliothèque

Nationale. It has been reproduced on the same scale as the original (70×45.5 inches), the basis of the reproduction being the copy at the British Museum, and the title, which in this is wanting, being added from the one at Paris.

The Classical Association

THE Christmas Holidays have been marked by the usual feverish, discursive, and curiously ineffective activity among the leaders of the educational world. All the pedagogic associations have met, dallied with a score of important questions, accepted or rejected resolutions and hurried on to others—with the obvious result that everything will go on as before. Yet there is one resolution in the record of one of those associations, the least mobile of all, one would have supposed, which may have the most valuable results.

At a meeting of the Classical Association (a body only three years old), held in London on January 5 and 6, a resolution proposed by Professor Sonnenschein and seconded by the Headmaster of Eton, was carried with only one dissentient. This was its ultimate form: "(1) That in the lower and middle forms of boys' public schools Greek should be taught only with a view to the intelligent *reading* of Greek Authors. (2) That the Association petition the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to take into consideration the abolition of the Greek grammar paper at Responsions and the Previous examinations respectively, and the sub-

stitution for it of an easy paper in unprepared translation."

Now as this resolution was supported by University authorities such as the Warden of Wadham, the President of Magdalen, Professors Butcher, Conway and Sonnenschein, no less than by the schoolmasters, it seems likely that something will really ensue from it. The effect of it will probably be this: that whereas in the past a boy who had already toiled through all the nouns, verbs and adjectives, regular and irregular, who had already been tormented with hundreds of prickly sentences in Latin, was confronted, when he came to Greek, with precisely the same diet, that boy will now find his path considerably easier and, let us hope, pleasanter in the second Classical tongue. That is to say, we shall jettison a large mass of grammatical subtleties and teach only so much as is required for the recognition of a case or a tense *when it occurs*. This is obviously an immense step forward. It marks, above all, the recognition of that long-suffering individual, the Fifth-Form Boy, the boy (that is) who leaves school from the Fifth Form to go into his office or profession. The clever boy, as Mr.

Page observed, will look after himself; the whole science of Pedagogics cannot stop a clever boy from learning. But what is required is to bring the humanising influence of the Classics to bear upon every Classical boy, not to goad him with perfect imperatives, lash him with first-person duals, and flay him *Comparationes Compendiariae* and *Epexegetic Infinitives*.

The resolution was the work of a Committee appointed to consider the lightening of the Classical Curriculum, the only possible way

of saving the Classics in England. And what do we propose to do with the time thus saved? The Headmaster of Eton suggested Science. But one may venture to doubt whether the claims of Science can be satisfied with so little. Probably, sooner or later, Secondary Education will have to be divided, as it is in Germany, between the Classical School and the Science School, and the Classical School will eventually give a little more thought to the best of all Classics, a Classic which has been overlooked in England—English.

Arts and Crafts Exhibition

THIS, the eighth exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society, at the Grafton Galleries, is in every way stimulating. The wide range of subjects treated, and the high general level of the individual works shown, are proof of the appreciation with which craftsmen have accepted the opportunity offered them. Although it is true that here and there examples may be pointed to, where good taste is less obvious than the striving after novelty, on the whole hardly less surprising are the moderation and sincerity with which workers have approached their task, than the excellence with which they have completed it. One may perhaps be permitted to regret that such an exhibition as this, which hardly calls so imperatively for the imaginative powers of an artist, should be so much more satisfactory than the annual exhibitions of the schools of painting. It would appear that, at present, the artistic energies of workers are more aptly

employed on jewellery, silver work and conventional design than on creative work in the highest branches of art.

It is impossible to do justice, in a short notice, to all the exhibitors whose work is of high merit; but a few may be indicated as notable and arresting. Messrs. Minihane and Sparrow's mahogany cupboard, of simple design, with carved pillars; Mr. G. W. Eve's decorative panel of armorial bearings; Miss Florence Steele's graceful mermaid figures, in silver; and Mr. Bultitude's *escritoire*, are all excellent works in the Octagon Gallery.

In the Large Gallery we have Mr. Henry Holiday's graceful chalk studies for "Moses"; Mr. Blylock's stencilled print of Stratford Church, with its effective use of blacks; Sister Evelyn's rich embroidered altar-frontal and Mr. Walter Crane's delicate flower-people in his "Flower Wedding" series. Mr. Crane is the one artist who conveys extreme gracefulness

by means of the broad line. Here, too, is Mr. Harold Speed's tempera panel of "Morning," with its subdued lights and shades. Miss Casella's leather-work deserves mention; in books, the exhibit of the Dun Emer Press, and that of Mr. C. H. St. J. Hornby, and in binding, that of the Essex House Press. Miss Jessie Bayes displays exquisite miniature work in her "Folgore da S. Gemignano."

The Middle Gallery contains Mr. Spencer's iron candlestick, with interlaced arms. Mr. Alexander Fisher sends his great silver and ivory chalice; but this, though we admire the workmanship, we can-

not praise unreservedly; it is something of a *tour de force*; and the proportions challenge comment. The same artist's silver box is, however, admirable in all respects. Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin's jewellery is beautiful work; as also is Mr. Bernard Cuzner's silver toilet box. A painted fan by Miss Margaret Willson is exceedingly dainty. In the Long Gallery we notice with pleasure the work of the Northampton Institute, while the well-known and tasteful engraving of Mr. Emery Walker shows to advantage in the Certificate for the Battersea Council which Mr. Walter Crane designed.

Review of the Month

THE result of the General Election of January 1906 was such as in all probability not even the most ardent Radical in his most sanguine mood had ventured to anticipate. The rout of the Unionist party and the return of the Liberals to power in unprecedented numerical strength was so far from being expected that it has been gravely described as a revolution, and such indeed in a superficial sense it really is, though the *primum mobile* of the revolution would seem to have been the reluctance of the majority of the electorate without distinction of party to sanction an innovation in fiscal policy until the question should be more thoroughly ventilated. It was also unfortunate for the Tariff Reformers that the election coincided with a marked revival of trade. The only novel element in the situation is the return of a small phalanx of Labour

members, who constitute a factor as yet entirely incalculable. Unionists may congratulate themselves that the new Government commands a majority which renders it independent of the Nationalist faction, but all who desire a stable administration must deplore the lack of a strong and homogeneous opposition.

The operation of the Aliens Act now in force will be jealously scanned by all who are mindful of the immense debt which this country owes to the immigrant. The measure is more logical and less objectionable than the earlier enactments which discouraged immigration by subjecting the resident alien to vexatious disabilities with liability to summary expulsion from the realm; but its powers will need to be exercised with discrimination, if it is not to work more harm than good, and provoke a reaction which will either

expunge it from the Statute-book or reduce it to a dead letter.

The problem of providing an army adequate to the vast and various responsibilities which the country has undertaken continues to be earnestly discussed, but nothing is clear save that there is still a widespread and deep-rooted repugnance to conscription. If Ministers can solve the problem without resort to that expedient, they will indeed deserve well of the country, for upon the result of their deliberations may depend the very existence of the Empire.

In accordance with the traditional policy of non-intervention in the *haute politique* of the Old World, the rôle of the delegates of the United States at Algiers is limited to the safeguarding of the rights of American citizens, the maintenance of the principle of the "open door," and the advocacy of the claim of the Jews to equitable treatment; but even this circumspect policy is not circumspect enough to suit the purists of the Little America party; and we observe with some disgust that the expediency of selling the Philippines to Japan is now being mooted. But that the Republic is not oblivious of the new responsibilities which the recent extension of her dominion has involved is shown by the activity which prevails in her dockyards, three battleships having been completed, five launched, and three laid down, besides one armoured cruiser and one protected cruiser launched and two armoured cruisers laid down—the total displacement of the vessels launched being 103,150 tons—during the last year, to which are now to be added two new battleships, three scouts and four submarines. We are therefore en-

couraged to hope that the time is not far distant when our kinsmen of the West will take heart of grace to forswear their self-denying ordinance and accept without reserve the burden which greatness lays upon nations.

A Bill to constitute the territories of Arizona and New Mexico one federal state, to be called Arizona, has passed the House of Representatives, despite the determined opposition based on racial antipathy of the white population of Arizona; but the measure is hardly expected to pass the Senate. The Bill also provides for the union of the Indian territory with that of Oklahoma in one federal state, to be called Oklahoma.

Man has once more asserted his mastery over Nature in the grand style: the Simplon Tunnel is virtually completed by the junction of the Swiss and Italian sections at Iselle, and is expected to be ready for regular traffic in the summer. Less grandiose than the perforation of the Alps, but a work of far greater utility, as well as of immense difficulty, is the construction within fourteen months of a railroad across the desert between Port Sudan and Berber, a distance of 325 miles. It is needless to dwell on the strategic importance of the Nile Red Sea Railway, as the new line is called, which, with all due ceremony, was declared open by Lord Cromer on January 27 from Port Sudan to its junction with the Cairo line at Atbara. It is enough to reflect on all that it would have meant to General Gordon, had it existed while he awaited at Khartoum the succour which would not then have come too late. As a trade route the line, or rather the railway system into which it must

before long develop, tapping the varied wealth of Dongola, Kassala, Kordofan and Bahr el Ghazal, cannot but effect a veritable revolution in the economic condition of the basins of the Blue and White Niles. The subsidiary line from Kareima to Abu Hamed, the Dongola extension, is already completed.

In Russia the revolutionary movement has met with so severe a check that the bureaucracy may be pronounced for the time being out of danger. The policy of general strikes was foredoomed to failure, for no strike, however general, can be persisted in long enough to bring a resolute Government to its knees unless the military in large numbers should join the strikers. Few civilians realise how much it takes to bring about a general mutiny, and the Russian army, though it has little cause to love the Government, and is largely permeated with the ideas of the revolutionists, showed conclusively at Moscow that it was not prepared to fraternise with the people. In other parts of the Empire the insurgents fought with even less chance of success, and though the situation in the Caucasus and Siberia is still grave, the appeal to arms has, on the whole, failed, and the people now resignedly await the meeting of the Duma. The financial straits of the Government are extreme, but there is no immediate prospect of such insolvency as might precipitate the revolution. The Duma, it appears, cannot assemble before the summer, and when it assembles much time must elapse before its raw members will be able to organise themselves for effective action and formulate a feasible policy. The experiment

will, however, be watched with the keenest interest by all who desire the weal of Russia and her restoration to her due place in the European system.

The affairs of Japan are characterised by a dulness which in her case, at any rate, may fairly be taken as a sign of national prosperity.

The Moroccan question, which last year brought Germany and France to the verge of war, seemed for a while to be in a fair way to a peaceful adjustment. At the Conference which assembled at Algiers on January 16 under the presidency of the Duke of Almodovar, the questions of contraband, the "open door," financial reform and police were submitted for discussion. The first three are of minor importance, but the last is of so delicate and difficult a nature that a satisfactory settlement postulates the utmost good faith, tact and forbearance on the part of all concerned, and there appears at present little likelihood that such a spirit will prevail at the Conference.

Meanwhile France has at last made up her mind to settle the Venezuelan question in a manner befitting her dignity, and in fact the last incident in this pitiful affair, the banishment of M. Taigny, her Chargé d'Affaires at Caracas, appears to leave her no option. The Monroe Doctrine would hardly apply to such a case, and it is understood to have been expressly waived by the United States. The internal affairs of France call for little remark. M. Fallières, the new President of the Republic, will doubtless prove as able and honest a Chief Magistrate as his predecessor M. Loubet. Though a Gascon, he has

none of the qualities commonly supposed to be essential to the Gascon temperament, and has behind him thirty-five years of honourable and laborious public life. His election is a guarantee of the maintenance of the *entente cordiale* with this country. Now that the separation of Church and State is an accomplished fact, the Liberal Catholics, with M. Paul Sabatier for their mouth-piece, are claiming the future for themselves; but they have yet to show that they can give their ideas that coherence which alone can commend them to the *esprit positif* of the French people, and Rome will belie her past if she derive not fresh energy from the new emergency. The Concordat, like the Gallican Articles, was but a device for securing the dependence of the hierarchy upon the State. After the definition of Papal Infallibility its denunciation was only a question of time, and the wonder is that it was so long delayed. Its denunciation and the abolition of the budget of public worship can therefore but increase the power of the Vatican and the activity of its propaganda, against which it is hardly likely that the scattered forces of Liberal Catholicism will count for much. It may safely be predicted that the Liberal Catholics will in the end be compelled to choose between Liberalism pure

and simple or submission to Papal authority.

In Austria-Hungary the constitutional crisis, which has now lasted for a full year, wears a somewhat less serious aspect. Hopes are entertained that the Hungarian Coalition may so far moderate its demands as to open the way for a compromise, but it is still impossible to forecast the event.

The most interesting feature in the political situation in Germany is the steady growth of the agitation, conducted on strictly constitutional lines, for the extension of the franchise not only in Prussia but in several other states. In Prussia, where 1,750,000 Social Democrats are said to be unrepresented in the Landtag, the demand for reform is naturally loudest, and on Sunday, January 21, no fewer than ninety-three meetings were held in Berlin and the vicinity to protest against this injustice. These meetings were attended by some 40,000 people, clamouring for equal, direct, universal and secret suffrage. The day passed without any of the disturbances which, by the precautions taken, the authorities appear to have anticipated, and perhaps desired to provoke; and the self-restraint displayed by the agitators augurs well for the success of a movement which cannot but gather volume and energy year by year.

Obituary

HARRISON WEIR

By the death, on January 4, of Mr. Harrison Weir, one of the diminished band of draughtsmen who were trained in the school of

wood-engraving is removed from the world of art. Born at Lewes in 1824, he began his career at the age of thirteen by taking service under Mr. George Baxter, in order

to learn engraving and designing. Distasteful as the work proved to him, there can be no doubt that he acquired by it much of the accuracy which distinguished all his work. With something of the grave simplicity of Bewick's woodcuts, his drawings of animal forms stand apart from the more scientifically developed work of the modern school. And if to-day they seem somewhat out of fashion, this is not through any inherent defect, but because Weir chose to represent the model mainly as a type undisturbed by mere fanciful touches. The human twist which Landseer could rarely withhold from his animal studies, it was not in Weir's nature to concede: his dogs never became allegories. But though we acknowledge his honesty of purpose here, we must allow that his best work is out of sympathy with the aims of the newer group of students, of whom Mr. J. M. Swan, R.A., is the acknowledged head. If we turn from Harrison Weir's to the younger master's work, we confess to feeling the value of impressionism. The movement, the power from which action springs, these are not in the elder artist. Such a painting as the "Puma and Macaw" was beyond Weir's powers, at least as by practice developed. Nevertheless his work will stand, and to those whose 'prentice hand was trained on his admirably concise undemonstrative examples his name will be remembered with gratitude and his death with sincere regret.

H. L. D. WARD

THE death of Mr. HARRY LEIGH DOUGLAS WARD, on January 28th, has removed a scholar to whom students of the literature of medi-

æval romance owe no ordinary debt of gratitude. Born in 1825, the youngest son of the Rev. J. G. Ward, rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and afterwards Dean of Lincoln, he was educated at Winchester and University College, Oxford. In 1849 he entered the British Museum as an assistant in the Department of Manuscripts, and remained there until he was superannuated at the end of 1893.

Besides his monumental, though unfinished, "Catalogue of Romances in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum," he produced nothing under his own name, we believe, beyond an edition of "The Vision of Thurkill," in vol. xxxi. of the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, an article on "Lailoken (or Merlin Silvester)" in vol. xxii. of *Romania*, and some translations from H. C. Andersen. But his services are not to be measured merely by the actual quantity of his published work. For combined width and depth of knowledge in the vast field of early romances he had few rivals, and probably no superior (unless, perhaps, his old friend the late Gaston Paris); and his readiness to place his rich stores of knowledge at the disposal of all students who consulted him, and to give them the benefit of his sound judgment on knotty points of criticism, was proverbial.

Of his great life's work, the "Catalogue of Romances," vol. i. appeared in 1883 and vol. ii. in 1893, the year of his retirement. No more has been published since then, but it is understood that a third volume, based on the materials which he had accumulated, is in course of preparation. The first volume is probably the more generally known, comprising as it

does (*inter alia*) the two great cycles of Arthur and Charlemagne; it is full of what are practically monographs on the several cycles and branches treated, setting forth succinctly, and yet with sufficient fulness, to give the would-be specialist an excellent foundation to build on, the substance of what was known at the time, and in most cases embodying the results of Mr. Ward's own independent research. The sections on Geoffrey of Monmouth, Havelok, and King Horn may be cited as examples. The second volume contains Northern Legends (including Beowulf and the Icelandic sagas), tales of Oriental origin (among which "Barlaam and Josaphat" and the "Seven Sages" are perhaps the most prominent), Æsopic fables, and Reynard the Fox. Then begins a series of what may be called ecclesiastical romances: visions of Heaven and Hell, the voyage of St. Brendan, Guillaume de Digulleville's "Trois Pèlerinages," and finally the numerous mediæval collections of Mary Legends. In this series much remains to be treated in a future volume, such as the moralised tales and fables of Jacques de Vitry and Odo of Cheriton, and that well-known compilation the "Gesta Romanorum." Each of the two volumes quickly took its place as a recognised textbook, and they form together a noble memorial of their author.

Jan. 1. SIR HUGH NELSON, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Queensland, at the age of seventy. He was Prime Minister of Queensland in 1897, and was present in that capacity at the Jubilee celebrations in this country.

Jan. 1. The Rev. FREDERIC WATSON, D.D., Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. Dr. Watson published several books based on his studies in theology. His Hulsean lectures are well known for their scholarly exposition and style.

Jan. 2. The Very Rev. HENRY CARRINGTON, Rector of Bocking, and the oldest clergyman in Essex, died this day aged ninety-one. The rectorship of Bocking carries with it the title of Dean, and by this name Mr. Carrington had been known for sixty years. As a writer his name is familiar to many for his translation into English verse of French poems from the tenth to the nineteenth centuries.

Jan. 3. Mr. VYELL EDWARD WALKER, well known as an amateur cricketer in the 'fifties and 'sixties. Frequently playing in the Gentlemen *versus* Players matches, Mr. Walker captained his side for the last time in 1869. His knowledge of the game was exceptionally wide, and as a brilliant batsman and bowler his fame is well established.

Jan. 3. Mr. HARRISON WEIR died this day. A notice of this artist appears on p. 105.

Jan. 4. The Rev. Sir RICHARD FITZHERBERT, third son of Sir William FitzHerbert. Licensed to his first curacy by the Bishop of Ely in 1871, he was nominated in 1872 by his father to the benefice of Warsop with Sookholme, which he held till 1896, when he succeeded to the title.

Jan. 4. The death occurred this day of Mr. CHARLES JASPER JOLY, Astronomer Royal of Ireland. Mr. Joly was appointed to this important post in 1897, and filled it with great ability. He was a member of the Royal Society.

Jan. 5. Mr. WILLIAM GEORGE CRAVEN, formerly of the 1st Life

Guards. He was well known as a member of the Jockey Club, and had acted with marked efficiency as a steward.

Jan 6. Lord GLANUSK, aged sixty-six. He represented Herefordshire in the House of Commons from 1865-85, and afterwards Hereford City till 1892. Serving on many committees, he was frequently called upon to act as chairman, and discharged his duties with fairness and efficiency. In the South African War for his services with the Yeomanry he obtained the D.S.O. He was raised to the Peerage in 1899. Lord Glanusk held large properties in the rich coal and iron districts of the valley of the Usk.

Jan. 9. The Dowager Lady BARROW died in her ninety-seventh year this day, at Ulverston Cottage, East Molesey. Born a Pennell, she was adopted by her uncle, John Wilson Croker, in her infancy, and until her marriage with Sir George Barrow in 1832, she was known as Miss Croker. She was the Beautiful Miss Croker always, and after more than seventy years, it is by this name that she is best remembered. At the age of seventeen her portrait was painted by Lawrence, and this brilliant example of his special gifts stands out, with his Mrs. Siddons and one or two other canvases, as a crowning work of his career. Lady Barrow lived in the reigns of no fewer than five sovereigns, but her fame is chiefly associated with that of William IV., who in full Court kissed her, when she was presented to him. During his ill-health she was assiduous in her attentions to her adoptive father, John Wilson Croker, and was his sympathetic friend and amanuensis. Sir George Barrow, her husband,

died in 1876, and her three sons all predeceased her. Kindness of heart and nobility of character distinguished her through life, and her charity found practical expression in the Molesey Cottage Hospital which she founded.

Jan. 9. The Rev. PATON J. GLOAG, D.D., LL.D., who died on January 9, in his eighty-third year, was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1889. He was a prolific writer on theological subjects.

Jan. 9. In the person of Lord RITCHIE, the country loses a statesman of considerable judgment and courage. Only recently elevated to the Peerage, he spent thirty years in the Commons. Among the measures which he introduced and carried were the Local Government Act; a Housing for the Working Classes Bill in 1890, and a Public Health Bill for London in 1891. His Budget proposals of April 1903 are well remembered; and in September of the same year his retirement from the Cabinet, together with Lord George Hamilton and the Duke of Devonshire, constituted a crisis the effects of which still remain. Lord Ritchie in 1858 married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Owen, Esq., of Perth.

Jan 10. Sir JOSEPH EWART, retired Deputy Surgeon-General of the Indian Army, died on January 10, in his seventy-fifth year, at Brighton, of which he was formerly Mayor. Entering the East India Company's service as a surgeon in 1854, he served through the Indian Mutiny. He was the author of works relating to Indian Sanitation and kindred subjects.

Jan. 10. The death at the age of eighty-four of the Very Rev. JAMES GREEN, D.D., is announced.

Dr. Green was Dean of Maritzburg, South Africa, which office he had held since 1855. The most dramatic event of his career was the reading of the excommunication pronounced against Bishop Colenso in 1866. He served on the Nativé Commission of 1882, and was keenly interested in all questions that arose in or affected South Africa.

Jan. 10. A Reuter's telegram dated January 10 announces the death, at the early age of forty-nine, of Mr. WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER, President of Chicago University, sometime Professor of Semitic languages and Biblical literature at Yale. He was the author of "Religion and the Higher Life," and of "A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Amos and Hosea," and other works.

Jan. 10. Dr. JOHN H. P. SPRENGEL, inventor of the mercury air-pump, died on January 14, aged seventy-one. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1878. Dr. Sprengel was a scientist of very high attainments, and modern warfare is indebted to his careful and long pursued investigations for one of its most deadly explosives.

Jan. 11. Sir DIGBY MURRAY in his seventy-seventh year. From 1844-49 he served in the Navy, and from 1873-96 he was in the Marine Department of the Board of Trade. Sir Digby Murray was Hereditary Secretary for Scotland.

Jan. 12. Sir MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE GRANT DUFF died this day at the age of seventy-six. Called to the Bar in 1854, he entered Parliament three years later. In 1881 he was offered and accepted the Governorship of Madras, and carried out his duties to the satisfaction of the Home

Government. But it is for his writings that he will be chiefly remembered, and in particular for his series of Diaries, which cover a period of fifty years. Admirably fitted for the task by reason of his intimacy, contracted during his parliamentary career, with European personages, he threw his anecdotes and sketches into charming literary form, and the accuracy with which he related them will render his volumes invaluable to the student of the times. He will rank with the few great diarists. He published several other books, chiefly biographical, including a memoir of the French essayist and philosopher, Ernest Renan. He was a member of "The Club," the society of which Johnson, Reynolds, and Goldsmith were original members.

Jan. 14. By the death of Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE, which occurred this day, the stage loses a writer of imagination and resource. Though his style would hardly be in accord with the requirements of the audiences of to-day, he produced much that was genuine drama, and thirty years ago had a firm hold on the public. His "White Pilgrim," produced in 1874, was much praised. Like many playwrights Mr. Merivale had practised at the Bar, but the theatre had always been the favourite study of his leisure hours.

Jan. 15. Major-General JOHN RICHARD HUME died on January 15, aged seventy-four. He served with distinction through the Crimean campaign with the 55th Regiment.

Jan. 21. Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS's death, in his seventy-ninth year, removes a journalist of much versatility and wide knowledge. During the Franco-German War

he was *Times* correspondent, as also in the Polish insurrection and at the Luxembourg Conference. In musical criticism his judgment was sound and his insight keen. He was author of several books on musical subjects, including a life of Rossini (1869). His "Personal Recollections" were published in 1900.

Jan. 22. The death occurred this day of Mr. G. J. HOLYOAKE, whose advocacy of co-operation and his ardent labours in the interests of the community entitle him to a place among the leaders of nineteenth-century reform. In Disraeli's "Endymion" reference is made to co-operation, a movement then in its early stages; and among many thoughtful men his views were held in sympathy. The friend of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Harriet Martineau and George Eliot, his tenacity of principle was equal to theirs; and for a speech at Cheltenham in which his anti-religious opinions were stated with freedom he suffered imprisonment. Author of many works, his "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life" is perhaps the most readable for the light it throws on democratic agitation and the results achieved during the Victorian era.

Jan. 22. Sir JAMES PERCY MILLER, D.S.O., second baronet, died this day at the age of forty. Well known as a patron of the Turf, he won the Derby in 1890 with Sainfoin, and in 1903 was equally successful with Rock Sand. In the Boer War he saw service with the Yeomanry.

Jan. 22. The death occurred on this day of Mr. B. C. STEPHENSON, playwright, at the age of sixty-six. As one of the adapters of Sardou's "Nos Intimes" and of the same author's "Dora" he became well known. His chief original work

was "Dorothy," produced in 1886 at the Gaiety, with music by Alfred Cellier.

Jan. 26. Sir EDWARD THORNTON, Ambassador to St. Petersburg from 1881 to 1884, died this day at Chelsea. His diplomatic career began in 1842. In 1859 he was appointed British Minister to the Argentine Confederation, and in 1867 Minister to the United States. The delimitation of the boundaries of Ontario was one of his principal achievements. Sir Edward Thornton's latest appointment was to Constantinople.

Jan. 27. Reference is made in an article printed in these pages to Miss JANE MARY EVANS, the last of the Eton College dames, who died at Eton, January 27.

Jan. 28. Sir EDWIN MITFORD PALMER, K.C.B., Governor of the National Bank of Egypt. He served in the Financial Department of the Indian Government from 1871 to 1885. In 1889 he was appointed Financial Adviser to the Khedive.

Jan. 28. A notice of the life and work of Mr. HARRY LEIGH DOUGLAS WARD, who died on this date, is given on p. 106.

Jan. 29. KING CHRISTIAN IX. of Denmark died this day, quite suddenly. Born in 1818, he succeeded to the throne in 1863, and in the following year declared war against the German Powers, but concluded it only by the cession of the Duchies to Prussia and Austria. The closest relationship joined King Christian to the great reigning Houses of Europe.

Jan. 30. CHARLES JOHN CORNISH died this day at the age of forty-six. As a writer on natural history, a subject which he approached with singular qualifications and treated with great charm, he will long hold a place with observers of

animal life and habits. His "Nights with an Old Gunner" is perhaps the most intimate study

that he produced, of the phases of Nature with which his tastes had brought him into acquaintance.

Garden Notes

ALTHOUGH for most people who use the Julian Calendar the year begins on the first day of January, there are, we believe, other methods, and we have the legal, the financial, and probably other years, each of which has its own starting-point. For the outdoor gardener the New Year most appropriately comes with the coming of Spring, which, unfortunately for the precisian, in these latitudes is the most uncertain of events. For meteorologists and astronomers March 21 is the appointed date, but then Summer would begin on June 21, and as Mid-summer's Day is the 24th of the same month, the duration of our summer would be exactly one week, which the most virulent of blasphemers against our climate would hardly deem adequate. For the poets the feast of St. Valentine, when orthodox birds begin to keep house, is considered a fitting day for the opening of the season of new birth and renewed life, and as this is old St. Valentine's Day, twelve days of grace are thus generously allotted.

Dwellers in London, perhaps, think first of Spring when they hear the raucous cries of "All a'growing and a'blowing," and see the barrows gay with stately Hyacinths and flaunting Tulips, although these have been anticipated by cut flowers brought from far distant lands. Those happier ones whose home is in the country—not yet transformed into

one vast villadom—look in the shaws and hedgerows for the little Celandine—beloved of Nature's High Priest—and even before this gem among flowers spreads out its

"glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or
none,"

they see in waste places, and on railway banks, the delicate tints of the Coltsfoot, neglected weed, unsung of poets, which we can truly greet in Wordsworth's words to the other flower which he has immortalised:

"Spring is coming, *thou* art
come!"

It might at first be supposed that the gardener, the practice of whose craft is regulated by, and depends upon, the alternation of the seasons, would know best when in very fact each has its beginning and its end, but indeed for him least of all is there any well-defined separation of one from another. His days are bound each to each, and while there is always change, there is never interruption. To-day is as yesterday, and to-morrow will be like to-day, and thus he does not perceive that to-morrow is not as yesterday. Frosts will cut down his tenderer plants in November or sooner, and as the hours of sunshine are fewer, and the soil colder, the brilliance of his borders is dimmed. If he

confine his attention to the more common of annuals, perennials or bulbs, there will still be a dreary interval between his Asters and his first Snowdrop. It is possible, however, without wandering far into the byways of horticulture, or diving into the lowest depths of his purse, so to arrange his garden that—unless before Christmas he be visited by frosts severe and prolonged, such as for many years past have happily not afflicted us—he will never lack flowers, and will never be able to mark in his diary, “This is the first day of Spring,” for, through frost and fog, through rain and sunshine, his borders will never fail to yield him flowers, vying in form, in colour, in fragrance with the gayest and the sweetest which have revelled in the heat of Summer.

The Snowdrop, by common acclaim, is the first of garden flowers, and yet there are none more uncertain in the date of their appearance. The last of our Poet Laureates called it :

“February fair maid,
Ever as of old time
Solitary firstling.”

“Solitary firstling” we have seen it is not, and this year, as in many that have gone its “lines of green” have streaked the white long before the end of January. These lines of green suggest that in this chilly season there is not stimulus enough from the rare sunshine to complete the metamorphosis of leaf to flower. We think that Ruskin somewhere writes slightly of the Snowdrop, but it is difficult to understand how any one can fail to appreciate its simple grace and spotless purity. Like another early Spring flower—the Squill—the blossom comes fully formed from the ground, ready to

open to all the sunshine which the days—short, though quickly lengthening—may vouchsafe to it. Florists have taken the Snowdrop in hand of recent years, and several varieties have been evolved, the name of which alone—“Giant”—should, we think, be enough to deter many lovers of flowers from their cultivation. For surely one of the charms of the Snowdrop is its modest size, and what is already perfect cannot be improved by the loss or change of any one of its attributes. Protests are at last being raised against this craze for monstrous flowers, and none too soon, for Chrysanthemums like mops, Carnations and others are becoming positive eyesores at the exhibitions.

With one or two brief intervals our early Winter has been an “open” one, and well-regulated borders have not failed to respond to such genial influences. “Winter” Crocuses have bloomed in Winter, Christmas Roses have yielded masses of snowy blossom before Christmas—the Winter Heliotrope—near kin to our neglected Coltsfoot—has shed its fragrance from its pale-grey spikes. Before the lovely trailing blooms of the White Solanum have fallen from our walls, the Yellow Jasmine has everywhere blazoned out in gold, relieved in our warmer counties by the exquisite little Clematis—*C. cirrhosa*—which, unlike most of the family, preserves its welcome foliage throughout the year. The most delicate of Irises, *I. unguicularis*—delicate alike in form, in colour, and in perfume, is opening its peerless blossoms—and before these enter into their rest, their glory will be shared by hosts of others, and Spring will have passed almost into Summer before the gardener realises that it has begun.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

Captain John Ward

CAPTAIN JOHN WARD, our "most notorious pirate," was born at Feversham, in Kent, about the year 1555. We first hear of him as a fisherman of that town, the child of mean parents, of "estate lowe," and of "hope," or expectations, still less. It has been stated that, at one time, presumably in his youth, he made one of a buccaneering party in the West Indies. It is highly probable that he learned the crafts of seamanship and navigation as a mariner in one of the many raids against the Spaniards, between the years 1570 and 1596. The Spanish Main, no less than the English Channel at that time, was a very pleasant place for a pirate; and Ward, in later years, talked mournfully of the good days he had had in his youth, "robbing at will, and counting the world but a garden where he walked for sport." After the death of Drake, in 1596, he seems to have been a seaman aboard one of the Queen's ships on a voyage to Portugal. Pepwell, writing in 1608, tells us that he "rose through all ranks of the (naval) service in our wars with Spain."

His buccaneering and naval service, if he ever indulged in any, failed to make his fortune; for he was a fisherman at Feversham, owning a single small fishing-boat, in the year 1602. In that year his pride grew to such a height that he could brook the fishery no longer. "Nothing would serve him but the wide Ocean to walke in." He went aboard his ketch one morning, and crept along the coast to Plymouth, where he seems to have sold his vessel for a fair sum. His wife he left behind him at Feversham.

For the next few months he lived in the Plymouth taverns, drinking the wondrous Plymouth ale, which was "stronger than sack," and cheap, and so full of alcohol that "an halfe bowle" would make a sailor's wits like a merry-go-round. Plymouth at that time was full of wastrels and rogues. The chief clients of the ale-houses were runaway sailors, who, after entering for a voyage, and drawing an advance, or bounty, lay perdu till the ship had sailed. The society of the long-shore was highly undesirable. What with pirates and deserters and smugglers, at every street corner, honest John Ward had little incentive to be virtuous. By 1603 he had become a ragged, moody ruffian who got drunk every night "with drinking of the King" among a company of "scatter-goods and swaggerers." He went by the name of Jack Ward, and had a reputation as a stout drinker and swearer. He used to sit on the tavern benches "cursing the time" with a vehemence which won him the regard of all who heard. His biographer suggests that he paid no rent. The little money he possessed seems to have been spent in drink :

"Ale was his eating and his drinking solely"

so that "all the day you should hardly faile but finde him in an ale-house : but bee sure to have him drunke at home at night."

After a few months in Plymouth, his money (his savings, or the proceeds of the ketch) was exhausted. Plymouth ale became no longer feasible, nor would the hosts give him credit in recognition of his talent as a curser. There was no remedy but work, since borrowing, as we know on high authority, does but "linger out the disease." At this time he seems to have obtained some employment in one of the King's ships. It was not then a difficult business to enter a King's ship, and no doubt Ward had a wide acquaintance among the warrant officers of the ships in harbour. A word from one of them would have been sufficient to obtain a post for him. We do not know the exact nature of his employment, but it was probably that of ship-keeper, or petty officer. As such,

he went aboard the *Lion's Whelp*, a small man-of-war, then lying in the harbour. The work, whatever it was, was probably not very arduous, nor does it appear that the ship had her full complement "of 63 hands" aboard her. Ward helped to fit her for the sea, and made one of the crew (probably a scratch crew) which worked her round, shortly afterwards, to Portsmouth, where she anchored.

The Navy, at that time, was by no means a popular service. Sir Walter Raleigh, writing in this very year, tells us that "They go with as great grudging to serve in his Majesty's ships as if it were to be slaves in the galleys." Five years after this date, when matters had grown rather worse, under a Stuart administration, the Navy was "for the greatest part manned with aged, impotent, vagrant, lewd and disorderly companions"; it had "become a ragged regiment of common rogues." The standing officers, such as Ward, were usually of rather better quality than the forward hands, but even they were not remarkable for beauty of character. Aboard the *Lion's Whelp* they were mostly old rovers who had sailed with Ward in his early piratical raids. The work they had to do while they lay in Portsmouth was slight enough. It was not enough to keep them employed; and "when sailors are idle you have mutiny." They had too much spare time, and far too many causes for complaint. The ship's beer was sour; the ship had an unwholesome smell; the beef and fish were putrid; the pay was both irregular and insufficient. In the evenings, when work was at an end, the ship-keepers would get together; and Ward would hold forth to them upon the evils of their lot. He told them of the happy days they had enjoyed together in the past, in the West Indies or elsewhere, when the world had been an oyster to them, which, with their jack-knives, they had opened. The sailors listened to him, and held his words to be sound doctrine; but, as they saw no remedy, they contented themselves with a few "Ahs," and "Very trues," and with contemplative spitting into the sea.

It happened that Ward somehow came to hear of a

recusant, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who was preparing to leave England for France, in order to enjoy "liberty of conscience." He had sold his estate near Petersfield, and had chartered a bark of twenty-five tons, to convey him to Havre. The bark lay at Portsmouth, not far from the *Lion's Whelp*, and aboard her (so Ward was informed) was the recusant's money. The religious issue probably did not weigh with Ward; but the thought of £2000, "in ready chinkes," besides plate and jewels, was too much for him. His informant (no doubt one of the crew of the bark) may have exaggerated matters; but even with a considerable discount the bark must have seemed a most noble "purchase." Ward hastened to tell his brother warrants of the "comfortable little dew of Heaven" lying so close beside them. They agreed with him that such an opportunity ought not to be allowed to pass. They had had enough of the King's service to last them through their lives, and there, in the little bark, was "present pay" enough to keep them in affluence. They planned to go ashore together till the evening, when they would lay the bark aboard, make a prize of her, and carry her away to sea, there to rove as pirates "to seek their desperate fortunes."

The work they had to do aboard the *Lion's Whelp* was, as we have said, not enough to keep them busy. They had no difficulty in obtaining leave to go ashore, on the rather curious pretext that the steward did not give them a full allowance, and that they were hungry, and wished to buy themselves a square meal, at one of the inns by the Point. They went ashore together in one of the boats, and soon found a tavern to their taste. Here they sat down to disport themselves "after the manner of sailors," with the "humming ale" and "virtuous sack" of their heart's desires. Very presently, although it was early in the day, they became drunk. They began to "swagger," or bluster, and in their songs and oaths, and drunken talk, they seem to have let fall a few dark hints of their intentions towards the recusant. The recusant happened to be ashore in Portsmouth waiting for the tide, or buying necessaries. He saw

“a ragged regiment of common rogues” rolling from inn to inn. He heard their oaths and menaces (or heard of them from some one he could trust), and became suspicious. Portsmouth was but a little town, and the presence of a drunken gang, at such a time, was disquieting. The recusant resolved to run no risks. He went aboard the little bark and conveyed ashore his “ready chinkes,” with all his plate and jewels.

When the light began to fail, Ward’s company took their boat and rowed to the bark. They laid her aboard very quietly, and carried her without opposition, for there were only “two poor sneaks” in charge of her. They thrust this couple below, while some of them hove up the anchor, and got sail upon her. In a few minutes they were under way. They ran out to sea with a shout to the battery, and shaped a course to the westward.

It did not take the pirates many minutes to discover that they had been duped, and that the gold they had risked their necks for was not aboard. It took them sadly aback, and caused them “to be ranck mad,” for there was no returning to Portsmouth. It was one of those awkward situations in which the great man gets an opportunity to explain himself. It was Ward’s opportunity; and he rose to it at once. The recusant had provisioned the ship for the voyage with a profusion which did him honour. Although he had taken his money-bags, his “nest of goldfinches,” he had not removed his “turkey-pies,” his “venison pasties,” and his “sundry sorts of sackle”; so that there was no question of the pirates’ running short of food for some little time. Ward set a watch, and placed a good man at the helm, and called a council round his supper-table. They made a very excellent supper, and washed it down with what some one has called “the learned poet’s good.” As they ate and drank, they debated what were best to be done. Plainly, they had to go forward, because they could not go back. If they ventured again into Portsmouth they would very speedily be hanged, at low water mark, as a warning to sailors. It was not very probable that they would be pursued; so that there was no immediate

danger. Ward proposed that they should cruise for a day or two off the Land's End; and then, if they met with any luck, put into Plymouth, to take off some of the men who had been his boon-companions in the taverns there, before he joined the Navy. After that, he thought, they could "commence pirates" on a more ambitious scale. They could enter the Mediterranean, and join issue with the pirates of Algiers.

This project won the hearts of all present; so westward they sailed. In a day or two they had reached their cruising ground, near the Scilly Islands, and there they sighted a fine French merchantman, bound for Ireland. Ward sent his men below, so that the merchants should not suspect him. He ran up to the Frenchman and hailed him, in all friendship. The Frenchman suspected nothing; and for some time the two ships kept company. Presently, when Ward thought that the Frenchmen would be quite off their guards, he edged his bark alongside, and called his gang to board her. The surprise was complete. The Frenchmen were beaten down below, or flung overboard, and Ward found himself in possession of a ship of seventy tons, well-equipped, and armed. After this, he sailed for Plymouth, where he anchored in Cawsand Bay. Some of his company contrived to enter the town, where they persuaded a number of ruffians to leave the taverns and to come for a cruise. With these recruits, Ward thought himself strong enough to put to sea as a rover. He left Cawsand Bay and sailed away down Channel to the Spanish coasts.

He seems to have cruised for several months off the coast of Spain, with considerable success. He took a ship of one hundred tons, and a smaller vessel, a coaster, of the kind known as a *sattée*. In both these vessels he found recruits, besides gold and merchandise; so that, by the spring of 1604, he felt himself strong enough to proceed to Algiers, to league himself, as many English pirates had done before him, to the Algerine pirates, the scourges of the Mediterranean. But it chanced that, only a few weeks before he came to Algiers, one Richard Gifford, a pirate of renown, in the service of the Duke of

Tuscany, had burnt some Algerine galleys, and killed many of the pirates on board them. The Algerines were retaliating by barbarous reprisals upon English merchantmen, and when Ward arrived off their city they were particularly bitter against his fellow countrymen. They refused his proffered alliance, and drove him from their ports. He therefore proceeded to Tunis, where he became a Turk (in order to satisfy the religious scruples of the natives), and made some satisfactory arrangement with the Bey, or Governor, a man named Osmund, or "Crossyman." In consideration of some large percentage of his profits this Bey, or "Crossyman," agreed to allow him to shelter and recruit at Tunis, and to use that port as a base from which he might sally out to rob at pleasure. The name Crossyman seems to be a corruption of *Cara Osman*, or *Osman the Dark*. *Osman*, it seems, had started life as a tailor.

It is difficult for one accustomed to the law and order of the present day to understand the dangers which threatened the Jacobean traveller. The seas swarmed with pirates; so that few merchantmen dared put to sea without arms; while very few came home without some tale of an encounter. There were pirates in the Atlantic, to intercept the ships coming home from the Newfoundland fisheries. There were pirates in the West Indies, roving for Spanish treasure-ships. There were pirates in the Orkneys, preying upon the Iceland traders. There were pirates all over Ireland, especially in the south and the west, ranging over the Channel, and round these coasts. But there were, perhaps, more pirates in the Mediterranean than in all the other waters put together. In the Mediterranean they had the most part of the trade of Europe for their quarry; while the coasts of Africa, and the islands of the Archipelago, provided obscure harbours (with compliant Governors) for the recruiting of the companies after a cruise. The pirates, like the buccaneers a century later, preferred to cruise in small ships, in order that they might be less conspicuous and less likely to arouse the suspicion of the merchantmen. It was their custom to cruise in

the swiftest ships they could find; and it must be remembered that their vessels, being small, could be propelled by sweeps when the wind failed them. When they sighted a ship which seemed to them to be a profitable quarry they contrived to follow her, without arousing her suspicions, until the evening, when they used to lay her aboard. If the quarry were slower than the cruiser, as generally happened, the pirates did not shorten sail, lest the merchants should suspect them. They carried their canvas as before, but they took care to slacken their progress by dragging a sea-anchor, a cask or two of water, "or other such like," in the sea astern of them. They kept the seas in the very worst of weather "by reason of the handiness of their ships and their skill as mariners." It was their custom to take from their prizes not only the valuables such as gold and jewels, but the sea-stores, such as ropes, spars, sweeps, sails, and ship's provisions. With these "recruits," or "plenishings," they were able to keep out of harbour for many months at a time; and constant service made them excellent sailors. Their profits were enormous, and the risks they ran were really not very serious. The English Government, with its decayed Navy, could do very little against them. Spain was at war with Holland, and could not in any case spare ships from her West Indian convoys. Venice alone could trouble them; but the Venetian galleys, the only ships they dreaded, were expensive to the Venetian state, and by no means perfect as protectors of commerce. On the whole, the lot of the pirate was particularly happy and free from care. To such a lot did John Ward devote himself, in the spring of 1604, after his relations with the Bey of Tunis had been established on what is known as "a sound financial basis." In a very few years he had made himself famous beyond expectation.

It would seem as though Ward prospered as a pirate from the time of his first establishment at Tunis. He took a rich Venetian "argosy" in his first cruise off the south of Spain, and a day or two later he took a smaller ship, which he retained as his flag-ship. He

fitted her with four and twenty cannon, and named her "the Little John" after the comrade of Robin Hood. Other pirates, among them a man named Simon Dansekar, offered to form an alliance with him; and with their forces, added to his own, he was strong enough for "bold attempts." He had at least four "well-appointed" ships under his command, with "above two hundred Englishmen, good soldiers, and expert mariners," besides Turks, to man them. With this squadron he took a huge Venetian carrack, after a fierce fight. The carrack was the *Soderina*; a wealthy merchantman, worth, it was said, some half a million crowns. The credit of the capture was due to Ward. The ship was gallantly defended, nor would she have been taken had not Ward driven his hands aboard her at the point of his dagger. The wealth was safely landed at Tunis, where it purchased Ward an abundant popularity.

While dividing the spoils of this carrack, Ward quarrelled with his partner, Simon Dansekar. Dansekar, or "Dansekar the Dutchman," was a Fleming of Flushing, who commenced pirate by running away with a ship from Marseilles. He seems to have been a more humane man than Ward; for he objected to Ward's habit of selling Christian prisoners to the Turks. He was merciful to merchants of his own nationality, while Ward, as Professor Laughton tells us, robbed all nations "with exemplary impartiality." When he quarrelled with Ward, he abandoned Tunis, and removed his ships and pirates to Algiers. This breaking up of the partnership so weakened Ward's position with the Bey, that he seems to have been anxious for his safety, and eager to make new alliances. An English merchant, who saw him at Tunis at this crisis, writes of him as being "in a desperate plight," eager to give up some 40,000 crowns' worth of booty, if, for such a bribe, King James would pardon him, and allow him to land in England, with some three hundred of his gang. However, the desperate plight was not so desperate as the merchant thought. According to Sir Henry Wotton, Ward was "beyond

a doubt the greatest scoundrel that ever sailed from England." At the time of his application to King James he was preparing the *Soderina* for a piratical cruise "with forty bronze pieces on the lower, and twenty on the upper deck." He was also planning to obtain a "letter of marque" from any Italian prince who would receive him, in the event of his failure to appease King James. It would appear that the application to King James was made through some courtier for a consideration. It was refused, because the Venetian ambassador, Zorzi Giustinian, demanded that no such pardon should be granted until the State of Venice, and all Venetian subjects, had been amply indemnified for their losses.

Zorzi Giustinian was able to trouble Ward in another way. At Tunis, the pirates' harbour, there was little market for merchandise. Ward had taken a great spoil of silk and indigo in the *Soderina*, but he could not dispose of it to his satisfaction among the Turks and Moors. He induced an English ship, which had put in to Tunis for water, to take a lading of these goods, to dispose of them in Flanders. The Venetian Senate was admirably served by its spies. Giustinian received particulars of this ship, and induced the Lord High Admiral of England to watch for her. At the end of 1605, she was taken in the Channel, and carried into an English port. Her name was the *Husband*, and she was owned by London merchants. In her hold was some £10,000 worth of the *Soderina's* cargo. Before this booty had been fully discharged, another ship, the *Seraphim*, arrived from Tunis, with a similar freight. She, too, was arrested, and her cargo, or as much of it as could be proved to be Venetian, was handed back to Giustinian. Ward made one or two more attempts to open up a market in Europe, but the ships were taken, one after another, at Bristol and elsewhere, so that at last he abandoned the scheme. He waited at Tunis for several months for King James's answer to his request for pardon. When the royal refusal reached him, he put to sea again, partly to make more money to offer in bribes and partly to make the merchants more eager for him

to be pardoned. At about this time, March 1606, a Royal Proclamation was issued for his suppression.

The cruise of 1608 was an eventful cruise for Ward. He had fitted out the *Soderina* for a flag-ship, and had mounted her with sixty or seventy brass guns. He had, besides, two smaller ships of war, both "heavily manned and armed." Altogether he seems to have commanded about four hundred men, three-fourths of whom were Turks or Moors, the others being Flemings, French and Englishmen. One of the three ships foundered off Carthage early in the cruise. The other two roved up and down, and took two valuable Marseilles carracks.

While at sea, in his flag-ship, Ward lived in great state, with a double cabin guard of twelve Turks armed with scimitars. He had his "music" (an English trumpeter), to play to him; and no doubt his cabin was sweet with many perfumes, and nobly furnished. In different parts of his ship were refreshment bars or canteens for the sale of wines and spirits. All his sailors received a daily allowance of strong drink; but if they wanted more they had to purchase it at one of these canteens. Sailors generally want more; and we read with small surprise that the discipline of the *Soderina* was not particularly good. The only law which has come down to us from her code is one forbidding, or at least discouraging, murder (as between friends, not, of course, in the way of business); but we happen to know that this law was not invariably enforced.

To the sound of the English trumpet, and a great clinking of cannikins, the piratical squadron turned eastward at the end of February 1608. They were bound to plunder "the shipping of Syria." Early in March, it came on to blow and the squadron was scattered. The great *Soderina*, with her frame much weakened by her numerous new gun-ports, and her upper works much strained by the weight of her new brass guns, began to labour and leak. "About one hundred miles off Cerigo," when the weather was at its worst, she started a plank, and went to the bottom. More than three hundred Turks sank with her. The sole

survivors were "four men and a boy" who were found afloat on some wreckage by a passing ship, going for Marseilles. Ward escaped with his life, owing to his skill as a boatman; for during the storm he left the *Soderina* in a boat, in which he managed to get aboard the *Little John*. The news of the disaster reached Tunis before him through the five survivors who had been taken to Marseilles. When Ward returned there, after his cruise, he "was nearly torn in pieces by the Janissaries," who were furious with him for his desertion of the flag-ship, and for the loss of so many true believers. It cost Ward a large portion of his treasure to regain the confidence of his allies.

Shortly after the loss of the *Soderina*, an Englishman of the name of Pepwell, in the service of the English Lord Admiral, went to Tunis to convert Ward to a better habit of life. He failed to move that stony heart, as he failed, directly afterwards, in a plot to poison him. While he reasoned with, or tried to poison, Ward, that worthy's seamen were not idle. "They so won his (Pepwell's) sailors that they became pirates," leaving Pepwell to come home as best he might. There were several pirates lying at Tunis, all of them subordinate to Ward, and Pepwell at last won one of them, a Captain Bishop, to give him a passage to Venice. At Venice he gave Sir Henry Wotton, the English Ambassador, a minute account of Ward. He describes him as being "about fifty-five years of age. Very short, with little hair, and that quite white; bald in front; swarthy face and beard. Speaks little, and almost always swearing. Drunk from morn till night. Most prodigal and plucky. Sleeps a great deal, and often on board when in port. The habits of a thorough 'salt.' A fool and an idiot out of his trade."

During the next few years, in spite of various losses, Ward seems to have prospered. It is said that he made a cruise to Ireland, with seven hundred men, and that he offered King James £40,000 for a pardon, which was refused. When he heard that his offer had been unavailing, he determined to settle down at Tunis. His old

friend "Crossyman," gave him the remains of a castle, which he repaired with marble and alabaster, till it was "a very stately house far more fit for a prince than a pirate." He lived there, when not at sea, "in a most princely and magnificent state. His apparel both curious and costly, his diet sumptuous." He had two cooks to dress and prepare his diet for him, "and his taster before he eats." "I do not knowe any peere in England," says his biographer, "that bears up his post in more dignity."

It is not known how and when he died. Dansekar, his old ally, obtained a pardon from Henri IV. of France, and entered the service of the Duke of Guise. Ward, as far as we can learn, was never pardoned. "He lived there, in Tunis," in his marble palace, where William Lithgow, the traveller, had supper with him, in the year 1615. Some say that Ward was drowned off Crete, and others that the Turks put poison in his wine. Both accounts are highly probable. It may be that, in his old age, he bought a pardon from a needy statesman, and settled down to die in Plymouth, where the ale was so good, and the company so congenial. He shares with Bartholomew Roberts the throne of English piracy. Those two alone, of the many who were called to the profession, practised it ever with a certain style, a certain high seriousness, with some pretensions to the grand manner.

There is much literature concerning Ward. There are several ballads, of varying merit, describing an imaginary fight between his cruiser and a ship called the *Rainbow*, a King's ship sent to capture him. As Professor Laughton has pointed out, the real *Rainbow* never fought with Ward. Perhaps the name *Rainbow* is a corruption or popular version of *Tramontana*, the name of a small cruiser, which may once have chased him in the Irish Channel. In addition to the ballads, there is a play called "A Christian turn'd Turk," by a poet named Robert Daborne. The play treats of Ward and his associates. It is based upon two chapbooks concerning him; the one called "Newes from Sea" (dated 1609),

the other (far superior) by Andrew Barker, called "A True and Certain Report," first published in the same year. There are numerous contemporary references to him. The best known is that in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," Act v. sc. ii. There are others in Howell's Letters; in a play by Dekker ("If it be not a good Play"), in Donne's 15th Elogy, and in the "Observations of Captain John Smith." More trustworthy authorities concerning him are in the Venetian Series of State Papers, 1603-1610; and in the Irish Series of State Papers, 1606-1608. It may be added that the Sieur de Brèves, a French Ambassador, gives Ward, or "Wer," the credit of having taught the Moorish pirates to cruise in sailing-ships. Until his coming they relied on their galleys, which were excellent, but severely limited, in their application to the art of piracy.

My Schoolgirl Life Fifty Years Ago

OUR old school-house was a red brick building with a wide, stone-coped Venetian window on each side of the spacious hall. The architect had planned the windows of the first floor after the same pattern, the place of the door being taken by a narrow sash. On the upper storey his ambition had been satisfied with three ordinary lights. The mansion, for so it might be termed, had the fame of having sheltered John Wesley from an angry mob. The hosts of the venerable man dying without lineal heirs, the house had been sold for a scholastic establishment.

A straight drive, laid with red gravel, and shaded by large-leaved poplars, separated the house from the road then; but now the increasing value of the land for building purposes has encroached on the avenue, and if one of the old pupils wishes to look at the place, a view from a narrow side-street is all that can be attained.

My Schoolgirl Life Fifty Years Ago 127

A row of modern plate-glass-fronted shops hides the building, and the only access is up a covered entry, between two windows filled with the newest fashions in millinery.

Our school-room had been the drawing-room, and the high wooden mantelpiece was ornamented with carved medallions enclosed in conventional festoons of flowers. The principal one in the middle represented a group of children playing with hoops and balls. As they were painted to represent the delicate colour of pink and white cameos, the effect was a relief to the pale sea-green of the walls, where large raised panels of white plaster suggested that pictures had once covered these vacant spaces.

A pair of wide folding doors separated this room from another known as the lower school-room. Our head-mistress usually sat beside a small round table at the upper corner of the room, and every one of her pupils entering through the doors was expected to sweep as graceful a curtsey as possible to her dignity—a dignity which owed nothing to size, or physical strength, for she was a slender little woman, of such an exquisite neatness and propriety of dress that we school-girls grew critical to the extent of making dissatisfied remarks to each other when, on one occasion, we thought the lace of her chemisette too transparent for our taste. Her hands and feet were daintily pretty, and we felt it to be a privilege when, on rare occasions, we were allowed to put her boots on and lace them for her. That she was a woman of distinctive charm and character the events of her after life showed. Years of patient courtship prevailed on her to marry a remarkably handsome and talented musician nearly twenty years her junior.

The back-board was not then out of date. A girl showing a tendency to stooping had the duty of standing for twenty minutes daily beside the door-way, holding the back-board over her shoulders. One of our mistress's sayings was that "crooked girls were blots on society." This judgment, she explained, was not to be expressed of our elders, whose possible sufferings might have

caused spinal curvature ; it applied only to young people who held themselves badly, and too often showed a corresponding mental and moral obliquity.

Our French teacher was a most eccentric example of her sex. The daughter of one of the captains of Napoleon I., his reverses were blamed for her loss of means and position. To our youthful eyes she seemed unnaturally old. Her unvarying costume of a Cashmere gown of large Oriental pattern and vivid colouring, trimmed with one deep flounce round the feet, seemed somehow so much her proper garb as to elicit no criticism. Her wig, which was arranged in a broad, looped plait hanging down on each side of her face, while a fitting *tulle* cap tied under the chin covered her head, gave her a resemblance to an owl—a likeness on which she prided herself greatly, “because,” she said, “the owl was the bird of Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom.” Once or twice one had the mischance of seeing her capless, and the sight of her closely-cut white hair left a life-long memory.

So strongly marked a character was sure to have strong likings and aversions, and those of her pupils who showed an aptitude for speaking with what she considered a fairly good accent had the advantage (which they, at that age, may not have found a privilege) of a daily exercise in translating the biographical paragraphs in “Mangnall's Questions” into colloquial French, or the further interest of doing a chosen portion of “Lemprière's Dictionary” into more classical phrase.

We are all the children of the past, and in this provincial school-room we were led by the taste of the Renaissance. Mythological lore was one of the most prominent topics of our study. The use of the globes was a part of our curriculum, and one of our text-books much beloved by some of us—“Butler's Exercises on the Globes”—had copious notes explaining the myths attaching to the constellations whose figures we were supposed to roll to the brazen meridian.

Once a week a retired schoolmaster came to give us instruction in “Arithmetic, and the Use of the Globes.”

My Schoolgirl Life Fifty Years Ago 129

He was a portly old man, who wore clothes that were even then growing out of fashion, though his ruffled shirt, with a small square brooch fastened half-way down the neatly-ironed pleats, and the seals hanging by his thick gold watch-chain from his trousers fob-pocket, were becoming to his well-proportioned figure. Clever as he undoubtedly was, his visits were not of very long continuance. He had been used to quick as well as implicit obedience from the boys he had taught, and his irascible temper could not bear what he thought to be the purposed stupidity of some of the girls in our school. Soon his anger over-mastered his self-control, and, with an oath, he knocked one of the elder pupils off a form. Then we knew his presence no more.

Our governess must have had a certain genius for teaching, for though the old-fashioned plan of learning by rote was used for our benefit, it was with the avowed purpose of strengthening our memory that we repeated paragraphs of "Hartley's Geography," or "Lindley Murray's Grammar." Twenty lines of poetry weekly seems to have been considered a sufficient introduction to the *belles lettres*. Cowper was a safe text-book, and the "Lines on Receiving His Mother's Portrait" stretched themselves over the larger part of the term's tuition. One Irish girl of great ability took the school by storm by reciting the whole poem on one morning. Another girl, belonging to a serious Wesleyan family, received an admonition, and was turned back, for attempting to pass off the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way" as a newly-learned task—for task was the name given to these impositions.

As a frontispiece to "Pinnock's Goldsmith's History of England" was a table of the names of the English kings, the dates of their accession, and death, and the names of their wife or wives: this we were expected to repeat at regular intervals, with the consequence that after the lapse of half a century I remember the date of the Norman Conquest, with several reigns nearer to our own day.

Though it was supposed that our head-mistress was
ccc—2103—March '06

a High-Church woman, the Church Catechism was not used save for the boarders, who, without exception, attended a weekly Confirmation Class, of which the clergyman of the parish took the charge. We had, however, prayers, and one of the Psalms read each morning before breakfast for the boarders, and before lessons for the day-scholars. On Friday afternoon prayers finished the week's work for the day-scholars, who, when they were ready to take their homeward way, passed in single file before our mistress to bid her "good afternoon," holding up their gloves for inspection meanwhile, when a fine of a penny was exacted for each hole.

The governess's quick reading of the Psalms was not of the most devotional character, and no explanation was ever given of them. Thus the Eastern phraseology was often perverted to strange meaning in my mind. The Hundred and Eighth Psalm was the favourite of one of our teachers, and the ninth verse stood for the figure of an old man literally throwing a shoe down the hillside.

Once a month a whole day was spent in making garments for the poor, each girl being expected to bring a penny monthly for what was known as the poor's fund. The fines levied on us for several offences (varying from a penny to—in a most heinous case—half a crown, but averaging sixpence, sixpence being the amount charged for upsetting the ink) all went to the poor's fund, and the girls who managed the buying-in of the materials had a fair sum to spend on their purchases. We made women's underclothing of unbleached cotton; petticoats and aprons of what was known as linsey-woolsey, a mixture of cotton and wool; men's shirts; very pretty babies' gowns of light-coloured print; and diaper pinafores. At the end of the half year these garments were divided among the pupils, who had the pleasure of giving them to the needy people they knew. Sometimes badly-clothed beggars, presenting themselves at the back door of the house, would so enlist the cook's sympathy that she would beg something

from the poor's basket for them. In Passion Week we did no lessons, but the whole time was spent over sewing for the poor, while the portion of the Gospels for the day was read aloud; and on Holy Thursday we joyfully dispersed for our Easter holiday.

As children we were expected to relish a very plain diet. For our first meal we had bread at discretion, a small breakfast-cup three parts full of weak tea or coffee, and a little butter. A piece of butter for each boarder was sent into the dining-room in a prettily-cut glass cooler, and if the girls to whom it was first handed were greedy, it was often found that one piece was missing. Then the teachers' butter-cooler was sent down after some protest, and the deprived one helped herself to a little. If by any chance a boarder found that she had too much butter, and left a portion on her plate, she received a sharp lecture when we were out of the room, the general impression being that each piece would be curtailed on the next day by so much as the quantity sent out.

The teachers and parlour-boarders sat at the upper end of the long table, where they were provided with little appetising dainties for their morning and evening meals. At dinner we all fared alike, roast mutton and Yorkshire pudding being served so often that we grew quite to loath the sight of what some of us called "stick-jaw."

The appointments were good, and the serving excellent, a footman and a parlour-maid waiting on us at table. Our schoolmistress's father had been presented with a quantity of plate by his fellow townsmen in recognition of his endeavours to find out some means of removing, or at least alleviating, some of the dangers to life and health accompanying the staple trades of the town, and part of the silver was in daily use. This was not altogether to our minds: one and all of us would have preferred the cut-glass tumblers placed at the head of the table to having to drink out of the small, gilt-lined, handle-less silver mugs we used (improperly called beakers).

Schoolgirls have often strong antipathies, and on one of our number telling us that she had seen the footman drinking out of our pitcher of supper milk, as she crossed the hall from the school-room to the dining-room, we naturally refused to take milk unless one of the maids brought it in. Whether this story was carried to our mistress, or whether the plan of having one man among the women domestics was not found to be a success, I do not know, but after that half-year a neat housemaid was added to the establishment, and the glory of keeping a man-servant faded away.

The man in question had been very unpleasant all round. We considered him to be a spy on our actions, and once, when three of the boarders had sent him for apples and cakes in the noon-tide hour, he had waited until we were all seated round the dining table at needle-work in the evening, and, bringing in his purchases with the change on a salver, placed them before our schoolmistress, naming the girls who had sent him on the errand. The apples and buns were doled out daily from the store-room to their owners, and, to our joy, the tell-tale was dismissed.

The domestic economy of the house moved like a skilfully constructed machine with well-oiled wheels. We saw so little of the inconvenience of cleaning the rooms that, if by any accident the bedrooms were not in due order by the time we went to change our dress for noon-day dinner, we were quite ready to feel much annoyed at the unusual delay. We made our own beds every week-day excepting Wednesday, when we folded the coverlets, sheets, and blankets neatly, and placed them on a chair by the bedside. On Sundays the housemaids attended to them.

The maid-servants stayed for years, rarely leaving save for marriage. It is possible that the penalty of the payment of half a crown, strictly enforced, should any schoolgirl go into the kitchen, helped to the comfort of their situations.

Reading, writing, arithmetic, and needle-work were the only essential parts of many girls' schooling then,

My Schoolgirl Life Fifty Years Ago 133

and in arithmetic it was thought enough for girls to understand as far as the simple Rule of Three. When the examples to that were well worked out, the fortunate pupil began again with Addition, Multiplication, and Subtraction.

For some minor offences the task of a long division sum was imposed, and often the high mantel-shelf in the top school-room was filled with a row of large slates on which sums of a varying difficulty were set out in our mistress's beautifully written figures; and when the second figure in the divisor was nine, the unfortunate girl whose name was at the foot of the slate metaphorically gnashed her teeth, for she knew that her play-time was forfeited.

Tables were done by the whole school together, and the girls whose turn it was to say the easy line of tens felt themselves lucky. Nines were the crucial tests of our memories.

Parsing was a pleasant exercise. We took a paragraph from some book, found out the nominative, and the verb with which it agreed, looked for the pronouns and the objective cases, and resolved awkward sentences into simpler forms. Had I had the quick wit of some of my fellows this training might have helped me to become a competent critic. As it was, I was often more anxious to find out the author's meaning than to dissect his style—that is to say, on those days when getting through a lesson was not my chief object.

Latin roots and proverbs were taken in class, and when affixes and prefixes were read out we named their English derivatives, sometimes making a strange selection.

The study of geography was not taken as a branch of an ordinary English education, but considered as something of an accomplishment, and paid for at the rate of fifteen shillings a quarter. We used "Hartley's Geography," and had atlases, in which we were expected to find the countries, provinces, towns, rivers, and mountains mentioned in the context of our lesson. The study of maps we took in class; our mistress, holding up

a large map, mounted on blue mill-board, for the day's lesson, would ask the names of the places to which her pencil pointed, then the blank side was turned towards us, and we had to name the province, town, or river represented behind her marker. We took places, and often a happy guess would lead a girl from the bottom to the top of the class.

Our study of astronomy was not abstruse. A table of the then known planets, their distance from the sun, the length of their year, and the number of their satellites learned from "Guy's Astronomy," was about the extent of our practical knowledge. The shape of the earth, the velocity of its revolution, its distance from the sun and the moon, and the reason of eclipses, belonging to those things which every one ought to know, were such trifles that they were not dignified by the name of astronomy. The figures of the constellations we learned from looking at the celestial globe, but their actual position in the heavens we were not shown.

One night there was a remarkable display of Auroras, and some of the boarders were much frightened, thinking that they saw precursors of the end of the world in their brilliant colours. This was very much to the amusement of our master for arithmetic, who, coming the next day, laughed heartily at their folly, telling us that it was an Aurora that illuminated the skies—only to be named by the ignorant as *Aurora Borealis*, a sight which was confined to Northern latitudes.

Steel pens were very little known, and it was the duty of the English governess to make quill pens for our use. Our schoolmistress herself made the pens in the first instance, and it was pretty to see her quick manipulation of the feathers; an art not easily acquired.

Letters were written on post paper, and sealed with wax. Nothing was thought more offensive than sending a letter sealed with a wafer. Gummed envelopes were quite in the future. It was said, truly or not, that exquisites threw wafered letters aside unopened on the plea that tradesmen only sent bills in such a fashion; and to make a distinct, well-shaped, well-coloured seal

My Schoolgirl Life Fifty Years Ago 135

was an evidence of good breeding. To use a thimble for the impression was altogether impossible.

Much attention was paid to our reading aloud, and the proper pronounciation of the vowels strictly inculcated, with so much effect that after all these years a harsh "u" in "bush" or "butcher" still thrills some of us with annoyance.

Though we were not allowed to speak English without special permission, we might chatter in French as much as we would. For piano practising some enthusiastic boarders would rise in the summer mornings as early as four o'clock to have three hours time on the best pianos, and this diligence met with approval.

In some things society has made great advances in the last half-century. It seems almost incredible, but it is true, that in such an otherwise well-ordered house—while our teeth, our nails, and our hair-brushing received a strict attention—there were no baths. One shower-bath (never used to my knowledge) in a spare bedroom, and large white earthen-ware pans for a weekly foot-washing, were the only provision made for what should be a daily necessity.

From the windows of the bottom school-room, which overlooked the flagged court where the pump was, the scholars, sitting at their desks, had once the dreadful spectacle of the killing of the family pig, to the great horror of one of our teachers who hastily pulled down the blind.

The school library was well supplied with books for study. "Maunder's Treasuries," "Crabbe's Synonyms," and "Dictionaries" were in evidence, but of books for leisure reading all that remain in my mind are short stories by Mrs. Sherwood. The evenings were occupied by needle-work, all of us being seated round the long dining-table, sewing and crocheting, while one read aloud to us. The books seems to have been chosen without much view to interest.

In spite of our seclusion echoes from the outside world reached our ears. Some of the parlour-boarders avowed the greatest admiration for the then rising poli-

tician, Mr. Disraeli, and Louis-Napoleon's *coup d'État* shocked many of us.

We were not without our introduction to the social world. The elder girls acted short French plays written by our French teacher; and now and then we gave concerts to audiences that filled the large top school-room, the stage and the orchestra being arranged in the bottom room. For the acting I cannot speak critically, but as we had some girls with very fine voices, the songs were really worthy of attention. The trio, *Lift Thine Eyes*, from "Elijah," made a deep impression on my childish fancy.

These entertainments were very popular in our school-mistress's social circle, and justly popular. To sit in congenial company and hear good music fairly rendered, and to see a number of pretty, well-cared-for young women, all dressed in *demi-toilette* of clear white muslin, finished at the neck and wrists with ruchings of white *tulle*, was a pleasant way of passing the evening.

The old days are gone: the town has encroached on the old house and the playground; and the little plots of garden, where we planted our packets of spring annuals, and looked eagerly for the appearance of Virginian Stocks, Nemophila, and Mignonette, are built on for trade purposes. Any of the present tenants might be inclined to jeer if they were told that flowers grew there—that a Clematis arbour was once here—and a little greenhouse stood beside that wall. But then—it was fifty years ago.

The Desmond Rebellion 1580

IN treating of the Desmond Rebellion we have to deal with one of the very darkest pages in the generally dark history of Ireland. It took place at a time when Ireland was in the worst state of disintegration and chaos, and when she was beset on all sides by both religious and political enemies. Many attempts had been made at colonisation, and for the

introduction of the Reformed Religion, but the turbulent Irish drove out and massacred the intruders and looked with natural distrust upon a new faith, introduced as Henry VIII. had introduced Protestantism, when in 1531 he had destroyed the crozier of their patron saint, pulled down churches and monasteries, and forced an English Prayer Book upon a nation which did not understand the English tongue.

Under his successor Ireland suffered still more. Elizabeth would have conquered it by the sword, but she had not enough money to pay an army capable of subduing the whole country, and the Irish tribes had not sufficient trust in one another to unite in national resistance. As it was, large tracts of country, depopulated by fire and sword, were given to English and foreign adventurers, and no single Act of popularity or advantage was passed by the English Parliament for the benefit of Ireland. Wretchedly poor in itself, none of the wealth of England was spent upon it by the parsimonious queen.

That the Irish were in a frightful state of barbarism, even as late as the end of the sixteenth century, is certain. Within the Pale, guarded as it was by jealously enforced English laws, civilisation made some way, but outside, and especially in Munster and Connaught, the inhabitants were little better than savages. The rough and stormy coasts and the wild impenetrable forests of the west produced a race as rough and wild as themselves.

The foreign enemies of Elizabeth, the most powerful of whom were the Pope, Philip II. of Spain, and Catharine de Medici, seeing how entirely Scotland had assimilated the Protestant faith, and how futile all their plots in the North had been, now felt that almost the only remaining hope of destroying or lessening the authority of Elizabeth was through Ireland. They were encouraged in this idea by many appeals for help, and by the representations of several English and Irish exiles who assured them that if a force were sent over under the auspices of the Pope, all the Roman Catholics in Ireland would rise in rebellion against the English and drive them out of the country. Then as the greater

number of English Romanists resided in the counties of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, it was thought to be easily practicable to subdue England afterwards.

A mission, therefore, with this for its object, was got together, and one of the first men to be entrusted with its leadership was an English adventurer, Thomas Stukeley by name. He started from Rome with a small force of Italians, but never got any further than Lisbon. Putting into harbour there, he heard that the King of Portugal was just starting on an expedition to Morocco, to wage war against the Moors. Stukeley, who was at heart a mere brigand, and cared nothing for State commissions, joined Don Sebastian, and was very shortly afterwards killed.

The news of this threatened invasion did not create much excitement at the English Court, as the Ministers of Elizabeth were used to such reports, and when Stukeley's abortive effort ended in his death, the small fleet which had been sent to guard Ireland from foreign inroads was withdrawn.

Almost immediately after Stukeley's desertion a second force was got together by the Pope and Philip, consisting, this time, chiefly of Spaniards. The command of this expedition was given to Sir James Fitzmaurice (cousin of the powerful Earl of Desmond), who was then living in Rome, having been banished from Ireland as a rebel. Papal authority and Spanish money were entrusted to him, and he was accompanied by the Legate, Dr. Nicholas Sanders, and Father Allen. A more motley crew than their followers could hardly be imagined—Spaniards, Italians, Portuguese—all of them more or less desperadoes, ready for any adventure, yet mercenaries at heart, unorganised, speaking different tongues, hot-headed and quarrelsome, yet proud of their knightly-looking leader, and obedient, as became their faith, to the brown-sandalled Churchmen, who did more to keep them in order than even Fitzmaurice himself.

They landed, a little band of about 700 men, at Dingle, in Kerry, in the summer of the year 1579.

The Bay of Smerwick where they got ashore is closed in to the south by a steep irregular peninsular, on a rocky point of which Fitzmaurice set about building a fort which they called "The Golden Fort," and which was spoken of on the Continent as the "Calais of Ireland." He quite expected a large consignment of Spanish troops to follow them, and intended to fortify and provision a place where they could land. Fitzmaurice had his wife, who was an invalid, and his two little daughters with him. What hardships they must have suffered in these rude surroundings, and among these cursing and undisciplined foreigners, we can scarcely imagine. Their fate, in the fall of Smerwick fortress, was sufficiently tragic.

Discontent soon broke out among the soldiers, who complained of having been deceived and tricked into an adventure in which there seemed neither gain nor sport. An enterprise which in Rome or Madrid bid fair to be one of diversion and profit now looked sordid and bootless, and not such plain sailing as at first appeared. The priests, too, expressed themselves as displeased with the misrepresentations of Fitzmaurice, who had given them to understand that they would at once upon landing be joined by his kinsman, the Earl of Desmond, a willing and powerful ally, before whom all recusant Ireland would tremble. The Earl, however, had hung back; a deputation sent out to him had been dismissed un-interviewed, and it became clear that he was afraid to compromise himself in the eyes of Sir William Pelham, President of Munster, and that little help, if any, was to be expected from this quarter. A second deputation was at once organised, headed by Dr. Sanders. With the keen insight into men which characterised the great Jesuit, Sanders saw, in the first few moments of a stormy interview, that it was no less a passion than an overweening jealousy of his young cousin, James Fitzmaurice, which prevented the Earl from coming to their assistance; he saw, too, with consternation, that instead of the gallant nobleman and soldier he had expected to meet, the chieftain of the Desmond clan was a weakling, crippled

in body and vacillating in mind, and that all they would get for their pains was a protestation from the Earl that he sympathised with their aims, and an appeal to them to go away and leave him and his clan in peace. Sanders had nothing to do, then, but to return to the little camp, where his ill-concealed bitterness and disappointment soon communicated itself to the others, who proclaimed loudly that they had been fooled and lured into danger, and that they must be sent back at once to their native countries.

Retreat, however, was impossible. An English man-of-war had taken possession of their three vessels, and there was nothing left for them to do but to make the best of a bad job, to finish the fort, and prepare for defence. This was effected on August 17, 1579, amid much grumbling and complaint and cursing of the country, and of those who had brought them to this pass. There was, however, no open rebellion, and all might yet have gone well, had it not been for the death of their leader, which occurred in a marauding expedition. This was a great blow to their hopes, for in Fitzmaurice the rebels lost a brilliant commander and an enthusiastic colleague, and from the moment he fell into the enemy's hands the rising may be said to have been doomed. Sir William Burke, of Clanwilliam, and his three sons had been upon the track of Fitzmaurice for some time, and right glad they were when he fell into their net, for they regarded him as a very fiend of treason, and felt sure of gaining notice from the English queen or her representatives in Ireland now that they could deliver such a dangerous enemy up to justice. This fray was fatal to both parties. Theobald Burke and his young brother had been shot and Fitzmaurice was mortally wounded. It is said that Father Allen who was riding with him on this foraging excursion, and who received his dying confession, received also a gruesome commission, and walked away from the scene with his friend's head beneath his Jesuit cloak, fearing outrage or panic if the body were recognised. Sir Nicholas Malby, President of Connaught, was in reality respon-

sible for the attack upon Fitzmaurice, and had urged on the Burkes, who were otherwise quite friendly to the Desmond clan. After this success with the rebels Malby marched upon Askeaton, the seat of the Desmonds. This castle was too strong to be destroyed without artillery, so he set fire to it and burned it to the ground, laid waste the town, and slew every member of the Desmond clan he could come across.

The disheartened Spaniards would now probably have surrendered unconditionally to the English army that was gathering round them under Lord Grey, if a new leader had not volunteered in the person of John Fitzmaurice, "John of the Pikes" as he was called. He and his brother James, both cousins of the dead general, had for a long time been wavering between the Queen's party and that of their kinsman, but the plight of their clansmen, and a desire to be revenged upon Malby, decided them; the Earl and 3000 of his followers threw in their lot with Sanders and Allen. Several skirmishes ensued, in one of which Father Allen was killed, sword in hand, fighting, the Jesuit for his religion and the Irishman for his country.

Desmond was now proclaimed a traitor, and a price was put upon his head, and a free pardon offered to all who would desert from him. But fickle and cowardly as he was himself, the clan-spirit was strong, and his supporters stuck to him. Their position, however, grew worse and worse. Half a dozen of Desmond's castles were subdued one after another and his lands taken by the English, who were now under the leadership of his old enemy and rival, the Earl of Ormond. Ormond was a Protestant and a personal friend of Elizabeth; his wife was an Englishwoman, and to augment the hatred between the two families, he himself was closely related to the Desmonds, inasmuch as his mother had been a daughter of the late Earl of Desmond, who had made a second marriage with the late Earl of Ormond.

Desmond and his countess and Sanders went about in daily terror, and their case was well-nigh hopeless

when a band of 800 Italians and Spaniards came to their rescue with money and arms.

Admiral Winter, who had been stationed off the coast of Kerry, had been obliged to withdraw on account of want of provisions and the increasing severity of the weather. Taking advantage of this, the relief party landed at Smerwick, at once repaired the fort which had been built by Fitzmaurice, stationed themselves in it, and prepared for siege.

Meanwhile a large force from Munster, under Lord Ormond, took up their position on the land or eastward side of the fort, while Winter returned with his fleet and occupied the west or sea aspect. Though beset behind and before, and in a hopeless predicament, Desmond refused to surrender. Smerwick fortress was taken and the garrison murdered with the utmost brutality. No mercy was shown them, and, with the exception of the Earl, scarcely any escaped alive of the 600 souls in the fort.

Sir Walter Raleigh was active in this frightful massacre, which included among its victims Lady Fitzmaurice and her little girls. The news was received on the Continent with horror and indignation, and greatly increased the detestation in which Elizabeth was held by the Catholics.

With the fall of Smerwick fortress the rebellion was practically at an end, nor was there in later years any attempt to reorganise it.

The Earl had escaped, but it was only to lead the life of a hunted rebel, upon whose head a high price had been set. By his own caution and the fidelity of his friends he remained hidden for two years, two terrible years of hunger and terror and privation, from which he was only released by a tragic death. He was at last discovered alone and unprotected in a miserable hut in the midst of a forest. Neither his age nor his wretched plight could win him any compassion. His head was cut off and sent by the Earl of Ormond to the English queen, who had it impaled on London Bridge.

The New Irish Peasant

MEN are always somewhat loth to part with their illusions—with the little bundle of dreams they have carried hidden deep down in their hearts ever since the days of credulous childhood. One by one we drop the dreams on the highway of knowledge and press forward unburdened, but it is doubtful whether we are ever grateful to the man or woman who opens our eyes to a sense of the unreality of our beliefs. Of late modern research, whether historical, scientific, or critical, has brought many of our dearest fancies to the hammer to be sold as useless rubbish. Historical characters have long since ceased to be treated with reverence by those disagreeable though conscientious people whose only object is accuracy, and who imagine the representation of a death-mask to be of greater value than a slightly idealised portrait; but so far the character of a nation and the temper of its people have been left with the old labels that have done service in past centuries still fastened to them for reference. Now, for the first time, the traditional character of a people is called in question; not by enemies, but by the very men who should know it best—the men who live among the people, who claim to voice their needs and to preach a national gospel.

We are all familiar with the Irish peasant as he appeared in the pages of the older school of Irish writers; the witty, laughter-loving, lazy, unscrupulous, pious Pat of tradition and fiction, who talked poetry without knowing it and had a deeper vein of sentiment underlying the light-hearted manner than the dull, heavy Saxon could ever divine. His very rags were more picturesque, more love-compelling, than the rags of any other nation, and his contentment, his easy-going philosophy and indifference to the opinion of his fellows were worthy of an admiration not wholly untinged with envy among those who took life more seriously and more sadly. He was the actual living embodiment of

the spirit of gaiety, and his very faults were endearing, standing out in delightful contrast to the bovine virtues of the Saxon oppressor. Three virtues he possessed, this typical peasant, for which above all others he was to be praised : his devotion to his country, his love of his Church, and his morality ; for where, his admirers would ask, can you find a land where the women are so pure and so virtuous as in Ireland—and when the women of a country are chaste, must not, of necessity, some of the praise be given to the men ?

This was the Irish peasant as we once knew him. By turns merry or sad, full of superstition, witty, idle, devout, hot-tempered, a trifle cruel, a spendthrift, he was admittedly a complex character ; but yet we who have Irish blood in our veins loved him, were proud of him, and never wished him any different. But Time, who takes so much away and lays irreverent fingers alike on men and nations, has not spared the Irish peasant. A new school of writers has arisen—a band of young men who are creating a new national literature, and express themselves for the most part in drama. The Irish National Theatre movement, that (through the generosity of an English lady) resulted in the purchase of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, has been largely responsible for bringing the new Irish peasant into prominent notice, though close students of the modern Celtic school have known of his coming long before he strutted on the stage. He is a strange manner of man, lacking all those persuasive qualities that characterised his elder brother. Hard-fisted, rough-tongued, money-loving—he takes life sadly ; instead of loving the land, he is over-eager to leave it for the “ streets and crowds and theatres ” of the big cities beyond the seas ; when he is not actually in revolt with the priests and the creed they have taught him, he broods in sullen resentment over the obligations religion has imposed on him. He still loves and has a keen eye for beauty, but he marries a farm if he can, or at least the hard-earned savings of a careful father-in-law. He has done with the joy of life. Like Eve in her garden, he has awakened to the sense

of his own nakedness; sees his rags without their picturesqueness, and his country without its glamour; he has lost his illusions, and in his bitterness would have us lose them too.

The Well of the Saints, by J. M. Synge, and *The Land*, by Padraic Colum, two recent plays, are good examples of the cult of the new peasant. In *The Well of the Saints* there is not one lovely or lovable character, and though the blind beggar and his wife are at best but a pair of pitiful scolds, they are still not so repulsive as Molly Byrne, the full-blooded beauty, whose attitude towards her own lover and the blind man (who has just received the gift of sight from a somewhat unconvincing saint) makes sympathy with her impossible. The story of the blind couple by the roadside who have never seen each other, but believe themselves to be "the finest man and the finest woman of the seven counties of the East"; of the saint who cures them of their blindness; of the hatred they then bear to one another; of the man's pursuit of Molly Byrne, whom he takes for his wife, and the final renouncement of a fresh miracle when the beggars' newly given sight has faded, because they will not torment their souls "with the sight of the grey days and the holy men and the dirty feet trampling the world," leaves us cold, in spite of its undoubted cleverness—possibly because of it. We feel the author does not resent the lack of all nobility in his puppets, but rather rejoices over it. He mistakes brutality for strength, and seems as though he would say: "Have done with your dreams and your fancies. I will show you life, and the uglier the picture the greater its truth. You shall see no beauty in my impossible saint, but only the dirt on the tired feet; you shall find no pity or tenderness in the heart of my peasant girl, but, instead, only lust and vanity."

The Land is a wholly different play. Here is simple tragedy; the plot is slight, but the characters are drawn with sympathy as well as strength, and so impress us with their vitality. The hard-headed farmer, Murtagh Cosgar (ten of whose children have gone to

America, leaving him with one son, Matt, and a slow-witted daughter, Sally), is as convincing as the scholar-farmer, Martin Douras, with his clever daughter, Ellen, and his commonplace son, Cornelius. Cosgar will not have a penniless daughter-in-law, and thinks the land, bought at twenty years' purchase, will be dearer to his son than the woman he loves—this son who surely cannot leave him, because he is "the last of the name." But Ellen Douras longs for the life of cities, and draws the man after her, leaving the two fathers to learn that the land itself is worthless to these gifted children of theirs, who will have none of it. Slow-witted Sally marries Cornelius, but Murtagh Cosgar realises with bitterness the uselessness of the sacrifices he has made; the soil he loved could not hold the son as it had held the father. Throughout the play the note struck is one of regret and sadness. There is poetry, but no humour; there is love (at least on the man's side), but there is no hint of religion: and there is nothing to recall the light-hearted peasants of tradition.

Which is the real peasant—the old or the new? Did the earlier writers wittingly deceive us, and have even the foster-mothers and kindly nurses of our childhood been clothed, by time-softening memory, with virtues they never possessed? Have we indeed lived in a world of dreams, and were these laughter-loving, ragged philosophers of peat and bogland merely the creatures of imagination who never lived outside the kingdom of fancy? Mr. W. B. Yeats assures us that the Irish peasant's lightheartedness has always been merely a cloak, worn to hide the real man from us, but yet Mr. Yeats has himself drawn for us peasants of the older school without suggesting they are untrue to life. A sentence in his beautifully written preface to *The Well of the Saints* offers a further explanation, of which the full significance has not, seemingly, occurred to him. Speaking eulogistically of the author of the play, Mr. Yeats says: "He had wandered among people whose life is as picturesque as the Middle Ages, playing his fiddle to Italian sailors and listening to stories in

Bavarian woods, but life had cast no light upon his writings." Is it not possible the eyes that looked coldly on "life as picturesque as the Middle Ages" have, in spite of their owner's knowledge of the Irish tongue, looked coldly too upon Ireland, or rather have seen only the shadows in the picture and missed the sunshine?

A very notable feature in the new Irish literature is the absence of what has been called the Catholic atmosphere. Before all else the peasants of the old school were Catholics—bigoted, superstitious, yet full of the poetry of a Church that has always preferred to make its appeal to the senses, instead of the reason, of man. In no country in the world, save Brittany, has the Catholic Church claimed to have so strong a hold upon the hearts of the people as in Ireland, and "priest-ridden" has been the reproach applied to her by all those of us who have outgrown creeds and dogmas. The Virgin and the saints were real to the peasant of the past; they peopled his world with their presence, and created a halo of romance around the dull routine of uneventful lives. An Irish servant once told me, in all seriousness, that when the soul leaves the body it takes the form of a white bird, circles three times round the death-chamber, and then flies through the window. She said she had seen her father's soul so leave the body, and had hastened to open the window wider, in case the bird should hurt its wings; adding, "not but that Our Lady could have helped it through the shut window every bit as well." It was this faith, this belief in his own illusions, that set the Irish peasant distinct and apart from the peasants of other lands who have their superstitions too. One of the most beautiful of Mr. Yeats' sketches is the story told of a young Protestant girl who, wandering among "the white mushrooms upon the mountains," was taken by a troop of peasant children to be "the Virgin out of the picture," because her dress was blue. Other beautiful tales he tells us—of fairies, of Maive and Deirdre, and half-forgotten kings and queens; yet they have not the same alluring and abiding charm as the stories of the peasants who see visions of God. But we have to

reckon with the new order of things, and saints and angels are going out of fashion even in Ireland. They lingered long among the mists and shadows of the green island, but the spirit of change is at work, and Ireland is (if we are to accept the teaching of her playwrights) no longer priest-ridden.

The peasants have emancipated themselves from superstition, and, in so doing, would seem to have changed their whole nature. They are now represented to us as ill-natured and crafty; as eager to drive a hard bargain as the proverbial Yorkshireman; greedy of gain, and yet taking a morbid view of life, or rather looking upon it with eyes that can see no beauty in the world, but only an intense weariness. They are no longer children, but men and women who have their way to make, and who can calculate on the chances of success as well as another. Mr. Yeats has, it is true, given us mystics and dreamers; but he is alone in still clinging to the spirit of the older tradition, and perhaps it is only because he is a poet that he cannot altogether rid himself of the old turns of phrase. When he wishes us to realise the beauty of Kathleen, the daughter of Hoolihan, he tells us that she is "purer than a tall candle before the Blessed Rood"; he watches "old Time telling the rosary of the stars," and for him Mary, Star of the Sea, is "the mother of peace, the mother of dreams, and the mother of purity." It was this same attitude of mind that characterised the peasant of tradition. Perhaps he was not really better to live with than the peasant of the new plays; but he was very much better to read about, and had a trick of haunting the memory as the realisation of an impossible ideal. In imagination, we saw him kneeling at tawdry shrines, praying to coloured prints that were hopelessly out of perspective with an intensity, a fervour, that made the very action a miracle of faith; we saw him, before the dawn broke, walking home on a windy Christmas morning along miles of lonely bogland roads after hearing the Mass sung by a tired priest in a whitewashed chapel, and fancied we guessed, though dimly, at the

pathetic poetry of his faith. We knew him, too, in other moods; at a horse-fair, for instance, or in an English harvest-field when he had come over, in holiday-fashion, to lighten the purse of the Saxon farmer. But it was in the softened mood of piety that we best loved him and most believed in him.

We shall not see him again with the halo of piety round his head—the halo that never existed (if we are to believe the new teachers), save in our imagination. The “divine discontent” alternating with gaiety, that was explained by the older school of writers as the natural outcome of the Celtic temperament, has developed into a certain sullenness of disposition, a lack of graciousness wholly foreign to the generally accepted character of the Irish peasant. He no longer loves as the wild-blooded Rafterys and Hanrahans loved in Mr. Yeats’ stories; but he calculates on the worth of a marriage settlement with a careful eye fixed on the main chance—an eye that would not disgrace a Scotchman, or those terrible French peasants, the aftermath of the Revolution, of whom Balzac has drawn so grim a picture. “The pretty girl that would take me, all bare though I be and lone,” no longer appeals to the peasant; he wants something more substantial than love, and so, perhaps, does the pretty girl. He has become a superior person; of infinitely more value as a citizen, of infinitely less value as a companion. We feel the work of the world will go more smoothly in his hands; that a Murtagh Cosgar is more praiseworthy than a Charlie Ward (*Where there is Nothing*), but we would rather tramp the roads with Charlie, than purchase the land with Cosgar.

Whether the new peasant is the real man, and the old peasant merely the creation of fancy and fiction, must be left to the experts of the Gaelic League to decide. Having forsaken the legends of the Virgin and the saints, the Irish peasant has, we are told, gone back to those still older legends of half-forgotten kings and warriors, of Cuchullain and Deirdre, and the Spirit of Ancient Ireland is awakening once more in the souls of her sons. Is this really so, or do the writers’ eyes see

only what they wish to see while wilfully ignoring all that does not fit in with their own theories? Or is something lost in the process of translation? for it is whispered that some of the new school are only beginning to learn their native language: and is it not possible, in an unaccustomed tongue, to mistake blessings for curses? It is difficult to accept these new peasants without some protest, for the old peasants were a part of the little bundle of dreams that we gladly carried hidden deep down in our hearts, and we are loth to part with them.

The Day's Doings of a Nobody—II

10th February, 1906

7.30.—When I was a boy, any one who saw a rook flying low over a house would say, "There'll be a death there soon." Now, as I rise (and every morning it is the same), a rook is flying low above and along the row of houses opposite; he never alights on one, and yet seems to be very inquisitive about each roof, and no inhabitant dreads death.

A very interesting book might be written on the different ways in which birds and beasts are affected by the works of men, and the motto of the book might be, "Nature is made better by no mean, but nature makes that mean."

The sparrows who have perhaps adjusted themselves to humanity longer than other animals, have sometimes a civil desire to return to nature, and build their great footballs of nests in trees and hedges, and play at wild life a whole summer through; but cold weather soon brings them back to gutters and crusts and gregarious chatter.

While I dress, my two hen canaries restlessly flap their wings, eager for rest on a nest. But they must wait. Last year one of them was introduced to a husband too early in the spring, and therefore deserted her young on their tenth day of life, deserted them in three successive

The Day's Doings of a Nobody 151

nests on the tenth day ; and is now flapping her wings for another brood !

8.0.—Breakfast is eaten in subdued expectation ; for our little girl is going to the Crystal Palace for the day, and I am going with her. How impatient she is of all the shadowy mountains between her and the Palace—the Bible, the other book, Homer, the garden, dressing ! Courage, my girl ! We shall surmount them. Let us begin at once. Our portion of the Bible is the beginning of Deuteronomy xxviii., wherein Israel is conditionally blest. These catalogues of blessings are very impressive because they are not too long. Even the Hebrews in their art had learnt how to omit, that art is a getting rid of the superfluous. Would that Walt Whitman had done so ! The *Benedicite, omnia opera* teaches the lesson that Walt Whitman would teach ; and has taught its lesson to myriads of people for hundreds of years, and uplifted their hearts. Each singer has found all creation in himself and has rejoic'd, and many singers will, I think, rejoice for a long time to come ; while a few readers will be groping in Walt for purple patches or powerful phrases. By insisting on himself he puts himself out of harmony with his catalogue. He strains to be harmonious.—That rook seems to have shed an influence over us ; for our second lesson taken at random from *The Spectator* was Number 110 about haunted houses. We thought that Mr. Locke had got hold of the wrong end of the stick when he said that “ the ideas of goblins and sprites have no more to do with darkness than light.” A child thinks that he could run from a goblin in the daytime, and so it is then something indifferent to him ; but he can run nowhere in the night. Night to him is helplessness, and naturally coheres with horrid things. There is, however, something gently cheerful about Addison's rooks, those rooks that haunted the haunted abbey, lifting up “ a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.”

Gilbert White distils still sweeter music out of rooks.

He calls the sound of them "a confused noise or chiding ; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow, echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore." The whole passage is full of quiet charm, and will be found in his Fifty-ninth Letter.

8.45.—I turn now modestly to my cacti, which must be water'd for the first time this year. I say modestly ; for Dickens, the joy of my youth, use'd to associate these plants with unamiable folk. And when I found that I like'd them for their oddity, rigidity, and insatiable thirst for the sun, I quickly came to the conclusion that I was no better than I should be ; and that conclusion is permanent ; so strong are youthful impressions. But the throwing away of the cacti would not have alter'd my character ; so here I am attending them, to find *Epiphyllum* showing its unsympathetic red flower.

It is not wonderful that flowers from the remote region of South America, flowers such as *epiphyllum*, *begonia*, and *fuchsia* should be harsh in colour to our eyes ; it is not wonderful that primroses and violets should be soft and beautiful. For had things been reverse'd we should all long ago have been dead of sore eyes. Perhaps even now in Peru a gift of brick-red *begonias* expresses the tender uncertainties of some swain, and the maiden answers with a sheaf of sunflowers to show her trustful love ; and this very aniline *Epiphyllum*, which I am now watering, may stand for the maiden's blush.

9.15.—To Homer, and his Hektor and Andromache, and the nurse

"At whose breast was an innocent dear little baby laid,
That darling boy, Hektorides, as lovely as a star ;"

and I don't think the busiest man in the world would grudge spending half an hour with that family ; no, nor the most confirm'd old bachelor. But I'm glad Andromache was going to have something to do in her old age. Water-carrying is not bad fun, as I can avouch who did it for six years ; with kingfishers to look at me, and sheep-

washers and millers and maidens to talk to me. At any rate, her lot was better than that of the poor spinster ladies of our present time, who pine mostly because they don't know what's good in life ; and so do their eleemosynary nothing sadly.

10.0.—Come down to a glass of beer and to find the little maid ready for her jaunt. I fancy she thinks the Palace to be a kind of steamboat, which at present is the limit of her acquaintance with the more complicated works of man.

10.30.—Starting, we find our street remarkably silent, and, on asking the reason, we are told that the tradesman's cries have been stopt by "a man who writes poetry in the daytime." "But should not a man do so in the daytime?" "Well! it's like this: he does no good and other folk harm. Live, and let live, I say." If our neighbour has really to do with the god, he wouldn't notice the tradesman's cries, so we sympathise with our informer and pass on.

Our way to the 'bus lies through a nursery-garden which presents a touching instance of the devotion of men to flowers. Various trees of the plum kind are in flower, or have been flowering for the last fortnight; their blossoms, generally as mean and fleeting as those of the sloe, must be fruitless from their very earliness. Their foliage is not remarkable. And yet men pay high prices to have what little early temporary beauty they can show.

We enter a horse-'bus, an apparatus which I am glad to think is on its way to extinction; so down-driven and tired do the animals look. This new era of electricity promises us decency in the shape of cleanliness and silence; so we are glad to step into the tram, and not glad to make a further change into a grimy stuffy railway-carriage, which brings us at last to the shabby old Crystal Palace. Our morning rook is still in the ascendant; for we find a bird-show the principal attraction there. Birds at shows are as bad as pictures in galleries. The pet-bird is meant for a private house, is the joy of a single family; a great Italian picture was generally meant for a church; or if it were a portrait, for a room. Men never hardly

made it the reason of a journey : it was an incident in worship or the companion of a family. A gallery is but a record of desecrated churches and homes. Later and inferior pictures may have been sometimes painted for galleries, and weary and confuse'd eyes; even as these monstrous birds that I see have been bred to vie with monstrous mates before large crowds.

1.0.—And so it was we turn'd to dinner and living pictures, and marionettes, and all the fun of the fair.

As it was in the days of Wilhelm Meister so is it now. Nearly forty years ago I was the schoolmate of an actor well-known to-day, who pass'd the whole of his twelfth year in the manufacture and manipulation of marionettes; the year ended with our school theatricals in which he took a part, and soon forgot his playthings in the movement of his own legs and arms; and his career began. The fair tire'd the little maid at last; so to tea we went and set out on the homeward journey.

A delay to the train's progress rouse'd a man opposite me to the consoling speech that "it would be all the same a hundred years hence." I askt him what "a hundred years hence" had to do with him; and of course very soon repented of answering a fool according to his folly.

6.0.—Out of the train and into the tram: out of the tram atop of the 'bus, where we found it raining heavily. We sat next a pretty, gracious young woman, who protected us with her slender umbrella and told her slight story, which was that she was going to her father's butcher's shop to take the money on this busy Saturday night. She alighted at the shop and gaze'd after us as long as she could. Good-bye, dear little cashier!

As she disappear'd the following gruff male speech came plain behind us: "When I liv'd in the country, you never ketch'd me in of evenings, not me! No! I walkt miles of lanes and was never tire'd of it. Now I lives Kennington way, I has only miles of streets to travel, so on evenings and Sundays I lays down before the kitchen fire."

Another male voice replied: "But why don't you take the tram to Tooting Bec: there use'd to be some nice

Fighting for the Crown in Shropshire 155

country about there.” “Not me, mister, the only country I knows of is round Chipping Norton, and I can't go there : so I dreams about it.”

There was no one behind us as we rose to go ; the lover of the Dryads was perhaps chaffering somewhere with a sore heart. We alighted opposite a sweet shop and a bulb shop. The little maid invaded the first, and I attackt the second, to bring home spoil in the shape of roots of Aaron's-rod, wherewith to brighten the early autumn days. Truly the *longa spes* is unquenchable !

6.30.—The rain had stopt, the stars were out and the moon rising. Our way lay along the railway bank just dotted with the first coltsfoot. The little maid notice'd the stars : “They're bigger than I : they're bigger than you, daddy !” “Think so ?” “Yes, Miss T. says they are.” “Well ! I don't know whether they are, my dear. Men have made big spy-glasses to make them bigger ; and the better the spy-glass the smaller the star. And they've made them farther away than ever, so far indeed that they can have nothing to do with us or our children.” “What are they good for then, daddy ?” “To make the sky pretty at night, I think. Now, we shall soon be home. Let's run.” And run we did, and were glad to be home ; for we found the holiday tiring. The little one went to bed ; and I could but sit and smoke till ten o'clock sent me to bed. So ended a day of small beer. Patience, Sylvanus : *majora canamus*. Spring is coming !

Fighting for the Crown in Shropshire

I N my garden there is a high wall of dark stone, red and green and grey. It is all the fault of that wall that my garden is so untidy, for if it were not there I should probably do a good deal of weeding. But who could dig for the invincible dandelion in the very shadow

of a wall that was built by Henry III., a wall that has seen sieges and treacheries and valours untold?

For this wall that serves now as a prop for my only rose-tree and a background for the lazy swinging of the Virginian Creeper, was once the defence of a town. And just as this soft blend of browns and greys with its heavy mantle of swaying greenery showed once a stern surface of bare strength, so also its symbolism, all dreamy romance to-day, was once uncompromising resistance.

Shrewsbury, being on the border, has always been a matter of interest to the kings of England. Some have made it theirs by force of arms, some by force of smiles. Whenever there has been fighting for the Crown there has also been fighting for Shrewsbury; except in one or two cases where charm of manner seems to have been enough, as with Henry IV., whose "loyal liegemen of the county of Salop most joyfully" welcomed what they discreetly called his "most necessary and most gracious arrival and entry to this his realm." As for Edward IV., he was himself a Shropshire lad, and there was always a special tie between him and his lieges of Salop. Even as a boy he visited them, and received from them seven-and-fivepence-worth of bread and wine "for the honour of the town." Most of his boyhood and youth he spent in Shropshire, for Ludlow Castle, the heritage of the Mortimers, was the rallying-point of the White Rose; and here Edward and his brother lived while their "full redoubted and right noble lord and father," as they called him, schemed and fought for the throne. He was not altogether occupied with treasons, stratagems, and spoils however, but could take an intelligent interest in the wardrobe of his two boys at Ludlow. "We thank your noblesse and good fatherhood," they wrote to him, "of our green gowns now sent unto us to our great comfort, beseeching your good lordship . . . that we might have some fine bonnets sent unto us by the next sure messenger, for necessity so requireth."

Later on there was an arrival more exciting but less conducive to "great comfort" than that of the green gowns, for one day King Henry and his army rode venge-

Fighting for the Crown in Shropshire 157

fully into Ludlow "and dyspoyled the towne and castell." The two youths and their mother found themselves prisoners in one of their own towers, and Edward must have heard with helpless rage the plundering of his beautiful birthright, and the sacking of the town that was so faithful to his line. When times were changed, and he had wrested from Henry VI. that "fine bonnet" that his father had died to win for him, he repaid the town royally for all it had suffered and lost in "recovering the right of the Crown of England," as he bravely phrased it : paid it in charters and money and constant favours. Much rebuilding was done at his charges. He had a hand in the raising of that tall tower that ennobles the parish church and gives so much distinction to a distant view of Ludlow, and he repaired the battered fortress. Greatest honour of all, he made the castle the home of his sons, remembering perhaps the days when he and his dead brother Rutland played there together in green gowns and in urgent need of bonnets.

At the right-hand corner of the inner bailey of Ludlow Castle is the stately tower called Pendover. Its roof is gone, and one may stare straight up from the basement to the blue. Its floor is of earth and grass, its crumbling haunted walls are tufted with irreverent weeds, but its memories are the most touching in all Ludlow. One usually thinks of Edward IV.'s little sons in connection with that grimmer Tower where they died, but it was in this tower of Pendover that they lived all their short lives, poor babes. Let us hope they were happy in their fine castle, with the beautiful view over the Teme from their nursery window and the great outer bailey for a playground. They can have seen but little of their father, who was a much-occupied man, but their mother must have been with them a good deal ; for there was a certain money-chest in the castle of which the King expressly ordered that his "dearest wife the Queen" should have a key. If their father was absent from them he was exceedingly mindful of them : too much so, they probably thought. Long pages of minute instructions did he send to the boys' uncle, Lord Rivers, "for the virtuous guiding "

of the Prince of Wales. As that august infant was not three years old at the time it was a little unnecessary to be so prompt in arranging the hours of his mass, his meals, and his lessons. "We will that after his meat, in eschewing of idleness," wrote the over-anxious father, "he be occupied about his learning; and after, in his presence, be showed all such convenient disports and exercises as behoveth his estate to have experience in." That was between dinner and supper, when he was only allowed to look on at the disports; but after supper he was himself to take part in "all such honest disports as may be conveniently devised for his recreation." How fortunate it was for Lord Rivers that his responsibilities were shared with my Lord Bishop of Rochester! Let us hope that between them they were able to devise honest recreations for this much-regulated person of two.

The document is really rather touching; there is more of the father in it than the king, and there is wisdom in it too. No man was to sit at the Prince's board but such as were declared fit by his uncle: noble stories "were to be read to him," and it was ordained that "the communication at all times in his presence be of virtue, honour, cunning, wisdom, and of deeds of worship."

Little Edward's bedtime was to be eight o'clock—much too late. Elizabeth, the Queen, had probably something to say to her brother, Lord Rivers, on that point. The King had acquired some knowledge of the nursery during the last two years, it seems, and understood the tragedy of bedtime, for he enjoins upon the Prince's attendants "that they enforce themselves to make him merry and joyous towards his bed." Then he adds, in words that bring the child's fate cruelly to mind: "We will . . . that sure and good watch be nightly had about his person and duly kept for safeguard of the same."

Poor little boy, his bed was not destined always to be safeguarded.

His brother Richard, who lived and died with him, was born in Shrewsbury on this very hill where my garden grows, in a House of Preaching Friars that once stood a few hundred yards along the slope. It had a good deal of

Fighting for the Crown in Shropshire 159

royal patronage in its day. Henry III. gave it gifts, and Prince Hal stayed there at the time of the Battle of Shrewsbury, went to church with the Brothers, and gave them six-and-eightpence. When the awful slaughter of that fight was over, many of the most distinguished dead were buried in the Friars' churchyard. It has become a garden now, and flowers grow over the uncoffined dust of Henry IV.'s knights. Edward IV.'s marked favours to this community were not the first that came to them from Ludlow, for their house was built by Maud de Geneville, a former heiress of Ludlow Castle. Perhaps Edward took a sentimental pleasure in connecting himself with the work of his fair predecessor, whose daughter had brought Ludlow to the Mortimers; for he was certainly something of a sentimentalist. He spent Christmas with the Friars once before he was king, and two of his sons were born in their house.

Shrewsbury was much attached to the White Rose. There is a statue of Richard, Duke of York, on the Elizabethan market-place that stands in the middle of the town, among bewitching houses of timber and plaster. The figure used to be on the tower of the Welsh Bridge, by which the river-girt town is entered from Wales; but the tower is gone now. It is said that when Henry VII. came to the throne the townsfolk of Salop, eager then as now to be kind, re-christened the statue *Llewellyn the Great*, as a graceful compliment to the Welshman. It is to be hoped that Henry never noticed the arms of the Duke of York on the surcoat of Llewellyn, or the Yorkist roses carved upon the niche.

On the first occasion that Henry of Richmond arrived before the Welsh Gate and its statue the people of Shrewsbury were not so anxious to make themselves agreeable to him. In fact, the gates were shut in his face. He was marching from Milford Haven in quest of the English Crown, and wished to pass through Shrewsbury; but when he reached the bridge he found the portcullis down, and behind it a certain "stout wise gentleman," bailiff of the town, who professed ignorance of any king but "Kynge Rychard, whose

lyfftenants he and hys fellowe weare." More stout on this occasion than wise, he swore an oath that Henry should not pass through the gate except over his prostrate body. So Henry "retorneyd wyth hys companye backe agayne to Forton," where he slept. The next morning his messengers again stood before the portcullis, pleading with smooth tongues. "The Erle, theyre master," they said, "dyd not meane to hurt the towne nor none therein, but to goe to trye hys right." The stout wise gentleman wavered. King Richard was after all a most unlovable person,—and who could tell how the battle might befall?

But then—a stout wise gentlemen must keep his oath.

It was Henry Tudor's own happy thought that the oath might be saved if the bailiff would lie down on the ground and allow him to step over his body. So amid laughter and cheers Richmond passed under the statue that was not yet Llewellyn, and marched up the street called Mardol—then as now—which the people had hastily strewn with flowers. "Hail! Welcome!" they shouted. "God speed thee well!"

The house that sheltered Henry that night still stands on the Wyle Cop, a steep hill on the English side of the town. It is one of the most attractive houses in Shrewsbury, painted in black and white, with the top story quaintly overhanging, and a roof of mossy tiles; not very lordly perhaps, but very comforting after that first discouraging rebuff at the gates. The next day he fared forth to try his fate at Bosworth; and one can imagine the anxiety of the bailiff to hear the result. So much depended on it! That little incident at the bridge might be for the rest of his life a merry tale to tell, the best of jokes; or it might, on the other hand, be a most humiliating memory. It is one thing to share a monarch's jest, and quite another to be made a fool of by an adventurer. We may be sure the bailiff was anxious.

Henry did not forget the flower-strewn streets and welcoming shouts of Shrewsbury. He freed the burgesses from future obligations to give him money—but later on

Fighting for the Crown in Shropshire 161

made it plain that this was not to be taken too literally. Several times he came back to hear again the cheers that had once been so encouraging to his spirits : came no more knocking humbly at the gate to lodge at the little house on the Wyle, but with pomp and kingly retinue and feasting to honour the monks at the great abbey with his presence, and once at least to visit the castle with much magnificence. As he crossed the Stone Bridge, which was then where the English Bridge is now (you can see it over the hedge if you stand on the flower-bed), he must have remembered his curious crossing of the Welsh Bridge years before ; for this time the bailiffs hurried to meet the King's Grace at the Abbey and rode to the Castle before him, bearing the maces of the town in great state.

Men whose minds were concentrated on the winning of a crown have lodged in worse places than that snug little house. Miles away beyond the blue Wrekin, but still on Shropshire soil, there once grew the famous oak-tree among whose branches an uncrowned king was singularly uncomfortable during the long hours of a whole day. The Royal Oak is gone, a martyr to tourists and relic-mongers ; but a tree grown from one of its acorns stands on the spot where once it stood. Hard by is Boscobel House (*O Bocca Bocca Bella!*) and half a mile off is Whiteladies, where Charles went first to throw the enemy off the scent. It is a great disappointment to find that nothing is left at Whiteladies but the ruins of the chapel ; the house is gone. It is denied to us to stand in the hall where the King's horse was brought for safety, or to touch the back of the fireplace where Charles rubbed his hands in the soot to disguise them. Here they cut off his curls and took away his blue riband, and dressed him in Richard Penderel's green suit and a noggen shirt. I never saw a noggen shirt, but it must have been uncomfortable.

The rest of the night was spent in a wood. The King sat in the pouring rain on a folded blanket that Penderel had borrowed for him, till the green suit and noggen shirt were drenched. At nightfall they walked to Madeley.

Here was a place to house a king! Even now, tottering and utterly neglected as it is, Madeley Court has a spell upon it. Its many gables, its irregular tiled roofs, its stone walls weather-stained into a dozen shades of green and grey, its unsteady chimneys and queer misshapen windows, its draperies of ivy and heavy unexpected buttresses, are all reflected in a pond, which makes the picture complete with water-lilies and yellow flags. Even the memory of one of the romantic Stuarts can add little to the poetry of this haunting spot, set in a mining country and itself inhabited by miners, yet keeping still its air of aloofness and "ancient peace." The curious octagonal towers of the gateway are still standing, but the archway through which Charles passed has been filled up and made into a cottage. After a hasty and scanty meal the King was hurried away into a barn close by, whose red bricks and timbers may still be seen. Here he rested till the evening, and here his soot-stained hands were given a more artistic colouring of walnut-juice. But rest was above all things dangerous, and poor harassed Charles must walk back to Boscobel that night.

Boscobel House has a picturesque prettiness, but none of the glamour of Madeley. It is a snug farmhouse, half timber and plaster, half warm yellow stone; a dainty subject for a sketch. But whereas at Madeley one is gripped by the suggestiveness of the place itself, so that the memory of a hunted king seems a trivial affair, at Boscobel that memory is altogether dominating. There is the long low room where he rested; there is the dark oak table at which he ate bread and cheese heartily. Goody Penderel made him a posset of thin milk and small beer, and the fact that he drank it shows how thirsty he was, poor man. Colonel Carlis, who was hiding there too, "pulled off his Majesty's shooes, which were full of gravel, and stockens which were very wet," and they brought him some water—for the royal feet were "extreme dirty." And no wonder, when one considers the gravel in the shooes and the wet stockens. Years afterwards, when Charles was on his way to England and the throne, he remembered those shoes. Pacing the quarter-deck

Fighting for the Crown in Shropshire 163

after dinner he spoke of the green coat he had borrowed, and of a "pair of country shoes that made him sore all over his feet."

Some of the long hours in the oak were beguiled by sleep—a relief, no doubt, for the King, but embarrassing for Carlis on whose arm his head was resting, for a numbed arm in a tree and an enemy below make an awkward combination. It became plain to Carlis that in a few minutes both Charles and himself would fall. But how to wake a tired man so gently that the fierce hunters in the brake should not be roused as well? He dared not speak. Driven and desperate at last, he *pinched* his King!

The famous priest's-hole in which Charles spent that uneasy night may still be seen, and even entered by those whose feelings will help them down a very precipitous little ladder. A pitiful place to sleep in it is; and when one reads of the King's light-heartedness after a night in this cramping, airless hole, one understands why men loved the Stuarts.

He must really have some meat for dinner, he said next morning. It was Sunday, and he insisted upon meat. So the brave Colonel went forth with a dagger and slew a sheep that belonged to some one else; and the King called for frying-pan and butter and gaily cooked himself some collops. "Colonel Carlis the while," says he who tells the story, "being but under-cook (and that honour enough too) made the fire and turned the collops in the pan."

At night Charles rode away on a mill-horse "with a pyttiful old saddle" and a bodyguard of five Penderels; an unkingly figure in leathern doublet, noggen shirt, and "an old grey greasy hat without a lyming." The mill-horse thought travelling by night was foolish work, and Charles playfully complained that it was "the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on." "My Liege," said Humphrey Penderel, who was not dull whatever his jade may have been, "can you blame the horse to goe heavily when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?" Humphrey knew how to please a man who had, as a matter of hard fact, no kingdom at all.

The comfortable ending of this story has a flavour of fairy-tales. For when the man in the noggen shirt had come again to his kingdom he sent for the five countrymen who had saved him, Richard and his brothers, that they might see him in the splendour of Whitehall. And they fell on their knees and kissed his hand, on which was now no stain of soot or walnuts, and he gave them each a princely reward.

Retrospective Review

*A Famous School Book of Erasmus : De duplici
Verborum et Rerum Copia Lib. ii.*

ERASMUS was, as Plato would say, a Philosopher Prince in the realm of letters, the realm *par excellence* of the Renaissance. It may therefore give the reader a shock to find him claimed as a schoolmaster—or as a leader of schoolmasters—for the rôle seems so humble. Yet his many-sidedness must be remembered. As a matter of fact his keenness for classical pedagogy was hardly inferior to his invectiveness of satire, his liberalism in theology, or his love of Greek culture. If a full story of Erasmus is to be given, his *de Copia* must come into the account, for this book must have exercised enormous influence, and *went through nearly sixty editions* within the lifetime of Erasmus*. Who shall say the number of editions that followed?

The subject of the *de Copia* is Latin writing. Since Latin was the general medium of intercourse between the learned in the fifteenth and sixteenth and part of the seventeenth century, we may call the treatise a work on the art of composition, and *mutatis mutandis* the principles would give Erasmus's views on the teaching of composition in any language.

The object of the present article is to give an account of the *de Copia*, taken directly from the text; for, so far

* Emerton: Erasmus, in Heroes of Reformation Series, p. 214.

as is known to the writer, there is no full account of the contents in English.

It is necessary, Erasmus begins, for good composition, to know how to find and to use the right expressions; both matter and form must be suitable. The *de Copia* is intended to be a guide to the selection of the best modes of expression, whether words or phrases, and of both grammatical and rhetorical forms. The variation of expressions is dealt with by a consideration of the use of Synonyms, Enallage, Metaphor, Allegory, Metonymy, Equipollence, Amplification, Hyperbole, and other rhetorical devices. The Rhetorical Formulæ of enunciation, assent, dissent, entreaty, doubt, and the variations for expressing comparatives, superlatives, possibility, usefulness, need to be expounded.

As was not uncommon in later text-books, Erasmus displayed examples of the *tour de force* in varying expressions, two of which deserve special description. Erasmus takes the sentence :

Tuæ literæ me magnopere delectarunt.

He observes *tuæ* does not admit of Synonymia, but it does of Periphrasis, for we can say, *tuæ amplitudinis*, *tuæ celsitudinis*, *tuæ maiestatis*. If you put a proper noun, say, that of Faustus, you have Heterosis, *Fausti literæ*. So *Faustinae literæ*, Heterosis substantivi in Epitheton.

Literæ : *epistola*, *literæ*, *tabellæ*. These are Synonymia. *Literulæ*, *epistolium*, *tabellulæ*, Heterosis; *Scheda*, *scripta*, Synecdoche; *Quod ad me scripsisti*, Periphrasis est.

Me : *Animum meum*, *pectus meum*, *meos oculos*, vel Periphrasis, vel Synecdoche; *nos*, pro *me*, Enallage numeri : *Erasmum*, Heterosis est personæ.

Magnopere : *valde*, *vehementer*, *nimum*, *mire*, *mirifice*, etc., are Synonymia; *magnopere*, *summopere*, *supra modum*, *praeter modum*, *unice*, Auxesis est : *Haud mediocriter*, *non parum*, *non vulgariter*, per contraria et negationem : *dici non potest quantopere incredibile*

dictu ; verbis consequi nequeam ; atque id genus alia, hyperbolen sapiunt.

Delectarunt : oblectarunt, recrearunt, exhilararunt, are Synonymia ; except that we see Metaphora in exhilararunt. Voluptatem attulerunt, voluptati fuerunt, jucundae fuerunt and the like are Periphrasis. Voluptate perfuderunt, mellitissime fuerunt and the like are translaticia. Non injucundae fuerunt, non insuaves, are a contrariorum permutatione. Other variations can only be shown by altering the context—to some degree. This Erasmus proceeds to do, and as Paulsen estimates, the renderings which are suggested by way of illustration amount to over 150 variations of the apparently simple *Tuae literae me magnopere delectarunt*.

Erasmus delights in his books to introduce the names of his friends and, so to say, to joke with them in public. The Praise of Folly, Encomium Moriae was thus associated with Sir Thomas More. So, again, when Erasmus treats his sentence *Semper dum vivam tui meminero*, he links with it the name of this same friend, Morus. Again, we have over 150 variations of all kinds—Knight in his Life of More says nearly 200—Sir Thomas More's name running through them in Erasmus's humorous and affectionate style. Erasmus with a sense of the fitting, in some of these variants breaks out into quotation from the Greek :

Mori memoriam continenter obtinebo : quoad mihi continget inter σίτον ἔδοντας, id est, cibum edentes, ut Homericè loquar, annumerari, nunquam hoc de pectore Mori vultus labitur

ὄφρ' ἂν ἔγωγε

ζωοῖσιν μετέω, καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρη, id est, donec adsim viventibus et mihi genua moveantur, Iliad xxii : quem ad modum inquit Homerus, tu mihi nunquam es obliviscendus, ἐμεῦ ζῶντος καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δερκομένοιο, id est, Me vivente, et in terra conspecto, Iliad i. Ut est apud Homerum, nunquam te auferet oblivio : tui memoriam perpetuo, pariter cum ipso vitae progressu, producam : superstiti nullus unquam dies expunxerit : corpore quidem abs te distrahi potero, verum animo te semper intuebor, quoad vitam numina largientur : donec aura vitalis hos artus moderabitur, tu a nostris cogitationibus nullo momento es abfuturus : usque adeo penitus his praecordiis tui impressa est memoria, ut nullo unquam pacto videatur eradenda : ut omnia tempore marcescant, tui certe memoria ad occasum usque vitae apud me vigebit ; arctius

Morum meum animo complexus sum, quam ut vivo possit elabi: eadem me lux exanimem videbit, quae tui conspiciet immemorem . . . clavis adamantinis nostrae memoriae infixus est Morus, quos non nisi una mors valeat abrumpere: ad ima, usque cineres pergam tui meminisse: ad extremam usque senectam tui me comitatura est memoria: per universum vitae spacium Mori meminerit Erasmus; ad extremum usque rogam, tuorum erga me beneficiorum memoria prorogabitur, fatalis ille dies denique me tui memorem est reperturus, dabo operam, ut tuae humanitatis recordatio ad Libitinam usque proferatur: nunquam mihi quicquam obtigerit in vita neque tam laetum, neque tam acerbum, quod tui nominis recordationem e sinu pectoris mei queat expellere: quoad hic animus in hoc corpusculo tenebitur alligatus, non exulabit mea memoria Morus: citius futurum est, ut alterum in orbem tui memoriam mecum deferam, quam ut hic abjiciam: animam egero prius, quam te memoria tenere desiero,—etc. etc.

The name of Sir Thomas More is now a household word. But it must be remembered that when he was put to death by Henry VIII. in 1535, he was the subject of unrebuked attack and abuse. He was represented as “earth-born,” and thus “capriciously raised by fortune to a false position of wealth and dignity,” “a tyrant, and in a manner hateful in the sight of God.” An account of his life probably did not exist in MS. till the reign of Queen Mary,* and was not published in England till the reign of Charles I., when Queen Henrietta Maria gave a covering to the issue of such a biography, and even then it was published in Paris. His English works were published in 1557, in Queen Mary’s reign. The *Utopia* was, of course, first published abroad in its Latin form. It was first translated into English by Ralph Robinson in 1551, and another edition issued in 1556. The next edition was forty-one years later, in 1597, and then in 1624, 1639, and 1808. “To have ventured upon making Sir Thomas More the subject of any published work, so long as Henry VIII. lived, would have amounted to treason.” Yet in all this necessary reticence with regard to More’s character and genius, school-boys were imbibing Erasmus’s devotion and deep-sworn affection. May it not be that the high esteem in which Sir Thomas More has been ordinarily held, in spite of royal displeasure and literary silence, has been not a

* Philomorus, p. 362. Idem, p. 263.

little due to Erasmus's unique treatment of him in the *de Copia*? Is it not a remarkable example of a text-book sustaining a reputation in spite of all the powers that be?

The aim of Erasmus laid down in the *de Copia* is to help the pupil to emulate the restraint of Laconic style if he wishes, or to imitate Asiatic exuberance, or to strike the Rhodensian mean. Brevity should be cultivated so as to give the sum of the whole matter, omitting nothing important, in as few words as possible, whilst copiousness is necessary, just so far as nothing included may be deemed redundant.

The first book of the *de Copia* deals with words and their variations for brevity and copiousness. The second book deals with *things*, *i.e.*, subject-matter of discourse and composition. This especially lends itself to the treatment of locupletandi, *i.e.*, of copiousness, enrichment, elaboration. Thus, if we have the sentence : *Rem universam luxu perdidit*, we can enumerate all the particulars which go to constitute *universam rem* and *luxu*. Erasmus sketches this in detail. And, again, he illustrates by the example *cyclopaediam absolvit*.

The following is Erasmus's model of copiousness of this subject. Explain the subjects of knowledge one by one, every kind of knowledge. Thus :

Nullum omnino doctrinae genus est in quo non sit exquisitè versatus : Nulla diuciplina, quam ille non ad unguem perdidicerit, et ita perdidicerit, ut in una qualibet sola laborasse videatur. Adeo mire poetarum omnium omnes fabulas tenet. Adeo Rhetorum flosculis abundat. Adeo Grammaticorum laboriosos canones excussit. Dialecticorum argutias callet. Physicæ arcana pervestigavit. Ultra mundanae sapientiae ardua superavit. Theologorum abdita penetravit. Mathematicas apodixes perceptas habet. Sic astrorum motus, sic numerorum rationes, sic terrarum dimensiones, urbium, montium, fontium, situs, nomina, intervalla ; sic vocum concentus atque discrimina callet ; Adeo quicquid est historiarum tum veterum, tum recentium meminit. Quicquid bonorum auctorum, quicquid vel antiquitatis, vel novitatis, id omne tenet. Adde his parem Graecanae, ac Latinae literaturae linguaeque peritiam, denique quicquid unquam eruditionis ab egregiis auctoribus repertum ac traditum fuit, id universum unus hic absolute perceptum cognitumque habet, ac meminit.

Other examples are given to illustrate methods of enlarging on topics. In composition, we must often present

a description of a thing, a person, place, time. Then *Chreia* is to be considered. Next, different kinds of epithets. They may be taken from the mind, *e.g.*, Plato philosophorum sapientissimus; from the body, *Thersites Graecorum omnium deformosissimus*; from a dozen different aspects epithets arise, and Erasmus delights to trace the sources and to give illustrations. Amplifications of all kinds arise in connection with persons, *e.g.*, genus, natio, patria, sexus, aetas, educatio, habitus corporis, fortuna, conditio, animi natura, studia; affectatio, antefacta, antedicta, commotio, consilium, nomen.

Amplifications of things: causa, locus, tempus, occasio, antecedentia, adjuncta, consequentia, facultas, instrumentum, modus.

Loci communes.

For purposes of proof, and so too for *Copia*, there is much force in the examples called by the Greeks *παράδειγματα*. These are either similar, dissimilar, or contrary. Or again, either greater, less, or equal. There is dissimilarity and inequality in kind, manner, time, place, and other circumstances. They embrace the fable, apologue, proverb, judgments, parabola or similitude (*collatio*), image, analogy, and the like. And of these many are ordinarily employed not only for producing conviction, but also for adorning and illustrating a subject, for adding to it and enriching it. So that if any one wishes to make an oration as copious as he will, he can do so by collecting a great body of support which shall neither be an empty congeries of words nor exclude the fullest variety. But how those examples should be found and applied is not the purpose of this treatise to discuss. This information can be obtained from Aristotle, Hermogenes, and Quintilian. But for the purpose of preparing copiousness, which is the subject before us, examples hold the first place, whether your object is deliberation, exhortation, praise, or blame; and to speak briefly, whether you desire to convince, to rouse, or to delight, it is fitting that you have as great a force, as varied and ready comparisons, as possible. Variety of examples excludes the method of citing the same kind. For there are examples both of what has been done and said in former times, and public customs are contained in precedents

(exempla) taken from a choice of authors, historical and poetical, and the latter from writers of comedies, tragedies, epigrams, heroics, and bucolics, from the various sects of philosophers and from the sacred volumes of theologians. Then, too, examples should be taken from divers nations; some precepts and ordinances are Roman; some Greek; and amongst the Greek some Spartan, some Cretan, others Athenian. Also, others are African, Hebrew, Spanish, French, English.

Again there are varieties of time. Some are ancient, some mediæval, others modern. Some, moreover, are domestic. They differ in quality of subject: military, civil, some from the side of mercy, some from bravery, some from that of wisdom. Examples are infinite. Lastly, to mention the rank of the person about whom the example is written: there are princes, judges, parents, slaves, the poor, the rich, women, maidens, boys. These examples therefore on any one subject are very varied both in collection and in application, not only from any kind of Greek and Latin writer, but also from the annals of barbarians; then at length they come into the popular tradition. But the old examples of the illustrations of our own nation and family especially stir the minds of each race, according to their birth. And in less proportion they affect the woman, boy, slave, barbarian.

Even in the quoting of an example, it may be desirable to introduce amplification by way of praise of the author or race or leader. Thus, quoting a deed or saying of a Spartan, it may add force to describe the Spartans as "that race far excelling others in the wisdom and discipline of their military and civil life which constantly furnished abundance of most beautiful examples." After offering a number of illustrations of this kind of example, Erasmus says the most apt of all is the reference to Helen in M. T.* at the beginning of the second book *De Inventione*. When Zeuxis was about to paint the portrait of Helen, he asked for some maidens of excelling beauty so that he might choose what was the best point in each and thus produce the absolute image of beauty.

* Erasmus's familiar way of referring to Marcus Tullius Cicero.

This method of expanding and summarising will receive aid from the fabulous. Erasmus gives many illustrations of the use of the fable in composition. It is sufficient to quote: "It any one proposes to say that an avaritious man does not so much possess what he has, as what he has not, let him preface his point by applying the fable of Tantalus." Again, if a man proposes to say it is the part of a wise man to restrain the movements of his mind by reason and judgment, he will quote what is said in Homer, *Iliad*, lib. i., concerning Achilles, how when he was drawing his sword, Pallas pulled him back from behind. Erasmus shows *con amore* the use of the fable in scores of instances.

Had Erasmus not written the *de Copia*, in which he tells at length his view of the Parabola, Collatio, or Similitude, there is probably no literary subject on which the admirer of Erasmus would more have desired to know his ideas. As it is, with the *de Copia* in evidence, the passage remains unread, and I doubt if it has ever been translated into English. The readers of the sixteenth century needed no translation, and to-day the name of Erasmus, though in high repute, leads but comparatively few students to his educational works. Yet the *Adages* and *Apophthegms* cannot be ignored even by the ordinary reader. And these are based on the theory or method of the Similitude. I give the gist of the passage on this section from the *de Copia*.

Parabola :

Now if any one with too keen a sense of the scrupulous should separate the parabola from the example and say that the example relates to something actually accomplished: whilst the parabola is a similitude taken from those things which are done, or which have been joined by nature, chance, or affairs: as "Attilus returned to the enemy" may be a Parabola for the conservation of religion and faith; or "the sailor on account of the winds hoisted his sail or drew it in, changing it to this side or to that"—this is a parabola teaching that it behoves the wise man to consider the seasonableness of an action and to accommodate himself to the present occasion. This is the method of the

extended parabola as we showed in treating of the example. For otherwise it is marked by a word, as, You don't understand that the sails are turning, or, Stop washing the coast. Then it becomes either an allegory or a metaphor. Sometimes it is explained more broadly, or accommodated more openly to the occasion, as Cicero has illustrated in the *Pro Muraena*. But if those who are brought into the harbour from the deep are accustomed with the utmost earnestness to teach those who are setting sail the theory of tempests, piracies and dangerous spots, as is natural, we ought to befriend those who are attacking the same dangers which we have successfully encountered. What disposition of mind does it behove me to have now, just sighting land after a great storm, towards the man who has, I see, to undergo the fiercest tempests? Again, in the same oration, as they say that amongst Greek artificers that those who cannot become *citharoedi** are *auloedi*,* so we see some who cannot turn out orators devote themselves to the study of law. So S. Jerome imitated the greater parabola of Cicero, in a certain epistle to Heliodorus.

I, too, give my warning not as one with bark and merchandise unhurt, not as one ignorant of the waves, not as an inexperienced sailor, but as one lately thrown up from the shipwreck on to the shore, so I speak forth with timid voice and say how in that wave, the Charybdis of luxury swallows one up. There with the voice of a virgin, smiling lust woos Scylla to accomplish the shipwreck of modesty. It is a barbarous coast. Here the Devil with his companions carries pirate chains for capturing victims. Don't give your trust, don't be careless. Although the spacious sea should smile at you, after the fashion of a pond, though the highest crests of the waves should not be ruffled with a breath of wind on them, yet here the plain holds mighty mountains. Within there is danger, within an enemy. Hasten, unskilled, to hold back your sails. The pole of your sailyard is pierced in front; that tranquillity

* *Citharoedi* and *auloedi*. The citharistae and aulistae were players on the lute and the flute respectively. The citharoedi and auloedi differed from the citharistae and aulistae, in that they sang in accompaniment to their playing on the instruments.

is a tempest. Here, if any one should compare the dangers which threaten good morals from vices, crimes, or otherwise, let him compare them one by one with the risks to life which are run by sailors, then by comparison either of the greater or the less show also the dissimilar or contrary. Lastly, by sentences and epiphonemata, expand the theme so as to cut in (engrave) the subject. Undoubtedly in this way, the orator will amplify with the utmost copiousness. As in this example : The more precious a thing is, so much the more diligently are we accustomed to watch over it, and to use it circumspectly. So with time, than which nothing is more precious, the highest thought (ratio) should be had, to see that it is not spent without profit (fructu). For if guardians are usually appointed over those who rashly squander their jewels and gold, what madness must it be to squander disgracefully time, the most heartfelt gift of God, in ease or in dishonourable studies ? For what do you lose when you lose time but life ? And what can be dearer than life ? When a small jewel has disappeared you call it a loss. When the whole day, *i.e.*, *bona portio*, don't you call that a loss ? Especially since when other things have vanished they can be replaced : but the loss of time is an irreparable loss. Where those material things are lost it is often a gain ; but there is no compensation in the loss of time.* There is no loss which is not somebody's gain, except loss of time. Add to this that the loss of that wealth is often wholesome. For riches often minister the material for vices, so that it is better to pour them forth than to guard them zealously. The more honourable the use of anything, so much the more disgraceful its waste. But nothing is more beautiful, more illustrious than to invest (collocare) the good hours well. However carefully you may guard worldly goods, chance seizes them or man takes them away, so that it renders you unfortunate but not also disgraceful. But since the loss of time only happens through our own fault, it not only renders us wretched but also disreputable. It is the worst kind of infamy since the blame can only be

* Erasmus's words are : Ut temporis dispendium in nullius transit compendium.

thrown upon him who suffers the evil. For those who lose material goods, you can purchase estates and houses, but you can't purchase a good mind. Besides the other ornaments of the mind, it can be prepared for immortality. There is no portion of life so short, in which a great step cannot be taken towards happiness. In the last place, supposing material matters have been badly managed you would have to render your account to your father, but for hours badly spent to God. But I have now sufficiently indicated into how great an amplitude the Parabola (collatio) can be expanded if any one wishes to apply to that kind of example the circumstances, one by one, and to polish it off. Concerning the dissimilar, there is the same method of treatment, of which this is an example ; for a new ship is not more useful than an old one. So it is with friendship. The bestowal of money over many is not to be praised, and no more is the bestowal of beauty. For he is not on a better journey who receives the torch than he who passes it on ; so in war that commander who receives his army is no better than he who gives up the command. Previously it has been shown in the foregoing commentary how Parabolas can be drawn from any kind of material.

Having thus quoted at length Erasmus's treatment of the Parabola, it is not necessary to state in detail his methods of dealing with other forms, such as apologues, dreams, fictitious narratives. With regard to theological allegory, Erasmus refers his readers to his little book, *de Theologicis allegoriis*. On Erasmus's views of the place of allegory in theology, Professor Woodward * has written with sound judgment, and has shown that Erasmus recognised partially the evolutionary attitude towards knowledge, beliefs and morals, and in his age the Allegory was a *via media* for acceptance of the Scriptures and historical interpretation.

One other subject treated in the *de Copia* should be mentioned, viz., Erasmus's account of the method of collecting examples. It is necessary to describe this, otherwise it might be inferred that the *de Copia* was to be regarded as a store-

* Erasmus concerning Education, pp. 48-9.

house into which Erasmus had gathered all necessary of literary forms and examples for us in composition. This is not Erasmus's view. He therefore describes the method by which the boy is to collect examples for himself, to classify and arrange for his own use, and thus to be always on the alert in his reading of classical authors, to add to his collection, phrases and expressions as well as substance and matter, as tributaries as well as models for his own Latin speech and writing. Take for example Piety and Impiety. Divide these again into Pietas in Deum, in patriam, in parentes or liberos. So with Fides, Beneficentia. Pietas must be differentiated from other virtues; its function, and how this is set forth, violated, nourished, and corrupted and what fruit it bears in man. These subjects open out a field (campus) for examples and judgments. Let him who strikes out the order of virtues and vices for himself get light from Cicero, Valerius Maximus, Aristotle, or Thomas Aquinas . . . Those subjects outside of vices and virtues pertain to examples and to *loci communes*. Illustrations of the former are: illustrious old age, hale (*vivida*) old age, an old youth (*senilis juvenita*), distinguished happiness, remarkable memory, sudden commotion of affairs, sudden death, mors spontanea, mors prodigiosa, partus prodigiosi, renowned eloquence, renowned wealth. Erasmus names many others, and ends by saying, "Why should I go on recounting when there are *sexcenti millia*?" Let those be chosen which seem best calculated to saying the most about the subject.

Comparative topics are good for this purpose. Here are some subjects suggested by Erasmus for which the boy is to find examples for treatment in a composition. Which is happier, celibacy or marriage? private life or public life? Which preferable, a monarchy or democracy? the life of the studious or of idiots?

But whatever the subject may be it is necessary to cut it up into sections and to begin with the wider.

Avoid an *indigesta rerum turba* by having sub-titles. Thus liberalitas—gives a sub-title *beneficium*. Beneficium prompté citoque datum—leads to beneficium aptum,

digno aut indigno collatum—beneficium exprobatum, mutuum and so on. Such sub-titles open up references to loci communes, sententiae, fabula, apologues, paroemia, metaphora, parabola, etc.

In fact, there is no branch of learning which is out of relation to Rhetoric. You can enrich an oration from every branch. You might not think Mathematics would help. But even Mathematics and Physics will supply illustrative enrichment.

It may be urged that in his theory and methods Erasmus adds nothing new to Rhetoric. Professor Woodward points out that the *de Copia* is based mainly on Quintilian's *Institutiones Oratoriae*, books iv. and viii. and Cicero's *de Oratore*. But the main feature of the *de Copia* is the spirit of enthusiasm which runs riot in the supply of illustrations, which are due to Erasmus's own insight and industry. In a letter of December 9, 1500, Erasmus says,* "I am struggling with my *Copia* but I think the Muses are not propitious. Without any good books what can I do that is excellent? As it proceeds the work assumes larger proportions than it promised at the outset." In October 1511, he writes: "I am now entirely occupied with my *Copia*; so that it may be put as a sort of riddle, how can one be *in media Copia*, in the midst of plenty (*Copia*), and at the same time living in the greatest want?" On April 29, 1512, Erasmus announces his intention to dedicate the *de Copia* to Dean Colet. He speaks of it as a "work suitable for boys." He adds: "This credit I may claim, that the subject is one that has been first thought out and expounded by me. Julius Pollux an ancient writer writing in Greek, arranged under several heads the words relating to a variety of subjects and collected some heaps of synonyms and cognate expressions; but who does not see how the scheme of this work is different from ours? Neither do I care to notice the class to which Isidorus, Marius and Philiscus belong, writers so far removed from copiousness, that they cannot, even once and away, express what they mean in Latin." Erasmus had much

* Nicholas: *Epistles of Erasmus*, vol. i. p. 279. Idem ii. p. 34.

trouble with the *de Copia*. An imperfect copy in a most inaccurate form nearly got printed. In 1514, Erasmus says in a letter to Schürer, the Strasburg Printer, that the *de Copia* "conceived in England and published in some sort at Paris may" he hopes "go out clean and bright into the hands of men" from Schürer's press. It had already reached its second edition in 1517, then brought out from Froben's press at Basle. Erasmus had a misunderstanding with Dean Colet, from whom rightly or wrongly he expected more than he got pecuniarily as a recognition of the dedication. When the book appeared the great French scholar Budaeus did not regard the book as worthy of its title and its author. In a letter to Budaeus in 1516—Erasmus defends himself. "You think," he says, the title of my book (*Copia*) raises great expectations, and do not approve of its contents being a collection of commonplaces. I suppose you conceive that they were taken from some hackneyed authorities, which any one might find without difficulty. But how will the case stand if no one else has given instructions at all about copiousness? Fabius just touched on the subject in a few words. Trapezontius, the compiler of the remains of Hermogenes, promises copiously about Copiousness, but I have pursued his promises till my head ached, without ever finding anything on the subject that seemed of any importance. After the publication of my book I met with something in Rodolphus Agricola."

In spite of the depreciatory criticism of Budaeus and others, the book became very popular. It contained what was wanted—the methods of obtaining material for subjects of composition—and it afforded canons of style. It had got the roots of the matter, the plea for brevity—but brevity which should leave out nothing that is necessary to be said—the plea for copiousness, but such that the composition should not be perturbed and confused with *rerum indigesta turba*.

It is not easy to trace the different English schools in which the *de Copia* was used as text-book. Naturally, in the statutes, drawn up in 1518, of Dean Colet's School of St. Paul's, the *de Copia* was prescribed as

one of the books to be used.¹ In 1545-7 it is in the valuable time-table of Saffron Walden—one of the books for Forms vi. and vii. In the statutes drawn up by Dean Nowell for the Friars' School, Bangor, Erasmus's *de Copia* is put down for Form iv. In 1612 Brinsley² says: "There may be also other helps for varying: as the rules in Erasmus *de Copia*, in Macropedius and others; and more especially some select phrases to several purposes noted in Erasmus *de Copia*."

In 1658 the *de Copia* appears in William London's Catalogue of the most vendible Books in England amongst the books "properly useful for schools and scholars."

Finally, it may be mentioned that in 1899, in his excellent monograph on Erasmus, Professor Emerton, of Harvard University, says: "It would be an admirable thing if our own high-school pupils could be made to commit great parts of the *de Copia* to memory." And again, speaking of the variations by Erasmus of *Semper dum vivam, tui meminero*, Dr. Emerton says: "The pupil who should carry out these illustrations intelligently would be almost a master of Latin prose." Without committing ourselves entirely to the acceptance of these views, we may say that the *de Copia* establishes a claim to consideration from those interested in classical instruction, even to-day.

Correspondence

R. B. Wormald

DEAR MR. URBAN,—Thirty years ago, when whist was the card-game of the nation and Cavendish's "Principles of Whist" was its text-book, the mention in the historical preface of the fact that Wormald had on the banks of the Thames found a small set playing the game with the

¹ As late as 1823 an edition of the *de Copia* was published, by G. and W. B. Whittaker, "In Usam Scholæ Paulinæ."—S. U.

² *Ludus Literarius*, p. 189.

addition of "squabbers" arrested my attention. The name was employed as if it were familiar to all. To me it was new. From that time I took note of all references to him which occurred in print, and during the last two months have made diligent inquiries about him. The following is the result of my labours.

Robert Bownas Wormald was baptized at Bramham Church, near Boston Spa, Yorkshire, on May 12, 1834. His father was described in the parish register as Samuel Wormald, woollen-draper, of Leeds. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Robert Bownas, vicar of that parish. On matriculating from Lincoln College, Oxford (June 2, 1852), he was entered as the third son of Bryan Wormald, gent.

Wormald was Bible clerk at the college from 1852 to 1856 and graduated B.A. in 1857, being awarded the honorary degree of fourth class in classics, Michaelmas Term, 1856. At the installation of the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University (June 1853) he recited in the theatre a "congratulatory ode" of forty-eight Latin hexameters. They will be found on page 35 of the volume of "congratulatory addresses" (1853) and on page 72 of the "proceedings at the installation" (1853).

During these years the undergraduates at Lincoln College comprised "a set of men of great intellectual activity" who are described by Canon Overton in *Longman's Magazine*, January 1887. Wormald was one of them and great things were expected of him. Then and throughout life his popularity was unbounded, and at the University, as afterwards in London, he was affectionately known as "Tommy" Wormald, from a fancied resemblance to "Uncle Tom" of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's novel. His height was over six feet, and he was well and strongly built. All sports came easy to him, but he was famous throughout Oxford as a first-class oarsman, a leading boxer, and as the best chess-player in the University. His difficulties, if he had any, arose from a gaiety of disposition and thoughtlessness in living, but they formed, says Canon Overton, rather the subject of jest than of serious consideration.

A problem by him is said to have been inserted in the *Illustrated London News* when he was aged fifteen. The details of a game "still pending between Messrs. Wilkin-son and Wormald, two of the finest players of Oxford," are given in the *Chess-player's Chronicle*, i. n.s. (1853), pp. 239-40, and the first of several problems and papers by him appeared in the same journal, p. 256. He played a match against Charles Kenny, a prominent amateur, in 1858, and won every game. Next year he fought with Campbell, "the rising star of English chess," and after fourteen drawn games Campbell led by seven to five.

Wormald in 1855 belonged to the Hermes Chess Club. He was the hon. sec. of the St. James's Chess Club in 1861, and about this time his figure was conspicuous among the experts of the game that frequented the Philidorian Chess Rooms in Rathbone Place. When the Westminster Chess Club was founded in June 1866 he was invited to join it, and he served on its first committee. He won the first prize in the handicap tournament of that club in 1868, and acted as one of the two examiners and judges when the committee started a problem tournament in the spring of 1871. At the problem tournament in 1872 of the Congress of the British Chess Association he was one of the committee of examination. There existed "no pleasanter opponent, no more accomplished player," than Wormald. "He was a master of openings and of end games, and played the middle part with great ingenuity as well as judgment. His weak point was . . . an unwillingness to take the trouble thoroughly to analyse the position when extremely complicated."

Wormald was more than a chess-player; as a composer of chess problems he occupied the first place, and this combination of practice and theory rarely exists. In his enigmas there was "evidence of an intellect fertile in elegant and pleasing ideas, not beyond the apprehension and enjoyment of the budding amateur," and his volume of "Chess Openings" was long the best English book on that subject. It appeared early in 1864, the preface

being dated in December 1863 from 2 Tanfield Court, Temple, rooms which are said to have been occupied previously by Shirley Brooks. Many games and problems by Wormald were inserted in the "Westminster Chess Club papers," and among them was a series of contributions, beginning at vol. iii. 121 (December 1, 1870), which had been prepared for a second edition of his work. This new edition came out in 1875, but "though nominally a second edition, it is in reality a new book," says the preface. A savage review of it, by Wilhelm Steinitz, appeared in the "City of London Chess Magazine," II. 297-304, 331-6. G. A. Macdonnell says that the article "filled eight octave pages, took Steinitz eight months to write, and his friends eight years to forget." Reviews of books, so runs the fable, have sometimes killed the authors; this killed the magazine.

Several of Wormald's problems are inserted in the *Chess World* 1866-69, 4 vols., and in "English Chess Problems, ed. James Pierce and W. Timbrell Pierce, 1876." After the death of Howard Staunton on June 22, 1874, he conducted until his own death the chess department of the *Illustrated London News*, and he edited Staunton's "Chess Theory and Practice, 1876," which the author had left in manuscript. The article on chess (pp. 467-513) for the "Every Boy's Book, 1855," of George Forrest, Esq., M.A., *i.e.*, the Rev. J. G. Wood, was by him, and he contributed papers on whist to vol. i. of the "Popular Recreator" (1873-74, 2 vols.).

Wormald played a busy part in journalism. He contributed occasionally to the *Saturday Review*, wrote regularly for the *Field* on rowing and fishing, was the permanent yachting correspondent of the *Daily News*, and sometimes wrote a leader for it on sporting subjects. In 1861-62 he was employed on the *Literary Budget* of Saunders and Ottley, and during the short life (January 5, 1867-December 26, 1868) of the *Imperial Review* his pen was at its service. When the *Sporting Gazette* was started on November 1, 1862, Wormald was numbered among its contributors; in the earliest days (1865) of the *Sportsman* he was on its staff; and he is said to have been joint-

editor, with H. Smurthwaite, of *Bell's Life*. With the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* he was connected from the first number to his death. He wrote the "Answers to Correspondents" in its chess-column of December 2, 1876, and a posthumous story ("The Last of our Family Ghost") by him appeared in the Christmas number of December 16. The last paper which he joined was, so I am informed, the *Morning Advertiser*.

For many years Wormald was a martyr to rheumatic gout, and the winter of 1875-76 laid upon him the additional burden of bronchitis and congestion of the lungs. Still he used to drop into the Divan in the Strand, was always merry, and never left without saying some good things. A week before his death he talked of being better in health when he moved into a new house. He died at 23 Angell Road, Brixton, December 4, 1876, and was buried at Norwood Cemetery. His wife, Frances, daughter of Thomas Kell, of an old Border family and land-agent for George Lane-Fox, lives at 26 Huntly Road, Fairfield, Liverpool. They were married at Bramham in 1865.

[*Times*, December 8, 1876, p. 1; *Chess-players' Chronicle*, 1877, pp. 20-21; Westminster papers, October 2, 1876, and January 1, 1877; Foster's Alumni Oxon.; *Illustrated London News*, December 9, 1876, p. 566; *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, December 9, 1876, p. 247; G. A. MacDonnell, "Chess Life-pictures," pp. 45-8; MacDonnell, "Knights and Kings of Chess," pp. 39-40, 64, 109, 141; I. O. Howard Taylor, "Chess Skirmishes," pp. 147-9, 161-2; information from Rev. E. G. Wadson, Vicar of Bramham; Mrs. Wormald; Rev. T. Vere Bayne, of Christ Church, Oxford; and Mr. Falconer Madan, of the Bodleian.]

W. P. COURTNEY.

The British Museum Catalogue (1787)

MR. URBAN,—The article on the British Museum Catalogue in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*, in general very accurate, contains one erroneous

statement. The entire compilation of the first published catalogue of Printed Books (1787) is attributed to Samuel Ayscough. But from the obituary notice of Ayscough in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, vol. lxxiv., written by John Gough Nichols, and apparently from information supplied by Ayscough himself, it appears that only one-third of it was executed by him: the remainder being done by the Rev. Samuel Harper, keeper, and the Rev. Paul Henry Maty, formerly assistant keeper, of the Printed Book Department. Ayscough held no office in the Museum until 1787, the year of the publication of the catalogue, when he was appointed assistant librarian in the Manuscript Department. If, as need not be doubted, he had a share in the preparation of the catalogue, it can only have been as a supernumerary, engaged to assist, not to supersede, the responsible officers of the Department.

I remain, yours truly,

R. GARNETT.

John and Henry Molle

DEAR MR. URBAN,—Allow me to present a glimpse into the lives and fortunes of a father and son, each in his way a minor worthy of the seventeenth century. I will first ask your pity for the father.

Thomas Fuller, in his "Church History of Britain" Book x. p. 48) tells us that John Molle (the name is also spelt Moll and Mole) was born in or near South Molton, in Devonshire, and spent his youth in France. He was

"Treasurer for Sir Thomas Shirley of the English Army in Britanie: he was in the defeat of Cambray wounded, taken prisoner, and ransomed. . . . Appointed by Thomas, Earl of Exeter (who formerly had made him Examiner in the Councill of the North), to be Governour in Travail to his Grand-childe, the Lord Ross, undertaking the charge . . . with a profession and a resolution not to passe the Alpes."

We may observe here that the office of Examiner of Witnesses before the Council of the North was granted to his son "Henry Mole in reversion after John Mole" (Cal. State Papers, Dom. S., July 20, 1616).

Writing of the year 1607, Fuller proceeds :

“About this time Mr. John Molle, Governour to the Lord Ross in his travails, began his unhappy journey beyond the seas.”

It seems that in spite of the above resolution not to cross the Alps, the poor tutor was carried by his young lord to Rome, and was there thrown into prison in the year 1607 or 1608.

“Here he remained,” says Fuller, “*thirty years* in restraint, and in the *eighty-first year of his age* died a Prisoner, and constant Confessour of Christ his cause.

“The pretence and allegation of his so long and strict imprisonment was because he had translated Du Plessis his book, of ‘The Visibility of the Church,’ out of French into English. . . . In all the time of his durance, he never heard from any friend,¹ nor any from him, by word or letter: no English man being ever permitted to see him, save only one, viz. : Mr. Walter Strickland of Bointon-house in Yorkshire. With very much desire and industry he procured leave to visit him, an Irish Frier being appointed to stand by, and be a wnesse of their discourse.”

Of this astonishing fact there is no lack of contemporary corroboration; indeed, the repeated agitation for the poor tutor's release, ransom, or exchange, appears to have become a staple jest at the court of James I., and the letter-writers of that reign continually refer to Molle. Thus on October 21, 1608, John Chamberlain writes to Dudley Carleton :

“There is great means used for Molle, the Lord St. John's and Lord Roos' tutor.”

John Pory, writing to the same on January 3, 1610, says :

“Mr. Mole . . . is in the Inquisition, the Pope answering appeals for his release with assurances that he shall be well treated, and efforts made for his conversion.”

Chamberlain two years later writes :

“Some say he [Sir Henry Wotton] hath managed another matter, that Baldwin the Jesuit shall be delivered for Mole . . . that hath been so long in the Inquisition at Rome.”

Joseph Hall addressed the ninth Epistle of the Sixth Decade of his third volume of “Epistles” to John

¹ In a sidenote: “So am I informed by a Letter from Mr. Hen. Molle, his Son.”

Mole, "of a long time now prisoner under the Inquisition at Rome."

As indicated above, Sir Henry Wotton interested himself in the case; and in a letter of 1622 (given in the "*Reliquiae Wottonianae*") he writes:

"There hath long lain in the Prison of the Inquisition, a constant Worthy Gentleman, viz., Master Mole; in whom his Majesty hath not only a right as his Subject, but likewise a particular interest in the cause of his first Imprisonment. For having communicated his Majesties immortal work, touching the Allegiance due unto Sovereign Princes, with a Florentine of his familiar acquaintance, this man took such impression at some passages, as troubling his Conscience, he took occasion at the next shrift, to confer certain doubts with his Confessor, who out of malicious curiosity, enquiring all circumstances, gave afterwards notice thereof to Rome."

Besides the above-mentioned work of Du Plessis, John Molle also translated Philip Camerarius' "*Operae horarum subcisivarum sive Meditationes historicae*," published in three "centuriae" or parts, 1602-9, at Frankfort, calling his version "The Living Librarie." This volume was issued by Adam Islip in a folio of 1621; and a second edition, "with some additions by H. Molle, his sonne," was published in 1625. In both editions an introduction by R. Baddeley relates the translator's hard fate.

John Molle in earlier life had made a marriage which connected him with powerful relatives, yet this fact does not appear to have been of any advantage in securing his release. His wife was a sister of Sir Thomas Cheke, whose first wife was an Osborne, and his second wife Essex, Lady Rich. Thus Henry Molle, of whom we proceed to speak, had several interesting people for cousins: Thomas Cheke and his sisters; Elizabeth, wife of Sir R. Franklin, of Moor Park, in Hertfordshire; and Frances, wife of the Earl of Manchester, of Kimbolton; also Sir Peter Osborne, whose daughter by Dorothy Danvers was the charming letter-writer, Dorothy Osborne, afterwards Lady Temple.

Henry Molle was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, becoming Proctor in 1633, and afterwards Public Orator. He claims our attention as the author

of a pleasant poem entitled "Twilight in December," which was printed in "Notes and Queries," sixth series, vol. xii. p. 483, by Mr. A. H. Bullen in 1885. What is apparently the original MS. of the poem is a letter sent to a friend, to be seen in the British Museum (Additional MS. 27,408); but other copies exist. A "translacōn," entitled "Wit in a Tempest," may be found in Ashmolean MS. 36 at the Bodleian, also signed "Hen. Molle."

We may suppose he wrote these poems in early life, for when he appears in Dorothy Osborne's ever-delightful letters, he is a sour old valetudinarian, cursed with ague and bachelorhood. Early in April, 1653, Dorothy writes to Temple :

"My cousin Molle¹ is already cured of his imaginary dropsy, and means to meet here";

and on the 14th he arrived at Chicksands on a visit to the Osbornes, which lasted till the end of June. At the time he was sick of a quartan ague, of which Dorothy makes sport :

"Yesterday I missed my fit [of the ague], and am not without hope I shall hear no more on't. My father has lost his too, and my eldest brother, but we all look like people risen from the dead. Only my cousin Molle keeps his still; and, in earnest, I am not certain whether he would lose it or not, for it gives him lawful occasion of being nice and cautious about himself, to which he in his own humour is so much inclined that 'twere not easy for him to forbear it."

His mission, it seems, on this occasion, was to plead, on behalf of his friend Mr. Bennet, of Babraham, near Cambridge, for Dorothy's hand. Despairing of success, he returned to Cambridge on a Thursday late in June of the same year.

"Mr. Bennet and I," writes Dorothy, "are likely to preserve our state and treat at distance like princes; but we have not sent one another our pictures yet, though my cousin Molle, who was his agent here, begged mine very earnestly. But, I thank God, an imagination took him one morning that he was falling into a dropsy, and made him in such haste to go back to Cambridge to his doctor, that he never remembered anything he had to ask of me, but the coach to carry him away. I lent it most willingly, and gone he is."

¹ He was actually her first cousin once removed.

Beyond the fact that he continued a round of cousinly visits, we hear no more of Henry Molle. Perhaps the dropsy was no imagination, after all.

Yours,

F. S.

Captain William Dampier

DEAR MR. URBAN,—I am preparing for the press an edition of the Voyages of Captain William Dampier, the circumnavigator. Will you allow me to ask your readers if they can furnish me with any fact, or facts, relating to the life of that great sailor? The "Voyages" and a few angry pamphlets tell us nearly all that is generally known of him; and I should be extremely grateful if any of your readers could help me to fill in some of the blank spaces in his biography.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, etc.,

JOHN MASEFIELD.

Reviews

"THE NEW SKETCH BOOK." Being Essays now First Collected from the "Foreign Quarterly Review." By W. M. THACKERAY. Edited, with an Introduction, by ROBERT S. GARNETT. (Alston Rivers. 1906.) 7s. 6d. net.

SPURIOUS and immature literature seems to spring up in the wake of great authors, like the fungi of unhealthy hue at the base of some forest trees. A crop of this tasteless vegetable stuff seems tending in course of time to become a regular corollary of a great literary reputation. What shall a great author do to sterilise it? Poor Thackeray, a prodigal giant, who wrote in almost every style except tragedy and verse epic, and excelled in nearly all kinds, is specially liable to such persecution. His fame is, of course, far too robust to suffer; but not many authors could stand, without sensible diminution, the publication, some forty-two years after

their death, of a pale reflection of one of their least successful works. For there can be little doubt surely that this "New Sketch Book," so far as it is Thackeray's at all, is made up of material deliberately excluded from the "Paris Sketch Book" or from any extension or continuation of it that Thackeray may have at any time projected. Thackeray was not quite at his best as a picturesque reporter or philosophic critic. Though he knew the continent far better than Dickens he was every whit as insular at heart, while in the sphere of cosmopolitan criticism his confusion of ideas is at least as pronounced. Like Irving or Dickens himself he wrote Sketch Books to the order of the public, and, diverting though he can be, especially in his "Cornhill to Cairo," he is not at his highest power in any of these pilgrimages. Examine the volume which contains them in the long series of Thackeray's books in almost any library, public or private, and you will have ocular demonstration of the fact. The present volume is composed mainly of essays presumed to have been contributed by Thackeray to "The Foreign Quarterly" in 1842-4, that is to say, at a time when he had already written "The Yellow Plush Papers," "Catherine, A Shabby Genteel Story," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Paris Sketch Book," and had commenced the "Irish Sketch Book." No more than his great rival was Thackeray a man to worship Art as if it were a graven image; he was admirably Catholic, too, in the appreciation of his own writings; but that he would have drawn the line at the resuscitation of these savourless magazine articles we feel absolutely assured. Do not let it be thought that we are seeking to minimise the results of Mr. Robert Garnett's industry and acumen. The skill which he has shown in detecting traces of Thackeray in these papers is hardly less remarkable than his extraordinary knowledge of Balzac, Hugo, Sand, but more especially Dumas and the minor French feuilletonists of the nineteen-forties. His appendix is almost, if not quite, the most interesting portion of the book. He is in exclusive possession of clues which could, we doubt not, be followed up a good way farther

than he has here thought fit to follow them. For the present he prefers to depend primarily upon internal evidence. Here and there it may be possible to go so far as to say that Thackeray stands confessed. But it is hardly the Thackeray of "Cartouche" or "The Devil's Wager" or the "Yellow Plush Papers." The traits of Thackeray of which we get examples here are just those of which we least care to see examples multiplied: the weakly, reproachful sentimentality in regard to Swift (too familiar to readers of "Eighteenth Century Humourists") the confused ideas of the antagonism existing between morality and gauloiserie, and the hackneyed sneer of a St. Barbe at the conflict between the love and the fear of a lord in the breast of a free-born Briton (see p. 236). The critical judgments of Hugo, Balzac, Sue, Dumas, Soulié and other writers of the day are tedious, unsympathetic, lifeless. The essays of Brandes or Saintsbury on such themes are far more illuminating. There are some critics, among them Edward FitzGerald, who prefer an author's early work on principle, and refuse a hearing to his post-meridian performances. It must be a strange taste that demands a Thackeray so unformed and undemonstrative as he appears in these pages. He used to say that he never landed at Calais without feeling that he had left a burden of care on the other side of the channel: the gravity incidental to Quarterly Reviewing appears to have weighed about his neck like a millstone during the whole of the present adventure. The *merum sal* is of necessity a capricious accompaniment to a book; but the present composition is like dough. The *manœuvre*, the gesture of agreeably mannered pleasantry that became so habitual to Thackeray is here almost entirely absent. In later days of admiration of the great Alexandre, the English novelist would dwell humorously upon the delights of having a capable understudy. For our part we could willingly resign four-fifths of the present volume to the serviceable drudge then conjured up by the master's imagination.

“A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF BECKENHAM, KENT.” By ROBERT BORROWMAN (Churchwarden). (Beckenham : T. W. Thornton.) 1906.

ODD it seems that there should be forthcoming an historical account of a parish church not yet twenty years old, and a blessing it would be did it not seem odd. Had all or most churchwardens from the beginning of things made a practice of writing down particulars of the origin, the building, the builders, the financing and the like of English churches while they were still accessible and fresh in the memory of the living, county histories would be much more accurate than they are, and much vain speculation in these later years would have been saved. To have earned the thanks which are due to Mr. Borrowman, they need not even have expended the same meticulous care as he has done in interpreting the symbolism and recording the measurements of the Church of Beckenham. Yet even he is scarcely entitled to all the credit of setting a good example worthy of all churchwardens to be followed, for it may well be doubted if he would have felt himself inspired to describe thus minutely the church had it not been raised on the foundations of another, which had stood for, probably, 500 years. Loud were the protests of some lovers of antiquity when it was finally decided to raze completely the old and put up the present building. Naturally many relics disappeared, but happily amid the devastation most of the monuments were preserved and had places found them in the new and larger church; and it is the full description of these and of the inscriptions on them which is the most interesting and, perhaps, the most valuable part of Mr. Borrowman's handbook. The families of Style and Burrell needed many stones for the setting forth of their virtues, but among them are others of wider fame, such as the Earl of Auckland and Sir Piercy Brett, while in the churchyard are the remains of Edward King of the “*Munimenta Antiqua*.” The tombs have their fair share of the epitaphs that are commonly described as quaint; among

them there used to be one which, as Mr. Borrowman does not quote it, has perhaps disappeared, to the memory of a servant of rare virtue who during forty years of service "was never once disguised in liquor."

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

FROM various quarters correspondents have congratulated Sylvanus Urban on the first number of the New Series of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*; and at the risk of being deemed vainglorious he will give himself the pleasure of printing a few extracts from their letters. "Let me express," writes one, "the great pleasure it has given me to see Sylvanus Urban restored to his proper dress. The whole number is exactly as it should be, and I congratulate you heartily on its accomplishment. It is delightful to think that we shall now have a 'Gent.'s Mag.' like this to look forward to every month." Another writes: "I cannot conceive how or whence you have got so much learned or remote matter together, served so agreeably. The usual monthly is dreary thin journalism, and the usual erudite journal (German or Teuton-American) is also dreary while valuable." A member of Christ Church, Oxford, is very complimentary: "Will you allow me to congratulate you on the splendid start which you have made? The magazine seems to me to fill exactly a place which has long been vacant in periodical literature. I shall certainly take it in regularly." "It is a joy to see," says a Cumberland correspondent; and from Somersetshire comes a cheerful note of greeting—"I have read every article with much pleasure and shall anxiously look forward to the March number." But enough! "We'll strive to please you every" month.

To-day being Shrove Tuesday, Sylvanus Urban's thoughts have run on cock-throwing. What a brutal sport it was to tie a cock to a stake and pelt it to death with sticks and stones! Yet in the middle of the seven-

teenth century Dr. Martin Llewelyn, "a man of singular integrity of life and manners," who was successively student of Christ Church and Principal of St. Mary Hall, described with keen relish the struggles of "the valiant Shrove-tide martyr." Barbarous practices die hard. Cock-throwing is surely a thing of the past; but what about cock-fighting? Mr. J. Holden Macmichael, whose recently published "Story of Charing Cross" (Chatto and Windus) is full of interest, has "ascertained by personal inquiry" that steel cockspurs are at the present time "still being sold by old-established cutlers in the neighbourhood of Cockspur Street." Indian princes and wealthy citizens of South American republics are the chief purchasers; but these cutlers also number among their patrons not a few English country gentlemen.—Last year the committee of the Hurlingham Club resolved to discontinue pigeon-shooting matches; and a minority of the members recently made an unsuccessful attempt to induce a Court of Law to annul the committee's humane decision. The shooting of trapped pigeons ought long ago to have been made illegal.

To Mr. Macmichael's book we are also indebted for a definite piece of information about Punch and Judy shows. He states (on the unimpeachable authority of "Professor" Davis) that in 1904 there were but six Punch and Judy men, all told, in London. The earliest references to Punchinello that he has been able to find are in the overseers' books of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields for 1666 and 1667. On one occasion "ye Italian popet player" paid as much as £2 12s. 6d. for his booth at Charing Cross, "but what length of time this charge covered is not clear." It was once Sylvanus Urban's good fortune to cross from Portsmouth Harbour to Ryde in the company of a Punch and Judy show. The showman's wife, who was friendly and communicative, explained that her husband came of an authentic race of showmen. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had all been Punch and Judy men; and the dog Toby ran him close for honours. Dogs, it would seem, are bred for the

business; and the poor little mongrel, whose eyes were already dimmed with age, boasted a long line of performing ancestors. Most of them had died in harness, which the showman's wife evidently considered the best possible end for "those on the road"—whether men or dogs.

Towards the east Mr. Macmichael does not extend his survey beyond Covent Garden. Whenever Sylvanus Urban passes through Clement's Inn he wonders "in what hidden way is" the kneeling negro that used to support the sun-dial on the greensward. The "poor sable son of woe" (as he was dubbed by an anonymous eighteenth-century rhymester) vanished with his dial when the new Law Courts were being put up; but no doubt Mr. Macmichael could tell us what became of him.

Has a step in the advancement of morals been registered by the abstention of the numerous ladies of Oxford from the performances of *Measure for Measure* by an undergraduate company under the sanction of a wicked Vice-Chancellor? It would be singular indeed if the fiercest puritanism should hear anything in the Elizabethan drama likely to be uttered on the stage that could not be matched for outspokenness and bettered for suggestiveness by the foremost dramatists of the present age. To know that the Shakespearean play is nearly as bold as, say, *Man and Superman*, the ladies must at least have read it through, and the damage having been done thereby, there remained no further harm to be inflicted on the purest of souls by the necessarily expurgated version presented on the stage. After all, Oxford, though the female population of its northern quarter point the way, is not the world, and the world still runs riot in this matter of plays. If the Oxford ladies are made shy at the very name of *Measure for Measure*, they would be *estomaquées* by some of the pieces that are not merely stomached but encouraged at the French Répertoire Theatre, which is successfully installing itself at the old Royalty Theatre in Soho. It is certainly a misfortune of our language that it is unable to

express with delicacy so much that, veiled in the obscurity of a foreign tongue, is the cause of a great deal of innocent amusement. They are now playing at the Royalty some of the pieces that were played twenty years or so ago when a similar attempt was made to establish the French play in London at the same house.

Whether old plays will not be all that we shall get in that way from France is a question gravely discussed by Parisians, though more from the point of view of their own interests than of the London playgoers. It is seriously argued that French dramatic art must perish if the Theatre Trust, which already controls two principal theatres and is prepared to buy up half-a-dozen more if it can get them, be allowed to prevail. The Society of Dramatic Authors has banned the Trust and forbidden its members to offer their plays to the managers. If the authors remain solid it should go hard with the Trust, since every French playwright, who has a piece produced, becomes thereby a member of the Society which watches over his interest thenceforth and collects his fees. But authors being partly human, there have already been defections and four have been solemnly expelled from the Society for being tempted by the gold of the Trust. Others will probably follow, and if the Trust continue to wax strong it is easy to believe that the best dramatic art will have seen its day. A body of purely speculative and commercial men is likely to believe that there is less money to pay for and more money to receive from the *gras vaudeville* written to order than the fine work both literary and dramatic which has so long been one of the country's chief joys and pride.

It must be painful to many people who have invested their savings in some of the American Insurance Companies to see with what calm ease the presidents and their relatives, who till lately drew gigantic salaries with perquisites, retire from their positions and abscond with the loot. To others it is amusing to note how the gentlemen in question, when once exposed to the glare of public criticism, accept the inevitable, and without any

thought of trying to justify their past proceeding or of facing inconvenient inquiry, magnanimously resign their high offices. Nobody seems to mind nor even to admit that they have done what is really for them a handsome thing, but, none the less, the loot with which they slip away diminishes provision made for wives and families. The companies continue business as before, and the officials, who did not draw the biggest salaries, confess their disappointment at the behaviour of their principals and appeal to the public for more confidence and more money. Of course, insurance officials are used to being disappointed. Was there ever one yet that did not publicly confess with pride each year that the mortality has been lower than expected? One wonders why, if what is expected never happens, it continues to be expected, and when funds under the sole control of presidents disappear, what else do they expect?

The *literati* of Dorking have been celebrating the diarist Evelyn's centenary. Some of the pleasantest recollections of Sylvanus Urban's boyhood are connected with Wotton and Abinger. Once—some five and thirty years ago—Walter Thornbury took him to call on "Squire Evelyn," but the squire was from home. In those days Mr. Evelyn (long may he continue to rule over Wotton!) had a fancy for keeping reindeer, wild boars, and other strange creatures in his wooded enclosures. It was a hot August day. The poor reindeer had been moved to the coolest shed, and on their heads had considerably been placed fair-sized blocks of ice; but they looked uncomfortable, and did not outlive the summer. A village tragedy saddens Sylvanus Urban's early recollections of the diarist's famous fishponds. There was an old kind-hearted gamekeeper with whom he used to roam the woods. Returning home on a dark night from "Abinger Hatch" the old fellow missed his footing on a slippery plank, toppled over into one of the ponds, and was drowned. F. S. Cary, the artist, a son of the translator of Dante, had a painting-school at that time at Abinger. One of the pupils was a "natural," but painted woodland

scenery very sanely, and must have been a source of income to Cary—who will be remembered by his portrait of Charles and Mary Lamb, which that admirable artist Mr. E. R. Hughes presented a year or two ago to the National Portrait Gallery.

The late Professor York Powell was not only a very learned man, but he was the best of good fellows. There are dons at Oxford who exactly tally with the description that Sir Thomas Overbury (in his "Characters") gives of "A Mere Fellow of a House ;" but there was no stiffness, priggishness, or uncouthness in York Powell. Perhaps his foible was omniscience ; you could never tell him anything that he did not know already. He had hosts of friends, and he was always ready to put his knowledge at their service. It is proposed to issue (from the Clarendon Press, of which he was an active delegate) a Memoir with selections from his Correspondence. Any of the readers of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* who may have interesting letters of York Powell should communicate with Professor Oliver Elton, 35 Parkfield Road, Liverpool, who is to write the Memoir.

Another centenary—Mrs. Browning's—has just been celebrated. It has become a fashion among critics to dwell upon Mrs. Browning's faults ; and it must be allowed that her mannerisms are frequently tiresome. But in all English poetry there is no lovelier lyric than

"What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?"

which is as secure of immortality as Sappho's *ποικιλόθρον'*,
ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα.

The Castros of Lemos

THE history of the Grandeeship of Lemos (from its recognition by Charles V. in 1520), of the Castros and of the Castro Osorios, lords of Lemos, is a chronicle of royal matches, civil wars, confiscations and restorations; of a bastard preferred to the legitimate heir; and, lastly, of a foreigner's succession.

The royal Portuguese branches—issue of cadets of three Dukes of Braganza and of a Duke of Coimbra—which settled in Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are a noteworthy example of the attainment by many members of the same stock to the highest rank, possessions, and offices which a foreign land could afford them. Not, indeed, that the means of advancement at their command differed from those which usually presented themselves to cadets of great houses at the time. When the catastrophe occurred which united Portugal to its larger neighbour from 1580–1640, the alliance had long been contracted which was to bind the Lemos branch to Spain for ever. Before the Spanish dominion in turn collapsed, two other branches, by marriages which even inheritors of a royal escutcheon without a baton sinister might not have deemed unworthy, became Counts of Oropesa and Dukes of Veragua. These were all grandeeships of the first class. Some of these transplanted Portugals or Braganzas became more anti-Portuguese than even Spaniards of their day. Saint Simon, who had an ear for such things, tells an almost incredible story of an Oropesa dragging his fever-stricken son out of bed to mount guard with a pike before the

palace at Madrid (when, in 1640, Portugal sent thither an ambassador), in order that it might be known that the King of Portugal's nearest relatives counted it their highest privilege to render suit and service to the King of Spain. Later, a duchess of the Alencastro branch was to prefer Spain to her inheritance with an enforced domicile in Portugal.

Such surmises as that of Gibbon concerning the first Courtenays “that they must have stood high in their own estimation and in that of the world, since they could impose on the son of a king the obligation of adopting for himself and all his descendants the name and arms of their daughter and his wife,” find no place in Peninsular history. In fault of males, not only do females inherit in preference to the next male heir, but representation in blood frequently involves a corresponding change of surname, be it merely an addition or an absolute change. The great names Lara, Pacheco, Giron, and Benavides are all examples of the assumption of an heiress's patronymic in marriage, by cadets of royal blood, and with them that of Castro, borne by the lords of Lemos through some six centuries must traditionally be placed.

It is not surprising, considering the haze which still enshrouds the early reaches of many Spanish pedigrees, that the parentage of a certain Fernando, who lived in the eleventh century and was in his wife's right lord of Castro-Xeriz, is still undetermined. The origin assigned to him by chroniclers and historians leaves him, certainly, a royal prince, and, doubtfully, a

descendant of Sancho III. of Navarre, perhaps son, grandson, or great-grandson.¹ His wife was daughter of the famous Castilian *rico-hombre* or primitive grandee Alvar Fernandez, or Fañez, lord of Cuellar and Peñafiel.

It is in the second generation from this Fernando that Gutierre Ruiz (son of Ruy or Rodrigo), a fourth son, married Elvira Osoreo or Suarez, the heiress of Lemos and Sarria. Lemos, it must be explained, is a province of the ancient kingdom of Galicia in the north-west corner of the Peninsula, and here the Castros were to make Monforte, or, as it is called, Monforte de Lemos, the capital of a domain so extensive as to constitute them the greatest magnates of Galicia. Little is known of this generation of the Castros; although it carried on the line, it was in fact overshadowed by cousins of an elder branch whose principal achievement was the acquisition of the appanage of the Infantado of Leon by marriage with a daughter of Alfonso VII. of Castile; this elder branch was merged in the Cabrera Counts of Urgel before the end of the thirteenth century. Fernando Gutierrez, the son of Gutierre Fernandez by the Lemos heiress, who lived in the early thirteenth century, married a Mendoza, and is the first Castro known to have used

the famous roundels in his arms. At this date the number of these bearings was undecided, apparently; certain generations immediately following bore *Argent six hurts 2, 2 and 2*, and *Or thirteen hurts, 3, 3, 3, 3 and 1*. Of Fernando's eight children, Andres, the eldest, was the first to hold the office of *Pertiguero* of the territory and archbishopric of Santiago, which, in times of peace, comprised the justiciarship of Galicia, and in war the command of the vassals of St. James. The second brother, Esteban Fernandez de Castro, married Aldonza, a daughter of Rodrigo Alfonso of Leon, half-brother of Ferdinand III. and natural son of Alfonso IX., and succeeded his brother in his office and estates. His son Fernando Ruiz married (c. 1285) a natural daughter of Sancho IV., Violante, whose seal is among the first bearing the six roundels extant. In the generations immediately following, the Castros attained their apogee. Pedro Fernandez next in descent could lead eight hundred knights into the field, and at the foundation of the Order of the Scarf in 1330, when Ferdinand IV. received knight-hood, he fastened the monarch's left spur, the right being attached by the Infanta Alfonso de la Cerda. This Castro died Great Chamberlain and the foremost Castilian subject of his day, in 1343. The life of Fernando, his son and successor¹ by a second marriage with a lady of the Ponces de Leon, is an epitome of the great civil war which devastated Spain in the mid-fourteenth century, in which probably no man with anything to lose was more perilously placed than

¹ Señor Fernandez de Béthen-court's account of the Lemos grandeanship in his "Historia genealogica de la Monarquia Española," vol. iv., which has been followed here, is the most complete history of the Castros yet published. Like other Spanish genealogical works, it is frequently lacking in dates, whilst its heraldic treatment is the reverse of exhaustive.

¹ He bore *thirteen hurts*, as did his father and son.

he. He at first took sides against Pedro the Cruel in his struggle with his illegitimate brothers, and held Galicia for the rebels. In 1354 his sister Juana was deceived into marriage with the king—who deserted her, it is said, on the following day—being at the time canonically married to Blanche of Bourbon. Castro himself married Juana, the sister of Enrique of Trastamara, in the same year. In spite of Pedro's treatment of his sister, however, he abandoned Enrique's party and threw his forces into the scale on the tyrant's side. His exemplary loyalty in the face of the defection of almost all the Spanish nobility has won him the epithet *Todo la lealtad de España*—all the loyalty of Spain! At Santiago, in 1366, Pedro granted him Enrique's confiscated county of Trastamara, creating him Count of Trastamara, Lemos and Sarria. On Pedro's murder in 1369, he became successively a prisoner, a refugee in Portugal, and then in France, where he died, an outlaw, in 1375. To the Castros of his branch, Lemos, confiscated by Enrique II., his arch enemy, was lost for ever. Fernando's son Pedro died in 1396, whilst his half-brother and sister were respectively Alvaro, Count of Arrayolos, Constable of Portugal, and the famous Ines de Castro, the no less unfortunate wife of another Pedro—the first of Portugal. With the branches of Cadaval and Castroverde, the Constable's descendants, which flourished until the sixteenth century, we are not concerned; his daughter, Isabel de Castro,¹ made a great match with

Pedro de Castilla, son of Fadrique a younger brother of Enrique II. It was due to his close relationship to the king that this Pedro was created Count of Trastamara, Lemos and Sarria in 1370. Isabel de Castro's son, Fadrique, Duke of Arjona in Andalusia, died without issue in 1430, and his sister and heir, Beatrice, married, firstly, in 1430, an Avalos, by whom she had no issue, and, secondly, Pedro Alvarez Osorio, created Count of Lemos, in 1457. Alfonso, the son of the second marriage, predeceased his parents, but he left a natural son, Rodrigo, who was legitimised, and in 1483 confirmed in possession of his grandfather's legacy of Lemos, Monforte, etc., by Ferdinand and Isabella, to the exclusion of the legitimate heir, Juana, the eldest daughter of Count Pedro Alvarez by his second marriage with a Bazan. The marriage of this Juana with a Pimentel lends point to the reproach uttered by a Count of Benaventa, the head of that family, to a Count of Lemos who had been guilty of discourtesy to the former's son, that Lemos "could not be ignorant of what his family owed" the Pimentels. This incident, which took place at Naples about 1610, has been preserved in the Life of one Miguel de Castro, who was no relation of the Count of Lemos.

Henceforward the history of the Counts of Lemos is less eventful; it is mainly a record of great marriages and high offices of State, and as, moreover, each generation was fairly prolific, it will be impossible to name even all the bearers of the title. Denis of Portugal was the fifth son of Ferdinand II.,

¹ This branch bore *six hurts*, which constituted the better-known shield transmitted by Isabel de

Castro to the later Counts of Lemos.

Duke of Braganza, third in illegitimate descent from the Portuguese John I., from whom also Denis and Emmanuel, King of Portugal, at the date of his marriage with the Lemos heiress, were fourth in male descent. He was, moreover, cousin of Isabella, Emmanuel's daughter and Charles V.'s consort, which relationship probably procured to Denis's father-in-law, Count Rodrigo, in 1520, the rank of grandee of Spain, to which, indeed, the immemorial *rico-hombre* status of Lemos's previous possessors entitled it.

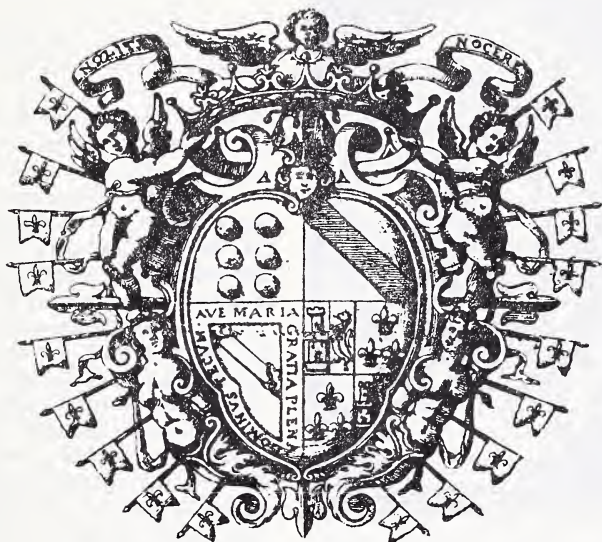
The son of Denis, Fernando, fourth Count of Lemos, abandoned his patronymic for that of Castro. He was thrice Ambassador to the Popes, and died in 1575, being succeeded by Pedro Fernandez de Castro, his son by his wife Teresa de Andrade, daughter and heiress of a Galician magnate, Count of Villalba, Prince of Caserta, by which marriage the house of Lemos inherited the Andrade arms (vert a bend, engoulé of dragon's heads or within a bordure argent, inscribed in azure "Ave Maria gratia plena," and round the shield the eighteen flags azure charged with fleurs de lys or, taken from the Constable Stuart of Aubigny by Andrade at the battle of Seminara in 1503). The fifth count took part in the conquest of Portugal, where he later served as a provincial governor (d. 1590); his successor by his countess, a La Cueva of the ducal house of Albuquerque, was another Fernando Ruiz (1548-1601). He was a Commander in the Order of Calatrava, an Ambassador to Clement VIII., and Viceroy of Naples, 1599-1601. A fine pilgrim bottle of Urbino (?) majolica in the Waddesdon bequest, at the British Museum, is painted

with his arms: quarterly of eight, five quarters in chief and three in base: 1, Castro (six hurts); 2, Portugal; 3, Castile; 4, Leon; 5, Sandoval (or a bend azure, for sable); 6, Andrade; 7, Osorio (or two wolves passant in pale within a bordure gobony of the arms of Henriquez); 8, Sandoval (arg. a bend azure, for sable, and a chain in orle or). This Fernando Ruiz married Catalina de Zuñiga y Sandoval, elder daughter of a Marquis of Denia and sister of the first Duke of Lerma, Philip III.'s minister. In Parrino's biographies of the *Viceroy of Naples*, he is incorrectly depicted as a knight of the Golden Fleece. Pedro Fernandez, his son, the seventh count, of the Order of Alcantara, is chiefly renowned as a patron of letters, and for the pleiad of Spanish poets and literary men whom he attracted to Naples during his viceroyalty of 1610-16. To him Cervantes dedicated, among other works, the second part of *Don Quixote* (1615). He married Catalina della Cerda y Sandoval, daughter of Lerma and his cousin, whose arms (Castro and Andrade impaling Sandoval and La Cerda) we reproduce from a vignette on the title-page of O. Caputi's *Relazione della pompa funerale che si celebrò in Napoli nella morte della reina Margherita d'Austria* (Naples, 1612). This vignette is interesting heraldically, as there is no record, apparently, in any armorial work of the motto here depicted; or of the angel crest, which is also seen on the Waddesdon bottle, and in the annexed illustration. Such an adjunct to the shield was not generally employed by Peninsular families until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and was then but an imitation of foreign armorial

usage. Upon the seventh count's death a younger brother succeeded to the grandeeship, who had served as Lieutenant-General of

(Francisco), the eighth count of Lemos, in a copy of Antolinez's *Vida de S. Juan de Sahagun* (Salamanca, 8vo, por Artus Taber-

Et dedicata alla Eccellentifs. Signora
D. CATHERINA DELLA CERDÀ, ET SANDOVAL
CONTESSA DI LEMOS &c. ET VICEREGINA DI NAPOLI.



IN NAPOLI, Per Tarquinio Longo . M. DC. XII.

Naples between 1601 and the coming of Benavente. When in Italy—he was also at one time Viceroy of Sicily—he married Lucrezia Gattinara, in her own right Duchess of Taurisano. Upon her death in 1623, the count entered the order of St. Benedict at the royal monastery of Sahagun (Leon), and became plain Fray Augustin de Castro until he died in 1637.

The Victoria and Albert Museum possesses a personal relic of this

niel, 1605), bound in red calf and stamped in gold with his arms (Castro, Andrade, and Gattinara, tierced in pale). The direct line of succession failed in the third generation from him by the death without a male heir of Salvador Francisco Ruiz de Castro, eleventh count, in 1694, Lemos being carried by a daughter's marriage to a Duke of Bejar, who in turn left no issue (1777). Upon this the grandeeship reverted to another family through yet another Fernando

Ruiz, a brother of the eight count, who married an heiress of the line of Portugal-Veragua, Countess of Gelves, and left a daughter, by her marriage fifth Duchess of Veragua. Her great grand-daughter, the ninth Countess of Gelves, married the Marshal-Duke of

mightiest stocks of mediæval Spain, and by it are again, according to Spanish heraldic law, possessors of the colours lost by a far-off kinsman in battle against their ancestor Andrade in 1503.



Berwick's elder son, the Duke of Liria (Count of Lemos in 1777), whose male descendant, the present Duke of Berwick and Alba, is twenty-fourth Count of Lemos. The Stuarts have, therefore, inherited a dignity reminiscent of the ancient Castros, one of the

Palmer's Printing House

A FEW weeks ago Mr. E. A. Webb in a letter to the *Times*, recorded the discovery that Palmer's printing-house, where Benjamin Franklin worked, was the Lady Chapel of St. Bartholomew the Great. In the excellent *brochure* of this fine priory-church, published by Mr. Freeman Dovaston of Oswestry, for which Mr. Webb contributed the notes, it is pointed out that the present Lady Chapel (Franklin's Chapel) is the third to receive that name. The first was built by Rahere, the founder; the second took its place about 1336, while the last was erected about 1410. It was converted into a dwelling-house in 1540 at the dissolution. Mr. Webb's subsequent researches have added still further interest to this old church, which, with the contemporary foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, owes its inception to Prior Rahere.

Learned Societies

THE LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY. — The Annual Meeting of this society was held on February 24 at Clifford's Inn. Early in the afternoon mem-

bers assembled at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, where, after they had inspected the building and monuments, an interesting paper on the history of the church

was read by the Rev. Lionel James, the Rector. A sketch of the history of the parish was contributed by Mr. A. Tisley. The members then proceeded to Clifford's Inn, where, after the discussion of the society's business, a paper was read by the treasurer, Sir E. Braubrook, on "Clifford's Inn, its History and Antiquities." We may congratulate the society upon the satisfactory condition of its finances as shown by the balance-sheet for 1905, and upon a year of special activity as disclosed by the Council's report. The Society enters this year upon its Jubilee, and the following meetings are announced:—A visit to the Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-East and portions of the old London Wall on the 24th instant, and an evening *Conversazione*, by invitation of the Worshipful Company of Stationers, at Stationers' Hall, on Tuesday, the 27th March.

In the *Journal of the ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS* (Third Series, Vol. xiii. No. 8) will be found the admirable paper on "Furniture" which Mr. Guy Dawber read before the Members of the Institute on February 19. His brief survey of the history of English furniture is lucid and well-considered; but more valuable than the historical disquisition are his practical remarks on the relationship that should exist between furniture and architecture. The brothers Adam were at once architects and furniture designers; and "throughout the periods when architecture flourished and was a living art, furniture was the same, and very beautiful work was the result; but as soon as there ceased to be any real tradition in architecture, so at the same moment furniture died out. The two are in-

separable—they always have been and always will be; and just as to-day we have, I firmly believe, a real living common-sense style of domestic architecture, so also, with its development, will a real style of furniture arise." Mr. Dawber is inclined to think that at the present day, in their efforts to attain simplicity of design and shun over-elaboration, our ablest craftsmen are falling into the mistake of becoming too archaic and too primitive. "There is still," he observes, "too much inclination in aiming at simplicity of form to neglect the beauties of form altogether."

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS.—The usefulness of such a Society as this for the protection of ancient buildings can hardly be called in question. With the demolition almost daily of buildings of historical interest, and in styles of architecture that reveal the modes of many periods, the public is awaking to a sense of loss; and a determination is growing that the ancient features which remain shall, wherever possible, be adequately protected.

In the publications of the Society, issued from time to time, the methods by which adequate protection may be attained are set out with great clearness and precision. A sharp distinction is drawn—it cannot be too much emphasised—between restoration and protection. Restoration is here in the strongest terms deprecated; "the restorer is in reality committing a forgery. If he is successful in deceiving, and makes people believe that his new work is ancient work, he falsifies an historical record." Much may be said for this argument. Moreover,

weight must be attached to the fact that the mediæval worker was allowed, and used, the freedom of his individual fancy to the full. One need only contrast the details of the façade of Wells Cathedral, built in 1242, with the West front of Truro. The modern workman has, we suppose, little imagination, and we may be permitted to hesitate before allowing him the exercise of that little; but the alternative, when it means the ungainly imitation of antique designs, cannot express (as architecture should) the spirit and meaning of to-day.

The Society has done well to print a series of notes in which practical expression is given to its general principles. Expert opinions on the repairs of ancient walls, on suitable roofing material, and the chemical action of gas as an illuminant, are given, and sound advice offered.

We sincerely commend the objects of this Society to the consideration to all who may be forming plans for the restoration of old mansions or churches; the charge of *lèse beauté*—in Walpole's phrase—can never be brought if we safeguard merely, and not supersede.

The BRONTË SOCIETY held its twelfth Annual Meeting on February 10 at the Cartwright Hall, Bradford, when the Chairman, Mr. Butler Wood, reviewed the history of the Society and congratulated the members on the financial stability of the Brontë Museum, which in the summer attracts hosts of visitors. Part XV. of the Society's publications has recently been issued; it contains a study by Mrs. Humphry Ward on "Wuthering Heights" and an address on "The Genius of the Brontës," by Mr. Ernest de Selincourt. A "Supple-

mentary Part" (January 1906) by Mr. Herbert E. Wroot, dealing with the "Persons and Places" in "Villette" and "The Professor," is compiled with loving care.

Before the BRADFORD HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY on February 16, Mr. Butler Wood, the genial librarian to the Bradford Corporation, read an interesting paper on "The Bradford Newspaper Press." The first newspaper published in Bradford was the "Bradford Courier and West Riding Advertiser," which first appeared on July 14, 1825, and strongly advocated Tory views. It was not successful and in April 1828 was transferred to the proprietors of the "Leeds Intelligencer." "The Bradford and Wakefield Chronicle" appeared on July 23, 1825, and expired in the following April. On February 6, 1834, was issued from Piccadilly (next door to the present premises), the first number of the "Bradford Observer," which began as a weekly newspaper; it was published at threepence, the stamp duty was fourpence, and there was a duty of eighteenpence upon every advertisement. In October 1868 it began to come out as a daily paper; but the first daily newspaper published in Bradford was the "Bradford Daily Telegraph." In June 1892 the "Bradford Daily Argus" made its appearance, one of its founders being the late Lord Masham. Bradford has been well supplied with newspapers, for at various times there have been a "Bradford Advertiser," "Bradford Times," "Bradford Herald," "Bradford Review," etc.

While Mr. Butler Wood was lecturing on Bradford newspapers, Mr. Herbert Wroot (before the Bradford Mechanics' Institute) was reading a paper on Richard Richard-

son of Bierley Hall, who in 1687 founded the first botanical garden in the north of England, and was among the earliest growers of the Cedar of Lebanon.

THE WINCANTON FIELD CLUB which is about to enter on its seventeenth year, has inspected the Godney Lake Dwellings, the Leper Hospital at Maiden Bradley, Wolverton Hole and the Cheddar Caves. Churches, Castles, and Camps—not only in the immediate neighbourhood but far afield—have been visited and described. The Society's Transactions include a "List of

Plants" observed round Wincanton (by Messrs. William Galpin and William Herridge) and a "List of Butterflies and Moths" (by Mr. William Macmillan). One of the original members of the club, Mr. George Wincale, writes "What is wanted is a renewed interest in all these things. I can promise to those who will take the trouble, a series of pleasures which will make life worth living." Mr. Wincale is right. Country life in England may be made the most delightful thing in the world—if we have but eyes to see and ears to hear.

Review of the Month

FOR a while it seemed as if in opposition as in office Mr. Balfour would continue indefinitely to poise himself upon the razor edge of fiscal agnosticism; but on February 14 he committed himself to a formula which Mr. Chamberlain was able cordially to endorse. Henceforth Mr. Balfour holds, doubtless as merely explicative of his earlier and more esoteric deliverances, "that Fiscal Reform is and must remain the first constructive work of the Unionist Party; that the objects of such reform are to secure more equal terms of competition for British trade and closer commercial union with the Colonies; that while it is at present unnecessary to prescribe the exact methods by which these objects are to be attained, and inexpedient to permit differences of opinion as to these methods to divide the party, though other means may be possible, the establishment of a moderate general tariff on manufactured goods, not

imposed for the purpose of raising prices, or giving artificial protection against legitimate competition, and the imposition of a small duty on foreign corn are not in principle objectionable, and should be adopted if shown to be necessary for the attainment of the ends in view, or for the purposes of revenue."

In short, Mr. Balfour has at last said what some of those who were at the pains to study his official utterances with the attention which they deserved, may perhaps have read between their lines, that in order to counteract what he deems unfair competition on the part of the foreigner, and conciliate our colonial fellow subjects, or for purposes of revenue, but not for any other purpose, he is prepared to approve a moderate general tariff upon manufactured goods and a small duty on foreign corn.

This declaration is eminently opportune; henceforth all the world will be entitled to regard

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain as to all intents and purposes at one on the question of Tariff Reform. The waverers within the Unionist party will be compelled to make up their minds, and the Free Trade, Nationalist, and Labour groups will be relieved of some embarrassment.

On February 19 Parliament was opened by the King in person. The Speech from the Throne announced the intention of granting responsible government not only to the Transvaal but to the Orange River Colony, in which the Dutch greatly outnumber the British, without delay, and suspending in the meanwhile the importation of Chinese coolies into the former colony. In the general policy of the Government the main features are retrenchment and social reform.

Besides the inevitable Education Bill the legislative programme comprises measures dealing with the laws regulating trade disputes, the rates in the Metropolis, merchant shipping, colonial marriages, commercial corruption, amending the Workmen's Compensation Acts, the Unemployed Workmen Act and Labourers (Ireland) Act, amending and extending the Crofters' Holdings (Scotland) Act, abolishing the property qualification required of County Justices in England, and preventing plural voting in Parliamentary elections.

Means are to be devised, if possible, to check the depopulation of the rural districts in Great Britain.

As regards Ireland an attempt is to be made to associate the people with the conduct of affairs, and to carry on the government in a spirit regardful of their wishes and sentiments.

The policy of economic and

social reform thus adumbrated will hardly excite general and vivid interest in the country. But Ministers will have a difficult course to steer in regard to Ireland; while whatever may be their Education policy, it can hardly fail to stir up a storm of controversy.

The crux is how to quiet the Nonconformist conscience while satisfying Churchmen that the Christianity of the rising generation is not being sapped. Fundamental Christianity would undoubtedly sound better than undenominational religion, but the term stands in need of definition, and definitions are perilous. Doctrines which to some minds are fundamental are to others superstructural and *vice versa*, while to many the very idea of a definition is odious.

It may also be doubted whether the concession to ministers of religion of a strictly circumscribed right to teach their distinctive tenets in the primary schools would satisfy any but those to whom such tenets are a matter of comparative indifference. In these circumstances it is possible that the solution of the knotty problem may be found to pass the wit even of Mr. Augustine Birrell. It is assuredly *no obiter dictum* that is required of him now.

Meanwhile those who are weary of religious strife must be comforted to learn that something effective is at last to be done for secondary education.

As to the burning question of Chinese Labour in the Transvaal, Ministers have decided to amend the Ordinance determining the status of the coolies in a manner as favourable to them as circumstances allow, pending the establishment of responsible government in the colony.

In regard to the great constitutional question which unfortunately occasioned the resignation by Lord Curzon of the Indian Viceroyalty last summer, they have not seen fit to reverse the policy of their predecessors, but have sought to secure to the Secretary in the Army Department such powers as may conserve the supremacy of the civil over the military authority. The new arrangement is censured by Lord Curzon as futile on the ground that the Secretary in the Army Department must necessarily be swayed by the Commander-in-Chief, rather than by the Viceroy. But this is to assume that conscientious discharge of duty is not to be expected in such an official, whereas it would seem reasonable to suppose that everything would depend upon the type of man selected for the post. It is understood that the action of the Government has the approval of Lord Minto.

In the *Dreadnought*, launched by the King on February 10, the nation will possess, when the leviathan is completed, a battleship of incomparable offensive and defensive strength. She will carry a main armament of ten or twelve 12 in. guns, mounted upon an unusually high platform, with a firing range of over five miles for a projectile of 850 lb. The secondary battery has accordingly been dispensed with, but an auxiliary battery of a new type is expected to render her secure against torpedo attack. Her displacement will exceed 18,000 tons, and her turbines will give her a speed of twenty-one knots. Her compartments are to be absolutely water-tight, and for the more effective control of the ship in all emergencies the quarters of the

officers are to be in the fore-part. Her armour-plating is expected to render her proof at all essential points against the 12 in. gun at 3,000 yards. The design of this mighty ship, though outlined before the signal exploit of Admiral Togo in the Far East, is understood to have been modified in detail in conformity with the lessons thereby taught.

It was with more regret than surprise that we read of the pitiful response (£1,860) returned to Lord Roberts' appeal made last July for a fund to establish rifle practice clubs throughout the country. Rifle practice will never be popular with Englishmen because it does not involve the destruction of life, is not sport, is not good exercise. Nor is the country yet thoroughly alive to the need of providing against the emergency which his lordship contemplates, though, as we have recently been reminded by an interpellation in the Japanese House of Representatives, the disparity between our military resources and the demands which may at no distant date be made upon them is manifest to all the world. Perhaps nothing short of a great disaster will ever arouse the nation from the false security into which it has been lulled by its insular position and command of the sea.

But, taking courage from discouragement, Lord Roberts, as President of the National Service League, issued on February 16 a comprehensive scheme for the re-organisation of our military forces which frankly accepts the principle of compulsory service. It is proposed that military training should be an integral part of the obligatory curriculum in all schools, and be continued under State supervision

in the case of boys leaving school under the age of 18 years until their attainment of that age, and that "subject to certain exemptions to be defined by law . . . every man of sound physique without distinction of class shall be legally liable during certain years of his life to be called upon for service in the United Kingdom in case of emergency," and "in order to fit him for this duty . . . shall be legally obliged to undergo three or four months' military training when he arrives at the military age."

We cannot but regard these proposals as premature and likely to be prejudicial to the cause which Lord Roberts has at heart. For conscription there is indeed much to be said; after all it is but a form of taxation, and the economic objection to it may easily be overstated. National security is well worth such a tax, if it cannot be otherwise had. But unless we entirely mistake the temper of our countrymen, they are at present absolutely wedded to the principle of voluntary enlistment, and will never abandon it until all other methods of raising the necessary defensive force have been tried and found wanting.

Armed resistance to the collection of the poll-tax in the neighbourhood of Richmond, Natal, resulted on February 8 in an affray between the natives and a small body of police, in which the natives had the advantage, killing an officer and a trooper and wounding a sergeant. This incident, coupled with other signs of unrest among the natives, excited some apprehension of a general rising. The measures taken by the Government to chastise the offenders and restore order served partially to reassure the public; but fresh manifesta-

tions of a lawless spirit in the south of the colony have compelled the Government to despatch Colonel Mackenzie thither with a force of 800 men. The chief Mskofeli has submitted, but is said to have no power over his tribe. The natives of the Mapumulo district are still refractory, and a force of militia has been detached to reduce them. It is to be hoped that the measures now being taken will suffice to stamp out what may otherwise prove a formidable insurrection. Disaffection is said to be systematically fomented by the Ethiopian Church, and may well prove to be far more general than is supposed. It is therefore desirable that, as soon as order is completely restored, the causes of disaffection may be made the subject of searching and impartial investigation.

The annihilation (February 14) of a not inconsiderable fraction of the little force with which we hold Sokoto in Northern Nigeria is also disquieting. The British garrison at Sokoto is, however, reported safe (February 23); a relief column is on the march thither from Lagos, and is thought to have already reached Lokoja. Another force, consisting of 650 men with two guns and a maxim, which had been despatched to avenge the sack of the Niger Company's station at Abinsi, has been recalled; and the troops are expected to concentrate at Kano. From these dispositions it is evident that the High Commissioner, Sir Frederick Lugard, by no means underrates the strength of the enemy. Who our foes are does not at present appear, save that they are fanatics from the North; but if, as seems most probable, they are Mohammedans, they may prove to be but the advance-guard of a new Mahdi, in

which case the war is likely to prove no trifling matter. There are rumours of conflicts between the French and the tribesmen to the north of Lake Chad.

Japan is wisely straining every nerve to provide for the discharge of her war-debt of over £182,000,000 by the year 1939, and of her domestic debt of £57,000,000 by the year 1942. Grievous dearth has of late prevailed in the north of the country, owing to a deficiency in the rice crop, which has brought nearly a million people to the verge of starvation, and a famine relief fund initiated by the Mikado has been augmented by contributions from British sympathisers. The bonds which unite us with our noble ally have been drawn yet closer by the recent investiture of the Mikado with the Order of the Garter and of Admiral Togo and Marshals Oyama and Yamagata—the first foreigners so distinguished—with the Order of Merit. The honours were conferred by Prince Arthur of Connaught on behalf of the King at Tokio, February 20–21. It is stated that the naval yards of Japan are now able to turn out battleships of the largest size required by modern warfare. The expansion of her trade, which has trebled itself in the last decade, promises well for her future.

The anti-alien movement in China grows apace, nor is it surprising that a nation whose surplus population finds none too cordial a welcome on foreign shores should think of reprisals. The boycott of American residents is but a mild form of retaliation upon a country where it is by no means an easy matter for any Chinaman, not of the official class, to gain admission. Broad hints have already been

given that a more drastic remedy may soon be applied. The attacks have hitherto been mostly upon missions, nor have the American missionaries been the chief sufferers, but so grave a view of the situation is taken at Washington that reinforcements are being hurried to Manila and the Asiatic squadron.

The recrudescence of the anti-alien agitation in the Chinese Empire is, however, but one symptom of a widespread ferment intensified by the moral effect of the stupendous achievements of the Japanese in the late war. China is at last awakened, but what her awakening may bode none can say. An immense revolution, moral and intellectual, will be necessary to bring her abreast of modern civilisation; but the recent appointment of the Imperial High Commission for the systematic study of Western institutions, which, after making a leisurely and pompous progress through the United States, is now prosecuting its investigations in Europe, is on the whole an auspicious, if somewhat ludicrous, sign of the times. Only the veriest pessimist would deny the possibility of the eventual regeneration of China.

President Roosevelt's hands are doubtless always full, but they must have been full to overflowing of late, what with this Chinese difficulty, which may at any moment become critical, the Santo Domingo Treaty still unratified and the subject of embittered controversy; the Hepburn Railway Rate Bill, arrested in its progress through the Senate by the thorny question of the proposed judicial review of the provisions to be made by the Inter-State Commission; and a Tariff dispute pending with Germany and for a

while threatening to develop into a tariff war; to say nothing of the arrangements connected with the interesting event which took place at the White House on February 17, the marriage of the President's daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt, to Mr. Nicholas Longworth, Member of Congress for Cincinnati, which was solemnised with a degree of pomp and circumstance which shows how far indeed the Republic has moved from her pristine ideal of simplicity.

In Russia success of a sort still attends the measures taken by the Government for the pacification of the country. Even in Siberia and the Caucasus the surface is on the whole calm. Grave apprehensions are, however, entertained of a formidable agrarian crisis in the spring, and it is reported that the Government intends to deal with the grievances of the peasants, 37,000,000 of whom are said to be "insufficiently endowed," before the Duma meets. The gravity of the emergency is urged in justification of this policy, but the intention is evidently to forestall the Duma of its most important business, and it is to be feared that the elections will be so ordered that, when the Duma does at last assemble, it will be little better than a mockery of a free parliament.

The economic condition of the country seems on the whole to be less deplorable than might have been expected. According to the official statistics for 1905 the year's exports across the European frontiers amounted to 992,000,000 roubles (£99,200,000), being an excess over imports of 469,000,000 roubles (£46,900,000); a commercial treaty is concluded with Austria-Hungary, and the railway

services are being reorganised. The budget, however, shows a deficit of over 600,000,000 roubles (£60,000,000), while the credit of the country is all but exhausted. The loan will therefore be raised, if at all, on most onerous terms. Meanwhile the efflux of gold, which between September and January amounted to £34,000,000, continues, raising apprehensions of an early suspension of cash payments. In these circumstances the meeting of the Duma has been fixed by Imperial Ukase for May 10, and it is possible that the financial crisis may compel the Tsar to keep his word.

Hope of an adjustment of the differences between the Emperor-King and the Hungarian Coalition is now farther off than ever. The substantial question at issue, veiled by the Coalition under the specious demand that the Hungarian soldier may hear the word of command in his own language, is in reality whether the Hungarian army is to remain an integral part of the Reichsarmee, or become a national militia under constitutional control; and Francis Joseph would not be true to the traditions of his house did he not oppose to this demand a resolute *non possumus*. He has accordingly repulsed the last overtures of the Coalition and dissolved the Hungarian Parliament indefinitely and not without the display of force which the known determination of the Coalition to resist dissolution demanded.

Early on the morning of Monday, February 19, the garrison at Budapest was massed on the parade-ground, while a strong cordon of military and police invested the Parliament House.

The proceedings in the Chamber began at 10 A.M., when Vice-

President Rakovsky, after protesting against the invasion of the military and police, moved that the sitting be held, and communicated to the Chamber a letter from the newly appointed Royal Commissioner Plenipotentiary, Major-General de Nyiri, enclosing the rescript of his appointment and the rescript of dissolution, and intimating that in the execution of his duty he was resolved to make full use of his powers. Upon the motion of the Vice-President it was unanimously voted by the Chamber that both rescripts should be returned to the Emperor-King unopened, as communicated in an unconstitutional manner, *i.e.*, under seal and through a Commissioner Plenipotentiary. The House then adjourned until February 21. The rescript of dissolution was afterwards read to all but empty benches by Colonel Fabricius, of the 1st Honved regiment of infantry, standing on the Vice-President's tribune surrounded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. The Chamber was then cleared by the military and the doors were locked and sealed. The example set by the Chamber was not followed by the House of Magnates, in which both rescripts were read amid the sombre acquiescence of the members; which done, the President, Count Csaky, declared the session closed. It would seem to be questionable whether in a technical sense the action of the Emperor-King is open to the exceptions taken by the Chamber; for both rescripts were countersigned by the Premier, Baron Fejervary, and the employment of a royal commissioner in such a case is not without precedent, the Diet having been dissolved in 1875 by the Premier, Baron Wenckheim, under a royal commission; nor

does the fact that he was premier appear to be very material, as the rescript appointing Major-General de Nyiri was countersigned by the Premier. Nevertheless, the menace of military force massed in the vicinity of the Chamber, surrounding and even invading its precincts, deprives the dissolution of all pretence to constitutional validity. The 21st of February passed off quietly, the Deputies making no attempt to reassemble, and the promulgation of the new tariff and commercial treaty with Germany, neither of which has received parliamentary sanction, initiated the *régime* of absolutism. The next step was the appointment, as Royal Commissioner Plenipotentiary for the City of Budapest, of M. Bela de Rudnay, ex-chief of Police, who has shown no less vigour than Major-General de Nyiri, and prohibited public meetings in support of members of the Coalition, and the hawking of newspapers in the streets. In these circumstances unusual interest attaches to the introduction in the Austrian Reichstag, by the Premier, Baron Gautsch, of a sweeping measure of Parliamentary reform. It is proposed to confer universal suffrage upon Austria, while Hungary is deprived of the most elementary of political rights.

In France the enforcement of the law separating Church and State has been attended by disgraceful scenes. The Act provides for the transference of movable Church property to certain duly authorised *associations cultuelles*, or, as we should say, trustees to religious uses, being from seven to twenty-five Catholic laymen empowered in every commune to hold such property in trust for the Catholic Church. It is not alleged that the officials,

whose duty it has been to make inventories of such property prior to the transfer, have in any manner misconducted themselves, but nevertheless they have encountered in some cases a degree of resistance exceeding the utmost latitude of lawful demonstration. In Paris, the churches of Ste Clotilde and S. Pierre du Gros Caillou were held in force by the clerical zealots, and were only carried by storm (February 1-2). Similar demonstrations have been organised at other churches not only in Paris but in the provinces, notably at Poissy, Montpellier, Ste. Sigolène (Haute Loire), and Ajaccio.

The Pope has issued a somewhat belated Encyclical (dated February

11, published February 17), denouncing the law in unmeasured terms, but maintaining a discreet reserve as to the policy of the Curia. Fourteen bishops-elect have since been consecrated to French sees.

The conference at Algeciras has now reached the critical stage, France and Germany being, as it would seem, all but irreconcilably opposed on the two vital questions of the State Bank and the Police, in the control of which France, both by reason of her position in Algiers and the magnitude of her financial interests in Morocco, justly claims a position of pre-eminence which Germany is still very reluctant to concede. Hopes of an eventual compromise are, however, entertained.

Obituary

E. G. BOUTMY

ÉMILE GASTON BOUTMY, the eminent publicist, whose death was announced early in February, was born at Paris on April 13, 1835, and began his literary life as a contributor to *La Presse*, of which journal his father was one of the founders. He succeeded M. Girardin as editor of *La Liberté* in 1866, and in conjunction with M. Émile Trélat founded the École Spéciale d'Architecture, in which he was professor of the History of Civilisation and the Comparative History of Architecture. He was also one of the founders of the École Libre des Sciences Politiques, of which in 1893 he was elected Director. He was a member of the Institut, of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, and of the Legion of Honour, and D.C.L. of the Uni-

versity of Oxford. He is best known in England by his "Études de Droit Constitutionnel: France, Angleterre, États Unis," 1885, "Développement de la Constitution et de la Société Politique en Angleterre," 1887, and "Essai d'une Psychologie Politique du Peuple Anglais au XIX Siècle," 1901, which together constitute a very notable contribution to political science. All three works have been translated into English. A companion volume, "Éléments d'une Psychologie Politique du Peuple Américain," 1902, remains untranslated. Boutmy does ample justice to the native vigour of the English character, our political good sense, and the power and originality of our literature; but he is an eminently candid critic, and no Englishman who desires to know both the best and the worst that can fairly be

said of our national ethos and intelligence can do better than study the "Essai d'une Psychologie Politique du Peuple Anglais." During the composition of this work Boutmy laboured under the serious disadvantage of an almost total loss of sight.

Other works by Boutmy are: "Introduction au Cours de l'histoire Comparée de l'Architecture," 1869; (2) "Philosophie de l'Architecture en Grèce," 1870, 1897; (3) "Observations sur la Réforme de l'Enseignement Supérieur," 1877; (4) "Recrutement des Administrateurs Coloniaux."

Feb. 1. Lieutenant-colonel R. L. MILNE, D.S.O., at the age of 54. He entered the army in 1872. Colonel MILNE saw service in the Afghan war, and in Egypt was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He distinguished himself in the Burma expedition 1885-86, for which he received the D.S.O. In South Africa 1900 he was assistant Press Censor.

Feb. 2. Admiral LINDESAY BRINE, in his seventy-second year. Entering the Navy in 1847 he took part in many actions. In the Crimean campaign he distinguished himself highly, and in 1859 he was present at the attack on the Peiho forts. He commanded the *Invincible* at the occupation of Cyprus, twenty years later, and retired in 1894. He was a Younger Brother of the Trinity House.

Feb. 2. Colonel Sir WILLIAM THOMAS MAKINS, Bart., died this day at the age of sixty-five. He entered Parliament in 1874, and sat for South Essex; retiring in 1892. Although he had been educated for the law and had practised as a barrister, it is for his connection with the Great Eastern Rail-

way (of which he was deputy-chairman) that he will be remembered. He was also a governor of the Gas Light and Coke Company, and was a most efficient man of business. He was created a baronet in 1902.

Feb. 2. The death of Lord MASHAM at the age of ninety-one removes one of the most notable figures of commerce. Born near Bradford in 1815, SAMUEL CUNLIFFE LISTER added to the perseverance which is characteristic of his native county, an inventiveness bewildering in the diversity of its manifestations. In 1838 he and his brother started a business as worsted spinners. Turning his attention to the problem of wool-combing, he perfected, after much thought and many experiments, a machine which held the market and made his fame. His subsequent success in the treatment of silk waste added to his fortune, though only after ten years of laborious and unremitting application. The patents which Lord Masham took out between 1850 and 1870 were almost innumerable, many of them being of the highest industrial value. His strong mind had only to see a need and the difficulties, on analysis, pointed out a process by which they were triumphantly overcome. For his commanding position in the manufacturing world he was raised to the peerage in 1891. The Cartwright Memorial Hall and Lister Park, given by him to Bradford, are testimonies to his generosity, as the Manningham Mills are to his extraordinary talents.

Feb. 3. SIR CHARLES ALFRED COOKSON, K.C.M.G., died this day at the age of seventy-five. Sir Charles Cookson's long term of employment in Egypt was marked by exceptional courage, during the

unruly days of Arabi Bey, and by sound counsel in the organisation work which succeeded. The Consulate to which he had been appointed in 1874 was raised to Consulate-General fourteen years later, the skill with which he had administered the office having amply justified the more dignified style. Sir Alfred Cookson retired from his duties in 1897 and took up his residence in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea.

Feb. 4. The death of Lady GREY, consequent on a carriage accident, occurred this day at Ellingham. Lady Grey was the wife of Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary. Her father was Captain Shallcross Fitzherbert Widdrington, a descendant of the famous Widdringtons of Northumberland. She married Sir Edward Grey in 1885, and, in spite of almost constant ill-health, aided him with her sympathy and advice in his long political career.

Feb. 5. The death was this day reported of the Dowager Countess CASTLESTEWART in her ninety-ninth year. Lady Castlestewart was a niece of Sir Stamford Raffles. Her husband, the fourth Earl, died in 1874.

Feb. 5. The Rev. E. H. PEROWNE, D.D., Master of Corpus Christi, Cambridge. Born in 1826, Dr. Perowne was a younger brother of the late Bishop of Worcester. A brilliant classic, he was elected Fellow of Corpus, and tutor in 1858. In 1879, thirty-three years after his admission to the college, he was elected Master. He served as Vice-Chancellor of the University from 1879-1881. In 1900 he became Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria. He was the author of a "Commentary on the Galatians," 1890; and of "Savonarola," 1900.

Feb. 5. Commander BENJAMIN RENAUD, R.N., at the age of ninety-one. He entered the Navy in 1828. In 1854, as commander of the *Dragon*, he saw service in the war with Russia. He retired from the Navy in 1870.

Feb. 6. Mr. JAMES BONWICK, aged eighty-eight. Mr. Bonwick spent over forty years in Australia and published many works on that country, including "First Twenty Years of Australia," while for the Government of New South Wales he wrote the history of the colony.

Feb. 6. The death was this day announced of Prince PAUL VON METTERNICH-WINNEBOURG, Member of the Upper House of the Austrian Reichsrath.

Feb. 7. The death was this day announced of Professor ANTON MENCER the Austrian sociologist. He had been on several occasions Rector of the University of Vienna. Professor Menger's writings show profound thought and abundant originality.

Feb. 7. Mr. EDWARD TAYLER, one of the founders of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, died this day. His careful work has done much to increase the value of the modern revival in this branch of art.

Feb. 7. Mr. JOHN GEORGE WITT, K.C., at the age of sixty-nine. After a distinguished career at Cambridge he was elected a Fellow of King's. Directing his attention to the law, he was called to the Bar in 1864 and took silk in 1892. Mr. Witt was a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and for many years had been Common Law editor of the *Law Journal* reports.

Feb. 8. Colonel CHARLES LOWTHIAN BELL in his fifty-first year. Colonel Bell was a director of Bell

Brothers, Ltd., and known as an iron manufacturer of great ability. He was a son of the late Sir Lowthian Bell.

Feb. 9. Mr. JAMES ANNAND, M.P., died this day in his sixty-third year. At one time Editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and afterwards of the *Newcastle Leader*, his political career dated from 1892, when he stood for Tynemouth, but was not elected. He was returned member for East Aberdeenshire to the present Parliament.

Feb. 9. By the death of the Countess Howe, which occurred on this date, a highly gifted member of a great house passed away. The daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, she attained her position in society by her strong qualities of mind and her devotion to philanthropy even more than through the claims established by her ancestry. Her character was as strongly marked as that of her brilliant brother, Lord Randolph Churchill. Lady Georgiana Churchill married in 1883 the Viscount Curzon, who became in 1903 Earl Howe. Although her husband has held several offices at Court, Lady Howe never accepted any appointment in the Royal Household. Her inclination to charitable work found practical expression in 1889, when she helped to form the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals Committee, of which she was elected chairman. The work which was accomplished is still fresh in the public mind. A fine horsewoman, her delight in country life and sports was well known; the energy with which she engaged in all pursuits was proof of her healthy and vigorous character.

Feb. 9. The death was this day

announced of Dr. SAMUEL SIEGMUND ROSENSTEIN, the celebrated physician. He was Professor of Medicine at the University of Groningen from 1866 to 1873, when he went to the University of Leyden. He is famous for his work on pathology and therapeutics. As long ago as 1854 he published his "De cyclopa inter animalia observata."

Feb. 10. Mr. OSWALD BROWN, M.Inst.C.E. As an hydraulic engineer of exceptional capabilities he was well known, and his eminence recognised in his appointment as consulting engineer to the Government of South Australia. He was the designer of the Pernambuco waterworks.

Feb. 10. The death occurred this day of Mr. E. H. BUCKLAND, assistant master at Winchester College. An old Oxford Blue, his fame as a cricketer is widespread. In 1887 he played with the Gentlemen's eleven against the Players.

Feb. 10. Captain JAMES FULLER, who died this day, served with distinction in the Gwalior campaign of 1843, and in the Sutlej campaign of 1846.

Feb. 11. The Rev. T. H. GROSE, the Registrar of Oxford University, died this day in his sixtieth year. He was elected to a scholarship at Balliol in 1864, and to a Fellowship at Queen's six years later. He was appointed Chaplain to his college in 1874; while from 1897 to his death he administered the office of Registrar with distinction and ability.

Feb. 12. The death was this day announced from America of Mr. PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, the poet. Mr. Dunbar (who was a negro) produced several volumes of verse, and in 1903 some prose tales under the title of "In Old

Plantation Days." His "Lyrics of Lowly Life," published in 1896, were highly praised by Mr. W. D. Howells, in the Introduction which he contributed to the collection.

Feb. 12. The Rev. EDWARDS COMERFORD HAWKINS, Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, at the age of seventy-eight. Appointed to the benefice in 1883, Mr. Hawkins evinced his interest in the historical aspects of his surroundings in his "Church and Parish of St. Bride." A volume of sermons entitled "Spirit and Form" was published in 1881. One of his sons is "Anthony Hope" the novelist.

Feb. 12. Cardinal PERRAUD, Bishop of Autun, whose death at the age of seventy-eight was this day announced, was a member of the French Academy, and author of many works. His volume on Alphonse de Lamartine, the poet, appeared in 1890. Two addresses which he delivered, in London and Canterbury, on "The Catholic Church of England," were published in September 1897.

Feb. 14. The death occurred this day of the Right Hon. A. F. JEFFREYS, M.P. for the Basingstoke Division of Hampshire. Mr. Jeffreys was at one time Deputy Chairman of Committees, and later Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board. He was sworn of the Privy Council in 1902.

Feb. 15. The Rev. JOSEPH BUSH in his eightieth year. He was President of the Wesleyan Conference in 1888. Mr. Bush retired from active ministerial duties six years ago.

Feb. 16. The Right Rev. J. R. A. CHINNERY-HALDANE, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, died this day at the age of sixty-three. Appointed Dean of Argyll and the Isles in 1881, he was consecrated

Bishop of this diocese two years later. He published, amongst other works, several "Charges Delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese."

Feb. 16. Mr. GEORGE THOMAS HERTSLET died this day at the age of eighty-three. Mr. Hertslet had been Serjeant-at-Arms to Queen Victoria, and at the time of his death held the same post to his Majesty King Edward.

Feb. 16. Mr. CARL JOUBERT, the author of "The Fall of Tsardom," "Russia as it Really Is," and other books on Russian affairs, died this day.

Feb. 19. Vice-Admiral Sir H. T. GRENFELL, K.C.B., second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet. Entering the Navy in 1858, he served in the Egyptian War in 1882, and received his captaincy in 1896. He was promoted vice-admiral in 1905.

Feb. 20. Sir CHARLES HENRY ROUSE-BOUGHTON, Bart., at the age of eighty-one. He had served for seven years with the old 52nd Foot. He succeeded to the title, as eleventh baronet, in 1856.

Feb. 21. Mr. DAVID AINSWORTH died this day at the age of sixty-three. Called to the Bar in 1870, he stood for Parliament four years later, but was not returned until 1880, when he represented West Cumberland.

Feb. 21. The death was this day reported of Major-General C. G. BAKER, V.C. Better known as Baker Pasha, he was long in charge of the Egyptian police establishment. Formerly in India, he served during the Mutiny with Rattray's Sikhs, and won the V.C. for his intrepid conduct.

Feb. 22. His Honour Judge J. H. CADMAN, formerly Recorder of Pontefract. He was appointed a County Court Judge in 1889.

Feb. 22. The Rev. EDWARD BOYS ELLMAN, rector of Berwick in Sussex, at the age of ninety. He was appointed to Berwick in 1848.

Feb. 23. The death was this day announced of Sir PHILIP TATTON MAINWARING, Bart. He succeeded to the title in 1878 on the death of his brother, the third baronet.

Feb. 24. The Rev. the Earl of BESSBOROUGH died this day at the age of eighty-four. A younger son of the fourth earl, Lord Bessborough succeeded to the peerage in 1895, two of his elder brothers having held the title in succession, so that it was as the seventh earl that the Rev. W. W. Brabazon Ponsonby entered into the estates. In 1846 he was appointed to the rectory of Canford Magna, and after holding a living in Devonshire and subsequently one in Somersetshire, he accepted the incumbency of Stutton, which he held for fourteen years, until 1894.

Feb. 24. Canon WILLIAM FOXLEY NORRIS, rector of Witney, at the age of eighty-one. Canon Norris was ordained priest in 1849, and in 1862 was appointed vicar of Buckingham. In 1878 he succeeded to the incumbency of Witney, and received an honorary canonry of Christ Church in 1890.

Feb. 25. Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir DAVID FRASER died this day at Castleconnell. Entering the Army in 1843, he passed through many campaigns. In the Crimea he was engaged at Inkerman, and took part in the siege of Sevastopol. During the Mutiny his soldierly qualities procured him a lieutenant-

colonelcy, and in 1878, as colonel of the Royal Artillery, he saw active service in the Afghan War. Sir David Fraser was promoted lieutenant-general in 1884, and received the honour of knighthood.

Feb. 27. The death of CHARLES GANDOLFI HORNYOLD, Duke Gandolfi, removes the head of one of the few English county families bearing temporal dignities conferred by the See of Rome. Inheriting the marquisate of Gandolfi, Genoa, which was created in 1529, he was raised to the dukedom in 1899 by the Pope, and in the following year received the title of Knight Grand Commander of the Order of Christ. Duke Gandolfi held large estates in Worcestershire, where the family has been established since the eighteenth century.

Feb. 27. The death occurred this day of Dr. SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY, the distinguished American astronomer, at the age of seventy-one. Dr. Langley was appointed Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in 1887, and it was through his influence that the Solar Physics Observatory was founded at Mount Wilson. His researches in the field of solar radiation and astrophysical phenomena fully entitle him to the eminence which his name has attained among physicists throughout the world.

Feb. 28. Commander A. C. MIDDLEMASS, R.N., late Inspector-General of the Egyptian Coast-guard. He had seen active service in the Ashanti Campaign and in the Egyptian War of 1882.

Short Notices of Books

“Horace.” Complete Text with Conington’s Translation. 4s. (G. Bell & Sons.)

“Horace.” By Rev. W. Tuckwell. Bell’s Miniature Series of Great Writers. 1s.

THE modern reader, if we are to judge by the output of our modern publishers, carries his library in his pockets, or at least those parts of his library which his grandfather carried in his head. Horace is among the most pocketable of authors, along with Charles Lamb, Omar Khayyam, and the more companionable of the immortals. For two half-crowns Messrs. George Bell and Sons will fill both your pockets with Horace—one with Horace himself and Conington’s famous translation face to face on opposite pages, all on thin paper, in fine type, attractive binding; for the other pocket they have provided Mr. Tuckwell’s scholarly account of the poet’s life, wherein, as the author modestly vaunts, not a word of Latin is to be found. You can therefore stretch yourself underneath the bough with your jug of wine, your pipe, and your pocketsful of Horace, in the amiable consciousness that when your recollections of Latin fail you have only to look on the opposite leaf or into the appreciative pages of Mr. Tuckwell. There is now no reason why Horace should not be quoted in Parliament.

DER STIL IN THOMAS KYDS ORIGINALDRAMEN. Von Otto Michael. Berlin, 1905.—Dr. Michael has instituted an elaborate inquiry into the dramatic and verbal styles of the original plays connected with the name of

Thomas Kyd, with a view to determining their authenticity, the order of their composition, and their relation to previous and contemporary work. The basis of inquiry is, naturally, the assumption that Kyd was the author of the *Spanish Tragedy*, an assumption checked and supported, so far as linguistic style is concerned, by a comparison with the translation of Garnier’s *Cornélie*, the only dramatic work to which Kyd put his name. The inquiry is further concerned with the *First Part of Jeronimo, Soliman and Perseda*, and the pre-Shakespearean *Hamlet* assumed to survive substantially in the 1603 quarto of that play. The most interesting point in Dr. Michael’s conclusion is the confident re-assertion of Kyd’s authorship of *Jeronimo*. That he was responsible for *Soliman and Perseda* and the early *Hamlet* is also, though less certainly, maintained. This will cause no surprise, Kyd’s hand being pretty generally recognised in the two latter pieces, but round the authorship of *Jeronimo* a good deal of controversy has already centred, and Dr. Michael’s conclusions are not likely to be accepted without demur. Here it may suffice to point out that the critic’s results are in a manner negative. His tests reveal certain similarities of composition between the *Spanish Tragedy* and *Jeronimo* and fail to reveal any distinctive differences. But it has been often held that an ear trained to the character of Elizabethan blank verse can easily distinguish between the styles of the two pieces, and, if this is admitted, the only inference is that the ear is a more delicate test than

the logical and grammatical analysis of Dr. Michael. This, we must admit, is very much what we should have expected. Some obvious characteristics even have been overlooked. For example, we nowhere find mention of the rimed couplet with short first line, on the model :

Gold, I am true ;
I had my hier, and thou shalt have
thy due,

which forms so distinctive a trick of style in *Jeronimo*, but of which there is no instance in the *Spanish Tragedy*.

Dr. Michael's view of Kyd's development as a dramatist may be briefly summarised. The young and sporting Kyd first tried his prentice hand upon the *Jeronimo* plot, being chiefly influenced by the formless tragedy of the popular school as represented in *Cambises* and *Appius and Virginia*. This was in 1582-84 and the play remained unfinished. At this date he came under the influence of Seneca, the collected translation of whose plays had appeared in 1581. The years 1585-86 were occupied with the composition of *Hamlet*, the first work of the author's to reach completion. Encouraged by success, Kyd returned to his former material, and, starting afresh on Senecan lines, produced the *Spanish Tragedy* by 1588. After this he sought to turn his early essay to account, and either himself botched up an ending to *Jeronimo*, or possibly employed some one else to do so, between 1589 and 1591. *Solyman and Perseda* belongs to 1592, and the following year saw the completion of *Cornelia*.

"Heroes of Iceland. Adapted from Dasent's Translation of 'The Story of Burnt Njal,' the Great Icelandic Saga." With a new preface, introduction, and notes by Allen French. Illustrated

by E. W. D. Hamilton. (David Nutt, 1905. 5s.)

THIS book comes to us from America, and is probably intended simply as a book for children. It is, as the title-page states, an abbreviated version of Dasent's translation of the Njals Saga, a book which was first issued in 1861, and was still in print in 1900, when it was reprinted in one volume by Grant Richards. As this single-volume edition was remaindered—we bought a copy two years ago for half-a-crown—it is, or was, possible to get the original complete translation for half the price of the present abridgment. The condensation, however one may regret the compulsory omission of favourite episodes, is none the less skilfully made, and Mr. Allen French's introduction and notes are quite satisfactory. The Njals Saga is perhaps the liveliest and best of that heroic class of epics, where we plunge *in medias res*, to learn what befel Njal and Hrut and his half-brother Hauskuld, whose daughter Hallgerda married for her third husband Gunnar, her uncle's first wife's first cousin, while Thorgerda, her daughter by her second husband, was the second wife of Gunnar's first cousin Thrain. Such delightful complications are for the most part avoided by Mr. French's abbreviated version, which it is to be hoped will induce readers to seek the complete form of the story. Mr. Hamilton's illustrations are adequate, but, we think, unnecessary.

"The Heroic Saga-Cycle of Dietrich of Bern. By F. E. SANDBACH. Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folk-lore, No. 15. (David Nutt, 1906. 6d. net.)

We are glad to see a new

addition, after a somewhat long interval, to this useful series of popular studies, and one which by no means falls behind its predecessors in value and interest. The saga-cycle of Dietrich of Bern is, as the author remarks, little known in this country—save perhaps in so far as it became linked with the more famous Nibelungen story—though in the Middle Ages its hero seems to have enjoyed a fame at least equal to Siegfried's. It could probably be said with truth that though most of us can identify Dietrich with the Ostrogothic Emperor Theodoric, few know much more of him than this, or are even aware that the "Bern" with which he is connected means Verona. The story of the development of the wildly unhistorical hero from the historical emperor is far too intricate to be even touched on here; it must suffice to say that Mr. Sandbach tells it in a popular and at the same time scholarly manner, and that the book may be read with interest even by those who have little or no first-hand knowledge of the Germanic saga-literature. A bibliography is appended in which will be found all necessary information for those who wish to carry their study of the subject further.

"The Modern Language Review."
 Edited by John G. Robertson.
 No. 2. (Cambridge: At the University Press, January, 1906.
 2s. 6d. net.)

In the current number Mr. F. W. Moorman writes interestingly on the pre-Shakespearean ghost—in itself a somewhat tedious and irritating feature of the "Senecan" drama. Mr. H. A. Rennert contributes a number of notes, largely

bibliographical, on some *Comedias* of Lope de Vega, which serve at least to show that the subject is of remarkable intricacy, and not lightly to be approached by those without a very special equipment for the task; while Professor Bang sends a facsimile and transcription of some manuscript memoranda concerning Ben Jonson, taken from a copy of the 1674 quarto of "Catiline" in his possession. Other articles deal with the interpretation of the word "*pareglio*" in Dante, and with Barnes's "Devil's Charter." As in the preceding number, the reviews are numerous and good. Among them may be mentioned one by Professor Herford on Professor Bradley's "Shakespearean Tragedy" and one by Mr. W. W. Greg on a number of recent editions of old plays and other works dealing with the drama. The "Review" merits the attention and support of all who care for the serious study of modern literatures, though we cannot but think that, for its size, it attempts to cover far too wide a field, with the result that the portion of it which can be read with interest and full appreciation by any one reader is necessarily somewhat restricted.

"The New Zealand Official Year-Book, 1905."

We have received a copy of this excellent annual, now in its fourteenth year. Nothing of the nature of a review is possible, but we may draw attention to the very interesting series of "Articles on Special Subjects," which occupy a considerable part of the work and deal with a great variety of subjects, the Land System of New Zealand, Old-age Pensions, Agriculture, Forestry, Mineral Springs,

Health Resorts, and many other matters. The last, a brief but curious essay on the colour-sense of the Maori and the words by which different colours are expressed, should be of interest alike to linguists and to anthropolo-

gists. There are full descriptions of the various Land Districts and of the Cook and other Islands annexed to New Zealand in 1901, and several maps. The "Statistical View of Fifty Years Progress" is of much interest.

Typographical Notes on some New Books

[Under the above heading the *Gentleman's Magazine* will, when occasion demands, technically criticise *éditions de luxe* and new books that claim consideration from a typographical standpoint. This new departure, made with a view to encouraging a high standard of printing and book-production, will take the form either of a separate critique, or of an appendage to the literary review.]

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS AND PERICLES. [Collotype Facsimile Reproduction.] With Introductions by Sidney Lee. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press: Henry Frowde. [December] 1905.

such trustworthy reproductions will be of the highest value to scholars. We must regret that the facsimile titles in the Introductions were not also done in this manner, as, apart from considerations of accuracy, the unsuccessful half-tone is inartistic.

Five Items, bound either singly, in two styles, or together in one volume, also in two styles: "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," "The Sonnets," "The Passionate Pilgrim," and "Pericles." The sets of five volumes not sold separately. One thousand copies printed, of which two hundred and fifty are for America.

Size and Signatures. Post quarto (10 × 8 inches); signed (quarto) first and second leaves (except A, the title-sheet, which is unsigned throughout) in Introductions only: the facsimiles afford their own signatures.

These volumes, with the collotype facsimile of Shakespeare's First Folio, complete the reproductions of the original issues of Shakespeare's works.

Type and Page. The type-page is $4\frac{3}{8}$ inches (28 ems), plus a 4-em column of side-notes, in width, and $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches long. Taking the average width to be five inches, this gives a type-surface less than half the area of the page, and thus affording large margins. The type is excellently placed on the paper, and the common Clarendon Press fault (as we think)—of narrow head-margins—is avoided.

Collotypes. It is needless at this date to praise the Clarendon Press for their collotype facsimiles; it suffices to say that the high standard set in the Folio facsimile is fully maintained in the present volumes, and the publication of

The type is the Oxford "Fell" old-face in various sizes; text of Introduction in English, thin-leaded; foot-notes small pica solid; side-notes long primer solid. We

rather regret the preference shown to the Fell type, though it must be admitted that it is suited to such works as these. It presents a quaint and undoubtedly antique face, similar in design to the old-face types of Caslon and Marr; it is full on the body, and shows small proportion of "whiting"; but it is irregularly cut, and the initials, whether roman or italic, do not run as high as the ascenders of the lower-case. Moreover, when printed on a soft paper, it has the bizarre appearance of varying in "height-to-paper" (see "The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges," issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.), which possibly is due to shallow counters of certain letters. In the present case, printed as it is on a somewhat hard paper, it gives a better appearance; but we respectfully submit that Mr. Hart should as far as possible restrict its use to the upper-case for title-pages. Many excellent title-pages have been set recently in this face by the Clarendon Press, despite the fact that certain of the capitals appear to be slightly inclined forwards or backwards: this variation may be best seen on the title-pages of the present volumes, where the Fell face is used in conjunction with the Caslon.

The title-pages are unpointed at the ends of the lines, and are inclosed in an old-fashioned decorative border, rather too meagre for our taste.

As should be the rule with all old-face founts, the long-tailed capital Q is here used with the ligature to the consecutive u: doubtless in this old fount it was not cast separately.

Composition. Excellent throughout. The rule, at least with all old-face types, should be to set

close; and the Clarendon Press usually adheres to this rule. Here, in several instances, it would appear that lines have been spaced out to avoid hyphens at the end of the lines; but, while we admit a preference for avoiding the breaking of words, we think it better to do so than to space too widely; for nothing is more distracting to the eye than a "wide" line.

Paper. "O.W.": an antique toned paper, very pleasant to handle, but with a little too much "crackle." The sheets are apparently folded to cut edges, not guillotined. Top-edges uncut.

The half-tone facsimiles in the Introductions seem to have been printed first (as in "Venus and Adonis") on the rough paper; but in the later volumes a smoother surface has been obtained for those sheets which contain half-tone blocks. This certainly gives a better result.

Press-reading. Few presses have such a high reputation for careful press-reading as the Oxford Press, and we imagine that the staff have saved their authors and editors an unprecedented amount of subsequent vexation and heartburning. These volumes are no exception to the general rule. We cannot blame the readers for the accepted Oxford style of reference to Act, Scene, and Line of plays, which Dr. Murray has so justly condemned. Perhaps we may note one curious misprint—scarcely the reader's business, it is true—on p. 54 of the Introduction to the "Sonnets," where "the well-known critic and bookseller" is first referred to as "Mr. Bertram, of London," and later, more than once, is awarded his real surname, "Mr. Dobell."

Press-work. Admirable, and

worthy of the fine traditions of the Clarendon Press.

In general we may congratulate Mr. Hart and his staff on a

thoroughly artistic and workman-like production, in keeping with the value and importance of this publication.

Garden Notes

MARCH to the gardener is often a month of disappointment. He will accord often enough with the adage, and come in like a lion, but he has an unpleasant way of going out like a lion too, having for most of the time done his best to deserve the epithet of the "roaring moon." It is indeed the "moon" of daffodil and crocus, and, if the snowdrop be the flower of February, it is—

"The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould,
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold,"

which may claim, with little challenge, to be that of March. True, the daffodil has already boldly asserted itself in more than one species and variety, but the full glories of the narcissus are not yet displayed, and another month—or even two—will have passed before it has been given to us to revel in the wealth of form and tint which this flower has in store for us. On the other hand, we must enjoy the crocus *now*, unless we are content to lose more than half its charms.

There are many species of crocus blooming at different times, classified roughly for gardening purposes as Autumn, Winter, and Spring-blooming crocuses; distinctions which, as we saw last month, are very arbitrary, and depend largely for their appositeness upon conditions of position, soil, and weather,

while it must always be remembered that the popularly called "Autumn" crocus is not a crocus at all, but a *Colchicum*, or Meadow-saffron. Our "crocus," which is now in infinite variety of tint and pattern

 ". . . reaching up
To catch a sunbeam in his
 cup,"

is *Crocus vernus*, a native of the central and southern mountains of Europe, from which the Dutch florists have during centuries evolved the lovely varieties so familiar to us. Most, or probably all, of these have distinctive names, but it is superfluous to tax one's memory with them. There are, however, leaving for further mention the "common" crocus, several other species, more costly comparatively, yet of such distinct beauty that they should be cultivated and prized accordingly. *C. Imperati* would not sorely touch the purse, and is a beautiful flower, the leaves enclosing which are thick with a distinct white medial line. It is sometimes called a winter crocus, but excepting in favourable seasons, its sweet-savoured lilac blossoms can hardly be expected in any quantity before March. Perhaps one of the loveliest of all crocuses is *C. tommasianus*, a species from Dalmatia, somewhat earlier than *C. vernus*. The leaves come with the flowers, which, being small,

seem to enjoy the companionship. The latter are pale lavender of an exquisite shade, and are of delicate form. It would fill many pages to describe the numerous species of crocus, now in bloom. All of them would grace any garden, and each has its own distinct merits. Of late years, the fashion has been to search for new plants, especially for spring-blooming Alpines, and, if the crocus has not contributed so many species as some other families, it has shown that its resources are not yet exhausted. Among them *C. dalmaticus* should hold an honourable place, but, although it is robust enough, and seeds freely, it is seldom seen in our gardens. It blooms very early, so early as to be fitly termed a winter-blooming plant, and is very charming in all its varieties of colour—pale grey, delicately marked within with lines of a pinker hue—sometimes clear, pale yellow—sometimes lilac-rose shading to white, with yellow throat. The form also varies like the colour, being sometimes open and stellate, sometimes cup-form, which shape is usually associated with the colours last described. *C. caspius* is as hardy, and is reputed to bloom from September to March, a rare and valuable quality!—but in England it generally blooms in early winter. The typical colour is white, with throat of rich, deep yellow, but there is a lilac variety of a very rare shade, for which alone it should have a place in all rock-gardens. It much resembles an old favourite—*C. boryi*, which is of far more delicate constitution.

It seems an easy thing to plant the common crocus, yet too often is it done wrongly. Too much room is frequently given to it in

the borders, where, moreover, even granting its admission, it is wrongly treated. The borders behind it are bare, or nearly so, and yet we see ribbons of crocuses which only emphasise their bareness. No blundering can rob the flower of its beauties, but this is manifestly the worst way of displaying them. In the borders, crocuses should be in masses, irregular in size and form, and mixed in colour, remembering always that the yellow are the first to bloom, and the most robust of constitution. Different effects are thus had from different points of view, and one aspect is not the only one.

It is in the grass, however, and not in the borders at all that the crocus is properly seen. It shows so little leaf, if any, when in bloom, that the fresh green of the turf, if not absolutely necessary for the display of its beauties, develops and brings to light charms hitherto unknown. There is no garden so small that it has not some nooks and corners, some mound or bank, or some shrub, which will be at once a landmark and a protection. Such places are naturally safe from the heavy tread of the gardener in the later winter, while it is not necessary to have them mown with the meticulous nicety which more prominent portions of the lawn demand. As crocuses are so badly provided with foliage while in bloom, that afforded by the grass is doubly welcome, while the effects of light and shade, and of combination and contrast of colour are full of variety. On the south side of a dense shrub may be a dazzling display of white, of purple and of gold, while on the other nothing but the hoar-frost may be visible during the whole day.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

The Pepysian Treasures—II

THE vagabond men who sell pirated editions of the popular songs of to-day in our streets are the only modern parallels to the almost extinct race of ballad-mongers. There are still one or two places in London where broadsheets of popular verse can be bought, and it is said that these houses still provide a few itinerant pedlars with ballads for their packs; but such men are few and far between: and it is at least safe to say that the ballad-monger, who both sold and sang his wares, is no more to be found. Vinny Bourne wrote of the ballad-singing women of Seven Dials in dainty Latin verse, which Charles Lamb rendered into somewhat bald English lines—but Bourne's "Cantatrices" was published in 1734. The tastes for which the ballad-monger catered, however, are still with us, though they are fed with halfpenny journalism and the music-hall song.

Samuel Pepys must have met ballad-mongers daily. In the Diary he makes only one reference to ballads. On May 15, 1668, he attended the funeral of Sir Thomas Teddiman: "But, Lord! how unlike a burial this was, O'Brian taking out some ballads out of his pocket, which I read, and the rest come about me to hear! And there very merry were we all, they being new ballads. By and by the corpse went." From this single reference one would scarcely gather that Pepys must have "loved a ballad in print, a' life"; for, next to the Diary, his chief claim to our gratitude rests on the five volumes of broadsides largely collected and arranged by him. The Roxburghe collection in the British Museum contains rather less than 1500 ballads, of which a good many are

duplicates; and the British Museum also possesses several smaller accumulations to the number of 1000 broadsides, including the 350 which make up the Bagford collection. At Oxford, the Bodleian Library contains Douce's 800 or 900 ballads, and the Rawlinson collection of about two hundred. But Pepys's library contains eighteen hundred, forming, in spite of a considerable proportion of duplicates, the largest and most complete collection in existence. It has received more attention than the rest of the library—always excepting the Diary: Bishop Percy drew on it for the *Reliques*, William Chappell examined it for his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and when the Ballad Society published the Roxburghe and Bagford Ballads, edited by Chappell and Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, Pepys's collection was indexed, and cross-references made to those and other groups.

We must not give all the credit to Pepys alone. The manuscript title-page of his collection shows that he took over some ballads gathered by an older friend: "My Collection of Ballads; begun by Mr. Selden¹; Improv'd by ye addition of many Pieces elder thereto in Time; and the whole continued to the year 1700. When the Form, till then peculiar thereto, viz.¹ of the Black Letter with Picturs, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside, for that of the White Letter without Pictures." And on the verse of the title he quotes from "Seldeniana: Title, Libells," as follows: "Though some make slight of Libells; yet you may see by them, how the Wind sits. As take a Straw, and throw it up into the Air; you shall see by that, which way the Wind is; which you shall not do, by casting up a Stone. More solid things do not shew the Complexion of the Times, so well as Ballads and Libells."²

We proceed to go through the five volumes, the interest of which diminishes progressively. Pepys has

¹ Doubtless the famous jurist, who lived long enough to have known Pepys. It is worth noting that the Agincourt ballad is transcribed from a Selden manuscript.

² Percy quotes this passage on a half-title to vol. ii of the *Reliques*.

arranged the "Contents of ey several Vols. under ye following Heads of Assortment, viz.^t :

1. Devotion and Morality.
2. History—True and Fabulous.
3. Tragedy—viz.^t Murd.^{rs} Execut.^{ns} Judgm.^{ts} of God.
4. State and Times.
5. Love—Pleasant.
6. Do.—Unfortunate.
7. Marriage, Cuckoldry, &c.
8. Sea—Love, Gallantry, & Actions.
9. Drinking & Good Fellowship.
10. Humour, Frolicks &c. mixt."

Might one not treat Pepys himself under these ten Heads of Assortment, we ask in passing ?

Despite the above arrangement, the first volume begins with some half-dozen ballads, which form a special section. The opening ballad is the Agincourt song (written probably immediately after the battle, October 25, 1415), which Percy printed in the *Reliques* from this Pepysian copy. Words and music are copied almost in facsimile on a sheet of vellum, "Ex Biblioth. Bodleianâ Arch. B. Seld. 10," a very interesting MS. now known as Arch. Seld. B. 26. The song begins :

Owre kyng went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myght of chivalry ;
The God for hym wrought marvelously ;
Wherefore England may cal and cry
Deo gratias Anglia
Redde pro victoria.

There is another copy of this in the fifteenth-century roll of carols in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, printed and edited by Messrs. Fuller Maitland and Rockstro. Pepys follows it with "The Same, in moderne Dresse."

Then—to Pepys's eternal honour—he gives the Nut-brown Maid: "in Arnoldus Londinensis ; Printed in the Time of K. Henry the vii." Some amanuensis, possibly Pepys himself, has copied out in a neat black-letter hand the poem from the first edition of Arnold's *Chronicle*, which is supposed to have been printed in 1502 at Antwerp by John Doesborowe. A copy of this book, imperfect

but made up from the second edition, is in the Pepysian Library.

There follows the first printed ballad in the book : "The Ballad of Luther, The Pope, A Cardinal, & A Husbandman." This is Pepys's own title; the broadside itself has none. It consists of a large woodcut, thirteen inches by seven, at the top, and below, in three verses each of eight lines, the four characters speak their parts. The husbandman attacks the "freers," Luther attacks Antichrist, and the Pope and the Cardinal attack Luther. The cut represents Luther fighting the Pope, pen against sword, while the husbandman backs Luther and the Cardinal seconds the Pope.

"The Ballad of Little John Nobody" comes next, "being a Libell upon the Reformation in the time of K. Edward ye 6th." This is also copied out in MS. from some unknown source. Here is the first verse :

In December when the dayes draw to be short,
 After November when the nights wax noysome and long,
 As I pass'd by a place privily at a port,
 I saw on[e] sit by himself, making a song ;
 His last talk of Trifles, who told with his tongue
 That few were fast i' th' faith. I feyned that freak,
 Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong :
 He said he was little John Nobody, that durst not speak.

There are seven more verses, all similarly alliterative. The use of the word "freak," which is "freke" or "man," is also an indication of antiquity.

The last ballad in the preliminary section is very curious : "The Ballad of Ioy, upon the publication of Q. Mary, Wife of K. Philip, her being with Child ; Anno Dom.ⁿⁱ 15—." Pepys has left the date blank advisedly ; for history records that Mary on more than one occasion expected an heir to the throne, but the date must of course be between her marriage with Philip in 1554 and her death from dropsy in 1558. The ballad is a MS. copy, supplied by "Michael Bull, Fellow of Bennet [Corpus Christi] Coll. Camb.," to Humphrey Wanley, of a black-letter print of "Wyllyam Ryddaell," who printed it "at

London in Lumbarde strete at the signe of the Eagle." A sample follows :

How manie good people were longe in dispaire,
That this letel england shold lacke a right heire :
But now the swet marigold springeth so fayre,
That England triumpheth without anie care.

The "Devotion and Morality" section comprehends "Scripture-Storys, Examples of Virtue & Vice, Death-Bed Repentances, &c., Godly Lessons General, Raillery agst. ye Pope & Popery, &c." Herein we find "The Ballad of Constant Susanna," which Sir Toby Belch begins to sing in *Twelfth Night* (Act II. scene ii.), "There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, lady," the last two words being the refrain.

"A Friend's advice: In an excellent Ditty, concerning the variable changes in this World" is the well-known poem beginning :

What if a day, or a month, or a year.

The first two verses Mr. Bullen attributes to Campion, who must, however, have worked over a song which occurs in manuscripts of the fifteenth century. (See a full note in Mr. Bullen's edition, 1903.)

We now begin to come upon old favourites. Here is "The mad-merry pranks of Robbin Good-fellow. To the tune of *Dulcina*."¹ As printed in this broadside, it begins :

From Obrion in Fairy Land
The King of Ghosts and shadowes there.

Fancy an O'Brien in Fairyland !

Here, again, we find the ballad of Saint George, and "Chevy Chase," the *rifacimento* of some Deloney from the "old song of Percy and Douglas" loved of Sidney.

In the "Tragedy" section which follows we have the ballad of "the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jew, who lending to a Marchant a hundred Crownes, would have a pound

¹ Printed by Percy in vol. 3 of the *Reliques*, where he remarks that Mr. Peck attributes it to Ben Jonson, "tho' it is not found among his works." *Dulcina* is a very famous tune (see Chappell).

of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed." Many of these ballads are made from plays by such red-nosed ballaters as Elderton, Deloney, and Martin Parker, while others are strange events recorded by "halfpenny chroniclers"; as is sung in a ballad a few pages further on ("Turner's dish of Lenten stuffe, or a Galymaufery"):

The world is ful of thred bare poets,
That live upon their pen:
But they will write too eloquent,
They are such witty men.
But the Tinker with his budget,
The beggar with his wallet,
And Turner's turn'd a gallant man
At making of a ballet.

As we have already seen, the popular poems of lyric poets came upon the market in broadside form. In "Chap. V.—Love, Pleasant," Pepys includes "A new Song of a Young man's opinion, of the difference betweene good and bad Women." This is no other than George Wither's famous "Shall I wasting in despair." Here, however—and in other broadsides—"wasting" appears as "wrestling," and Wither's five verses are extended to seventeen. The fifteenth begins:

Shall a woman's tempting smile
Accuse her for a Crokadile:
Or shall I trust a wanton's eyes
That most dissembles when she cries?

It may be wondered whether George Wither wrote these lines: he certainly wrote much worse in his old age.

Again, we find here a ballad with the refrain, "Jone is as good as my Lady":

Jone can call by name her Cowes,
And deck her windows with green bowes;
She can wreathes and Tutties¹ make,
And decke with plumbes a Bridale Cake.
Is not Joane a House wife then?
Judge, true hearted honest men:
Then, good friend, I say to thee,
Joane is as good as my Lady.

¹ Nosegays.

The first four lines of this verse occur in a poem (curiously misplaced in "Divine and Moral Songs") in Campion's *Two Books of Ayres* (1613). A little further on we find "A sweet and pleasant Sonet, entituled: My minde to me a kingdome is. To the tune of, In Creet, &c." Almost on the next page is Barnfield's "As it fell upon a day, In the merry month of May"; the broadside consists of ten verses of six lines each, whereas the version in *England's Helicon* is twenty-eight lines only. Further on, in a broadside "shewing how the Goddess Diana transformed Acteon into the shape of a Hart," the printer wanted something to fill up his fourth column, and had recourse to the charming Cradle Song attributed to Nicholas Breton:

Come, little babe, come, silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief.

There seems to have been no limit to the piracies of the ballad-printer.

We pass on to "Chap. VI.—Love, Unfortunate." At once we find the "song of *willow*" that Desdemona remembered her mother's maid Barbara to have sung: "an old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune." But whereas the "poor soul" of whom Desdemona sings is the lady, in the broadside it is the deserted knight who sings "Willow."

The first traditional ballad we come upon is "The lamentable Ditty of Little *Mousgrove* and the Lady *Barnet*." Professor Child prints this in *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, noting that the broadside was printed for Henry Gosson, who is said by Chappell to have published from 1607 to 1641. A later version, "printed for J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger"—famous ballad-printers—occurs in vol. iii. of Pepys's collection. "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard" was very popular through the seventeenth century, constantly being quoted and referred to in plays.

In "A Small Promiscuous Supplement" to vol. i. Pepys has inserted several favourite ballads; "Sir Andrew

Barton," the noble pirate who said, having an arrow through his heart the while :

Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
A little I am hurt, yet not slain ;
I'll but lie down and bleed a while,
And come and fight with you again :

"The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green," "The Lord of Lorn," "A Lamentable Ballad of Fair Rosamund" (from Deloney's *Garland of Good-Will*), the famous "Fortune my Foe," and "The Norfolk Gentleman his last Will and Testament," under which title we recognise *The Children in the Wood*.

Vol. ii. opens with a dull accumulation of devotional and moral ballads, including a broadside variant of Lovelace's "When Love with unconfined wings." But the next section begins with twenty-two Robin Hood ballads, and continues with such eminently popular ballads as "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury," "King Edward and the Tanner of Tamworth," "The Brave Lord Willoughby," "Mary Ambree," and "John Armstrong's Last Good-Night." Further on, in the "Tragedy" section, we have a ballad concerning Dr. Faustus ; and then a broadside with the following quaint title :

Summers his Frolick. *Shewing*, How he was condemned (this last *Lent Assizes*, 169 $\frac{3}{4}$. at *Alisbury*) for a Highway-Man. And how he sold his body, in Goal, for eight shillings to a Surgeon, to be made an Anatomy of after it was hang'd, and how he drank the money all out in Wine before he went to be Executed.

Under the heading "State," there follow more than a hundred historical broadsides : first of the trial and execution of Charles I. ; then ballads of Monmouth's rebellion and the battle of Sedgemoor ; next (rather out of place) ballads of the death of Charles II. and the coronation of James II. ; followed by ballads welcoming William and Mary, and celebrating the triumphs in Ireland, the siege of Limerick, the surrender of Drogheda, and the succour of Londonderry.

Vol. iii. is not of particular interest. We note "The Spanish Ladies Love," which begins :

Will you hear a Spanish Lady
How she woo'd an Englishman—

probably Deloney's composition ; " True Love Required, or, The Bayliff's Daughter of Islington " ; and a version of Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor. Another version of the last appears early in the fourth volume, of which the first section is a rather monotonous selection of promiscuous love ballads, relieved by Tom Durfey's " Winchester Wedding," which found its imitators in " The Westminster Wedding " and " The Wiltshire Wedding."

A selection of " Sea " ballads contains a crudely humorous broadside, " The Poplar Feast : or, A Cat-Pasty. Shewing how some Maids of Poplar, baked a *Cat* in a Pasty, and invited several young Seamen to the eating of it ; with their Merriment and pastime." A few pages later comes the ballad of the " Sweet Trinity," otherwise called the " Golden Vanity," " Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Low-lands." Here, too, is the original of Thomas Campbell's " Mariners of England " :

You Gentlemen of England,
That lives at home at ease,
Full little do you think upon
The dangers of the Seas :
Give ear unto the Marriners,
And they will plainly show,
The cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.

The next page contains " The Famous Sea-Fight between Captain *Ward* and the *Rainbow* " ; but readers of the March number of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE know all about Captain John Ward.

Vol. iv. also contains a ballad of the Great Fire of London, an early copy of the famous " Lilliburlero," and a quaint chronicle of " The Frightned People of Clerkenwel, Being an Account how a Cow Ran into the Church at Clerkenwel in Sermon time, on Sunday the 18th of this Instant August, 1689."

With the beginning of vol. v. we come to the end of the Black-letter Ballads, this last volume "consisting wholly of Verse-Ballads in ye White Letter," that is, ordinary Roman type. A further change is that the ballads are now printed down the folio sheet, instead of lengthways. The first section mainly consists of the "Sorrowful Lamentations of Murderers," heavily bordered with black ; but hidden among these there is the genuine ancient ballad of the Cruel Mother who murdered her twin babes.

A "State and Times" assortment contains a ballad dated 1691, in which the word "Tories" appears ; it was scarcely in use before the Second Short Parliament of Charles II., so that this is a fairly early instance.¹ We may note, also, "Private Occurrences : or, The Transactions of the four Last Years, Written in Imitation of the Old Ballad of *Hey brave Oliver, Ho brave Oliver*," which sounds like Touchstone's song to Sir Oliver Martext. Passing on to a "Love—Pleasant" section, we find the ballad of the Baffled Knight, always popular, and still sung to a charming tune in the West of England. Here it is followed by "An Answer" and a "Third Part." Next we note the delightful "Milk-Maids," the tune of which is given by Chappell. Tom Durfey rewrote the ballad after Martin Parker, who also wrote another ballad, "I married a wife of late," to the same tune ; it is sung by Maudlin in the *Compleat Angler*. The tune is so fresh and spirited that we cannot be surprised that many other ballads were written to fit it. Perhaps we may end our account of Pepys's ballads with one of these : "The Passionate Maid of Rochester : giving an Account of a Damzel who Poyson'd herself for Love of a Ship-carpenter ; but repenting what she had done, with Oil she expell'd the Poyson, and then was Married to the Man she admired. To the Tune of, *The Milking-Pail*." The last verse runs as follows, and, to be thoroughly appreciated, should be sung to its own tune :

¹ A very early instance is in a ballad "with the definition of the word Tory," dated 1682, in the Luttrell collection (III. 104) in the British Museum.

The Poyson did she expel ;
Her lover, the truth to tell,
Came to her again,
And Marry'd her then,
So everything is well.
In Rochester they
Are living this day,
As I the truth have penn'd ;
With him she's blest,
Her Heart's at rest,
For I protest
Amongst the rest,
The Bottle was her good Friend.

(To be continued)

A Lost Art

MANY fine things have been written about the blessings of memory—Golden Memory, the Angel of Comfort, the Gift of the Gods. But in singing its praises we are all prone to forget that to remember is in itself an art—an art to be carefully learned and daily practised. A wise man chooses his thoughts as he chooses his friends. He does not take the first comer, but selects, instead, the fittest associates, those he can trust and esteem who will prove themselves worthy the name of friend. And so too the wise man deals with his remembrances.

There are no more enchanting and delightful old-time books than those where the author delicately, as a skilled artist selects his colours, chooses for us from the storehouse of his memory certain tender recollections—very unimportant, nay trifling happenings for the most part, but made dear to us because they are dear to him. He writes of them with no conscious effort to please, merely telling us on such and such a day, in such and such a year, he spent his time in such and such a manner. "Chronicles of small beer," they have been contemptuously described by some superior critics, but they are infinitely more to the daily taste of simple-minded people

than highly-flavoured writing, and far better company than more ambitious books. Indeed, it is in the very heart and nature and essence of things that they should not be ambitious. Their claim to immortality lies in this same artless subjectiveness, this shrugging of the shoulders, so to speak, in detriment of praise—this pretence of writing only to please the writer and with no thought of a to-morrow of new editions.

Yet all the time we know, in our hearts, it is the veriest pretence; that the sly old rogue of an author is laughing at us in his sleeve; that he is quite as anxious for success as the most self-advertising among us, and turned his sentences with as much care and possibly more consideration than the tiresome dry-as-dusts who write the books we never read.

To-day there is a danger that this art of remembering may soon, if it is not already, be reckoned among those that are lost to us, like the Roman roads, Greek art, and the secret of the building of the Pyramids. We have, it is true, endless books of reminiscences, recollections, biographies, autobiographies, human documents, love-letters (imaginary and otherwise) written in the style that is known as the go-as-you-please, but somehow or other in all of them there is something lacking. The spirit of indolence has gone, and in its stead is a painstaking energy, accompanied by a subchorus of self-satisfaction, that can be read through every line. The events chronicled for us may be of greater importance, the recollections more accurately described; but the old charm has fled, the art of remembering is lost to us.

Great names went to the making of the earlier books—Rabelais, Montaigne, and our own Laurence Sterne, besides a host of well-known and unknown authors; some of whom are to be found in honoured places in all our libraries, and others only on the shelves of curious collectors. Among these friends of the past few books illustrate better the peculiar charm of the wise chronicler of small happenings than Robert Southey's "Doctor." To-day it is perhaps but little known. It does not

make its appeal to an age that delights above all things in scientific accuracy or in studies of sentimental morbidity; but there is an old-world flavour about it to please the thoughtful reader, though it is not one of the classics that all literary students must at least dip into, even if they eventually decide (as an over-hurried royalty treats the humble addresses presented to him by his loyal subjects) to take the whole of it as read.

Southey himself, like his books, has suffered of late years a cold and ill-deserved neglect. He was, whatever superfine critics may say of him, a great man, though never so great as he believed himself to be. His high-sounding epics—in spite of Shelley's and Sir Walter Scott's genuine admiration for certain passages in the "Curse of Kehama"—are now deservedly forgotten, but his prose has a charm that is all its own. For he was a generous borrower, frankly acknowledging when he made use of another man's ideas, and even then adding to them sundry little gifts and graces, quips and cranks. No one had read more widely than Robert Southey. His mind was a frippery where gold and tinsel, fine linen and fustian were huddled together in a certain picturesque disorder, and a wealth of out-of-the-way knowledge may be picked out of his writings by the careful and sympathetic reader.

"The Doctor" was the work of Southey's maturity. Had he lived, the story would have advanced step by step, the inter-chapters have been enlarged according to custom—so says his son-in-law in his short preface to the sixth volume. That it was never so corrected and completed is hardly a matter for regret. On the title-page of the third edition (Longmans, 1839, 7 vols.), the title runs, "The Doctor, Etc.," and, as the author willingly admits, the Etc. bulks far more largely in the book than the hero. Not but that Dr. Daniel Dove is a very worthy hero, and his wife Deborah a most delightfully elusive heroine, possessing the power of disappearing for whole chapters—nay, volumes—at a time, that your modern heroine finds impossible. And yet Daniel and Deborah are very real to us, though they

only play peep-bo at us through some two thousand eight hundred pages. We catch occasional glimpses of their house—an old house in an old street in the busy centre of an old town, where the doctor brings his bride from her old home to the tune of the clanging bells. “Daniel Dove brings Deborah home” sing St. George’s bells in the ear of the eager bridegroom.

Deborah Bacon hath changed her name ;
Deborah Bacon hath left her home ;
Deborah Bacon is now no more,

say the bells in the ear of the thoughtful bride. A slight touch, it is true ; but telling us more of the difference between the man’s point of view and the woman’s than many pages of introspective analysis could have done.

Readers who love precision and an even sequence of chapters will do well to avoid “The Doctor.” They would be puzzled, if not exasperated, to find the opening chapter of the first volume marked as number 7, and the first chapter on page 45, preceded by an anterior first chapter, with a preface, an anti-preface, &c. But the reader who resents such an unusual method of book-making would probably fail to appreciate “Tristram Shandy,” and ask pathetically why so many chapters in that immortal work were merely blanks ? So many people prefer a straight road to winding ways, but not of these did the old authors who loved to talk take any account.

“Who was the Inventor of Prefaces ? I shall be obliged to the immortal Mr. Urban (immortal because, like the King in law, he never dies) if he will propound this question for me in his Magazine, that great lumber-room wherein small ware of all kinds has been laid up higgledy-piggledy by halfpenny-worths or farthing-worths at a time for four score years, till like broken glass, rags or rubbish it has acquired value by mere accumulation.” So the chapter preceding the Anti-Preface begins, but whether the Sylvanus Urban, Gentleman, of that day (John Mitford) ever answered the appeal,

or took exception to the humorous comparison of the value of his contributors' articles to "broken glass, rags or rubbish," is uncertain. What is certain is that Southey never expected any answers to his questions. If he could not answer them himself, in all probability no one could; so he roamed along in easy fashion, asking questions, telling stories that had no ending, quoting well-known and little-known authors, advancing wild theories, while giving us here and there touches of local colour, and odd scraps of history concerning worthies long since dead and forgotten, that make "The Doctor" a valuable book, quite apart from its undeniable charm.

The scene is laid in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the town of Doncaster, known better to the horse-racing fraternity than any other place except Newmarket. But it is not to the racecourse that the Doctor takes us in his ramblings round and about the old town. Instead he shows us the daily lives of quiet people (belonging to what are called to-day the leisured classes) in the middle of the eighteenth century—lives so remote, so apart, from ours that it is almost impossible to realise the beauty of their tranquillity. A spirit of deep content, if we are to believe our Doctor, hung about them, and the quaint little pictures he shows us seem to belong to a world divided from us by a far longer period than merely a hundred and fifty years. To read, to talk, to advance theories, to do good, to spend occasional evenings away from the home fireside in the select society of chosen friends, and at last to accept death as the reasonable ending of a reasoned life—this is the moral of "The Doctor." And a very good moral too, and worthy of all men's acceptance.

The art of remembering is the whole art of the book; and quaintly curious they are, too, some of these odd scraps of knowledge collected together from that seemingly inexhaustible storehouse the mind of Doctor Robert Southey. We fear the name of Doña Oliva Sabuco Barrero, who in 1587 dedicated her "New Philosophy of the Nature of Man" to Philip the Second of Spain

(whose loyal and loving subject she was), has hardly received the honours it merited. For from her, we are told by Father Feyjoo, the English, and afterwards the physicians of other countries, first learned the theory of nervous diseases, and strange and fantastical though this may seem to us, there is a wealth of wisdom in her suggestions as to the cure of disease. Likening the body of the human animal to a tree, Doña Oliva declares that "in the brain, as in the root of the animal tree, all diseases have their origen." This is so strictly in accordance with modern theories as to need no comment. But far more so is the treatment suggested as a cure by this Spanish lady of the sixteenth century, whose advice reads more like the prospectus of a well-regulated convalescent home than a page from an old-world book.

Hope, she tells us, is what supports health and life, fear the worst enemy of both. So among the best preventatives and restoratives are to be numbered "cheerfulness, sweet odours, music, the country, the sound of woods and waters, agreeable conversation and pleasant pastimes." What more could the most eager advocate of a mild form of rest-cure offer than this sweet-sounding list prepared for us in the year of Our Lord one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven, by Doña Oliva Sabuco Barrero? And we are all the more inclined to believe in her because she frankly confesses that she has never studied medicine, but writes seemingly from the heart in order to warn us how to preserve our heads. What would we not have given to have seen her book, with certain passages marked, after his custom, in Doctor Daniel Dove's hand, with the initial of his own name neatly written in red ink? or, better still, to have heard him gravely discussing the merits and demerits of this most original treatise with some of his intimate friends at those exclusive gatherings where no games of cards were ever played.

Few pictures that Southey has given us are better worth preserving than this of the house called Netherhall, and its worthy host Robert Copley. On an income of twelve hundred a year he lived the life of a king in a

fairy-tale. "Netherhall was the resort of intellectual men in whose company he [Copley] delighted, and the poor were fed daily from his table." Happy Robert Copley, to lead so pleasant a life and be remembered by so tender an epitaph! Here foregathered Drummond—afterwards Archbishop of York, and most courteous and genial of men—Gray, Mason; and here, too, Herschel (then a hautboy-player in the band of the Durham Militia) first made his bow to an accomplished audience at one of Robert Copley's weekly concerts. To-day, when the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is being extensively revived, it is with the sense of meeting old friends that we light upon the names of Geminiani, Corelli, Giardini, &c. The works of these masters were performed by Herschel—so says Miller, the organist, who introduced the hautboy-player to the Netherhall critics, "chastely, and according to the original intention of the composers." Perhaps the quiet peace of those far-away days is exaggerated, and the concerts themselves may have been vastly inferior to what our amateurs—trained in Prague—can now give us; perhaps, too, the solemn discussions of those grave, courtly, and dignified people would seem even a trifle dull and slow to tongues that have learned the art of clipping words and using a polyglot slang in the place of nobly cadenced English. But at least it is pleasant to catch glimpses of Robert Copley and his distinguished guests, and to take our places, in fancy, among them; pleasant, if only to sit for awhile by the side of our old friend Daniel Dove, and feel we are near to a great and good man.

Among the many dissertations and quotations with which "The Doctor" abounds, not one of the least interesting is a full analysis of the old morality, "Everyman," that was revived some few years ago by the Elizabethan Stage Society, with much well-deserved success both here and in America. To Southey the play was evidently no new discovery, for he speaks of it as being well known to English philologists, but he would possibly have been as greatly surprised could he

have foreseen its successful revival at the beginning of the twentieth century as the general reader would be to learn that a great part of "Everyman" is to be found in "The Doctor," together with that famous nursery classic "The Three Bears." Will the scientifically trained children of to-day care as much for the three bears (with their three chairs and their three bowls of porridge) as their mothers and grandmothers did before them? It is hard to say. Tastes differ, and the child of to-day has far less imagination than the child of the duller nursery and the fewer books. But at least a nursery classic "The Three Bears" must ever remain, even should it eventually share the fate of other classics and lie neglected and dust-covered on the bookshelves.

Like his greater predecessors (from whom, as we have said, he willingly admitted that he borrowed), Southey was not afraid to say what he thought, to say it after his own fashion, and to repeat it as often as he pleased. For it is a part, and a very essential part, of the art of remembering that the narrator should be, within limits, a garrulous person—a chimney-side orator who sometimes tells us twice-told tales, but yet always contrives to please us. To-day the art is lost. One reason may be that of late years so many women-writers have crowded into the fields of literature, and good though their work may be, the style of a Rabelais, a Montaigne, a Robert Burton, or a Laurence Sterne is not for them. A man looks back with regret, but without bitterness, to his lost youth; a woman, however vehemently she may protest to the contrary, seldom, if ever, attains to this same calm serenity. Her garrulity, too, is not of the same nature as the man's, and with all her supposed love of detail, she yet invariably fails in the writing of the small nothings that go to make such a book as "The Doctor."

It has been urged, and with some show of reason, that women are generally deficient in the sense of humour. It has also been said (though some recent works of fiction would seem to disprove it) that women naturally shrink from the coarseness that gives both body and durability

The Voyage of the "Cygnet" 243

to the writings of men. It would be more true to say that no women are, at heart, Pantagruelists, and it is even doubtful whether any are to be found who really care for Rabelais, though a few may appreciate Laurence Sterne or old Robert Burton. Most certainly no woman could have written "Tristram Shandy," or a certain chapter in "The Doctor" that must surely prove a mystery to all those readers who have not learned the true history of the mighty Gargantua; and no woman would ever have consented to allow Deborah Dove to play so small a part in the story of Daniel.

The chief purveyors of contemporary literature are women; they set the passing fashions, and, with but a few exceptions, the men follow them. The large edition, the ready sale, is a temptation; and in order to become a popular author, a writer must adopt a popular style. What publisher to-day would be rash enough to accept such a work as "The Doctor," even if any one could be found with the wit to write it? For the readers of to-day are not as the readers of yesterday—the short paragraph, the sensational serial, the informing article (if only it be not too long or too dry) is what is asked for, and given. The old writers, with their tender recollections, their broad jokes, their funds of knowledge scattered with generous hand along the pages, have gone, and it seems unlikely that any heirs to their wit will arise. We who love them can only fold our hands and be humbly thankful for what they have left to us—for those backward glances, those wise smiles, and the sunset atmosphere of a shadowy past that they have preserved to us for ever.

The Voyage of the "Cygnet"

IN the year 1683-4 some eminent London merchants, fired by the perusal of the buccaneer accounts of South America (the journals of Sharp, Ringrose, Cox and others), conceived a scheme for opening up a trade with Peru and Chili. They subscribed among themselves a large sum for the equipment and lading of a ship. The

Duke of York, then Lord Admiral, gave the project his princely patronage. A ship, the *Cygnets*, was chosen and fitted for the voyage, and a trusty master mariner, one esteemed by Henry Morgan, was appointed her captain. This was Charles Swan, or Swann, a man whose surname eminently fitted him for the command of a ship so christened. Following the custom of the time, two merchants, or supercargoes, took passage with Captain Swan to dispose of the lading, and to open up the trade. The *Cygnets* sailed from the Thames with a costly general cargo, which was designed not only to establish just relations with the Spanish-Americans, but to pay her owners from 50 to 75 per cent. As the voyage was not without interest we propose to consider some of its most striking events.

We are sorry to have to state that by October 1684, Captain Swan had become a buccaneer; and his ship, the *Cygnets*, the flagship of a small squadron cruising on the coast of Peru. The story of his lapse from virtue will be told later. It is sufficient to note that in October 1684, he met with Edward Davis, "a buccaneer of fame." With Davis, as it happened, was William Dampier, the author of the Voyages. Most of what we know of the *Cygnets's* cruise is derived from Dampier; for he sailed aboard her, as "artist," or navigator, after Davis had parted company. Most of our quotations concerning her adventures will be found in Dampier's first volume. Dampier, we feel, was something of "a clay pot" himself; and he writes of his fellow clay, Charles Swan, with a sympathy that is, at least, unusual in a buccaneer.

When the clay pot meets the iron pot there is usually a final ruin; and the meeting put an end to the dreams of a golden percentage. "There was much joy on all sides" when the two buccaneers consorted; but it was plain to Davis's clear eyes that the *Cygnets* was too deeply fraught to make a cruiser. "Therefore (Captain Swan) by the consent of the supercargoes, got up all his goods on Deck, and sold to any *that would buy upon trust*: the rest was thrown overboard into the sea, except fine goods, as Silks, Muslins, Stockings, &c., and except the Iron." The iron

The Voyage of the "Cygnet" 245

was saved for ballast. The other goods made very delicate wear for the fo'c's'le hands.

When all was ready, the allied forces sailed to take Guayaquil, but met with no luck there, through "one of Captain Davis's men, who showed himself very forward to go to the town, and upbraided others with faint-heartedness: yet afterwards confessed (that he) privately cut the string that the Guide was made fast with, (and) when he thought the Guide was got far enough from us, he cried out that the Pilot was gone, and that somebody had cut the Cord that tied him . . . and our consternation was great, being in the dark and among Woods;" so that "the design was wholly dashed." After this they sailed to the Bay of Panama, where they planned to lie at anchor to wait for the yearly treasure fleet from Lima. While they waited, Captain Swan sent a letter over the Isthmus, with a message to his employers.

March 4, 1685.

PANAMA ROAD.

CHARLES SWANN to Capt. JOHN WISE.

My voyage is at an end. In the Straits of Magellan I had nine men run from me in one night, after they saw that they could not prevail with me to play the rogue. But God's justice overtook them, for after weathering Cape Victory we met with an extreme storm of long continuance, which drove me down to lat 55° 30' S and in which the ship to which they deserted was lost. Then I came to Valdivia, when I had two men killed under a flag of truce, after three day's parley and all oaths human and divine. An ambuscade of between one and two hundred men came out, and fired upon a poor eight of us in the yawl. But God punished them likewise, as we hear, we killing three of their captains and some others. It is too long to give you an account of all my troubles, which were chiefly owing to the fact that the ship was meant to be run away with. In Nicoya the rest of my men left me, so that, having no one to sail the ship, I was forced to join them. So that now I am in hostility with the Spaniards, and have taken and burnt some towns, and have forced the President of Panama to send me two men he had taken from us. The same day 270 new men came to me, and we are going to take in 200 more that they left behind. We shall soon be 900 men in the South Seas. Assure my employers that I do all I can to preserve their interest, and that what I do now I could in no wise prevent. So desire them to do what they can with the King for me, for as soon as I can I shall deliver myself to the King's justice and I had rather die than live skulking like a vagabond for fear of death. The King might make this whole Kingdom of Peru tributary to him in

two years' time. We now await the Spanish fleet that brings the money to Panama. We were resolved to fight them before we had reached this strength, and had lain in wait 6 months for them, but now we hear that they are at sea, and expect them every day. If we have success against them we shall make a desperate alarm all Europe over. I have some money which I wish were with you, for my wife. I shall, with God's help, do things which (were it with my Prince's leave) would make her a lady; but now I cannot tell but it may bring me to a halter. But if it doth my comfort is that I shall die for that I cannot help. Pray present my faithful love to my dear wife, and assure her she is never out of my mind."

After failing in his attempt upon the treasure fleet, Captain Davis, the Buccaneer Commodore, took his squadron towards Rio Lejo, on the western coast of Mexico. He caused his ships to heave to, "about 8 leagues from the shore," so that the Mexicans might not see them from the slopes of Mount Axusco, the "old burning mountain," which "formerly burst out at the top," a few miles from their city. It was early morning when the pirates backed their topsails. By eight in the forenoon the canoas were watered and victualled. Then 520 buccaneers, mostly English, went down the sides of their ships into the waiting boats. There were thirty-one canoas for their accommodation, some of them of nearly forty feet in length, and five or six feet broad. They were "dug-outs" of the most primitive type, but the buccaneers were not particular as to the build of their crafts. They settled upon their thwarts; one of them piped a song, "and the rowers, sitting well in order," began to plough the wine-dark sea. The sun came out, and put a sparkle on the water. The wind blew past gently, making a ripple and a bubble. The beauty of the day gave a zest to the enterprise, and the rowers rowed heartily to the tune of Abel Brown.

At two in the afternoon, when a light lunch of rum and turtle had inclined the buccaneers to sentiment, a squall beat down upon them. The sea rose with tropical swiftness, so that, in half an hour "some of our Canoas were half full of water, yet kept two men constantly heaving it out." They could do nothing but put right before the wind; yet with craft so crank as the canoas

The Voyage of the "Cygnet" 247

this expedient was highly dangerous. "The small Canoas," it is true, "being most light and buoyant, mounted nimbly over the surges, but the great heavy Canoas lay like Logs in the Sea, ready to be swallowed by every foaming Billow." However, the danger did not last very long. The squall blew past, and, when the wind abated, the sea went down; so that, by "7 a clock in the Evening, it was quite calm and the Sea as smooth as a Mill-pond." They passed that night in the canoas five leagues from the shore, huddled anyhow, with cramped limbs. In the morning they stretched themselves, and lay by, till another squall set them pulling for the land, like the seamen in the temperance hymn. In the night of August 10 they entered Rio Lejo harbour, and slept peacefully in the shelter of the great red mangrove trees, which rose up "plentiful and thick" from the very lip of the sea.

When day dawned, their pilot bade them take to their oars again; and very quietly they rowed up the Lejo river. A Spanish breastwork stood upon the river bank to guard the passage; but its garrison was composed of Nicaraguan Indians, a race "very Melancholy and Thoughtful." "The noise of our Oars alarmed the *Indians*," says Dampier, "and presently they ran away to give notice of our Approach." The buccaneers were a little vexed at this example of the effect of melancholy, but did not allow it to depress them. They landed from their canoas, and stretched themselves, and cleaned their fusils. They selected a boat-guard of fifty of their most intelligent hands. Then the remainder they drew up into battalia, according to the Art of War. "Captain *Townley*, with eighty of the briskest Men marched before, Captain *Swan* with 100 Men marched next, Captain *Davis* with 170 Men marched next, and Captain Knight brought up the Rear," with the cripples and the drunkards. Then, with many joyful anticipations of the beauty of the city of Leon, the ruffians took to the road, across "a Champion Country, of long grassy Savannah, and spots of high Woods."

The City of Leon had a great reputation among them; for, although it was of no great size, and "of no great

Trade, and therefore not rich in Money," it had been praised in print, some thirty years before, by "the English Mexican" Mr. Thomas Gage. We read that it was "very curiously built" on "a sandy Soil, which soon drinks up all the Rain that falls." It had a famous ropewalk, and a number of sugar-works, besides cattle farms and tallow boileries. The houses were of white stone roofed with a vivid red pantile, "for the chief delight of the inhabitants consisteth in their houses, and in the pleasure of the Country adjoining, and in the abundance of all things for the life of man, more than in any extraordinary riches, which there are not so much enjoyed as in other parts of *America*. They are contented with fine gardens, with variety of singing birds and parrets, with plenty of fish and flesh, which is cheap, and with gay houses, and so lead a delicious lasie and idle life. . . . And especially from the pleasure of this City is all that Province of Nicaragua, called by the Spaniards *Mahomet's Paradise*, the *Paradise of America*."

At about 3 o'clock that afternoon, Captain Townley, "only with his eighty Men," marched into the square to taste "the pleasure of this City." There were 200 Spanish horse, and five companies of infantry drawn up to oppose him; but, as nearly always happened in these tussles, "two or three of their Leaders being knock'd down, the rest fled." Captain Townley marched in, and piled arms in the Plaza. At decent intervals the other companies joined him; "and Captain Knight with as many Men as he could incourage to march, came in about 6, but he left many Men tired on the road; these, as is usual, came dropping in one or two at a time, as they were able." Among the tired men, "was a stout old Grey-headed Man, aged about eighty-four, who had served under *Oliver* in the time of the Irish Rebellion . . . and had followed Privateering ever since." He was "a very merry hearty old Man, and always used to declare he would never take quarter"; so that, when the Spaniards surrounded him, as he sat resting by the roadside, he gaily "discharged his Gun amongst them" keeping "a Pistol still charged." The Spaniards drew

back and "shot him dead at a distance." His name was Swan. In the sorry triumph of the taking of Leon his name stands out brightly as a credit to Oliver, and to his profession.

But peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war. "Mr. Smith was tired also," and Mr. Smith was neatly lazoed, and dragged before the Spanish Governor before he was well awake. "He being examined how many Men we were, said 1000 at the City, and 500 at the Canoas, which made well for us at the Canoas, who straggling about every day might easily have been destroyed." Mr. Smith dipped his pen in earthquake and eclipse till the Spanish Governor "sent in a Flag of Truce," in the hope of coming to a composition, and getting rid of such an army. The buccaneers received the Flag with all due ceremony, and demanded some £70,000 as a ransom for the town, with a further douceur of "as much Provision as would victual 1000 Men four Months, and Mr. Smith to be ransomed." However, a ransom of such proportions was not readily forthcoming. The pirates waited patiently for a few days, pillaging "all they could rob," and then set fire to the place:

And when the town burned all in flame
With tara tantara away we all came.

The Spaniards "sent in Mr. Smith," the next morning, "and had a gentlewoman in exchange." An impartial judge must admit that they had the better of the bargain.

Having destroyed the town of Leon, the buccaneers marched upon Rio Lejo, "a pretty large town with three Churches" some two leagues from the harbour. It was a very sickly place, never free from a noisome smell, and had therefore "an Hospital" with "a fine Garden belonging to it." The way thither was defended by a very strong redoubt, yet their labour was but lost that built it, for "we fired but two guns, and they all ran away." Rio Lejo was rich in flour, "Pitch, Tar and Cordage;" "These things we wanted, and therefore we sent them all aboard." The pirates obtained also a "purchase" of "150 Beefs,"

and "visited the Beef-Farm every day, and the Sugar Works, and brought away every Man his Load." In spite of the noisome smell, they passed a pleasant week at Rio Lejo, "and then some of our destructive Crew set fire to the Houses," and "we marched away and left them burning." With, or without allusions to the parallel case in Homer, the army returned aboard the ships. The next day the fleet divided, and Dampier left his old captain (Davis) in order to go with Captain Swan. He took his chest and hammock aboard the *Cygnets*. A few guns were fired, in token of farewell, and thus Edward Davis sailed away, with half of the buccaneer fleet. Captain Swan lingered for some days more at the anchorage, and then cruised slowly to the north, along the surf-beaten Western Coast. Captain Townley, the leader of the eighty brisk Men, remained as his vice-admiral.

The history of their cruise is a history of bold incompetence. They landed, and fought, and fell ill, and sailed, and again landed; but they got very little save a knowledge of geography. When they came as far to the north as Acapulco, it occurred to them that they were in season to take the annual galleon from Manila, a prize worth some half a million of our money, and the constant dream of every pirate in the Pacific. Cavendish had taken one such galleon a century before; and Rogers was to take another some thirty years later. When the *Cygnets* arrived near Acapulco the citizens were expecting her arrival. Had the buccaneers but filled their provision casks at once, and proceeded to a cruising station off Cape Corrientes, they could not have failed of meeting with her. Had they met her, they would probably have taken her. Had they taken her, they would have shared some £2000 apiece, in addition to the merchandise. It was not to be. The brisk Captain Townley wasted some precious time trying to cut out a ship from Acapulco. Then some more precious time was wasted in collecting provisions at places where there was little to collect. By the time the *Cygnets* was ready to cruise for the galleon, that golden ark was safe in harbour, under the guns of a fort.

After a few more profitless adventures, Captain Townley

parted company. Swan then proposed that the *Cygnet* should proceed to the East Indies to cruise "off the Manila's." He had no intention of "cruising" there; but without a lure of the kind his men would never have consented; for "some thought, such was their ignorance, that he would carry them out of the World; for about 2 thirds of our Men did not think there was any such Way to be found," as the Way across the Pacific to Guahan and the Philippines. It needed a siren tongue to convince such worthies that there was no danger of falling over an Edge. The thought of a cruise among the Philippines was pleasing to most, but this same Edge was new to their experience. Even when the Edge theory had been exploded, there were other difficult and knotty problems. They did not know how long a passage they might have. Cavendish had made it in forty-four, and Drake in sixty-eight days, but the English books reckoned the distance to be but 6000 miles, whereas all the Spanish "waggoners" made it 7000, or more. Even if it were but 6000 miles they had scarcely enough food to carry them so far. "We had not 60 day's provision, at a little more than half a pint of Maiz a day for each Man, and no other Provision, except three meals of salted *Jew-fish*; and we had a great many Rats aboard, which we could not hinder from eating part of our Maiz." However, "the hope of gain" worked "its Way through all Difficulties." The men tightened their belts and promised themselves a good dinner when they got ashore. The maize was divided between the *Cygnet* and the little bark, her consort. At the end of March 1686, they took their departure from Cape Corrientes, and stood out into the unknown, towards terrible phantasmal Edges, dinnerless days, and defenceless Manila galleons.

"In all this Voyage," says Dampier, "we did not see one Fish."

Following Dampier's example, we shall not trouble the reader "with an account of each day's run," but hasten "to the less known parts of the world." The hungry buccaneers made Guahan on the 20th May. "It was well for Captain Swan that we got sight of it before our

Provisions was spent, of which we had but enough for three days more, for, as I was afterwards informed, the Men had contrived, first to kill Captain Swan and eat him when the Victuals was gone, and after him all of us who were accessory in promoting the undertaking this Voyage." Captain Swan made a seasonable jape on the occasion of his hearing this. "Ah, Dampier," he said, "you would have made them but a poor Meal," for "I" (explains Dampier) "was as lean as the Captain was lusty and fleshy."

At Guahan the pirates received a present of six Hogs, "most excellent Meat," the best that Dampier "ever eat." Having eaten them, they salted some fifty more, and "steered away" for Mindanao, where they anchored on July 18, 1686.

When they arrived at Mindanao, most of the seamen had had enough of roving. They "were almost tired, and began to desire a *quietus est*," for they had had a long cruise, and Captain Swan had "ridden them down like you ride the main tack," which means that "for the least offence" he had "punished" them with rope's ends or duckings, or with towing over the side. "Indeed Captain Swan had his Men as much under Command as if he had been in a King's Ship." It was now open to him to retrieve his credit by establishing a trade at Mindanao. He could easily have obtained cloves and nutmegs there in any quantity; for the Mindanayans were eager to make an alliance with the English, and would have given him "good Pennyworths" for the £5000 in gold which he had brought with him. He seems to have had some intention of establishing such a spice trade; but it came to nothing. His men made merry ashore "with their Comrades and Pagallies," and Captain Swan made bargains with the Raja, who fooled him to the top of his bent, and sponged upon him. By-and-by the crew became mutinous, "all for want of action." They took to selling the iron ballast for honey and arrack "to make Punch"; so that the ship was soon "by the ears," with all hands "drunk and quarrelsome." Then a young man came upon the Captain's private journal "in which Captain

Swan had inveighed bitterly against most of his Men." This was enough to draw the mutiny to a head. The sailors were ready for anything. "Most of them despaired of ever getting home and therefore did not care what they did, or whither they went." It struck them that they would have less worry if they sailed elsewhere, leaving Captain Swan with his Raja. They got some of their drunken mates aboard, and so set sail, leaving Captain Swan, with thirty-six others, ashore at Mindanao. The Raja kept Captain Swan for a little while, and then caused him to be upset from a canoe into the river, and stabbed as he strove to swim ashore. That was the end of Captain Charles Swan.

As for the *Cygnet*, with the "mad Crew," she sailed from island to island at the sweet will of the thirsty souls aboard her. She made a prolonged stay at one of the Batan group "which we called Bashee Island, from a Liquor which we drank there plentifully every day." "Indeed," says Dampier, "from the plenty of this Liquor, and their plentiful use of it, our Men called all these Islands the *Bashee* Islands."

But even of Bashee there came satiety. After some weeks they determined that "Bashee drink" was vanity; so they "weigh'd from there," and wandered as far as Australia, and then stood west for Sumatra. Presently they reached the Nicobar Islands, where Dampier and two others went ashore, having had enough of such shipmates. The *Cygnet's* men made some demur at their landing; but at last agreed to let them go; so that on "a fine clear Moon-light Night," as the newly landed men were walking on the sands, they "saw her under Sail," going out upon some further madness. They watched her go, and thanked their stars that they were quit of her.

"This mad fickle Crew were upon new Projects again." They were going to Persia, no less; but they never got there. They had to put in to the Coromandel coast for water, and here "the main Body were for going into the Mogul's Service." "It was what these men had long been thinking and talking of as a fine Thing," so now they put it into practice. They throve mightily in the Mogul's

service; but they could not remain in it for very long. Most of them crept back to the coast, to ship themselves elsewhere, and some "went up and down Plundering the Villages," till the Mogul's hair was gray. Those who stayed by the *Cygnets* tried to take her to the Red Sea. On the way they took a rich Portuguese ship, which they gutted. Later on, some of the *Cygnets*' men went off with a New York slaver; and at last the whole crew left her, in order to go to Achin, "having heard there was plenty of Gold there." Some sailors of another vessel "undertook to carry her for England"; but she was old and rotten; and her days above sea were numbered. "In St. Augustin's Bay in Madagascar" her crew went ashore, having broken their hearts at her pumps ever since they joined her. In St. Augustin's Bay she slowly filled to her port-sills, and at last sank gracefully, her little blue vane still fluttering, to puzzle the mermaids with her cargo of silk stockings.

One cannot regard the *Cygnets* as one regards other famous ships, such as the *Pelican*, the *Revenge*, the *Centurion*, the *Victory*, the *Resolution*, and the *Red Jacket*. If one thinks of her at all, it is with a smile, or with equally ineffectual sentiment. For our part we think of her with some affection as the home of William Dampier, the thoughtful, handsome buccaneer who has written her history with such charm and humour.

The Day's Doings of a Nobody—III

7th March, 1906

7.30.—Rose with a dreadful sense of the vacuity which is the plague of elderly epicureans. Shook my fist at the cut of the philosopher who stare'd placidly into the room and seem'd to say: "I am but the shadow of a name: a man reported to have written books. I have never influence'd you. You rejoice'd in your youth before you heard of me, and you are brought to judgment." So be it, thought I. But how shall I describe the day's doings

The Day's Doings of a Nobody 255

of an empty man? Sylvanus will be like Bacchus in the epigram :

The bibber Xenophon brings an empty pot
For thy acceptance, Bacchus. More he hath not.

Yet Sylvanus richly deserves his gift, for he is the very counterpart of Bacchus. Did he not in the days of my youth out of his abundance stuff me with old songs and plays, and such heady short-liv'd joys, inciters themselves to riot and confusion? Let him take my empty pot then.

Bird flap y^r wing :
Canary, sing,
And bid y^r fool good-morrow.

8.o.—At breakfast I bewail'd my emptiness to an unsympathising audience. One recommended salts, another work.

“Why don't you get some more money, and go to wairk, like the other men, daddy?”

Our Bible reading was the incident of Achan, which hardly call'd forth any comment, except that the historian had not made it clear why the spoil of Jericho was accurst, and that of Ai was not. We opine'd that Israel's treasury was empty after their years in the wilderness, and wanted filling, and that unusual measures were necessary for that purpose.

Our second reading was from the “*Faerie Queen*,” the slaughter of the giant by Arthur. I am afraid to say that we laught at it, and compare'd it with Odysseus and Polyphemos in the *Odyssey*, much to its disadvantage. Polyphemos, like many others to be found in the actual wanderings of Odysseus, is indeed monstrous; but Homer by the insertion of a large number of credible details, such as his domestic arrangements, his behaviour in pain, his measures to prevent the escape of Odysseus, wins acceptance for his monster. But in Spenser's *Allegory* neither persons nor circumstances are credible or plausible; and the narrative is trickt out with shreds and patches torn from classics and Italians. Homer's is an orderly romance; Spenser's a disorderly classic.

I remember, however, taking a lodging in London for

a month so that I might read the "Faerie Queene"; and I read it through, as I daresay many a young man did before me, with great delight. How absurd, then, is it to condemn what young folk love!

8.45.—Went into the garden to meet the sun of spring and the breath of spring, which certainly comes before March 21. If the year is to be divided into four equal seasons, it will be found that the calendar months in groups of three make the best division. March, April, and May should be call'd spring; June, July and August, summer; and so on. This division best expresses the average temperature as given in "Whitaker's Almanack," and of course roughly coincides with vegetable procedure, which is dependent on temperature, and lastly is convenient.

Well! division or not, here were arabis, and crocus, and squill flowering for the forty-eighth time: and I fell to sowing parsnip-seed, with a sad sense that the late mild February had made the parsnips sprout too soon, and we should have no parsnip-wine this year, which is a pity; for there is much cheap drunkenness therein.

But other things were sprouting now; notably, campanulas of the harebell section, promising their pretty little clear expanses of blossom; bloody crane's-bill and poet's narcissus; late tulips and English iris. Fire away, old sun! You are neither much bigger nor smaller than you look, as Lucretius says; but you are good enough. Fire away, and we shall respond.

9.10.—Turn'd to Homer, who is always good, as God is good. Horace, happy in his epithets, has, if I remember rightly, called Cynara, Numa and Homer "good," meaning kindly. Cynara, no doubt, show'd Horace round a woman's little world, and gave him of the best there. Numa gave the Romans the best part of themselves, their civility, their enduring institutions, or, if he didn't give them, he receive'd them, which in the case of dead men is pretty much the same thing.

How easily one can imagine the return of reciter or rhapsode to the college of the Homeridæ, to some centre of the written text, with his tales of success and failure of

The Day's Doings of a Nobody 257

this part or that of the poem ! How new poets were born to recite new glories, to extend, and to prune ! How all these poets submerg'd their genius, their crudities, jealousies, peculiarities, under the deep-flowing gentle language ! When one has thought of this, and of the quick child-like audience, he will find the comparison of Homer with God not unapt. Yes ! he is not only as good, but as great as his god. For what does Zeus say about his cord from heaven ?

And then if it should be my will to haul it cheerily ;
The very earth itself I'd haul, I'd haul the very sea :
And on Olympus give the cord a turn about a crag
And make it fast and everything should hang upon that snag ;
So much am I above the gods, so much above all men.

But Homer hangs all this up, and Zeus too, for us to look at.

10.0.—On my way to the Library I pass'd an early funeral, which took my thoughts to the common sense of Homer. So far as I know Death is nothing to him more than Death. Whereas later men have call'd it all sorts of things, such as a Sleep, an Awakening, a Departure, a Beginning, and so on ; these are of course all absurd names ; the thing admits of no definition, because it is nothing to the dier ; to the onlooker, a dead man. Homer so looks at it when he calls it " full-stretcht death " or " horrid death." There is of course a life for the dead ; but it is a poor sort of affair, as Achilles dead says to Odysseus. Their life is but the memory of them among the living. " A living dog is better than a dead lion." So thinking, I reacht the Library, where I read Mr. Morley's " Rousseau " with great pleasure. He shouldn't have notice'd that some people find parts of the " Confessions " nauseous. How could they be confessions otherwise ? I have not read many of these modern Lives ; only this " Rousseau " and Lord Rosebery's " Pitt " lately ; but, judging from these examples, the writers suppose a great amount of knowledge on the part of the average reader, more than he has indeed.

12.30.—Home to dinner, without meeting any acquaint-
ccc—2104—April '06

ance except the sunshine, which took me out again as soon as dinner was over, and many other people too.

1.30.—Here I am in this daisy-studded meadow alone with this cow and a shining sun. The grass is growing apace and making the farmer happy. The elms have started luxuriantly to make the landlord happy. I write my letters here; I read a little on a sun-glorified page; I walk slowly so that I may not lose a single sight. What greater bliss is laid up for man? None. This is what Jesus offer'd and Dr. Johnson scorn'd. And the beauty of it is that the sun will set and the cold evening come, and then the Doctor will have his turn of worship. "There is a time for everything." These Surrey fields in the neighbourhood of London are extremely pleasant. Though they have not an edging of pied violets and primroses and ferns like a Wilts or Dorset mead, but only show ivy and ground-ivy and cuckoo-pint, yet one does not compare one with another as he does in Dorset. No! they receive their glory from their contrast with London itself. They welcome the pale clerk, the wearied trampler of the streets, or the brain-sick bookworm, and give him the song of birds, and trees and flowers. They receive on all days but Saturday and Sunday the solitary artist and give him the solitude he feeds on. And these good folk can shrink back in a twinkle to the warm caresses of the town, that many-voice'd mother who is suppose'd to destroy her own offspring. If she does so, she kills them very pleasantly; for they all love her.

Yet, after all, the first business of meadows is neither to re-create clerks and poets; it is to grow grass. And this very meadow so fair to look on is not very good at its business; for it is cover'd with moss, thro' lack of manure; and this moss I fill my pockets with for my canary's nests, and so go home to tea.

5.0.—At tea and after we could not talk about books, because the day had been so fine, but only about sunshine and clouds and birds and flowers. My boy did indeed produce his essay, which I hope'd might show the influence of my teaching. It was on "The Duty of Society to Old Age." His style was distinct. He advocated the

slaughter of old folk when they became unpleasant to the young. I could only warn him that the examiner might be old, and take immediate toll for his murderous design by docking him of marks, and, after all, he himself might not succeed in killing a single old man.

7.0.—To Homer again, where I notice'd a great number of unfamiliar words in the speech of Phœnix to Achilles; the speech is certainly by another hand than that which wrote the preceding speeches. Coming across the name of Marpessa in it, I thought of reading Mr. Phillips' poem, which a friend gave me a little while ago, and did so.

I see the poet, like many a good man before him, has turn'd Apollo into the sun, which seems to get on very well without Marpessa; nor do I think the staunchest upholder of the pathetic fallacy will find any sadness in him; only spots sometimes. And he does extremely well by himself what he promise'd the girl should do. She naturally chooses the man, not knowing what to make of the sun as a lover; not even Mr. Connard has shown him eye-ing the girl. She naturally and prettily chooses the man, and sent me to bed contented.

The Rise and Growth of the Memoir in England

THE historical memoir or chronicle diary or autobiographical memoir, if we may distinguish these forms from the scientific memoir and the biographical memoir, is one of the rare products of literary art (the novel and short story are others), in regard to which we owe little or nothing to Roman or Hellenic prototypes.

The seeming exceptions in the case of Xenophon and Cæsar, to whom we might possibly be inclined to add Suetonius, are manifestly of that order which prove the rule. From the days of Villehardouin and Joinville, who supply us with the most interesting links to be found

between the early mediæval chronicle and the later mediæval memoir, France has been essentially the home of memoir-writing. From this fact we may surely deduce the early won and obstinately maintained superiority of the French historian. For memoirs supply the red blood of history, and it is upon their skilful and discriminating use that the hold of that supreme art, next to poetry, over the heart, as distinguished from the brain, of mankind pre-eminently depends. When the Duchess of Marlborough was at pains to search out the premier historian and biographer of the day to write the life of her illustrious husband, she was compelled to have recourse to Mallet, a man, as Buckle justly remarks, unworthy to dust the shelves of a good French historian. After a good prose instrument, or vehicle for what he has to say, nothing is more important to the historian than the question of a good supply of memoir blood for his narrative. With regard to the development of the memoir itself, it is similarly a question, first of medium and then of milieu.

Thus the seventeenth century, which witnessed the making of French prose and the first great effervescence of capital, court and cabinet life between Versailles and Paris, is naturally the golden age of the French memoir. In England we had to wait until Addison and Swift had prepared the way, for the golden age of Walpole, Hervey, the Montagues, and Fanny Burney to arrive. The milieu was there in perfection from 1660, if not a century earlier; but the perfected prose was not yet ready; and consequently we get all kinds of tentative essays in this country, long before the rise of Dangeau or the supremacy of his *supplément*, the ever-memorable Duc de Saint-Simon. As with the novel, the memoir seems to require a long preparation, it postulates the fertilising compost of a ripe nationality and it seems to do best when there is a strong suspicion of afternoon about the literary and political atmosphere. French and English soil have proved themselves peculiarly congenial to these specially modern forms of literary art. And, in both cases, as it happens, the French product has anticipated the English by the best part of three-quarters of a century. Thus the *Princesse*

de Clèves appeared in 1678, *Pamela* in 1740. Saint-Simon commenced his observations in the sixteen-nineties, Walpole his in the seventeen-fifties. With the consolidation of the new nations under almost despotic princes which began with Louis XI., the courts of the European sovereigns attained to a new importance and splendour. They became the cynosure of all eyes, the fountain of all promotion, the focus of every intrigue. With their rise sprang up the race of memoir-writers, and it is natural enough that the original home of the great race should have been at Versailles. Burnet supplies us with a kind of uncouth echo from the court of St. James's; Charles Lamb delighted in his prattle, "full of scandal, which all true history is."

It is characteristic of the last twenty-five years of the sixteenth century, which saw so many experiments both in life and in literature, that it should witness the rude commencements of this delightful art of memoir-writing in the modern sense among us in England.

What differentiates the memoir from the annalistic chronicle or life is, of course, the personal element. And in proportion as a distinctive personal element pervades the memoir, the memoir recedes from the arid region inhabited by mere annalists and approaches to the elysium of the creative artists who reign over the world of *belles lettres*. It is, as we have already hinted, a curious fact that, apart from the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, the "Commentaries" of Cæsar, and the "Twelve Cæsars" of Suetonius, the memoir as thus defined can hardly be said to have existed in ancient literature. Through mediæval literature it is also, as a whole, conspicuous by its absence; with the dawn of the Renaissance we have the nearest approach to it in the memoirs of Philip de Comines. As, however, the Valois period developed and then waned and merged in the rise of the house of Bourbon, the memoir suddenly sprang into full activity and vigour in the land which was to become pre-eminently its home. Witness the memoirs of Margaret de Valois, Paradin, De Thou, Villeroy, the Duc de Nevers, Montluc, Saulx-Tavannes, Marillac, the Duc de Bouillon, Brantôme, Sully, Pont-

chartrain, Bassompierre, and the French Luttrell, Pierre d'Estoile, all illuminating this period—among many other equally renowned memoirists.

The translations of Cæsar, Xenophon and Comines, by Philemon Holland, Thomas Danet and others, must have had a considerable influence upon the literary mind in England at a time when foreign influences were so pervasive. The dramatists of the time, Shakespeare to some extent in *Love's Labour's Lost*, but much more Chapman in his Biron trilogy, kept an attentive eye upon French politics and French history as it was already being poured out by D'Aubigny, De Thou, and Pierre Matthieu. But the sudden outburst of memoir writing in England at the close of Elizabeth's reign can certainly not be ascribed wholly to the influence of imitation. It is merely another piece of evidence of the stored-up literary energy, originality, and versatility of the English people at this extraordinary period. We endeavour to explain it all, as we try to explain the great upspring of the Elizabethan drama by the isolated national position of England, by the elation of its people in their recent emancipation from the fear of foreign subjection, both military and ecclesiastical, in their momentary freedom from political and religious strife, in their consciousness of a widened universe and of great destinies for their race in the way of oversea dominion. And we add to this the immense stimulus given to mental activity by the Renaissance and the acquisitions made by the discovery of printing for what may be termed the five arms of thought.

All these explanations are more or less inadequate. In the case of memoirs it is obvious that what is required, quite apart from literary stimulus, is a highly organised and to a large extent highly artificial state of society. It is difficult to conceive memoirs of the highest order of interest and merit emanating from a pastoral or rudely republican state of society in which wealth and political power are fairly equally distributed. Three centuries of experience in this special literary *genre* serve rather to demonstrate that the best memoirs are hatched in the atmosphere of a more or less despotic court and a highly

centralised capital, and that the ingenuity and malice of the memoir-writers is stimulated by the existence of hostile parties or personal factions. The bias thus imparted to memoirs in their capacity as historical documents need not be detrimental to the cause of historical truth. The bias for instance of the Norths and of Bishop Burnet, of Swift, of Hervey, and of Walpole, the peeping proclivities of Mr. Pepys, the *lues Boswelliana*, the strange mendacity of Wraxall and the more insidious prejudice of Greville can all be accurately appraised and allowed for. Whatever danger there is, is far more than counterbalanced by the vivid colouring which history is enabled to borrow from the pages of memoirs and from no other source. Two of the greatest historians of modern times, Lord Macaulay and S. R. Gardiner, have been indebted in an especial degree to memoirs for the effects which they have been able to produce. The astonishing picturesqueness of the Napoleonic epoch is due to its marvellous richness in this form of historical illustration. History before the growth of memoirs is nearly allied to the lapidary inscription; it is the infusion of memoir-blood which makes it really to live and move and have its being before us. Written by men full of faults about other men like unto themselves they enable us to drink large, undiluted draughts of the elixir of past times.

Another and deeper reason for the rich development of the memoir as a form of literary expression in the closing years of the sixteenth century was the decay of the hierarchical system of the middle ages and the growth, as an outcome of Renaissance and rationalistic ideas, of individual personality. With the emergence of the individual from the corporation, and with the growth of a complex social aggregate such as that of London in which statesmen, courtiers, lawyers, men of letters, soldiers, merchants, sea-merchants, foreigners, artists, and men of novel trades and professions were churned together in a social amalgam, the complexity of which had been undreamed of in any mediæval state, comment and gossip are no longer confined to the ante-chamber and the

village church porch. Every city tavern and ordinary, and a little later coffee-house, becomes a manufactory of criticism, suggestion and comment, and a place for its interchange. In such a society gossip is raised to a higher power and seeks expression in the form of memoir.

Chateaubriand tried to define the characteristics which made the French memoir such a brilliant and entertaining literary product. The Frenchman he explains is vain, light and sociable, he reflects but little upon the combination, the *ensemble*, of events, but he observes the details of them with a minute curiosity, and his survey of them is prompt, accurate and unprejudiced. Then he likes to be always upon the scene, and he is reluctant to vanish behind, like the historian. Memoirs enable his natural genius to expand. In the memoir he reports his observations, often subtle and sometimes profound, without ever quitting the footlights. . . I was there . . . the king said to me. . . I informed the prince. . . I advised this. . . As I had foreseen. . . In this way his *amour propre* is satisfied, and he exhibits his pretty wit before his reader, and his desire to appear clever and ingenious often makes him so in reality. The method, too, enables him to retain his enthusiasms; he is free to consult his opponents and to rally his own party. He is in a position freely to exercise all his ingenuity, his spirit of revenge, his malice and his wit.¹

This diagnosis of the qualities which must be inherent in a great memoir-writer is not, perhaps, profound. For it must be remembered that as memoir-writers the English come in a very good second to the French, and they have not these qualities of levity, sociability and airy malice so exceptionally developed. But for all that it is highly suggestive. It brings into relief the fact that memoir-writing is a late, complex and artificial form of literary art perfection in which depends upon a multitude of highly artificial conditions.

¹ Walpole gives us the same impression *à merveille*: "Pope gave Lady Mary the Homer he used in translating. I have got it. It is a small edition by Wetstein. *Here it is!* She wrote that little poem in the blank leaves. She was a spiteful creature; and oh! so dirty!"

Memoir, even as we began by restricting it, is still a very elastic term, including autobiographical diary (Pepys), diurnal of occurrences (Luttrell), and a worked-up chronicle of contemporary events (Walpole). The best specimens¹ contain all three elements, as in St. Simon; and in Elizabethan times we already can recognise specimens of each species. In the first class we have Simon Forman, Manningham, Dee, Gerard, Wilbraham and Young; in the second, D'Ewes, Henslowe, Camden and Bodley; in the third, Warwick, Melville, Bannatyne, Spottiswoode, Baillie, and other Scots Annalists, to whom we might perhaps add Cary and Winwood. Most of them are somewhat rudimentary as regards development: the more self-conscious form, such as the literary memoir and the confession, are almost absent, though we get something tentative or approximate in Casaubon's *Ephemerides* and Sir Tobie Matthew's *Diary* of his Conversion. They are, nevertheless, of much interest both from their intrinsic value and from the literary influence of a much-needed kind which they must have exercised upon narrative prose.

A very typical diary in which records of a few salient historical events are diversified by multitudes of notices of persons of social distinction with personal details, portents, and records of sermons, in the summarising of which nearly all the diarists of the period show an abnormal skilfulness, is the diary of John Manningham,

¹ Of the minor diarists that of Sir Thomas Bodley (1545-1613) is brief and somewhat formal in character; Henslowe's is a professional diary and playbook by the notorious dramatic manager; Alexander Daniel's from 1617 onwards is mainly genealogical, chronological and local in character; Dr. Dee's is a learned professional diarial with quaint memorabilia of his Life; Sir Thomas Hoby's, which closes early in 1654, is largely composed of travel notes; the Scottish Memoirs are very valuable historically, especially in ecclesiastical matters, and they have been largely incorporated by Calderwood and other later historians. The most curious of them is the "Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland," by David Moyses, for many years an officer in the King's Household (Edinburgh ed: Ruddiman). The little-known Diary of Nicholas Assheton of Downham, in Lancashire, concerning the years 1617-1618 is taken up for the most part with description of fox-chases, sermons, and deep potations.

a gentleman of Bradbourne, Kent, and of the Middle Temple, who discussed Queen Elizabeth's illness with her chaplain, Dr. Parry, collected much gossip in the Temple Hall, recorded his impressions of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* on Feb. 2, 1601-2, and died some twenty years later. His closely written and compact diary, after lying obscurely in the Harleian Collection for over two hundred years, was detected by the keen eye of Mr. Collier as containing a Shakespeare reference in 1831, and thirty-seven years later was transcribed and edited by Mr. Bruce. Apart from the frequent allusions to legal luminaries there are many other interesting anecdotes and personalia in these long-forgotten pages. The book begins with a list of the *empresaes* or devices and mottoes hung up in the gallery at Whitehall. It will be remembered that Shakespeare was occasionally in demand as an inventor of such mottoes. Manningham himself had a keen taste for smart sayings, and his note-book is full of them. "I came rawe into the world, but I would not goe out rosted" said one that ment to be noe martyre." "Ha! the diuel goe with thee," said the Bishop of L. to his boule when he himselfe ran after it." The legal mirth of those days appears to have been more enlivening than it is at present.

The unfortunate Overbury comes before us inconsiderate and impetuous. Ben Jonson flits across the page. Of Marston there is a disagreeable anecdote which has not been left unnoticed by poetical antiquaries. There is the now familiar anecdote of Shakespeare and "Burbidge" in *Richard III*. Sir Thomas Bodley and Lord Deputy Mountjoy are alluded to. There is an excellent account of an interview with old Stow the antiquary, a valuable glimpse of the Cromwell family during the boyhood of the Protector, and references, some of them of importance, to Sir Walter Raleigh, to his foolish friend Lord Cobham, to the wizard Earl of Northumberland, and of course many allusions to the Cecils, both to Sir William and to the youngest son, to whom, according to the joke which is here preserved, his father's wisdom descended as if it had been held by

the tenure of Borough-English. Some of Manningham's descriptions of the preachers whom he patronised are most realistic. "At Paules," he wrote in 1602, "one preached with a long browne beard, a hanging look, a gloating eye, and a tossing, learing gesture. In the afternoon at Foster Lane, one Clappam, a blacke fellow with a sour look, but a good spirit, bold and sometimes bluntly witty," and he preached about Rahab—a queer text and queer sermon.

Sir Roger Wilbraham, of the old Cheshire family, Master of Requests to Queen Elizabeth, died in 1616. He was at Gray's Inn with Bacon and was knighted at the same time as Sir Julius Cæsar by James I., at Greenwich, soon after his arrival in London. A lawyer, and a man of affairs, who sat in Parliament under James I., and had official and judicial experience in Ireland, Wilbraham's comments are not those of the man in the street, but are judicious and carefully weighed. His abstracts of speeches in Parliament are full of interest, and confirm the subserviency of tone adopted towards Elizabeth to the very close of her reign. His account of her and of James's accession, and his attempt to compare their characters, show that he had some literary ambition in inditing his Journal. He has a good deal to say about Oxford. But a typical passage is his summing up of the character of Lord Salisbury upon his death in May 1612. "He more than a president was alpha and omega in Councill; he solie managed all forren affaires, especialli Ireland; he directed Parliament: he managed all the revenew and greatest affaires of the King, Queen, Prince and Duke of York; he found the coffers emptie: yet by his invencions and that especiallie by inhausing the Customs, for which he was much maligned, he supported the crowne 5 yeres; he built 3 incomparable howses: of bountie in all expenses magnanimous corage, infinite in witt and pollicie, admirable to all men in eloquence upon the sodaine: depe secrett & prudent in councell: & quid non: *deo servus mihi patronus*"¹

¹ Wilbraham's *Diary* has recently been edited for the Royal Historical Society by H. Spencer Scott. A good many of the legal and literary

John Rous, a respectable clergyman, from Emmanuel, Cambridge, a native of Hessett in Suffolk, appointed minister, in James I.'s reign, of Weeting and Santon Downham, began diarising before 1612, but most of his original drafts are lost. From his loophole in the country he observed and recorded and collected materials in a small way. He was no partisan, a fair scholar, hostile to the Duke of Buckingham and to all Papists, but generally inclined to be tolerant. You shall see a lively account by him of Buckingham's assassination, and some rather gruesome details of William Utting, the toad-eater; he describes how a friend saw him devour two toads for the small reward of one groat: how his stomach, after several essays, finally held them and he got his groat: but for further particulars he refers us to his long red notebook.

Another diarist of the same class is Walter Yonge. He commenced his diary very soon after Elizabeth's death; it was found quite by accident at Taunton among a lot of old books; came into possession of George Roberts, the Lyme Regis antiquary, and was edited by him in 1848.

It is a good specimen of the common sense and wide information possessed by a West Country puritan justice of the peace in the south of Devon under James I. Walter Yonge was of good family and had good connections, hence he was able to glean a surprising amount of political and general intelligence, though he is not altogether free from the imputation of credulity (see p. 12 and p. 70). Great events, like the death of the great Queen, the accession of James, the Hampton Conference, the Gunpowder Plot, the deaths of Raleigh and Buckingham, are commented upon. These diaries of Wilbraham, Rous, and Yonge, are comparatively of humble and local interest, but they show the kind of simultaneous instinct by which educated people in every grade began recording events, in a more or less systematic way, about this time, with a kind of half-suppressed con-
 entries had to be abridged to save expense in printing. A somewhat similar production of a later date is the *Analecta Fairfaxiana* of Charles Fairfax (still unprinted).

sciousness that they were living upon a great stage in which events momentous in their interest to posterity might occur at any time. A human sentiment!

One of the most interesting, and typical in many respects, of the personal narratives of the period is the Latin Autobiography of Father John Gerard. A much persecuted Jesuit, he managed to escape from England about 1606, and then set to work and wrote a detailed account of the Gunpowder Plot—an account exculpatory of the Catholics as a whole, and specially designed to exonerate and indeed to beatify Father Garnet—Saint Garnet, as Yonge indignantly declares that the Papists call him. About three years after this he wrote his very interesting “Autobiography,” first translated from the original Latin in its entirety in 1871. How vividly in this does the poor man describe the torture of the gauntlets to which he was subjected in the Tower. He was so tall that, after hanging him from the highest staple in the crypt, they had to dig the ground under his feet. He describes the cramping pain in breast, belly, arms and hands, and the feeling that blood was bursting out of his fingers and from the back of his hands. What a homely touch is that in which he describes his soft-hearted gaoler wiping the sweat from his face and entreating him “to tell the gentlemen” what they desired to extort from him so cruelly. We have an extraordinary picture of the fanaticism—I suppose that is the proper word—of this devoted man, playing hide and seek with the priest-baiters, such as Topcliffe and Anthony Munday, the Balladino of the *Case is Altered*, feeing the gaoler who put his fetters on, but refusing to give him anything for taking them off, shuffling about in these fetters in his narrow cell until the rust wore off and they became as bright as polished steel, and jangling them noisily so that they might drown the sound of Geneva psalms going on beneath him.

Robert Carey’s account of the circumstances of Elizabeth’s death will always possess interest. A grandson of Mary Boleyn, the Queen’s Aunt, he was always rather a favourite, and when he went to see the queen at Richmond, in March 1603, he was promptly admitted and

found her sitting low upon her cushions ; in anticipation of her death he made his arrangements, and in spite of the watchfulness of the guards managed to escape from the closed palace and to reach Holyrood, notwithstanding a bad kick from his horse, upon the third day. For the moment he obtained his reward—a post about the king, but reflection upon the indecency of his haste led James eventually to revoke his appointment !

We come to much more deliberate and self-conscious attempts at self-presentation, and the manifestation of a distinct point of view in regard to the events and controversies of the day, in the more artificial and studied autobiographies of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Sir Simonds D'Ewes. Of the autobiography of Lord Herbert it is necessary to say very little. In the first place, it is more or less of a classic—every one has been amused by the diverting vanity and garrulity of the famous man—still hungry for more fame. In the second place, it is written rather later, though it deals of the events of Herbert's youth down to 1624 ; and in the third place, it is undoubtedly to a large extent a work of fiction. It has been well said that the contrast between the grounds on which Lord Herbert professed a desire to be remembered, and those on which he deserved to be remembered by posterity, gives his book its principal value.

“The Autobiography of Sir Symonds Dewes” is a distinct and very interesting type, linking the personal autobiography proper with the diurnal of occurrences, for it is in its inception an autobiography, based upon a diary. The diary begins to expand into some fulness at the time of Overbury's murder in 1613. D'Ewes was only about fourteen at the time, but he was a most precocious youth, and was in fact a born memoir-writer, like Horace Walpole—observant, close, censorious, narrow, indefatigable with his pen, very jealous and sensitive to the lightest offence, timid and devoid of masculine tastes. D'Ewes was a type of the white-blooded, Laodicean and rather feline diarist. He has perhaps been unduly attacked by Wood, Hearne, and other stalwart Tories, but he was certainly far from being a genial character.

With D'Ewes we are among the diurnalists—recorders and commentators from day to day, like Narcissus Luttrell, Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Delany, and Greville. Yet even in Jacobean times we have the *quid nuncs*, Sir Dudley Carleton (1573–1632), John Chamberlain (1553–1627), George Carew, Baron Carew, and Sir James Melville. And their letters, like those of Horry Walpole, are really memoirs under a very thin disguise, exhibiting the same extraordinary facility and diverting flow of casual everyday narrative. Carleton's style is exceptionally clear and fluent; few writers have surpassed him in making his meaning obvious without effort and without unnecessary verbiage; and of all his correspondents the most kindred spirit is John Chamberlain, of Trinity College, Cambridge. Both were University men who had travelled widely, and Carleton especially had a keen insight into all the intricacies and delicacies of diplomatic life. Both were eclectics, humourists in a quiet way, connoisseurs and gossips.

Sir Robert Naunton (1563–1635) was an inveterate old courtier of the Tudor *régime*, who warily and stealthily made his way to the secretaryship mainly by the sufferance of Buckingham. From that point of view, in a few intervals of leisure, he made notes upon the characters of his contemporaries and predecessors in office. These he worked up in Charles's reign into his "Fragmenta Regalia," which is interesting as a link between characters and memoirs proper, and also as foreshadowing the elaborate characters which later artists, such as Clarendon, Burnet, Hervey and Hume, inwrought with so happy an effect.

The well-known court memoirists of the first two Stuart Kings, whose gossip, so closely kneaded with malice that it often better deserves the title of scandal, has proved simply invaluable to the portrait-painters of that historic area, did most of their writing later than 1620, with the exception, of course, of Sir Thomas Overbury. "The crumbes fall'n from King James's table" which that unfortunate wit collected must have been put together, at any rate, by 1613. Many of these sayings are

famous for their double edge, such as the maxim from King James's mouth that he that is vain and foolish of himself becomes more so by the addition of learning. Sir Anthony Weldon in his "Court and Character of King James," written probably about 1650, gives us a selection of the pleasanter traits of the English Solomon than those which have become proverbial. He was, says Weldon, "very witty, and had as many ready witty jests as any man living, at which he would not smile himself, but deliver them in a grave and serious manner." Even more friendly to James in intention are the "Memoirs," written perhaps a year or two earlier, by Dr. Godfrey Goodman (edited first by J. S. Brewer, 2 vols., 1839), in which the good bishop deplors that he must tax his good old master while being a king, and having so much employment and business in state affairs, for having taken upon himself to write controversies in religion—nay more, to expand the apocalypse. The scandalous "Traditional Memoirs" of Francis Osborne, the "Aulicus Coquinariae" of Sir William Sanderson, the memoirs of David Lloyd and Winwood are approximately of the same date,¹ and not much later are the touching Diarial concerning the last days of Charles I. written by his sewer, Sir Thomas Herbert, or the contemporary memoirs of Sir Philip Warwick (first published in 1700), another faithful henchman of the royal martyr, to whose characters those of Guizot are profoundly indebted. Here is his first description of "O. P." "The first time that ever I took notice of Cromwell was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman; for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came one morning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking (whom I knew not), very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which

¹ Among similar memoirs in which events of the Civil War are diarised, it is sufficient to cite the famous *Short Memorials* of Lord Fairfax, and the spirited *Diary* from 1638 to 1648 of Sir Henry Slingsby. The famous biographical memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, Lucy Hutchinson, and the Duchess of Newcastle belong to another category.

seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain but not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hat-band, his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour; for the subject-matter would not bear much of reason; it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's who had dispersed libels against the queen for her dancing and such like innocent and courtly sports." This has the right ring of the memoir about it, and is a sign that we are rapidly approaching the age of Clarendon and Pepys, Wood and Aubrey, Evelyn and Hearne.

Reverting, for a moment, to one almost solitary type of the introspective memoir, and that in an exceedingly rudimentary form, which the post-Elizabethan age affords us, we come to the singular confession of that typical convert (see Stevenson's searching remarks on *id genus omne* in the viiith chapter in the "Book of the Donkey") Tobie Matthew.

Sir Tobie Matthew, "a very rare and worthy young gentleman," as Bacon called him, M.P. for St. Albans in 1604, decided soon after his election to visit Italy. He circumvented his parents by telling them that France was his objective—six months in France before the reassembling of Parliament to complete his education;—it sounded reasonable enough. They gave consent upon the express stipulation that Tobie should visit neither Italy nor Spain. He agreed to these conditions, but without any intention of abiding by them. He was converted at Florence in 1605, and while there he wrote the "True Historical Relation" of his conversion, which eventually passed into the possession of Dr. Neligan, and was described by him, but was not printed *in extenso* until 1904. After escaping from the supervision of relatives and friends, the mercurial Tobie soon made his way across France to Florence, and at Fiesole, in "a certain dark chapel," was greatly struck by the earnest devotion of a poor country fellow, the like of which a man might

travel long enough among Protestants in England in their country churches without observing. Soon afterwards he met with "another accident." An English gentleman, "not only a Protestant but of the purer sort" (that is, puritanically inclined), gave him a sensational account of the liquefaction of the "blood of one Januarius," which he had lately seen at Naples, "as distinctly as he saw mine eyes and my nose." At Rome he was impressed by the urbanity of those ecclesiastics whom he had been taught to regard as the traducers and denouncers of England and everything English. Father Parsons spoke to him most sympathetically of the learning and virtues of James I. Cardinal Pinelli, far from scorning his advances, told him that he might expect and should receive a double welcome, both because his country had been formerly one of the dearest children of God's Church, as also for that it had not forsaken the Catholic faith out of heresy and election, but only by the imposition and power of temporal Princes who had misguided themselves. This attitude of compassion and toleration surprised and touched him; still more perhaps the courtesy of the Cardinal, who refused to be seated while Tobie was standing. After this we can imagine there was little need for the theological arguments which resulted in due course in his "submission" to the Catholic Church at Florence. Before the end of March 1606, he went accordingly to a good religious Italian Father of the Society of Jesus, called Padre Lelio Ptolomei, by whose sermons he had been greatly edified that Lent. The Father advised him to confess and communicate weekly, by which means he said "the chimney would easily be kept swept." A blemish upon the taste of the "Relation" is the unsympathetic and almost inhuman account which Sir Tobie gives of his mother's death. She was wont, he says, to be "as busy with scripture as if it had been some glove upon her fingers' ends," but at the end "she went out of the world more like an ignorant child of four years old than like a talking scripturist of almost fourscore."

Such gossip memoir-writers as Warwick and Herbert, but still more in certain respects Sir Tobie, bring us

well nigh down to Aubrey, who is a specialist in the memoir almost supreme in his particular department. He began his extraordinary series of 400 Brief Lives in the capacity of a kind of lay help to the learned academic biographer, Antony à Wood, author of the "Athenæ Oxonienses." When Wood had done with his collectanea they were returned to Aubrey—sadly mutilated—and were eventually deposited in the Ashmolean. Now they are in Bodley's Library, where they were sorted out and carefully edited by Dr. Andrew Clark in 1898.

Aubrey, as we are enabled to picture him, can be described only as a delightful if incongruous blend of Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek, Jedediah Cleisbotham, and a descriptive reporter in a New York journal. With Mr. Pepys and James Boswell, he is one of the three consummate Paul Prys of English letters. His curiosity strongly anticipated that of some of the modern anthropologists and anthropometrists. Nothing had been seen to approach it since the days of Suetonius. It is to be regretted that his literary style was not commensurate with the greatness of his conceptions. Aubrey does not try to fathom or to explain greatness. He takes his heroes at the world's valuation. But he sees that although heroes, they are still men, with like weaknesses and absurdities to ourselves; and he points out what are to him, Aubrey an unprejudiced and incorruptible observer, the individual and peculiar traits or oddities of each one of them. Hobbes was a profound philosopher, no doubt, and Aubrey shared many of his opinions; but what Aubrey was anxious to inform the world about him was that he trod both his shoes aside the same way, that he was much afflicted when bald by flies, that his favourite diet was whittings, that he wore Spanish leather boots laced up the sides with black ribbons, and that in the middle of the night, when he believed that everybody else was fast asleep, he would sing prick-song with a loud voice in order to exercise his lungs. He well understood two most far-reaching axioms of the biographic art: (1) The need of avoiding history and generalities of all kinds. (2) That the best of men are but men at the best.

There is perhaps no greater danger to the biographer than that of being absorbed in the historian. And this opens up the important subject of the inter-relation between these two arts. To learn how to use the Memoir to the best advantage is one of the most important lessons that the historian has to learn. He cannot disregard it.

Sir George Cornwall Lewis, in his essay on Lord Cornwallis, makes some valuable remarks on the relative importance of memoirs and of documents written at the exact time when the occurrences take place. "A historical memoir," he says, "may be compared with a medal, which is intended as a reminiscence, while an official despatch is like a coin, which is intended for currency in mercantile transactions." Nevertheless, a coin, not less than a medal, can be used as an historical testimony, and it has this advantage, that it is absolutely trustworthy as far as it goes. Letters and despatches, like journals entered from day to day, have this advantage over memoirs, that they exhibit faithfully the impressions of the moment, and are written without the knowledge of the ultimate result. They are, therefore, more trustworthy than any narrative composed after the whole series of events has been worked out, at a time when the narrator is tempted to suppress, or has learnt to forget, the proofs of his own want of foresight. In fact, it is probably not far from the truth that the vivacity of a memoirist is in inverse proportion to his veracity. Saint-Simon himself could not possibly have had access to many of the speeches and occurrences which he delineates in such inimitable detail.

Yet, when all is said, the historian cannot, he dare not, afford to disregard the memoir; he must learn to dominate it. He must assemble his gossips around him—he must study their characters: he must get to know when they are speaking the truth, or when they think they are—he must know when they are speaking at first hand—he must know everything that is to be known about them. Here, if necessary, he must call in the aid of the literary historian; and if he treats biography properly, he will not see the biographer usurping his functions. It is most

important both for the present age of readers and for its posterity that the biographer should not poach upon the demesne of the historian proper. For nothing is more ruinous to his own art and mystery. It is the duty of every critic to keep the biographer off the historical "grass." On the other hand, it is an even more imperative duty to see that the historian makes an adequate use of the Memoir; for, without Memoir-blood, History abandons nature and enters a Museum of dried specimens. And it is the first duty of the historian to interpret, not Death, but Life.

Retrospective Reviews

Richard Robinson's "Eupolemia, Archippus, and Panoplia" (1603)

HOW did professional men of letters in Elizabethan days contrive to earn a livelihood? There is abundant evidence to show that even the most able and versatile among them were often put to their plunges; yet somehow (with occasional sojourns in the Counter) they succeeded in rubbing on. The greater part of their incomes was apparently derived from patronage—what we should now call begging; writing for the stage was no doubt a help to many; while here and there a scholar may have earned something as corrector of the press, though at a time when so few learned works were printed in this country, an income drawn from such a source must have been scanty and precarious. Lastly, they must have made something by the sale of the works themselves to the publishers.

Curiously enough, however, though the printers and stationers of the time were greatly concerned to protect their copyrights from infringement by others of the trade, we hear little or nothing of any rights which the authors themselves might be supposed to possess in their works, and there seems remarkably little evidence

as to the terms upon which publication took place or the profits which the writer of a work derived from it. That statements on the subject are as a rule so wanting in precision seems to give interest to an otherwise unimportant production, which happens to throw a few stray gleams of light both on this particular point and on the more general question of literary earnings at the time.

Had he not left behind him this particular manuscript, it might, I think, fairly be said that few, if any, persons who had written so much were of less importance in literary history than Richard Robinson. His works consist of translations and compilations, with few exceptions religious, without exception dreary reading; while of his life little is known, beyond the place of his residence, the fact that he was a freeman of the Leather-sellers Company, and that he was regarded with some favour by the veteran poet Thomas Churchyard, who prefixed a poem to one of his works and with whom he collaborated in translating Meteren's "*Historia Belgica*." That he is sometimes erroneously confused with a poet of the same name, but of a somewhat more robust temperament, who flourished a few years before him, fails to add even the interest of a controversy, so easy is it to discriminate between them.

The work by which Robinson deserves to be remembered is one from which he doubtless hoped, though it is to be feared he did not obtain, more immediate and tangible results, a petition, namely, to the sovereign, pointing out how well he had deserved of his country by his writings and how little profit he had made by them. Its importance lies in the fact that it is the only detailed account that has come down to us of the earnings by literature of any writer of the period. In this petition, originally intended for Queen Elizabeth, but presented after her death to King James, Robinson has left a carefully drawn up tabular statement of all his works, the persons by whom they were licensed, the number of editions and the printer by which each was executed, the person to whom each work—or each

edition—was dedicated, the amount which he received for the dedication, and the number of copies of the work which he himself sold to his friends.

This petition has never been printed, and though the manuscript, which is now in the British Museum (Royal MSS. 18 A. lxvi.), has been described in the "British Bibliographer" of 1810, vol. i. pp. 109-114, it seems to have been almost entirely forgotten in recent times. It consists of four parts, and opens with some dedicatory poems in Latin to Elizabeth and James I. These are followed by the "Eupolemia," the work to which I wish to call attention, and from which a few extracts will be given below. Next comes "Robinsons Archippus, or Souldyer agenst the flesh," a list of the various companies of soldiers mustered and trained in London and the suburbs in 1588 and 1599, the first being the famous Tilbury camp muster at the time of the Armada; the second, a less important gathering on the occasion of a false rumour of the coming of another Spanish fleet. The number of soldiers recruited from each district is given, together with the names of their captains. There is, further, a description of the "Forte and Skirmish made at Myles ende Greene" and of the camp at Tilbury. This part of the work includes also an account of the most noteworthy voyages from 1580-1598. The concluding section, which is called "Robinsons Panoplia, or Complett Harness Agenst the World," describes certain other works of his, and contains, in addition, a somewhat incomprehensible rigmarole entitled "Mercury Marr Jarr, Malice Scourge and Make Peace,"¹ and some prayers.

As I have already indicated, the "Eupolemia" is a list of Robinson's works² in tabular form, intended especially to show how much, or rather how little, he had gained by them. It will be sufficient to give three or four specimen entries as they stand in the original, and a few fragments of interest taken from others. It should

¹ The piece is intended as a defence against the charge of stealing a cloak from a gentleman's room in Clifford's Inn.

² Nineteen in number: ten in octavo and nine in quarto.

be mentioned that the original is ruled with red lines round the page, above and below the entries, and between the columns. Indeed, the whole manuscript is very elaborately turned out in a style intended to be ornamental, though the result is by no means commensurate with the labour that seems to have been expended upon it. All spare corners, margins, &c., are occupied with texts exhorting to liberality. These I omit.

The last entry which I give is followed by a long complaint of the unsympathetic treatment which Robinson met with from the Queen. It seems worth giving in part, as it is from this that most of our knowledge, such as it is, of the man himself is derived.

*Robinsons Eupolemia or good Warrfare agenst Satan the Devill, as the Capitall Enemy of Man Kynd: Conteyning all his Printed Worckes aswell in Octavo, as in Quarto, from the yeare of Oure Savioure 1576, Untill the yeare 1599. Vizt.*¹

Bookes in Octavo.

1576. (1) Certeyn Select Historyes for Christian Recreation translated oute of Latin prose into English verse with theyre severall and apte tunes.

1577. (2) Robinsons Ruby an Historicall fiction translated oute of Latin prose into English Verse: with the prayer of the moste Christian Poet Ausonius.

Allowance and Printing.

Perused and allowed by the Wardens of the Stationers: Printed by Henry Kingston in Pater noster Rowe: 4 sheetes printed.

Perused and allowed by the sayde Wardens; Printed by John Charlewood in the Barbican, conteyning 5 sheetes printed; who gave mee for the Copy 26 bookes.

Patrones and Benevolence.

Dedicated to Mr. Symon Roe, Master of the Company of the Lethersellers, wherof I am a free member: who gave mee for his booke 2^s vj^d and the Company vij^s vj^d more.

Dedicated to the Right Worshipfull Sr Willyam Winter Knight Surveyor of the Queenes Majestyes Navy: who gave mee for his benevolence 2 frenche Crownes. And I made benefit of 25 bookes mo.

¹ In transcribing these entries I have for convenience expanded the contractions of the MS., modernised the use of *u* and *v*, and made a few slight changes in punctuation.

Bookes in Quarto.

1590. (5) A proceeding in the harmony of King Davids Harp beynge a second portion of 13 Psalmes mo expounded by the sayde Auctor:¹ translated by mee oute of Latin into English and Commended by Mr. Ralff Wadington Schole master of Chrystes Church hospitall free grammer Schole in London.

Perused and allowed by the sayd Lord Bisshop of London his other Chapleyn Mr. Robt. Temple: Printed by John Wolffe aforesayde, conteyning 23 sheetes printed.

Dedicated by me to the R. Honorable Sr Christofer Hatton Knight Lord Highe Chancelor of England who gave me for his Booke dedicatory 6 Angels, iij^{li}. So that I bestowed very fewe of these Bookes abroad by reason of his liberality which kept mee from trubling my frendes abroad for one whole yeares space afterwarde.

1595. (7) A Third proceeding in the Harmony of King Davids Harpp beeyng a 4th portion of Psalmes in number 17 from the 45 unto the 62 expounded by the same Auctor: by mee translated into English, with the Commendations of Mr. Richard Mulcaster and Mr. Tho. Buckminster Preachers in London.

Perused & allowed by the sayde Lord B of London his Chapleyn Mr. Tho: Crowe and printed by Valentyne Symes at the charges of Richard Banckworth Stacyoner at the signe of the Sunne in Pawles Church yarde, conteyning 21 sheetes printed.

Dedicated by me unto yow my moste gracyus Soveraigne Lady, Queene ELIZABETH, your moste Excellent Majestie whome God long preserve to rule and raigne over us. I presented yt unto youre Highnes on all Sainctes day beeyng Saturday the first of November Anno 1595 at Richmond your Majestie then goyng to the Chappell in the morning.

Tanquam in fællicissimum (Deo annuente) omen et præsagium optatissimum, tunc boni eventus Anno sequente, 1596, contra Hispanos ad Cadiz expugnandos.

Cessit ex voto Victoria. Trino et Uni soli sit omnis Gloria.

It pleased your moste excellent Majestie to receyve this my pore labour gracyusly.

I pore man expected Comfort for the same deservingly.

O that yt had pleased youre moste excellent Highnes to have then remembred the Princely Prophet Davids example of gratification in this poynte; Who woulde not beynge a Kinge receyve of Arauna, an other

¹ *I.e.*, Victorinus Strigelius. Robinson had previously published the first twenty-one psalms.

Kinge (much less of a pore Subject), the Threshing floare to buylde an Alter unto the Lorde before hee went to warre agenst his Enemyes : Except Arauna the kinge woulde presently first and foremoste take of him a just recompence of 50 Shicles of Golde for satisfaction of the same Alter.

So that I present my sayde Booke unto your moste excellent Majestie in the winter before that sommer, (when youre Highnes sent forthe youre Royall Navy unto Cadiz); I making my humble suite unto your moste gracyus Highnes for some relief in money, what God mighte move your gracyus mynde to bestowe upon mee : Mr. Doctor Cæsar then Master of the Requestes returned mee answer, your Majesty thancked me for my good will, youre Highnes was glad yow had a Subject coulde do so well and that I deserved Commendations : But for any gratification for any suche labour, youre Majesty was not in mynde as then to bestow any suche relief upon mee : for youre Highnes (as hee sayde) had care of the chargeable Voyage to come, of releiving youre Needy soldyers and requyting of theyre paynes ; fynally youre Highnes sett me not on Worck, and therefore yow were not to pay me any Wages.

Herewith I departed from your Highnes Court at Richmond, pacyently, as a pore-man before, but now (by this meanes) become a Porer.

“Es nunc pauperior, qui pauper tunc Emiliane.”

Martialis, lib. 5.¹

For I founde now, mo Inconvenyences (by wanting my present releef) then ever I felte before in my lyfe tyme, or at leaste, synce I coulde first handle my penn : For my penyury was so greate, that take what paynes I coulde with my pen at home and otherwyse, wryting for my Frendes abroade in the City, yea, and allso utter as many of these Bookes as I coulde for half a yeare after, trubling my good Benefactors (longer then eyther I thought I shoulde or willingly woulde have done) all was litle ynough and too to litle, to mynteyne mee, my wyfe, and one pore Chylde with meate, drincke, Lynnen, Wollen, Rent, and necessaryes, even very meanelly : So as before youre Majestyes Royall Navy went to Cadiz in June followyng, 1596, I (still wanting my sayd releef) had solde away certeyne of my howsehold moveables, pawned away dyverse good bookes oute of my Chest, allso my very gowne from my back, yea, and (within two yeares after) was constraigned to sell away the very Lease of my howse, wherin I then dwelt in Harp Alley in Shoe lane, for the Rent paying, due to the Landlord at Michaelmas 1598.

What remains of the manuscript, and there is much, we must pass over. Considerable space is occupied by an account of Robinson's attempts to obtain the grant of a room in the almshouses at Westminster, which, it would seem, had at one time been promised to him.

From the passages which I have given we learn several

¹ Altered from Martial, v. 81, 1, “Semper eris pauper, si pauper es, Aemiliane.”

things not without interest as showing the terms upon which he published his books, for these may well have been the terms upon which such business was generally conducted. From the second entry we see that Charlewood gave him twenty-six books for the copy [*i.e.*, copyright] of the work, twenty-five of which he sold to friends for his own gain. Since in the majority of cases he speaks of "making profit" of twenty-five books, it would seem that this was the basis upon which he generally dealt with his printer or publisher. Except for the money received from the dedication, there is nowhere any mention of other profit than that derived from such sale of copies of the work to friends. These twenty-five copies evidently bought the copyright for as many editions as the publisher chose to bring out, for though Robinson gets a new dedication-fee from each edition, the money derived from the sale of the books is only mentioned in connection with the first.

In several instances the price at which his copies were sold is given; for example, for the "Dyall of Dayly Comtemplation" he got 10s. from the dedicatee and "made benefit of 25 mo bokes given mee, every boke 10 sheetes xij^d." Another work, "The Reverend Doctor Nicholas Flemming his exposition upon the 25 Psalme translated into English," consisting of a like number of sheets, fetched exactly the same sum. In another case, the book being of fifteen sheets, and a plague raging at the time, with perhaps a consequent increase in the demand for religious works he got somewhat more. This was the "Second proceding in the Harmony of King Davids Harp, being a third portion of x Psalmes mo," of which he says he "made benefit of 25 Bookes mo [*i.e.*, over and above what he was given for the dedication], in the tyme of Gods Vizeitacyon of this City that year, xl^s."

Others beside the Queen were wanting in liberality to him. He records that Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, had given him nothing for a work dedicated to him, though his Countess who survived him had since been "thanckful unto mee for 2 other of my bokes 8^s 6^d." By Sir Thomas Egerton also, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, whom he had approached "in the presence of the 6.

Clerckes in the Chancery" he seems to have been treated very shortly, but one gathers that Sir Thomas was busy at the time.

The gifts of others, however, he records with feeling. For a book presented to him in 1579 "Mr. Philip Sydney, Esq.," gave four angels (£2) and his father, Sir Henry Sydney, 10s. ; on which he says, "I hope in God theyr Almose fought for them agenst theyre enemyes better then the Shielde of a strong man or speare of the Mighty. Ecclus. 29, 14."

One remarks also the odd custom of dedicating different editions of a work to different persons. For instance, a translation of the "Gesta Romanorum" ("auctore ut supponitur Johane Leyland antiquario") amended by Robinson, which seems to have been his most popular work, was first "Dedicated for 5 Impressions to the R. Honorable Lady Margaret Countess of Lyneux [*i.e.*, Lennox], who gave mee for her booke 13^s 4^d : besydes sale of 25 bokes. Dedicated last to the wardens of the Lethersellers, who with others have given mee xx^s. [In a footnote :] Dedicated last of all, anno 1602, to D. Watson, B. of Chichester and B. Almoner to the Queene's Majesty, who (not so thanckfull to me as I deserved) gave me but ij^s for my booke Dedicatory."

The rest of the manuscript affords a few fragments of interest, but I have no space to deal with them at present. What I have given is, I think, all that throws any light upon the publishing trade of Robinson's time, and of the profits which an author could derive from his work. Would that the author who has left us so complete a record of his gains had been one of more interest to us at present than Richard Robinson, and his work better worth remembering than the interminable series of "Harmonies of King David's Harp."

“*The twice chang’d friar. A comedie*”
(*MS. temp. Charles I*)

“**I** HAD as lief eat old hay as read an old play,” wrote an esteemed friend to me recently ; and I must confess that my own fondness for old plays is not what it used to be a score of years ago. At one time or other I have read every printed English play that was acted before the closing of the theatres in 1642 (and a few that never found their way into print). Of some I keep a vivid remembrance ; some I have forgotten entirely ; and of some I recall but a few detached passages. Yet MS. old plays (they are not often to be found) always excite my keenest interest ; though, when I have been at the pains to master a difficult script, disappointment usually ensues. I have now before me a seventeenth-century MS. volume from a Warwickshire library (“but I did not tell you where, my boys,” as the Lincolnshire poacher slyly sang). I have read only one piece—*The twice chang’d friar*—with any care, but shall return to the others in later numbers of THE GENTLEMAN’S MAGAZINE.

Let me at once say that *The twice chang’d friar* is not a discovery in which I take any particular pride ; but, “still nursing the unconquerable hope,” I shall continue my researches among sixteenth and seventeenth century MSS.—for long ago I laid to heart the saying of Archilochus : χρημάτων ἔελπτον οὐδέν ἐστιν οὐδ’ ἀπώμοτον.

In the Prologue the anonymous playwright addresses the audience in a somewhat swaggering tone, that might be tolerated in Ben Jonson, but comes with a bad grace from poets of a meaner capacity :

The free born authour in this play intends
Not to please any but selected freinds :
Yet least some other iudgements should despaire
They could not vnderstand a word, his care
Hath stoop’t to their capacitie, & will
Enfeeble powerfull lines that their low skill
May have some feeling of ’hem.

A pert, coxcombical fellow to flout the “understanding”

gentry, and think to outface them with a card of ten !

The play opens with a colloquy between Caquirino (a merchant) and his servant Rinaldo. Long and faithfully has Rinaldo served his master ; and he urges that the time has come when his services should be—as Caquirino had promised—suitably rewarded. The merchant replies warily :

My promise shall be master of my purse :
 Yet you must give me leave t'appoint the time.
 Kings and great men reward with promises,
 And what they doe must be most exemplary
 To vs their agents : please thy selfe with this hope,
 For on my word 'tis a well-grounded one.

Rinaldo sticks to his point :

I'm infinitely pleas'd ; yet, honour'd Sir,
 Some feeling for the present were not amiss ;
 And as the basis of a pyramid
 Makes it stand long & firmly, so the least thing
 Vouchsaf'd in present from your bounteous hand
 Would be a groundwork to futuritie.

But Caquirino is not to be hurried. He has been chosen by the State of Venice “to goe Embassadour” to Flanders. If he finds on his return that Rinaldo during his absence has been a careful overseer, he will consider the question of the reward. Meanwhile Rinaldo is sent to summon his mistress to take farewell of her husband. Left alone, Caquirino discourses on the folly of ignorant rich men who try to gain a reputation as connoisseurs by collecting, at fabulous cost, antique bronzes and marbles. His satire on these virtuosos, who buy “dustie peeces for their galleries,” is not unamusing, but lacks the sprightliness of Shackerley Marmion. Presently Lisetta, wife to Caquirino, appears, accompanied by her brothers ; and the long-drawn-out farewell between husband and wife brings the first act to a close. In the second act Oretta and Dianora, ladies of easy principles, set to work to undermine the virtuous Lisetta's constancy. It passes their comprehension that a young wife should grieve for an absent husband. Oretta has no patience :

Leave of this puritanicall reservednes,
For as you are now you are scarce good company
For a well bred dogg.

What attractions can Lisetta find in this "dull merchant"? asks Oretta scornfully; and proceeds to make merry over his unfashionable attire and unpolished address:

Can you give such observance to a thing
That knowes not how to weare his clothes,
Nor kiss his hand? & when he weares a cloake
He pulles it all before iust like a shepheard.

Lisetta protests

My husband's better bred than you imagine;
He hath a dancer that comes every morning
To teach him how to make a leg;

and she lets these carping ladies know that he has two fair cloaks, one lined with velvet and the other with plush. "Is his doublet lined with plush?" asks Dianora. "No, 'tis too costly," replies Lisetta. Then Oretta (after sententiously observing "There's no corrupter of women but frugalite") declares that nobody can be "a complete gentleman" unless "his doublet is lined with plush or satin." She allows that it is good policy to send merchants, not courtiers, as ambassadors. A grave merchant is content to pay his own charges, for he finds ample reward in being styled "My Lo: Embassadour." Besides, "by conversation with those of sundry nations" he possesses a good acquaintance with foreign languages, whereas

There's not a young lord among a thousand
That knowes another idiom but swearing.

But though Cacquirino may be fitted for state-employment, he is not—urges the temptress—a desirable husband for an attractive young wife. Let her come forth from her retirement, be waited on by gallants, and drive abroad "wth six horses" to take the air. Lisetta indignantly rejects these counsels, and is about to break-off the interview, when the serving-man

announces the arrival of two Franciscan Friars, Albert and Ricciardo, who have sent in word that

this day is appointed
For the religious exercise of shrift.

Presently the Friars appear with bell, book and candle (seemingly prepared to conduct a solemn service of excommunication); Ricciardo rings the bell, Albert sits in "y^e confessing chaire," and Lisetta "makes cursie, comes to y^e hole and seemes to speak, and Albert answers her." Having heard her confession, Albert remarks :

Lisetta, you
Have a most compendious way, and ether are
Less sintull than other women, or els you have
A very weak and small retaining memorie.

Before he will grant her absolution he must hear the confessions of Dianora and Oretta, and afterwards will make all three happy with his benediction. Lisetta's companions take longer over their confession, but the Friar tells them that their case, however serious, is not desperate. Then he proceeds to interrogate Lisetta more strictly. She becomes impatient :

Oh how you stirr my blood, this 'tis to be
Subject to bald pate slaves.

When Albert reprovngly asks, "You'l not revile y^r ghostly father?" she replies with some heat (but prosily) :

If you dare
Oppose the open truth and discomend
My well composed feature, by yor leave
I'le kick your wise traditions, and never be subject
To him that manifestly doth me wrong.

The Friars retire, leaving her to her "wise companions," and Lisetta remarks :

Fair weather after you ; the blockish foole
Discernes not gold from copper.

Of course, it needs no great discernment to see that the town-ladies, instructed by the wily Albert, will

quickly sap the shaky foundations of this castle of chastity. Throughout Lisetta has protested too much, but one is hardly prepared for the sudden catastrophe, which is effected by a stratagem borrowed from a famous story in Boccaccio's "Decameron" (Fourth Day, Second Story). Friar Albert pays a second visit to Lisetta, and this time they are alone. After some adroit flattery, he makes the amazing statement—

Things w^{ch} the weake capacitie of mortalles,
When they are told will think incredible—

that Cupid (in the "Decameron" it is the Angel Gabriel) had appeared to him in a vision and had angrily chided him for disparaging Lisetta's beauteous excellence. Cupid, smitten with her charms, had resolved to visit her; and had deputed the Friar to learn in what shape the God of Love would be most welcome to her. The ingenuous creature does not betray as much astonishment as might reasonably be expected. Would she wish (suggests the Friar) that Cupid should come in her husband's shape? The lady meets this suggestion with an emphatic negative:

My husband's? no:
I once in error thought the world afforded
No comfort like my husband's company,
But now, I thank my starrs & wholesome councill
I am reform'd.

Needless to say, it is arranged that Cupid shall come disguised as Friar Albert.

Lisetta's brothers hear of Friar Albert's practices and are not unnaturally enraged. They waylay him when he has doffed his friar's habits and donned his shimmering wings; but he escapes from their hands and finds shelter in the cottage of an old peasant (who makes him pay handsomely for the accommodation). While the brothers are fuming and raging at the discovery of their sister's indiscretion, a messenger arrives to announce that her husband has returned. The serving-man Rinaldo puts in his word of advice; and Lisetta pleads with her

brothers. It is quickly agreed (the free-and-easy Dianora and Oretta readily vowing secrecy) that "mum" shall be the word. So when Cacquirino arrives home, his wife is enchanted to see him; he learns from her brothers and the rest how heart-broken she has been in his absence, he rewards Rinaldo, who has married the witty serving-woman Obedience, by appointing him park-keeper with a comfortable lodge, and in his own estimation he is the happiest man in the world.

Friar Albert makes his way back to the monastery, but not without severe punishment. The old countryman disguises him in a bearskin (it is carnival time); and the mock-bear is roughly trounced and belaboured—as in the "Decameron"—before he reaches a place of safety.

I am doubtful whether this play was ever acted on the public stage. Even a Red Bull audience might have judged it to be a trifle too crude. But I will look more closely into the MS. volume to which it belongs, and will report about the other plays.

Correspondence

Wenlocksborn

MR. URBAN,—In the account of this prebendal manor which is given *ante*, p. 95, a few points have been overlooked that may support a different explanation of the name from that suggested by your correspondent. Newcourt seems to have been mistaken in thinking that the oldest form of the name was "Wenlakesbyri." The late Mr. T. Edlyne Tomlins, whose initials were a frequent feature in your columns half a century ago, cites in his "Yseldon," p. 9 note, "a curious and minute survey of this manor at the commencement of the thirteenth century, containing the rents and rustic services due from the tenants of part of the prebendal demesnes." In Mr. Tomlins' time, this survey was deposited in the Tower of London, among the Inquisitions of uncertain years of the

reign of King Henry III. (Bundell' de incerto tempore H. III.—Inquisicio de Wellokesbury Prebenda, No. 149). The survey is intituled *Hee sunt consuetudines hominum tenentium de Prebenda de Wellochesbr'*, and Mr. Tomlins gives a brief summary of its contents. The document is now, I presume, in the Record Office in Fetter Lane. Mr. Tomlins adds that "the name of the prebend is written in ancient records *Wellokesbyri* or *Wellokesbury*; afterwards the final *bury* was converted into *berne* or *barn*; in fact, *bury* signifies a chief residence, and when it was used as such it was Wellokesbury; but when the manerial residence was abandoned, and simply became the barn or depository of the prebendary's corn, it became Wellokesbarn. Wenlock's barn, or Wenlock's farm, is a mere corruption." In this view of the case I think Mr. Tomlins is right. The manor was probably called after some early possessor, whose name of Welloc or Willoc will be found as an Anglo-Saxon appellation in Birch, "Cart. Saxon," III, and in Kemble, "Cod. Dipl." 52, and still survives as a surname under the form of Willock. As for *byri*, it is merely the contracted form of *byrig*, the dative of A.S. *burh*, which is found in so many place-names as *bury*. It must be remembered that in early times the prebendaries of St. Paul's resided on their manerial estates, which in some cases derived their names from their holders. The prebend of Mapesbury in Willesden, for instance, was called after the celebrated Walter Mapes, and the neighbouring prebend of Brondesbury in the same parish after Roger Brun, who was prebendary in 1192.

The prebend of Wenlocksbarn lay in the parishes of St. Giles-without-Cripplegate (now St. Luke, Old Street), St. Leonard, Shoreditch, and Islington, as is shown by a demise of the prebend by a certain Mr. Fell to Sir George Coppin, May 11, 1611 (MS. Lansdowne, 364, p. 202, quoted by Mr. Tomlins). Newcourt's statement that the corpus of the prebend lay in the parish of St. Giles does not seem quite accurate, for according to Mr. Tomlins, "an old house lately standing in Shepherd and Shepherdess Walk, about 200 yards from the footpath bridge (the site of the manor-house commonly called Wenlock Farm)

and the gardens adjoining thereto which extend backwards to Hoxton, forming the demesnes of this manor, all lie in the parish of Shoreditch." The site is now marked by Wenlock Street, and while in former times the Finsbury Archers commenced their exercises from the Castle Stone in the Prebend Mead, in more recent days the manor has furnished a site for the notorious Eagle Tavern and Grecian Saloon as well as for Lady Lumley's Alms-houses.¹

It is extremely doubtful if the name of Finsbury has any connection with a fen. Manerial residences are not usually built on a bog, and the name was anciently written Fynesbyri, Vinesbury, etc. It is far more likely that it was derived from some personal appellation, and Fin or Finn will be found among the Teutons as well as among the Celts.²

W. F. PRIDEAUX.

[In reply to Colonel Prideaux's letter, the author of the article writes: As regards the oldest form of the name, it appears that the question can be settled only by examining Newcourt and Tomlins' respective authorities. Newcourt does not say that "*the* most antient records," but that "most antient records" give "Wenlakesbyri." He refers, however, to a record which he calls Reg. Dec. & Cap., lib. L. f. 19, concerning Adwinus, prebendary in 1104, and the reasonable inference is that he had seen this record, and that it stated the name as above. Presumably, though of course not certainly, this document was earlier than the "Inquisicio de Wellokesbury Prebenda," temp. H. III., summarised by Tomlins. Newcourt, I submit, is at least as authoritative as Tomlins, and as Principal Registrar of the Diocese of Canterbury he doubtless had access to valuable sources of information.

Although, like most old names, this one takes various shapes, the majority of references—*e.g.*, Leland, Coll. i. 501, speaking of "Wenlakesbyri"; several places in the Lansdowne MS. mentioned below, and the stall-inscription at St. Paul's—persistently give as its third letter the all-important *n*. That the *n* was part of the original name, which thus

¹ Amongst the archives of St. Paul's Cathedral is a "citation concerning the tithes of four acres, called 'Spittellond,' within the Prebend of Wallokesbern," dated 1399. This may have been land belonging to the Hospital without "Cripelsgate," which, as we are told by Stow, was suppressed by King Henry V. (Ninth Report, Hist. MSS. Commission, Part I. Appendix, p. 51*a*).

² Cf. Kemble, "The Saxons in England," ed. 1876, i. 59, note.

could not have been Welloc or Willoc, and that in later days it was sometimes omitted, is more probable than that it was gratuitously inserted afterwards. In this case, Wellokesbyri would be "a mere corruption" of Wenlakesbyri, not *vice versâ* as Tomlins would believe.

As to the parish, or parishes, in which Wenlocks barn lay, against the Lansdowne MS. 364, p. 202, quoted by Tomlins, which says that in 1611 the prebend was in St. Giles's, St. Leonard's, and Islington, there are Newcourt's statement, a document (apparently of the fifteenth or early-sixteenth century) quoted in Dugdale's "St. Paul's," speaking of "Willekolkesbury in parochia St. Ægidii," and the Gaol Delivery Roll of 1558 mentioning "Wallockes Berne in the parish of St. Giles-without-Creplegate."

Although the etymology of "Finsbury" is disputed, Taylor's "Words and Places," Edmunds' "History in Place Names," and Blackie's "Dictionary of Place Names" all agree that it signifies some kind of habitation, settlement, or enclosure, on a fen. I agree with Colonel Prideaux that manorial residences are not usually built on a bog, but "arrant fen," as was once this district, it could not have been wholly bog, else how did the "bury," whether named from Fin or from fen, stand there? Fen-country is not necessarily uninhabitable.

May I amend here a slight misquotation in my article, due to an error in typing? The statement of goods stolen by William Davys should read "five spades worth ten shillings, and one other piece of iron called a coulter worth six shillings and eightpence."]

A Revised Comment on Claverhouse

DEAR MR. URBAN,—Early in 1905 an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* entitled "Claverhouse in Fiction" awakened hope that it might be followed up by "Claverhouse in Fact." The "Real Claverhouse," as portrayed in the February number of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, goes some way towards gratifying this sentiment; but considerable and misleading omissions have marred the writer's aim, which must apparently have been to redress injustice. The greatest of these concerns the much-discussed incident of John Brown of Priesthill and his nephew—a matter wherein the evidence, scanty as it is, has not even yet been fully threshed out. Mr. Napier, when he discovered Claverhouse's letter to the Prime Minister, Queensberry, exulted chiefly in proving that Priesthill died for refusing to abjure a treasonable declaration, and not for mere "piety and non-conformity." Coming as it did after Macaulay's word-picture had impressed itself on the reading public, the letter

necessarily appeared to be put forward as an exculpation, and as such it was minimised or otherwise controverted. An Edinburgh Reviewer characterised it as a "laboured attempt" on the part of Clavers to extenuate the deed. Reflection may establish that no idea of the kind could conceivably have dwelt in the mind of Clavers when he penned the original missive. Suspicion had lately been directed to him as likely to relax rather than exceed in persecution. The letter, however, contains in a single phrase, "that attack of Neumilles," a clue altogether unnoticed in the article on the "Real Claverhouse." At the end of April Fountainhall's Diary records a successful assault by armed rebels on the garrisoned Tower of Newmills. This was vividly present to the minds of Claverhouse and Queensberry; and without reference to it no just judgment of the affair can be formed.

Renwick's declaration had been acted upon already. In various collisions with armed rebels, soldiers had been slain, and informers had also been murdered. No "Old Mortality" preserved the names of these lowly martyrs to loyalty, or to mere veracity when questioned; their memories were covered with obloquy after the Revolution, and only a chance word of their enemies here and there reveals that they were more than a few. Invasion by Monmouth and Argyle was imminent. Wodrow relates that John Brown "took much pains upon the instructing of several youths." Arms were found in a cave near Brown's house. John Brounen confessed that these belonged to his uncle, and that he was himself present at a conventicle where were thirteen score of men-in-arms mustered and exercised. Surely these things explain one another.

John Brounen confessed that he had been with about sixty companions at that attack on Newmills.

Further, the new statistical account of the shire names a man called Browning as leader in the storming of Newmills. This is but tradition, yet as Claverhouse's letter was unknown when the tradition was printed, it must be independent testimony.

The "Despot's Champion" referred to in note to "The Real Claverhouse" first pointed out that to extort confession Clavers threatened John "Brounen" with death that could not be summarily inflicted after he had agreed to take the abjuration.

It is, however, going beyond the truth to state that "without a confession the execution could not proceed at all. The foolish man fell into the trap and made a confession, the result of which was that he was hanged." With or without confession, execution could not proceed on the spot, if the abjuration oath was not rejected. "Threatening terribly" was sanctioned in that age, and taking the oath did not authorise dismissal of suspected persons.¹ Slender evidence against Priesthill's nephew would have sufficed the justiciary, bound as he was to neutralise by terror the triumph of Newmills' rescue; and evidence may already have been in hand. But the group of martyrs among whom John "Bruning's" name is found in the "Cloud of Witnesses," was indicted May 5 for "owning and approving rising in arms." He must have simplified his trial, and in a measure regained his friends' respect by "owning" instead of abjuring the principles he had fatally translated into action. "Owning the work of God was all their crime" is their epitaph's avowal that all five died for refusing the abjuration. His confession even with the oath might have failed to save him; but his execution was the "result" of refusing the oath.

It is possible that Clavers strained the letter of the law to procure information in the interests of the Government. It is possible that he strained it to procure a pretext for recommending to mercy a youth whom he regarded as the dupe of his uncle. Combined motives are possible. His promise to plead could be, and probably was, redeemed in his report to the justiciary, and on May 3 just sufficient time had elapsed for an adverse reply to have been received. It is not possible that he would have mortified his pride by writing to his insulting

¹ "Order to the Forces," Wodrow, vol. 4, p. 156.

enemy Queensberry, except to afford the victim a last chance for life. Did space permit, an analysis of the letter would show it quite compatible with previous knowledge of both instigator and chief actor in the Newmills rescue, while presenting at face-value the confession offered to purchase remission.

A censure adopted by Mr. Lang, and by the recent article in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, having been first suggested in "Clavers, the Despot's Champion," is thus withdrawn and apologised for by its author.

A SOUTHERN.

An Eighteenth-Century Shakespear

DEAR MR. URBAN,—I have in my possession a rare and perhaps unique copy of a pamphlet which is, so far as I can discover, altogether unknown; though it is, of course, possible that a reference to it may be hidden away somewhere. Its title is as follows:

ΛΟΓΙΣΜΟΣ* : A Ratiocination upon Voting : or *Shakespear's* Defence against *Hopkins*, being the Substance of an Argument upon Voting for Members to Serve in Parliament. Between *W. S.* a true Member of the CHURCH OF ENGLAND and *H. H.* who says he is a Member of the same CHURCH. [Mottoes.] COVENTRY : Printed by *S. Davis* for the Authour. Annoq Dom. 1721. [Price sixpence.]

Although the pamphlet extends to twenty pages, and the writer uses an abundance of words, its purport can be very briefly summarised. It seems that "William Shakespear," its author, being under certain obligations to Sir Adolphus Oughton, who was then a Parliamentary candidate, had declared his intention of voting for that gentleman. On this account some of his friends, and amongst them one Mr. Hopkins, charged him with voting

* It is evident that the printer, having no Greek type in stock was compelled to do the best he could with his English fount. He has succeeded fairly well with all the letters save Σ, which he was obliged to represent by an M placed sideways.

against his principles. In the pamphlet he defends himself against this charge with a good deal of warmth, and a considerable display of indignation. In a "Post-script" he treats the reader to three pages of verse, the quality of which may be judged from the following example :

The happy Revolution is Effected,
 And all Popish Princes are Rejected,
 Honest men known, Rogues are now Detected,
 Good Members surely we shall have Elected.
 Ye mighty Poets! Raise mens thoughts all round,
 Let each mans Virtue Eccho and Rebound,
 Let George in Triumph Reign, and be Renown'd
 For Bravest Monarch Britton ever Crown'd.

Of course, the pamphlet is a mere curiosity, and its only value perhaps is that it shows there was a William Shakespear, who was probably in some way related to the great dramatist, and who must have accounted himself a person of some importance, then living in what we may now fairly call the Shakespear country.

B. DOBELL.

Restif de la Bretonne and Omar Khayyám

DEAR MR. URBAN,—Than that the Philosopher of Pornic, Restif de la Bretonne, could ever (even as meagrely referred to by the learned Hyde) have heard of Omar Khayyám, I think we make take nothing to be more impossible. And yet mark you the following, which comes from near the close of the Quartrième Epoque—1755—of Monsieur Nicolas :

“O temps heureux ! vous êtes passés, comme l’onde qui fuit, pressée par celle qui la suit, toujours différente, en paraissant toujours la même. Ainsi coulent les moments de la vie : le temps qui s’échappe est passé pour jamais, et le temps semble toujours le même ; le fleuve d’hommes qui s’écoule parait toujours composé de vieillards, d’hommes faits, de jeunesse et d’enfants ; on voit les mêmes folies, les mêmes crimes, les mêmes vertus rarement semées. Un spectateur isolé éternel croirait les hommes immortels comme lui : et ils n’ont été qu’un

instant ! ils n'ont eu qu'un instant de vie, souvent de malheur, et disparaissent pour jamais dans le gouffre de l'éternité."

Here we have indeed the vivid actuality of Omar's philosophy which has found its echo in a hundred others.

Cf.—

A Moment's Halt,—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste ! (48)

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account and mine shall know the like no more ;
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour. (46)

I am your obedient servant,
E. H-A.

“ *Blagdon's French Interpreter,*” 1815

DEAR MR. URBAN,—To be able to speak French was evidently considered in the early part of the last century a distinction ; and we may remember that the “ orthodox Miss Pinkerton,” although highly disapproving of Becky Sharp, yet engaged her to teach at the Mall, Chiswick, because of this accomplishment. The Friend of the Great Lexicographer could “ not understand French : she only directed those who did.”

Probably Mr. Blagdon considered he was filling a much-felt want when he wrote the French Interpreter.

Judging from his preface we may fairly conclude that he was an unconscious humorist and undertook the work in all seriousness.

Starting with the avowed intention “ to facilitate a knowledge of the now Universal French Language amongst persons who have had no opportunity of acquiring even the rudiments of it in the days of their youth,” he goes on to add, “ The principal feature of this volume is a column between each portion of French and English in which it is endeavoured to convey as nearly as possible the exact pronunciation of the corresponding phrase.” He admits further on with simple artlessness that he “ never

was in France," but he notes that "others on arriving in France since the late Peace were astonished that the *Language of Paris* bore very little similitude to their previous ideas of it." The school of Stratford-atte-Bowe has flourished through all ages.

The author of the volume is careful to observe that he had "been in company with several persons of both sexes and of the highest respectability who have visited Paris and who have assured him that although they conceived themselves tolerably advanced in a knowledge of the French language yet, so completely were they taken by surprise by the rapid enunciation of the Parisians, their *clipping of words*" (Mr. Blagdon evidently believed in the use of italics) "and abundant interpolation of colloquial phrases, that, it was with the utmost difficulty they could maintain an ordinary conversation, but particularly at table or in the shops."

Having already written "a considerable portion" of this book for his children's use, he seemed to think that it was his duty or privilege to come to the rescue of those "persons of the highest respectability"; so he launched "The French Interpreter" upon the world to assist the aforesaid persons in "maintaining verbal conversations entirely in French."

The art of classification does not seem apparently to have been one of Mr. Blagdon's studies, for on opening the book casually at the vocabulary headed "Of the World," we find the following remarkable collection :

The Holy Ghost.	The Creation.	The Virgin Mary.
Paradise.	Hell.	A Spirit.
The Blessed.	An Evangelist.	

"The Stars" also include :

The Beams of the Sun.	Heat.	The East.
Rain.	An Earthquake.	Thaw.
A Flash of Lightning.		

"The Five Senses" after their legitimate parts have : "A Colour. A sound. A Savoury Smell;" and under "Diseases" are embraced : "The Cold Fit (un frisson). A Cut. A Box on the Ear. Life. Death."

Mr. Blagdon's eccentricities increase as he goes on. Under "Kindred" (du pahrauntahje) he places:

An Inheritance.	A Christening.	Matrimony.
A Rival.	A Neighbour.	A Landlord.

I have never compiled a vocabulary myself, but I don't imagine I should arrange one in that manner. Nor should I, under the heading of "Beasts," put A Goatherd, A Shepherdess, or A Pack-saddle; but we all have our own way of doing things.

A few specimens from the phonetic column may furnish some little entertainment:

English.	Pronunciation.	French.
Sounds of beasts.	Lay song dey zanimo.	Les sons des animaux.
The lion roars.	Le leon-g rugee.	Le lion rugit.
The hog grunts.	Le poorso grogne.	Le pourceau grogne.
The wolf howls.	Le loo oorle.	Le loup hurle.
The cat mews.	Le shah meeole.	Le chat miaule.
The horse neighs.	Le sheval ennee.	Le cheval hennit.
The hen lays eggs.	La pool pon-g.	La poule pond.

We suddenly are transported into very far-away days when under the heading, "Women's Clothes" (Ahbee day Fam), we meet "The Patches. The Combing-Cloth. A Shift. A Furbelow. Callico. A Hoop. Sweet Water. A Top-knot. Hungary Water."

Further on in the book we come across a conversation with a wig-maker. "Will you have a wig with a full bottom, a tie wig, a Spanish wig, or a bob-wig?" ("Voolay voo zun perruke ah long sweet, un perruke ah la cavahliere, un perruke ah l'espagnol, oo un perruke ah lahbay.")

I am not sufficiently learned in the fashions of the time to know what style of wig was worn in 1815, or if wigs were worn at all; but it is never safe to trust a Conversation-book regarding manners and customs any more than a book of etiquette. The buyer wished "A coachmanlike wig such as is the fashion amongst the English gentry," so that, supposing this to be the correct mode, even then we must have merited the reproach of our foreign neighbours that an English gentleman's highest ambition was to resemble his groom; but the "Kahtre leevres

sterlaing" demanded would scarcely be deemed too much to pay for this result! Indeed, the buyer made it guineas.

In the dialogue between "A Lady and her Woman" we find the lady asks: "Give me my tippet, my gloves, my muff, my fan, my mask, a handkerchief." All these things were evidently intended for day wear; otherwise, why the muff?

Masks, presumably, were the order of the day, for among the specimens of invitations we meet:

Mr. and Mrs. M——.

Lady D——. At Home. — of —. Sees Masks.

Masks to be admitted only by shewing this ticket: not transferable, upon honour.

Among the "forms of cards, notes and letters" we come upon this exceedingly accommodating epistle:

Dear Madam,

If quite convenient Mrs. —— and myself shall be happy to take (Dinner) (Tea) (Supper) with you on Thursday next. We shall leave town on Saturday.

Yours truly,
P. B.

Then:

Mrs. S—— presents kind regards to Mrs. P—— and begs the favour of her company to-morrow afternoon to tea and cards.

There is evidently some confusion here, unless we are to suppose a mid-day meal, for in the French version we find Madame S—— asked Madame P—— for "demain après dîner."

Then in acknowledging "kind enquiries":

Mr. P—— and family return thanks to Mr. and Mrs. M—— for the honour of their obliging enquiries.

The Conversations are highly entertaining. We learn how to converse with a Captain; when we are at the theatre, or buying books, or on the road to Paris, or with "two young ladies," etc. One of the "two young ladies" was evidently prudent, because when asked to play a game at cards she replies discreetly, "I cannot play:

I never win," which if not sportsmanlike was eminently safe.

Among the "Familiar Dialogues," is one between a Gentleman and his Tailor, etc. We are told that the gentleman requires three yards of cloth for a coat ("Black, for I wish to go into mourning with the Court"), and two yards and a quarter—which seems short measure—for waistcoat and breeches.

In the column "Of Eating," after the naïve "I could eat a bit of something," we meet a strange meal called "An afternooning." On "Bread" Mr. Blagdon rings a host of changes—Household Bread, White, Brown, New, Hot, Stale, Mouldy.

Calais could then be reached in three and a half hours; and though, in these days of quick transit and turbine steamers, we cannot sympathise with the wish "one did not go so fast," we can most heartily desire that "the sea was not so rough." There is the consolation familiar to every one of "It is only a little rocking," and the heartfelt shuddering response, "Je n'aime pas cette sorte de berceau!"

I conclude my notice of this forgotten book by borrowing a phrase from the captain "Aun day barquang tah Callay" (on disembarking at Calais), "Je suee zeureu duskeh jay u lonneur de voo plair."

MARIA S. STEUART.

"Launcelot Sturgeon"

DEAR MR. URBAN,—I have in my possession a scarce and curious little book which may be of interest to some of your readers: the title runs as follows:

Essays, Moral, Philosophical, and Stomachical, on the Important Science of Good Living: Dedicated to the Right Worshipful the Court of Aldermen. By Launcelot Sturgeon, Esq., Fellow of the Beef-steak Club, and an Honorary Member of Several Foreign Pic Nics, &c. &c. &c.

"Eat! drink! and be merry!—for to-morrow you

die.' London : For G. and W. B. Whittaker, 13 Ave-Maria Lane. 1822."

Diligent research has failed to identify the author of this queer book, 7½ in. by 4½ in., pp. 226, with portrait of the author in his "library," surrounded by stew-pans, moulds, sauce-jars, &c. I picked it up from a second-hand bookshop stall in a dingy street in Leeds ("any lot in this collection, 2d. each") about twelve years ago, and sent it to the British Museum for the writer's identification. I was informed by the librarian that they possessed a copy, but could throw no light on who "Launcelot Sturgeon" was. I then submitted it to the late Mr. George Augustus Sala, a great authority on the "literature," &c., of cookery. He informed me that he had never seen or heard of the book before—and I had great difficulty in getting the little treasure back from him.

"Launcelot Sturgeon" was not a Brillat-Savarin; his "philosophical and stomachical" essays lack the sparkling wit and vivacity of the "Physiologie du Goût; his style is Johnsonian, and his wit and laboured sarcasm elephantine. But it is the style of a scholar, and the wit is that of a man of the world. He reveals himself, too, as a *gourmet* of extensive experience, and much of his practical advice about cooking and "stomachical" fostering would do credit to "Meg Dods" or "Jenny Wren" (an old Edinburgh newspaper editor). He even "drops into poetry" now and then, but in his most exalted flights never loses sight of the practical.

Mr. Sturgeon gives the reader a foretaste of his Bata-vian humour in the dedication of his book ("by permission") to "The Right Worshipful the Court of Aldermen of the City of London," and the following passages may be accepted as fairly typical of his style :

It must, indeed, prove gratifying to every friend of social order to perceive, that neither the lapse of ages, nor the revolution of opinions, has effected any change in your antique attachment to those substantial interests which form the basis not only of that great Corporation of which you are the distinguished ornaments, but of society at large; and that, while other institutions, founded upon less solid principles, have

sunk into decay, your venerable community;—supported by an undeviating adherence to the trencher and the table, as well as the Church and State;—still flourishes in all its pristine vigour. Nourished in these essential elements, and strengthened by their constant application, you have acquired a degree of collective and individual weight that has rarely been attained, and from which you have not degenerated since the days of those illustrious fathers of the Corporation whose gigantic statues adorn the portals of your ancient Hall. While other titles are often but faithless indications of the real character, that of ALDERMAN at once announces a man endowed with the most profound theoretic knowledge, and the most persevering practical application, of the sound alimentary principles of the constitution, united to a firm reliance on the broad fundamental system which most conduces to our social happiness.

Interspersed with much really good cookery advice, many racy anecdotes are to be found in this little work. The whole concludes with “Twelve Golden Rules for Women-Cooks” (“to be hung up over every kitchen chimney in the kingdom”), and some of these are worth quoting—these, for example :

Never get drunk;—until the last dish be served up.

Never be saucy;—unless you happen to be in your airs and can't help it; but then take care to have the last word.

Never be sulky;—unless you have a great dinner to dress; your mistress will then be sure to coax you.

Never get dinner ready at the time it is ordered;—unless you know that the family are not ready for it.

Never admit that you are in the wrong;—unless the devil will so have it that you can't help it.

Never take snuff;—unless when you are mixing a stew, or stirring the soup.

Never wash your hands;—until after you have made the pies.

Never give warning to quit your place;—unless you are quite sure that it will put the family to great inconvenience.

Never tell tales of the family you are with;—unless they should be to their disadvantage.

Never cheat;—unless you can do it without being discovered.

Never tell a lie; when you can get as much by telling the truth.

Never support a sweetheart out of the house;—unless you can't get one in.

I wonder if any readers of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE can shed further light on the author of this rare and curious book?

GRAHAM W. MURDOCH.

“ *Here’s a Farmer, that hang’d himselfe on th’
expectation of Plentie* ”

DEAR MR. URBAN,—It is surely an occasion for surprise that not one of the ingenious gentlemen who have busied themselves with the elucidation of the writings of our great dramatist, should, so far as I can ascertain, have observed that the superficially somewhat paradoxical line of action adopted by the representative of husbandry, immortalised in the dilatory speculations of the bibulous janitor in *Macbeth*, is precisely that of the agricultural speculator, the clod-brained clown Sordido, in Ben Jonson’s satire of *Every Man out of his Humour*. This worthy, on the promise of certain vain and fraudulent prognostications, did impound great store of corn in anticipation of a dearth, and the harvest proving, on the contrary, abundant and of good promise, did suspend himself by means of a halter from a tree, remarking in his blasphemous atheism that “Tis time, that a crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud cannot beare this crosse.” It would appear to me that there can be little doubt but that Shakespeare in the line in question, which, according to the best received opinion, may have been penned not much later than 1603, was alluding to the work of his famous contemporary, which had appeared on the scenes in the year 1600. The fact that the similarity of the two incidents is passed over in silence in such a comprehensive storehouse as Mr. Furness’ edition of Shakespeare’s play, on which he bestows the title of “*Variorum*,” may be sufficient excuse for my thus presuming upon your hospitality.

W. W. G.

[Malone compared Hall’s *Satires*, B. iv., sat. 6 :
“ Each muckworm will be rich with lawless gain,
Although he smother up mowes of seven years’ grain ;
And hang’d himself when corn grows cheap again.”

SYLVANUS URBAN.]

Reviews

“HEROIC ROMANCES OF IRELAND.” Translated into English prose and verse by A. H. LEAHY. In two volumes. (London: David Nutt.)

IN spite of the many valuable translations that have been made from Middle Irish writings during the last half-century by a number of scholars of the first rank, few people are yet aware of the extent and richness of this curious literature. According to Professor Kuno Meyer, the well-known authority, there are in existence some five hundred romances, or legendary stories—to take this branch alone of what has come down to us—and of these about a hundred and fifty only have been published with translations. Of the others one is still in almost utter ignorance, so that there is the greatest need for fully equipped workers to give access to the mass of material which is still hidden away. Meanwhile it has happened, not unnaturally, that while so much is still quite unknown, a few remarkable stories have been translated again and again by various hands, and, however useful it may be to have always more accurate or more beautiful versions of some fine saga, one cannot but think with regret of the three hundred and fifty tales still awaiting resurrection when one takes up some new version of, let us say, the story of Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach. This objection can be made to a good number of the romances translated in the present volumes by Mr. A. H. Leahy. Three or four of the most important of them, for instance, are taken from the so-called Red Branch Cycle, which deals with the heroes of Ulster, of whom Cuchulain is the central character. Apart from various translations in learned reviews, these stories have been dealt with, not long ago, in two books intended more or less for the general reader. The first of them, Miss Hull’s “Cuchulain Saga in Irish Literature,” a collection of the stories relating to Cuchulain, translated by various hands, has been of considerable use to many readers, yet the translations are unequal and

somewhat unsatisfactory to one's literary sense, as the differences of treatment that can be found in them are so plainly due to differences in the method of translation rather than to differences in the texts themselves. Then we have Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," a series of translations based on the works of the same scholars, but re-written in a style which has sometimes great beauty. In this work, however, the reader without special knowledge is left too much in the dark as to the originals from which the stories are drawn, so that in many places he cannot know if he is reading a literal translation of a twelfth-century manuscript or some fragment of a ploughman's folklore. Further the style is so individual that texts of a very various character are brought together rather more than is, perhaps, admissible in a work of this kind. Still, when all is said, Lady Gregory's books of translations have so many of the qualities that belong to what is best in literature, one cannot doubt that they will take a place among the chief books of Ireland.

With these useful volumes on the one hand, and the innumerable essays and translations in the *Revue Celtique* and similar publications on the other, one is a little puzzled to find a satisfactory reason of existence for some of these new translations of Mr. Leahy's, which in turn have their full share of drawbacks. His method, it is true, of translating his stories literally from particular manuscript redactions, about which he keeps his readers fully informed, is satisfactory as far as it goes, but in carrying out his work he has made what many will think rather grave errors of judgment. Serious readers, for instance, will not find the verse translations he has written for the verse portions of the mixed romances either useful or readable, and it is to serious readers only that one can bring work like the two versions of the "Courtship of Etain," or the curiously primitive version of the story of Deirdre as it is given in the Book of Leinster. In this story alone the verse portions make up almost one-half of the text, so that it is easy to see how much unskilful versification is likely to upset the effect of

the whole. The following lines are rather a favourable sample of his work :

That firm just mind, so loved, alas !
 The dear shy youth, with touch of scorn,
 I loved with him through woods to pass,
 And girding in the early morn.

When bent on foes, they boded ill,
 Those dear grey eyes, that maids adored ;
 When, spent with toil, his troops lay still,
 Through Irish woods his tenor soared.

Such passages have a sort of literary vagueness of an unpleasant kind—a very different thing from an impression that the original itself may be vague—and touches like the “tenor” in the last line show how far Mr. Leahy is from realising the atmosphere that one must get and keep in work of this kind. A great deal of his verse, however, is still less satisfactory, and shows a want of humour which allows him to twist perfectly simple lines almost into burlesque, as in the third verse of the following stanza :

Wilt thou come to my home, fair-haired lady ? to dwell
 In the marvellous land of the musical spell,
 Where the crowns of all heads are, as primroses, bright,
 And from head to the heel all men's bodies snow-white.

In treating verses like those to be found in these early Irish texts, probably the safest method to follow is that used, for instance, by Lady Charlotte Guest in her translation of the *Mabinogion*, where she gives the verses of Taliesin, line by line, in plain literal prose. Such a method allows the reader with a literary imagination to get some idea of the poise of the original lines, and at the same time keeps the translation free from threadbare verse-rhythms, which are intolerable to everyone. The texts in Mr. Leahy's second volume are in prose only, but even here he has written verse translations, which he prints face to face with a prose version. The verses are of no value, but the prose, as in the first volume, has passages which show that if Mr. Leahy will be content to translate literally he may still do excellent

work in this little field of learning, where there is so much to be done.

“CARTHAGE OF THE PHENICIANS.” By MABEL MOORE.
Illustrated. (Heinemann, 1905.) 6s.

THE ancient Queen of the Sea is the pet lamb of the White Fathers of St. Louis de Carthage—a missionary order founded by Cardinal Lavigerie for service in Africa. It was the ambition of the Cardinal to restore the city to its ancient position of the capital of North Africa; but Tunis having changed places with it, Carthage only remains a city of the past, although restored to its position of metropolitan among the episcopal sees of the huge continent.

Probably in no other part of the world are excavations carried on so systematically as are those by the Pères Blancs. At their house upon the ancient Byrsa, where stood the citadel of the Carthaginians, and from which, legend tells us, Dido watched the departure of her faithless lover, there is a most interesting museum of Punic and early Christian sculpture, the result of the fathers' excavating labours. The account of these excavations is related by Miss Moore, from the earliest beginnings up to recent discoveries in the necropolis of Bord-el-Djedid.

Until four years ago there was no suspicion that the art of the Carthaginians in any way approached the beauty of the best period of Greek sculpture. Vases and lamps of various forms and periods had been found, and many masks, hatchet-razors, and statuettes, more or less broken; but of coffin-lids with effigies thereon, only a few with incised representations of *Rabs*, *Suffetes*, and priests. In 1904, however, upon the anniversary of the great cardinal, while Père Delattre was celebrating mass, a great discovery was made. A few days before an anthropoid sarcophagus slab, bearing the effigy in high relief of a Carthaginian priest, had been unearthed. Within the coffin were the human remains encased in some resinous fluid, which had become as hard as iron. But the beauty of this figure is nothing in comparison

to the superb specimen of Punic art—the beautiful Priestess. This figure, standing up against the wall of the museum, attracts and haunts us. She gazes at us with her beautiful eyes, arrayed in draperies of harmonious colouring, the lower part of her body encased in crossed vultures' wings, reminding us of Orcagna's Seraphim at Pisa. Who was she? A mere priestess? or (as Père Delattre believes) the embodiment of the goddess Tanit and the legendary Dido? The frontispiece of Miss Moore's dainty volume gives a very good reproduction of this exquisite work of art; indeed the volume presents many examples of the nobility of early Punic sculpture.

The museum also contains what may have been a seven-branched lamp, giving rise to a query—as to whether the golden candlestick of the Temple carried off by Titus found its way, amongst other loot, to Carthage after the sack of Rome by Genseric, thus giving the Carthaginians the idea for this form of domestic or temple lamp. If, after all, the seven-branched candlestick of the Temple of Jerusalem should be now buried under the remains of Carthage!

No one visiting the beautiful site of the Punic capital should omit to put Miss Moore's book in his trunk, for it is an excellent guide to the excavations and the museum, summing up in a concise manner the many *brochures* of the Reverend Père Delattre, the learned Superior of the Pères Blancs.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

“*Jam ver egelidos refert tepores.*” The east winds are still blowing, but to-day (April 2) Sylvanus Urban—strolling by the banks of Shakespeare's Avon with a handsome descendant of Sir Walter Scott's favourite deerhound by his side—was delighted to hear the bees murmuring musically amongst the catkins (“palms”) of a goat-willow, while round his companion's mist-grey coat fluttered a cloud of brim-

stone butterflies. He had been idly wishing that some kind wizard would transport him to Lisbon, or Palermo, or the Upper Nile; but the glad music of the bees called back his vagrant thoughts. Soon the east winds will be packing, and then these Avon Meads—painted with delight—will surely fill Proserpina's self in Enna's Vale with envy.

Congratulations to the nation on getting possession of the Velasquez' *Venus* and to the Bodleian Library on being enabled to buy back its own copy of the First Folio. In both cases the price that had to be paid was monstrous high, and it is easy to sympathise with Mr. Edmund Gosse and Sir W. B. Richmond in their wish to find out in what manner the market was made. A nation is, of course, fair game to the seller of valuables, but Governments and their departments in this country are chary of openly laying out public funds on articles which are not everybody's money, as witness the deal that failed in the matter of Nelson's memorandum to his captains, offered to the British Museum for £3,600. (An eleven-line signed autograph of Napoleon Bonaparte fetched £17 at Sotheby's the other day!) But when works of art or of literary interest are put up for purchase by public subscription it is at least some satisfaction for the subscribers to know with whom they are dealing and with whom competing. The price asked for the Nelson document makes the Bodleian Folio look cheap, but it is far from being so; and it is to be hoped that the nameless American who was good enough to offer £3000 for the book, if the Library could not reach that figure, received something handsome for his courage in making the market, if not for his disappointment at losing the book.

Professor Churton Collins in defence of purism lifts voice and pen against the American neologism "electrocute" signifying to kill by electricity, and affirms that it is better and simpler to say "electrocide," a word which he himself has invented. A purer purist

protests that the professor's new word should, by analogy of parricide, mean a killer by electricity, though surely, if analogy goes for anything, it should mean killer of electricity. And all this turmoil goes on around this modern fashion of execution while we have not yet settled the correct spelling of the weapon with which Anne Bullen was put to death. Most of us write "axe," but Dr. J. A. H. Murray, who, at least, ought to know best, has declared that the spelling "ax" is better on every ground. It is wonderful that so much diversion is to be found in these and the like small controversies, which, as a rule, share with time the advantage of being unending. Sylvanus Urban is all for purism, but modestly declines to put too high a value on it. He blushes not to confess that he cannot condemn as fit to be outlawed of society and literature the criminal guilty of a split infinitive, and if the Americans like to make and use ugly words he cannot blame or prevent them.

Coventry Patmore somewhere describes the strangeness of waking in the middle of the night to hear "the old and crumbling tower" suddenly "take tongue and speak the hour." A night or two ago Sylvanus Urban was roused from his slumber in a little country town by the clang of bells from the old Guild Chapel. The sleeping streets were quickly wide awake. Windows were flung open, and neighbours shouted question and answer to one another; anxious folk emerged half-dressed from their street-doors, peering into the darkness; under the heavy-timbered archways of the beautiful thirteenth-century almshouses the aged pensioners (some will never see four-score again) watched timidly by lantern-light; and *sub dio*, in the bitter cold, the brisker bloods were gathering to know the cause of the disturbance. It was a return to the Middle Ages, and the tocsin was sounding.

The uncanny mystery was soon explained. Some stables were on fire in a village four miles away, and a

couple of bicyclists had ridden in hot haste to summon the fire brigade. Last year several of the volunteer members of the brigade resigned, in deference to a polite hint that they had grown too old for active work, and their places had been taken by younger men. Here was a chance for the new-comers to distinguish themselves, but they hardly rose to the occasion. Some slept through the deafening din of the alarm bells; the rest spent forty minutes in making a start. Of course the stables had been burnt out before the fire engine arrived; but luckily the horses had been saved.

Mr. Bertram Dobell, one of the learned booksellers of the present age, has laid students of English literature under many obligations. Let it never be forgotten that by his untiring devotion the works of that ill-starred genius, James Thomson, author of "The City of Dreadful Night," were carefully collected to defy "time's consuming rage." His pious services paid to Thomson's memory would alone be enough to endear Bertram Dobell to a small but not insignificant knot of readers. Thomson, though he was not so considerable a poet as Mr. Dobell made him out to be, wrote—apart from his *magnum opus*, "The City of Dreadful Night"—much good poetry that will be remembered by capable anthologists in years to come. In one of his early poems, "The Doom of a City," there are some fine verses describing how a belated reveller, reeling home from orgies wild "of fiery wine and brutish lust," turns into the cathedral, where he hears

The organ thunders surge and roll
And thrill the heights of branching stone;

and sees

The world-wide morning flame,
Through windows where in glory shine
The saints who fought and overcame,
The martyrs who made death divine,

For twenty years or more Sylvanus Urban has not looked at this poem, and is quoting from memory; but he doubts whether—for as many hours—his memory will

retain any verses of the present-day high-flying poets who, with all their artistry, leave us cold.

Let the readers of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* write to Mr. Bertram Dobell (77, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.) for a copy of his "Proposals for Publishing by Subscription Various Unknown and Inedited Works of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." Next month, in the "Notebook," Mr. Dobell's Proposals shall be discussed. Meanwhile it is pleasant to note that Thomas Traherne's "Centuries of Meditations" are down for early publication. "Festina lente" is Sylvanus Urban's advice to Bertram Dobell in dealing with seventeenth century MSS., for the pitfalls are innumerable.

In times when short cuts to knowledge are so much in vogue it is astonishing what a number of books are required to explain and teach many a simple thing. It is pleasant to believe that the printed word is omnipotent, but equally difficult to believe that "book-learning" when practical arts are in question, can really provide short cuts. Did anybody ever learn to swim by simply reading a manual on natation? Yet many people seemingly persuade themselves that type is as good as water for the purpose, and guides to most things from bee-keeping and bicycling to wapiti-rearing are popular. One of the newest is a volume entitled, "How to Run a Hundred Yards." Sylvanus Urban has not yet read it, but he means to do so when he can find time, and the mood is on him. The accomplishment of the feat promised in the title is worthy of study if it is not to be done otherwise, and, when the enemy is behind one, is likely to be even more useful than "First Steps in Dancing."

The Garden Notes in the February and March numbers of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* were written by Albert C. Coxhead, a gentle, kind-hearted, lovable man. There will be no more papers from his pen in these columns, for he died (worn out by long and painful illness) shortly after his March Notes had gone to press. He had recently completed an elaborate "Memoir of Thomas Stothard, R.A.," which will be published at an early date.

Muswell

THE name Muswell, that is, Mouse, or Moss, Well, has reference to an ancient spring of healing water that at one time diffused renown and sanctity over the neighbourhood, and gave its name to the hill which is one of the most prominent of the North London heights. Norden calls it Pinsenall Hill, but I have failed to find this name anywhere else.

In 1112 Richard de Beauvais, or de Belmeis, Bishop of London, whose estate of Hornsey extended over part of Muswell Hill, gave to the nunnery at Clerkenwell a piece of land near the hill's summit, land which was included in Clerkenwell parish until 1900, when an order in Council annexed, or restored it, to Hornsey. It consists of sixty-four acres on the east side of Colney Hatch Lane, adjoining the grounds of the Alexandra Palace. The original deed conferring this grant is lost, but there are documents to witness that the gift was formally confirmed in later days. In the reign of Stephen, for instance, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, gave a charter to Christine, Prioress of "Clerkenwella," confirming the gift of the estate of "Mosewella." On this estate was the well, and near the well either Bishop Richard de Beauvais or the nunnery built a small chapel. Soon, or perhaps at once, a dairy was established hard by, and some nuns from Clerkenwell took up their abode here to watch the chapel and to attend to the dairy-work. In the chapel was the effigy of Our Lady of Muswell, one of those miracle-working images at one time to be found in various parts of England, and still

venerated in some places on the Continent.

In *The Four P's; a very Mery Enterlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner a Potecary, and a Pedlar*, by John Heywood, the Palmer relates that among other holy places, embracing, apparently, all the holy places in Christendom, he has been

"At Crome, at Wilsdone, and at Muswel,
At Saint Richard and at Saint Roke,
And at Our Lady that standeth in the oke."

Of these, Wilsdone, Muswell, and the Oke were all shrines of the Virgin, and all within the county of Middlesex. The situation of the Oke is not known, but it was somewhere between Islington and Highgate, possibly at what is now called Gospel Oak.

Heywood lived at North Mims, in Hertfordshire, about ten miles to the north of Muswell Hill, and most probably had himself visited all the local shrines. Doubtless, too, he had often seen parties of pilgrims pass along the high road on their journey from London to the shrine of St. Alban, a saint to whom great reverence was paid in those days. These pilgrims travelled through Holloway, and, avoiding Highgate Hill, by Tallingdon Lane to Crouch End, and so up the ascent, paying their devotions to Our Lady of Muswell by the way. They must have welcomed the little chapel and the cool well as a pleasant place of rest and refreshment after their climb up the hill.

Though neither so popular nor so renowned as the shrine of St.

Alban, Muswell was yet a very favourite resort of the devout, and had the advantage of lying nearer to London. Its fame appears to have been advanced, though we cannot suppose that it was founded, by a tradition concerning a king of Scotland who came all the way from his own country, by divine inspiration, to seek relief at the English Moss, or Mouse, Well for a strange malady that had seized him. It is not quite clear, however, in the case of the rank-and-file of the pilgrims, whether the well, or the image in the adjoining chapel, worked the healing, or whether one supplemented the virtues of the other. But arguing from analogy, we may be fairly certain that the well was sacred and renowned long before the image was heard of, and that the Clerkenwell nuns, or their benefactor the Bishop of London, chose this site for their chapel advisedly.

Very little is known of the English miracle-working figures of the Virgin, but as many of these images, including the famous one of Walsingham, were burnt at Chelsea in 1538, it is most probable that Our Lady of Muswell shared the same fate. From this time, in any case, the well rapidly declined in favour, and thus deprived of its two attractions, if the expression be allowed, we may suppose that the little chapel fell into disuse. By the end of the sixteenth century its site was already occupied by a dwelling-house, and in a cellar beneath this dwelling the well found an ignoble oblivion.

There is a passage in Stow's *Survey of London* which has been quoted by some as referring to this chapel at Muswell, and in order to clear up a misconception it may be quoted again here. "So much of

the Church which remaineth," it runs, "(for one great Ile thereof fell downe) serveth as a Parish church of S. John, not onely for the Tenementes and neare inhabitantes, but also (as is afore-saide) for all up to Highgate, Moswell, &c.¹" The concluding words show that the church spoken of was not at Muswell, but served as Muswell's parish church, which is quite another matter. Also, it is in the highest degree improbable that the shrine of Our Lady at Muswell was contained in a church with "great aisles," or that such a building could have disappeared so soon and so completely as the Muswell chapel did, or that its site would have been covered by a dwelling. Moreover, no church at Muswell could have served as a parish church for the neighbourhood, for Muswell was not a parish, but only a very small part of a parish. "SS. James and John" Clerkenwell, was Muswell's parish church, and it is to this church that Stow refers in the passage in question, as may be seen by any one who reads through his chapter on Clerkenwell, in which this passage occurs.

Some think that the old well is at the present day concealed under the little railed-in shrubbery at the junction of the roads on the summit of the hill, but it was more probably represented by a disused pump lately to be seen in the neighbourhood of "Well-field" Road. Yet the metamorphosis that this once lovely place

¹ Stow, *Survey of London*, 1598, p. 360. Strype's edition (1720, bk. iv., p. 68) has "Parish Church of St. James." The church appears to have been dedicated to both St. James and St. John.

has undergone within even the last half decade renders it no wonder that anything more antique than a pillar-box should have been lost sight of.

In Hope's *Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England* the Moss Well is named St. Lazarus' Well, but I do not know upon what authority. Again, Robinson, who has preserved in his various works so much of the history of North Middlesex, speaks of it in the *History of Tottenham* as St. Dunstan's Well, but it is not probable that the Moss Well and St. Dunstan's Well were identical. Robinson adds that the latter was "near Bounds Green." So was the former, in one sense, Bounds Green being less than a mile from the summit of Muswell Hill. There is at Bounds Green, however, a bow-shot from Bowes Park Station, a monstrously ugly building called the Springfield Tavern, and, perhaps, if the origin of this name could be traced it would take us back to the original spring and the original field, and we should find the spring to be the St. Dunstan's Well spoken of by Robinson. It is worth noticing, too, that a short distance from the tavern, in the direction of Colney Hatch, there is a still green and rural lane on the

left-hand side of the road, leading to a pottery, and that in the pottery-field there is a well or pond of some size. Here, I venture to suggest, is St. Dunstan's well, and being in Tottenham parish it is more likely to be the well indicated by Robinson in his *History of Tottenham* than the Moss Well, which was in Clerkenwell parish.

In its time, Muswell Hill has had men of mark among its inhabitants. Thomas Moore lived in the pretty house at the foot of the slope, on the left-hand side of the pilgrims' road from Crouch End, opposite what was once known as Muswell Hill Common, but Common no longer. At the top of the slope Topham Beauclerk, friend of Dr. Johnson and others of his brilliant contemporaries, had a house called The Grove. The house has vanished, but its lovely grounds are now part of the Alexandra Palace gardens. To come to more recent days, W. E. Henley lived at one time in this neighbourhood.

Mattysons, a house occupying some part of the Clerkenwell-Muswell acres, was the residence of Sir Julius Cæsar, a prominent man in the time of Elizabeth and her two royal successors. He was a friend of Lord Bacon's. No one now seems to know where Mattysons stood.

Learned Societies

THE ROMAN ANTIQUITIES COMMITTEE FOR YORKSHIRE.—It was with great interest that we heard some months ago of the formation of a Roman Antiquities Committee for Yorkshire, under the presidency of Dr. N. Bodington, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University.

It was indeed time that some such authoritative body should be formed to act as a centre for archæological research in the county, and to co-ordinate and supervise the work of amateurs, often more enthusiastic than critical. The inaugural meeting of the

society took place on March 3 at York, in the Museum of the York Philosophical Society, whence, after a short address by Mr. F. J. Haverfield, of Christ Church College, Oxford, the members started on a tour of inspection of the old Roman wall of the city and the fortifications. Later they reassembled in the Museum, where an address was delivered by Mr. Haverfield, in which he laid stress on the necessity for expert knowledge, such as could only be supplied by the Universities, to sift and control the observations accumulated by local workers. There was especial need of bibliographical work to render available and to criticise the material already collected, and he suggested the publication of a work into which should be gathered all that is actually known concerning the York antiquities, avoiding theories and giving only facts.

We learn that among the undertakings proposed for the coming summer are the investigation of the Roman road from Ilkley to Adel and Tadcaster, under the superintendence of Sir John Barran; the excavation of the Roman villa at Harpham (supervised by Mr. T. Sheppard); the investigation of the Roman road between Stamford Bridge and Filey (under Mr. W. Stevenson); the excavation of Roman foundations at Middleham (Dr. Bodington undertaking the preliminary arrangements); and the investigation of Roman remains at Well, near Tanfield (Mr. J. N. Dickons). We congratulate the society on a most interesting programme, and wish it every success in its work.

THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—In their continuation of

the series of volumes begun long ago by the CAMDEN SOCIETY, the Royal Historical Society have this year published a valuable selection of "State Trials of the Reign of Edward I., 1289-1293" (Camden Society, Third Series, Vol. ix.), edited by Professor T. F. Tout and Miss Hilda Johnstone. When, after more than three years' absence in France and Gascony, Edward I. returned to England in August, 1289, he was met by such a universal outcry against those whom he had left in charge of affairs, especially the judicial officers, that he was led immediately to appoint a commission to inquire into the complaints, and to try those against whom charges were brought, amongst the accused being such high officials as Thomas de Weyland, the chief justice of the Common Pleas, and Ralph de Hengham, chief justice of the King's Bench. The account of the proceedings before this commission is preserved at the Public Record Office in two rolls, numbered 541A and 541B, and from these the work before us is taken. We have here twenty-one select cases printed from roll 541B, while in two appendices, which together take up just half the book, is given a full analysis of the contents of both the rolls, including respectively 504 and 165 cases. Unfortunately, these rolls, valuable as they are, have by no means the interest which the circumstances of the inquiry and the rank of the accused would lead one to expect. The charges are often vague, and in many instances are not given at all, while in numerous other cases the result of the trial does not appear, or the parchment happens to be defective in important places, so that on the whole the record is far less complete

than would at first sight be supposed. Nevertheless this work, the appendices perhaps even more than the trials printed at length, was well worth doing, and will undoubtedly be of great value for reference. There is an excellent introduction of forty-five pages by Miss Hilda Johnstone, who according to Professor Tout's preface has done the bulk of the work. An additional appendix contains the curious satirical Latin "Narratio de Passione Justiciariorum," which relates in a mock parable the events of the year.

THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT SOCIETY.—The seventh part of the "Transactions" of this Society, issued in February, contains three papers read before the members in the course of last year. The first here printed, by Professor F. W. Moorman, of Leeds, deals with the Wakefield (or Townely) Miracle Plays. He discusses the gradual growth of the cycle, and its connection with the York plays, recognising before the beginning of the fifteenth century "at least two layers of workmanship—a primitive layer, and, superimposed on it, a second layer of plays borrowed from York." Soon after this date, however, five or possibly six, new plays were added, differing much from the others both in general character and in metrical form, and greatly superior from the literary point of view. Among these are the two well-known "Shepherds' Plays," of which the second is admittedly the most remarkable achievement of the miracle drama in England. Passing very lightly over the rest, Professor Moorman gives a full account of this play, and shows

its importance as marking a distinct stage in the progress of the drama. It may in short be claimed as a pure comedy, which, though separated by a gap of more than a hundred years from the interludes of John Heywood, who took the next great step in advance, yet has certain points of resemblance with the work of the Elizabethan age. Professor Moorman concludes with the suggestion that this play, which was recently acted with great success in one of the American universities, should be again performed—after an interval of four hundred years—in its native place.

The second paper, "A Handful of Derivations," by the Rev. J. Hanson Green, after giving several amusing examples of the errors into which the untrained philologist may fall, lays down some useful rules for inquiries into dialectic etymology, illustrating them by examples from the dialect of the West Riding. It includes also notes on a number of words of peculiar or doubtful etymology.

The part concludes with a short paper on "Ancient Danish 'Mens-names' in Yorkshire," by the late Professor Dr. George Stephens. This has been printed from a copy in the possession of the Rev. E. Maule Cole, who prefixes a note which in one respect is somewhat vague. "It is," he says, "as far as I know, a translation of a paper published in some Society's transactions at Copenhagen." As a matter of fact the paper appeared in *English*, word for word as here, in "Blandinger udgivne af Universitets-Jubilæets danske Samfund ved Samfundets Sekretær (Universitets—Jubilæets danske Samfund. Nr. 3)," Copenhagen, 1881, Part I. pp. 60-69.

THE GRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Some of our readers will be interested to learn of the formation in Germany of a society, the "Graphische Gesellschaft," for the reproduction of rare and interesting early woodcuts, engravings, block-books, and illustrated books. The issue of the publications is for the present under the directorship of Professor Lehrs, Dr. Friedländer, and Dr. Kristeller, whose names should ensure success to the undertaking. The annual subscription is to be thirty marks, and should be sent at

once to the firm of Bruno Cassirer, Derfflingerstrasse 16, Berlin, W., as publication will be commenced only if a sufficient number of members join. Should the English applications for membership be numerous enough to justify the additional expense, the notes which will accompany the reproductions will be printed in English as well as in German. A prospectus has been issued giving the names of those who had joined the Society up to March 20, and a list of the publications with which it is proposed to commence work.

Short Notices of Books

"Oldcastle-Falstaff in der englischen Literatur bis zu Shakespeare." Von WILHELM BAESKE ("Palaestra," 4) (Berlin: Mayer & Müller, 1905. M.3,60).

The theory that in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." the character now called Falstaff bore originally the name of Oldcastle is almost universally accepted. The purpose of the volume of "Palaestra" before us is—assuming the truth of this theory—to investigate what, if any, characteristics were borrowed from the historical personage, besides, in the first instance, the name. The work is, in fact, an elaborate study of the character of Sir John Oldcastle as presented in literature from the date of his execution in 1417 to 1601. Mr. Baeske first deals with the life and character of the Lollard leader as described in documents contemporary or nearly so, and next with the picture of

him in the writings of Catholic, generally monastic, historians from that date until the Reformation. It goes without saying that to these authors he was a heretic, and was treated as such. By the writers of the Reformation he was naturally looked upon in a very different light, and in Bale's "Brefe ahronycle" of his examination and death, and in Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," he has become "the blessed martyr of Christ." It is Bale who first makes mention of Oldcastle's unruly youth, which was "full of wanton wildness before he knew the Scriptures," an observation to which seems primarily due the character given to him by the dramatists. Mr. Baeske then passes to the consideration of the plays in which Oldcastle (or Falstaff) figures, the "Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," and "Merry Wives," and Munday and others' "Life of Sir John Oldcastle." All these are

analysed in detail and the degree of their dependence on the historical character discussed. A final chapter deals with John Weever's "Mirror of Martyrs."

The work is very elaborately and, it appears, thoroughly done, though perhaps somewhat fuller reference might have been made to the large amount which has already been written on the subject. This does not, however, affect in an appreciable degree the value of Mr. Baeske's independent investigations, for which, as a laborious and careful study, he deserves high credit.

In conclusion we would urge the publishers of "Palaestra" to issue their books in a form more convenient to those students who cannot afford to send them to the binder immediately on receipt. Earlier volumes have at least been sewn, if badly; the sheets of this work are simply stuck into the cover, with the result that, on being cut open, the book is at once reduced to a mere collection of loose leaves. The volumes of this series are valuable enough to be issued in a form which gives them a better chance of escaping destruction.

"Sicily." By the late Augustus J. C. Hare and St. Clair Baddeley. (London: W. Heinemann, 1905). 3s.

THOSE whose good fortune it is to be able to visit Sicily can hardly wish for a more delightful guide than this little book. Of Hare's knowledge of Italy and the skill with which he managed, without ever becoming tedious, to introduce such wealth of antiquarian learning

into his work, it is surely unnecessary now to speak; while Mr. St. Clair Baddeley has already collaborated with him in several volumes with marked success. One cannot criticise a work of this class save in the places with which it deals, after full experience of its merits and defects in actual use, but it may at least be said that the book before us has every appearance of completeness, and is most interesting reading. It contains numerous excellent illustrations as well as several maps and plans, and is of a handy size for the pocket. If we have any fault to find it is that the practical information for travellers seems less full than might be desired. Though doubtless true enough, it is rather an evasion of responsibility for the writer of a guide-book to say that hotels "vary under successive managers. . . . Hence it is safest not to recommend any especially." This is all very well for those who are sufficiently familiar with the language and the country to make the necessary enquiries beforehand, but others will assuredly feel the want of a little more precision. Nor would it in any way have detracted from the literary merits of the work to have told us in an introductory chapter something as to the expenses of a tour there, the best time of year for it, the accommodation to be expected, and the discomforts to be endured. What little is said on these points is scattered here and there, and by no means easy to find. There are, however, other books on Sicily from which information of this sort may be obtained: there is, so far as we are aware, none which, while of any practical service as a guide, has about it such a pleasant flavour of scholarship.

"Monumental Brasses in the Bedfordshire Churches." By Grace Isherwood. (Elliot Stock).

THIS unpretentious little book deals with a subject of considerable interest, and a good deal of time has clearly been spent in its compilation. Bedfordshire is particularly rich in church brasses, and the period which they cover is sufficiently long to provide examples of the art in all its stages to its decline in the early seventeenth century. Although the author has done little more than note down particulars of the monuments she has met with, probably few brasses have escaped her survey. Descriptions of these, and copies of the incised legends, practically make up the slender volume.

The purpose of some of these crabbed inscriptions seems at times to have eluded her. "Yistis" and "Sustyces" (p. 22) can hardly stand for anything but giftis (gifts) and justyces. These may be printer's errors; and the odd

Latinity of some of the epitaphs may be of the same category. *Nalueras*, *obdermire*, *sexugesimum*, are disconcerting words; while heraldry, we think, would disown a "shield on a bend" such as that with which Thomas Portyngton is credited. The method pursued in the description of costume we have not carefully examined, but it seems rather gratuitous and misplaced information to write (under head Tilbrook, All Saints):

"The wife wears a tight-fitting kirtle, low at the neck, with tight sleeves; over this robe a mantle was worn." For the brass itself (not shown in the book) displays only the mantle, buttoned high up the neck (which it hides) to the ears. The ends of the sleeves are just visible over the wrists.

Miss K. Isherwood's plates are meritorious, if a little out of drawing. For the comparison of detail, reproductions of the rubbings, by photographic means, would have had advantages.

Review of the Month

THE Spanish match, though certain of our more rigid Protestants have found in it occasion to murmur, as if it were a thing unnatural and unheard of that a young *innamorata* should see reasons and reasons to adopt the faith of her intended husband, is cordially approved by the good sense of the nation at large. Times are changed, and it would be as absurd as unjust to persevere to-day in a policy which was dictated by circumstances which no longer exist. The formal reception of H.R.H.

Princess Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena of Battenberg into the Roman Church took place in the chapel of the Miramar Palace at San Sebastian on March 7, and two days later her betrothal to King Alfonso was officially announced. The Cortes has since fixed the future Queen's allowance at 450,000 pesetas (£18,000), and the marriage is expected to be solemnised on June 3.

It is impossible to deny that food for the mind presupposes food for the body, and that there

fore the State, which requires the child to receive the one, must take care that he receives a sufficient, though no more than a sufficient, quantum of the other. So far every thoughtful and humane person must go with the advocates of free meals for the children in the primary schools. But in applying this principle it is to be hoped that the legislature will proceed with the utmost circumspection, lest a new and most demoralising form of indiscriminate charity should acquire legal sanction.

The Mother of Parliaments is evidently disposed to follow in the wake of her children in regard to payment of salaries to members. This was but to be expected, for she has renewed her youth, and will doubtless do many a foolish thing before she is wise again. But we are unable to see any excuse for this particular folly. Happily by no means all Members of Parliament are as yet in need of such stipends, and the case of those who are could be met by charging their remuneration upon their constituents according to the ancient constitutional practice. That would secure the independence of the members no less effectually than a grant by a State, while it would check the growth of that noxious weed, the professional politician. Nor can it be maintained that a constituency which knowingly returns a poor man to Parliament is entitled to throw the burden of his support upon the State.

The military policy of the Government is not yet fully developed, but so far as we may judge by Mr. Haldane's discursive disquisitions of March 8, 15 and 19, we cannot but regard it with mis-

giving. The actual retrenchments proposed are indeed by no means excessive, and may be justifiable. At any rate, no exception can be taken to the policy which they represent, the withdrawal from positions the defence of which is best left to the Navy; but the principles laid down as regulative of army reorganisation, *i.e.*, that our command of the sea renders us virtually secure at home, and that in a war overseas time must always fight on our side, enabling us to convert half-trained men into effectives during its progress, are far from indisputable. That we may reasonably count on maintaining the Navy at such a strength as to prevent the landing of any large force upon our shores at any one time may indeed be assumed; but raids are unquestionably possible, and a successful raid upon London would be a disaster without a parallel in the history of the world; while as to the defence of India, Russia, though eclipsed, is not effaced, and in a war with that Power upon the north-west frontier, our habit of blundering at the outset being apparently incurable, our initial losses might well prove so heavy that no subsequent exertions would enable us to repair them.

We should therefore view with the gravest apprehension any material reduction of our fighting strength in India. Nor does our dominion in Africa appear to be so secure as to warrant either now or in the near future any considerable curtailment of the Imperial garrisons. Moreover, when it is suggested that the size of our army should be regulated by our policy, we must remember that our policy should be and on the whole must be continuous. In the future as in

the past it will be determined by forces which the statesmen in office at any particular juncture will have little power to control. We have undertaken in the Far East grave responsibilities which we cannot shirk without lasting disgrace; nor can we afford to ignore the possibility of entanglements in Europe and the Levant in which the prompt and effective use of the military arm would be essential to the maintenance of the national honour. *Ceteris paribus* the advantage will always rest with the Power which can strike hardest at the beginning of a campaign, possesses the most effective reserves, and can bring them up most quickly; and *si vis pacem, para bellum* is the maxim of soundest policy and truest economy. It is therefore singular to find our apostle of efficiency apparently disposed to swell the numbers of our gallant Volunteers by lowering the none too high standard of efficiency which is now required of them, while it remains doubtful whether the efficiency of the militia can be materially increased without seriously reducing the numerical strength of that force. On the other hand it is cheering to be assured by so great an authority that we have now thinking officers, and an army more efficient than at any former time, and soon to be yet more efficient by the possession of field guns that are not antiquated, and a short rifle which, despite certain disadvantages, is better than the weapon which it displaces.

Care is being taken so to administer the Alien Act as to secure the right of asylum to political and religious refugees; but as it is apparently impossible in many cases for the authorities to dis-

tinguish the *bona fide* refugee from the impostor, and the benefit of the doubt is always allowed to those who claim the privilege, it is manifest that not a few aliens of the least desirable sort are likely to obtain admission. A Government which is not prepared strictly to enforce the law would perhaps be better advised to propose its repeal.

It will never do for this country to run short of British seamen, and the statistics quoted during the debate on the first reading of the Merchant Shipping Bill show that we have grave cause for anxiety on this score. The question is hardly, if at all, less urgent than that of the depopulation of the rural districts, and therefore demands early and most serious consideration on the part of the Government.

The course taken by the Government on March 2, upon the motion to censure Lord Milner's authorisation of illegal punishments in the Transvaal mines, is, we think, a singularly bad precedent. Every man, even a great servant of the State, whose conduct is impugned, is entitled to a definite pronouncement either of condemnation or of absolution. To express disapprobation of a practice while expressly refraining from passing censure upon individuals is to censure by innuendo, a procedure unworthy of the grand inquest of the nation.

The prompt and vigorous measures taken by the Government of Natal have averted the threatened insurrection, but the situation is still such as to demand the utmost vigilance. In these circumstances it is as natural as deplorable that the Natal Ministry should have resigned upon the reprieve by the Home Government (March 29) of twelve natives accused of the

murder of Inspector Hunt of the Natal Police, and sentenced to death by court martial. Happily the reprieve has since been withdrawn, and the law has taken its course.

The Kareima Abu Hamed Railway, connecting Dongola with the Red Sea, was declared opened by the Sirdar, Sir R. Wingate, on March 9. Besides its commercial importance the line affords ready access to the pyramids of Jebel Baikal, Kurru, Zama, Mayal Nurri and Tangassi. The distance from terminus to terminus is not less than 138 miles, but notwithstanding considerable engineering difficulties, the work was completed within eight months.

The operations in Northern Nigeria have so far been completely successful. Sokoto was relieved by Major Goodwin on March 12. The enemy behaved with conspicuous gallantry, and after losing 300 men in two attempts to break the British square, and also charging the mounted infantry, were only dislodged from the town, after the usual prelude of shell fire, at the point of the bayonet. So stout was their resistance that they are reported to be virtually annihilated; the casualties on our side were slight. Our troops have on this occasion shown extraordinary mobility, the column from the Munshi district, where the fighting was insignificant, having marched 312 miles in twelve days, and the remaining eighty-three miles in thirty-eight hours. Nor has the energy displayed in coping with this emergency been excessive, the powerful Emir of Hadeija having already shown signs of disaffection, which have rendered necessary the despatch of a strong force to the support of the small British corps

of observation that since last summer has been quartered in close proximity to his capital.

Pursuant to the Anglo-French Convention of November 29, 1887, the administration of justice in the New Hebrides is vested in courts of naval officers of both nationalities. This system has doubtless worked as well as could have been expected; but it has left much to be desired, and a mixed Commission was recently appointed to consider its amendment. The Commission, which sat at London, has now framed a scheme for the establishment of regular courts of justice and a special tribunal for the trial of cases relating to land: the scheme also provides for the creation of municipalities. There is to be no partition of the islands, and the system of separate jurisdictions is to be retained except in the land court, which is to be international. The scheme, which has not yet been sanctioned by Lord Elgin, appears to be regarded with no great favour in Australasia.

The *Dreadnought* will soon have more than one rival afloat. Despite the opposition of the Social Democrats and a section of the Radical Party, the German Reichstag on March 28 passed the Navy Bill, which provides for the construction of two battleships of 18,000 tons' displacement and six large cruisers during a series of years.

France after a period of languor is also awakening to the need of strengthening her Navy, and proposes to build six cruisers of 18,000 tons' displacement.

In the Russian programme of naval construction the heaviest item is nine turret ships of from 16,000 to 17,000 tons' displacement.

"In war it is the last louis d'or that wins" is a dictum attributed

to the Grand Monarque; and unless the universal consensus of naval architects should be falsified by experience, it is certainly the last *louis d'or* that is destined to win in naval warfare.

The loss of a single life in an affray at Boeschêpe in the Department of the Nord between the police engaged in enforcing the Church and State Separation Law and their clerical antagonists proved a godsend to the malcontents in the French Chamber. A debate on the question, raised in the usual way by interpellation on March 7, showed that M. Rouvier's attempt to combine firmness with moderation in the administration of the law had united against him the Right, the extreme Left, and the Centre, represented by M. Ribot. With signal impartiality the Chamber directed the speeches of M. Ribot, the Abbé Lemire, and M. Briand, the law's stoutest champion, to be placarded throughout the country. A resolution of confidence in the Government was then moved by M. Peret, and on its defeat by 267 to 234 votes M. Rouvier forthwith resigned. Pending the interministerium, orders were issued to the préfets to defer the taking of inventories in districts where disturbance was apprehended. In the new administration formed by M. Sarrien, a strong Radical, who has lent powerful support to M. Combes in the Senate, the most conspicuous figure is M. Clemenceau, the veteran wrecker of governments, whose choice of the Home Office in which to make his *début* as a cabinet minister has elicited much comment. The acceptance by M. Briand of the portfolio of Public Instruction and Worship should be a guarantee that there will be no

surrender to the clerical extremists. M. Poincaré, the new Minister of Finance, is a distinguished barrister with a seat in the Senate. Three members of the Rouvier administration retain office, viz., M. Étienne, Minister of War, M. Thomson, Minister of the Marine, and M. Ruau, Minister of Agriculture. The conduct of foreign affairs is as safe in the hands of M. Léon Bourgeois as in those of his predecessor. The Ministry is strong and united, but the crisis is grave, and it is impossible to forecast the result of the General Election, which is to be held early in May.

A conflagration which broke out on March 10 in a coal mine at Lens in the Pas de Calais has cost the lives of 1200 miners, notwithstanding heroic efforts on the part of their comrades, nobly seconded by a company of the Westphalian Salvage Corps from Gelsenkirchen, to effect their rescue. This appalling disaster drew from the Pope, the German Emperor, and our own most gracious Sovereign heartfelt expressions of sympathy with the bereaved. The equivalent of £20,000 was at once voted by the Chamber of Deputies towards their relief, and the fund has been supplemented by voluntary contributions. Nevertheless, it is by no means surprising that the miners, who are said to attribute the disaster to neglect of due precautions by the mineowners, deemed the moment opportune for a general strike. The prospect, however, excited such anxiety in the capital that to allay it M. Clemenceau on March 17 visited Lens, and unescorted made his way to the headquarters of the strikers, and, speedily disarming the suspicion with which he was at first received,

assured them that so long as they exercised their undoubted right in a peaceable manner there would be no display of military force, though the mines would be guarded. Though well received by his hearers, the Minister's friendly admonition did not prevent the manifestation by the strikers, as their numbers increased, of so turbulent a spirit that it was deemed necessary to call troops to the aid of the gendarmes. No serious rioting, however, occurred.

The attitude of the Government towards the clerical lawbreakers is somewhat ambiguous, M. Clemenceau having coupled with an announcement that the law will be enforced the singularly frank acknowledgment that in his opinion a matter of counting church candlesticks is not worth a human life.

Monte Dajo, the last stronghold of the outlaws in the Philippines, has been taken by the American troops under the command of General Wood after two days' hard fighting (March 6-8). The operations were of an unusually difficult character, the mountain being of volcanic formation and extremely steep, the cone 400 ft. high, and the ridges timber-clad and strongly fortified. Nevertheless the American losses were comparatively slight, while the outlaws, who fought with the energy of despair, were slain to a man. The bodies of some women and children were also found among the dead.

President Roosevelt is indefatigable, and does not know when he is beaten; which is altogether as it should be, seeing that his party in the Senate seems to be doomed to perpetual defeat. The Philippine Tariff Bill, which embodied his policy, has been

massacred in committee by an opposition more interested in sugar and tobacco than in the principles which should govern the relations between the Republic and her colonies. The Railway Rate Bill will hardly pass without the concession to the companies of the full right of recourse to the courts of law, which the President designed it to limit; and in regard to the Statehood Bill the Senate has again thrown down the gauntlet to the President by so amending it as to preclude the compulsory union of Arizona and New Mexico. This being a cardinal point in the Presidential policy, the Speaker on March 22 declined to submit the amendment to the House of Representatives, and upon his motion it was resolved to reserve the question for rediscussion in conference with the Senate. Thwarted thus by the Senate, and forced into an unnatural alliance with the Democrats, the President is at the same time harassed by the Labour Party, who appear to regard it as his bounden duty and highest privilege to shape or strain the law in their favour in every conceivable particular. They will be satisfied with nothing less than an absolute and universal eight hours' law, exemption from the jurisdiction by injunction, stringent enforcement and re-enforcement of the Anti-Chinese laws, and special legislation to protect their interests against their most formidable enemy, the Trust. Verily the President had need be an invincible Briareus, and *τετραγώνος ἀνευ ψόγου* to do justice to himself and all parties in circumstances of such uncommon difficulty; and to fill up the measure of his misfortunes his purposed revision of the Dingley Tariff has just been vetoed by the

Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means (March 27).

The Japanese Government has pronounced in favour of conscription. The details of the plan are not yet disclosed, but it seems that the term of service is to be two years, and that it is anticipated that at a trifling cost the military strength of the country will be increased by 33 per cent. A Bill for the nationalisation of the greater part of the railway system upon the basis of expropriation at the rate of twenty times the average profits of the three years immediately preceding the war, payment to be effected by bonds at 5 per cent. interest redeemable within forty-five years, has passed both Houses of Parliament by immense majorities. Greater economy and facility of traffic are expected to be thus secured, but doubtless the measure is in part dictated by strategic considerations. The purchase-money is estimated at 441,000,000 yen (£44,100,000). The latest additions to the Japanese Navy are the British-built battleships Katori and Kashima, whose officers and crews received a hearty welcome on their arrival in London on March 24.

Representative government in strict subordination to the autocratic principle is now secured in Russia, so far as wax and parchment can secure it, by the Imperial Ukases and Manifesto of March 5. The Council of the Empire, which has hitherto been a merely consultative body, will in future contain as many elected as nominated members. The elective element will represent the provinces, the Orthodox Church, and certain corporate or quasi-corporate bodies, and the method of election will be indirect. Thus one member will

be returned by each Provincial Zemstvo, or in default of a Zemstvo by a representative congress of landowners, and six members by a congress of Polish landowners meeting at Warsaw; six members will also be returned by the Synod of the Orthodox Church, six by representatives of the Academy of Sciences and the Universities, twelve by representatives of the Bourses of Commerce and Industry, and eighteen by representatives of the nobles. Every candidate must be at least forty years of age and a graduate of some University. The members will stand for re-election in thirds, one-third every three years. They will receive a daily fee of twenty-five roubles (£2 10s.) during the session. The President and Vice-President of the Council will be appointed by the Tsar. Both the Council and the Duma will be summoned and prorogued annually by Imperial Ukase. They will have equal powers in the interpellation of Ministers and the adjudication upon the validity of elections, and equal power and initiative in legislation; but apparently such initiative does not extend to the introduction of any measure altering the fundamental laws; their concurrence will be a condition precedent to the presentment of any legislative measure to the Tsar, and such presentment must be made by the President of the Council. Bills thrown out by either of the Houses are not to be reintroduced without the Tsar's consent, and Bills rejected by the Tsar are not to be reintroduced in the same session. Both Houses will sit in public, but neither may receive deputations or petitions. In either House debate may be closed by a bare majority.


Freedom from arrest is guaranteed to members of both Houses during the session, unless the offence be flagrant or connected with the discharge of their official duties, or the privilege be expressly waived by their peers. Ministers may be elected members of the Duma, but, it would seem, are not to be responsible to the Duma, but only to the Council, except for acts of flagrant illegality. On matters not affecting the fundamental laws, the conduct of elections to the Council or the Duma, or the constitutional procedure of the Houses, the Tsar reserves the right of initiating legislation with the advice of his Ministers in case of an emergency arising while the Duma is not sitting. Any such measure will, however, require ratification by the Duma, and is to become null and void if no bill of ratification should be introduced in the Duma during the first two months of its next sitting. The method of election to the Duma as well as to the Council is indirect, the Deputies being chosen by Provincial Electoral Colleges, representing District Electoral Colleges, which again represent the communal assemblies. This judicious mixture of constitutionalism and prerogative naturally excites the disgust of ardent Liberals; but chary and wary though the Tsar and his advisers have shown themselves in granting this first instalment of constitutionalism to the people, that which they have given can never be recalled, and so soon as the nation has served its apprenticeship in the difficult art of self-government, it will know how to win for itself a larger measure of freedom. If, however, the first Duma should prove worthy of the name, it will

not be the fault of the Government, which is using all its resources to manipulate the elections in its own interest.

Meanwhile two gigantic enterprises which, if carried into effect, cannot but materially contribute to the industrial progress of the country, are under serious consideration by the Government. The one scheme would connect the Baltic and the Black Seas by means of a canal, the other would establish railway communication between Kansk and Alaska by means of a tunnel under Behring Straits. An American contractor is in treaty with the Government for the construction of the Baltic and Black Seas Canal, and the necessary surveys are already directed to be taken under his supervision by Russian engineers. The Alaskan-Siberian undertaking is promoted by an American syndicate. It is manifest that Capitalism has by no means lost faith in the future of Russia.

The triumph of prerogative is for the time being complete in Hungary. The high-handed measures of the Emperor-King, which should have increased the cohesive force of the Coalition, have on the contrary somewhat diminished it. It appears to be generally felt that in maintaining an uncompromising attitude on the military question a tactical error was committed; and while M. Kossuth has declared for complete home rule, Baron Banffy, who, however, seems to have little influence, has seceded from the party. M. Rakovsky still professes adherence to the Coalition, but has openly deplored the injudicious action which precipitated the crisis. Passive resistance to the executive in Pest County has been followed by the suspen-

sion of the autonomy of the county by decree of the Royal Commissioner M. de Rudnay. The Coalition is temporarily weakened by the serious illness of M. Kossuth, who is esteemed its wisest leader. But on March 15, there were published two manifestoes drawn up by Count Albert Apponyi and sanctioned at a sitting of the Coalition at which Count Julius Andrássy presided; the one a protest against the presumed intention of the Government to postpone the general elections indefinitely, the other an appeal to the people to rally to the defence of the Constitution by combining against payment of taxes, military service, foreign commerce and financial transactions with the Governments. The official reply to these manifestoes was an ordinance dissolving the Executive Committee of the Coalition, to which the Executive Committee rejoined with a Protest declaring its determination to "continue its activity within the limits of the law." This defiance was followed by the publication on March 25 of an ordinance extending to meetings within walls the provisions of the law of February 1898, prohibiting unauthorised open-air meetings.

As  three months is the maximum

period which by the Constitution may elapse between a dissolution and a general election, and the election, if it is to be held, should be announced by April 12, the Emperor-King, who now disdains to set foot in Budapest, convened the Hungarian Ministry at the Hofburg, Vienna, on March 27, and after prolonged deliberation is understood to have reserved his decision.

Owing in no slight degree to the good offices of the American delegate, Mr. White, the higgling at Algeciras is at last ended. The organisation of the Moroccan police in the eight ports open to trade is to be entrusted to French and Spanish officers, subject of course, to the authority of the Sultan, while the principle for which Germany so maladroitly contended is affirmed by the assignment of the office of chief inspector of police to a Swiss or Dutch military officer of high rank. The Corps Diplomatique at Tangier is to be furnished with copies of the Inspector-General's official reports to the Maghzen, but is not authorised to take any independent action thereon. This question of crucial difficulty being thus settled, the differences in regard to the control of the State Bank were speedily adjusted.

Obituary

Mar. 1. The death occurred this day of Lady ROMILLY, in her thirty-sixth year. Lady Romilly was a daughter of Sir Philip Grey-Egerton. Her husband, the third Lord Romilly, died last year.

Mar. 1. Colonel G. W. WILLCOCK, of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. He had seen service in the Afghan

campaign, and was engaged at Khandahar. He retired from the Army in 1892.

Mar. 3. Colonel W. P. DRAFFEN, who died this day, had served with Royal Marines from 1845 to 1862. He was engaged in the siege of Sevastopol in 1855. Transferring to the Militia, he was advanced

from major of a battalion of the Border Regiment (1870), to colonel in 1881.

Mar. 3. The death was this day reported of Lieut.-Colonel G. E. DUMOULIN HUGHES, formerly chief of the Montreal Police. Born in Quebec of Catholic parents, he had in early life served with the Papal Zouaves, a force that sought to safeguard the temporal power of the See of Rome. Colonel Hughes afterwards joined, and subsequently commanded, a battalion of the Canadian Militia.

Mar. 4. The Rev. G. W. CORBET, lord of the manor of Sundorne and for fifty years rector of Upton Magna, Shrewsbury. He took the name of Corbet in 1889 (having been born a Pigott) when entering upon the Sundorne estates. From the date of the Conquest the families of Pigott and Corbet have held landed property in Shropshire.

Mar. 5. Lieut.-Colonel M. W. HENEAGE died this day. He had served in the Crimea, and was present at the fall of Sevastopol.

Mar. 5. Mr. F. J. HORNIMAN, at the age of seventy. The chairman of Messrs. Horniman & Co., Ltd., and an enterprising man of business, he yet found time for the collection of many art treasures, and in 1901 presented the Horniman Museum at Forest Hill to the London County Council.

Mar. 5. The death was this day announced from Madrid of Señor ROMERO ROBLEDO, in his sixty-eighth year. One of the most powerful personalities in Spanish politics, his haughty attitude had, however, rendered his leadership impossible. Señor Robledo had been Minister for the Colonies in 1891, and in 1895 Minister of Justice under Canovas. Since

1897 he adopted a hostile attitude to either party of the state.

Mar. 6. By the death of Major-Gen. Sir WILLIAM GATACRE, at the age of sixty-two, the Army has lost a brave and chivalrous officer. By his qualities eminently a fighting man, it was in his earlier campaigns that General Gatacre won the high reputation which secured him a command in the South African War. In the Hazara expedition of 1888 he won the D.S.O., while in the Chitral expedition, and in the Sudan, he was marked for the soldierly endurance and efficiency which he exhibited and required. His later career was marred by the defects of that personal gallantry which had formerly gained him his success. The night march towards Stormberg stands out as much by its boldness and the confident reliance on the troops under command, as by the failure which attended it. After the Reddersburg disaster which followed, General Gatacre was recalled. He was subsequently appointed to the command of the Eastern District, and retired from the Army in 1904.

Mar. 8. Canon H. B. TRISTRAM, D.D., in his eighty-fourth year. Ordained deacon in 1845 and priest in 1846, he was soon marked for preferment. In 1860 he was appointed vicar of Great-ham; in 1870 honorary canon, and in 1873 canon residentiary, of Durham. An enthusiastic traveller, he visited the Sahara in 1856 and Palestine on three separate occasions, Armenia and Mesopotamia he traversed in 1881, the peculiarities and customs of Eastern nations having great fascination for his receptive and sympathetic nature. Canon Tristram published several works, including the "Land of

Israel," in 1865; and the "Land of Moab," 1873. He was President of the Tyneside Naturalists' Club, and in 1893 acted as President of the Biological Section of the British Association Meeting at Nottingham.

Mar. 9. MR. HADEN CORSER, Stipendiary Magistrate of the Worship Street Court, in his sixty-first year. Called to the Bar in 1870, he became Deputy-Stipendiary at Wolverhampton, his native town, in 1879. He was appointed Recorder of Wenlock in 1888. Mr. Corser had discharged the duties of police magistrate at Worship Street for twelve years, and gained on all hands deep respect for the care with which he tried the cases before him, and for the soundness of his judicial rulings.

Mar. 9. MR. WILLIAM SOWERBY, at the age of seventy-nine. He was until 1895 secretary to the Royal Botanic Society. His discovery of minute hydrozoans (formerly believed to exist in salt-water only) in one of the fresh water tanks at Regent's Park was considered of great scientific interest.

Mar. 10. The death was this day announced of the Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Consecrated archbishop in 1883, he gave to religious life in the Dominion an example and an enthusiasm which will make him long remembered. He published several works, including theology, literary essays, and poetry, amongst others the *Memoirs of Burke*, Bishop of Zion, in 1894.

Mar. 10. HERR EUGEN RICHTER, the Radical politician, whose unique position in the Prussian Chamber for the past thirty years made him famous through Europe, died this day, at the age of sixty-seven.

Deeply interested in the welfare of the German Empire, which he held would be best preserved by a policy of fiscal freedom, he cared little for the abuse which Bismarck and his school directed against him. The expansion of dominion insisted on by his political opponents at all costs, he believed to have no fundamental necessity; and the resources of the exchequer employed in the furtherance of these schemes, he vehemently urged should be diverted to the internal development of the state, and the improvement of social conditions. His masterly handling of statistics, and the force of his personal address, left in the minds of those from whom he differed an impression of power that was hardly produced by any statesman whom they were content to follow. Herr Richter had been in failing health for some time, and recently resigned his seat in the Chamber.

Mar. 11. MR. THOMAS BAYLEY, Member for the Chesterfield Division of Derbyshire in the late Parliament. He was well known and much respected both in Derbyshire and in his native county, Nottinghamshire. Mr. Bayley was a large colliery owner, and the shrewdness and capability which his business life had developed were highly valued in the circles in which he moved.

Mar. 11. Major-Gen. JAMES DE HAVILLAND, in his seventy-eighth year. He had seen active service in the Crimea, and was present at Alma, Balaclava, and before Sevastopol. He retired in 1880.

Mar. 11. DR. GREENIDGE, Fellow and Lecturer in Ancient History at St. John's College, Oxford. He was author of "A Handbook of Greek Constitutional History" (1896), "Legal Procedure of

Cicero's Time" (1901), "Roman Public Life," and other works.

Mar. 11. Surgeon-Gen. JOHN LUMSDAINE, in his eightieth year. He had been present at most of the important actions in Central India in the later stages of the Mutiny, and also took part in the Abyssinian expedition of 1867. He was frequently mentioned in despatches, and decorated for his meritorious conduct in the field.

Mar. 12. Admiral RICHARD HORACE HAMOND, at the age of sixty-three. He entered the Navy in 1856, and received his captaincy in 1881. He was promoted vice-admiral in 1902, and full admiral three years later.

Mar. 13. DR. MANUAL QUINTANA, President of the Argentine Republic, whose death was this day announced, accepted office two years ago, and will be remembered for his prompt suppression of the mutiny of troops which seemed likely to lead to a sanguinary revolution.

Mar. 13. The death occurred this day of Lady SANDHURST, C. I., daughter of the fourth Earl Spencer, K.G. She married the second Lord Sandhurst in 1881.

Mar. 14. The death was this day reported of Professor CECIL BENDALL, of Cambridge, at the age of forty-nine. For sixteen years at the British Museum, in the department of Oriental MSS., his wide knowledge of Eastern languages gained for him the curatorship of Oriental Literature in the University Library, Cambridge, in 1902, and the chair of Sanscrit in 1903. Professor Bendall published in 1883 the "Catalogue of Buddhist Sanscrit MSS. at Cambridge," and ten years later the "Catalogue of Sanscrit MSS. in the British Museum."

Mar. 15. The Hon. A. G. JONES, Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia. He had been Minister of Marine in 1878.

Mar. 17. The death occurred this day of Mr. THOMAS DALZIEL, the last of the original firm of wood-engravers, through whose art mainly, the public was made familiar with the works of Millais, Pinwell, Fred Walker, and the other great line draughtsmen of forty years ago. Although Thomas Dalziel did not, like his brothers John and Edward, himself engrave to any great extent, he knew sufficiently the difficulties of the art—and the means by which the fullest play should be allowed to the translator of the pen-and-ink sketch—to become an admirable block-draughtsman. He also supervised the finished cuts, and it may fairly be ascribed to his cultivated taste that such high technical excellence is visible in Tenniel's illustrations to "Alice in Wonderland" and to Pinwell's "Goldsmith." Mr. Dalziel's life, apart from his work, was uneventful; he died at the age of eighty-three.

Mar. 17. Lord HAMPTON died this day, at the age of fifty-eight. The son of the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, the first baron, he succeeded to the estates on the death of his half-brother in 1893.

Mar. 19. The death occurred this day of the Ven. Archdeacon TAYLOR, in his eighty-sixth year. Dr. Taylor was born in Dublin, but it is with Birkenhead and Liverpool that his name has long been associated. For twenty years he held the incumbency of St. Chrysostom's, Liverpool; he was appointed Archdeacon of Warrington in 1889, and Archdeacon of Liverpool in 1895. One of his sons is Mr. Austin Taylor, M.P.

Mar. 20. Mr. JOHN R. GUBBINS, whose Irish stud is everywhere famous, died this day at the age of sixty-six. His main successes on the turf commenced in 1896, with Galtee More, who in the following year won the Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas, and the St. Leger. He was sold for 20,000 guineas to the Russian Government. Ard Patrick, the second of Mr. Gubbins's wonderful horses, was also a Derby winner, and was sold to the German Government at the same price as Galtee More, his half-brother.

Mar. 21. The death of Canon GARRATT occurred yesterday in his ninetieth year. Of strong evangelical views, Canon Garratt had witnessed great changes in ecclesiastical matters since he was appointed to his first curacy in 1841 of St. Stephen's, Islington. In 1843 he removed to Grappenhall, Cheshire, and two years later to Waltham Cross. For sixteen years he was in London, at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and then accepted the incumbency of St. Margaret's, Ipswich, from which he did not retire until 1895. He received an honorary canonry of Norwich in 1881. Canon Garratt was the author of many works, chiefly devotional, amongst others "The Discipline of Suffering" and a Commentary on the Revelations.

Mar. 24. The DUCHESS OF MECKLEMBURG, cousin of the Emperor of Germany, died this day, at the age of sixty-three. Before her marriage with the Duke of Mecklemburg in 1865 she was known as Princess Alexandrina of Prussia.

Mar. 25. Sir CHARLES BUCKWORTH-HERNE-SOAME, ninth baronet. Born in 1830, he entered

into the title (which dates from 1697) on the death of his uncle in 1888.

Mar. 25. Mr. RICHARD TWINING died this day, at the age of ninety-eight. He was senior partner in Messrs. R. Twining and Co., Ltd., of Fleet Street, tea merchants, and president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. The firm of Twinings dates back to the middle of the eighteenth century.

Mar. 25. His Honour Judge GWILYM WILLIAMS at the age of sixty-six. He was called to the Bar in 1863 and received a County Court Judgeship in 1884. Judge Williams was Chairman of the Glamorganshire Quarter Sessions.

Mar. 26. Mr. T. H. WOODS, until 1903 senior partner of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, died this day at the age of seventy-six. Joining the firm in 1858, Mr. Woods became senior partner in 1889, and under his wise management the position of this historic house has been splendidly maintained.

Mar. 28. Professor LIONEL SMITH BEALE, F.R.S., in his seventy-ninth year. Professor Beale had been for forty years physician to King's College Hospital, and was Baly medallist in 1871. Indefatigable in his scientific researches, particularly in such as sought to arrange the phenomena of vitality, he was recognised as one of the ablest exponents of some of the most intricate problems of disease and of physical conditions. He received many honours from abroad, and was a member of learned societies in Sweden, California, Bologna, and Belgium. His publications, which were very numerous, treated of the Structure of Tissues, Proto-

plasm, Life Theories and Religious Thought, each showing extraordinary strength of intelligence. Since 1891 Professor Beale was Government Medical Referee for England.

Mar. 29. The Very Rev. GEORGE ORANGE BALLEINE, Dean of Jersey,

at the age of sixty-three. Inducted to the rectory of Bletchington in 1868, a year after his ordination, he removed to Weyhill in 1885. In 1888 he was appointed to the Deanery of Jersey, which office he had thus filled for eighteen years.

Garden Notes

APRIL should win all the world to love the rain! my friend the rain.

“Who cavils at the rain?
From kind grey skies
It comes—calm touch of heaven.”

But the April skies are gay, and the energy of life that blows to us from north, south, east and west makes the lengthening days far too short for all we would do in them.

The high winds of March—which have really borne out its time-honoured reputation—made pruning a difficult task amongst the roses, where the wood is thick and thorns long, “blazoned, barbed and seeded, proper.” Though the winter has been open, the present season is a backward one, hence roses may still be pruned, and it would be well seriously to consider the ethics of cutting. The moral iniquity of sacrificing the grace from heaven which a rose-tree has by right of birth for the sake of producing two or two hundred flowers of abnormal size surely must work out its own timely end, if the mutilated trees are looked at dispassionately. Such trees should be relegated to the kitchen garden and take their place there among the cabbages and rhubarb. Grace of form in the rose-tree does not necessarily disallow the further consideration of perfection of

flowers, but, unfortunately, we are suffering under the iron heel of gardeners whose vision is concentrated on individual blossoms. Now is the time to shake off their tyranny, and, looking at the trees from the simple point of view of outline, to see that the sprays shall not spoil each other's grace, and to go to the heart of the matter by using a sharp knife and cutting diagonally, and taking wholly away such portions of each tree as may interfere with your preconceived ideal.

Homer—a rose that of late has probably only been beaten in the race for popularity by William Allen Richardson—is very apt to have somewhat the appearance of a black-currant bush, and requires vigorous cutting right out from the centre; and it is well to remember that William Allen Richardson is seldom successful when treated as a standard. It is not yet too late to plant roses, and amongst climbers I have seen nothing to surpass the Climbing *Devoniensis*, which is amongst the generous-growing tea-scented Hybrids. A rather neglected group is that of the Moss Roses—Blanche Moreau is possibly the best. Rivers, a gardening authority in high repute at the beginning of the last century, speaking exclusively of the Moss Roses, says: “Most of the varieties prefer a cool soil, though Mossy de

Meaux is perhaps an exception, as it seems to flourish better in light dry soils. The white Moss Rose, unless budded on the Dog-rose (*R. canina*), will not in general grow well; if on its own root in rich soil, it will often change to pale blush." The very beautiful, small Scotch Briars are not so often seen as they should be; they are easily satisfied, and ask for little but freedom and air. The same may be said for Sweet Briars, while the hybrids Lady Penzance and Anne of Geierstein have the charm of quite dainty blossoms. If it is found desirable to move roses late in the season, it can often be safely effected by putting two or three inches of freshly cut grass at the bottom of the hole prepared for the tree, spreading out the roots on the grass, and then filling up with soil. The natural fermentation seems to supply just enough warmth to help the tree to establish itself again. The winter top-dressing is now only a blanket to keep off the sun, and should be removed and the top-soil slightly loosened, for air is essential to roots, and the winter's rain is apt to have formed a rather impervious mat of soil.

An Upper Ten has developed amongst Daffodils, and the wild woodlanders follow them so silently (at least a month later) that, by force of contrast, these handsome kinsmen seem a trifle assertive, though the early sunshine that they bring us from the Scilly Isles, spread broadcast in our city streets, refreshes the very heart of things mundane, and it is surely ungracious to cavil at them for being so numerous and so big. But, unlike Snowdrops, Crocuses, Wallflowers, and hosts of others, a Wild Daffodil should stand alone—other stars

may be near, but should not touch it. Our seasons must have put back the hands of time since Perdita said,

"That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty," for even in the sheltered Vale of Avon this brave little individualist scarcely is to be found until April. The Daffodil claims for ancestor a dry specimen of *Narcissus Tazetta*, found in an Egyptian mummy-case, dating back some four thousand years.

The charm and variety of the *Ranunculus* gives it every right to our attention, and tubers started out of doors now should make a good show of flowers for July. They should not be planted this month on beds raised above the ordinary garden-level, as they are likely to suffer from draught under such conditions, but they resent heavy soils or any rank food, and the tubers should be placed (with the claws down) on a little sand, and then covered with about two inches of light soil.

The *Ranunculus* is a flower that does not care for strong light, and, to get its full beauty, it is wise to give it shade, if possible, during the brightest part of the day. To give named varieties seems scarcely desirable, as a distinguished florist of some hundred years ago, Maddock, is said to have had no less than eight hundred named sorts in his catalogue; it is certainly probable that the inventive spirits of following days have added to this list, and the choice to-day would be a little embarrassing. We may, however, remember that the narrow-leaved kinds (as being more susceptible to frosts than the broad-leaved) are best for planting at this season, thus leaving the broad-leaved for our autumn planting.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

The Father of Arabic History

SEVEN hundred and thirty years ago, when Saladin took possession of the palace of the Egyptian caliphs, he found in their library no fewer than 1200 copies of the famous "History" of Tabary. He gave them, together with over a hundred thousand other manuscripts, to his learned chancellor, who must have been puzzled what to do with such an *embarras*. What became of them afterwards we do not know; but when it was proposed in 1872 to print Tabary's great work, there was no complete copy to be found anywhere. At the time of the Crusades every considerable mosque in the Mohammadan world possessed it. In the present day no complete manuscript of the History exists, and even the collections at the holy city of Medina, once the home of the earliest Muslim learning, were found to possess nothing better than a Turkish translation. So it happens that whilst several of Tabary's inferior epitomists and continuators have long been available in the original and even in Latin translations, the Father of Arabic History, the first and greatest authority, has but lately been given to scholars in a complete edition, upon which fourteen professors have laboured for thirty years. A work which enjoyed a supreme reputation in the Middle Ages, which vanished for centuries, and has at last been recovered and pieced together with infinite pains, is evidently no ordinary chronicle.

The Arabs first appear in history as a people of no culture. They had their native poetry—a poetry full of the love of nature, expressed with exquisite skill in the most elaborate and flexible language in the world—but they

knew little outside their desert life, and history to them was principally made up of the pedigrees and qualities of their chieftains and their brood-mares—the prowess and generosity of the one, the fleetness and fecundity of the other. When the Arabs became Muslims their poetry was in danger of extinction. The desert bards had not spared the blessed Prophet, who, stung by their persiflage, excommunicated their art. If the Arabs were a people of one art, the Muslims were a people of one book. Their Koran sufficed—at first—their every literary desire. It was declared to be the work and gift of God; it was at once the model of style and the staff of spiritual life. To know the Koran was to possess the one thing needful. Hence the first efforts of Arabic learning were devoted to the study of the sacred text. Fortunately it was soon discovered that many passages in “the Book that came down from Heaven” could not be fully understood without comparison with the earlier poetry in which the language found its purest expression; and, in spite of the orthodox prejudice, its study led to a revival of poetic energy, though never with the freshness and unstudied *abandon* of the “days of ignorance.”

But the Koran was not the only source of Moham-madan doctrine. The Arabian Prophet did not, of course, limit his speech to the set orations and public ordinances of the sacred book. His conversation ranged over all the details of daily life, and the Traditions or reports of what might be called his table-talk, had there been any tables at Medina, acquired a sanctity and authority only second to the Koran. There was this difference between the two, however, that whilst the text of the Koran was definitely settled a few years after its author's death, the Traditions were of slower accumulation. Fresh *dicta* came in from time to time, as the warriors of the early campaigns of Islam came home from their conquests in the uttermost parts of the civilised world and related what they remembered of the Prophet's talk; people began to rub their memories when they found what estimation attached to any scrap of these venerated sayings; and the collections of

Mohammad's words swelled to such a bulk that a critical investigation of their sources and authenticity at length became necessary.

Hence arose the Muslim science of the traditionist, which implied the functions of the biographer. Every tradition was authenticated by a kind of pedigree—in Arabic called “support” (*isnâd*)—in which were recorded the names of all the persons concerned in its transmission from the Prophet himself down to the time of writing. A properly introduced tradition began with its “support” in some such form as this: “It was related to me by Z, who heard it from Y, who was told it by X . . . who had it from C, who took it from B on the authority of A, who heard the Apostle of God say,” &c. The chain of transmission was scrupulously preserved, and each link was subjected to careful scrutiny as to character and veracity. Of the mere power of memory there was no question, for among Orientals, before memory became impaired by reliance upon written documents, its retentiveness was marvellous. One has heard of the lexicographer whose vast dictionary was accidentally burnt, and who forthwith sat^r down and dictatèd the whole work afresh; and there is no need to multiply instances of the trustworthiness of the Arab memory down to the smallest detail of a disputed vowel. It was otherwise with the question of veracity. There were men of, let us say, vivid imagination from the earliest times, and it was an important part of the work of the traditionist to look into character and examine the record of each link in the chain of *isnâd* to determine whether it could bear the strain. Thus biography entered into Arabic literature.

From biography to history is an easy transition. Lives of the first heroes of Islam, the “Helpers” and the “Refugees,” witnesses to Mohammad's words and deeds, the life of the Prophet himself, led inevitably to records of the achievements of the faithful and narratives of the first triumphant campaigns against the misbelievers. The writers of history would usually be men who had studied the sacred traditions, and it was natural that they should adopt the same method of verification. How far this

was so with others whose works have disappeared it is impossible to say, but it certainly was so with Tabary, and it constitutes his supreme merit as a chronicler. No doubt, as a trained exegete, it could hardly have occurred to him to adopt any other way. What we know of his life shows that from first to last he was a laborious and conscientious student of the documents and traditions of Islam. Born at the close of 839 A.D., beside the Caspian Sea, at Amul in Tabaristan—whence his epithet at-Tabary—Mohammad ibn Jerîr was enabled by his father's easy means to visit the chief centres of Muslim culture, Persia, Baghdad, Syria, and Egypt, where he attended the lectures of the most renowned professors of the age. Journeying from place to place in search of knowledge, like an itinerant student in mediæval Europe, he occasionally fell into difficulties if his father's remittances were delayed or robbers stripped him bare. At one time he was reduced to hawking clothes for his living ; at another he was opportunely saved from destitution by being appointed tutor to the Vezir's son at Baghdad. Here he astonished every one by steadily refusing to accept any presents beyond his stipulated salary, and when some of his friends would send him gifts of delicacies, he always returned others of thrice the value. Even from the caliph he would take nothing, save—it was a characteristic exception—an order to the guard to keep the noisy mendicants out of the mosque till the sermon was over. At a time and in a land where learned men commonly depended upon the good offices of those who are said “to support with insolence, and to be repaid by flattery,” such independence was extremely unfashionable. Nor would he accept a judgeship offered him—a coveted reward of learning ; indeed, the only public post he filled was the humble and honorary office of *imâm*, or precentor, in the little mosque where of a Friday he would recite the prayers and the Koran in a peculiarly sweet voice.

His whole time was divided between his private studies and his pupils. Students eagerly attended the lectures of a scholar whom a great Egyptian judge pronounced better

worth hearing than any other man living. Eager as they were, however, they could not keep pace with the zeal of their master. One day Tabary proposed to his class to take them through his own Commentary on the Koran—a work of elaborate erudition which has happily come down to us in a fine manuscript in the Khedivial Library at Cairo. The students asked how large it was, and when they were told it ran to thirty thousand folios, they declared that life was not long enough for such an enterprise. The same proposal was made as to his History, with the same result. “By Allah,” said the master, “the zest for learning is dead!” Nevertheless, to meet the necessities of the weaker brethren, he set about condensing his voluminous works to one-tenth of their original bulk, and thus both the Commentary and the History were reduced to 3000 leaves.¹ These comprehensive subjects did not exhaust his active mind. He lectured on poetry, grammar, genealogy; wrote treatises on Mohamadan law; and compiled an immense thesaurus of Traditions. A man of simple and devout life, indifferent to wealth and position, a sincere believer in the mission of Mohammad, yet free from vulgar superstition and frankly contemptuous of the astrology of his day, Tabary is a noble example of the true scholar. For forty years he wrote at the rate of forty folios a day, and then died in the midst of his labours in January 923. “Man,” he said in his last hour, “man must gather knowledge until death.”

Tabary's reputation as an historian was immediate and undisputed. Mas'ûdy, one of the most brilliant minds of the age, who was a youth at Baghdad when the elder scholar was teaching there, says in the “Meadows of Gold” that Tabary's History far outshines all others, and that its author was the greatest authority of his time, alike by his thorough acquaintance with every school of Muslim jurisprudence and by his equal knowledge of

¹ One can trace this compression in many places of the History as we now have it; but it is probable that portions of the original uncondensed work must have become known, since a good many passages quoted by later writers are not found in the printed text.

history and tradition. Mas'ûdy's judgment has been confirmed by every later critic, Oriental and European. The "Tarîkh" of Tabary was copied and recopied for all the libraries of the caliphate. It was translated into Persian forty years after his death, and eventually found a new audience in a Turkish dress. The number of copies said to have been found by Saladin at Cario, exaggerated as it must be, bore witness to the popularity of the famous book. Yet its qualities are not such as usually commend a work to Orientals. Its style is singularly devoid of those ornaments and jingling antitheses which are the delight of the Arabic euphuist. Its one supreme merit in our eyes, the literal preservation of *ipsissima verba* with the authorities who transmitted them, does not tend to literary form. The various statements concerning historical events are set down side by side, with their authorities, and the compiler makes no attempt to reconcile their discrepancies or to decide between their contradictions. A smooth polished narrative is no part of the author's aim, and the work is not a history, in that sense, so much as a collection of materials for history. As such it is a rich quarry, the richest in Arabic literature. It represents the state of knowledge in the caliphate at the close of the ninth century; it brings to a focus all the rays of historical light emanating from the earliest Arabic sources; and it verifies all these materials, as far as possible, by a compact chain of authentic tradition. The value of such a compilation, made by a man of unquestioned honesty and experience, at a time when tradition was still a living and trustworthy source, must be obvious to all who have ever had to do with historical research. *O si sic omnes!* If the early European chroniclers had authenticated their records with the care and impartiality of Tabary, how much simpler would be the task of the modern historian.

The "Tarîkh" is more, however, than a verified collection of Muslim documents and traditions. For these it is indeed our best authority, and there is no source to compare with it for the seventh and eighth centuries —

especially the Omayyad period. But Tabary's work aims at universal history ; it begins at the beginning, in the Garden of Eden, and whilst its account of the legends and marvels of the patriarchal period is chiefly valuable as showing what educated Muslims believed on these subjects in the ninth century, it is probable that even in Israelitish history some independent traditions are there preserved ; and when it deals with Persian history we come upon much firmer ground. Here Tabary was using authorities in that ancient Persian literature which has almost wholly perished, authorities much earlier than any that Firdausy could command for his *Shah Nâma* ; and though the historian was able only to consult them in Arabic translations, these translations have also for the most part disappeared as utterly as their Pehlevy originals, so that Tabary preserves much that would otherwise be wholly lost.

In all this he works not as an artist in literature, nor yet as a philosopher, but merely as a painstaking collector of facts. One feels, as one reads his history, almost as if it were a lawyer's "informations" in a cause ; but there is this difference, that Tabary has no cause to prove, and his only object is to get at the truth. He was no partisan, and his open mind and honesty of purpose are conspicuous in every page. The very inequality of his treatment—for he will dwell in detail upon one incident and pass over another even more important with a few words—is witness to his loyalty to his evidence. When he cannot get first-hand information, when his tested materials fail him, he leaves the subject as he finds it, and does not seek to expand it from doubtful sources. As his work proceeds, one finds less and less recorded about the more distant provinces and the parts outside the caliphate, because, probably, the writer at Baghdad could not trust his information. This does not explain his comparative reticence about his own times, when as an eye-witness he might have given a minute account of the life and events of the caliphate and its capital : but there is nothing unusual in an attitude of mind common to many historians, who are apt to consider contemporary affairs as foreign to their function,

Nevertheless, for the first three centuries after the Flight, and for a vast deal of still earlier tradition, Tabary's History was incomparably the most comprehensive, detailed, and accurate that had ever been attempted in Arabic, and its very completeness had one unhappy result, that it hastened the disappearance of its predecessors. Tabary contained all that could at that time be desired, and there was no further use for less complete though earlier writers. His was a veritable Aaron's rod among chronicles. The same fate has befallen many valuable works when superseded in general repute by others more comprehensive and containing the most recent research. People discarded Thirlwall for Grote, and Niebuhr for Mommsen, not realising that no true and original work is ever wholly superseded. The fate that Tabary involuntarily brought upon his predecessors in time befell himself. Every later historian used him, added something from other sources, and continued the annals to his own time. The celebrated chronicles of Ibn-el-Athîr (thirteenth century) and his epitomist and continuator Abu-l-Fidâ (fourteenth century) contributed more than anything else to the effacement of their first master. It had soon been perceived that the plan of recording each separate version of a given event, with all the authorities, was tedious to the reader; and even the Persian translator of Tabary, a generation after his death, omitted the chain of witnesses, combined or suppressed, according to his own taste or knowledge, the discrepant statements, and constructed a continuous and "readable" narrative. Ibn-el-Athîr and the rest followed this example. There was no more searching after *isnâd*, no serried ranks of consecutive transmitters: the time had gone by when such evidence could be tested. The facts were now stated on the writer's authority, with seldom any of those references which are the scholar's sheet-anchor. The scrupulous juxtaposition of varying traditions was abandoned, and brevity and smoothness were attained by the sacrifice of authority. In the Middle Ages, whether in the East or in the West, people were as prone to the lazy convenience of abridgments as passmen at a modern university. The big books inevitably gave place to the

The Father of Arabic History 345

little books; the facile epitome ousted the slow chronicle; and Abu-l-Fidâ—to cite one where many might be named—supplanted Tabary. It was the same in earlier times with Livy and Tacitus, when Justin and Florus appeared to simplify the historical course of the young Romans.

Then comes a time, happily, when epitomes and extracts cease to satisfy. Man cannot always live on “lesser Smiths,” though schoolboys may. Orientalists have long wished for the real Father of Arabic History, whose name they found cited in so many later writers. The difficulty was to find him. Erpenius and Ockley were of opinion that nothing but mere fragments of Tabary’s great work had survived the neglect of centuries and the cataclysms of Mongol invasions. They proved to be in the wrong. It is true that no complete copy has been discovered, but the component parts have gradually come to light. A volume here and a volume there were identified, in the British Museum and the Bodleian, at Leiden or Paris. Part was printed from a Berlin codex. But still the work was far from entire, and the brilliant historian of the Moors in Spain, the late Professor Dozy, of Leiden, used to lament the loss of the famous chronicle without which we could never hope to attain a thorough knowledge of some important periods of Arabic history. Yet to Dozy’s disciple we chiefly owe the triumphant recovery of the missing parts, the “lost decades” of the the greatest of Arab chroniclers. Professor de Goeje was already deeply engaged in editing his noble series of early Arabic geographers when the idea was suggested, but even this heavy toil did not deter him from taking the lead in the vital work of recovering and printing the whole of Tabary from manuscripts scattered over three continents.

The story of this hunt for manuscripts as told in de Goeje’s *Introductio*—the Dutch professors still retain the admirable habit of writing their prefaces and notes in the one language that every scholar understands—is positively exciting. Searches were made in even well-known catalogued libraries, and several overlooked volumes of the

missing work were discovered at Oxford, Berlin, and Tübingen. Mordtmann found eight precious volumes in the Küprülü library at Constantinople; another turned up at Calcutta; a chance note revealed the existence of a codex in a mosque at Tunis; an important fragment was picked up at Damascus; Sir William Muir supplied another of great value from Edinburgh. Every probable hiding-place was investigated, even the holy cities of Arabia, and at last de Goeje saw his way clear to building up the complete body out of the dispersed members.

Then came the question of ways and means. The eminent Leiden press of Brill, which has deserved so well the gratitude of Oriental students, was ready to undertake the costly work of printing, but money was needed for the copying of distant manuscripts, and men were wanted who would devote themselves for years, for the sole reward of a good scholarly conscience, to the laborious task of copying, collating, annotating, revising. Help was not far to seek. A public-spirited professor at Basel, the late Mr. Stähelin, offered a considerable sum towards the expenses. The Government of The Hague voted a grant. Money—not much, but enough—came in from all sides, from the Berlin Academy, the German Government, the Italian Government, the Lincei, the Société Asiatique, the Congress of Orientalists, the University of Leiden, our own India Office, from Sir Salar Jung, and many other sources, public and private. The late Mr. Freeland of Chichester and Mr. Arthur Grote were urgent in supporting the claims of the great enterprise in England and India, and learned men all over the world rallied to the good cause.

Nor was there any reluctance on the part of Arabic scholars to undertake the necessary labour of editing the MSS. The task was so overwhelming that it had to be distributed among many hands, but there were always men ready to vie with each other in the honourable toil. Nöldeke of Strassburg, a name revered wherever Arabic scholarship is held in honour, was at the side of his friend de Goeje from the outset. With these two, Barth of Berlin, Loth of Leipzig, Prym of Bonn, Thorbecke of

Heidelberg, Guidi of Rome, D. H. Müller of Vienna, Grünert of Prag, formed the original band of editors, whose names deserve to be commemorated, *optime de republicâ meriti*. Loth, Thorbecke, Guyard, unhappily, died in the midst of their work, but other volunteers came forward—Houtsma of Leiden, Fränkel of Strassburg, von Rosen of Petersburg, de Jong of Utrecht—the last barely lived to finish his task. Behind them all stood the editor-in-chief, ever ready to fill a gap, besides taking his own substantial share. Such unanimity in scholarly toil, such uniform excellence in performance, are rare indeed, and it says much for de Goeje's personal influence and untiring energy that the prodigious enterprise has been successfully brought to a close.

By 1875 the work was fairly on its way. Skilled copyists were employed on the manuscripts at Constantinople; scholars were busy at Paris, London, Berlin, Leiden, collating and preparing the text. The first half-volume was printed in 1879. Three distinct series were kept going at the same time, and the Leiden press answered splendidly to the demand upon its powers. The fifteenth and last volume was issued in 1901—completing nearly nine thousand pages of Arabic type. It is not too much to say that no work of such magnitude, so well organised and competently carried out, has ever appeared in Arabic texts. It reflects the greatest credit upon everybody concerned, and has earned the gratitude of the learned world. The one regret is that no Englishman took part in the labour. There were doubtless good reasons why they could not give the time, but the fact is not gratifying to a country that has produced a long series of great Orientalists. But there is yet an opportunity for the chief Mohammadan Power in the world to take her share in the work. A further step must be made. Tabary ought to be translated, and the language should be that which is understood by more Mohammadans than any other. Tabary must be turned into English, and the subjects of the Kaiser-i-Hind ought to provide the men and the means.

Old Houses and Odd Dreams

THERE is a saying in the North of England among the wise women who sit by the chimney-corners that children born in old houses are never quite the same as those born under newer roof-trees, and, like most old sayings, it holds a certain measure of truth. For old houses (the actual bricks and timber of which they are made) exercise a curiously subtle influence upon those who live in them, as though the ghosts of former owners had not wholly given up their right of tenure, but still played the part of hosts and expected from their guests some return of old-world courtesies. Stories are often told of families who carry this practice of part ownership to the length of treating their shadowy predecessors much as they do their favourite dogs—enjoying the silent companionship while feeling no fear of the unseen presences that haunt their homes ; and it is very possible that children born in such strangely overcrowded houses may well be, as the old countrywomen say they are, wise children ; that is, silent, thoughtful children who are still in their play and love the twilight hours rather than the sunshine.

But not all old houses are ghost-ridden. There are some of quite respectable antiquity that are as dull and as matter-of-fact as the most severely modern of villa residences ; houses that have never played a part either in romance or history, but have instead merely reflected through the silent years the uneventful lives of commonplace contented people. There are a hundred such still to be found in the deserted streets of slumbrous country towns ; houses whose pedigree no one questions ; houses solidly built and even yet capable of resisting time, wind, and weather (with a sturdy gallantry that does excellent credit to their dead and forgotten builders), but that yet fail either to interest or to influence us. For in order to win our love and admiration an old house must possess some individual charm ; some suggestion of possible romance, some hint of mystery ; or else we feel for it merely the same sense of pity that a dishonoured old age excites in us.

A house is, after all, a very human thing. Made for man, it becomes in time an actual part of himself; it is plastic enough to receive impressions in its early years, and its successive owners leave, consciously or unconsciously, the impress of their own personality upon it. But as the house grows older, its position towards those passing guests who spend either the spring, summer, autumn, or winter of their lives within its four walls is changed, and, consciously or unconsciously, it leaves instead the impress of its personality upon its tenants. The old house claims their love as no other home has ever done, and out of their kindly affection for its blackened beams and sun-yellowed walls grows a tenderness for the past, a mellowing of judgment, and more of those graces that are said to be the best possessions of a ripe old age. The stone, bricks, and timber, after the infinitely subtle way of so-called inanimate things, seem to impart some measure of the wisdom they have gathered in the past into the hearts of the men and women who live in daily contact with them, and there is often to be seen a dignity in the manners of the very poorest, if their dwelling be not of yesterday. They take an honest pride in the cracks and bulges in the walls, in the insecurity of the stairs, and the inconvenience of the windows—a pride wholly distinct and apart from the vulgar satisfaction some uplifted householders feel when entering into possession of some freshly painted and plastered mansion. They have learned to see beauty in the finger-marks of Time, and if the old house has taught them nothing else, this is in itself a valuable lesson.

It may be merely a fancy, but to my thinking there is something infinitely more pathetic in an old house seen in a neglected town street than in the most desolate ruins set proudly in the midst of a finely wooded landscape. I feel instinctively the same sense of pity as for some wreck of decayed gentility found in an almshouse, or the cold comfort of a workhouse ward, and I resent the insult of its poverty. The old house, like the old body, has known better days, and the one is, in all probability, as keenly sensitive to its pauper's dress as the other. But an even

worse fate overtakes the house that never comes to the pauper's dress, but is renovated and restored by unskilful hands directed by plenitude of pence combined with want of taste, until at last it stands in all the motley of rejuvenation, a sight to make the Heavenly Architect weep. Time-marks have been effaced, windows widened, stairs renewed, ceilings raised, and hot-water pipes run through the long galleries to warm the thin, pale blood of the new race who lack the sturdiness and strength of the older generations that lived and loved and died under the shelter of its gables when the old house was young.

All my life I have loved old houses ; I was born in one, and it is my fond hope that I may die in one. For death holds no terrors for the old house ; it has seen so many pass along the "dusty way," and has felt too often the sudden hush of the final silence fall upon its stairways and galleries. The superstition (common enough among the country-folk) that death climbs the stairs could make no appeal to those who have lived all their lives between walls of fresh bricks and mortar, but we who have felt that other steps than ours mount, unheard, the old stairway, find it easy of belief. The common lament—could those walls but speak—has always seemed to me a somewhat absurd wish, seeing that they do speak, and speak very clearly and plainly, to all those who have learned their mute language. But, like well-bred and well-mannered persons, old houses exercise a wise reserve, and do not take the first-comer into their confidence or whisper their stories into unsympathetic ears.

Among the houses I know that best hold the traditions of an honourable past is one in a quiet street in an ancient city. The street itself has long since fallen out of fashion ; it is narrow, and wears a sadly deserted air like some neglected beauty, and is all unworthy of notice save for the low, heavily built stone archway at the furthest end, that leads into the cobbled courtyard where stands the old house: A flight of wide stone steps leads up to the great door, which opens to show a similar flight in blackened oak, the number of the steps, both outside and in, being (I believe) identical. The carved banisters, the lancet window that lights the staircase, the immense thick-

ness of the walls, all give an indescribable sense of hush and quiet, as though the stately life of the past were once more possible of realisation in this house that has surely not forgotten the early days of its pomp and prosperity. For here in the long oak gallery with its magnificently carved chimney-piece, the freedom of the city was presented to that luckless monarch James II., and it is easy, in the dancing firelight, to re-people the rooms and passages with ghosts—with the plumes and velvets, the ceremony and courtesy of those long-since dead and forgotten worthies. Out of the windows the king could look into the quiet garden bounded by the city wall, and no doubt, in his heart, he would envy his loyal subjects the peaceful security of their home. The storms of the Civil Wars had left it untouched, and except for necessary repairs, succeeding centuries have done but little to harm it, so that it still stands as an excellent example of the city home of provincial potentates in the time of the Tudors.

A beautiful old country house was so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of irreverent owners who, seeing no beauty in its mullioned windows and oak panelling, like unskilful surgeons, maimed it until they succeeded in crippling it into some semblance of their own lack of taste. I knew the house in its happier days, and one of the delights of my childhood was to be shut up alone in the large oak hall where the handles of the doors were so cunningly fashioned to imitate the carving of the panels that it was quite possible to take hold of one or two unyielding ornaments before finding a way out of my comfortable prison. Over the chimney-piece the initials "E. R." (with a date underneath) always made a thrill pass through me as I remembered that the great queen had herself honoured the old hall with her presence, and that nervous courtiers had perhaps fumbled over those very same door-handles before finding an exit for their royal mistress. I can never conjure up a vision of Elizabeth, with her pearls, her ruffs, and her auburn wig, without the background of that carved oak panelling and the hidden doors.

There may be no real foundation for the belief that

there is any necessary connection between old houses and odd dreams, yet it is most certainly true that people either born, or having lived the greater part of their lives, in old houses are more peculiarly sensitive than others to the influence of dreams. But the philosophy of dreams being an unfathomable art, there is no possibility of agreement on a subject so few of us, confessedly, even try to understand ; for as each Protestant is his own Pope, so each dreamer is his own interpreter, and many and strange are the meanings—some fraught with dreadful mystery—that are given in all good faith to the simplest visions of the night. It is easy to understand why dreaming of a dog or a horse should bode well to the sleeper, for they are only living up to their characters as the best friends of man, but it is not so easy to explain why to dream that you are walking through a field of ripe barley or plucking a filbert from a thickly grown hedge should presage sickness and misfortune. One of the most human touches in that most human story of country life “*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*” is where Joan Durbeyfield, leaving the washtub and wringing the soapsuds from her toilworn hands, consults the “*Compleat Fortune-Teller*” for Tess. Though believing it to be an oracle that never fails, she is yet half afraid of its supernatural wisdom, and keeps it hidden away in the thatch of the old outhouse, for fear that its mere presence should bring trouble upon her. The “*Compleat Fortune-Teller*” was, no doubt, the recognised dream interpreter for all the country-side, but even to-day it is not only the peasantry who believe in the signs and wonders, omens and superstitions that can be constructed from the seemingly commonplace fabric of a simple dream.

Dreams have drawn a line—faint, shadowy, indistinct, across the warp and woof of history ; they have turned the scale by putting a faint heart into a great commander ; they have lost and won kingdoms. The visions of saints have given the world some of its most beautiful poetry, and the world of art owes much to the dreamers of dreams. “*Fortune comes in sleep*” has often proved a true saying ; yet men and women are half ashamed to

confess to a belief in anything that so nearly touches the supernatural. Ours is pre-eminently a practical age when everything is weighed in the balance; if it is not judged to be useful to mankind, it is no longer accounted desirable.

Of what use is a dream? Does any one ever profit by the warning sent in a dream? Has a dream ever really saved the dreamer from impending misfortune? Of all the thousand stories told of dreams and their fulfilment, how many are true? This is the question above all others to which it is most difficult to find an answer, for the truth is known only to the dreamer himself, and all the evidence we have, or can possibly have, is his bare and unsupported word. And faith being a virtue long since out of fashion, dreams are dismissed as phenomena we cannot be expected to take very seriously. There is something intangible and incomprehensible about them; something akin to the spirit, as distinct from the body, that lies beyond the reach of the scientist's scalpel, and is baffling as the mystery of life itself. Yet the subject has fascinated poets and thinkers since the morning of the world, and in all probability will continue to fascinate them as long as time endures. Dreams represent the *terra incognita* of fancy into which every explorer must find his way alone and unaided, returning to tell his fancies or not as he pleases, and knowing there is no fear of vulgar competition or a crowd of followers penetrating into this land of heart's desire.

Dreams are more often indicative of a change in our spiritual life than of any sudden upheaval in our material existence; that this should be so is, indeed, a very part of their nature and essence. They represent in many cases the experiences of the soul, marking, as it were, the psychological moment in a man's life; and a dream is impressive, not necessarily because it is odd or strange, but because of the extraordinary effect it produces on the dreamer. It is to this that the "Compleat Fortune Teller" and books of a similar nature owed their enormous popularity, for, knowing that but few of us are capable of seeing the visions that delight poets, their compilers wisely gave a meaning

to the night thoughts of simple folk. Green hedges, fields of ripe corn, the singing of birds, the gathering of fruit, crossing clear water, seeing a dead but not forgotten face, were all interpreted as warnings or promises, and the dreamer must needs go delicately and be prepared for fulfilment of the prophecy.

Repetition, too, is held to add enormously to the value of a dream. "I dreamed three times that I was walking through a field of ripe barley, and three times that I was gathering filberts from the tree ; and that means sorrow," a woman once said to me, and being shortly after left a widow, her faith in her dreams was greatly strengthened, for had she not received due warning, so that sorrow did not snatch her unawares ? When I was a child I used to dream the same dream over and over again until I learned to know it as well as the pictures in my favourite story-book. I thought I was taken to a strange house and left alone in a room filled with old-fashioned furniture, while on either side of the wide fireplace hung two curtains made of yellow brocade of a quaint and unusual design. A terrible sense of fear held me whenever I looked at those curtains, and I used to wake trembling and yet not knowing why I was afraid. Before I grew up I went to stay in my dream-house, and found that the terrible curtains (exact as to colour and design) hid nothing more alarming than two somewhat unsightly cupboards, filled with odds and ends of lumber. But the sense of fear was amply justified, and the visit marked a distinct epoch in my life, for in that yellow-hung room I learned my first lesson of mistrust, and so lost some of the dearest of my childish illusions.

That state between sleeping and waking, when our brains seem unnaturally clear, and yet strange things happen—voices call to us, people stand by our bedside, we see shining lights and hear entrancing music—has been variously interpreted as an opening of our spiritual eyes and ears, or an unhealthy condition of the digestive organs. But whether we accept the mystical or the prosaic and wholly unsatisfying explanation, we cannot regard this semi-somnolence as a dream. In a real dream there is no pretence of wakefulness. Our actual surround-

ings have vanished, and we do not miss the body lying asleep on its bed, for our dream-bodies are as real to us and as tangible as those we have left for a season. In the East, a dream is still accounted a sacred thing, as it was in the days of the Hebrew Prophets, and there are, too, here in the West, scattered up and down among lonely hills and valleys, and even in the crowded streets of our great cities, mystics and thinkers who read a meaning in the visions we count as foolishness, and do not hesitate to declare that the truest wisdom comes to us in dreams.

It was to one of these I told the dream that has troubled me of late, much as the yellow-hung room haunted my childish fancy. It is again a dream-house standing in a dream-garden, but the curious feature of this house is that, though the garden at the back and the number and arrangement of the rooms are the same, the front of the building changes. Sometimes it faces a garden, and is approached by a long carriage-drive, more often it stands in the wide street of a quiet country town; but directly I open the door, I find within everything unchanged—the square hall with the windows on either side; the wide flight of stairs with the oak gallery running along the top; the door beyond the hall facing me at the end of a long passage that leads into the garden; the sunny rooms, and the nest of bedrooms opening out of the galleries. It is a desirable house, a house it would be good to live in, and the garden is of quite exceptional size and beauty. Great fruit-trees, covered with blossom in the spring and laden with fruit in the autumn (for, like the Northern King in William Morris' poem, I have seen that garden through the windows in all the four seasons) grow close to the house; grass-covered terraces slope down to rose-walks and beds of tall flowering shrubs; I know there is water (though I have never seen it) and far beyond the trees and shrubs and flowers is wild moorland country with a blue haze of delicate mist rising to meet the sky-line.

Outside my dream-house all is peace, inside all is cheerfulness; unless I go up the stairs, cross the gallery, and face a curtain that hangs against the wall, when a horrible

sense of fear comes over me and I tremble like a very coward. Behind the curtain are five steps ; they lead to a second and shorter gallery or passage, into which three rooms open. In spite of my fear, I force myself to go into those rooms. They are large and handsomely furnished, and their windows look out upon the garden ; there is nothing ghostly or strange about them, and I try to argue myself out of my fear. The question perplexing me is always the same. An unexpected guest has come, for whom there is no place prepared ; shall he sleep in one of these terror-haunted rooms, or must I give up my own and sleep here myself ? At this point I awake.

“ You have never seen this house except in your dreams ? ” my friend said at last, and I told him no, but that one day I was sure it would be my home. He agreed, adding, “ I would not be in too great a hurry to find it, if I were you. ” There was something impressive in the manner of his speech, and I did not ask him for any further interpretation, for at last I had found the meaning of my oft-recurring dream. In that house it may be that it has been willed I am to die. But death is a hard word ; let me rather say when at last I open the door of the house I know so well but have never seen, I shall pass through it to my final inheritance in the Kingdom of Dreams.

Twenty Years' Captivity in Ceylon

THE famous traveller, Sir Emerson Tennent, chronicling a tour made by him through the northern forests of Ceylon nearly sixty years ago, wrote : “ At Cottiar . . . we halted by the identical tamarind tree under which, two centuries before, Captain Robert Knox—the gentlest of historians, and the meekest of captives—was betrayed by the Kandyan, and thence carried into their hills, to be detained an inoffensive prisoner from boyhood to grey hairs. ” But to that captivity, Sir Emerson observes, “ we are indebted for

the most faithful and life-like portraiture that was ever drawn of a semi-civilised, but remarkable people."

In his "Historical Relation of the Island of Ceylon"—the first account of Ceylon by the way in our language—Knox, except for one pathetic episode, is almost silent regarding his family history, but of late years many interesting particulars of his life have been gleaned from old documents. He was born about 1641, his father, also Robert Knox, and of Scottish descent, being a commander in the East India Company's service. His mother, Abigail Bonnell, came of a Dutch Protestant family, residing near Ypres in Flanders, which had fled from the Duke of Alva's persecution and settled at Norwich. Robert passed his boyhood at Wimbledon, in Surrey. His parents were strict Puritans, who were at great pains to store his mind with pious thoughts and pieces; indeed, his religious upbringing is reflected in nearly every page of his book. One of his most valued possessions, which he desired might be kept as an heirloom, was an English Bible, that chance threw in his way when in captivity. "The sight indeed of this Bible so overjoyed me, as if an angel had spoken to me from heaven. It being the thing for want whereof I had so often mourned, nay and shed tears too."

When he was about fifteen years old his mother died. In his solitude and suffering he never ceased to think of her, and when some fifty-five years afterwards he fancied his own end drawing nigh, he desired to be buried beside her at Wimbledon, "it being the town where I was brought up when a boy, and where God often spoke to my conscience in my minority."

The elder Knox, thus bereft of his wife, resolved to take Robert with him on a voyage to the East. Accordingly, in January 1658, the boy accompanied his father, who then commanded, as well as partly owned, the East Indiaman *Anne*, on a year's trading expedition from port to port in India. During the homeward voyage there arose on November 19, 1659, a "mighty storm" in the Bay of Bengal, in which several ships were wrecked; and the *Anne*, which was loading at Masulipatam, was

only saved by the sacrifice of her mainmast. This so disabled the ship that the agent at Madras ordered the commander to go to Porto Novo, take in some cloth there, and proceed to Kottiyar Bay in Ceylon, for the double purpose of selling the cloth to the Cingalese and repairing the frigate. The natives visited the Englishmen with much show of friendliness. The raja (Sinha II.) had an inconvenient fancy, it would seem, for enrolling Europeans in his service, and with this object he effected the capture of the Knoxes and fourteen of the ship's company by the simple expedient of decoying them a few miles inland. There may have been, however, another and more intelligible reason for their detention. It is possible, as Knox says, that Sinha felt affronted at not receiving a complimentary letter and present on the Englishmen's arrival. An attempt to capture the ship and the rest of the crew failed, owing to the foresight of the now imprisoned commander. He contrived to send Robert with secret instructions to the chief mate to return forthwith to Porto Novo and there await the order of the Company's agent at Madras. The son faithfully executed his commission and returned to share his father's captivity. In a poem called "Gladys and her Island," Jean Ingelow has told in graceful verse, if with some poetic licence, this story of filial devotion.

In June 1660, the captives were taken to the Kandyan hill-country, and kept near the Court. At first they received much kindness.

"Our entertainment all along was at the charge of the country, so we fed like soldiers upon free quarters. Yet I think we gave them good content for all the charge we put them to; which was to have the satisfaction of seeing us eat, sitting on mats upon the ground in their yards, to the public view of all beholders, who greatly admired us, having never seen nor scarce heard of Englishmen before. It was also great entertainment to them to observe our manner of eating with spoons, which some of us had, and that we could not take the rice up in our hands and put it to our mouth without spilling, as they do; nor gaped and poured the water into our mouths out of pots, according to their country's fashion."

As none of the Englishmen volunteered for the raja's service they were separated and placed in different towns, an exception being made in the case of Knox

Twenty Years' Captivity in Ceylon 359

and his father, who were permitted to dwell together at a place called Bannara-koswatta, some thirty miles to the northward of the city of Kandy. There they were both struck down with the country's prevailing sickness—ague and fever—and after three months' suffering the elder man died. The description Knox gives of his father's last days on earth is too affecting to be put into other words than his own :

“With many a bitter sigh he used to utter these words, ‘These many years, even from my youth, have I used the seas ; in which time the Lord God hath delivered me from a multitude of dangers’—rehearsing to me what great dangers he had been in in the Straits of Gibraltar by the Turks and by other enemies, and also in many other places too large here to insert, and always how merciful God was to him in delivering him out of them all—so that he never knew what it was to be in the hands of an enemy : but now in his old age, when his head was grown grey, to be a captive to the heathen and to leave his bones in the Eastern parts of the world ; when it was his hope and intention, if God had permitted him to finish this voyage, to spend and end the residue of his days at home with his children in his native country ; and so to settle me in the ship in his stead. The thoughts of these things did even break his heart.”

Knox remained a prisoner at large for nearly twenty years, despite the efforts of the East India Company to obtain his release. Though repeatedly pressed by the raja to become his secretary he knew Sinha's cruel and crafty nature too well to avail himself of the offer, choosing to risk losing his head outright rather than incur the fate which he knew had befallen many of the English courtiers. One Henry Man (he tells us) had been promoted to be chief over all the raja's servants in the palace. Happening one day to break a china dish he became

“so sore afraid that he fled for sanctuary into a *vebar*, a temple where the chief priests always dwell and hold the consultations. This did not a little displease the King, this act of his supposing him to be of opinion that those priests were able to secure him against the King's displeasure. However, he, showing reverence to their order, would not violently fetch him from thence ; but sent a kind message to the Englishman, bidding him ‘not to be afraid for so small a matter as a dish’—and it is probable, had he not added this fault, he might have escaped without punishment—‘and that he should come, and act in his place as formerly.’ At which message he came forth ; and immediately, as the King had given orders, they took

hold of him, and bound his arms above the elbows behind ; which is their fashion of binding men. In which manner he lay all that night, being bound so hard that his arms swelled, and the rope cut through the flesh into the bones. The next day the King commanded a nobleman to loose the ropes off his arms, and to put chains on his legs ; and to keep him in his house, and there feed him and cure him. Thus he lay some six months, and was cured ; but had no strength in his arms : and then was taken into his office again, and had as much favour from the King as before,"

only to be torn in pieces by elephants not long after for another equally trivial offence. No wonder then that Knox preferred to support himself by knitting caps, lending out 'corn and rice, and peddling goods about the country.

By this time most of his former comrades having become reconciled to their lot, had betaken themselves to various occupations, married Cingalese women, and adopted the native dress. But Knox was made of sterner stuff. For six years (1673-1679) he travelled about the Kandyan Kingdom, hawking his wares in company with a faithful shipmate named Stephen Rutland, and never losing what looked like a chance of escape. At length, on September 22, 1679, they started from Eladetta on their journey northwards, contrived to elude the vigilance of the sentinels at Anuradhapoorā, and struck into the woods by the river side.

"In some places it would be pretty good travelling, and but few bushes and thorns ; in others, a great many : so that our shoulders and arms were all of a gore, being grievously torn and scratched. For we had nothing on us but a clout round about our middles, and our victuals on our shoulders ; and in our hands a talipat [palm leaf for a sunshade and tent] and an axe."

After a dangerous and difficult journey, undertaken mostly by night so as to avoid the savage tribes, they arrived at Arippu, a Dutch fort on the north-west coast, by October 18.

At Arippu and at Colombo, which was reached ten days later, the advent of two Englishmen, "barefooted and in Cingalese habit, with great long beards," caused no little sensation, "it being so strange that any should escape from Kandy." They were hospitably received, sent to Batavia, and thence to England, which they reached in September 1680.

Twenty Years' Captivity in Ceylon 361

The rest of Knox's history may be rapidly sketched. As he returned home considerably poorer than he went his friends received their long-lost relative with indifference; they in fact "started from him," to use his own phrase. This cold reception doubtless determined him to get away from England again as soon as possible. He turned to the East India Company for employment, and in October of the same year sailed as fourth mate of the *New London*, then bound for Bantam. Before he left he placed his manuscripts in the hands of Dr. Robert Hooke (the energetic secretary of the Royal Society), under whose editorship they were published.

His excellent seamanship and knowledge of affairs won for him rapid promotion. In March 1681, the Company made him captain of the *Tonqueen Merchant*, a vessel which he was destined to command for the next thirteen years. His delightful book on Ceylon, to which some copperplate engravings of marvellous accuracy lend additional attraction, was brought out in goodly folio in the following August, a notable instance of rapid production.

Knox returned from voyages to Java and Tonking in the autumn of 1683, to find that his book had made him famous. That ever urbane monarch, Charles II., who may have dipped into it, but who would certainly have seen the rare assortment of curiosities from the Far East presented by Knox to the Royal Society, sent for the author, and had "an hour's discourse" with him; "many flocking about to hear it." The book was a favourite with Daniel Defoe, who made use of it in his fascinating story of "Captain Singleton." It was speedily translated into French, Dutch, and German, a sure proof of its popularity.

We now come to a curious episode in Knox's career. For some time the East India Company had been endeavouring to make St. Helena an experimental station for the growth of various economic plants, and Knox was selected as a fit agent for the business, not to further it, as might be supposed, by his practical acquaintance with the mode of cultivating tropical plants, but to

procure from Madagascar, in the form of slaves, the labour needed for carrying out the project. He accordingly sailed on his inhuman mission about the middle of April 1684, and faithfully fulfilled it. After taking part in the expedition against the Great Mogul in 1686, Knox some four years later engaged in another slave-trading cruise to Madagascar, this time carrying his hapless cargo to Bencoolen on the south-west coast of Sumatra, where the Company was building a fortress, afterwards known as York Fort, for the protection of its trading-station there, and was greatly in need of negro labour.

Thus it happened that Knox, so lately in captivity himself, came to engage in the slave trade. That it was a wicked trade he seems to have had no idea. Apparently the Puritan Knox shipped his human cargoes with as little compunction as the Calvinist Newton—Cowper's chosen mentor—who assures us he never "knew sweeter or more frequent hours of divine communion" than on his voyages to Guinea as captain of a slaver. And less than fifty years ago there were not wanting people who argued that the greatest possible kindness one could show to a negro was to keep him in slavery.

In 1694 he was abruptly dismissed from the Company's service. It was not until April 1698, that an opportunity offered whereby he might have his revenge on his former employers for their cavalier treatment of him, and at the same time recoup himself for nearly four years' enforced idleness. For some time past the East India Company had fallen into public disfavour. Its very existence was threatened by a new and vigorous "combine," the English East India Company, which sought to harass the old Company by employing its discarded servants. Among these veterans was Knox, who accepted the command of the *Mary*, a private trading-vessel (or "interloper"), bound for India.

Knox returned from this, his last voyage, at the end of 1699. He was now upwards of sixty, and having realised a sufficiency, might well desire a quiet hermitage ashore. For the remainder of his days he lodged somewhere in the parish of St. Peter-le-Poor, London, making

occasional excursions to Low Leyton in Essex, of which his cousin, John Strype, the well-known historian, was vicar. His needy nephews and nieces, the children of those relatives who at his return from captivity had shunned him, found in the old merchant captain a helpful friend. "As for my own part," he wrote to Strype, who was little disposed to assist his poor relations, "I am wholly of Judge Hale's opinion in his 'Contemplations Moral and Divine,' that I am but a steward in trust of all which I am possessed of, and my share thereof is no more than necessary food and raiment; and how to dispose of all the rest, Matt. chap. xxv., &c., hath taught me." In doing good to others, writing his autobiography, and preparing an enlarged edition of his book, "in which I have been the more diligent, it being the only thing will keep my name in memory in the world"—(but both manuscripts have unfortunately gone astray)—Knox passed a tranquil old age. He died on June 19, 1720, and, as he desired, was laid beside his mother at Wimbledon.

Leather Drinking-Vessels

I.—The Water Bouge

THE revolution which the last century witnessed in English domestic life has been so complete, the changes so vast and so radical, that it is hard to realise how near the past is to us.

In traversing this island of ours (so ancient under its veneer of newness) one may sometimes encounter in castle, college, or manor-house certain strange old vessels—huge pitchers and corpulent bottles of leather. So venerable are they, and in their material so unlike any now in use, that one is apt to regard them as belonging of necessity to some foreign clime, or to some far distant age. In reality they were peculiarly English, and have been a feature of English life down to almost modern times.

It is true that the use of wine-skins, water-skins, and skin bottles was common for ages in the hotter parts of Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, and is so still to a lesser extent. But it is none the less true that England was for the greater part of her history the home *par excellence* of leather drinking-vessels, that they were made and used here in larger numbers and for a greater length of time than in other European countries. For this preference for vessels of leather there were many reasons. While Continental countries had a plentiful supply of pottery and glass, our earthenware was bad and scarce, and native glass vessels almost non-existent. The "potters" of mediæval records were not makers of earthenware, as lists of their effects show their pots to have been of metal.¹ Sometimes a potter of those times was also a bell-founder, and the "Complaint of the Potters of London"² speaks only of cast metal pots. The vessels bought from the potter or taken to him to be repaired were of metal.³ In early times there was a guild of potters in London, but it was absorbed with that of the Braziers, Bladesmiths, and other metal-workers into the Armourers' Company.⁴ Even as late as 1546 the churchwardens of St. Martin's, Leicester, "solde to the pott^r iij C and iij quartans of bras, at xixs the hundrith."

Writers on English pottery have often over-estimated the amount of native earthenware during the Middle Ages, and one of them quotes the Roll of Bishop Swinfield of Hereford as showing that in 1289 "cups, dishes, plates, and saucers" were to be bought in the various market towns of his diocese. It is true the editor of the Roll calls the vessels "crockery-ware,"⁵ but there is no mention in the text of their material, which was probably wood.

On the Continent flasks and bottles of iron, steel,

¹ Riley's "Memorials," p. 61.

² *Ib.* p. 100.

³ "Account Rolls of Durham Abbey." Surtees Soc., vol. 9, p. 90.

⁴ Hazlitt's "Livery Companies," p. 26.

⁵ "Roll of Expenses of Richard de Swinfield." Camden Soc., vol. 59, pp. 24, 70, and 98.

and silver (which in England are rarely heard of except in the king's wardrobe) were numerous, and the leather bottles were imported from England. Viollet le Duc, in his "Dictionnaire du mobilier Français," says, "Les Anglais fabriquaient des bouteilles de cuir qui étaient fort estimées."¹

In Legrand d'Aussy's "Histoire de la Vie privée des François," printed in 1781, are several instances of the use of leather bottles, for instance, "Au repas que Philippe de Valois donna aux Rois d'Ecosse, de Majorque, de Bohême, et de Navarre, il n'y avoit sur le dressouer royal aultre vaisselle d'or ne d'argent, lorsque tout seulement un outre de cuir, en quel outre estoit le vin du Roy et des princes et Roys qui seoyent à table."²

H. Harvard in the "Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement, etc.," also mentions them, and says that they are found fairly often in inventories, though of the two examples he quotes, one is of two bottles which were bought in London, and he says emphatically that the most famous leather bottles were always imported from England, and that often those made in France were copied from the imported ones, and described as "faites à la mode d'Angleterre."³

The leather drinking-vessels in England were the water-bouget, the leather bottle, and the black jack, including under the latter term all pots and jugs of leather.

The water-bouget may be classed as a drinking-vessel, for we know by Assyrian carvings and Greek vases that people drank from wine and water-skins, and the water-bouget, which was a pair of leather bags joined at the necks, must often have been so used.

The facts to be gleaned about this vessel are meagre and difficult to trace, and it is fortunate that, being a military vessel, it was often depicted on coats-of-arms. Mr. Planché considered that it owed its introduction to English heraldry to the Trusbuts, barons of Watre, in Holderness, who bore "trois boutes d'eau," thereby

¹ Tom. ii., Bouteille.

² P. 420.

³ P. 387.

symbolising their family name and their baronial estate. Mr. J. Finlayson, however, in "Surnames and Sire-names,"¹ says that the name was taken from the bearings and not the bearings from the name. The late Mr. Lower, in "The Curiosities of Heraldry,"² says "water-bougets or budgets date from the Crusades, when water had to be conveyed across sandy deserts." It is to be regretted that he did not advance any evidence in support of the theory, because it has been repeated in other books on heraldry as explaining the origin of our English vessel. There is really no occasion for such conjectures, as the existence of water-bougets in this country was quite natural apart from any importation or imitating. The conveying of water in skins or leather bags must have been found convenient in remote ages and in many countries. It certainly was in England long before the time of the Crusades.

The earliest mention of the water-bouget in English records seems to be in the tenth-century "Colloquy" of Archbishop Ælfric, of which a copy from the Cotton MSS. was privately printed by the late Thomas Wright. A craftsman, called the "shoe-wright," says, in answer to questions, that he makes from hides and skins, boots, shoes, ankle-leathers, bottles, flasks and bougets. For this last vessel the word in Wright's version of the document is *calidillia*, but in a later edition of his book, edited by R. P. Wülcker,³ it is stated that in the original MS. the word is probably "casidilia," which, in a mediæval vocabulary, is glossed "pung," an Old English word for a leather pouch. Moreover, in both editions of the "Colloquy," the word has the gloss "higdifatu," hide vessels; and Ducange has under *Bulga*, "Gloss. Saxon. Ælfrici : *Bulga*, Hydig fæt, vas ex corio confectum." *Bulga* is the word most often used in mediæval Latin for the water-bouget.

In the same century the bouget is mentioned in the Lindisfarne Gospels in 950, and the Rushworth Gospels in 975. In the latter the parable of the old wine and

¹ P. 86.² P. 56.³ 1884 ed., p. 97.

new bottles is rendered "Ne menn geotath win niowe in winbeligas alde, elles tobersteth tha belgas ealde ond thæt win bith agoten ond tha beligas tolöre weorthath;" the word belg or belig being the Old English form of bulge or bouget. In the Lindisfarne Gospels the ἄσκός of the original Greek is rendered "bythum," another early name for a water-bag or bottle.

So little is known of the water-bouget that its more unusual names, bouge, bowge, bulge, bulgee, &c., have little meaning for us nowadays, and are generally explained—even in glossarie intended to elucidate obsolete words—as meaning barrels. The mystery that surrounds it has been increased by the manner in which the heraldic charge has degenerated in latter days into a conventional and to most people unintelligible sign, such for instance as *b* and *c*, Fig. 1.

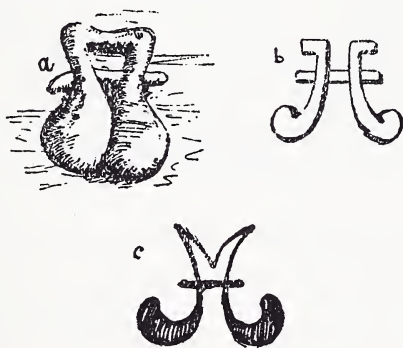


FIG. 1.

Skins and leather bags for wine seem to have remained in use in remote parts of Southern Europe longer than in this country, probably because water was scarcer, and wine and oil had to be carried over mountainous country. Even in England water had to be carried, and in old household Rolls—for instance, those of the Countess of Leicester in 1265, and Bishop Swinfield in 1289—the carrying of water was an item of expense. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the account Rolls of Durham Abbey show items for the cost of water carriage and for the purchase of bougets. In 1430

occurs "i pari bouchez 20^d," and a little later, "et sol pro i pare Bowgez empt apud Ebor pro officio Bursarii, 16^d," which is interesting because York was, as will presently be shown, a great centre of the bouget-making craft in those times.

In the towns water was distributed by men who bore huge churn-shaped vessels of wood, but in country places it was frequently carried on horses or men's backs in water-bouges. Verses by John Lydgate, written in the fourteenth century, refer to this practice :

By draught of horse fro ryuers and welles
Bouges be brought to brewars for good ale.

In mediæval times, when English roads were bad for wheeled traffic, and most people travelled on horseback, their baggage too was slung on horses, in males or budgets of leather. "We lede clothes-sacks and many a large male," says the horse in John Lydgate's poem. The bouget was generally carried pannier-wise over the horse's back, and held money, clothing, metal or wood vessels, armour and various valuables or necessaries. The water-bouget or budget for liquids was simply a modification of it.

In mediæval literature references to such vessels are fairly numerous, but there seems to be seldom any distinction between the pair of bags for water and the budget for solid wares, except that the former is more generally spelt without the final *t*, and that the latter is oftenest in the singular number, not being so frequently made in pairs.

It is, therefore, difficult sometimes to tell which kind of bouget is meant. In "Hali Meidenhad" a thirteenth-century treatise in praise of virginity in the passage "the bitte that beoreth forth as a water bulge," there can be no doubt as to which is intended.

In Wyclif's version of the Psalms, translated in 1388, the seventh verse of Psalm xxxiii. is rendered, "He gaderith togidere the watris of the sea as in a bowge," a more literal translation than the "as in a heap" of the Authorised Version.

During the fifteenth century the bouget seems to have been popularly called a "gorge," as Dame Juliana Berners, in the "Boke of St. Albans," printed in 1486, says, "Gorgys be callid in armys water-bulgees."

In the work by Mr. Lower, already quoted, we read "water-bougets are represented in various grotesque forms so that it is a matter of curiosity to know in what manner they were carried." This question was set at rest by Mr. Planché, who discovered on a twelfth-century font at Hook Norton, Oxfordshire, a carving of a man in the act of carrying one. This interesting figure represents Aquarius in the signs of the Zodiac, and is a valuable record—especially so in the absence of other evidence—of the shape when in use; the proportion as compared to the man; and the mode of carrying the vessel. This Norman water-bearer is carrying his bouget slung across the crooked end of a stick which rests on his shoulder, and is held in his right hand.

This is the only known representation of the water-bouget in use, but there are a few heraldic carvings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which are instructive, and realistic, and were executed by men to whom the vessel itself was well known.

Fig. 2 is an example from the thirteenth-century tomb of a De Ros in the Temple church, and *a*, Fig. 1, is a fifteenth-century bouget from the tomb of Lord Bouchier in Westminster Abbey.

In the tenth century, as we have seen, these vessels were made by the "shoe-wright," who made a great variety of leather articles, but after the Conquest, workers in leather had split up into separate branches. There was in very early times a craft guild of pouch-makers in London, who made bougets for wine and water, and leather sacks for other luggage.

In 1272 they are mentioned under the name of *cistarii*, "cofferers," in the ordinances of the cordwainers. In the Wardrobe Book of Edward I. are several entries in 1299, showing that bougets were bought from cofferers.

In York there was, in 1415, a guild of pouch-makers and one of bottle-makers, as is shown by a document,

entitled "Ordo paginarum ludi Corporis Christi," which gives a list of the pageants and the crafts that took part in them. The pouch-makers, botellers and cap-makers united to produce "Lazarus in the Sepulchre," which required five characters, Lazarus, Mary and Martha with two wondering Jews (ij Judei admirantes).

Both in London and in York the making of pouches

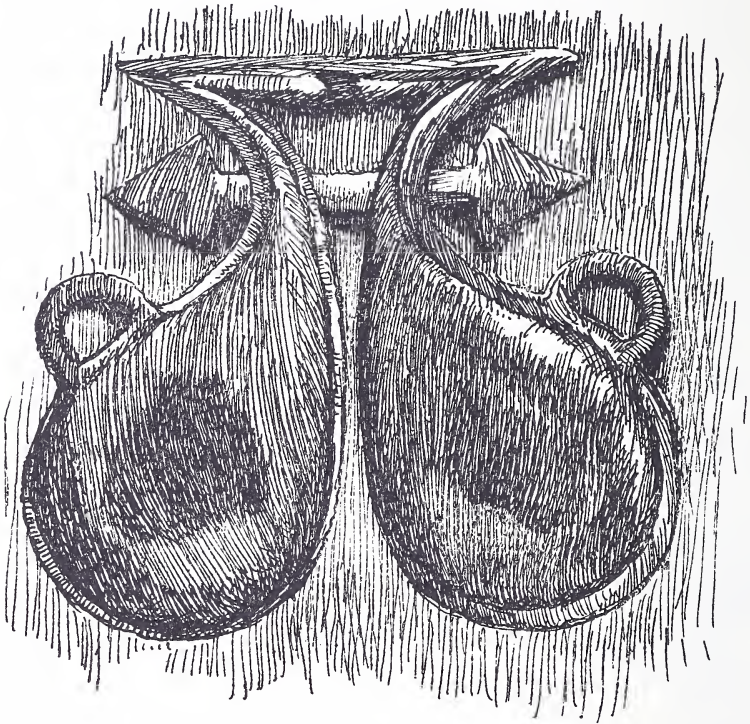


FIG. 2.

and bottles of leather was associated with that of bellows, pattens, bow-cases and quivers. In the city records at York are manuscripts that show that in the fifteenth century the makers of such things were allied in one organisation, and that it was quite usual for one man to follow the occupation of a patten-maker, a bottle-maker, and a bouget-maker at one and the same time. It is shown by the Freeman's Roll of that city that one

Robert Daglase carried on the trades of a bowyer, patoner, bogge-maker and boteller. Another manuscript in the York Guildhall is a set of ordinances made in 1472 of the same combination of crafts, entitled "Constitutiones de lez Patoners, Botellers, et Bowge-makers." It sets forth stringent regulations for the making and selling of such wares, among which are the following :

"Item that ther shall no man of this craftes make ony boulgez, boulgett ne bowbages of sheepe leder opayn of iijs iiijd to be payed as is afore writen as often tymes as ony man of the same craftes offenden ayenst this ordynance in any wise.

"Item yt ys ordayned and establyshed that yif any maister, servant or apprentice of ony of the saide craftes frome hensfurth take upon hym to make or shappe any maner of patens, belowx, botells, ledderkannez, bowgez, bowgett, bowebage, quyver, cloothsak, trunkes or malez or any other maner of stuff aperteyning to the saide craftes or to any of thayme wⁱⁿ the howsez or chambrez of any tanner, shomaker, glover, white-tewer, couvesour, or girdiller wⁱⁿ this cite, suburbez or presinctes of the same w^{out} license of his serchiovrs of the saide craftes for the tyme beynge shall forfeit xx^d to the chambre of this cite and to the chargez of the saidez craftes evenly as often as eny abovesaide offenden contrarie to this present ordynance w^{out}yn any maner of pardone."

This is the only document I know of that enumerates the articles made by the botillers craft. Boulgetts or bowgez are distinguished from the boulgett or bowgett, and it seems certain that the former was the pair of leather bags for liquids, and the latter the budget or sack for dry goods. "Ledderkannez" were, of course, what were later known as black jacks. The other clauses of these rules were intended to discourage careless workers and unfair competition, and also to secure for the skilful and conscientious an adequate reward. In 1501 "a bill of divers articlez put in by the Botellers Bogge-makers and Patoners," was added to them. In the Guildhall of London are preserved the Ordinances made in 1517 of the Pouch-makers, which show that they had power of search over "belowes, lanternes, sconces, all maner baggys, powches, malys, bougettes, bowe cases, cloth sakkes, bone-hides for covering chariettes, botelles, poths, standards, etc."

In the Roll of Freemen of York, many makers of water-bougets were admitted in the fifteenth century,

and in some cases the bouge-maker was a bottel-maker also. Bouge-makers do not occur in London, under that name, but their wares no doubt continued to be made by the Pouch or Coffe-makers. Palsgrave in his "*Les-claircissement de la langue francoyse*," printed in 1530, translates *Fayseur de bahus*, as a lether coofer-maker or a bouge-maker.

But little is to be gleaned from inventories as to the water-bouge itself; such documents generally refer to times subsequent to those in which it was numerous. Probably a six-gallon pair is referred to in the following from a list of things in the store-room at Jarrow Priory, Northumberland: "In promptuario j par de bottis continentibus vj lagenas"; and an old pair in the goods of John Colam in 1490, "De j pari veterum pigionum, anglice bowges i^d"; and another pair at Durham Priory in 1446, "i par de bowges." It would be interesting to establish a definite time when water-bougets went out of common use, but evidence on the subject is very scarce. A late instance of their use occurs in the manuscript account—printed in Grose's "*Antiquarian Repertory*"—of the Equipage of the Earl of Northumberland. The bouget is included under "*Bottylls of lether for my Lord's Kechyne*,"¹ but was not a bottle, as it is distinguished from its neighbour, "a great bottyl of ledder to carry water in," by being described as "a great gouge of leather for carryinge of water." In the same document is "Itm iij p'r of barrell ferrys w^t chaynes & houkks of iron to carry wyn with my Lord upon horses." It may be that this method was one of the causes which led to the disuse of bougets. Not being rigid like leather jacks and bottles, they could not be so easily lined with pitch, and must have injured the flavour of any liquid carried in them, so that barrels, in spite of their unsuitability for conveyance on pack-horses, were preferred.

The condition of things which led to the use of leather bouges must have been passing away by the end of the sixteenth century. As the English roads became more

¹ Vol. iv. p. 346.

available for wheeled waggons in which barrels could be carried, and water was brought near to dwellings by means of pipes, the water-bouge would cease to be needed. It must, however, have been a familiar vessel to the people of the later half of the sixteenth and the earlier part of the seventeenth century. The bouge-makers of York cease to be traceable after the reign of Henry VII., and it is probable that the budget-makers, of whom there are one or two late instances, were makers of travelling bags, but there are passages in the literature of later times which show that water-bouges were still known.

An instance occurs in the 1557 edition of the "Jugurtha" of Sallust, translated by Alexander Barclay. In the following passage describing the preparations of Marius in Africa the word "utres" is translated "bottels and bouges": "And every day he distributed in his iournayes amonge his hoost xlii heed of oxen for vitayle. . . . And in the meane season he charged bottels and bowges to the hydes of the same beaste & of other ledder in gerate [*sic*] nombre." ¹

In North's "Plutarch" (Life of Alexander) is the following passage: "For the country about Babylon is very hot . . . and men in the extremest heat of the summer do sleep there upon great Leather budgets filled full of fresh water."

"Bouges of lether" are mentioned in Philemon Holland's translation of "Livy," 1600, in which is an account of Hannibal crossing the Rhone. "The Spaniards made no more adoe but fastning their apparel to bouges of lether like bladders full of wind, & laying their bucklers thereupon, sat aloft & passed over nimble." ²

In Urquhart's translation of "Rabelais," printed in 1653, in extolling the intellect of Pantagruel, it is said that he had "an excellent understanding & a notable wit, together with a capacity in memory equal to the measure of twelve Oil-Budgets or Buts of Olives."

These extracts, and others that might be quoted, show

¹ P. 96.

² Book *xxi.* p. 408.

that English writers in the second half of the sixteenth and in the seventeenth century were acquainted with the water-bouget and its uses, and that when they read of the wine-bottles or water-skins of other countries it was the water-bouget that came naturally to their minds as the English equivalent. Also the sculptured charges of the same period exhibit a knowledge of that vessel, which seems to show that if obsolete it had not been so for any great length of time. A realistic representation is carved on the oak screen of the Willoughby chantry in Wilne Church, Derbyshire, which is dated 1624. It is a late example, but carefully made out, and the hole, or mouth, in the neck of the pouches is especially interesting. The latest record of the existence of a pair of bouges that I have noted is only two years earlier—in an inventory of the goods of Sir George Shirley, made in 1622, when the following vessels were in the “Buttery & Wine Seller. Fortie two hogsheads, ix pipes, iij terses, iiij Jackes, ij buiges,” &c. The jacks, of course, were leather pitchers.

We may conclude, then, that it was in the seventeenth century that the water-bouge finally ceased and became extinct.

The Day's Doings of a Nobody—IV

7th April, 1906

7.30.—My birds don't take to breeding very kindly. I have administer'd dandelion leaves and hempseed, but the only result is that the hens put a piece of moss into the nest-box and take it out again, and this for hours together. The thwarter of all my plans is, I think, the east wind; it attacks my body and my works; it tries my patience and flouts my impatience; and so blows merrily away to sea to breathe on New York, I suppose, as a kind of Zephyr.

8.0.—To breakfast, a dull affair without the children, who are in bed with measles. Perhaps their absence

The Day's Doings of a Nobody 375

accounts for our dulness over the Bible reading, which is a portion of the catalogue of Joshua's atrocities in Canaan. We hope that Time was the great magnifier of those exploits; and go to the reading of "The Ancient Mariner," which, I find, loses little of its magic as the years roll on.

8.45.—Into the garden to sow beet and parsley, and look at the auriculas and polyanthus in their prime. These pretty little markers of time look gaily up to my grey hairs, and give their cheerfulness to my day.

9.0.—To Homer, who, take him all round, is as cheerful as the flowers in his garrulous way, and is wonderfully good sport for an idle man.

One is not long at the study of him before one becomes conscious of his formality. His men always eat, drink, sleep and fight in formulas. Their action is like that of the figures in Assyrian bas-reliefs, or Egyptian paintings; and no doubt Homer's art ow'd something both to Assyria and Egypt. His similes, brilliant and beautiful as they are, have a cut-and-dried air about them, as if they were the fruit of much cogitation and selection. But this back-ground of formula only serves to make the speeches more vivid; the patriotism, family affection, remorse, or other passion exprest in them more beautiful. The speeches in the *Iliad* are the poem; the very gestures of the men, however violently mov'd, are conventional; voice is various and triumphant; but even that is not without its formulas.

10.0.—Started for a walk southward with a volume of Shelley's *Essays* in my hand, and was glad to get away from clay fields and pollarded elms and willows, and reach the sweet clean chalk, with its beech trees and fragrant herbs.

12.0.—Read "A Defence of Poetry," by Shelley, which I am very sorry I didn't read twenty years ago, so beautifully is it exprest. Not that it is true, or contains much truth. Life is much greater than any re-presentation of life. Alexander carried the *Iliad* about with him in a casket, not because it was the *Iliad*, but because he was Alexander. Shakspeare suffer'd a partial neglect of a century to

become the stalking-horse of the follies of Englishmen. When he presented his plays we hear of few raptures about them. When we go to see his plays we are pleas'd, and go home and sleep soundly. We write volumes about them to minister to idleness ; and no one is one whit the better or worse. Of course poets give great pleasure. I have much enjoy'd in my time the works of Chaucer, Marlowe, Shakspeare, Herrick, Marvell, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Meredith ; and it would ill become me to be-little them. If they can be be-littled at all, it is by the use of exaggerated language about them.

It is a pleasant task to compare one poet with another ; but the computation of their effects on a nation's action would be small. Byron, of our poets, seems to have been the most powerful in this respect ; and he seems to be the poet English literary men like least. As for the quiet effects of pure beauty, I have known greedy and dishonest men in chronic raptures over Lucretius, Plato, and Shelley ; and I dare say my experience is not unique. And there are many greedy and dishonest men innocent of any acquaintance with those authors ? Quite so ; which shows that their effect is small. Let us say, then, that Shelley's essay has the beauty of the mirage ; and that the mirage is interesting if one is not tired and has plenty to eat and drink. So much for the effect of poetry on others ! Now I, more than most, have really been affected by poetry. I do not think that I am greedy or dishonest ; but I certainly am lazy, slovenly, and exacting. The fine things shown me by poetry have only encourag'd these vices ; because I naturally selected that sort to read which was most consonant with my nature. When I was young, I was of an amorous turn ; and many indifferent women, seen thro' the medium of my reading, assum'd very transient beauties. But *ex uno disce omnes* will not hold good here : it will be a long time before Englishmen as a whole will be much affected by poetry, whether erotic, dramatic or heroic.

Shelley's enthusiasm is, nevertheless, very pleasant. He is better at defending poetry than Sidney, whose

The Day's Doings of a Nobody 377

apology, if I remember rightly, owes a little too much to Landino to be quite fresh. Whatever nourishment Shelley got from Italy, he did not bolt his food so hastily and in such large lumps as Sidney, who seems to have spew'd up his Italian diet not much transmuted.

Looking down on the road I see that denizen of the North Downs, an apple-snail, or at least his empty shell. Like me he pass'd his prime on the Surrey Hills, and enjoy'd himself there; and now like me he is empty; but, unlike me, he cannot fill himself with bread-and-butter and hard-boil'd eggs, as I am about to do; nor can he drink dew or beer any more. He's only an empty shell with this vague obituary notice in a monthly magazine.

Soon after I met another example of the fauna peculiar to these Downs in the shape of an old acquaintance whom I had not seen nor heard of for some twelve years. His shell, made largely like the snail's of chalk rubble, was not empty; for it contain'd a family of children and a bottle of good cool beer.

Turning from him homeward I could only wonder at the great extension of London (for so it is) southward from Croydon. It was pleasant, however, to notice that this vast congregation of cottages was distinguish'd by trimness and cleanliness; and this no doubt they ow'd to being built on the chalk.

Five o'clock found me in my own street which was gay with children; one party was adding to its natural gaiety by dissecting and blowing to the winds fragments of a brimstone butterfly, and saving it a world of trouble thereby.

So ended a long survey of streets and houses, men and women. With regard to the last I am glad to see that they wear their dress with a bolder air than they did thirty years ago. Then a drest woman might be liken'd to a shrine with a booby within: now she is, generally speaking, a human being who dominates her protective covering. The only improvement I can suggest to the ladies is that they should cease to sever their dress at the waist only to have the trouble of joining it again. With a

long robe hanging from the shoulders, they might cease to trouble about their waists, except to keep them small, if they so wisht, and at the same time produce all the effects of their present ties and blouses.

The present fault of the men is their collars, which certainly cannot be regarded as a continuation of the shirt, but rather as an unnecessarily complicated neck-ring.

5.30.—My tea was disturb'd by a man who had taken the photograph of a thrush sitting on her nest but an hour or two before and wanted a dark place for the development of his negative. He came in, radiant with what he believ'd to be success, and went out happier still (with a clatter of apparatus) because he had bagg'd his game. I was as please'd as he, for his is as pretty a form of sport as one could wish to see. There is all the trouble and ingenuity require'd in the shooting of wild birds with a result in the case of success satisfactory to both parties; for the man gets his picture, and the bird is glad to be rid of the man. I remember very well my last shooting adventure. It was in August some eighteen years ago that I came on whimbrel, and let fly into their midst with the result of killing one and winging one. I brought my boat to shore, and chase'd the wing'd bird some half a mile over the mud, and caught it: with no joy however; for the eye of the bird did not seem to express fear, only a wildness too remote from any human experience to be profitably interfere'd with. I had to put the poor thing out of its misery; and came back to my starting-point to find my boat afloat, when a little swim was necessary for its recovery. My photographer has surely chosen the better part.

6.30.—To Homer again. The tenth Iliad only shows how good the real epic formula is by contrasting itself therewith. Let alone that the subject of the book is mean and disgusting, the author has imperfectly imitated the real epic forms, has coin'd bad epic words, and shows here and there his inacquaintance with the details of the true Homeric life, as in the case of the horses which he supposes ridden off by Odysseus and Diomedes, and yet

uses for that description words only applied by Homer to the driving of horses in chariots. He has peculiarities of his own ; but they are either indifferent or bad. Of the first sort is his liking for seeing his characters drest in skins : Agamemnon in a lion's, Menelaus in a pard's, and Dolon in a wolf's. Of the second is his taste for a vague rhetoric, as in the lines :

They started, just like lions twain, to walk thro' murky night ;
Thro' slaughter, corpses, arméd men, black blood to go forthright :

which 'are put out of Homeric tune, I think, by their eclecticism and futurity.

Talking of Homeric dress, Agamemnon's array for war as describ'd in the beginning of the eleventh Iliad can only provoke a smile. It is more like that of a Chinese brave of fifty years ago than anything I know of. I see too that, like Zeus, he has the Gorgon's head on his shield. Now there were not two heads. This shield of Agamemnon's must, as the poet understood it, have been made ugly by a painted head for the purpose of frightening its wearer's enemies. Later poets probably not knowing what it really was, or not caring, after the manner of poets, invented odd tales about this Gorgon. Homer seems to have let his imagination run riot in the matter of inlaying and welding metals. Agamemnon's corslet and Achilles' shield are wonders the poet would like to have seen, no doubt, but never did ; tho' of course his imagination was set afire by the sight of simpler work.

9.0.—Play'd a game of piquet which I lost by one point, and so to bed.

Some English Earthquakes

THIS year will go down to history as a year of especial volcanic activity. The recent eruption of Vesuvius and the calamitous earthquake at San Francisco have, as is natural, aroused unusual interest in such phenomena, even here in England, where we consider ourselves perfectly safe from any serious disaster of this nature. From

volcanic eruptions, at least in historic times, these islands have of course been free, but shocks of earthquake have been, and are, not infrequent. With the delicate instruments now available for seismological investigation, hundreds of disturbances are recorded too weak to be otherwise perceived, but even of those sufficiently strong to attract general notice, and to cause a certain amount of alarm at the time of their occurrence and of discussion afterwards, there have been within the period of history no inconsiderable number.

Some of the earlier notices of such phenomena may be found interesting. They have been selected not at all from the point of view of their probable scientific accuracy, but rather for their curiosity, and as tending to show the state of the popular mind at different periods in regard to what were formerly held to be supernatural manifestations.

On the face of them the reports of these earlier earthquakes have a touch of the mythical. Considered in the Middle Ages to be of directly divine origin and sent as warnings against sin or indications of disasters to come, earthquakes entered into the scope of theology, and were considered the fair prey of any one who by embellishing the truth could make the lesson taught by them more fearful and more salutary.

All who have studied history, who have glanced, even in the most cursory fashion, at the old Chronicles, are aware of the large place which wonders of all kinds filled in the mediæval imagination. From earthquakes and blazing stars down to pig-faced babies and two-headed calves, all that was unusual or was incapable of an everyday explanation was greedily seized upon and noted down as of an importance almost equal to that of the great national calamities which those portents were supposed to foreshadow.

It will be understood that what follows does not pretend to give anything like a complete view of even the more important earthquakes which have occurred in this country ; to attempt to notice them all would have been either to extend this paper indefinitely or to make it into a mere

catalogue. I have not hesitated to pass over even those which seem really to have been of some severity when no particulars of interest were available.

Omitting, then, all those in earlier times which are merely mentioned, or else are characterised in a word or as having been accompanied by "a dreadful noise" or "great darkness" or the like, we come to one which, if it is correctly described, was certainly somewhat remarkable. We learn that in 1133 the earth

"moved with so great a violence, that many buildings were shaken down, and Malmesbury (the original chronicler) saith that the house wherein he sat was lifted up with a double remove, and at the third time settled down again in the proper place. Also in divers places it yielded forth a hideous noise, and cast forth flames at certain rifts many days together, which neither by water nor by any other means could be suppressed."¹

On Christmas Day 1179 a strange thing happened at Oxenhall, near Darlington, in the county of Durham, which we may believe or not as we like. I give Burton's description, as he adds something to that of Holinshed. According to this account

"the earth was lifted up aloft like a tower, and so continued all that day, as it were immovable, till evening, and then fell with so horrible a noise that it affrighted the inhabitants thereabout, and the earth swallowing it up, made in the same place three pits of a wonderful depth, which were afterward called Hell-Kettles. It is reported that Bishop Tonstal put a goose into one of these pits, having first given her a mark, and the same goose was found in the river Tees, which if true, these Kettles have passages under ground."

The "Hell-Kettles" are still to be seen at Oxenhall; popular report has it that they are bottomless.

In 1247 occurred an earthquake, followed, as seems not unusual, by exceptionally bad weather.

"On St. Valentine's even, a great earthquake happened here in England, and namely (*i.e.*, especially) about London, on the Thames side, with the which many buildings were overthrown. These earth-

¹ The earlier accounts have been taken from the "Chronicles" of Holinshed and Baker, the original descriptions on which these are based being in Latin. Use has also been made of an amusing but carelessly written and in some respects very inaccurate book by Richard Burton, "The General History of Earthquakes," 1694.

quakes, the seldomer they chance in England, the more dreadful the same are, and thought to signify some great alteration. A little before this earthquake, the sea had ceased from ebbing and flowing for the space of three months together, by a long tract near to the English shore, to the great marvel of many, for either it flowed not at all, or else so little that it might not be perceived. And after the earthquake, there followed such a season of foul weather, that the spring seemed to be changed into winter, for scarce was there any day without rain, till the feast of the translation of St. Benet (July 11)."

The next earthquake has, for a reason which will presently appear, acquired a certain historical celebrity. I again take the description from Holinshed's "Chronicles," where it appears under the date of 1382.

"In this year," he says, "the one and twentieth of May, being Wednesday, a great earthquake chanced about one of the clock in the afternoon, it was so vehement, and namely in Kent, that the churches were shaken therewith in such wise that some of them were overthrown to the ground. On the Saturday after, being the four and twentieth day of May, early in the morning, chanced another earthquake, or (as some write) a watershake, being of so vehement and violent a motion that it made the ships in the havens to beat one against the other, by reason whereof they were sore bruised by such knocking together, to the great wonder of the people, who being amazed at such strange tokens, stood a long time after in more awe of God's wrath and displeasure than before, for these so strange and dreadful wonders thus shewed amongst them: howbeit when these terrors were forgotten, they followed their former dissoluteness, from the which for a time they were withdrawn through fear of God's heavy hand hanging over their heads; but afterwards like swine they wallowed afresh in their puddles of pollutions, and as dogs licked up their filthy vomit of corruption and naughtiness, for,

Sordida natura semper sequitur sua jura."

It happened that at the time of the earthquake an assembly of prelates was sitting in London, which had been convened by William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, to formulate charges of heresy against Wycliffe and his followers. The latter naturally made capital out of this earthquake, claiming it to be a judgment of God upon the proceedings of the assembly, the "Council of the Earthquake" as they called it, or, at the least, a protest of the earth against the evil doings of man, even likening it to that which occurred at the time of the passion of Christ.

Some of the members of the council seem to have taken a similar view, or at least to have regarded the earthquake as an evil omen, and to have advised that the design of the meeting should be abandoned. The Archbishop was, however, not a man to be easily shaken from his purpose. He declared it to be rather an encouraging sign, representing it as an emblem of the purification of the kingdom from erroneous doctrines: "As in the interior of the earth there are enclosed foul airs and winds which break out in earthquakes, so that the earth is purged of them, though not without great violence, even so there have been many heresies hitherto shut up in the hearts of the unbelieving, but by the condemnation thereof the kingdom has been purged, though not without trouble and great agitation." Thus could the same natural occurrence be made to serve as an argument in the interests of two opposing parties.

Nearly two hundred years elapsed before another earthquake took place which possessed features of sufficient interest to make it worthy of mention, though there were several small ones in the interval. The event of which I next give an account was in reality, as was shown by Sir R. Murchison, not an earthquake at all, but a landslip. It is, however, classed under the former head by the chroniclers, and seems in any case to have been somewhat remarkable.

"In 1571, Feb. 17," says Burton, whose account I follow, "a prodigious earthquake happened in the eastern parts of Herefordshire near a little town called Kinaston. About six in the evening the earth began to open and an hill called Marcle [now Marcle Hill] with a rock under it, made at first a mighty bellowing noise which was heard afar off, and then lifted up itself a great height and began to travel, bearing along with it the trees that grew upon it, the sheepfolds and flocks of sheep abiding thereon at the same time. In the place from whence it first moved it left a gaping distance forty feet wide and eighty ells long; the whole field was about twenty acres. Passing along it overthrew a Chapel standing in the way, [and] removed an Ewe-tree growing in the Church-yard from the West to East. With the like violence it thrust before it highways, houses, and trees, it made tilled ground pasture and again turned pasture into tillage.

"Having thus walked from Sunday in the evening till Monday noon, it then stood still. and moved no more, mounting to an hill twelve fathoms high.

“The like prodigy happened about the same time at Blackmore in that county, where a field of three acres with the trees and fences moved from their place, and passed over another field, travelling in the highway that goeth to Herne, and there stayed.”

Not long after this, on February 26, 1575, between four and six o'clock in the afternoon, an earthquake occurred in the midland counties, its influence extending from York to Hereford. It was sufficiently severe to cause plates to fall from the cupboards and books from the bookshelves, but seems to have done little serious damage. In Holinshed's Chronicle we get a rather curious touch, which shows more clearly than many words the way in which earthquakes were popularly regarded :

“In Norton Chapel the people being on their knees at evening prayer, the ground moving caused them to run away in great fear that the dead bodies would have risen or the Chapel to have fallen.”

The best known earthquake in our history is without doubt that which occurred on April 6, 1580. Its celebrity is due less to its having been of an exceptionally violent character than to the large amount of writing of which it was the occasion. There being at that time no such means for the distribution of news as grew up afterwards, but the people being then as eager to learn of anything strange and wonderful as they are at present, books and pamphlets and ballads of all sorts describing occurrences of a sensational nature commanded a ready sale, and this earthquake seems certainly to have been made the most of by the pamphleteers.

Apart from the number of tracts to which it gave rise, two things show us the extent to which it stirred the popular imagination, the fact that a special prayer was published, “to be used of all householders with their whole family, every evening before they went to bed, that it would please God to turn His wrath from us, threatened in the last terrible earthquake,” and the number and character of the references to it in later literature. It will be remembered how in *Romeo and Juliet* the nurse recalls the age of Juliet by remembering that she was weaned on the day of the earthquake, eleven years before.

The following account is taken from the enlarged edition of Holinshed's "Chronicles," published in 1587, as this gives a better summary of what happened than I can find in any one of the books issued in the year of the occurrence itself :

"On the sixth of April, being Wednesday in Easter-week, about six of the clock toward evening, a sudden earthquake happening in London and almost generally throughout all England, caused such an amazement among the people as was wonderful for the time, and caused them to make their earnest prayers to Almighty God. The great clock bell in the palace at Westminster strake of itself against the hammer with the shaking of the earth, as divers other clocks and bells in the steeples of the city of London and elsewhere did the like. The gentlemen of the Temple being then at supper, ran from the tables and out of their Hall with their knives in their hands. The people assembled at the playhouses in the fields as at the . . . theatre . . . were so amazed, that doubting (*ie.*, fearing) the ruin of the galleries, they made haste to be gone. A piece of the Temple church fell down, some stones fell from St. Paul's church in London, and at Christ's church near to Newgate market, in the sermon while, a stone fell from the top of the same church, which stone killed out of hand one Thomas Grey an apprentice, and another stone fell on his fellow servant named Mabel Everet, and so bruised her that she lived but four days after. Divers other at that time in that place were sore hurt with running out of the church one over another for fear. The tops of divers chimneys in the city fell down, the houses were so shaken : a part of the castle at Bishop's Stratford in Essex fell down.

"This earth-quake endured in or about London not passing one minute of an hour, and was no more felt. But afterward in Kent and on the sea-coast it was felt three times, as at Sandwich at six of the clock the land not only quaked, but the sea also foamed, so that the ships tottered. At Dover also the same hour was the like, so that a piece of the cliff fell into the sea, with also a piece of the castle wall there."

That strangest figure in Elizabethan literary history, Gabriel Harvey, has left us in a letter to his friend Edmund Spenser, the poet, a description of how this earthquake seemed to one who actually experienced it. He was staying at the time in Essex in the house of a friend. Being, as he tells us, in the company of certain courteous gentlemen, and two gentlewomen (they were, as he says elsewhere, "a couple of shrewd witty new-married gentlewomen") :

"it was my chance to be well occupied, I warrant you, at cards (which I dare say I scarcely handled a whole twelvemonth before) at that very

instant that the earth under us quaked and the house shaken above, besides the moving and rattling of the table and forms where we sat. Whereupon, the two gentlewomen having continually been wrangling with all the rest and especially with myself, and even at that same very moment making a great loud noise and much ado :

“ ‘ Good Lord,’ quoth I, ‘ is it not wonderful strange that the delicate voices of two so proper fine gentlewomen should make such a sudden terrible earthquake ? ’ Imagining in good faith nothing in the world less than that it should be any earthquake in deed, and imputing that shaking to the sudden stirring and removing of some cumbrous thing or other in the upper chamber over our heads.”

Other persons however, coming into the room “ somewhat strangely affrighted ” they soon learnt the nature of the shaking. Whereupon the gentlewomen,

“ nothing acquainted with any such accidents, were marvellously daunted, and they that immediately before were so eagerly and greedily preying on us, began now forsooth, very demurely and devoutly, to pray unto God, and the one especially that was even now in the housetop. ‘ I beseech you heartily,’ quoth she, ‘ let us leave off playing and fall a-praying. By my truly, I was never so scared in my life. Methinks it marvellous strange.’

“ ‘ What, good partner, cannot you pray to yourself,’ quoth one of the gentlemen, “ but all the house must hear you and ring All-in to my lady’s matins ? I see women are every way vehement and affectionate. Yourself was liker even now to make a fray than to pray, and will you now needs in all haste be on both knees ? Let us, and you say it, first dispute the matter, what danger and terror it carrieth with it. God be praised, it is already ceased, and here be some present that are able cunningly and clerkly to argue the case. I beseech you master, or mistress, moderate your zealous and devout passion awhile.”

Harvey represents the gentleman as turning for an explanation of the matter to himself, and he answers in a long discourse which he calls “ Master H.’s short, but sharp and learned Judgement of Earthquakes.” Omitting the superfluous learning with which he clothes and conceals it, his opinion, which is indeed that commonly held at the time, is as follows :

“ The material cause of earthquakes . . . is no doubt great abundance of wind or store of gross and dry vapours and spirits, fast shut up, and as a man would say imprisoned in the caves and dungeons of the earth, which wind or vapours, seeking to be set at liberty, and to get them home to their natural lodgings, in a great fume, violently rush out and as it were break prison, which forcible eruption and strong breath causeth an earthquake.”

He says further that the cause is "not only that the wind should recover his natural place . . . but sometime also, I grant, to testify and denounce the secret wrath and indignation of God, or His sensible punishment upon notorious malefactors, or a threatening caveat and forewarning for the inhabitants, or the like, depending upon a supernatural efficient cause, and tending to a supernatural moral end."

If we except a slight one in Cumberland and Westmoreland in 1650, there is no earthquake which attracted much attention for more than a hundred years, when, on September 8, 1692, a shock of some severity was felt over a large part of England, as well as in France, Germany and the Netherlands. Its northern limit is given as $52^{\circ} 40'$, and its southern as the latitude of Paris. Its duration was estimated to be about two minutes.

In this country little damage was done, but a good deal of alarm seems to have been caused. We learn that the shock was felt in London, and in several parts of Essex, Kent, Sussex and Hampshire, as for instance at Sheerness, Sandwich, Deal, Maidstone and Portsmouth, "the people leaving their houses in many places lest they should fall on their heads, but it lasted only a minute. It shook Leeds Castle in Kent¹ so violently that all in the Castle, even the Lady herself, went out of it and expected its falling. A person being in the field hard by, the ground shook so under him that he could not stand, and being forced to lie down on the ground was so tossed up and down that he received several bruises," and some workmen who were at the moment of the earthquake, engaged in plastering the steeple of St. Peter's Church at Colchester, attested afterwards that the steeple "parted so wide in the midst that they could have put their hands in the crack or cleft, and immediately shut up again without any damage to the workmen (who expected all would have fallen down) or to the steeple itself."

This earthquake also led to the publication of a great number of books and pamphlets, dealing with the nature and causes of such disturbances, but this time they were

¹ Burton (p. 152) says, "Leeds Castle in Yorkshire," but this is surely an error.

somewhat less theological and more scientific in character. Indeed, the first serious contributions to the study of the subject date from about this time.

The year 1692 was a year of earthquakes. On June 7, occurred the terrible one in Jamaica which destroyed the greater part of Port Royal. Others of varying degrees of intensity were experienced in Sicily, Malta and parts of Central Europe.

From this time onward the descriptions of earthquakes are rendered less interesting by the rise of a meritorious but less picturesque regard for the unembroidered truth. Instead of the earth standing up like a tower, or of people being tossed up and down by the ground, somewhat as one is tossed in a blanket, we hear only of dishes being rattled in the cupboards, and of an occasional chimney falling. Of only two or three out of some thirty earthquakes which are recorded as of sufficient severity to create alarm, is anything told us of the slightest interest to other than scientists.

Of one which was felt throughout London and Westminster on February 8, 1750, we are told that the counsellors in the Court of King's Bench and Chancery in Westminster Hall were so alarmed that they expected the building to fall, that a slaughter-house with a hay-loft over it was thrown down in Southwark, and that several chimneys fell.¹ No one seems to have been hurt however.

On August 11, 1786, a shock was experienced over a considerable part of the north of England. At Cocker-mouth it was "attended with a noise as if a well-packed hogshead had been thrown with violence on a boarded floor. The strings of a spinnet were heard to vibrate. Others thought that thieves had broken in."²

In 1792, on the evening of March 2, an earthquake of some violence was felt in the midland counties. One writing from Bottesford, in Leicestershire, says:

"It was a smart shock here, accompanied with more than a tremulous motion. The noise to me at first was like something falling above

¹ GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, xx. 89.

² G. M., lvi. 707.

stairs. After a cessation of a second or two, it became louder and louder, and ended with a rolling clap of thunder, or like the whole house tumbling about our ears. . . . The earth moved very perceptibly, and some people were so alarmed as to run out of the house."¹

One in 1805, in the Vale of Clwyd, one in 1822, about York, and lastly, one on December 23, 1838, in Leicestershire, were perhaps of sufficient severity to deserve a passing mention. The winter of 1838-9 seems again to have been a period of general seismic disturbance, for on January 11 occurred a terrible shock in Martinique, which besides doing very extensive damage at Fort Royal and St. Pierre, completely destroyed the town of Case-Pilate. Indeed, when we take into consideration the much smaller population of the island at that time, it would seem to have been hardly less destructive in its effects than the appalling volcanic outbreak of May 1902.

Several slight shocks have been felt in England since 1838, but as they do not differ in character from the earlier ones, and possess no special features of interest, they may be passed over without remark. The last one of note occurred in East Essex, especially about Colchester, on April 22, 1884. This indeed did considerable damage to property, but fortunately little to persons.

We may, I think, re-assure ourselves : here in England we stand in no great risk of death from this particular cause. In the last eight hundred years of our history we find but very few earthquakes which have done more than slight and local damage, hardly one which, in a country where such things are frequent, would afford matter for ten days' talk.

¹ G. M., lxii. 272.

Retrospective Review

W. Fulwood's "Enemy of Idleness"

The Enimie of Idlenesse: Teaching the maner and stile how to endite, compose and write all sorts of Epistles and Letters: as well by answer, as otherwise. Devided into foure Bokes, no lesse plesaut than profitable. Set forth in English by William Fulwood Marchant, &c. The Contentes hereof appere in the Table at the latter end of the Booke.

*An Enimie to Idlenesse,
A friend to Exercise:
By practise of the prudent pen,
Loe here before thine eyes.*

Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, for Leonard Maylard. Anno 1568.

NEVER, perhaps, since the glaring solecisms in the communications received from the monasteries moved Charlemagne to establish his famous schools, has the art of letter-writing been altogether ignored by teachers and students of Latin. In the Middle Ages, indeed, we hear little of any recognised text-books on the subject, but with the Renaissance there came into being a large number of works on the composition of letters. Among the most popular treatises of this class—they are all called “*De Conscribendis Epistolis*,” or by some similar title—were those of Aurelio Brandolini, Conrad Celtes, Erasmus, Lodovico Vives, Christopher Hegendorff, Georgius Macropedius, and later C. Verepæus, all of them well known in the schools of the sixteenth century.¹ The existence of such works soon suggested the publication of similar guides to letter-writing in the modern languages; indeed, as early as *c.* 1474 we find a “*Formulare*” intended to teach correspondence in German, while in 1502 Italy followed with a

¹ Editions of the treatises of Hegendorff, Macropedius and Verepæus were printed in England.

“Formulario da ditare lettere a ogni persona ed a rispondere a tutte con ornato parlare e con tutte le mansioni.”¹

In England, however, no attempt at any regular exposition of the subject seems to have been made before the issue of the little book with which we have to deal. As the first of a very long series of letter-writers, it surely deserves somewhat more attention than it has hitherto received. Fulwood has indeed a brief notice in the “Dictionary of National Biography,” and there is a short account of this book in the “Censura Literaria,” vol. v. p. 134, and a somewhat longer one in the “Collectanea Anglo-Poetica,” vol. iii. (part 6), pp. 397-401, but, apart from these, I have met with but few allusions to it.

In none of the accounts mentioned, nor, so far as I am aware, anywhere else, has it been suggested that the work is other than an original production of Fulwood's. But the subject-matter of the letters given as examples, and especially the names and places mentioned in them, should at once lead an attentive reader to suspect the work to be of French origin; and investigation shows that it is merely a translation² of an anonymous³ book published at Lyons in 1555, and reprinted in 1566 and 1579.⁴

¹ See Brunet, *Manuel*, s.v. “Formulare” and “Formulario.” A copy of Sorg's edition of the “Formulare,” Augsburg, 1483, is in the British Museum.

² The words on the title-page—of the first edition alone—“Set forth in English,” look as though no attempt were made to conceal the fact that it was not original.

³ Though the work does not bear the author's name, this may well have been known to contemporary readers, for in a letter on p. 167, headed, “Un quidam escrit à l'auteur,” which is omitted by Fulwood, occurs the following passage: Cela [*i.e.* the general character of the letters] correspond merveilleusement à ton nom, lequel retournant je trouve Pierre Durant, qui peut denoter & signifier oraison suave, ferme, & de longue duree.” The passage is not very clear; possibly we should read “Prière Durant[e].” I have not solved the anagram—if such it is—but some of my readers may be able to do so. I can discover no Pierre Durant or Durand of the right date.

⁴ The first and last date are from Brunet. Besides the edition of 1566, one of 1584 “Plus les Lettres amoureuses des amans passionnez” is in the British Museum.

The title, taken from a copy of the second edition, in the British Museum, is as follows :

“ Le Stile et Manière de Composer, Dictier, et Ecrire toute sorte d’Epistre, ou lettres missives, tant par response, que autrement, Avec Epitome de la poinctuation, & accents de la langue Francoise¹ : Livre tres-utile & profitable. Nouvellement reveu & augmenté. A Lyon, par Thibauld Payan. 1566.”

Fulwood’s translation is in general very close, though occasionally changes of order are made—as when he places three love-letters, taken from various parts of the work, together in a fourth book, with some rhymed ones of his own—and there are a certain number of omissions ;² while in a few cases the translator has been obliged to modify the wording in order that his book should be suitable for English readers, though it is surprising how seldom he has thought it necessary to do this. In describing the work I shall point out a few instances of this modification. So far as I can discover, apart from such changes and the occasional addition of a few words to bridge over an omission, the only parts of the work for which any originality can be claimed are the preliminary matter and some love-letters in verse with which the book concludes.

“The Enimie of Idleness” was by no means Fulwood’s only work. In 1563³ he had published a translation of Gratarolus’ “De memoria reparanda, augenda, etc.,” under the title of “The Castel of Memorie.” This is dedicated to Lord Robert Dudley,

¹ This treatise of punctuation is really an independent tract, often printed separately.

² The most important of these occurs at the end of the work, where a long “Harangue de M. Claude Tolomei, Ambassadeur de Siene,” and a supplement of letters of good authors, are altogether absent from the English version. Other omissions are a letter to a cardinal on p. 135 of the French, and the one to the author already mentioned, besides several in the third part of the work. It is of course possible that Fulwood may have used the 1555 edition, which I have not seen, and that the differences may be thus accounted for. It will have been noticed that that of 1566 professed to be “Nouvellement reveu & augmenté.”

³ The Epistle to the Reader is dated November 20, 1562.

afterwards Earl of Leicester, in a set of doggerel verses similar to those of the dedication of the "Enimie of Idlenesse." An epistle to the reader follows, and some verses entitled "The Bookes verdicte."

He next edited¹ Ralph Lever's book on a game then in vogue, which appeared in 1563 as "The most Noble, auncient, and learned playe, called the Philosophers game . . . by Rafe Lever, and augmented by W. F." These initials have been wrongly taken for those of William Fulke,² but, as Mr. Hazlitt points out,³ the first letters of the prefatory verses entitled "The bookes verdicte" form the name WILYAM FVLWOD. Even apart from this, a comparison of the preliminary matter with that of the "Castel of Memorie" would put the writer almost beyond doubt.

To this early period of his life may belong three broadsides printed by John Alde at the Long Shop in the Poultry. One bears the date 1562, the others are undated: two are signed W. F., the other Willyam Fulwod.⁴

Save for the publication of "The Enimie of Idlenesse" in 1568, there is no further news of him until 1574, when, as is pointed out in the "Collectanea Anglo-Poetica," he is referred to in R. Robinson's "Rewarde of Wickednesse":

"Let Studley, Hake, or Fulwood take
That William hath to name,
This piece of worke in hande, that bee
More fitter for the same."

If the "piece of worke" were the writing of execrable doggerel, there was surely none fitter than Fulwod.

We now come to a difficult point. From 1580 to 1592 a certain William Fulwood, merchant-taylor of

¹ Without the author's knowledge and altogether against his desire. Lever speaks strongly on the subject in his "Arte of Reason, rightly termed Witcraft," 1573, sig. **3.

² "Dictionary of National Biography" under R. Lever.

³ "Collections and Notes," second series, p. 347.

⁴ See Mr. Hazlitt's "Handbook," p. 215.

Long Lane—where the pawn-shops were—contrived to make himself very unpleasant to his neighbours, with the result of several petitions and counter-petitions to the Privy Council, and much trouble to all concerned. Is he to be identified with our William Fulwood the translator, who—as we see by the title-page of his work—was a merchant? “*The Enimie of Idlenesse*” is dedicated to the Master, Wardens, and Members of the Merchant Tailors’ Company, a dedication which would come more naturally from one of the Company than from an outsider, and Fulwood is not a particularly common name.¹ On the whole, it seems reasonable to suppose their identity, but I have not, up to the present, found absolute proof of it.

I do not propose to enter into the history of this Fulwood’s misfortunes. It must suffice to say that in 1582 or thereabouts we find him charged with a variety of offences, including usury, fraud, illegal arrest, the attempted murder of one Thomas Walbut, and with having brought a certain Henry Frankland “to an obscure death” with the object of getting possession of his property;² but whether anything resulted from these accusations we do not know. Some years later we hear of his being condemned in the Star Chamber—through the perjury of a witness, as he complains³—and in 1591 his neighbours begin again to petition against him,⁴ the chief cause of complaint being the vexatious suits which he had brought against them. In December of this year he is sent to the Fleet prison, but released a few days

¹ There was, however, another family of Fulwoods, including a William, a Richard, and one “Lazy John,” who were arrested in 1594 on religious grounds (Cal. of S. P., Dom., 1591-4); also another William Fulwood, salter, of Bread Street (u.s. 1601-3, p. 145).

² See the “Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1547-80 and 1581-90.” In S. P. Eliz. Dom. clxix. 46, will be found particulars of no less than eighteen distinct charges against Fulwood. The paper belongs to the year 1584.

³ See the broadside signed “Fulwood,” and dated November 27, 1589, of which the title is given Mr. Hazlitt’s “Handbook,” p. 216.

⁴ See numerous references to the affair in the “Acts of the Privy Council,” New Series, xxi., xxii.

later on giving a security of £300. The last we hear of the matter is that, on June 11, 1592, it is handed over by the Privy Council to the Master of the Rolls, who is instructed to inquire into the points of difference between the parties and "to end all controversies betwixt them yf you can." "And so," the letter ends, "hoping we shalbe no more troubled herewith."

To turn now to the work itself. The dedication to "the Master, Wardens, and Company of the Marchant Tayllors of London" is a lengthy piece of doggerel verse in praise of the art of letter-writing. We are told that when we write to a friend :

"Our steede at home in stable standes
our purse also we spare,
When loving letter trots betwene,
and mynde to mynde declares."¹

Moreover a letter can be made to tell just what we wish said, neither too little nor too much :

"When messenger by word of mouth
might hap forget his note,
And either tell somewhat to much,
or else leave some untold :
Therefore the littel Letter well
to trust we may be bolde."²

¹ "Letters trot . . . declare" in later editions.

² In the edition of 1578, which is said to be "newly published and augmented," the author, besides making slight changes throughout this dedication, added some lines at the beginning, in which he alludes to several of his contemporaries, namely Phaer, Heywood, Turberville, Googe, Golding, Gascoigne, Churchyard, Whetstone, and Twyne. He tells us, however, nothing new concerning them. In this revised edition the work is dedicated by name to "Maister Anthonie Radcliffe," Master of the Merchant Taylors; there is a new and longer epistle "To the reasonable Reader," and verses entitled "The Booke to the lookers on" supersede those headed "The bokes verdict." In the work itself there are a number of small changes, including the addition, in various parts of the book, of nine letters. These are not contained in the French original, and I do not know whence Fulwood got them. Later editions appeared in 1582, 1586, 1593, 1598 and 1621. There was also an earlier one in 1571: I have not seen this and do not know whether it contains the additions.

We need not linger over the verses, entitled "The bokes verdict," which follow the dedication, or the uninteresting epistle "To the well disposed Reader," but may pass on at once to the work itself.

At the outset I should warn readers against expecting too much. Fulwood's work, or rather perhaps we should say his French original, has none of the completeness of that which was destined to supersede it and for many years to remain the "only" letter-writer in our native tongue, Angel Day's "English Secretary." It has not even the literary interest of Abraham Fleming's miscellaneous collection of the letters of celebrated men, entitled "A Panoplie of Epistles; Or, A looking glasse for the unlearned," of 1576. Its claim upon our attention is simply that it was the first work of its kind, and that it may have given in some sort the suggestion of these later and more interesting productions.

The work opens with some general instructions on letter-writing. There are, the author explains, three principal kinds of letters: some are addressed to our superiors, as emperors, kings, &c.; others to our equals, as merchants, burgesses, citizens, &c.; others again to our inferiors, as servants, labourers, &c. The style of the letter will vary in each case. For example, in writing to our superiors we must be careful to use superlative and comparative terms, as "most high, most mighty, right honorable, &c.," but it is to be noted that of such terms "we must use but three at once at the most."

In every letter there are three necessary points—the author seems to have had a singular affection for the number three—"the salutation of recommendation," the subscription, and the superscription, or address. The instructions for the correct placing of the subscription—taken, of course, from the French—are curious:

"To our superiors we must write at the right syde in the nether ende of the paper, saying: By your most humble and obedient sonne, or servant, &c. And to our equalles we may write towards the midst of the paper, saying: By your faithfull frende for ever, &c. To our inferiors we may write on high at the left hand, saying: By yours, &c."

The superscription is of course to be upon the back, "the letter being closed, sealed, and packed up after the finest fashion," and we must write the "dignitie, Lordship, Office, Nobilitie, Science, or Parentage" of the addressee, "and if we write moe than one, the chiefest and permanent dignities must be written first: then the consanguinitie: and afterwarde the mutable dignitie, as, for example: To my Lord of such a place, my cousin, Maister of the Requestes of our soveraigne Lord the King."

The forms of address for various persons, Bishops, merchants, and servants, are given, but they need not detain us. The author quaintly warns his readers against the use of imperatives when speaking to superiors; for example, if we wish the king to confer a benefice upon some friend, we must not say "Soveraigne King . . . Behold such a one, who is a good Clerke, give him a benefice," but rather, "Such a one semeth unto me to be very learned and skilful; it were a charitable deede of your majestie to provide for him, and therefore I am bolde to commit him to your remembrance."

Some remarks about "you" and "thou" are perhaps worth notice. A merchant writing to one of his chief servants would address him as "you," but "one whom he lesse esteemeth" might be addressed as "thou," though "you" could also be used. Some pages later the subject is again alluded to, and the passage is curious as illustrating the way in which Fulwood takes what was meant to be especial praise of the original author's country and transfers that praise to his own.

"Note," he says, "that we are not accustomed to speake by thou, nor thee, as divers other nations whome we call strangers and barbarous people do, except it be in some respects [*i.e.*, in some special cases]: whereby is easely perceived the love, the gentle nature, humanitie, curtesie, reverence, & honour that we have and beare one to an other: yea even in wryting & speaking to our enimies and strangers" (fol. 19^v).

In the original the passage runs:

"Notez que les François n'ont acoustumé parler par tu, ne toy, ainsi que plusieurs autres nations, que nous appellons estranges & barbares, reservé en l'art de pratique, & Châcellerie, en certains cas, qui ne sont

de la presente speculatiō, & en cela est à l'œil evidemment cognue l'amour, la douceur, humanité, reverence, & honneur, que le bon peuple François a acoustumé avoir & porter l'un à l'autre : mesmes en escrivant & parlant à leurs ennemis & estrangers" (p. 29).

In passing we may here note a curious instance of the translation of fictitious names of one language into those of another. The author says some people cannot be taught "car aucuns escrivēt ainsi, 'Benoist Claquedant, prince de Froibaux, à son compere Robin Croquepie, docteur à bien boire, salut, &c.'" Fulwood translates : "For some wryte thus, Patrick Spendal, Prince of povertie : to his Gossip Geoffrey Gracelesse, Doctor of Dronckenship, sendeth greeting, &c."

Some advice follows which, sage as it doubtless is, can hardly, one would image, have been of use save to those "fonde, Lunatike, or folkes wythout reason" to whom, as the author says, "it were but simplicitie to gyve instructions." We are told, for example, that to those who hate reading letters we must write briefly, to those who delight in them, at length ; that we must, especially in writing to the clergy, hit the proper mean between want of reverence and undue flattery, writing very humbly, yet not exalting them more than reason requires ; that in a letter to an enemy more care is needed than in one to a friend. Lastly, we must not write of what we do not understand, nor in such a manner that our letters will not be intelligible to those that receive them, "for so shold they have just occasiō to suspect that we deride and mock them."

Indeed, the simpler the language that we use, the better :

"And in fine, reteyne this for a principall that the fayrest language that may bee, is the common and familiar speache, and not that of rare and diffused phrases or inckhorne termes skummed from the Latin, nor of to base termes & barbarous, or termes unknowne except in certain places, for there is nothing more decent, than to keepe a meane in all things, and nothing more sure than to swim betwene two Ryvers"¹ (fol. 6^v).

¹ "Et en somme retez cela pour maxime, que le plus beau langage qui soit, c'est le commun & familier, qui n'est de trop hauts termes, scabreux, ou escumez du Latin, ne de trop bas termes & barbares, ou

Fulwood's "inckhorne termes" may well be a reminiscence of Thomas Wilson's oft-quoted diatribe, in his "Arte of Rhetorique," against those who think eloquence to "stande wholie upon darke woordes, and he that can catche an ynke horne terme by the taile, him thei coumpte to bee a fine Englisheman and a good Rhetorician."¹

That Fulwood knew Wilson's work is shown by his recommendation of it on the following leaf as a subject of study for all who wish to write well, together with Richard Rainolde's "Booke called the Foundation of Rhetorike, because all other partes of Rhetorike are grounded thereupon," 1563.²

There are three classes of epistles, those of Doctrine, of Mirth, and of Gravity : of each class an example is given. That of Doctrine somewhat oddly deals with the question "whether that sorcerers do use to ryde upon a Bysom, and practise such other like trim trams"; while the epistle of Mirth repeats, with some variation in setting, an oft-told tale — familiarised to us by Plutarch and Rabelais,—that of the frozen sounds, which thaw when spring comes.

Fulwood now passes to the consideration of the letter itself, which must consist, as usual, of three parts, "even as an Argument doeth," namely, the cause, the intent, and the consequence :

"The cause is in place of the Major, which moveth or constrayneth us to write to an other, willing to signifie unto him our mynde : The intent is in steade of the Minor, whereby we gyve him to understand what our mynde is by Epistle or letter. The consequent or conclusion is of it selfe sufficiently knowne."

This is the natural order for them, but "he that can artificially and workmanlike handle an Epistle" can adopt

termes incognus fors en certain lieu : & n'est rien plus honneste, que tenir par tout moyen, & rien plus seur, que nager entre deux rivieres (p. 24).

The last phrase is a variant of the more usual "nager entre deux eaux," to keep a mean.

¹ "Arte of Rhetorique," 1560, fol. 83.

² The French recommends the Rhetoric of "Maistre Pierre le Fevre," *i.e.*, "Le grant et vray Art de pleine Rhétorique" of Pierre Fabri, first published in 1521.

any arrangement that he pleases. Several examples are given, but we need not linger over them.

Amplification, Epilogues, and the use of a proverb for affording a sententious beginning to an epistle are next discussed, and we are advised to take care that the requests which we make in letters are reasonable, and that we avoid "four things which let & hinder the demaundant¹ from being granted."

One of these supplies an example of the slight changes which Fulwood was compelled to make: the French has:

"La tierce, le lieu: comme mon debiteur m'a promis payer dix escus à la Gibray,² & je luy demande au Landict."³

Fulwood translates:

"The th[i]rd is the place: as if my debter should owe me .x. pound, to be payde in Paules Church, & I should demaunde it of him in Westminster Hall" (fol. 17).

We are told in some detail how to write when asking the gift of an office for a friend: "The first way to get benevolence is in praising of him unto whom we write, for his liberalitie, his bountifulnesse, his justice, his vertue, etc."—a point upon which the author constantly insists. "The second waie to purchase benevolence unto him for whome we write, is to say that he is modest, gentle to every one, & a man not voide of knowledge." We must further write "honestly & modestly," and must promise all service and perpetual obedience in return for the favour which we hope to receive. In illustration of this is given a letter to a king in support of an aspirant to knighthood, and from this point onward the book consists of a series of letters, each preceded by a brief commentary explaining the forms to be observed in the particular case. Thus we have letters to a judge to plead a friend's cause; to an advocate to request his counsel,

¹ Later eds. have "demaund."

² Guibray, a suburb of Falaise (Calvados), where an important cattle-fair was held in August of each year.

³ A great fair held at Paris in June.

with the advocate's reply; to beg a "corporall benefit"—in this case the loan of a book—and to return thanks for the benefit when received. We learn also "how to write under the demonstrative gender, in the praise of somebody"—or, on occasion, in his dispraise; we have forms of letters of sympathy, and are told "how to write letters being in exile, under hope to obtaine restitution, ayde, counsell, or comfort." Under these circumstances we must begin by explaining "that such a fortune is common to all men." Next come letters containing news; of congratulation; of advice; invective letters, among these being one from a barber to a physician against a certain surgeon who had made the preposterous claim "that it appertaineth not to any man living to meddle with curing of a wound or ulcer, within the citie, except he be a Chirurgiā, & sworne to the Citie, at the least, if the Chirurgian be not present and assistant to see the whole cure; but behold his craft, & how covertly he wold take away the practise, gaine, & profit of the Barbers!" The surgeon's reply to the charge is also given. We learn also how to write "Domestical letters" and how to "visit our Frend with Letters, not having any great matter to write"; we are shown "the style of a mery letter provoking to laughter or rejoycing," and examples are given of letters on various kinds of business.

It cannot be claimed that any of these letters are remarkable. Apart from a tendency to excessive politeness—or, rather, flattery of the person to whom they are addressed—they are plain and straightforward productions, of no literary merit, but useful, no doubt, for their purpose. It should be noted that a certain number of the letters are feigned to pass between classical personages, as from Appius to Cæsar, complaining of injury done him by Cicero, with Cæsar's reply; Cicero to Lentulus, complaining that through the malice of Clodius he has been sent into exile, etc.

The second book consists of a collection of letters of sundry learned men, Hermolaus Barbarus, Marsilio Ficino, Angelo Politiano, and others. Some of Politian's

seem hardly to follow out the elaborate rules laid down by the author. Here is one :

“Thou art sory bycause I write not unto thee : be sory no more, for now I write unto thee. Farewell.”

And another :

“I was very sory, and am very glad, bicause thou wast sick, and that thou art hole. Farewell.”

The third book contains “the maner and forme how to write by aunswere,” and consists of examples alone, without comment. The first is from a father to his son, a student of the civil law at Paris. The father, having had to pay a large dowry on his daughter's marriage, has only been able to send him thirty crowns, instead of the usual fifty, for his half-year's allowance ; on which the son has turned sulky, and has not written to his parents for more than three months. The letter begins affectionately enough, but as the writer proceeds he gradually works himself up, until we come to the following extraordinary outburst :

“O Neroical crueltie of a childe, O heart of Iron, O barbarous usage, O wickednesse worthy to be caryed to the uttermost endes of the world !”

The son answers in apologetic strain, complaining, however, of the high cost of living in Paris—his garments already four months ago are gaged to his host—and hoping that the money will be sent as soon as may be.

We have letters from mother to daughter, from sister to brother, between two noblemen, and between merchants about the price of wine and other goods. From one of these we learn that the fish held in the highest esteem at Rouen¹ was mackerel, so much so “that who so ever can make traffike therein may surely say *Attollite portas.*” We have also a letter from a merchant to his factor about 6000 crowns which seem to have mysteriously disappeared : “I have sundry times required accompte of thee,

¹ So in the French version. In the English, Paris seems to be meant, but it is not very clear.

howbeit thou tournest thy deafe eare towardes mee : so that thou causest mee not onely for to have great admiration, but also greate suspition." Therefore "lyke a man of credite come thy waye unto Paris."

The book is brought to a conclusion by a collection of love-letters, some in prose, others in doggerel verse, these last being of Fulwood's own composition. Among them we get the story of Pygmalion with what I fancy must be a refinement of Fulwood's own. Pygmalion sets the image at his table to dine with him, and tries to feed it, but, alas !

"The meat stil in hir mouth remaind,
which thing Pigmalion gretly paind."

The last of the letters is headed

"A faithfull Lover, feling smart,
doth nippe his Ladie false of hart."

He decides, in fact, to have no more to do with her :

"And thus dere dame adieu,
sith that thou art so strange :
For certainly I know right well,
that England is no graunge.¹
Therefore I will take holde,
upon some stedfast stay :
And force² not for the slippry Eele,
sith she will needes away.
But as the burned childe
the fyer still doth drede :
So am I warned now at first,
hereafter to take heede.

Correspondence

A Note on some MSS. of the "Roman de la Rose"

MR. URBAN,—No critical edition has yet appeared of this famous poem, perhaps the most popular of all the literary productions of the Middle Ages. Its very

¹ He means that there are "more maids than Malkin." A grange was a lonely country house, *cf.* *Othello*, I. i. 106.

² *I.e.*, care.

popularity goes far to explain the lack. Nearly two hundred MSS. are extant, as M. Langlois tells us in his masterly survey of the work (vol. ii. chap. iii. of Petit de Julleville's "Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature française"); and the stoutest hearted of "Romanists" might well quail before so embarrassing a wealth of material. Of course no one could expect, or would want, an edition based on a minute collation of all the extant copies, printed or manuscript; for the greater part of the text a comparatively small selection would suffice, and the other versions need only be consulted occasionally. But it is essential that the right selection should be made; and this cannot be done until enough is known about each of the existing copies to enable an editor to group them according to their mutual relations, and so to assess each one at its due value as an aid towards restoring the original text.

As regards the numerous early printed editions we shall soon, it may be hoped, be fully informed, thanks to the zealous industry of Mr. F. W. Bourdillon and the enterprise of the Bibliographical Society. One need not have made a special study of *incunabula* to perceive the great interest of these early editions, with their quaint illustrations, and to be infected with a desire to know more about them. Seeing, however, that the poem was finished by Jean de Meun nearly, if not quite, two centuries before the first of them was printed, their textual authority is necessarily slight. This was recognised as long ago as 1735, by Lenglet du Fresnoy; and Méon, whose edition of 1814 (virtually reprinted by Michel in 1864), marks an immense advance on its predecessors, claims to have collated more than forty manuscripts for his text, using one dated 1330 as his basis. But with all reverence and gratitude for his great services to literature, we cannot pretend to regard his edition as satisfactory according to modern ideas, even so far as concerns the limited number of manuscripts which he consulted: he gives no list of them, and does not specify which he is following in particular passages. So there is plenty of room for a new edition, based on a systematic study of

all available manuscripts—and plenty of work for the new editor !

The object of the present note is to make a small contribution towards the preliminary task of classifying the manuscripts. Some of them contain a passage of twenty-six lines not to be found in any of the printed editions (at all events, not in any of those represented in the Library of the British Museum), and presumably not in any of the manuscripts used by Méon, or he would surely have mentioned it—if only to dismiss it in a footnote as an interpolation, as he did the somewhat longer passage in praise of spiritual love, beginning “*Méisme-ment en cest Amour.*” This latter occurs in nearly all the printed editions ; but Méon, not finding it in the oldest manuscripts, and finding no paraphrase of it in Molinet’s prose version, concluded that it had probably been inserted by some fifteenth-century copyist (ed. Méon, vol. ii. p. 19). If this view is confirmed by further investigation, as seems likely (*cf.* Ward, “*Catalogue of Romances,*” i. 878), then all the manuscripts containing the rejected lines may be grouped together in a place of comparative dishonour, as descendants of a late and freely “*edited*” copy.

The passage to which I wish now to call attention is perhaps an interpolation too ; but if so, it is one of respectable antiquity, for it occurs in a manuscript which can hardly have been written more than two or three decades after Jean de Meun’s death in 1305. In any case it will serve as a touchstone : either the manuscripts which contain it are interpolated, or else those which omit it are defective. So without further apology I will let the lines speak for themselves, be they Jean de Meun’s or another’s. They come between lines 6947 and 6948 of Méon’s edition (vol. ii. p. 132), in the middle of the Lover’s refusal to desert the God of Love and become a devotee of Reason. To show the context, ll. 6932-6952 are quoted from Méon, and the inserted lines are put in their place as found in the manuscripts, with square brackets to mark where they begin and end :

Cy respond l'Amant à Raison.

Dame, fis-ge, ne puet autre estre,
 Il me convient servir mon mestre
 Qui moult plus riche me fera
 Cent mile tans quant li plaira :
 Car la Rose me doit baillier,
 Se ge m'i sai bien travaillier ;
 Et se par li la puis avoir,
 Mestier n'auroie d'autre avoir.
 Ge ne priseroie trois chiches
 Socrates combien qu'il fust riches,
 Ne plus n'en quier oïr parler.
 A mon mestre m'en vuel aler,
 Tenir li vuel ses convenans ;
 Car il est drois et avenans,
 S'en enfer me devoit mener,
 N'en puis-ge mon cuer refrener ;
 [D'autre part, se je vous amoie,
 Autres amors avec la moie
 Voudriez-vous plus de cent mile.
 Il n'est homme, n'en borc n'en vile,
 Pour que tenir le puissiez,
 Que vous ne la recheussiez,
 Et voudriez qu'il vous amast,
 Et que s'amie vous clamast.
 Trestout le monde ameriez ;
 Trop vous abandonneries.
 Je ne vuil pas ne vous poist mie
 Aproprier commune amie ;
 J'en vuil une avoir moie quite.

Reson.

Quant j'oi ceste parole dite
 Reson respont à escient,
 Un petitet en sousrient :
 De noient te mes en esmoy.
 Seroiez-tu jalous de moy,
 Que pechiez en moi se meist,
 Certain seras, se Diex m'aït,
 Que jà n'i auras vilanie
 Quant de t'amor m'auras sesie.
 Miex fust ma char livrée à lous
 Que tu fusses cous ne jalous,
 Puiz que à moi te seras donnés.

L'Amant.

Dame, ne noient sermonnez.]
 Mon cuer jà n'est-il mie à moi
 Onc encores ne l'entamoi,
 Ne ne bé pas à entamer
 Mon testament por autre amer.
 A Bel-Acueltout le lessai.

The British Museum possesses thirteen manuscripts of the "Roman de la Rose," all of which, with one exception (Stowe 947, acquired in 1883), were described by the late H. L. D. Ward in his "Catalogue of Romances," vol. i. pp. 874-895. Five of these contain the inserted lines, and seven omit them; the thirteenth (Add. 16,169) is fragmentary, and lacks the part where they might be looked for. The manuscripts containing the lines are: (1) Egerton 881, on f. 48b; written early in the fourteenth century. The insertion does not occur at the usual place, but four lines further on—a point on which we shall have something to say presently. (2) Additional 31,840, f. 47b, probably written soon after the middle of the fourteenth century. The text, as printed above, has been taken from this MS.; but the variations presented by the others are few and trifling. (3) Royal 19 A. xviii., f. 36. (4) Roy. 20 D. vii., f. 41b. (5) Eg. 2022, f. 75b. All the last three are of the fifteenth century. The seven manuscripts which omit the lines are Roy. 19 B. xiii., Roy. 20 A. xvii., and Stowe 947, all fourteenth century; Add. 12,042, Roy. 19 B. xii., Eg. 1069, fifteenth century; and Harl. 4425, about 1500.

In Eg. 881 the lines occur between "Mon testament pur autre amer" and "A Bel-Acuel tout le lessay," where they are clearly out of place. So the interpolation (if it be an interpolation) must be anterior to the date of this manuscript, since it has here been unintelligently copied in a wrong place; and this brings us very near to the actual lifetime of Jean de Meun. It seems just possible, indeed, that the lines may have formed part of the poem as it left his hands; that the scribe of Eg. 881, or more probably an earlier scribe, from whose copy the Egerton MS. was derived, misplaced them through inadvertence; and that other copyists, finding the sense interrupted by the lines as they then stood, decided to omit them altogether. But this is a mere suggestion, which I must leave to better equipped critics, whose researches have a wider range, to accept or reject.

J. A. HERBERT.

The Negro and the Sundial

MR. URBAN,—In your “Note Book,” THE GENTLEMAN’S MAGAZINE, March 1906, you ask what has become of the kneeling negro formerly in the grounds of Clement’s Inn. I think I am in a position, from notes made at the time of its removal, to furnish the desired information. This curious leaden figure of a negro, kneeling, and bearing upon his head a sundial—considered, by the way, to possess great merit as a work of art—was presented, in October or November 1886, to the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, in whose Gardens, on the terrace facing the Thames Embankment, it has been placed—a few yards only from the spot where the annual show of chrysanthemums was, and for all the writer knows may still be, held. The figure is stated to have been brought over from Italy about the beginning of the eighteenth century by the then Lord Clare, and to have been presented by him to the Society of Clement’s Inn. This was a period in which such leaden figures were fashionable, a fashion maintained in England principally, I believe, at the hands of Van Nost, the statuary; who was responsible for the gilt equestrian figure of George the First in Grosvenor Square,¹ so that the probabilities are that it is wrought in lead, and not, as sometimes stated, in bronze. Whatever the metal, however, it is still excellently preserved, and bears the date 1731.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL.

“Kitty, a fair but frozen Maid”

MR. URBAN,—I do not know whether you may have observed that in the recently-published autobiography of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace is quoted, in a slightly

¹ Erected by Sir Richard Grosvenor in the year 1726. “Some villains” (probably Jacobite villains) “in the ensuing March dismembered this statue in a most shameful manner, and affixed a traitorous paper to the pedestal” (Malcolm).

different and fuller form, the riddle familiar to all lovers of Miss Austen, which begins—

“Kitty, a fair but frozen maid,”

and of which Mr. Woodhouse tried in vain to remember the whole. Mr. Wallace, who is apparently unaware what classic ground he is treading, extracts it from some old MSS. of his father's, and gives no intimation as to its authorship, but he gives what Mr. Woodhouse was unable to recall, the latter half of the poem :

“Kitty, a fair but frozen maid,
Kindled a flame I yet deplore :
The hood-wink'd boy I called to aid,
Though of his near approach afraid,
So fatal to my suit before.”

“That,” says Emma's father, “is all that I can recollect of it; but it is very clever all the way through. I can only recollect the first stanza, and there were several.”

Mr. Wallace's version is as follows :

“Kitty, a fair but frozen maid,
Kindled a flame I *still* deplore,
The hood-wink'd boy *was called in aid*
So fatal to my suit before.
Tell me, ye fair, this urchin's name,
Who still mankind annoys ;
Cupid and he are not the same,
Though each can raise or quench a flame
And both are hood-wink'd boys.”

The variants in wording, which I have italicised, and the omission of Mr. Woodhouse's fourth line, which the form of the second verse proves to be necessary, suggest that this version was perhaps written down from memory. The more interesting question is, however, whether we have now the whole poem, and if so, who wrote it, and where does it come from? Mr. Woodhouse uses the expression “several” stanzas; but none of us, I suppose, would accept the dear old man's unsupported testimony as to any question of fact; especially as his desultory mind was probably already straying to the more interesting topic of “poor Isabella,” of

whom the riddle made him think, because "she was very near being christened Catherine after her grand-mamma." *A priori*, then, I think, the assumption is that this is the whole, since the problem—(it is a riddle only in the most elementary sense, like Samson's, or the old English riddles)—has been propounded in the five new lines.

As to the authorship, Emma answers her father, with a touch of impatience not quite unpardonable, that she had it copied out on her second page, that she had taken it from the "Elegant Extracts," and that it was Garrick's. One hesitates to impugn Miss Woodhouse's accuracy, but one humble admirer has been hitherto unable to find it in the "Elegant Extracts" (Weybridge, 1816), though there is another epigram on another Kitty with which any lady less precise and positive might possibly have confused it.

Lastly, I confess with shame that I cannot solve the problem. If, therefore, you can throw light on any of these points, you will, dear Mr. Urban, greatly oblige.

ROSE SIDGWICK.

[NOTE.—Miss Woodhouse may have taken it from "Elegant Extracts," of which there were many editions differing in contents: but Sylvanus Urban cannot find this poem in the three or four editions he has searched. However, it appears in David Garrick's "Poetical Works" (1785), vol. ii. p. 507:

A RIDDLE.

Kitty, a fair, but frozen maid,
 Kindled a flame I still deplore ;
 The hood-wink'd boy I call'd in aid,
 Much of his near approach afraid,
 So fatal to my suit before.

At length, propitious to my pray'r,
 The little urchin came ;
 At once he sought the midway air,
 And soon he clear'd, with dextrous care,
 The bitter relicks of my flame.

To Kitty, Fanny now succeeds,
 She kindles slow, but lasting fires :
 With care my appetite she feeds ;
 Each day some willing victim bleeds
 To satisfy my strange desires.

Say, by what title, or what name,
 Must I this youth address?
 Cupid and he are not the same,
 Tho' both can raise or quench a flame—
 I'll kiss you, if you guess.

Mr. Woodhouse, therefore, was for once comparatively accurate. The solution of the riddle is left to ingenious readers by S. U.]

“ *Music Tree* ”

DEAR MR. URBAN,—The statement of Properties preceding the Comedy of the “Faery Pastorall” in J. Haslewood’s Roxburghe Club Edition (1824) of William Percy’s (1600) “The Cuck-Queans and Cuckolds Errants and the Faery Pastorall or Forest of Elues” begins:

“Highest, Aloft, and on the Top of *the Musick Tree*, the Title The Faery Pastorall. Beneath him pind on *Post of the Tree*, the Scene Eluida Forrest. Lowest of all over the Canopie *Ναπαιυβοδαιον*, or Faery Chappell, etc. etc.”

I can find no mention of *Musick Tree* in any dictionary or other book of reference.

It has been suggested that this Tree refers:

(i) To an ordinary music stand placed in the raised balcony at the back of the Elizabethan stage.

(ii) To a regular musicians’ gallery built above this balcony, and resting upon it by one or more pillars according to size.

(iii) Merely to some decoration in the theatre (unknown) in which the piece was to be played, representing the various branches of the musical art.

If you can give me any assistance, I should be very glad.

Yours faithfully,

R. C. P.

Wenlocksborn

MR. URBAN,—One or two last words, *permissu superiorum*. The authority quoted by Newcourt, “Liber L.,” still exists amongst the archives of St. Paul’s Cathedral,

and its principal contents have been summarised by Sir H. Maxwell Lyte, who describes it as a fine volume of which the earlier part was written in the middle of the twelfth century. For purposes of historical topography, it is only second in importance to the celebrated "Liber A. vel Pilosus," of which some use was made by Mr. Tomlins in his "Yseldon." The late Dr. Sparrow Simpson, in a letter written shortly before his lamented death, informed me that he had tried, years ago, to get "Liber A." included in the Rolls Series, but was not successful, as the list was already overflowing. The book was too large for any private enterprise, but it would be full of interest, he added, if placed in the hands of a competent editor. It must be remembered, however, that "Liber A." and "Liber L." are merely chartularies, and cannot therefore be considered original authorities. I doubt if any mention of Wenlocksbarn will be found in these chartularies, as it is very questionable if, at the beginning of the twelfth century, the prebends of St. Paul's possessed territorial designations. I notice that Mr. Hennessy, whose "Novum Repertorium" has superseded Newcourt's work, has omitted to give any authority against the name of Adwinus.

The intrusion of the letter *n* into the old name need not cause surprise. The Domesday "Toteham" and "Totehele" became Tottenham and Tottenhall, while "Iseldone" and "Neutone" received an *n* and a *g* as Islington and Newington, and in the former case *dūn*, a down, was converted into *tūn*, a town. "Hermodsworth" also became Harmondsworth, and, if space permitted, numerous other instances could be given.¹

With regard to the parish in which Wenlocksbarn lay, I need only quote the writer of the article, who stated (*ante*, p. 96) that "it is highly probable that Wenlock Street, Wenlock Road, and Wenlock Basin . . . approximately mark the site of the little old hamlet." But all these places are in the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, and are much nearer the boundary of Isling-

¹ Such words as *messenger*, *passenger*, *harbinger*, and even *counterpane*, are instances of the intrusive *n*.

ton parish than that of St. Giles', Cripplegate. They mark the site of the old farm mentioned by Mr. Tomlins, which is represented in Cary's fine map of 1819 under the strangely corrupted name of "Hemlock Barn." This is the farm mentioned by Hatton as lying only three fields distant from Islington parish.

As for Finsbury, the Anglo-Saxon word for a fen was *fen* or *fenn*. The name of Finsbury repeatedly occurs in various forms in the Calendars of Feet of Fines for London and Middlesex, in the Calendars of Husting Wills, in the early Inquisitions, in the Report on the MSS. belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, &c., but in not a single instance have I met with the form "Fenbury" or "Fensbury."¹ If any writer on place-names can give any historical authority, derived from records dating earlier than the sixteenth century, for the derivation from a fen, I should be only too pleased to receive it.

W. F. PRIDEAUX.

A New Ballad?

DEAR MR. URBAN,—May I draw the attention of all who "love a ballad in print" to what I believe to be a genuine specimen of the traditional ballad, hitherto unrecognised as such?

The manuscript in which it is found (No. 354, Balliol College MSS., Oxford) is a very interesting collection of romances, ballads, songs, and carols, written down about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Though the version of the famous "Nut-brown Maid" therein contained has been known a long time, it is only of recent years that the value of the rest of this MS. has

¹ The earliest form in the Feet of Fines is "Vinisbir," 15 Hen. III., but that most usually found is "Fynesbery" or "Fynesbury." In the release by Robert de Baldok, Prebendary of Finsbury, of his claim to the manor in favour of the Mayor and Commonalty of London, the form is "Finesbiri" ("Hist. MSS. Com. Ninth Report," Appendix, p. 8a). The family of Fiennes, or Fynes, had an early connection with St. Giles', Cripplegate. Stow, a good topographer, but no etymologist, seems to have been the first to connect the name with a fen. This word never assumes the form of "fine" or "fyne," nor does this derivation account for the possessive *s*.

been recognised. I believe the whole is now in print, such pieces as had not been previously in type being printed in the German periodical *Anglia*, Band XXVI., by Professor Ewald Flügel in 1903. As far as can be ascertained, this date represents the first appearance in print of the ballad, which for lack of a better title may be called *The Jolly Juggler*.

The story runs as follows: There is a rich baron's daughter, who refuses all suitors. The jolly juggler hears of this proud lady, and juggles himself into fine trappings, making a steed out of an "old horse bone." The lady thinks him a knight, and entertains him right royally; in the morning, however, she finds he is but a "blear-eyed churl." He escapes hanging by juggling himself into a meal-bag; the dust falls in the lady's eye.

I can find no exact parallel to this in Child's collection, but perhaps some of your readers can supply the deficiency. The horror of "churl's blood" is thoroughly typical of ballads of heroic ages; compare *Glasgerion*.

Yours truly,

F. S.

Review

"ELIZABETH MONTAGU, THE QUEEN OF THE BLUE STOCKINGS: Her Correspondence from 1720 to 1761."

By her Great-Great-Niece, EMILY J. CLIMENSON. With Illustrations. Two vols. (John Murray, 36s. net.)

MRS. MONTAGU was judged by Fanny Burney to be a person "to respect rather than to love," and doubtless in the later years of her long life she sometimes assumed Olympian airs that made her appear cold and unsociable. When Dr. Johnson, writing Lord Lyttelton's life, expressed his low opinion of the once-admired "Dialogues of the Dead" (his lordship's "Dialogues," not Lucian's)—to which she had contributed three papers—her indignation rose high. The Doctor had submitted the proof-sheets for her criticism. He waited patiently,

but she made no sign. Among his familiars he had spoken in praise and blame of her, *odi et amo*, but he valued her friendship and was plainly anxious to avoid offending her. She did not openly quarrel with Johnson when he published his strictures on the "Dialogues"; but she took care to let him see that she was annoyed. He was still invited—and still went—to her dinners, but they were at different ends of the table. To General Paoli, who was sitting next him, he ruefully remarked, "You see, sir, I am no longer the man for Mrs. Montagu." Horace Walpole glanced at her in his light malevolent manner, but he was glad enough to accept her invitations, and fumed when they did not come. A loyal, unswerving, devoted admirer was Edmund Burke.

But the handsome volumes before us are not concerned with Mrs. Montagu's later life; she was born in 1720 and died in 1800; and our second volume carries us only to the end of 1761. We hope that the accomplished editress may continue her labours, for she assures us that she has hundreds of interesting unpublished letters collected from various quarters. Some may shake their heads and mutter *ne quid nimis*; but a couple more volumes (well indexed, like the present) would be very welcome. One little quarrel we have to pick with Mrs. Climenson. Why does she not mention Dr. Doran's "A Lady of the Last Century," which is surely a very charming book, and presented her great-great-aunt in a most engaging light to the readers of the seventies?

Mrs. Montagu (Elizabeth Robinson) was a daughter of Matthew Robinson, who came of a line of Scottish Barons. At eighteen, when he was a fellow commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge, he married a wealthy heiress, Miss Elizabeth Drake (daughter of Councillor Robert Drake, of Cambridge), by whom he had twelve children. Mrs. Drake, being left a widow, had taken as her second husband Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose "Life of Cicero" was once so highly esteemed; and it was during her frequent visits to her grandmother at Cambridge that Elizabeth Robinson acquired her early taste for letters. Distinguished scholars and divines met at the Doctor's

house; he encouraged her to be present at these gatherings, to take note of the conversation and afterwards to repeat to him what she could remember of it. Her precocity was certainly astonishing, for we read that at the tender age of eight she had transcribed the whole of *The Spectator*. In her twelfth year she thus addresses Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley (daughter of the famous Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford), who was seven years her senior :—

“MADAM,—

Your ladyship's commands always give me a great deal of pleasure, but more especially when you ordered me to do myself this honour, without which I durst not have taken that liberty, for it would have been as great impertinence in me to have attempted it as it is condescension in your ladyship to order it.”

Her correspondence with Lady Margaret, who became Duchess of Portland in 1734, extended over many years. In October 1734, when she had hardly completed her fourteenth year, she wrote to the young Duchess to explain the non-delivery of a letter entrusted to a careless footman :—

“ . . . I sent it immediately to Canterbury by the servant of a gentleman who dined here, and I suppose he forgot to put it in the post. I am reconciled to the carelessness of the fellow, since it has procured to me so particular a mark of your concern. If my letter were sensible, what would be the mortification that, instead of having the honour to kiss your Grace's hands, it must lie confined in the footman's pocket with greasy gloves, rotten apples, a pack of dirty cards, and the only companion of its sort, a tender epistle from his sweetheart, ‘tru till deth.’ Perhaps by its situation, subject to be kicked by his master every morning, till at last by ill-usage and rude company, worn too thin for any other use, it may make its exit in lighting a tobacco-pipe.”

A witty piece of Eve's flesh, truly, this budding Blue Stocking !

The early letters are largely given up to vivacious accounts of dances, visits to Tunbridge Wells, to Bath, to Canterbury Races. In January 1740, the weather was very severe, and a frost-fair was held on the Thames. “What will the world come to now the Duchesses drink gin and frequent fairs !” remarks Elizabeth. She

suffered from severe headaches in this year, and at the advice of Dr. Sandys tried the plunge-bath in Marylebone Gardens. In a letter to her sister Sarah (herself an agreeable letter-writer, and the author of "Millenium Hall," 1762) she describes her Marylebone experiences :—

"If you was to see me souse into the cold bath you would think I had not sense or feeling . . . The Duchess went with me the first time and was frightened out of her wits, but I behaved much to my honour. Mrs. Verney went to learn to go in of me. Mrs. Pendarves went with me to-day and was as pale as a ghost with the fear of my being drowned, which you know is impossible. I go in every day and have found benefit already ; but there are two things I dislike, viz., the pain of going overhead and the expense of the bath. The Duke and Duchess are very good in lending me the coach every morning to Marylebone, which is two miles from here, but the bath was better than any at Charing Cross."

Her marriage in August 1742, with Edward Montagu, a grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, was in every respect a satisfactory union. He was her senior by twenty-nine years ; a wealthy owner of coal mines, and "fond of the severer studies, particularly mathematics." The respected Dr. Middleton, sending his congratulations, naturally took the opportunity of delivering a brief homily :—

". . . As all conjugal happiness is founded on mutual affection, cherished by good sense, so you have the fairest prospect of it now open before you by your marriage with a gentleman not only of figure and fortune but of great knowledge and understanding, who values you not so much for the charms of your person as the beauties of your mind, which will always give you the surest hold of him, as they will every day be gathering strength, whilst the others are daily losing it. But I should make a sad compliment to a blooming bride if I meant to exclude her person from contributing any part to her nuptial happiness ; that is far from my meaning ; and yours, madam, I am sure, could not fail of having its full share in acquiring your husband's affection. What I would inculcate therefore is only this : that, though beauty has the greatest force to conciliate affection, yet it cannot preserve it without the help of the mind ; and, whatever the perfection of the one may be, the accomplishments of the other will always be the more amiable, and in the married state especially will be found, after all, the most solid and lasting basis of domestic comfort."

The honeymoon was spent at Allenthorpe, her husband's Yorkshire seat, where she greatly enjoyed the

peaches, nectarines and apricots. She wrote of her husband in terms of steady approval :—"It must be irksome to submit to a fool. The service of a man of sense is perfect freedom. Where the will is reasonable obedience is a pleasure." And again :—"I think we increase in esteem without decaying in complaisance ;" a very fortunate state of things. Edward Montagu died at a good old age in 1775, and never for a moment had the happiness of their married life been interrupted by bickerings or misunderstandings. They had only one child, a son, who, to their deep sorrow, died in infancy (September 1744).

In 1745 she was at Tunbridge Wells, where to her amazement she found Dr. Young hobnobbing with old Colley Cibber of all people in the world. She regained her spirits at Tunbridge Wells, and was able to announce to the Duchess of Portland that her appetite had improved ("I can eat more buttered roll in a morning than a great girl at a boarding-school, and more beef at dinner than a Yeoman of the Guard"), that she was sleeping well, and that she was deriving much benefit from the waters. Besides, the companionship of the author of "Night Thoughts" was very comforting. Later we hear a little about the Rebellion, which had a depressing effect on the amusements of fashionable society. Her husband had gone to Yorkshire to make preparations with the neighbouring gentry against the rebels' possible attack; and her anxiety to join him brought from the warm-hearted, high-minded gentleman letters that any woman might have been proud to treasure :—

" . . . The happiest days that j ever past in my life have been with you, and j hope Heaven, after these storms shall be blown over, will grant me the long enjoyment of your charming society, which I prefer above everything upon Earth. . . I cannot consent to the danger you might run by coming to me, however glad j might be to have you with me, but must desire you and conjure you without any further difficulty or hesitation to go to your Father's in Kent, where you will be amongst those who best love you and are most capable to defend you, till j can come to you there myself."

Towards the close of 1745 there were fears of a French

invasion, and Mrs. Montagu's mother—Mrs. Robinson—was greatly perturbed. "I will tell you," she writes from Mount Morris, near Hythe, in Kent, "what I have done by way of precaution. I have packed up all ye linen, plate and clothes yt cou'd be spared from constant use, and all writings, and they are ready loaded in the waggon, and secured tennant's horses to carry them off. As to furniture it may take its fate ; as I cou'd neither put it up properly, nor get carriages to carry it off on ye sudden."

The first allusion to "blue stockings" occurs in a letter of Samuel Torriano to Mrs. Montagu, under date November 13, 1756. After mentioning Dr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, he adds: "Monsey swears he will make out some story of you and him before you are much older ; you shall not keep blew stockings at Sandleford for nothing." Boswell was evidently mistaken when he stated (for the confusion of posterity) that the "Blue Stocking" coteries were so named from Stillingfleet's wearing of blue stockings. He gives 1781 as the date when these social gatherings first came into notice ; but Stillingfleet died in 1771, and in his later years had discontinued the use of blue stockings. Doubtless, as Mrs. Climenson remarks, the name is to be traced to "the famous *bas bleu* assemblies of Paris, held in the *salons* of Madame de Polignac in the Rue St. Honoré, where the wearing of blue stockings was the rage."

Mr. Montagu's brother, Matthew Robinson (second Baron Rokeby), was something of an oddity. Their father had keenly relished the polite attractions of the metropolis, and had always had a strong distaste for country retirement ; but the son became a long-bearded hermit (when beards were out of fashion), who lived on raw meat and honey. Her brother's attire scandalised Mrs. Montagu when he paid a visit to Court in 1761.

"I wish the Beefeaters," she wrote to her husband, "had not let him pass the door. Lord Harry Beauclerc, on the buzz his appearance occasioned, desired the people to be quiet, for that he had never seen the gentleman so well dressed before."

Our extracts give but a slight foretaste of the rich

entertainment that these two delightful volumes afford. We must particularly commend the admirable illustrations; but perhaps some old favourites—though we are glad to meet them again—might fairly claim to have earned a *writ of ease*. Johnson, Burke, and Sterne have been engraved again and again; but not a few of the portraits appear to be engraved for the first time.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

SYLVANUS URBAN, who was a very small boy when he first made Dr. Richard Garnett's acquaintance, can hardly yet realise that this fine old scholar—the friend of all his days—has passed to his long home. It was Garnett's renderings from the Greek Anthology that turned young Sylvanus Urban's thoughts to Meleager of Gadara and divers epigrammatists, when he had hardly Greek enough to construe the *Anabasis*; and it was Garnett's enthusiasm that inspired him with a life-long love of Shelley. How much curious learning died with Richard Garnett! Had he been spared he would have been a frequent contributor to the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. When he sent the letter (on the British Museum Catalogue) which appeared in the March number, he promised that papers of a more elaborate character should shortly follow. But *ἅπαντα νικᾷ καὶ μεταστρέφει τύχη*.

Lately Sylvanus Urban visited the Vale of Evesham to gladden his eyes with the sight of the fruit-blossom. It was a heavenly day, and the wide expanse of blossom in the morning sunlight was a sight worth going many miles to see. From Evesham he went on to Tewkesbury, where the first thing he noticed was a hoarding with an advertisement of ——'s mustard. What, then, has become of the once-vaunted "Tewkesbury mustard"? Sylvanus Urban made inquiries, and at last found a townsman who directed him to a row of wretched hovels: "That's where the mustard used to be manufactured." Will

some reader of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE say when the industry became extinct? Samuel Rudder, in his "New History of Gloucestershire," 1779, wrote: "The town had formerly some share in the clothing business, but that has been long since lost. Its chief trade at present is malting, stocking-frame knitting, especially of cotton, and a little nailing. But the making of mustard-balls, as taken notice of in every book that treats of this place, has so long been discontinued as not to be within the remembrance of any person living." Yet in "Magna Britannia," 1720, we read: "The clothing trade thrives here, being encouraged by its nearness to Cotswould-Hills and Stroud-Water; but the Mustard Balls made here, so proper for clearing the head, make it more talked of tho' less profitable. 'Tis very biting, and therefore has occasion'd this Proverb for a sharp Fellow, *He looks as if he had lived on Tewkesbury mustard.*" A gazetteer of 1752 speaks of the mustard industry as still flourishing, but gazetteers are not always up-to-date in their information. Everybody remembers Falstaff's "his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard."

It is well to know that Sir Thomas Browne's skull is to be restored to the vault (whence it was filched in 1840) in the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich. "'Tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's Churchyard as in the sands of Egypt," wrote Browne in the glorious peroration to "Urn Burial"; but that his skull should have been exposed in a museum show-case for three-score years to the gaping view of morbid sightseers is a serious reflection on the good taste and good feeling of the people of Norwich. Not long ago a determined effort was made in certain quarters to induce the authorities to open Shakespeare's grave and submit his skull to the scrutiny of irreverent scientists, but the proposal was emphatically rejected. Let such ghoulishly-inclined busybodies confine their attention to the anatomy of Jonathan Wild.

As so many generations of scholars have worked at

the text of Shakespeare it is rare to find new emendations that deserve serious attention. One noted crux in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. II,

"So *pertaunt* like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate,"

has baffled the ingenuity of commentators. Theobald, who was so often happily inspired, proposed the unsatisfactory reading "pedant-like"; Hanmer gave "portent-like," and Capell "pageant-like." Mr. H. C. Hart (whose edition of Ben Jonson is eagerly awaited) suggests to Sylvanus Urban that the true reading may be "pendant-like" ("pendant" being written "pendaunt"), which is certainly better than anything yet advanced. Mr. W. J. Craig (who has been engaged for many years on a Glossary to Shakespeare) proposes an excellent emendation in Pandarus' last speech at the close of *Troilus and Cressida*: "O *traitors* and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work and how ill requited!" The word "traitors" has not hitherto been suspected; but Mr. Craig's simple correction "traders" (compare "Good *traders* in the flesh" a few lines below) is instantly and absolutely convincing.

Sylvanus Urban now ventures to suggest an emendation of his own—I *Henry VI.*, v. 3, the scene between Suffolk and Margaret. The closing lines of Suffolk's second speech run thus in the 1623 folio:

"Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
'Confounds the tongue, and *makes* the senses *rough*."

("I" is, of course, the old form of "Ay.") The words italicised are evidently corrupt. Hanmer proposed "makes the senses crouch"; among other emendations recorded in the "Cambridge Shakespeare" are "wakes the sense's touch," "mocks the sense of touch," "makes the senses dull," &c. None of these is at all satisfactory. The reading that Sylvanus Urban suggests is "*mates* the senses' *vouch*," *i.e.*, upsets the clear testimony of the senses. "Mâte," signifying "amaze,

confound," is common enough in Elizabethan English, e.g., *Macbeth*, v. I :

"My mind she has mated and amazed my sight."

For "vouch" used as a substantive, cf. *Henry VIII.*, i. I :

"and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock,"

and *Othello*, ii. I :

"The vouch of very malice itself."

Suffolk's speech was certainly meant to close with a rhymed couplet.

The decay or decadence of claret is a matter which exercises some of the nobler minds of the age. When the few remaining bottles of '75 claret have been drunk, and the still fewer bottles of '69, there is nothing more to follow, and claret will become a memory to those who have known it and will mean something quite different to the younger generations. Your wine-merchant will tell you that he has plenty of fine claret, and will confidently advise you to lay down what he describes as a vintage wine : it will fail to fulfil expectations, and he will advise laying down another "vintage," and so it goes on. But the fact seems to be that ever since the French stocks in the Bordeaux district were grafted with scions from America, claret has not only lost its flavour, but its staying power. There are those who will tell us that the after-dinner cigarette has killed claret-drinking, and it is true that the two are incompatible, but the dying race of those who knew claret numbers not a soul so dead as not to be able gladly to postpone tobacco for a few minutes while there remained a chance of honouring "the finest grape-juice going."

Mr. Bertram Dobell's proposals for publishing by subscription "Unknown and Inedited Works of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" may now be further considered. The publication by Mr. Dobell of the poems of Thomas Traherne from MS. was an

event of real literary importance. There is no reason for supposing that another MS. of these poems exists, and Mr. Dobell earned the thanks of all lovers of poetry by restoring Traherne to the company of Henry Vaughan and George Herbert. In his Introduction to the poems Mr. Dobell gave from Traherne's prose some extracts that recalled "The Cypress Grove" of William Drummond of Hawthornden. The fault of Traherne's poetry, which had not received his "last hand" for press, is a certain monotonousness; and it may turn out that he was even a better writer of prose than of poetry. Admirers of the poems will certainly want "The Centuries of Meditation," which are to be followed by "Christian Ethicks."

Particular interest attaches to the "Poems of William Strode," for Mr. Dobell will be the first who has attempted to collect—from MSS. and printed miscellanies—the poems of this gifted Canon of Christ Church. What a nest of singing-birds was Christ Church in the first half of the seventeenth century! Robert Burton, the adorable and immortal author of the "Anatomy," could hold his own with any—as he showed in those entrancing verses, "When I go musing all alone." Surely "the most flourishing college of Europe" (as Burton dubbed it) had good cause to be proud of its children. Richard Corbet, William Cartwright, Henry King, Martin Lluellyn, Jasper Mayne—and the rest of them—were they not of the very salt of the earth? The "Hark! my Flora, love doth call us," of Cartwright, makes Carew's "Rapture" appear laboured pedantry; and those strange solemn verses (that haunted Edgar Allen Poe) of Henry King to his dead wife—

"Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale—"

will thrill many a lonely man for many an age to come.

Learned Societies

THE CATHOLIC RECORD SOCIETY.—The first issue of this recently formed Society, a volume of "Miscellanea," has an interesting preface by Abbot Gasquet, in which he recalls the attempt made some fifty years ago by Lord Acton to found a similar Society—to be called the Lingard Club—and the failure of the attempt owing to the want of sufficient support. Abbot Gasquet describes the objects of the new Society, namely, the publication of documents illustrative of the history of English Catholicism from the time of the Reformation; and we are glad to learn that the documents will, as a general rule, be printed in full, and that editing will be reduced to a minimum. An appeal is made for support for the Society, but we are left altogether in the dark as to the constitution, subscription, and qualification for membership. Not even the address of a secretary or other person from whom such information could be obtained is given.

The pieces contained in the volume are numerous, and it is possible to mention only a few of the most important. We have first a report of Dr. Nicholas Sanders to Cardinal Moroni on the change of religion in England on the accession of Queen Elizabeth. This is reprinted from a MS. of date 1561 in the Vatican library. Sanders' report is followed by a number of official lists of those imprisoned on religious grounds in the various London prisons from 1562-1580, taken from MSS. in the Record Office and at the British Museum. Of these lists we have a small complaint to make. It is

not always perfectly clear whether the editor supposes all whose names are included to have been imprisoned on charges of popery, or not. In some cases persons suffering on other charges are omitted from the lists, while in others which seem to be parallel they are included. If, as we suppose, the omission or inclusion is dictated by evidence external to the documents themselves, this should, we think, have been made clear. Other items of especial interest are the Autobiography of William Weston the Jesuit, 1589-1603, the earlier part of which had already been printed by John Morris in his "Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers," and the "Notebook of John Southcote, 1623-1637"; while much of the greatest value for the history of Catholic families is to be found in the Registers of the Catholic missions at Winchester (1731-1826), at Cowdray House (1745-1822), and at Perthîr in Monmouthshire (1758-1799). There is an excellent index.

THE HAKLUYT SOCIETY.—The Society has recently issued (for 1905) "The Journal of John Jourdain, 1608-1617." This interesting and important diary, of which the original is unfortunately lost, is edited from a contemporary copy in the British Museum (Sloane MS. 858) by Mr. William Foster, formerly hon. secretary of the Society, who has prefixed an excellent introduction, giving a biographical sketch of the author and an account of the Journal itself. The voyage in which Jourdain took part was the East India Company's fourth voyage, the most disastrous of its early

ventures, for both the ships, the *Ascension* and the *Union*, met with misfortune, the former, in which Jourdain sailed as chief merchant, being wrecked on the Malacca Banks, the latter on the coast of Brittany at its return home. The voyage began on March 25, 1608, the ships proceeding together to the Cape of Good Hope, where, in a storm, the *Union* was lost sight of. The *Ascension* then visited the Seychelles, which seemed to the sailors "an earthly paradise," and Aden, where some time was spent and a certain amount of trade done. They next visited Mocha, and were on the way from that place to Surat, when the ship was wrecked and Jourdain nearly drowned; as he puts it, "I . . . was ducked soe longe under water that my memory began to faile mee." All, however, reached land in safety, and Jourdain succeeded in joining Sir Henry Middleton, who, a short time after, arrived off Surat in command of the Company's sixth voyage. With him Jourdain soon became on very friendly terms, until he was sent in command of one of his ships, the *Darling*, to Amboyna, where the Dutch had a settlement and were attempting to establish a monopoly of the spice trade. On his return to Bantam he found Sir Henry Middleton dead and the merchants at first decidedly hostile to himself. Later, however, the opposition was overcome, and from November 1613 to December 1616, when he sailed for England, he was chief agent for the Company at that place. In June 1617, he at last reached home, to sail again for the East in December of the same year, and to die eighteen months later in the Malay Peninsula. The Journal, apart from its historical importance, is of

more than usual interest on account of the detail with which Jourdain describes the places he visited. He tells also some curious stories, as that of a Portuguese renegado whom he met and made friends with. This man posed as a saint, but was really in league with the devil, who had appeared to him in the shape of a young fawn dancing round him, "his heat being soe extream that it putt out his eyes, and is at this howre blind."

THE NAVY RECORDS SOCIETY.—The thirtieth volume of the publications of this Society, recently published for 1905, is "Letters and Papers relating to the First Dutch War, Vol. III.," edited by the late S. R. Gardiner and by Mr. C. P. Atkinson. Dr. Gardiner, the editor of the first two volumes of the series, had collected and arranged the material and written the introduction to the first half of the volume and a certain number of footnotes, while the second introduction, the majority of the notes, and the task of seeing the volume through the press have fallen to Mr. Atkinson. The papers here printed from a variety of sources cover the period from October 22, 1652, to February 10, 1653, the first part, "Tromp's Voyage to the Isle of Ré," dealing with the events which culminated in the battle of Dungeness on November 30, the second with the reorganisation of the fleet after that battle. A curious instance of the paucity of hospital accommodation at the date is the order given on p. 277 that half the beds in all the hospitals in England were to be reserved for wounded men of the navy.

THE SELDEN SOCIETY.—The annual general meeting of this Society was held on March 29 in

the Law Society's Hall, Chancery Lane, the Master of the Rolls being in the chair. The Society has recently issued, for 1905, the third volume of the "Year Books of Edward II.," edited from thirteen MSS. by Professor Maitland. The publication for the present year

will be the second volume of Miss Bateson's "Borough Customs," which is already well advanced. The arrangements for 1907-9 include two further volumes of the "Year Books of Edward II.," and a second volume of "Select Proceedings of the Star Chamber."

Short Notices of Books

"The Rushlight." By Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil. (Maunsel and Co., Ltd., Dublin.) 3s. 6d. net.

THIS volume of verse is quaintly attractive, from the dedication page—ornamented with a ringed cross and an inscription in Gaelic—to the quotation from the "Compleat Angler" that ends the modest little book. Its charm lies wholly outside any question of literary or artistic merit, and it makes its appeal to the class of readers who love simple fancies and legends, and are not over-particular as to whether verses will scan, if only so be the jingle of the rhyme is to their liking. These songs in "The Rushlight" are all of Ireland—Catholic Ireland—and the true spirit of the Isle of Saints runs through these cradle ditties, where—

"The holy mothers, Anne and Mary,
Sit high in heaven, dreaming
On the seven ends of Eire ;"

and the child tells her mother :

"I see Mary and Brigid :
Mary is turning the wheel of the stars,
And Brigid sits at her white loom,
Weaving the veil of purple cloth
That covers the door of Heaven."

Surely a child should sleep more sweetly to such a lullaby than to the classic rhyme of "Bye, Baby Bunting" ?

But the book is not made up wholly of lullabies. There are love songs and mountainy songs, ballads, hymns, and simple rhymes that buzz in the ear like drowsy bees on an autumn morning ; songs to remember, just because they are sweet and simple, and as full of varying moods as is the mind of a wayward child. The illustrations are as unpretentious as the verses, save perhaps that here the simplicity is a trifle studied. Every page boasts a tailpiece—a shepherd's crook, a lighted candle, a plate, a fiddle—things a child can understand, and that a child might as easily have drawn. But they are all part of the scheme of the singer, set forth very prettily in the first and explanatory poem.

"Cast not my holland book away,
Nor spurn my muse because it
sings

Of homely folk and lowly things ;

Of quiet kindly Gaelic places,
And old-world ways and comely
faces—

Cast not my holland book away."

"The Rushlight," we should

explain, is bound in holland, but we can assure our readers that, having once allowed themselves to fall under the Gaelic spell, there is but little fear they will wish to cast the holland book away.

“The Modern Language Review.”
 Edited by John G. Robertson.
 No. 3. (Cambridge: At the University Press, April 1906.
2s. 6d. net.)

THE number opens with an article on “Dante in Relation to the Sports and Pastimes of his Age,” by Mr. E. Armstrong, which gives a number of interesting details regarding the amusements of the period, but throws little fresh light on Dante, whose references to the subject are far from numerous. Indeed, the paper would, we think, have gained rather than lost had Dante been left out of question altogether. Professor Moorman supplements his study of the pre-Shakespearean ghost, in the preceding number, by an article on “Shakespeare’s Ghosts.” In the course of this he touches on a curious and interesting subject—the relation, in sixteenth-century belief, between the ghost proper, *i.e.*, the apparition of a dead person, and the permanently existing good or evil spirit. The point is one regarding which some confusion seems to exist, and which might well have been discussed at greater length. Other papers deal with some newly discovered political poems of Wilhelm Müller and with “Los Apleitz” of Giraut de Bornelh, while philological articles are contributed by Mr. J. Derocquigny and Mr. P. G. Thomas. Dr. Henry Bradley has a short article on “Some Textual Puzzles in Greene’s Works.” He puts forward several interesting suggestions,

but it is unfortunate that he did not consult Professor Manly’s edition of “James IV.” in “Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama,” where he would have found several of his conjectures anticipated. The corrections in the French of this play, here attributed to Professor Collins, are really due to Dyce.

Of the reviews the most valuable is a long and careful discussion of Professor Collins’s recent edition of Robert Greene, by Mr. W. W. Greg. This is, we believe, the only serious and competent review of the work as a whole which has yet appeared, and merits careful study. Among the other reviews, Mr. Percy Simpson brings to light an extraordinary crop of misprints in the recent Cambridge edition of Ben Jonson’s “Underwoods,” by no means creditable in a book published at a guinea; and Mr. Boas has an interesting criticism of Professor Moore Smith’s edition of “Pedantius”—though he seems to take “Richard Lichfield’s” statement that Nashe had acted the Varlet of Clubs in a show at Cambridge somewhat more seriously than it was meant.

“Northern Notes and Queries; a Quarterly Magazine devoted to the antiquities of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, and Durham.” Edited by H. R. Leighton. Nos. 1 and 2. (M. S. Dodds, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Jan. and April 1906, *1s. 6d. each.*)

WE are glad to welcome the first two numbers of this new quarterly, dealing with the antiquities of the four northern counties. It is to include original articles relating to history, genealogy, heraldry, and archæology in all their branches;

and folk-lore, legends, ballads, etc. will come within its scope. Of the articles in the number before us, we can only mention a brief but interesting paper by the Rev. J. Wilson on "Clerical Celibacy in the Diocese of Carlisle" and one by Mr. Henry Penfold on "Some East Cumberland Corpse or Burial Roads." We are glad to see that the publication of the Carlisle and Durham marriage bonds, from 1743 and 1666 respectively, is to be continued from the "Northern Genealogist," which has ceased publication. Much space is devoted to family history.

An excellent feature is the publication with each number of a section of some allied work, so pagged that it can, when complete, be bound up as a separate volume. In the issues before us we have the first two sections of "The Records of the Gateshead Company of Drapers, Tailors, Mercers, Hardwaremen, Coopers, and Chandlers" from 1655 onwards. We hope that at the end of the work a few notes will be added on such passages as require explanation. What, for example, is the meaning of "First everywarded" at p. 3, l. 11? A word seems to have dropped out of the last line on this page. It would perhaps have been well either to indicate or to expand the

contractions of the MS., which are occasionally somewhat puzzling; as, for instance, "arding" at p. 1, l. 5, which seems to stand for "according." On p. 21 "Annog" is presumably "Annoq" for "Annoque."

The general appearance of the magazine is excellent, and we are informed that the volumes will be fully indexed.

"Peeps into the Past; or, Bygone City Life, Traditions, Customs and Festivals." By F. E. Tyler. (London: A. H. Stockwell, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a collection of short papers, pleasantly written, but making no pretence to originality. They have the appearance of being intended for separate publication, the chapters having as a rule no connection with one another. Thus, one on the Commerce of the Thames is followed by a sketch of the life of Sir Christopher Wren, with a list of the fifty-one churches erected by him; and this by an account of the St. Bartholomew Fair, which, oddly enough, omits to mention Ben Jonson's play. Other subjects dealt with are Famous City Fires, the Fire Brigade, the Gordon Riots, the Cock Lane Ghost, etc. There are twelve illustrations—but no index.

Review of the Month

THE Education Bill, introduced by Mr. Birrell on April 9, is adroitly drafted to catch the presumably preponderant vote of the plain man, who, while holding stoutly that "the Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants," and that it is best ex-

pounded to children by teachers unpledged to any particular form of faith, is not prepared entirely to proscribe instruction of a more definite type in the primary schools. The Bill, however, allows such "special" instruction to be given only in the quondam volun-

tary schools, which, as they receive aid from public funds, are henceforth to be under public management; only by arrangement upon the transfer of such schools to the local education authorities; only at the request of parents, and without the sanction of compulsory attendance; and, except in urban areas having a population of more than 5000, only by teachers not in the pay or employ of the local education authority, and only twice a week, out of school hours. Within the excepted populous urban areas "extended facilities" for such special religious instruction may be afforded by the local education authorities, if after holding public inquiry they are satisfied that such facilities are desired by the parents of at least four-fifths of the children attending the school, and if accommodation can be found for the children of the minority in a public school in which no such special instruction is provided. Where such "extended facilities" are granted, the special religious instruction may be given by the teachers of the schools, but not at the expense of the local education authorities. In no case is subscription to any creed or attendance or non-attendance at any Sunday-school or place of religious worship to be required of any teacher upon appointment to a public elementary school; nor is he to be required to give religious instruction of any kind as part of his official duties.

In the case of a voluntary school of which the schoolhouse is subject to charitable trusts, if no arrangement for the transfer of the schoolhouse to the local education authority shall have been made prior to January 1

1907, that authority may apply to a Royal Commission which is to be appointed under the Act, for a scheme to regulate the trusts of the schoolhouse for the future. The Commission may determine the preliminary question, whether the schoolhouse is subject to charitable trusts or not, and if they think that the trusts would best be carried into effect by the transfer of the schoolhouse to the local education authority, may make the transfer upon such terms as they may deem just and the local education authority may accept. Unless satisfied by "sufficient guarantee" that the school can be effectively continued as an elementary school for at least five years, they must, it would seem, make such transfer. The schemes, decisions and all the proceedings of the Commission are to be exempt from review or interference by any court of law. The Bill also provides for an additional annual grant of £1,000,000, and the establishment of a Council of Education for Wales. Its remaining clauses are of minor importance.

To the more earnest members of the denominations to which the Bill offers its niggardly, condescending, and precarious concessions in the matter of religious instruction, their acceptance is naturally in the last degree repugnant as tantamount to the betrayal of a sacred trust; and there is abundant evidence that the measure will encounter strenuous opposition at every stage. The logic that those who desire to escape State control cannot expect State aid is, of course, irrefragable, and the cry of confiscation is perhaps not technically justifiable; but yet exception may fairly be taken to the Bill as de-

signed to promote the conversion of trust property to uses which, so far as they are religious, differ materially from those to which it was originally dedicated, and for the maintenance of which liberal personal and pecuniary sacrifices have since been made. All this is ignored by the Bill. New Nonconformity in command of a majority promises to take a leaf out of the book of old Conformity, and see to it that the minority shall suffer. The Nonconformist conscience, which, as Mr. Birrell assures us, is no laughing matter, keeps pace with the times. In short, the Bill, which is miscalled an Education Bill, inasmuch as for education it does nothing, is not even a statesmanlike attempt to remove that blot on our civilisation, the so-called "religious difficulty," but wears rather the appearance of a *vendetta* upon the Church of England dictated by the exasperation excited among the narrower-minded sort of Dissenters by the Act of 1902. It is lamentable that Parliament and the nation should be compelled to devote so much time and attention to so wretched a wrangle. In a country so divided as ours in matter of faith common sense and common justice alike demand ample and equal facilities in all public schools for the teaching of all denominational tenets at the request of parents, whether many or few, during school hours and by teachers duly qualified and authorised by the respective denominations. But this solution, just because it is in accordance with common sense and common justice, is perhaps not within the region of practical politics.

Did Reason rule in politics, the claim advanced on behalf of Trade

Unions in Mr. Hudson's Bill, to wit, that their funds shall henceforth be exempt from liability for wrongful acts done by their members in furtherance of a strike, would be summarily dismissed. Joint action, supported by joint funds, manifestly implies joint liability, whereas the contention of the Trade Unionists is that their liability shall be merely several, which is as much as to say nominal. They claim to enjoy all the benefits which their organisation can afford, and to escape all the correlative burdens. They are not content that there should be one law for them, as for other citizens; they aspire to be the chartered libertines of the commonwealth. The mere enunciation of such a demand carries with it its condemnation, and we earnestly hope that the Labour Members are not so lost to the sense of fair play as to persist in urging it when its injustice shall have been, as it can hardly fail to be, brought home to their minds during the discussion in Committee. If, as seems to be admitted, Trade Unions are at present in many cases so loosely organised as to be unable to exert efficient control over their members, they should be required to reform their organisation in such manner as to ensure such control. This done, incorporation should follow, to the common advantage of Labour, Capital, and the Community; for it is impossible for legal relations to be too precisely defined. The uncertainty of our law is its signal reproach, though the Solicitor-General—to judge by his fondly reverential attitude towards the antiquated *laissez faire* ideas of 1871—seems to find in this uncertainty a peculiar merit.

Mr. Asquith's Budget is by no

means thrilling. It leaves us with an income-tax at a shilling in the pound, but abolishes the duty on exported coal, reduces the tea duty by a penny, and appropriates £1,000,000 to the reduction of debt, £105,000 to the reduction of postal rates, and £135,000 to the relief of necessitous schools. The country naturally expected some more brilliant feat than this of a Chancellor of the Exchequer in command of a surplus of £3,074,000.

Another sputter of insurrection in Natal shows that the Government, which dealt so promptly and vigorously with the earlier rising, relaxed its energy rather too soon. Bambaata, a chief in the Umvoti district, whom the Government had deposed, having returned to his kraal and arrested the regent appointed in his stead, raised a band of warriors, and led them upon a marauding expedition in the vicinity of Greytown. A party of women and children isolated at Keate's Drift being thus placed in extreme peril, a force of about 150 police under Colonel Mansel marched to their relief. The operation was successful, but while the column, with the women and children in the centre, was on its march back to camp at Impanza, it was surprised at nightfall of April 4 by a large and well-armed body of Kaffirs, who struck in between the vanguard and the main body. Colonel Mansel promptly dismounted his men, and the Kaffirs, thus caught between a cross-fire, gave up the attempt to arrest the march of the column, but hung harassingly on its flanks while it continued its retreat towards Greytown. The rebels are said to have suffered severely by the fire of the police. Our casualties were four men killed, all, as it

chanced, men that had taken part in the execution of the murderers of Inspector Hunt, and four wounded. Major Dimmick and Trooper Folker are recommended for the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry shown in the rescue of Trumpeter Milton. When the column reached Botha's Farm, near Greytown, there were only a few hundred men available for the defence of the district, but large reinforcements speedily arrived from Durban and Pietermaritzburg; and Colonel Leuchars in command of the Umvoti Field Force and a contingent of Zulus joined Colonel Mansel at Botha's Farm on April 6. A reconnaissance in force was made on the following day, but Bambaata had by that time crossed the Tugela, and taken refuge in the Nkandhla Forest, where Colonel Mansel's column sighted him on April 11. He was afterwards tracked to the caverns by Cetewayo's Tomb, which are the stronghold of the centenarian chieftain Sigananda. Colonel Mansel thereupon laagered his force in the neighbourhood in the hope that Bambaata, who was supposed to command some 1200 warriors, mostly "young bloods" belonging to divers tribes, would eventually come out and attack him. The loyal chief, Sibindi, was expected to co-operate in repelling such an attack. But as not only Sigananda but another Zulu chief, N'Dube, was known to be disaffected, the Government, in view of the possible spread of disaffection, mobilised the militia, raised a special corps of volunteers under Colonel Royston, and accepted the offer of a contingent of five hundred volunteers from the Transvaal. Unfortunately Bambaata did not see fit to hazard an engagement. For a time

he was supposed to have made his escape; but at the close of the month he was thought to be still lurking in the forest, which Colonel Mansel's force was beating in quest of him.

Lord Kitchener's ideas as to the reorganisation of the native Indian army and his masterful manner of giving effect to them are viewed, we observe, with no little alarm by some of those whose position and experience appear to be of a kind to add weight to their strictures, the substance of which is that he is ill qualified to understand or respect the temper, tone and traditions of the military races upon whose co-operation we so largely depend, not only for the defence of the country against an invader, but for the preservation of the peace within its borders. Such a charge manifestly is of the gravest character, and, if substantiated, would call for very decisive action on the part of the Government, but for that very reason we deplore the publicity which has been given to it. It is not fitting that the merits of a commander-in-chief should be canvassed in the press, to the possible, perhaps certain, aggravation of any bitterness which his indiscretions may have occasioned. The matter is one in regard to which no Government worthy of the name would defer to public opinion, or neglect to give due attention to properly accredited confidential communications. No one would suspect Mr. Morley of a disposition to ignore the just grievances of our Indian fellow-subjects; and we therefore trust that his recent (April 24) dismissal of the charge against Lord Kitchener as groundless may terminate what threatened to become a mischievous agitation.

ccc—2105—May '06

The exemplary and perhaps excessive patience which we have shown in handling the dispute with Turkey, occasioned by her recent encroachments upon Egyptian territory, has borne its natural fruit. The bone of contention is the little town of Tabah, within the district of Akabah, on the Red Sea. Tabah has for a very long period belonged to Egypt, and upon the accession of the present Khedive in 1892 was expressly recognised as within his dominion by a firman and a telegram from the Grand Vizier which fixed the frontier by a line drawn from the head of the Gulf of Akabah to El Rafah, eastward of El Arish on the Mediterranean. The question in itself seems trumpery, but as Akabah will soon be connected with Damascus by railway, it is doubtless graver than it looks; and there is a suspicion that the Porte's obstinate refusal to evacuate the place has been partly due to German influence. In any case, it would be impossible to acquiesce in such an intrusion; and long experience has proved that the Turk understands no logic but the strong hand. In these circumstances the decision of the Government largely to reinforce the Egyptian garrison, which had been reduced to 3500 men, commands the hearty approval of the entire country. H.M.S. *Minerva* has been despatched to El Arish, where the Turks are reported to have removed some of the frontier pillars.

Serious conflicts between the military and gendarmerie and the men on strike in the Departments of the Pas de Calais and the Nord occurred between April 16 and April 21. At Liévin (April 17) the mob made a determined attack on the gendarmerie barracks,

stoned the police and troops, and pillaged the market-place; at Lens (April 18) the rioters sacked the house of M. Reumaux, the director of the mines, and were only dispersed by cavalry charges, supported by infantry. At Denain (April 17) a mob 1500 strong gave the military so much trouble that it was deemed necessary to order reinforcements into the district. At Haveluy, between Denain and Valenciennes (April 20), there was desperate fighting between the gendarmes and the mob until the arrival of the cavalry. Both M. Clemenceau and M. Étienne visited Lens on April 20, and did what they might to pour oil on the troubled waters. They also attended the funeral of Lieutenant Latour, who had died of injuries received in the execution of his duty, and M. Clemenceau laid the cross of the Legion of Honour on the breast of the corpse. The perhaps undue circumspection of the Government, which forbade the soldiers to use their firearms, is mainly responsible for the dangerous proportions assumed by these riots; and the self-restraint shown by both officers and men in such trying circumstances has been exemplary. Firing orders were received by the commanding officers in the disturbed districts on April 21, and the mere announcement of the fact by the officer in command at Trith materially contributed to the dispersal of a mob of 5000 operatives that had marched thither from Valenciennes with the intention of propagating the strike. An enormous display of military force has, however, barely sufficed to arrest a movement which for a while seemed likely to spread far and wide. From information obtained

by the Government it appeared that the strikes had been fomented by the Confédération Générale du Travail, if not also by Bonapartist and Royalist organisations; and at the close of the month fresh outbreaks on a large scale were deemed to be imminent.

In the election campaign there is, as we go to press, little that calls for notice save the unusual strength, solidarity and activity of the Socialist party. The Pope has issued a decree forbidding priests to stand for election; which appears to indicate a determination on the part of the Vatican to resist the Separation Law à *outrance*.

President Roosevelt is always to be taken seriously—for is he not the apostle of the strenuous life?—and therefore we are bound to assume that his recent (April 14) lecture—for such in fact it was—on the somewhat trite theme, that enormous fortunes are enormous evils calling loudly for abatement by legislative limitation of inheritances, was as gravely meant as it was strongly worded. But, because we take him seriously, we cannot but hope that more mature reflection will bring him to a better mind. Fortunes are evils not in themselves, but only in so far as they are misused; and it has yet to be shown that their misuse is necessarily proportioned to their size, or more common among those who inherit than among those who acquire them. On the contrary, vast wealth bringing with it vast responsibilities may well, we think, have, in some cases, a tonic effect upon the mind of the possessor, while the general experience of mankind has abundantly proved that it is the *nouveaux riches* that are most apt

to misuse their wealth. The limitation of inheritances would, therefore, be no remedy for the evil, and, if carried out with rigour, would entail social and economic consequences that can only be described as disastrous. Culture presupposes leisure, leisure, broadly speaking, presupposes wealth, and a community that was so immersed in vulgar pursuits as to be unable to develop a leisured and cultured class would, however strenuous its life, fall woefully short of true civilisation.

Direct telegraphic communication between the United States and China is now established by the completion of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company (April 16).

The Alaskan Boundary Treaty has been ratified by the Senate (April 25).

The month is memorable for a wave of extraordinary seismic activity which has affected both hemispheres. Towards the close of March, Mount Vesuvius, which has been on the whole quiet since 1872, began to show signs of renewed activity, the eruption from the crater being followed by an efflux of lava above the funicular railway on the north-western side of the mountain. On April 4 another stream of lava was observed flowing in the direction of Pompeii, while the discharges from the crater increased in force and frequency. Professor Matteucci, the Director of the Observatory, who remained at his post calmly noting and measuring this cataclysmic outbreak of elemental forces, reported on the 8th:—"The eruption of Vesuvius has assumed extraordinary proportions. Yesterday and last night the activity of the crater was terrific and ever

increasing. The neighbourhood of the Observatory is completely covered with lava. Incandescent rocks are thrown up by the thousand to the height of 2400 feet and even 3000 feet, and fall back, forming a large cone. Another stream of lava has appeared from a fissure, the position of which is not well defined. The noise of the explosions and of the rocks striking together is deafening. The ground is shaken by strong and continuous seismic movements." On the 10th he telegraphed:—"The explosive activity of Vesuvius, which was very great yesterday and was accompanied by very powerful electric discharges, diminished yesterday evening. During the night the expulsion of rocks ceased, but the emission of sand increased, completely enveloping me, and forming a bed over ten centimètres (4 in.) deep, which carried desolation into this elevated region. Masses of sand gliding along the earth created complete darkness until 7 o'clock. Several blocks of stone broke windows of the Observatory. Last night the earthquake shocks were stronger and more frequent than yesterday, and displaced the seismic apparatus. Yesterday afternoon and this morning torrents of sand fell. While I am telegraphing, several balls of fire rise with loud rumbling from the enlarged craters and the new elevated crevasses."

The crest of the central crater had by that time been blown to pieces, whereby the height of the cone is considerably reduced and its shape altered. The whole mountain was shrouded in a dense pall of ashes, of which the fringes extended far and wide. The lava was emitted on all sides; north-

ward it reached Ottajano, southward it swept over Bosco-Trecase to the very verge of Torre Annunziata, westward it threatened Torre del Greco, and eastward San Giuseppe and Terzigno.

The worst, however, was already over, though so gradual was the abatement of the eruption that it was not until April 25 that Professor Matteucci could telegraph:—"Vesuvius is very quiet. A little vapour is being emitted, and sand is still being thrown out at long intervals. The seismic recorders are almost motionless. I ascended to the crater yesterday, but was not able to make a proper examination on account of the clouds of dust raised by the wind. I was, however, able to see that the crater was very broad and deep."

Considering the duration and violence of the eruption the resultant loss of life has been comparatively slight. Most of it occurred at San Giuseppe, Ottajano and Naples, by the collapse of buildings under the weight of the cinders and scorix that fell upon their roofs. The greater part of the inhabitants fled betimes from the menaced towns and villages. In the work of repairing the havoc wrought by the disaster the troops under the command of the Duke of Aosta displayed the utmost energy, zeal and devotion. King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena visited the devastated districts while the eruption was still at its height, and by a donation of 100,000 lire (£4000) initiated a fund for the relief of the destitute, which has since been largely augmented by public and private subscriptions. The King has conferred upon Professor Matteucci a Commandership of

the Crown of Italy, in recognition of his splendid devotion to science.

On April 13 Kagi, in South Formosa, was the centre of a severe seismic disturbance, which all but destroyed such buildings as had been spared by the 'less violent earthquake of March 17. On April 18 the disturbance reached the Pacific slope. The first shock of this prodigious upheaval was felt at San Francisco at 5.13 A.M. and lasted three minutes, the vibrations being so violent as to bring down hundreds of buildings and wreck most of the gas and water mains in the business quarter of the city, which instantaneously, as it were, burst into flames. Several other shocks occurred during the day. The well-built residential quarter suffered but little by the earthquake, and by the liberal use of dynamite the firemen, aided by the military under General Funston, hoped for a while to isolate the conflagration. The supply both of dynamite and of water, however, ran short, and despite heroic exertions it was found impossible to save more than a small portion of the city. In the panic and confusion that prevailed bands of ruffians found their opportunity for pillage, which was only checked by recourse to martial law. The disaster is supposed to have cost at least 1000 lives and £60,000,000 worth of property. 300,000 persons were rendered temporarily destitute, and the utmost credit is due to General Funston and the civic authorities for the prompt and well-planned measures by which this vast multitude was provided with food and shelter. Brief shocks of earthquake were

felt on April 23, 25, 27, and 30.

The work—begun almost before the fire was well extinct—of demolishing the ruins and clearing away the *débris* preparatory to the rebuilding of the city has been pushed forward with unremitting energy. The architects are already busy with their plans, and it is intended that the new city shall greatly surpass the old in spaciousness, stability, and splendour.

Palo Alto, Salinas and other places suffered more or less by the earthquake, which was felt in Oregon and throughout Nevada.

Several seismic shocks occurred at Schönberg, Brambach, and elsewhere in the Vogtland, Southern Saxony, on April 27 and 28.

It is a pity that the German Emperor has so little reserve that he must needs publish to the world the bitter mortification which he naturally feels at the rebuffs which his blustering policy brought upon him at Algeciras; and it is still more deplorable that he should have found no more dignified way of venting his spleen than by making an ungracious acknowledgment of the signal service rendered to him at the Conference by Count Goluchowski the occasion of putting an affront upon Italy. Europe expects good manners even of a Hohenzollern who fancies himself another Barbarossa; and the Kaiser's now historic telegram,¹

¹ The text as published in the *Times*, April 14, is as follows:—“At the moment when, with the consent of your Most Gracious Sovereign, I am sending to Count Welsersheimb the Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle in thanks for his successful efforts at

haughtily condoned in Vienna as a well-meant piece of *gaucherie*, naturally excited the keenest resentment in Rome, more especially in view of the fact that the eruption of Vesuvius elicited from the Court of Berlin no prompt message of sympathy. In these circumstances it was not unnatural that so signal a breach of international etiquette should have raised even in the minds of cautious publicists doubts of the continuance of the Triple Alliance. Accordingly, on the reassembling of the Italian Senate (April 24), the Foreign Minister, Count Guicciardini, was sounded by Signor de Martino as to “whether the Triple Alliance remained the basis and aim of the Italian nation abroad not only in the letter of the treaty, but also in the spirit of our international policy.” Count Guicciardini prefaced his reply by paying a well-deserved tribute to the Marquis Visconti-Venosta for the tact and discretion with which he acquitted himself of an unusually difficult part at the Conference; he then emphatically endorsed the pledge of loyalty to the Triple Alliance given by Baron Sonnino on March 8, and no less emphatically vindicated the right of Italy to maintain cordial relations with both Great Britain and France. This declaration makes it plain that Italy will

Algeciras, I feel impelled to express to you from my heart my sincere thanks for your unshakable support of my representatives—a fine deed of a true-hearted ally. You have proved yourself to be a brilliant second on the duelling ground (*Sekundant auf der Mensur*), and you may be certain of similar service in similar case from me also.
—WILLIAM IMP. REX ”

not recede from the Triple Alliance without graver cause than a display of ill-temper on the part of the German Emperor.

The most salient feature in the situation in Russia is the astounding success of the Constitutional Democratic Party at the polls, which promises to give them and their allies, the Progressives, an overwhelming majority in the Duma. The Government has succeeded in negotiating, at a discount of more than 10 per cent., a loan amounting to nearly £90,000,000, the greater part of which has been subscribed in France, England, Austria, and Holland. The bonds are irredeemable for ten years, and bear 5 per cent. interest. The Tsar is expected to open both the Council of the Empire and the Duma on May 10. The country is on the whole quiet, and political prisoners are being released in considerable numbers.

It is announced from Tokio that the Manchurian ports of An-tung and Ta-tung-kau will be opened to trade on May 1, Mukden on June 1, and other ports in due course.

China has now virtually acceded to the Anglo-Tibetan Convention of September 7, 1904, a memorial to that effect having been signed by the Foreign Minister Tang Shao Yi and the British Envoy and Minister at Peking, Sir Ernest Satow, on April 27, and received the Imperial sanction. The ratification is to take place within three months.

In Austria-Hungary the political atmosphere cleared with remarkable suddenness early in April, the change being due to the initiative of M. Kossuth, who caused a written project of reconciliation to be communicated to the Premier,

Baron Fejervary, who forthwith laid it before the Council at Vienna, and returned to Budapest with a royal commission authorising him to discuss its terms with M. Kossuth, whom he accordingly met informally at the house of M. Barabas, the Vice-President of the Independence Party. The interview proved so satisfactory that M. Kossuth and Count Julius Andrassy were at once summoned to Vienna, and had an audience of the Emperor-King on April 6. It is understood that the terms then arranged were that upon the waiver by the Coalition of the military question a new administration should be formed, the general election be held within the constitutional period, and that upon the meeting of Parliament the Ministry should make a declaration in regard to the military question, and upon the ratification of the commercial treaties, and the despatch of all other arrears of business occasioned by the crisis, should introduce a bill for universal suffrage, the passing of that measure to be immediately followed by a dissolution.

The new Government was speedily formed upon a very broad basis by Dr. Wekerle, whose former administration, 1892-4, is memorable for the establishment of civil marriage. The distribution of offices is as follows:—to the Premier, Dr. Wekerle, the portfolio of Finance; to the leader of the clerical party, Count Aladar Zichy, that of Minister attached to the King at Vienna; to the triumvirate of the Coalition, Count Julius Andrassy, Count Albert Apponyi and M. Kossuth, the portfolios of the Interior, Education and Public Worship, and Commerce respectively; to M.

Geza Polonyi the portfolio of Justice; to Dr. Ignatius Daranyi that of Agriculture; to General Pavay de Vajna that of National Defence, and to Dr. Rauch that of Minister for Croatia.

The result is a signal triumph for the Emperor-King; for the Coalition might have acceded to office in February, and averted the dissolution, had they seen fit then to waive the military question, as to which it is now evident that they were neither supported by the

country nor agreed among themselves. Once more it is manifest that in the welter of Austro-Hungarian politics the preponderant force is still dynastic.

At the close of the month the results of the election were not fully known, but so far it seemed that no Minister had been defeated, while Dr. Wekerle, Count Albert Apponyi and M. Kossuth had been returned, and the tide was running strongly in favour of the Independence Party.

Obituary

RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.,
LL.D.

By the death of Dr. GARNETT, which took place on April 13 at his residence in Hampstead, the literary world has lost an admirable scholar, an eminent librarian and bibliographer, and a man of unsurpassed generosity and kindness. The announcement came as a shock even to those who knew that he had already passed the allotted span, for, though not strong, he enjoyed unusually good health, and, indeed, during his long official career of forty-eight years he was never absent for a single day through illness.

Born in 1835 at Lichfield, where his father, the Rev. Richard Garnett was priest vicar of the Cathedral, Dr. Garnett was early brought into connection with the British Museum, for in 1837 his father, a philologist of considerable note, was appointed Assistant Keeper of Printed Books, in succession to the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, the translator of Dante. In 1851, shortly after his father's death,

Dr. Garnett was appointed to an assistantship in the Library, where his literary tastes and powerful memory soon made him a marked man, and while still young he was entrusted with the duty of placing the books. An omnivorous and exceedingly rapid reader, Dr. Garnett seldom let a book pass without getting a fair idea of its contents, and thus accumulated that fund of knowledge which made him so remarkable as Superintendent of the Reading Room. To this post he succeeded in 1875 and his official reputation at once became a public one. He was not merely "a Superintendent," for to him the readers were always fellow workers in the great fields of literature, and he placed his vast stores of information lavishly at their service. In this spirit of doing everything possible for the commonwealth of letters, he welcomed with enthusiasm the proposal of Sir E. A. Bond to print the General Catalogue, and hastened the great work forward with untiring energy, and with that tenacity of purpose which was one

of his most marked characteristics. As Keeper of his Department from 1890 to 1899 he saw the completion of the printing, under the supervision of Mr. A. W. K. Miller, who had been associated with him in that matter from the commencement. During this time also he was successful in purchasing many notable books for the Library, and on his retirement in 1899, a volume describing them was edited by Mr. A. W. Pollard and the late Mr. R. Proctor, and presented to him by his friends and colleagues. But his interest was not alone in books that were finely written or finely printed; he readily welcomed the waifs and strays of literature, the chapbook, the pamphlet, the literary trifle, anything in fact except foreign law reports.

His own literary work was very extensive and if collected would fill many a thick volume. In earlier days of scanty pay he wrote much for magazines and newspapers, especially the *Illustrated London News*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Examiner* and the *Manchester Guardian*; in later years, amid much other work, he contributed to nearly every volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and largely also to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." At heart a poet his first published book (1858) was a volume of verses entitled "Primula," but his most characteristic work is "The Twilight of the Gods" (1888), in which his quaint wit runs riot in joyous absurdity. His "History of Italian Literature" (1898) showed how thorough was his reading in that subject, while he further proved his scholarship by translations from Greek and German, but it is probably known to very few how deeply versed he was in Spanish

and Portuguese literature, especially the latter, both of the Peninsula and of South America. As a speaker and a conversationalist he was always entertaining, for he bubbled over with anecdotes and allusions, brought from the most recondite sources; and curious coincidences of dates or numbers seldom escaped his notice. All who came into contact with Dr. Garnett must have felt that he possessed in a high degree that "reverence" to which Tennyson alludes,

"Let knowledge grow from more
to more,
But more of reverence in us
dwell."

His kindliness and generosity were the outward signs of that affectionate disposition which was more fully revealed in his "De Flagello Myrteo: thoughts and fancies on love," published anonymously last year, on which occasion he might well have said with Park Benjamin:

"I am not old—Time may have
set
'His signet on my brow,'
And some faint furrows that have
met,
Which care may deepen now:
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet
weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant
leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts sweet as flowers that
once were mine."

April 1. The Rev. Dr. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, in his eighty-second year. Educated at Edinburgh, he left for Canada on his ordination in 1848, and took up duties as Presbyterian minister

there until 1860, when he returned to this country. He was ordained a deacon of the Church of England in 1876. In 1879 he accepted the rectory of Christ Church, Neuilly, near Paris. His last benefice was that of St. Martin-at-Palace, Norwich, from which he retired in 1890. Dr. Geikie was elected D.D., Queen's College, Canada (1871), and LL.D. Edinburgh (1891). His many works include "The English Reformation," "The Holy Land and the Bible," and "Landmarks of Old Testament History."

April 3. The death occurred this day of Mr. JAMES GEORGE WHITE, Deputy Alderman of the Corporation of London, at the age of sixty-nine. Elected a Common Councilman in 1884, Mr. White served also as a Guardian and as a Member of the Asylums Board. He took keen interest in his duties and in the local history of the institutions with which he was connected. He wrote the history of Walbrook Ward, the constituency which he represented on the Council during more than twenty years.

April 4. By the death of General BLANCO a distinguished military administrator is removed from the field of Spanish politics. For many years Captain-General of Catalonia, he was despatched to the Philippines in 1894. A year later he organised and carried to a successful issue the Marauit Campaign; but owing to clerical representations the Canovas Ministry decided on his recall to Spain. Upon the return to power of Segasta in 1897 General Blanco's honours were restored; he was created a Marshal, and appointed to command in Cuba. Unfortunately the measures by which

he sought to appease the Cubans were not successful, and after a short period he retired to Spain. He died at Madrid, at the age of seventy-four.

April 4. The death occurred this day of Prince WILLIAM of Schaumburg Lippe, and also of Princess LOUISE of Schaumburg Lippe, his daughter-in-law. Princess Louise was a niece of Queen Alexandra and sister to King Haakon.

April 5. Sir WYKE BAYLISS, President of the Society of British Artists, died this day at the age of seventy. Born at Madeley in Shropshire, he came to London with his father in 1845, and soon commenced the study of art. Painting was his chief interest from the first, and although for a short time he was engaged in an architect's office, the knowledge which he acquired there merely served to give to his talent the direction which leaves him pre-eminent in the field of romantic architecture. *La Sainte Chapelle*, exhibited at the Academy of 1865, is probably the first of Sir Wyke's important works; and this was followed for forty years by canvases representing nearly all of the Gothic churches and cathedrals of importance in Western Europe. Many of these paintings are singularly impressive; but considered as a whole, one is struck with a certain repetition both of purpose and method, which might have found correction had the artist enlarged the scope of his subjects. At their best his interiors reveal a sympathy with ecclesiastical architecture seldom attained, and when he exaggerated the details before him it was to give an effect in paint, such as De Quincy gave in words, of the vastness and variety of the types that

appealed so powerfully to his imaginative character.

Another phase of his artistic power may be studied in the writings which he published from time to time on the pictorial representation of Christ. His investigations were pursued with care and discernment; and his book "Rex Regum," embodying the results of his studies, must be read by all to whom this subject forms matter for critical research.

Sir Wyke Bayliss was elected a member of the Society of British Artists in 1865. He had been President since 1888. He received knighthood in 1897.

April 6. The death was this day announced of Mr. CHARLES MARTIN, at the age of eighty-six. Mr. Martin inherited much of the artistic talent of his father, John Martin, whose powerful renderings of scenes from "Paradise Lost" gave evidence of an imagination of the highest order. Into the field of idealised composition, however, Mr. Charles Martin did not follow, but, devoting himself largely to portraiture, he delighted to paint or draw in chalks the likenesses of distinguished persons, and his gallery included many leaders of Society during the last reign. Mr. Martin had studied art in Rome with Leighton; and in America, where he lived for many years, he was intimate with Washington Irving, Longfellow, and the members of their circles. More than seventy years have elapsed since his first work was exhibited at the Academy.

April 6. Mr. JOHN ARCHIBALD SHARKEY, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, at the age of fifty-seven. His collegiate career began at Victoria College, Jersey, whence he removed to Trinity College, Dublin. In 1874 he

entered Christ's College, Cambridge, and gained the Porson University Scholarship in the following year. The Waddington Scholarship fell to him in 1876, and in 1877 he was placed second in the classical tripos. Elected a Fellow and lecturer in classics, he continued for nearly thirty years to give his great abilities to the service of his college.

April 8. Mr. WILLIAM APPLETON, Recorder of Great Grimsby, at the age of fifty-nine. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1871, and for some years had acted as revising barrister on the Midland Circuit.

April 8. Deputy Surgeon-General JOHN TULLOCH, at the age of seventy-six. Entering the army in 1854, he served through the Mutiny with the old 10th Regiment. He was present at the capture of Lucknow, and rendered aid in the operations near Jugdespore and many other actions. After thirty-four years' service Dr. Tulloch retired in 1888.

April 9. The death occurred this day of Mr. HENRY EDWARD TAYLOR, at the age of sixty-six. Mr. Taylor was until 1902 a partner in the firm of Christie's. The death of another member of this house, the late Mr. T. H. Woods, we noticed in these columns last month. Mr. Taylor entered the firm in 1858, and became a partner in 1889. His knowledge of furniture and plate made his advice invaluable, while on porcelain he was an admitted authority. He was a son of the late Mr. Adam Taylor, formerly a sheriff of Norfolk.

April 11. The death was announced this day of Mr. R. T. MOYNAN, a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy. His careful studies of children, particularly of

the destitute classes, are well known.

April 12. The death of Sir ADYE DOUGLAS was announced this day from Melbourne. Born in 1815 he emigrated at the age of 23 to Van Diemen's Land, where he commenced to practise law. In 1884 he was elected Premier of Tasmania, and represented the Colony at the Sydney Convention. Two years later he returned to England, and took up the office of Agent-General in London, which, however, he only held for a year, and having returned to Australia he filled a post on the Legislative Council for Launceston. In 1894 he was elected President of this body. For his able services in this capacity he received knighthood in 1902.

April 12. Sir GEORGE T. M. O'BRIEN died this day, at the age of sixty-one. A devoted civil servant, Sir George O'Brien is perhaps best known for his far-sighted policy in inducing the Ceylon Government to guarantee the paper currency of the Oriental Bank when that institution defaulted. He held many posts of importance in Ceylon from 1867, when he joined the service, till 1891, when he became Controller of the Revenue. Subsequently he was appointed Colonial Secretary in Hong Kong, and in 1897 Governor of Fiji.

April 12. General Sir WILLIAM STIRLING, K.C.B., late Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery, at the age of seventy. Sir William Stirling was engaged in the Crimean campaign of 1854, and with the Rajpootana field force he took part in the suppression of the Mutiny. After a period of fighting in China, he was ordered out to Afghanistan, and for his

services received the C.B. In the following year he was given a post at Woolwich, and subsequently the command, in the Southern District, of the Royal Artillery. He held the appointment of Lieutenant of the Tower, 1900-1902, and was advanced K.C.B. on relinquishing this office. He retired from the army shortly afterwards, having held his generalship for seven months.

April 12. The Hon. Sir ROBERT THORBURN, K.C.M.G. He had been from 1885 to 1889 Premier of Newfoundland, and represented his colony at the Conference in London in 1887.

April 13. The Right Rev. REGINALD COURTENAY, formerly Bishop of Kingston, Jamaica, at the age of ninety-three. From Hertford College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1835, Dr. Courtenay went to the Bar and practised until 1841, when he was ordained. In 1853 he was appointed Archdeacon of Jamaica and Bishop-Coadjutor in 1856. He resigned in 1879, and from 1881 to 1886 fulfilled the duties of Chaplain at L'Ermitage in France. He was author of "The Great Awakening."

April 13. A notice of Dr. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., whose death occurred this day, appears on p. 439.

April 13. Mr. GEORGE ERNEST LOCK, in his forty-fifth year. Mr. Lock was managing director of Ward, Lock & Co. Ltd., and had for several years conducted the affairs of this house, with which the names of Trollope and Lever are associated, with considerable shrewdness and success.

April 13. Professor W. F. R. WELDON, F.R.S., in his forty-sixth year. After a brilliant career at Cambridge, Professor

Weldon became a Fellow of St. John's in 1884, and was subsequently elected Jodrel Professor of Comparative Anatomy at University College, London. Removing to Oxford in 1889, on his appointment to the Linacre Professorship of Comparative Anatomy, he continued for the remainder of his life in active discharge of his duties.

April 15. Colonel C. K. CHATFIELD died this day. He had served in the Afghan War of 1879 and in the Burmese expedition of 1887, when he was in command of the 1st Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry.

April 15. The Ven. ROBINSON THORNTON, D.D., in his eighty-second year. Dr. Thornton passed from Merchant Taylors' School to St. John's, Oxford, of which College he was subsequently elected Fellow. In 1855 he became headmaster of Epsom College, then just founded. In 1878 he was appointed to the vicarage of St. John's, Notting Hill, from which living he only retired in 1903. He had been given a prebendal stall at St. Paul's in 1889, and in 1893 accepted the archdeaconry of Middlesex, which he resigned with his vicarage three years ago. Dr. Thornton was an accomplished classical scholar and an Orientalist of exceptional brilliance; while in all his clerical duties he united to an unflinching courtesy a capacity for work and organisation which will make his name long remembered in the diocese. He was author of a "Life of Nikon," a Russian Prelate, of a life of St. Ambrose, and of many papers read before and published by societies to which he belonged.

April 16. The death was this day announced of Lieut.-Gen. Sir THOMAS GALLWEY, K.C.M.G.,

in his eighty-fifth year. Entering the Royal Engineers in 1839, he became colonel in 1867, and lieutenant-general in 1882. For several years he was in charge of the School of Military Engineering, and from 1880-1882 he was Inspector-General of Fortifications. He was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Bermuda in 1882, and retired from the Army six years later.

April 18. Lieut.-Col. E. J. Cox, late of the Buffs, died this day. He served throughout the Crimean campaign, and carried the colours into Sevastopol. He retired from the Army in 1882.

April 18. Captain EDWIN PAYNE GALLWEY, R.N., for some time managing director of Messrs. Whiteheads, torpedo engineers, died this day. After having attained in the Navy the rank of post captain he left to enter these works in 1889. In 1901 he was again permitted to enter the service with his old rank and commission. Captain Payne Gallwey's engineering capabilities were of very exceptional range, and under him the business of the firm of Whiteheads was developed with increasing success.

April 20. The death was this day announced of Father MARTIN, General of the Society of Jesus. Born near Burgos in 1846, he entered the Order in 1864, when, as is customary, he dropped the surname, Garcia, and was known as Luis Martin alone. After a short period in France, the theological college of which he was rector was closed under the laws of Jules Ferry, and he returned to Spain as head of the Jesuit College of Salamanca. In 1892, on the death of Father Anderledy, he was elected General, and applied

himself to the immense labours of his office with courage and energy. Departing from the custom of his predecessors, he took up his residence, not in Fiesole, but Rome. Under Father Martin's superintendence several works relating to matters of importance to the Order were begun, but his comparatively early death prevented his witnessing the completion of all. The nobility of his character and the special endowments of his intelligence made him a centre of influence widely extended and deeply felt.

April 21. The Rev. Dr. ROBERT CLARKE died this day. Ordained priest in the Roman Catholic Church in 1868, he soon became recognised as a leading authority on the sacred writings, and was appointed a member of the late Pope's Biblical Commission over which Cardinal Rampolla presided. Dr. Clarke had studied medicine in his younger days; his ecclesiastical training, begun at Old Hall, Ware, was completed at the English College in Rome.

April 21. The death was this day announced of Lieut.-Gen. Sir GERALD DE COURCY MORTON. Joining the Army in 1863 with the old 6th Foot, he became private secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab in 1871. His first action was fought in 1878 during the Hazara expedition. In the following year he served with distinction in the Afghan campaign and was present at all the principal operations of the war. In 1895 he was appointed Adjutant-General in India, and in 1902 was summoned to command the Dublin District at home. Sir Gerald Morton was promoted lieutenant-general last year, and was accounted one of the most brilliant soldiers

in the army. His knighthood was granted him in 1899, and the decoration of the C.V.O. in 1903.

April 22. Colonel A. J. FITZGERALD, of the 60th Rifles, at the age of eighty-four. He had seen service in several Indian campaigns, notably in the pursuit of the Sikh army and the battle of Gujarat. He retired in 1873.

April 22. Mr. JAMES MACKENZIE MACLEAN, at the age of seventy. A journalist of wide interests and singular culture, Mr. Maclean's views, particularly on Indian affairs, always commanded great respect. His career commenced with a post on the *Newcastle Chronicle* in 1855, and in 1859 he went to India as editor of the *Bombay Gazette*. He made himself master of the historical aspects of his surroundings, and in later years turned this knowledge to advantage, gaining the silver medal of the Society of Arts on two occasions for essays on Indian subjects. Mr. Maclean entered Parliament for Oldham in 1885. Having lost his seat in 1892, he was re-elected three years later, but retired in 1900. He was a Fellow of the University of Bombay, and in 1896 was elected President of the Institute of Journalists.

April 23. The death was announced this day of the Marquise de la BEDOYÈRE, in her fifty-fifth year. She was a daughter of the late Lord Greville, and married the Marquis in 1869.

April 24. Sir GORDON MILLER, Accountant-General of the Navy, died this day. Entering the service of the Admiralty in 1861, he was promoted in 1867 to a clerkship in the Transport Department. His work in this branch led to a senior clerkship in 1880, when he

was also named Examiner of Indian Accounts. He acted as Secretary to the Commission on Dockyard Expenditure in 1885. The knowledge which he had acquired of the details of Admiralty organisation and accounts led to his appointment to the Directorship of Contracts in 1901, and three years later to the post of Accountant-General, which he filled with the greatest credit, and during his tenure of which, reforms of national importance were effected.

April 25. The death occurred this day of Sir JAMES BRAITHWAITE PEILE, K.C.S.I. Amongst the first to enter the Indian Civil Service by competitive examination, in 1855, he was soon entrusted with special duties by the Government; and, particularly in Kathiawar, his management of a difficult situation was noted by his chiefs with approval. In 1878 he left as Commissioner of Sind. Four years later he became a member of the Bombay Government, and afterwards joined the Council of the Secretary of State.

April 26. The death was this day announced of M. FÉLIX SUARÈS, in his sixty-fourth year. His administration of the great financial corporations which have sprung up in Egypt under British rule was conducted with the highest skill. The National Bank and the Delta Light Railways, amongst other organisations over which he had control, owe much to his intuitive grasp of the needs and resources of the dominions of the Khedive.

April 28. The death occurred this day of Sir DAVID DALE, at the age of seventy-six. One of the ablest men of business in the North, Sir David Dale's career has been conspicuous for the success which has attended his far-reaching en-

terprises. At the age of twenty-three he was appointed to the secretaryship of the Middlesbrough and Guisborough section of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. In 1857 he took over joint-management of the Consett Ironworks then in liquidation. His control was so effective that in 1864, when newly constituted, he was given a seat on the board, and continued a director, latterly as chairman, until his death. In 1872 he became a partner in Messrs. Pease and Co., and from time to time increased his influence in manufacturing circles by joining the directorates of some of the largest of the coal, iron, and steel concerns in the Weardale and Middlesbrough districts. He was created baronet in 1895.

April 29. General HERMANN VON BUDDE, Prussian Minister of Public Works, in his fifty-fifth year. He had been chief of the railway department of the General Staff, and in 1902 received the appointment to the Public Works and Communications, which is largely concerned with the State railways and canals. Development and reform have resulted throughout the Empire from General Budde's strong and practical administration.

April 29. The EARL OF MANSFIELD died this day, at the age of forty-five. The eldest son of the ninth Viscount Stormont, who predeceased his father, Lord Mansfield succeeded to the title, as fifth earl, in 1898. The estates pertaining to the peerage include Scone Palace and Schaw Park, and cover some 46,000 acres. Lord Mansfield served for some time with the Grenadiers, in which regiment he was captain; retiring in 1894 on his father's death.

April 29. Sir THOMAS ACQUIN MARTIN died this day, at the age of fifty-six. He was Agent-General

to the Government of Afghanistan, and received the honour of knighthood in 1895.

Garden Notes

ONE of the chief charms of a garden lies in satisfactory grouping; so, when we have arrived at any pleasant combination, we should be at pains to retain it. Hardy perennials are very effective, and if the following treatment is adopted they may be replenished with fresh food, while still occupying the same place and being kept in bounds. Cut through the clumps with a sharp spade, take away the largest half and fill up the hole with strong manure and a little soil: the roots soon feed on this, and in a year or two the plant will fill up the space again; the half that was left at the first operation must then be removed and the manuring repeated. By this means it is easy to have well-established plants, in fresh soil, on the same ground year after year. The same treatment is excellent for all the Michaelmas Daisies or tall-growing Asters (such as *Aster ericoides*, *A. amellus*, *A. bessarabicus*, *A. acris*, *A. Shortii*, and *A. vimineus*, which are all good) and for perennial Sunflowers, of which perhaps the best worth cultivating are *Helianthus multiflorus* and *Helianthus rigidus*. Many of these North American composites are of such robust habit that the laws of trespass are with difficulty enforced, but nevertheless they require liberal treatment if good results are expected. A similar method may be followed with old Lily-of-the-Valley beds, by digging a trench right through and filling

up with fresh soil to which soot has been added.

If Laurel wreaths had been awarded to martyrs the singular ill treatment which this shrub meets with would entitle it to be crowned with its own leaves. Perhaps it is its hopelessly unsatisfactory appearance in suburban gardens and public places which has put it outside the pale of consideration. But it is well worthy of attention, and with a little care and understanding it will develop in a way that may quite surprise its owner. First of all it must be most zealously protected from the malignant attentions of the jobbing gardener who so obligingly "tidies up" small gardens in the autumn. May is the month (when the blossom is over) in which to prune Laurels, and few people know how effective both the blossom and fruit of the Laurel are when the tree is really healthy. The purple fruit (resembling a rather small Damson) often strews the ground under the trees. In its weak and unsatisfactory state the blossom is familiar to most of us, but when the tree prospers the pale yellow-green spikes show a mass of colour that contrasts very pleasantly with the dark green leaves. The small flower seems to be a mine of wealth to early awakened bees who find supplies limited, and their drowsy humming adds not a little to the pleasure the tree gives us. The right principle of pruning Laurels is to take out the old wood

from the middle of the bush, cut to the ground, and never under any circumstances lop off points of young growth. Do this in May; fork in a liberal allowance of manure, and, in a year or two, the health of the tree will enable it to succeed and be more ornamental than can seem possible when it is considered in its usual state of lumpy unattractiveness. Corporations are seemingly indifferent to the depressing effect presented by the numerous Laurels in public places: in this case a little knowledge would hardly be a dangerous thing.

Planting Vines out of doors is too seldom thought of now. Most of those we know are old but quite satisfactory friends, and they certainly have special attractions that make it well worth while to plant and care for them. The white Sweet-water thrives in any of the southern counties if care is taken in making the border, and a south aspect is available. Vine borders can be made in the winter and need not be discussed in May, but it is pleasant to decide now what interesting arrangements of various foliage we can make, so that one may be helpful to the other. Laurustinus (which was introduced into England in 1596) is satisfactory if trained against a wall near a Vine, for it will cover the lower part of the wall and provide a wealth of blossoms when the Vine is leafless, while the dark green leaves help to emphasise the lovely spring madder-browns (that go through gold to green) of the Vine foliage.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth had in the Royal Gardens at Nonsuch in Surrey a fountain "set round with six Lilac trees, which bear no fruit, but only a very pleasant smell." They were

probably all *Syringa vulgaris*, which has the merit of "bearing" more of the "very pleasant smell" than either *Syringa Chinesis* or *Syringa Persica*. All three varieties of Lilacs should be kept free from both root-suckers and stem-suckers. I have seen old trees that are annually stripped, for the market, of every flower, produce a quite wonderful crop year after year, which would indicate a simple method of pruning.

The beauty of many Annuals must always be granted, but it will be a misfortune if they are allowed to take the place of the orthodox system of "budding-out" and to occupy prominent beds to the exclusion of all else. If some of the old favourites such as Sweet Peas, Mignonette, *Eschscholtzia*, *Nigella Damascena* (Love-in-a-mist or Devil-in-the-bush!), and *Nasturtium* were absent, no garden would be complete. In some inconspicuous place near the house should be planted sweet-scented Night Stock, *Mathiola Bicornis*. By day the bed will be quite dull and uninteresting, but at night the wonderful sweetness of the little insignificant flower is surprising. When room can be spared, it should always find a place in every garden; but it will not bear transplanting, and should be sown rather thickly in a not too exposed or too dry place.

Rose-growers will find an excellent mulching is made of well rotted malt-dust, adding about one-eighth of soot. The malt-dust must be kept wet for six or seven weeks, and should be prepared now. This mulching will keep the roots cool during the hot weather, and certainly prevents evaporation more completely than any other.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

John Sanderson, Levant Merchant

JOHN SANDERSON came, it would seem, of a Yorkshire family, and was probably akin to the Bishop Sanderson of Izaak Walton's *Lives*, though the relationship has not been definitely traced. He was born, he tells us (Lansdowne MS. 241), at the hour of eleven in the forenoon, on Passion Sunday, March 31, 1560; and he adds that at the eventful moment the congregation at Paul's Cross was singing a Psalm. Their voices were doubtless audible in the sickroom, for the family lived in St. Paul's Churchyard, "the inner corner, now [1610?] a bookseller's, with a yard and a tenement. In time past it was a chapel." The elder Sanderson was a haberdasher by trade, his chief business being in hats and caps, which were made on the premises. He was a sickly man, afflicted with a large tumour under his right ear, which troubled him so much that "all who in any way belonged to him had much sorrow in their hearts to see his pain." His trade was at one time a good one, for his son proudly tells us that he had "ever three or four apprentices, two maid-servants at least, and never fewer than seven or eight at work"; but his family increased rapidly, while his ill-health prevented him from looking closely into affairs, and in the end he died "in mean estate, though not poor," for "the Lord in His great mercy did never let him or his want."

From a baby John was weakly—"my infancy," he says, "by my mother's report was very tedious and

sickly"—and his boyhood seems to have been far from happy. "The misery I had at grammar school was very great, by reason of my unaptness. Before sixteen years I gave over all Latin, having been meanly instructed of mad free school masters, Cooke and Houlden. The said Cooke with lashes set more than seven scars on my hide, which yet remain." This passage shows that the school he attended was the neighbouring one of St. Paul's, where John Cook was at this time the High Master, while Christopher Holden was the Surmaster. Apparently he was next instructed by two private teachers in "ciphering and writing, where in half a year I profited as much as was needful of Mr. Scotton and Mr. Gray." Then he spent six months at home, helping his father, who was now "so weak that he could not oversee his servants or keep account of the velvet, taffaty, silk, sarcenet, &c., that went to hats' and caps' linings." This, however, offered but a poor career for the lad; and so at seventeen John was placed with Mr. Martin Calthorp, "Flanders merchant," and twelve months later was bound to him for nine years. According to Sanderson, Calthorp was anything but a considerate master, and showed no scruple in getting all he could out of his apprentice. "I served him solely seven years, the two first in mean apprentice manner, and also wore a blue coat many times when I waited on him in the country. Then after I was steward in his Shrievalty; after which he yet urged me once more to attend him into Norfolk in his livery coat." This indignity the budding merchant much resented; and though he yielded to his master's wish, he "with grieving got a quartan ague which held me most intolerably the space of six months." About this time occurred the death of his father. A skilful surgeon, a Mr. Knightley, had healed his tumour; "yet was he so weakened that soon after he died, being that year churchwarden; and lieth buried in St. Faith's under Paul's, not far from Mr. Lambe, but within the partition going up unto the preacher's place (I mean near the going up to hear the Cross sermons)." The widow had still the lease of the house on her hands; but she let part of it

for over £20 a year, and dwelt in the remainder with her two daughters and her servants. In this way she seems to have managed to make a livelihood.

To resume the story of John's apprenticeship. After recovering from his illness he was made his master's cashier, "and he urged me to be marketman for a time." Then, when his term had yet two years to run, Calthorp transferred him to the service of the Turkey Company—in other words, hired him out to that body. This was quite a usual practice, the master drawing any salary that might be agreed upon for his apprentice's services; but Sanderson urges with some reason that he ought to have been first consulted. Moreover, according to his own account, he was bound for four years, which was double the time for which Calthorp had any claim upon him. However this may be, Sanderson, in October 1584, embarked at Gravesend in the *Merchant Royal* bound for Constantinople, where he was to be "at the disposal of Mr. Harborne, then ambassador." On his arrival he was made steward of Harborne's house, and spent six months in that capacity; after which he was despatched to Alexandria and Cairo, to do some trading and gain experience. On his way he touched at Scio and Rhodes, and at the latter place nearly lost his life by falling into the harbour while going ashore. At Alexandria he remained for eighteen months, and "had no want of health, though the country is tedious in respect of heat, dust and flies." He visited all the sights of the place, and was shown the spot where St. Mark preached and the ruins of the castle in which Cleopatra committed suicide. During an excursion to Cairo he examined the Pyramids and stretched himself in the empty sarcophagus of the Pharaoh who pursued the Children of Israel. He also saw the spot where Joseph and Mary dwelt during their sojourn in Egypt, with "a place like a cupboard, where they say our Saviour was laid, and alike a great cross-bodied wild fig-tree in the garden, with the water wherein our Lady washed our Saviour's clouts." Among other things he noted the yearly inundation of the Nile, the artificial incubation of chickens, and "the doves that

carry letters from Alexandria to Cairo"—an anticipation of the modern pigeon-post. He also witnessed the setting out of the annual pilgrim caravan for Mecca, and describes its elaborate appointments. Nor was business altogether forgotten. A brisk export trade was being carried on in "momia," *i.e.*, mummy-fragments, which were in some repute for use in medicine, owing no doubt to the aromatic substances employed in the process of embalming. Sanderson and his companions procured as much as six hundred pounds of this for the Turkey Company, besides "divers hands, heads, arms and feet for a show." The exportation of an entire mummy was strictly forbidden, but by judicious bribery this difficulty was got over, and a specimen was sent to London, where it was exhibited in the house of Sir Edward Osborne in Philpot Lane.

A second trip to Cairo, this time by way of the Delta, brought Sanderson into imminent danger, for his vessel was wrecked off Rosetta and he only got ashore with great difficulty. There he found the pestilence raging with great virulence. "I met, going to burying, and on the biers at their doors, and in their yards dead corpses awashing, every morning in every street at least seven or eight." However, he took no harm, and after a second sight of Cairo and its wonders he, in the spring of 1587, sailed to Tripoli in Syria. There "after a while I fell grievously sick. One evening riding with a Janizary to the waterside, sitting upon my ass, in the midst of a plain field I felt a palpable blow on the left shoulder, which stayed me on my ass. The Janizary riding before me looked back, but neither I nor he saw anything." ("A good angel, I make no doubt," he notes in the margin.) "When I came back, in my flannels some hour after, standing at a table sowing a little gold in my doublet (for the next day I should have gone for Aleppo, my horse hire paid for and apparel sent), I sank down upon a lute that stood at the corner of my board and broke it all in pieces. At last, a little recovering, I crept to the door and called for aquavitæ, which was brought and I threw myself thwart the bed; then fell into a Jew

doctor's hands, a physician, who purged and drew so much blood from me that I was not wholly recovered of that sickness in many months after." So ill was he that at one time "the coffin was made and set out for me; but God prevented that business. His name be ever praised." A few days before Christmas he managed to crawl on board the *Hercules*, bound for London. They had much foul weather in the Western Mediterranean, whereupon "we fasted and prayed and vowed to redeem a captive when God should send us to Argier"—an undertaking which cost Sanderson for his share twenty shillings on arrival at that port. In going through the Straits they were fired at from Ceuta, but no harm was done; and without further incident the vessel reached the Thames at the end of March 1588, with a lading that produced over £70,000.

Calthorp, Sanderson's master, was interested in the cargo to the extent of £5000. "He embraced me and bade me welcome. But after a few days, when I was importunate to have him see me satisfied of the Turkey Company, one morning he answered me thwartingly, saying: 'Shall I be thy beadle to warn the Company?' But I more furiously swore by God, and told him that he would break all men's hearts that had to do with him. I grieved and wept to be regarded with such unkindness, departed in a fury, and to my chamber." A reconciliation was effected through the good offices of Calthorp's wife; but soon after there was a fresh disagreement, owing to Calthorp refusing to bear Sanderson's expenses to Middelburg, in Holland, whither it was necessary for him to resort in order to take up his freedom. The latter was therefore compelled to go at his own cost, though after his master's death he managed to reimburse himself from some money that came into his hands on Calthorp's account. On the voyage over to Flushing he had as fellow passengers "Lady Drury and her two daughters, whom she called her nightingales, with six great horses to be conveyed to Sir William, her husband, being then Governor of Bergen-op-Zoom." Arrived at Middelburg, a court was called, Sanderson and another candidate

admitted, and the two were back in London within a week of their departure.

On May 3, 1589, Calthorp died. He had risen by steps to the highest civic dignity, having been elected an Alderman in 1579, Sheriff in the same year, and Lord Mayor in 1588. Just recently, too, he had received the honour of knighthood. As befitted a Mayor dying in his year of office, his obsequies were celebrated with considerable solemnity, and Sanderson, to his great content, played a prominent part in the pageant. "At his funeral," he says, "I carried his standard, so appointed by the heralds the night before. His son Martin, I and Mr. Judson, the parson, buried him in the choir at St. Peter's the Poor," in Broad Street. Calthorp's monument there is noted by Stow, but is no longer to be seen. The old church was pulled down in 1788-91, and part of the site thrown into the roadway, the new building being erected on the former churchyard and a small court adjacent. In true eighteenth-century fashion no care was taken of the monuments, and most of them were destroyed. At the present time the same doom has fallen upon the church itself, which is shortly to disappear in its turn.

At this point there comes into Sanderson's life a slight gleam of romance. After her husband's death, Lady Calthorp retired to her estate in Norfolk, and, anxious perhaps for assistance in the settlement of her affairs, entreated Sanderson to accompany her. This he consented to do; but after a time they disagreed and he returned to London. "She was jealous," he says, "that I loved her sister's daughter, who waited on her. And so I did, but showed it not; yet had I had a sufficient estate to maintain a wife the love of Mistress Margaret Calthorp to me should have had due regard and reward." Again, later on he notes: "I loved very well his [Bartram Calthorp's] third daughter, Margaret by name, if money had then been to make up the game." Although he never renewed his suit, he long cherished a sentimental fondness for the lady.

Sanderson's next voyage was one of great interest. His sojourn in the Levant had made him familiar with

the trade in Indian commodities, and he knew well its profitable nature. He now joined several others in fitting out a vessel at Dartmouth, named the *Samaritan*, with the intention of making a voyage to the East Indies by way of the Cape. John Davies, the celebrated Arctic navigator, was captain and pilot, and Edward Reeve the master. However, the venture proved unfortunate for all concerned. They started in September 1590, but had only got as far as Madeira when a great storm and a brisk fight with a Spanish vessel rendered their ship so unseaworthy that they found it necessary to return. The details of the voyage will be found in an article contributed to the *Geographical Journal* for August 1893, pp. 146, etc. The end of it was that in February 1591, Sanderson found himself back at Dartmouth with all his money gone. Borrowing a little from friends he went by boat to Exeter in very wintry weather, there "hired a horse for twenty shillings, and came with the carrier to London." Ever afterwards this unlucky speculation was a bitter memory; for, in addition to his monetary loss, his conscience was troubled with the fact that during the fight with the Spaniard he "gave fire to a demiculverin," and thereby had possibly incurred the guilt of one or more murders. "God of His mercy forgive me that voyage's whole proceeding," he writes solemnly in concluding his account of the expedition.

His resources being now exhausted, Sanderson resolved to return to the Levant; and in the autumn of 1591 embarked in the *Toby* for Constantinople. After a voyage of three months Patras was reached, and there, as he mournfully confesses, he got so drunk that he nearly lost his life. From that place, in company with two other merchants, he started overland for his destination, journeying "about the Arcadian hills and banks of Helicon, Lepanto Gulf, and that famous Corinth. . . . So to Negropont, where we embarked for Gallipoli and Constantinople." On his arrival in that city he was invited by Edward Barton, who had succeeded to the post of ambassador, to take up his quarters with him. This he consented to do, after objecting for a time on the score

of the dissoluteness of the ambassador's household. His ungovernable temper seems to have made him anything but a pleasant companion, and he was soon involved in a quarrel with William Aldrich, one of his fellow voyagers in the *Toby*. "I gave Aldrich three or four cuffs in the ambassador's presence and chamber, Aldrich flying thither for sanctuary after he had stealingly struck me in my own chamber ; but his great lordship laid his fists on my face for so doing, and confined me to my chamber." Barton soon regretted his action, and sent Sanderson a suit of crimson satin to make his peace ; but the latter declined to be mollified and sent the suit back again. The good-natured ambassador, however, was determined to be friends, and a little later presented to him "a red velvet gown, which the Grand Signor had vested him with" ; and this time Sanderson consented to be reconciled, "although in my very soul I was at that time grieved." It was not long before he broke out again ; and on this occasion it was Barton's steward who excited his wrath. In his fury Sanderson struck him a blow with a pistol that might have proved fatal had not the barrel fallen off. Naturally, Barton was deeply angered by this second outbreak, but in the end the matters were adjusted by the offender paying the surgeon's bill—and (let us hope) some compensation to the injured man.

Sanderson remained for five and a half years at Constantinople ; and during the second half of 1596 he had the satisfaction of acting as Barton's substitute while the latter accompanied the Sultan to the wars in Hungary. The monarch had succeeded to the throne only a few months before, and had signalised his accession in the usual fashion by strangling his nineteen brothers. Sanderson saw their bodies carried out for burial when the butchery was over. He also witnessed several outbreaks among the soldiery in the capital, due mostly to want of pay. One of these was terminated in rather an amusing fashion, for on the mutineers invading the palace precincts "the household servants of the meaner sorts" turned out "with spits, tongs, and other kitchen tools," and fairly drove them off the premises. Among the many strange

things he saw at this time our traveller mentions a giraffe, "as tame as a domestical deer, and of a reddish deer colour, white breasted and cloven footed. He was of a very great height, his forelegs longer than the hinder, a very long neck, and headed like a camel, except two stumps of horn on his forehead. This fairest animal was sent out of Ethiopia to this Great Turk's father for a present. Two Turks, the keepers of him, would make him kneel, but not to any Christian for any money." The Sultan's menagerie also included an elephant, some tame lions, tiger cats, and several kinds of deer.

During this period Sanderson had several other quarrels with his fellow merchants. It is characteristic that scarcely a single associate is mentioned in his book without some term of opprobrium being affixed to his name; and doubtless his dislike was returned with interest. Possibly it was this general unpopularity that led him to quit Constantinople in September 1597, and proceed overland to Aleppo. There he fell ill. The doctor ascribed his indisposition to the climate or the bad water of the place; but Sanderson himself confesses that it was more probably the effect of over indulgence in drink at the time of his departure from Constantinople, though it may have been (he says) the result of the beating upon his body of 400 gold ducats which he had quilted into his purple velvet doublet to provide for his expenses on the road. However, in three months he was well again; and after visiting Antioch he sailed for Cyprus. There he tarried for seven weeks while his ship laded salt at Larnaka, and then went in her to Venice and so overland by way of Germany to England, arriving in June 1598. "Thus playing the gentleman, agent, and merchant, all my pains yielded me by God's permission thirty hundredweight of nutmegs, all my expenses and charges defrayed; also £50 by exchange I received of Maurice Abbot I had delivered of mine for his use at Aleppo. Here was my estate, and 500 crowns I left in Turkey until my return in the hands of Mr. N. Salter."

Sanderson did not remain long in England, for in February 1599 we find him embarking once more for

the Levant. One of his fellow passengers on this occasion was John Midnall, contemptuously styled by him "the cuckold," who was about to make his remarkable journey overland to India to the Court of the great Emperor Akbar. As usual, our traveller rendered himself obnoxious to his companions during the voyage; and upon arriving at Constantinople he still further excited their anger by claiming, in his capacity of local treasurer for the Levant Company, to levy consulage upon all their belongings. A scrimmage resulted, during which some of them took occasion to pay off old scores, and Sanderson came out of the dispute with a sorely damaged face. During the two years he now spent in the Turkish capital he had much trouble with an apprentice he had brought out, one John Hanger, "son of old Deputy Hanger." This lively youth, it appears, played tennis continually when his master's back was turned, stealing Sanderson's hose to make his balls; spoilt whole sheets of paper, "and printed a naghe (which is his hand, being rubbed upon the dirty pavement with all his fingers spread)" upon his master's white calico canopy. "The very cutting of his coxcomb and shaving of his sharp chin hath cost me to the barber more than I spent my master in seven years." He was rebellious, swore when corrected (with a stick), and carried a stiletto for ten days with the intention of using it on his being struck again. "In short," writes the harassed Sanderson, "a greater cross of so lewd an apprentice never happened to any man." In revenge, upon his return he endeavoured to prevent the grant of Hanger's freedom; but the culprit's father managed to bring about a reference to arbitration, which ended in Sanderson being solaced with a pipe of Malaga wine.

An interesting entry informs us that whilst at Constantinople Sanderson bought from "an ancient and very learned Jew priest" an old MS. of the Pentateuch in four languages. A little later, too, he procured from the Patriarch of Jerusalem for five sequins an old and torn Greek MS. of the New Testament. Both of these he gave on his return to his brother, Dr. Thomas Sanderson, who

was one of the divines appointed to assist in the revision of the English translation of the Bible. This brother, by the way, merits a brief notice, as being the only one of our traveller's immediate relatives who achieved any distinction. He was born a year later than John, and educated like him at St. Paul's School, whence he passed, at the age of sixteen, to Magdalen College, Oxford. After remaining there as a demy until 1585 and taking his B.A. degree, he moved, to Balliol, and was made a D.D. in 1605. In August of the following year he was installed as Archdeacon of Rochester; and then, except for his connection with the Bible commission, we lose all trace of him.

From Constantinople, Sanderson in 1601 took ship for Sidon, and thence journeyed to Damascus. Joining there a caravan of Jews who were proceeding south, he next made an interesting excursion through Galilee and Samaria to Jerusalem, visiting on the way the reputed scenes of many of the events of Holy Writ. At Jerusalem he at once got into trouble with the Turkish authorities for entering the city with his sword girt about him, which in a Christian was a dire offence. For this breach of the regulations he was committed to prison, and was only released through the good offices of his Jewish friends, who agreed on his behalf to pay a fine of twelve sequins and to forfeit the sword. His next difficulty was with the Roman Catholics, whom he had offended by refusing their proffered aid and by associating rather ostentatiously with the Greek Patriarch. On his attempting to visit the Holy Sepulchre the Catholics raised a hubbub, alleging that he was not a Christian but a Jew. The squabble was referred to the Turkish Kadi, who scolded both sides and dismissed the case. As a matter of fact, he tells us, he saw all he wanted to see without actually descending into the tomb. After a brief stay Sanderson left Jerusalem in July 1601 and journeyed back again to Damascus, and thence to Tripoli in Syria, where he waited some months for an opportunity to take his passage to England. According to his own account his life was in danger at this period from an old friar who, stirred up by letters from Jerusalem, twice shot at him when

passing his house. Evidently the reverend gentleman was a poor hand at a musket, for he missed him each time. Embarking in the *Edwara Bonaventura* in the middle of February 1602, our pilgrim reached Scanderoon three days later; and thence in May sailed by way of Rhodes and Zante to Venice. From that city the homeward journey was continued by land, and he arrived safely, in London on October 25, 1602.

This was the end of Sanderson's peregrinations. Apparently he had by this time accumulated sufficient means to live quietly at home, and though only forty-two he decided to retire from business. He still, however, kept up a correspondence with his acquaintances in the Levant, and some of the letters which thus passed contain interesting references to the early ventures of the East India Company and other current events. A law suit brought against him by the administrator of Barton's estate worried him a great deal, but no particulars are stated, nor is the result known. Soon after his return he wrote an account of his travels, which, after being circulated for some time in manuscript, was printed by the Rev. Samuel Purchas in the second volume of his *Pilgrimes*. In the same work will be found—"communicated to mee by Master John Sanderson"—five letters written by Eldred and Newbery during the latter's memorable journey to India overland in 1583. These Sanderson discovered among Harborne's papers at Constantinople and copied into his book. To Purchas he also gave as curiosities three letters of introduction, two in Greek and one in Hebrew, which he had used in his travels. Another literary friend of this period was John Speed, and when in 1610 the latter published his *Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain*, among the commendatory verses prefixed was a poem by Sanderson, in which a complacent reference is made to his own extensive travels : -

In Ægypt, Syria, and the Land
Of Promise (nam'd by Holiest High).

We gather that Sanderson continued to live in or near

Laying Waste of Pleasant Places 461

London. Practically his collection ends in 1610, though there is a pathetic addition in 1615 stating that he had now lost all his relatives, "whose comforts I want in this world"; and later still, a brief postscript of 1622 shows that he attained at least his sixty-second year.

Probably he died in 1624; for an entry in Stow's "Survey" (ed. Strype, 1720, book iii. p. 147) informs us that in that year "John Sanderson, Draper," gave to the parish of St. Faith's "150 pounds for twelve poor men to receive three pence a week, every Sunday weekly, for ever."

The Laying Waste of Pleasant Places

A MOST important character in the fairy-tales that passed for history in the childhood of the world was the dragon—a scaly beast with poisonous breath and flaming eyes, whose favourite food was a king's daughter. Though the circumstances of his final slaying varied from the bold attack of England's patron saint to the subterfuges of more wily knights, yet the same record is invariably found written against his name—"he laid waste the country round, so that nothing grew therein"—a terrible indictment. "Our pleasant things are laid waste," said Isaiah of old, with that touch of the picturesque that helps to make of the Hebrew prophets such very human reading. He himself knew something of the ways and habits of these winged beasts, who only live for us now on minted coin or in heraldic device, but it was not of these he was thinking when he made this particular plaint. For the waste-layers in his day were men, and the pleasant things the great cities with their outer ring of gardens; those wonderful Eastern gardens of sweet smells that haunt our imaginations with their brightness of colour and gorgeous opulence of vegetation, gardens he must have known well and loved much.

We, too, have our waste-layers, whom we distinguish by a variety of names—Boards of Works, Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Urban and County Councils, Corporations, Building Societies, Boards of Management for great estates. For, after all, the name is of but little moment; the chief thing is they do their work, and do it, for the most part, very effectively, with all the ardour of progressive reformers who think the new order of such infinite superiority to the old that there is no need either for protest or apology. Looked at dispassionately and summed up briefly, the characteristic of this age of ours is destruction. To pull down, cut down, root up is the ultimate end of the waste-layer's ambition, and, ably aided by builders and contractors, the work goes on silently but surely. A number of foolish theories have caught hold of the minds of the people, and helped to bring about a state of things not only undesirable, but (using the word in its highest sense) immoral, and for one at least of these a phrase must be accounted responsible. The English are not, we know, an imaginative race, nor do their ideals ever take spiritual and intangible shape; yet a phrase—often but half understood—can stir them to action, and so whoever first spoke of the "lungs of a great city" did thereby unwittingly do unto great cities grievous harm.

By the lungs of a city are meant briefly its parks and pleasure-grounds that serve as a reminder for town-tired eyes how beautiful nature must be in the far-away country where she is free and unfettered, instead of being clipped and trimmed into a highly civilised dress for all the world like some painted city madam. Yet to depreciate the value of any one of these carefully tended open spaces would be not only ungrateful but absurd; unhappily the tendency among us is not to underrate but rather to overrate the value of our public playgrounds. That fatal phrase, the lungs of a city, has been the waste-layer's excuse for the wholesale devastation that has turned our big towns into deserts of brick and stone—howling wildernesses where no one wishes to live, but from which we make our escape as quickly as the train or

tramway will let us. These parks where tramps may sleep and children play have been declared by experts to be the salvation of cities—the country placed as though by magic in the midst of crowded streets, courts and alleys, and it is assumed that these big breathing-places are all-sufficient for the needs of some odd millions of people. So slowly, silently, the pleasant places are being laid waste; in other words the little gardens are disappearing to make way for great blocks of tall ugly flats.

The ideal city, built with equal regard for health and beauty, is the city of low-roofed houses, each with a garden at its back; a garden no matter how small, so long as it holds a plot of green grass and a shady tree. Flowers, too, if you will, though flowers can be had in other ways, as in window boxes or pots, and they will grow, some of them, very nearly as well in a room as out of doors. But a tree and a grass plot are a part of man's birthright and his especial share of mother earth's broad bosom, and he should find them in the little garden that is all his own. In the front of a house—with a gravel walk and bed of geraniums guarded by an iron gate, so familiar a sight in newly-built suburbs—a garden makes but little for either health or happiness, for there is here no suggestion of either solitude or seclusion and no possible pretence of being in the country; but at the back of a house a garden has all the charm of the unexpected. Outside the house may look very much like its near neighbours in the dull or busy street; once inside, the garden makes its presence known. Out of its windows the eye can rest contentedly on something green and fresh; creepers hang about the high walls, and the coming of spring is felt as surely here as in happy valleys or on the sides of wooded hills. The little garden has meant much in many a life; children have played in it, lovers have walked in it, old folk have dreamed in it: the actual size is of but little consequence, for we do not need the Japanese (accomplished artists though they be in the art of seeing much in little) to teach us that we may find the whole round world in a little garden as easily as in a big one.

But the little garden in the city will soon be merely a memory. It is not only in London that the builders are busy superintending the pulling down of picturesque old houses and the felling of trees; for in any town of any size the fever of destruction has seized upon the local authorities, and the land is being eaten up by bricks and mortar. Side by side with the cry for the building of garden cities comes the devastation of everything that once went to make our English towns beautiful, and in spite of the excellent work done by certain societies, the ruthless havoc continues. The most notable recent example in London itself is to be seen in St. John's Wood, once a garden city of exceptional beauty and even now not without charm. The railway and the Howard de Walden estate have laid waste these pleasant places, and there was more than a touch of irony in the fact that at the very moment when speeches were being made at the unveiling of the memorial to the late Onslow Ford in Grove End Road in praise of the beauty of the artists' quarter, not a stone's throw away were being destroyed beautiful old gardens (in whose tall trees thrushes and blackbirds sang, and under whose walls lilies and roses grew in luxuriant loveliness) in order to build a block of artisans' dwellings in a *cul de sac*.

It may be reasonably objected that artisans must be housed, and if there is no room for them in a city that is for ever enlarging its borders, then, at whatever cost and sacrifice, room must be made. To this objection it is not probable that any one will make demur, but there is a considerable difference of opinion as to where and how the sacrifice should be made. In all our large towns we have a network of poor, mean, congested streets for which no one can pretend either sentiment or affection; streets that degrade rather than beautify, streets it would be a positive kindness to demolish. It is in these congested areas that the new buildings might with advantage arise, in all their ugliness of asphalt court and common stairway built on the familiar lines to which the architects of even more highly rented dwellings have by this time so well accustomed us. The people who will live in them are

not likely to be disquieted by the loss of their old homes, for they will merely be exchanging one kind of architectural ugliness for another and possibly a cleaner, and still be living in their old environment—a circumstance that weighs more heavily with the poor than the rich; and the landlord too should be well content (more especially the landlord who poses on a platform as a philanthropist), for he will fill his pockets very comfortably by the transaction. Each room will have its price in these new rabbit-warrens as it did in the tumble-down houses on whose ruins they are built, so that the value of the ground will be enormously increased by each additional storey raised; but while the workman will have his home and the landlord his rents, the pleasant places—the spots of greenery that mark the old city as distinct from the new—will remain undisturbed.

It must be matter of wonder for many thoughtful people, where the real advantages are to be found under these new conditions of city life? Will these closely packed dwellings be found to be either so sanitary or so desirable as their advocates have claimed them to be, and will they eventually help us to solve the problem of what we are to do with our overflowing population? On the question of sanitation, a layman must perforce be silent, but I was lately shown over a monster block of newly finished artisans' flats by the clerk of the works under whose able direction they had grown into being. As we stood leaning over the railings looking down into the dark well of the common stairway—deserted now, but so soon to be filled with teeming life—he said suddenly, "I wonder when people will get tired of these huge rabbit-warrens, and realise what a mistake they are making. I should be sorry to bring up any child in a place like this! Just fancy what it will be when it is packed full, and men stand here after a long day's work looking down as we are looking down, and the smell of all the refuse comes up to them like incense on a hot summer night! Only think of it! It is all very well to say if the people were clean there would be no smells; they are not clean, and you cannot make them clean. And the rooms are

small at the best, and the children will play here on rainy days with the women hanging round, and the sun never shines into one half of the rooms. It cannot be helped. If you have to put so many human beings in a certain limit of space at a certain limit of price, it is no use to trouble about south aspects. It is done for philanthropy, they tell me, but, all the same, the landlord means to make it pay. But I tell you now what will come one day creeping up these stairs—typhoid !”

“Do you believe people ever will realise that all this is a mistake ?” I asked at last.

“They must one of these days—they cannot help themselves. The cry for garden cities is in itself a healthy sign, but what puzzles me is that any one should have ever wished to destroy such a garden city as this once was to build such a place as this. I admit the overcrowding under the old system was terrible, but we are applying the wrong sort of remedy.”

That it is the wrong remedy there can be as little doubt as that we shall, for some years to come in all probability, continue to apply it. Land grows more valuable every day, and, human nature being what it is, the temptation to pile storey upon storey and make a big profit out of each is too strong to be resisted, even should my clerk of the works' prophecy come true, and typhoid climb with silent steps up the common stairway. The great contractors and smaller builders hold a vital interest in the question as well as the owners of the land ; they look upon all open spaces as so much wanton waste, and crawl over the earth like a plague of locusts making it desolate with the slime of their mortar and the dust of their bricks.

It is possible, though by no means easy, to forgive the demolition of beautiful old buildings if it can be proved they are to make way for something that shall be of greater use to a greater number of people. They have had their day and served their purpose, and though it is hard to part with them, it is on the whole a less heart-breaking business than to see them subjected to the humiliation and indignity of (so-called) restoration. But

it is not possible to forgive the dragon who swallows up fields and trees, laying the land waste so that nothing grows thereon. First of all we had to lament, with Isaiah, the destruction of our cities and the ring of gardens that hedged them round and made them beautiful. How many London suburbs have, of late years, been ruined by the big flats, the row of shops, the small villas, and the tramway lines? The little houses with their gardens, that used to make the approach to the city in spring-time a very vision of delight, have nearly all disappeared: Fulham, Dulwich, Brixton, Clapham, Putney, even hilly Hampstead, are but ghosts of their former selves, and still the bricks and mortar have their way, and these pleasant places will soon be all but forgotten.

It is not London alone that has suffered. The Surrey hills, where once sweet solitude could be found, are being rapidly converted into a city annexe, and the heather and gorse parcelled out into building lots for monster boarding-houses and hotels; and as London creeps out in one direction so do other big towns follow her example. Portsmouth—the home of gallant ships—formerly stood in the midst of greenery; but now the lines of mean streets are growing and spreading until a few fields and old houses at Milton (once a typical Hampshire village of thatched cottages and blossoming orchards) is all that is now left to remind us the island was once fertile and lovely. Through the whole land it is the same story—improvements that spell ruin to beauty but delight the souls of councils and corporations.

But there is more to be regretted than the loss of mere beauty. “The greatest curse of poverty,” said a thoughtful and philosophic writer, “is the lack of solitude,” and this eating of the land (with its necessary killing of solitude) is having its due effect upon our character as a nation. Certain virtues are the result of a close contact with mother earth—a sweet wholesomeness of mind, and a clean outlook that no amount of “exceptions” will ever explain away—and as we put these far from us, so do we lose something for which no amount of education or any other material advantage can

ever compensate us. In a dim, unsatisfactory, half-hearted way we understand this, and so raise the cry of "back to the land," while all the while we are cutting the ground from under our feet by destroying the land to the best of our ability.

Those who have lived among the very poor either in great or small towns are all agreed as to the refining influence of the little garden, or even the window-box with its pots of flowers. A servant who once waited upon me in a dreary London lodging, struck me with her air of refinement and simplicity, and one day I asked her if she were a country girl? "No," she said, "but I have a nice home and such a beautiful garden." The home, I found, was near Commercial Road, Whitechapel, and the garden a grassed yard with a lilac-tree growing in it and a vine climbing over the back of the house, and here "Father sat and smoked on Sundays;" but some of the sweetness of the lilac had grown into her heart and set her apart from the girls whose only playground had been the streets or a dirty area. Nor is this by any means a fanciful picture. Employers of labour who (from motives of economy or any other reason) have moved their works from town to country can tell their story too, and speak of the change that comes over men taken away from squalid surroundings and brought into closer touch with nature. Restive at first, and impatient to get back to their old haunts, the spirit of the country gradually takes hold of them, until insensibly they change, and develop quite unguessed-at capabilities for quiet healthful enjoyment.

It seems strange that, while fully realising all the country means to us and recognising the value to our moral as well as our physical being of every blade of grass, we should make no effort to save our pleasant places. Do we forget that ours is a very small island—far too small to hold comfortably its own sons and daughters, still less the strangers within its gates; or have we learned to look upon modern science as in truth such a miracle-worker that we think by building high houses, and filling them as full as we dare, we shall create

Laying Waste of Pleasant Places 469

a new order of beings who will not need the green earth and its quiet ways, but will wax fat and prosper under these new conditions of life? Long ago Ruskin made his reasoned appeal to the nation to save some common land as playgrounds for its children; but in spite of the protests of all right-thinking people, and the all praiseworthy exertions of the society that has taken this especial duty under its care, the work of uprooting goes on.

Where will it end? Will any green breathing-spaces be left to us, or will the dreary work go on until, from John o'Groats to Land's End, it is all one long stretch of houses, a gigantic city that shall cover the land? For we are under the heel of the builder and have gone back to the Stone Age. Whatever the builder covets, that he must have—little garden, large park, or heather-clad heath: there is no one to say him nay; and, like the despot he is, there would seem to be no limit to his misuse of power.

“Who will rid me of this tyrant?” cried a greatly exasperated monarch, and straightway three knights came forth to do his bidding. But there is no such possibility of rescue for us. To penalise the cutting down of a single tree for the next thirty years or so; to forbid the erection of any building, unless upon ground that has already been used for that purpose, would be to enact laws so wise, so good, so excellent, that we fear no Parliament would ever be found to pass them; to see that only ill-built and insanitary houses were pulled down, a method so sensible that no authorities would countenance it. Yet the evil is so great that it needs a drastic remedy, but even if one were found, who would dare to apply it? Only in Utopia would it be possible to hang a certain number of county councillors, builders and contractors, that they might serve as an object-lesson to others.

The Pepysian Treasures—III

INTO three fat little duodecimos Pepys has packed about a hundred penny and twopenny booklets, which like the ballads were sold about the streets and through the country by wandering chapmen, and he has labelled them "Penny Merriments." A fourth volume similarly composed is entitled "Penny Godlinesses." Though one or two of these "Merriments," and especially the more facetious, are unique, the majority are little more than reprints or new editions of the Pleasant Histories and other chapbooks which began to appear early in the seventeenth century. But Pepys's collection is probably far the largest now in any one library; and the variety of subjects comprised, together with the fact that almost all are the product of London presses between 1680 and 1690, proves the immense popularity which this cheap literature enjoyed. The "Garlands" of Richard Johnson, Thomas Deloney, and Martin Parker, were still on the market at the close of Pepys's life.

The "Merriments" mainly consist of "Histories" and traditional stories; but besides these there are a considerable number of love-posies, merry dialogues, collections of ancient jests, riddles, and notable things, cookery and housekeeping books, and a few dealing with prophecies, fortune-telling, and the interpretation of dreams. There are some fifty of these in each of the two first volumes, while the third only contains six items, which will be detailed in due course.

We take the "Histories" and traditional tales first. Volume I. leads off with a late version of *The History of Frier Bacon*, a very popular tale, in which Friar Bungay appears as "Bongy." *The Life and Death of Rosamond* is of course an account of Fair Rosamond of Godstow Nunnery. Chapter I. is entitled "The Birth, Behaviour, and Linage of Lady Rosamond," but after this preliminary the well-known story moves quickly. *The Pleasant History of Thomas Hic-ka-thrift* is another "Jack the Giant-killer" and almost as widely known. Here we are told "What Honour Tom came unto," "How Tom

Hic-ka-thrift's Strength came to be known," "How Tom came to be a Brewer's Man, and how he came to kill a Gyant, and at last was Mr. Hic-ka-thrift," and "How Tom kept a pack of hounds, and kickt a Foot-Ball quite away; and how he had like to have been robbed with four Thieves, and how Tom escaped."

The next hero is another Tom—Thomas of Pott, or Tom Potts, whose history is told elsewhere in a ballad which Professor Child says is not much earlier than the seventeenth century. It is found in a couple of broadsides as well as in the Percy Folio, and relates the love of Lady Rosamond for "Thomas a Potte," the serving-man. Affianced to Lord Phenix, she sends word to Tom, who, assisted by his master Lord Jocky, challenges and eventually defeats Lord Phenix, and wins the lady. The version in the "Merriments" is called *The Lovers' Quarrel, or Cupid's Triumph; being the Pleasant History of Fair Rosamond of Scotland*, and is divided into three parts, of which the first and second correspond to the ballad, and the third narrates how they all lived happily ever after.

The History of Mrs. Jane Shore, The History of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, and The Delightful History of Dorastus and Fawnia, are three favourite stories rewritten from history and balladry and romance. We also find *The Famous History of Aurelius, the Valiant London-Prentice*, which was "written for the Encouragement of Youth by J. S." and, to cap all, *The Most Excellent and Delightful History of Fortunatus*—and his famous purse.

Early in the second volume of the Penny Merriments we light on *No Jest Like a true jest: being a Compendious Record of the Merry Life, and Mad Exploits of Capt. James Hind, the Great Robber of England*. He was born at "Chiping Norton" in Oxfordshire, and ran away from school to London. He "there grows acquainted with a Company of Roaring deboyst¹ Blades," who lived a merry life, and, when their "stock of money" grew short, "rode a Cutting for more." Eventually these highwaymen were

¹ Deboshed or debauched.

arrested, but Captain James Hind managed to escape. Finding himself without a horse, he "put himself into the habit of a Shepherd, with a long Pike-staff on his Neck, and so travelled towards Barbary." He meets a gentleman leading his horse, and sees his opportunity; so he makes conversation, and when engaged therein, hits the gentleman over the head with the pike, and rides away on his horse, bequeathing to the unconscious owner his old coat and the pike-staff, "to beat on the Hoof as he had done." This adventure is typical of many experienced by Captain James Hind, gentleman of fortune. Although he "was Enchanted by an old Hag for the space of three years," he once more escaped; and we are told "How Hind served 2 Bayliffs and an Usurer," "How Hind served a Committe-man who disguised himself for fear of Robbing," and "How Hind rob'd a Gentleman in Hide Park," but escaped again *via* "St. James" and Soho. But at last he was arrested for high treason against the Commonwealth, and hanged at Worcester on September 24, 1652.

The Merry Tales of the Mad men of Gotam are always popular; and their humour may be judged from the following extract from the Fifteenth Tale. "There was a young-man of Gotam, the which went a Wooing to a fair Maid; his Mother warning him before-hand, saying, When thou dost look upon her, cast a sheeps eye, and say, How do you sweet Pigsny? The Fellow went to the Butchers and bought seven or eight Sheeps eyes. . . ." The rest of the story may be guessed. "Pigsny" means literally "pig's eye," and is a term of endearment at least as old as Chaucer's day.

Passing over *Tom Thumb, His Life and Death*, merely noting that it is the common broadside form of the story, the next Merriment is, *Here beginneth The second Part of the Fryer and the Boy*, in verse, decorated with quaint woodcuts. The tale, of course, is the extremely popular fifteenth-century story of the dancing friar, which is found also in Grimm's Popular Stories. There follows *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster*, "containing the mad merry Pranks she played in her Life-time; not

only in performing sundry Quarrels with divers Ruffins about London. But also how Valiantly she behaved her self in the Wars of Bulloign."

We may conclude the Histories by noticing *Don Quixote de La Mancha*, *Sir Richard Whittington*, Martin Parker's *True Tale of Robin Hood*, and *A most Delightful History of the famous Clothier of England, called Jack of Newbery*.

The "Merry Dialogues" need not detain us long; they are of interest, none the less, as containing old popular sayings, jokes, and proverbs, in which "Andrew and his Sweet-Heart Joan," "Honest John and loving Kate," and "Simon and Cisley, two Lancashire Lovers," alternately woo and deny. A more moral discourse is that "between Conscience and Plain-Dealing."

The collections of jests, riddles, and notable things, include *The Sack-ful of News* (1685), which is crammed with distressful jokes, and tales rewritten from Boccaccio; *The True Tryal of Understanding, or Wit Newly Revived By S. M.* (1687); and *The Book of Merry Riddles* (1685) from which we cull the following specimen:

The 20 Riddle

What is that like a mede,
And is not past a handful brede,
And hath a voice like a man,
You will tell me this but I know not when?

Solution.

It is a little Popinjay, for it is green like a mede, and it is not past an handful broad, and it speaketh like a man.

As a riddle, it may be doubted whether this is more ingenious or amusing even than Samson's riddle; but it is obviously earlier than the century in which the book was published.

A Hundred Notable Things, by Josh. Croynes, Gent. (1680), contains a large percentage of things more notable for humour than probability:

16. To hatch Chickens without the help of a Hen, if you take an Egg and keep it in your arm-hole, it will hatch them as well as a hen.

61. William the Conquerour died at Rouen in Normandy, and his death was known the very same day at Rome, which is a thousand miles asunder.
65. Tobacco was first brought into England by one Ralph Lane in the Year 1526, the 20th Year of Queen Elizabeth (!)

Variety of new merry Riddles, by Laurence Price (1684), has a second part, "containing Many pretty passages, pleasant Love-letters, many excellent verses, other rare conceits"; and this brings us to another extensive section of love-books, such as *A New Academy of Compliments* (not to be confused with a better-known song-book of similar title) and *Cupia's Masterpiece*, which also is a book of "compliments" and wooing-scenes. One of these is entitled "A merry cross wooing between Tom the taylor and Kate of the Kitchin," but is nothing less than the scene between Petruchio and Katharine from *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Instructions how to write love-letters may be found in such books as *Cupid's Soliciter of Love*, by Richard Crimsal, *Cupid's Love Lessons*, by H. C., and *Love's School: or a New Merry Book of Compliments* (1682). From the latter we extract the following reply to "J. D.'s Letter to request love of a gentlewoman." The lady writes:

Sir, your high commendation of my worth, is much beyond my desert, and the vehemency of your expressions causeth some admiration in me: Be assured sir, if I find your deeds answerable to your expressions, I doubt not but I shall answer your expectations. In the mean time be confident, I much honour your great worth, and shall ever remain yours,

Most humbly in the infringeable
bowels of affection,

M. I.

The Court of Curiosities, And the Cabinet of Rarities, With the New Way of Wooing, is designed to suit all tastes. Chapter III. is entitled, "Directions for making Love, and how to know whether one is beloved, and to obtain the Party desired, &c.," and is subdivided into "Virgins" and "Widows"; while Chapter IV. is more practical and less sentimental, containing "Rules and Directions for Carving Fish or Flesh, after the Courtly manner." Should this still leave the reader unsatisfied, he or she may pro-

ceed to the Interpretation of Moles and Dreams. Many people doubtless know the folk-rhyme, "A mole on the neck brings riches by the peck," but the present work reveals what is in store for those who have moles in almost all parts of the body.

Prophecies and fortune-telling are the subjects of several "Merriments," on which we find such famous astrological names as "Erra Pater," "Mr. Lilly," and "Mother Shipton." The latter, it would seem, prophesied the reign of Elizabeth, the Spanish Armada, and the Great Fire of 1666, but in such delightfully vague terms that the modern reader is not aghast at Mother Shipton's sagacity. We have also *Two Groats-worth of Wit for a Penny* by "those Famous Astrologers Mr. Rich. Saunders, and Dr. Coelson," and *The whole Art of Palmestry*, by "W. R. Practitioner above Thirty Years in the most Hidden Sciences."

Two curious books are concerned with numbers. *The Figure of Nine* contains "Nine Observations, Wits, Fits, and Fancies, Jest, Jibes and Quiblets." The other book is *The Figure of Seaven*, which we are told is by "Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt-Island, a Well-wisher to the Mathematicks," and supplies us with lists of such pieces of common knowledge as the Seven Deadly Sins, the Seven Wonders of the World, and the Seven Champions of Christendom. But how many can recite "The seven sorts of Transcendant Ale"?

1 Cock Ale, 2 China Ale, 3 Scurvy-grass Ale, 4 Lambeth Ale, 5 Hull Ale, 6 Darby Ale, 7 Elemozinary Ale.

Two other books are concerned with "curtain-lectures": *A Brief Sum of Certain Worm-wood Lectures*,

Which Women used to sing and say
Unto their Husbands every day.

Translated out of all Languages into Billings-Gate Dialogue. By Martin Parker; and *Vinegar and Mustard*, "taken verbatim in short writing by J. W." (1686). The latter includes a dialogue between two fish-wives which is a complete *encheiridion* of vituperation.

Cookery-books and household recipes claim our attention next. *The Compleat Cook* reveals the following :

The best way to make an Umble-Pye.

Mince Beef-suet, and lay it in the bottom : cut your Umbles, and some slices of Bacon, about the bigness of Hazle-nuts, and seasoning them with Nutmeg, Pepper, and Salt : fill the coffin of Paste, and beat it : the which being baked, liquor it with Claret and Butter well heated together.

The Compleat Cookmaid (1684) conceals the following trade secrets :

To make a Beef Pasty like red Deer.

and

To make Clouted Cream. Take new Milk and set it on the Fire from Morning till Evening, but let it not boil, and this only is called my *Lady Young's* clouted Cream.

Directions "To make a Panado" begin, "Take a quart of Running Water, put it on the Fire in a Skellet . . ." This quaint phrase suggests that the compleat cookmaid must first catch her water before she can boil it.

Recipes in *The Gentlewomans Cabinet Unlocked* comprise "How to make a reasonable lith Paste," "a Sack Posset," "White-Pot," sauce for "a Quail, Rail, or any big Bird," "To make Links" (sausages in a string), "To make an excellent Sullabub, without Milking under a Cow," "To make a Fool," and "For a Fregacy" (fricassee).

So much for cooking. *The Queens Royal Closet, Newly Opened, And the Art of Physick discovered*, by "that most Famous Physitian, Dr. Boules," contains toilet and medical recipes, including "A most excellent Medicine to make Children breed Teeth easily," but perhaps it would be wiser not to quote this until we can vouch for its efficacy. The two following recipes, however, may be given, for in the first there is a certain doubt as to the nature of the ingredients, and in the second they are so mild and poetical that we feel assured the most tender skin could take no harm :—

To remove a disease in the Stomach.

Take two penny-worth of Dragon-water or water Imperial, mingled with Traicle of Mithredatum.

For to take away the redness of the face.

Take the roots of white Lillies, and boyl them in a quart of Spring-water, and wash your face in the said water, and it will take away the redness thereof.

A curious collection of folk-lore and superstition may be found in *Mother Bunch's Closet newly broke open* (1685). The title-page tells us that the book teaches "Young-Men (in a naturall way) how to get Good Wives, & Maids Good Husbands. Experimented by ancient Authors, as, viz. The manner of St. Agnes Fast, the 21st. of January. The Washing the Smock on Midsummer Eve. The soweing of Hempseed. The Dutch Cake," etc.; all of which are well-known ceremonies, with the possible exception of the last, which is perhaps one form of the "feasten cake," exemplified in Twelfth Night cake, Shrove Tuesday pancakes, and Good Friday hot cross buns.

Towards the end of the second volume of "Merriments," two titles are curiously modern. One is *The Country-Mans Counsellor: or Every Man made his own Lawyer*. The other might be issued to-day:—*The Parliament of Women*. The speakers are "Mrs. Tattlewell," "Mrs. Prudence Prate-all," "Bess Blue or Blot-Book, a Scrivener's Wife," "Mrs. Dorothy Do-little," etc., who plead for women's rights.

The third volume of the "Penny Merriments" contains, as we have said above, only six items, but these are considerably larger in bulk than the sixteen- or twenty-page "Merriments" of the preceding volumes. They consist of four "Garlands" and two "Histories." The first is Thomas Deloney's *The Garland of Delight*, the thirtieth edition (1681). This is said to be an unique copy of this edition, but it is only a revised re-issue of the "Strange Histories" issued in 1607, which became "The Royal Garland of Love and Delight by T. D." in 1674. The first page bears a woodcut labelled "Elizabetha Regina," and others are scattered through the book. Next comes the same compiler's *Garland of Good-Will* (1688) "divided into Three Parts, containing many pleasant songs and pretty Poems to sundry Notes." An

earlier edition was reprinted for the Percy Society by J. H. Dixon; while another copy of the present edition is in Malone's books at the Bodleian Library. The third item is Richard Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses* (1683). Another copy is in the Huth library, and as in the last case an earlier edition (that of 1612) was reprinted for the Percy Society. The last of the "Garlands" is *Robin Hood's Garland*, "Containing his Merry Exploits, and the several Fights which he, Little John, and Will. Scarlet had, upon several occasions." This edition is not dated, but it is probably merely another issue of a similar Garland dated 1686, now in the Bodleian Library.

There follows a copy of the 1687 edition of *The History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome* "enlarged with many pretty Pictures, lively expressing the full History." This is a well-known booklet; but it is followed by an unique counterpart, which concludes the collection: "The History of the Seven Wise Mistresses of Rome. Whose Names were *Halicuja, Mardula, Cicre, Penthisilia, Debora, Dejanara, Boadicia*. Wherein, the Treachery of Evil Counsel is discovered, the Innocency of harmless Virgins cleared, and the Wisdom of Seven Wise Women displayed, to the wonder of their own Nation, and the Admiration of all the World. London, Printed for *M. Wotton*, and *G. Conyers*, at the *Three Pigeons* in *Fleet-street*, and at the *Golden Ring* on *Ludgate Hill*, 1686." This title is in a decorated border on the second leaf; the recto of the first leaf being blank, and the verso bearing a rude woodcut of "The Empress and her Daughter, with the Seven Wise Mistresses." The third, fourth, and fifth leaves are occupied by an "Epistle to the Reader," signed "Tho. Howard."

(To be continued)

Against Sorrow

I WAS passing an allotment garden when I saw a man bent over the ground with his hoe, a mournful figure, perhaps, at the little distance I was. At once this sprang to my mind, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake : in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." In front of me then was sorrow. But, being of an inquiring turn of mind, I determined to accost the man and find out how much of him was sorrow. I pass'd the allotment gate ; and there, sure enough, under the hedge was his wife and child, as well as a bee-hive. I did accost him and askt if he did not find the work hard. He wisht it were harder, that he had more ground, even at the enormous rate of some £7 an acre. I then freely told him I wisht I were dictator of the country ; and then I'd first enlarge this allotment ground, and Bobadil-like traverse all England either myself or by deputy, enlarging allotments and reducing rents. He seem'd very pleased. But then returning to the subject of sorrow, I askt him if his wife were sad, pointing to her. "Not that I know of, captain" ; answer'd he. "Why should she be ?" To which I had nothing to allege but that verse, written so many years ago, which might only have perturb'd him ; so I wisht him *good morning* and went my way. But still this word *sorrow* was ringing in my ears. "Man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward." And here was the gardener without sorrow ; and I hardly knew what it meant. Along came a cowman with his charge, and he was an obvious blank ; after him a well-to-do elderly man with his two daughters, all merry enough. Finally I met a young girl whom I know very well ; and she with much assurance and a superior smile told me I could never be a Christian till I had found both sorrow and my soul ; which I thought was a quaint enough recommendation of her religion, especially to me, a religious man,

Travelling home to God
By the way the fathers trod.

So I askt her what she had to do with sorrow. She could profess none, being, as she said, rather young for that affection. I askt her what she suppose'd sorrow to be, and drew from her the very fair definition that it was a chronic lack of ease, produced by the loss of any good, past, present or future ; or chronic pain at having caused or suffer'd evil. She did not say this in so many words ; but such was the gist of her prattle.

I praise'd her account of sorrow, and confess'd that while I consider'd the passion unmanly it was hardly womanly, but rather, mean. At any rate, it was not a common scourge of women, who find talk and tears good remedies against it. Nor was it common among men, who have it driven out of them by work. It is mean, because however great or little may be this uneasiness, it so far makes any person prey on himself, and become a nuisance to his neighbours.

So saying, I parted from my young girl ; to whom I further shouted that I would look for it amongst my books, and let her know if I found anything therein to make me alter my opinion. This was yesterday evening.

Truth to tell, when I awoke this morning I had nearly forgotten all about the matter. But the day was so fine, a very carnival of scent and song and green splendour, that this other foolish old line ran in my head :

And every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.

Whereat, though I laught, my thoughts return'd to the old groove, and I determin'd to go sorrow-hunting thro' my books. So here am I, with some 150 books around me, not many of which luckily have any relation to the subject. Homer, for instance, does not think of this passion as pervading life. Tho' his men are often deeply groaning for a little while, they're as lively as crickets very soon after. I don't open Aristophanes, nor Caesar, nor Thucydides. Of Tully, I have only the *Offices* where he certainly does not glorify sorrow. "There is nothing finer than an evenness of temper in

any condition of life, with a mien and countenance always the same, as the story goes of Socrates and Laelius."

I haven't time to look through Lucretius. His general doctrine however is conclusive: "Cheer up; we shall soon be dead"; and no one can find fault with that. But death may be eliminated as the common destroyer. How we cheer up is the matter of interest. I take down the Epigrams, however; where I expect to find many a sigh incorporate, evidence of a fleeting grief; but not much to convert me to the practice of Heraclitus. First, I turn to the Epitaphs, beginning with those of the poets and philosophers: but I cannot, like those Americans who wept over the tomb of Adam, grow dismal over these neat productions of versifiers on dead Homer, dead Democritus, and the rest. I skim through some eighty of these, when there comes a knock at the door. I am alone in the house. It is a single knock: a beggar's perhaps; the knock of sorrow. I go, and find myself face'd by a burly, red-face'd middle-age'd man. "Will you buy a pair of boot-laces, gov'nor?" "Perhaps I will. Do you know what sorrow is?"

"Can't say I do. I should be sorry if any man got the best of me: that's all I know."

This was a surprising utterance from a seller of laces. Then I: "Well, you look pretty jolly." "Jolly's the word, mister: I've always been jolly. I enlisted in the army at fifteen; said I was seventeen; and was a sergeant at twenty."

The rest of his tale was briefly this: that he was successful as a sergeant, married the prettiest girl in his depôt-town, retire'd from the army after twenty-one years service, was offered employment at a small wage, which he indignantly refused, succeeded in obtaining a better situation, where he convicted his employer of adulterating food, and was quickly dismiss'd, took the place of collector of weekly insurance premiums, threatened to knock his superior officer's head through a brick wall for cheek, finally took to the boot-lace trade,

accompanied by his wife. This occupies their whole time except the few days after pension-day, which are spent in conviviality. He regards himself as a success in life ; but helps me not a whit in my desire to meet sorrow.

And he has interfere'd, too, with my sailing over the sea of epigrams ; not that I expected to find much therein ; Mimnermus perhaps damning life generally, or the squeak of some one affected by momentary spleen.

But now I take down the *Imitation of Christ*, where no doubt I shall find myself in my girl-friend's country, the country of her imagination and words rather than that she lives in : for she is a merry little body, and travels and fishes and does her pleasant nothings under the auspices of kind parents.

My *Imitation* is not the real thing, I suspect ; a translation garbled by an English prelate, one George Stanhope, somewhen before 1717, the date of my ninth edition. But no doubt it will serve, as its Table of Contents promises well. Chapter 22 is "The miserable condition of Man considered," and begins well. "Wretched thou art, O Man, wheresoever thou art ; wretched thou must be, which way soever thou turnest thyself" ; and so forth, which is, of course, nonsense. Man could not live like that : such chronic wretchedness could only be a sign that he was dying quickly. Of course, man is wretched sometimes ; but his misery is but the guarantee of greater enjoyment to follow ; and so life goes on, up and down, with greater or less fluctuations according to our temperament, till its end. The author of the *Imitation*, like most men, has a greater memory for injuries than for benefits : that is all.

Not in the days of Thomas à Kempis, not in these days of so-called complexity do men differ from Homer's men. One the god makes a great warrior ; to one he gives skill in dancing ; to one song ; to another wisdom ; to none doth he give sorrow as an accomplishment or beauty, tho' perhaps he gives one the faculty of talking prettily about it, and distorts his brains for that purpose.

Nor do I think that the exemplar of this book was a man of sorrow, tho' he may rightly be call'd a "man of sorrows." And who is without them? Our books say very little about Him: if it be true that He lived for four and thirty years, it is also certain that we are told hardly of one-eighth part of this life. What delicious day-dreams He must have had till He was thirty, and compell'd to preach that Impossible which has drawn so many hearts to Him. And the beginnings of that preaching must have been delightful to Him, because even now we can feel its gentle charm. It is true that He paid for delight in Jerusalem, on Calvary; because He was the son of man, and man's delight must be paid for. But the payment, though sharp, was not long; while the delight was: a silent beatitude doubtless of many years. The joy took Him to Jerusalem though, just as intoxication, less microcosmic and sympathetic, has whirl'd many a poet into London. It is hard not to linger where so many have found rest; it is hard to leave these Galilean fields with their flowers mutely gazing at their first praiser, whose name then was Joy as well as Jesus; it is hard to know so little of Him, and to think that in Egyptian dust-heaps rest our hopes of knowing more.

Montaigne is staring at me all this while with a grim smile no doubt. And welcomes me as I take him down with the very thing. Rem acu! "No man living is more free from sorrow than I, who neither like it in myself nor admire it in others, and yet generally the world (I know not why) is pleas'd to grace it with a particular Esteem, endeavouring to make us believe that Wisdom, Vertue and Conscience shroud themselves under this grave and affected Appearance." After these brave words I shall look no farther; they are my own very heart. This may be a bad essay: but if I were sorrowful, it would be a worse. How can anything good come out of the sickly? No! not a poem, a statue, or a machine. Something peculiar may of course proceed from such a source, something to be pointed at by the ignorant, or treasured by people who collect

everything; but nothing to last; only something to perish as the romance of the classical age has perished.

“Romantic glamour which agrees with a consumptive type of genius.” These are the words I read in a magazine but a day or two back. If consumption is condemn'd, as the ordinances against spitting seem to prove, then romantic glamour is condemn'd likewise. *Le style est l'homme même*. If sorrow be a lack of ease, the productions of a sorrowful man should be uneasy and affected. Many a poet, many a sculptor has crystallised sorrow into a form eternal; but his is the effigy of a moment, not of a life-long discontent; and serves to show by contrast that life is nothing but a prolong'd gratification. So we can get a delight from the presentment of pain, and say comfortably to ourselves “This is not our case.”

I cannot take down any more books, because the day wears away: but I never had any doubt in answering that question of Tennyson which I once overheard:

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife?

You are not talking to Sorrow at all; that lady is Miss Pleasure: she shall be wedded to you, and bring forth *In Memoriam* for the general delectation.

And what answer am I to give my young girl? I shall avoid her till she reads this paper.

Leather Drinking-Vessels

II.—The Black Jack

THE leather pitcher, known as the “black jack,” was always a vessel of some consequence, and is still associated, where it has survived the vicissitudes of time, with old manor houses, with the castles of noblemen and ancient seats of learning.

The latter half of the name was probably an allusion to the leather coat worn by soldiers and armed men

generally. Minsheu, in his "Guide into the Tongues," 1617, says "A Jacke of leather to drinke in, because it somewhat resembles a iacke or coat of mail." This defensive coat was known for centuries as the "jack," and when adopted by the French archers was called "jacque d'Anglois." The prefix "black" was no doubt added to the name of the drinking-vessel to distinguish it from this leather jerkin which was generally made of buff leather. The most ancient jerkins however were black, and it was probably these that it was first supposed to resemble. The drinking-jugs were not known as "black jacks" till the sixteenth century, but were called jacks very much earlier. In 1414, New College, Oxford, purchased four leather jacks, two of a gallon and two holding a pottle each, the four costing 4s. 8d.¹

The first instance I have noted of the full title is the purchase, in 1567, of a black jack for one shilling, by Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and the second twenty years later in the will of William Jennison, merchant of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in which "one cooberde, iij gantreys, iij bordes, ij trissells, iij kyrnes with their staffes & ij blacke jackes" were valued at twenty shillings.

In the absence of conclusive evidence, it is not safe to assume that the pot of leather or black jack existed in anything like its present shape and size as early as the Norman Conquest. Englishmen before that time did not commonly use pitcher-shaped vessels, but were very partial to cylindrical ones of wood with handles across the top, which were really buckets. In the Anglo-Saxon translation of the Book of Judges, "hydrias confregissent" (which in the "Authorised Version" is "brake the pitchers") is rendered by "to-broccan tha bucas," or broke the buckets. Earthen pots of jug-like shape, which were ascribed to the Norman period, have been dug up in different parts of the country, but more recent investigation has shown that they belonged to much later times.

The Treatise "de Utensilibus," written by Alexander Neckam in the twelfth century, does not mention leather

¹ "Hist. Agriculture and Prices." Thorold Rogers. Vol ii. p. 547.

pots, but before the fourteenth century they were well known. The Ordinances of the Bottillars of London, made in 1373, when the guild was already old, speak of the bottles and other vessels of leather made by them, which other vessels must have been pots and mugs. They also occur a few years later in the will of Henry Snaith, an ecclesiastic of York, who bequeathed to Richard Lely certain articles, among which were his two best brass basins and two leather pots, "ij ollas de corio."

The fact that they were sometimes specially mentioned by wealthy people in their wills would seem to show that they were objects of consideration. The Lady Isabella de Wylleby in her will, proved in 1416, left to Juliana de Crofton, a nun of Hampole Priory, six and eight pence, and various useful articles, including a saddle and bridle and two leather pots, "j cellam cum freno et ij ollis de lether."

Black jacks were often used in monasteries. In 1394, the accounts of the Priory of Jarrow and Monkwearmouth show that the pantry contained "iij ollæ de correo." In the house of the same monastery at Jarrow there were three larger ones, for they are called "tankards de corio." At the Priory of Finchale, in the same county, there were on St. Dunstan's day, 1397, four small jacks entered as "stowpes de corio," and on Christmas Eve, 1411, six large and one small one, "vj tankards et j stope de corio."

At Durham Abbey they were used in the hall of the guest-house in 1427, and in the rolls of the same abbey are stated, in 1457, to be made of ox-leather. The next year (1458) five "amphore" of leather are mentioned which were not the same as pots, for pots of tin for wine are mentioned in the same entry, "v olle de stanno pro vino, iij amphore de corio et iij de ligno." As wooden tankards were very large in mediæval times, probably these leather jacks were the extra big sort which were afterwards known as "bombards."

The foregoing examples, out of many which might be quoted, are enough to show that the ancient monastic establishments of this country were usually possessed of

leather pots, although among the numerous inventories of monastic goods made at the Dissolution they are very rarely to be found. But in such monastic houses as (with more or less modification) survived, black jacks long continued to be used; and in the cellars, butteries, and dining-halls of our ancient hospitals, colleges, and grammar-schools, they were a feature till modern times.

The chief reason of their survival in such places is that the jack was essentially a vessel for the baronial hall, so that while the ancient mode of living prevailed, and every man of substance took his meals in his hall with his family and servants, it was much in favour. When more luxurious modes came in, and the lord took his meals privately in parlour, or dining-room, the leather pot remained in the hall with a greatly diminished staff of retainers and serving-men. But where large groups of people still dined together in hall—as in palaces, colleges, hospitals and grammar-schools—there the black jacks almost always remained in use. In old houses, too, they lingered on, but as the great hall passed out of use for meals they were generally confined to the servants' hall, with the exception of those that were silver-mounted.

During the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the old colleges of Oxford and Cambridge were continually buying black jacks, but only two, Queen's (Oxford) and New, possess any now.

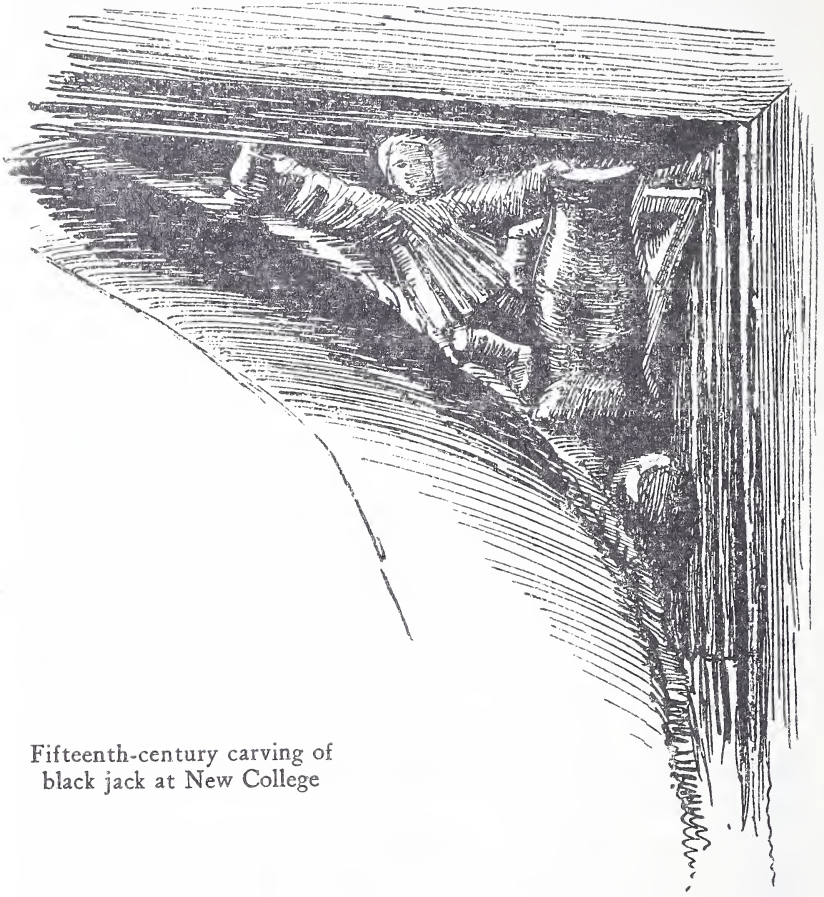
At the former college there is a huge old jack in the buttery which was presented fifty years ago, and came from Hever Castle in Kent.

At New College is a smaller and later jack which is kept in the buttery behind the hall screen. The buttery hatch there is a very fine and well preserved example and has carvings—which are extremely interesting—of black jacks and flagons in the arch spandrels.

There are two black jacks at Winchester College, where such vessels remained in use till about fifty years ago. They are of a late pattern, one of twelve and one of six quarts. In Mr. T. J. Kirby's book on Winchester College, the first allusion to leather beer jacks in the

Bursar's Computus is in 1433. In 1495, "xix ledyr gallyn pottes" were bought "pro mensa puerorum."

At the ancient Hospital of St. Cross near Winchester



Fifteenth-century carving of
black jack at New College

are two great leather jacks, which are respectively eighteen and fourteen inches in height. One of the brethren, who was living in 1896, assured me that he remembered, many years before he became an inmate, that jacks were used at the "Gaudy Day" festivities, which were kept five times a year. A friend of Mr. H. Syer Cuming

also remembered their being used there early in the century.

In another old Hospital, the London Charterhouse, jacks were used down to modern days. The late Mr. W. H. Forman was a "Master's Pupil" there and in his school days they were used daily in the hall. His



Jacks at St. Cross, Winchester

vivid recollection of them suggested, when Mr. Syer Cuming was writing a paper in the *Archæological Journal*, the search which is thus described therein. "But one solitary black jack now remains at the Charterhouse. Its existence was denied by the officials, but Mr. Forman and myself succeeded in once more dragging it into the light of day. It is greatly injured by damp, but is still a curious relic of conservation."¹ The jack thus rescued is still in the buttery.

Besides these instances, evidences of their use are forthcoming at Eton College, Westminster School,

¹ "*Archæo. Journ.*" Vol. xv. p. 342

Christ's Hospital, and Repton School. These evidences are so casual in their nature, and in the causes of their preservation so accidental, that the establishments to which they refer may be regarded as samples taken at random from the ancient grammar-schools of the country. With these exceptions, however, the leather pots have disappeared, leaving no tangible trace, though further instances may yet be forthcoming in a manner as unexpected



Black jack at Eton College

as at Westminster School. Here—when I first inquired—no jacks were known to survive, nor was there any record of their use in the past ; but shortly after two fine old specimens were discovered, each capable of containing two gallons. Still more recently on the departure of the late Dean from Westminster, a large number of documents were found in the Jericho Parlour at the Deanery. Among them were accounts relating to the Westminster School Play in 1564, which contained the entry “for a black Jack iij^s.”

Professor Thorold Rogers gives a great many instances of black jacks being purchased for the use of Eton boys, taken from the records of the College.¹ There is now only one black jack in the buttery, but

¹ “History of Agriculture and Prices in England.” Vol. ii. p. 695.

it is a fine example and has the arms of the College painted on the front.

We know by a passage in Charles Lamb's essay, "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago," that black jacks were used at that ancient school at the end of the eighteenth century. Also in a book called "Things not Generally Known," 1861, John Timbs says "Leathern jacks are used at Christ's Hospital for bringing in the beer, whence it is poured into wooden piggins."

At Repton School, Derbyshire, black jacks were used till the eighteenth century. Dr. Bigsby gives in his History of Repton a description—derived from an aged inhabitant—of the style in which the boys of the old school lived. They used "wooden spoons and trenchers and pewter dishes; their drink was supplied in coarse earthenware mugs, replenished from leathern bottles, commonly called Black Jacks."

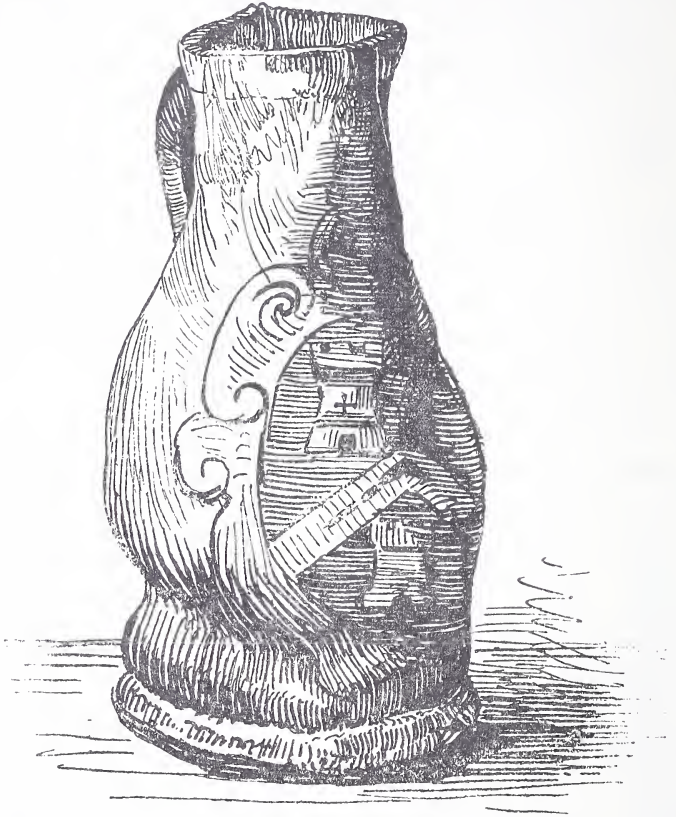
Details are not often found to show what were the materials of the great tankards of ale and wine of which we read in connection with the guild feasts of the Middle Ages; but of the vessels used by the Stratford-on-Avon Guild of the Holy Cross in 1454, thirteen were black jacks. This is shown by an inventory in the town records, which mentions, "xiii pottis of ledir whereof iij galoneris & x potillers."

As to craft-guilds I have met with seven jacks which belonged to such guilds, and have been able to identify five of them by the coats of arms they bear, and to unearth much interesting documentary evidence concerning them. Considerations of space, however, make it impossible to do more than briefly indicate the facts here.

In 1887 was exhibited at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries a black jack, bearing three shields which, though more or less defaced, were shown to be those of the Barbers' Company of Oxford, the City of Oxford, and the University. Another similar jack has the same arms, and is now the property of an Irish collector.

A gorgeously painted jack, sold in 1895 among house-

hold goods at Oxford, was covered with shields and mantlings, which show it to have belonged to the old Joiners' Company at Oxford; and one still more beautifully painted belongs to Mr. H. C. Moffat at Goodrich Court. This was the chief tankard of the



Black jack with the arms of the Company of Masons.
In the possession of Viscount Lifford

Guild of Cordwainers at Oxford, and can be traced for a number of years in their records.

At Lincoln the Guild of Bellingers possessed a large leather jack (still in existence) which has an inscription describing it as the gift of Alderman Bullen.

Early representations of black jacks are very rarely to be

met with, though rudely carved pots of nondescript shape are sometimes described as such, when found in the carved details of churches. There is one in the choir stall at Malvern Priory which looks like a fourteenth-century pot of leather, but a much finer example, though of later date, is an enrichment to the spandrils of the fifteenth-century buttery-hatch at New College, Oxford. This has all the characteristic features which distinguish an early black jack from other kinds of pitchers. Later representations occur on seventeenth-century tavern tokens, but they are not of so much importance as the foregoing, because dated jacks of undoubted genuineness still exist which are quite as old.

So far as one can judge by the evidence that remains, the proportion of drinking-cans of leather in ordinary use does not seem to have been great during the Middle Ages compared to those of wood or other materials. In the buttery of the Archbishop of York in 1423, there were nine pots of black leather worth three shillings, and only sixteen wooden cups.¹ About the same time a wealthy canon of York had in his buttery "x ollarum de correo" worth two and sixpence.²

In later times they are more frequently met with in large numbers. Their use had extended then, and probably earlier, to the industrial classes. Thomas Tusser, who wrote "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," recommends the use of wooden dishes, and where stone jugs are found not to last, the use of tankards, then made of wood, and leather jacks.

Treene dishes be homely & yet not to lack
Where stone is no laster take tankard & jack.³

For the same reason the Earl of Northumberland in 1512 ordered leather jacks in place of stone pots. "Whereas Earthyn Potts be bought, that Ledder Potts be bought for them; for serving for Lyveries & Mealis in my Lordis hous."⁴

¹ Surtees Soc. Vol. 45, p. 136.

² *Ibid.* p. 80.

³ Rep. Eng. Dialect. Soc., 1878.

⁴ Household Regulations of Earl of Northumberland. Pickering, 1827.

None the less, however, the last part of the sixteenth century saw a decline in their use, as the mode of life in great houses became less lavish and also less rude. In a quaint book called "The Seruing-man's Comfort," hospitality is said to be greatly on the decline, and many establishments no longer kept up as of yore. The author dolefully exclaims: "Where are the Chines of Staulled Beefe? the great blacke Jackes of doble Beere, the long Haull tables fully furnished with good victuals." In further lamenting the decay of liberal house-keeping, he says:

The Haull boordes-ende is taken up,
 No Dogges do differ for the bones,
 Blacke-Jacke is left, now Glasse or Cup,
 It makes mee sigh with many groones
 To thinke what was, now thus to be,
 By death of Liberalitie.¹

Martin Parker in the reign of James I. is equally pathetic on the same subject, in the ballad of "Time's Alteration or the old man's rehearsall":

Blacke-jackes to every man
 Were filled with Wine & Beere,
 No Pewter pot nor Kanne
 In those days did appeare;
 Good cheare in a Nobleman's house
 Was counted a seemely shew;
 We wanted no Brawne nor Sowse
 When this old Cap was new.

This falling off in the use of leather pots, attested by contemporary evidence, coincides with the decay of the craft of Bottle-makers who up till this time had been the chief makers of them. On the other hand there is no lack of evidence of the continued use of black jacks throughout the seventeenth century. In household inventories they appear in considerable numbers, but were probably less used for drinking from and more for conveying liquor from buttery to hall, where it was drunk from smaller cups.

¹ Reprinted by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in the "Roxburghe Library"—Inedited Tracts. P. 130.

In the eighteenth century the greatly improved pottery which had become plentiful in consequence of the revival of ceramic industries in England, must have almost displaced the jack in domestic use. It lingered as we have seen among old colleges and grammar schools, but



Jack in the possession of the Earl of Onslow

there were also not a few instances of its use in old-fashioned houses down to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

At the present time genuine examples of the black jack have become very scarce, and are to be looked for in public museums and among the collections of the curious. Nevertheless, a considerable number are yet to be found which remain in their original quarters; and, more wonderful still, a few are even yet applied to their original purpose.

A fine array of black jacks is at Madresfield Court, the ancient moated house of Earl Beauchamp, near Malvern. Various in size and shape and ten in number, they hang in the servant's hall and are, or were till lately, in daily use.

At Stoneleigh Abbey, the Warwickshire seat of Lord Leigh, are two jacks, one of them in use still, and there



Jack in the possession of the Earl of Onslow

are three at the great Jacobean house of the Marquis of Northampton at Castle Ashby; one of them has become leaky and is now disused.

At Claverdon Leys, Warwickshire, the servants of the late Mr. Darwin Galton used till a few years ago the jacks there, which once belonged to the Vernons of Hanbury.

Cotheridge Court, near Worcester, has a fine jack, which the present owner, Mr. Rowland M. Berkeley, remembers to have been in daily use till the death of his grandfather in 1870.

Other old houses which contain black jacks, or did till modern times, are Spring Hill, Broadway, Worcestershire; Severn End and Woolashall in the same county; Montacute House, Somerset; Knole House, Kent; Warwick Castle; Ragley Hall, Warwickshire; Helmingham Hall, Norfolk; Lambourne Place, Berks; and many others.

In the dining-room at Clandon Park, Surrey, the old mansion of the Earl of Onslow, are two fine jacks, which

were the property of Richard Onslow, Knight of the Shire for Surrey in several Parliaments from the year 1627, and a son of a Speaker of Elizabeth's days. They bear the crest of the family and the initials R. O.

Milton in his Latin Poems

“Milton's Latin verses are distinguished from most Neo-Latin verse by being a vehicle of real emotion. His technical skill is said to have been surpassed by others; but that in which he stands alone is, that in these exercises of imitative art he is able to remain himself, and to give utterance to genuine passion.”—MARK PATTISON.

IN spite of this weighty commendation, in spite of the fact that the “*Elegiarum et Sylvarum Libri*” have not lacked translators, Milton's Latin verses have been overshadowed, as is only natural, by his English poems. It is tolerably certain that many of his genuine admirers pass them by unread, whether from inadvertence or from a want of familiarity with the Latin tongue. Should the latter excuse be pleaded, it cannot, of course, be allowed, for Cowper's faithful and admirable versions are accessible to all. There are also the translations made by J. G. Strutt in 1814, and by C. Symmons and Francis Wrangham in Symmons' “*Life of Milton*.” Even so it is pardonable, in a world where there is so much to read, if the Latin poems have been comparatively neglected. Milton, too, may be held in part accountable, since he prefaced them with the statement that most of them were written on the hither side of his twentieth year, and omitted to mention that several of them were the product of his maturity. The remark is calculated to act as a deterrent to those who do not greatly care for youthful flights; yet such persons might, on reflection, modify their opinion. For there are none of Milton's early compositions in English which have been preserved,

unless it be certain versions of the Psalms, that cannot be read with some degree of pleasure. Even the "vacation exercise" in which Ens appears as the father of the Predicaments, is redeemed by the fine address to the poet's mother-tongue, and by its catalogue of English rivers, the property of each hit off by an appropriate adjective or phrase. Even "The Passion," which its author left unfinished (to our loss) has such lines as :

My sorrows are too dark for day to know :
The leaves should be all black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have washed, a wannish white.

And the poem which he wrote at seventeen on the death of his sister's child is beautiful in expression, though not profound in thought.

This paper, then, is not intended for professed students of every word that Milton wrote, in whatever language, but for those who, from whatever reason, have hitherto bestowed little or no attention on his Latin poems. The writer, having himself lately emerged from ignorance on this subject, offers the results of his own pleasant study to his fellow sinners. He has tried to bring before their notice all such passages as may throw light on Milton's personality, to discern, in fact, the poet in the poems. He might have gone to Cowper for his versions, but he could not resist the temptation of making his own.

Without further preface, then, let us pass to the examination of the poems. The first impression received when all have been read is that their contents are singularly unequal in interest and in quality. Indeed, it is permissible to wonder that Milton thought some of them worth preserving. The Gunpowder Plot seems to have appealed strongly to his young imagination. Four epigrams and a long narrative poem are devoted to this subject, in the course of which the Pope and Roman Catholicism are vilified immoderately. The Author of Evil (whose personality seems already to have captivated Milton) appears to the Pope in a dream and exhorts him to destroy James and his parliament. Fame, how-

ever, at the instigation of the Almighty, makes known these fell designs in Britain. The poem ends abruptly and, it must be admitted, lamely, as though the writer had tired of his theme. Milton wrote it in his first year at Cambridge, at the age of seventeen. To that year also belong four elegies occasioned severally by the deaths of a Vice-Chancellor, a University Beadle, and two Bishops. They are reminiscent of Milton's classical models—Ovid was his favourite—correct in phrasing and conventional in tone. The poet has a vision of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes in heaven, whom probably he had never seen on earth. The University Beadle he does not handle so lightly as the University Carrier. It is not here that we must look for the "real emotion" of which Mark Pattison speaks; nor in the academical exercise on the persistence of nature's youth, which was a piece of "devilling" undertaken for a Fellow of Christ's.

The process of sifting has now practically reduced us to those poems which have to do with Milton's personal feelings, friendships, and experiences. The epistle to Thomas Young breathes a genuine emotion. Young had been Milton's tutor while he was a boy at St. Paul's School, and had won his pupil's heart. Aubrey describes him as "a puritan in Essex who cutt his haire short." He was now acting as Chaplain to the English merchant-community at Hamburg, and it appears from Milton's words that he had left England on account of nonconformity. The pupil's sympathies are stirred as well by this exile as by the fact that Hamburg was unpleasantly near the seat of the war then raging between Imperialists and Protestants. His regard for Young lends force to his nonconformist leanings, which were already becoming defined. After addressing Young in terms of the utmost affection—"more than the half of my life" he calls him—the writer goes on to express indignation at his present straits :

The help thy country would afford no more
Thy need must crave upon a foreign shore.
O England, cruel mother, fiercer grown
Than those white cliffs where still the waters moan,

Fretting them ever, wilt thou banish far
 To alien kingdoms and to scenes of war
 Thy proper offspring, innocent and pure,
 Whom God hath sent thee with a message sure
 Of Heaven and of the way that thither leads ?
 Nay then, if just requital follow deeds,
 Thou hast deserved to live in Stygian gloom
 And pass, through soul-starvation, to the tomb.

Here is a foretaste of that Miltonic mood which fulminates against the self-seeking shepherds in "Lycidas," and lashes the "new forcers of conscience" with equal vigour later on. For the time being the mood passes: the poet bids his friend trust in God's protection and in his own brave spirit, nothing doubting but that happier years are yet to come, and that a period will be put to his banishment.

It was to Thomas Young that Milton owed—as he tells us in the course of this epistle—his first taste for poetry, but that he was able to slake his thirst for study so long and so deeply, Milton's father is to be thanked. Persuaded that his son was no ordinary man, the elder Milton did not seek to burden him with the fetters of a profession, but allowed him to indulge his genius to the full. Nevertheless, from the Latin epistle "Ad Patrem," it is clear that he was inclined to question the value of an excessive devotion to the Muses. In this epistle Milton puts forth an eloquent plea on behalf of poetry, and foretells with proud conviction his own eminence in the art. Sharing his father's love of music—the elder Milton was both composer and performer—he reminds him that poetry and music are sister-arts. "It is no wonder," he says, "that you, a musician, should have a poet for a son," and then, in a fashion which recalls the utterance of Horace on the same subject, he goes on to enumerate all the benefits he owes to his father. He cannot hope to make a recompense, but he will remember them as long as he lives. He refuses to believe in the reality of his father's hatred of poetry; "for you never bade me," he says, "follow the beaten path of gain, in hope of my making a fortune; nor did you seek to make a lawyer of me. It was my *mind* you desired should be enriched;

and therefore you allowed me to company with learning in our deep retirement, far from the stir of cities. . . . What more precious gift could a father give, what Jove himself, though he had given everything except the sky ? ” “ I then,” he proceeds prophetically—

I then, albeit lowliest of the throng,
Shall yet be crowned amid the sons of song ;
Not lost obscurely in the mass of men,
A soul apart, remote from vulgar ken.
Hence, anxious care, hence, passion’s vain debate,
And envy, with the sidelong glance of hate !
I reckon not, slander, of thy poisonous ban ;
Against me, hateful brood, ye nothing can.

The epistle ends with reiterated assertions of devotion and gratitude, and the hope that even these youthful verses may survive, that so the name and goodness of the writer’s father may be preserved, to be an example to others of what fatherhood should be.

Let us now look for the poet on a different plane of feeling. The elegy “ On the Approach of Spring ” is almost Ovidian, but if we are to read of the loves of gods and goddesses, perhaps it is preferable to read of them in the older author. The seventh elegy provides more attractive metal—it is a picture of Milton in love, and in love for the first time. It belongs to his twentieth year. Now, who is to say whether it is the record of a genuine experience, or a mere academic exercise ? That is a question to which I can offer no decisive reply. But in view of the fact that few young men reach their twentieth year without being completely (if momentarily) subjugated by some passing beauty, that the mingled feelings of bliss and despair thereby engendered are apt to drive them into verse-making, that Milton was a poet, and gifted with a facility for writing Latin, I do not see why we should not look upon this effusion in a dead language as the genuine expression of a living emotion, which was none the less real to the writer because he never had speech with his goddess, nor even saw her a second time. He was certainly impressionable to beauty in woman ; we know so much from his Italian

sonnets to the dark-eyed, dark-haired lady, and from numerous passages in his English works. To turn to our elegy ; it begins in the approved fashion with an account of the author's indifference to love, and a challenge to "the blinded boy, who shoots so trim." Then comes Cupid's rejoinder, the poet's scorn of it, and, inevitable result, his signal downfall. In what follows I have attempted a paraphrase rather than an exact translation, but have introduced nothing which is not in the original. We take up the poem at what we may call its last scene :

Cupid spake : I did but smile,
 Heedless of the urchin's guile ;
 With no tremour at the heart
 Saw him shake his golden dart.
 Then it chanced my footsteps strayed
 Where was many a youth and maid,
 Pacing softly to and fro :
 Ne'er was seen a fairer show.
 Should I turn my eyes away ?
 I was young as well as they.
 Careless of impending bane,
 Straight I gave my glances rein.
 One above all others fair
 (Source, alas ! of this despair)
 Marked I ; so might Venus bright
 Choose to dazzle mortal sight.
 Crafty Love directs my gaze,
 While about her face he plays
 Now about her lips he flies,
 Now her cheeks, and now her eyes,
 And at every move a dart
 Hurls at my defenceless heart.
 Then a madness o'er me came ;
 All my soul exhaled in flame.
 She, the light of all my day,
 From my gaze was stol'n away.
 All my heart is rent in twain :
 To forget her I am fain :
 Yet I find but one relief,
 Still to nurse my hopeless grief.

* * * *

Might I see her once again,
 Might I tell her all my pain !
 Her heart, it may be, is not stone, }
 It may be she would hear my moan.

Lovers, hearken to my cry,
None ever loved so deep as I !
Thou too, Venus wingéd seed,
Now I fear thy bow indeed ;
Offerings will I ever bring
For thine altar's honouring.
Every lover, now I know,
Finds his comfort in his woe.
Only, if with fresh intent
On me again thy bow is bent,
Be the arrow darted through
Not a single heart, but two.

So much for this romantic episode ; but if the reader desires a firmer footing among realities, he will find it in the epistles to Charles Diodati, one of the closest friends of Milton's early manhood. It may be well to recall the circumstances of their intimacy. They were of the same age, and while schoolfellows at St. Paul's made a friendship which was only broken by Diodati's death. His father was an Italian, born at Geneva, who practised medicine in London, and had married an English lady. Charles Diodati went to Trinity College, Oxford, before Milton went to Cambridge, but no doubt they met in the vacations, and they certainly corresponded. Diodati chose his father's profession, and it is to him that Milton is thought to have referred when he writes in " *Comus* " of

A certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray :
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing.

It was to this friend, who inquired what he was about, that Milton, at the end of his studious residence at Horton, confided that he was " thinking, with God's help, of immortality." Anything, then, that bears upon their friendship, as several of the Latin elegies do, must be of interest, and may yield fragments of autobiography. In the first of them we do not have to look far for such a fragment. It is written from London, in 1627, during

the period of Milton's enforced absence from Cambridge. The poet, as every one knows, had been "sent down" for some breach of discipline. The exact nature of his offence has never been determined, but it is more than probable that he had kicked against the prescribed course of study, and had tried to take a line of his own. In later years Milton spoke handsomely of the Fellows of Christ's, but slightly of the academic routine. It is a curious fact that, while more of our considerable poets were bred at Cambridge than at Oxford, few of them—for instance, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth—thought much of the studies of the place. Cambridge, however, may console herself with the reflection that she treated none of her poets as hardly as Oxford treated Shelley. This, however, is by the way. Let us hear Milton on his rustication. He speaks with a little bitterness, as was almost inevitable. "I have no anxiety to revisit the reedy Cam," he writes. "I dislike its bare and shadeless fields"—Cowley wrote of those same fields with affection a few years later—"Cambridge is no fit place for poets. I care not to endure for ever the threats of a harsh taskmaster, and the other matters that my nature cannot brook. If to come home and to have leisure for one's own pursuits is exile, then I do not refuse an exile's lot or name; indeed I delight in my banishment." He did, of course, return to Cambridge, and there was no further disagreement with the authorities there. Meanwhile he goes on to tell his friend what are the occupations of his exile. Books are his life, he says, and occupy him entirely. (This was before he fell a victim to Cupid's arrow.) His recreation is the theatre, and he enumerates the characters who tread the stage—the reverend senior, the spendthrift heir, the lover, the soldier on furlough, the slave who helps his master's son and cheats his master, and so forth. Most of these, as Warton remarks, belong to the Latin drama, but several are not peculiar to it; and in the lines which follow, we seem to recognise the stories of Romeo and Hamlet. Milton must have had these couplets in mind when he wrote more perfectly of the theatre, later on,

both in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." They are the germs of

Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,

and of

Then to the well trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on.

Occasionally, he continues, he visits a garden on the confines of the city—that of Gray's Inn, Professor Masson suggests—where he is dazzled by the host of beauties walking beneath the elms. The sight elicits a handsome compliment to English girlhood.

Yield, you beauties of old time,
Praised in many a classic rhyme,
And you foreign maidens yield,
English beauty holds the field;
Fame enough in second place,
When such the victors in the race.

But the poet is not going to be ensnared, he says, in spite of his admiration. "I am determined to go back to the rushy marshes of the Cam, and to hear once more the hoarse murmur of the Schools."

Diodati's answer to this epistle has not been preserved. The following Christmas, however, when staying in the country, he wrote Milton some verses, for whose inferiority he asked indulgence on account of the gaities amid which he was then living. Milton's reply is included among the Latin poems. After assuring his friend of his affection, and denying that his verses stand in any need of apology, he affirms, in a vein half serious and half ironic, that the best effusions of lyric poets have always been inspired by wine, thus endorsing the *adimam cantare severis* (sober thinkers cannot sing) of Horace. Ovid, he says, wrote ill from his place of exile, because there was no feasting there, and the vine was not native to the soil—a judgment quite odd enough to make one scent irony, since some of Ovid's most effective work was certainly inspired by his banishment. But it must be quite otherwise, Milton continues, with the epic poet. He must be sparing in food, and a water-drinker.

He must be marked by innocence and chastity, by severe manners and unspotted hands. That, we know, was Milton's own ideal. He is at present occupied, he winds up, with an ode proper to the season—the rough draft, no doubt, of the English poem “On the Morning of Christ's Nativity”—which he intends to submit to his friend's inspection.

There is not much more to be gleaned from the Latin poems, until we reach the period of his Italian travel. It will be remembered that after leaving Cambridge he spent the ensuing five years in his father's house at Horton, during which time the most beautiful and finished of his shorter poems were written—“L'Allegro,” “Il Penseroso,” “Comus,” “Lycidas,” and others. This early flowering-time was perhaps the happiest part of his life. Released from college discipline, he was free to be the master of his own studies, and to compose or be silent at his pleasure. He was exempt from financial cares. An unhappy marriage, a poet turned into a writer of despatches, disappointments, controversies, loss of eyesight, all these were still the grim secrets of the future. The death of his mother in 1637 was the precursor of the breaking-up of his home-life. With his father's consent, who did not grudge the expense of this coping-stone of education, he set out to visit Italy, the land of poets and romance, in the spring of the following year. “It was specially the desire of social converse with the living poets and men of taste,” writes Mark Pattison, “—a feeble generation, but one still nourishing the traditions of the great poetic age—which drew Milton across the Alps.” This “feeble generation” welcomed with respect and appreciation one who could write poetry in at least three languages—English, Latin, and their own. Dr. Johnson once permitted himself to say, in a splenetic moment, “The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life,” a hard saying, yet not devoid of truth, so that in the complimentary verses exchanged between Milton and his Italian friends, a high order of merit need not be expected. Of the Englishman's, only one specimen, in fact, remains, the

lines addressed to Salsilli, a Roman poet, on his sickness, in the course of which the climate of London is stigmatised as the worst in the world, possibly because the sufferer was out of conceit with his own. Milton appears to have delighted most in his sojourn at Florence, with its memories of the Tuscan bards. Rome, too, he visited, and Naples. At Rome he heard Leonora Baroni, the greatest living singer, and wrote three Latin epigrams in her honour. It was customary for strangers to pay the singer such a tribute, but Milton's enthusiasm was perfectly genuine.

The heart of Tasso, as in song he told,
Another Leonora once controlled.
Whate'er his pangs—and what has grief above
The gnawing anguish of neglected love ?
If living still, to your sweet service vowed,
He yet might wear his fetters, and be proud ;
Happy, who still might listen as you sang,
The while your mother's lute in concert rang !
Whatever frenzy then usurped his breast,
Your voice could give his stormy passion rest,
Restore his mind, impatient of control,
And all his lost tranquillity of soul.

At Rome, too, Milton was deeply attracted by the charms of a dark-eyed Italian lady ; but these he celebrated in her own language.

It was at Naples, however, that he made acquaintance with the person who was probably of the greatest service to him during his travels in Italy—the most interesting also, if we accept Galileo, whom he visited from Florence, “grown old, a prisoner of the Inquisition.” Giovanni Manso, Marquis of Villa, now seventy-eight years of age, had befriended two generations of Italian poets. He had entertained Tasso as a guest, had written his life and had secured his burial-place against forgetfulness. Strange as it may seem, the poet's heir had not caused so much as his name to be inscribed upon his tomb, and it was Manso who made good the omission. He had also been the patron of Marini, a writer of great repute in his day, the father of the metaphysical school of poetry, whose English exponents enjoyed a great but transient

popularity, as witness Cowley's name. Marini also he outlived, and erected a monument to him in Naples. This veteran Maecenas now welcomed Milton under the roof which had sheltered Tasso. The English poet, deeply read in Tasso's works, must here have found himself amid scenes of peculiar interest. He expresses his indebtedness to Manso in a Latin poem written on the eve of his departure from Naples. Manso's name, he says, will be imperishably associated with those of Tasso and Marini. Would that he might himself meet with so noble a protector! The succeeding passage is of value as showing the subject upon which Milton at that time intended to write an epic poem. "Would that fate might grant me such a friend as you," he writes, "as skilled to show honour to poetic men, if one day I shall invoke in song the shades of our British Kings, and Arthur in the realm of Faerie still meditating wars upon the earth: if I shall tell of the high-souled heroes of the Round Table, and, should inspiration be granted me, break the Saxon ranks before the Britons' onset! And when at last, at the end of a life to which such utterance was not denied, I surrendered to death, might such a friend stand beside me with weeping eyes, to whom it were enough to say, *Remember me*. He would consign my ashes to the urn, he would, perhaps, command a marble semblance of my features, entwined about the brows with Paphian myrtle or Parnassian bay, and I should rest in quiet and security." This peroration is in the high complimentary vein, but it does not detract from the interest of Milton's recorded intention to deal with the Arthurian legend. He abandoned the intention, for whatever reason, but he left the theme, as we know, to be undertaken in course of time by a successor worthy of the task.

The tale of Milton's Latin poems is nearly told. One, however, remains to be considered, which, practically the last in point of chronology, surpasses all the rest in beauty. This is the "Epitaphium Damonis," an elegy which those who love "Lycidas" cannot afford to ignore. Passing through Geneva, on his homeward journey,

Milton heard of the death of Charles Diodati. It was the second of his friendships to be prematurely ended. It is only because of its Latin weeds that the "Epitaphium Damonis" has not been more widely appreciated. Whoever reads this poem, even if he cannot subscribe to Mark Pattison's opinion that "in the Latin elegy there is more tenderness than in the English," must admit that there rings through it a cry of genuine bereavement; and that true and deep feeling has not been sacrificed to any tyranny of style, elaborate as is the phraseology employed. It is as hard to translate this elegy worthily as it is to translate the Virgilian laments for Daphnis and Gallus, or the dirge of Theocritus by which they were inspired. Milton's tribute is informed by the same pastoral spirit as its predecessors, it has the same background (Arcadian or Sicilian, whichever we prefer to call it), the same mythological accessories. In other words, its language is highly allegorical; but so is the language of "Lycidas," and in "Lycidas" every one discerns the emotion behind the allegory. Nothing but success justifies the use of a conventional setting, and Milton has succeeded. I can only ask for indulgence in my rash attempt to reproduce some of the finer passages of his elegy.

The pastoral note is struck at once. The nymphs of Sicily are invoked to tell of the lamentations of Thyrsis over the untimely death of Damon. Twice had the wheat formed in the green ear, twice had it ripened to harvest, since Damon breathed his last, with no Thyrsis at his side; for love of the muse had kept Thyrsis captive in a Tuscan city. But when his thirst for poetry was quenched, and the care of his flock had called him home, then, seated under a familiar elm, he first fully realised his loss, and sought to unburden his breast of its heavy sorrows :

Homeward my lambs ! I reck not how ye fare,
So is my heart distraught with other care.
What power in earth or heaven shall I name,
Damon, since death hath shortened thy young day ?
Leavest thou thus thy friends ? And without fame
Shall so much virtue mix with common clay ?

But he that guides the spirits on their way
 And with his golden wand parts these from those,
 Allots to thee a place thy peers among,
 Suffering thee not to mingle with the throng
 Of meaner spirits, that to oblivion goes.

* * * * *

Among the shepherd swains thy praise is sure,
 But what has envious fate in store for me ?
 Who now my friend will be ?
 Ah, who with me will winter's cold endure,
 When o'er the world a frosty mantle lies ?
 Or torrid summer, when the herbage dies ?
 Who charm the tedious day with speech and song,
 And at my side defend the flock from wrong ?

But now, my lambs, I reckon not how ye fare,
 So is my heart distraught with other care.
 Who now will share the secrets of my breast,
 Or teach my heart oppressed
 Awhile its anxious burden to forget ?
 Or who will cheat the dragging hours of night,
 When mid the glowing embers nuts are set,
 And, tyrant of his realm,
 The south-west, rushing downward from the height,
 Thunders amid the branches of the elm ?

* * * * *

Homeward, my lambs, I reckon not how ye fare,
 So is my heart oppressed with bitter care.
 Lonely I pace the pastures and the fields,
 Or, where the valley yields
 The dark of shady boughs, my way I wend,
 Awaiting nightfall's coming in a cloud :
 Above me rain and wind in riot blend,
 And all the smitten wood is dim and loud.

* * * * *

Homeward, my lambs, I reckon not how ye fare,
 So is my heart distraught with other care.
 Ah me, the beasts that roam our pastures here
 In choice of comrades little preference know ;
 None sets his heart on one companion dear
 Whose presence charms, whose loss were source of woe ;
 Water and air no other custom yield ;
 The trifler sparrow never lacks a friend,
 Who, to the long day's end,
 In quest of food beside him flies afield ;
 But if a kite his chance companion slay,
 Or hedger with an arrow from his bow,
 He little recks, but heedless flits away,
 And finds another, ere the sun be low.

But we, whom still unlikeness keeps apart,
We, whose uneasy heart
Dissevers each from other, hardly find
Amid a thousand one whose equal mind
Matches our own ; or, find him though we may,
Unlook'd for death has stol'n him from our gaze,
And leaves us to lament him all our days.

* * * * *

The poet passes on to express regret that he ever took the journey to Italy, putting sea and land betwixt himself and his friend, though it will always be a solace to remember how he was welcomed by the Tuscan singers. Damon was Tuscan, too, his race sprang from the city of Luca. How often was Damon in his thoughts during those Florentine days ! And while Thyrsis fancied him about some of his wonted occupations, Damon was already cold in death :

And what I looked for on a future day
Deceitful hope made present and my own.
“Damon,” I cried, “why take we not our way,
If naught impedes, along the banks of Coln,
Or to the hills above St. Alban's town ?
And thou shalt all the simples number o'er,
Or plucked by lowly marsh or breezy down,
Saffron and hyacinth and hellebore ?”
—Perish they all, which had no skill to stay
His death, who yet had mastered all their lore.

* * * * *

Where seek we Damon now ? Where but above ?
That single heart and that white virtue's flower,
Oh, seek them not in any nether grove.
Dry we our tears ; our tears are shed amiss
For him who now in purest Heaven dwells,
Thither uplifted by celestial power,
And 'neath his feet beholds the rainbow set.
For him no longer may our cheeks be wet
Who 'mong the blessed quaffs immortal bliss.
So, since thy soul the angelic muster swells,
Whether as Damon, whom our woodlands claim,
Or as Diodatus, thy heavenly name,
Be favourable still to all our needs,
And prosper, though removed, our human deeds.

Milton's pleasant Italian sojourn is at an end. He returns to his own distracted country, laden with the weight

of private sorrow. He has written, with one trifling exception, his last Latin poem. He is still to use the old language as Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, but in the form of stern and often repellent prose; and then at last, in the dark evening of his days, is to compose the great English epic which was the dream and the lodestar of his life, whose beckoning ray was never wholly quenched amid the dust of controversy and the half-light of debate.

Retrospective Review

An Etiquette Book of 1685

IT was Horace Walpole who expressed the wish that some one would compile a catalogue of "lounging books," such books as a man could take up to divert himself when suffering from low spirits, gout, or ennui, or "when waiting for company." It may safely be assumed that no two "loungers" would draw up the same kind of list, but in every list there should be, we think, at least one of the manuals of polite behaviour with which our seventeenth-century ancestors were so particularly well provided. "The Compleat Gentleman" is not infrequently to be seen in some of those old private libraries which the hand of Time has spared, and in company with it may sometimes be observed "The Gentleman's Calling" by the author of "The Whole Duty of Man." Both these books are of considerable interest to the lover of old times and old manners, but their virtues pale into insignificance beside the manifold attractions of an exceedingly rare and curious little volume: "The Rules of Civility, or Certain Ways of Deportment observed in France among all Persons of Quality upon several occasions. London. Printed for R. Chiswell, T. Sawbridge, G. Wells, and R. Bently. 1685. Newly revised and enlarged."¹

¹ This work is a translation from the French of Antoine de Courtin, and was first published in 1671. It was re-printed, with additions, in

The anonymous writer explains that he would not have challenged publicity but for the fact that his most particular friend, "A gentleman of Provence," had asked him to set forth "some few Precepts of Civility" for his son, whom he destined for the Court, and must therefore carefully instruct in those graces and courtesies without which, in his opinion, men are close akin to beasts. He restricts himself to describing the manners in vogue "among Christians — especially in France" (which qualification reads oddly nowadays), and he expresses the laudable hope that his book will be useful not only to those who have children to bring up, but to others "who though advanced in years might be defective notwithstanding in the exactness and punctilio . . . so indispensably necessary in the conversation of the world." He apologises for mentioning many points which must be already known to his readers, and on the well-worn theme of human nature having been alike in all ages, he treats us to some quaint remarks; men have "drunk and eat, *and spit*," he says, "since the beginning of the world." Civility, he explains, is contained in three parts: "1. In not expressing by actions or speeches any injury, disesteem or offence, or undervaluing of another. 2. In being ready to do all good offices and ordinary kindnesses for another, and 3. In receiving no injuries nor offences from others. That is, in not resenting every word or action which may (perhaps naturally) be interpreted to disesteem or undervaluing." An upright, straightforward, and sincere character is then eulogised: "Every man is loved for his honesty, and villains pretend to it, and under that colour practice deceit. A formal starchy

1673 and 1675, and, again enlarged, in 1678 (*Term Catalogues*, ed. Arber). No edition of the French original seems to be known earlier than that of 1672. The title and imprint of this, taken from the copy in the British Museum, is "Nouveau Traité de Civilité qui se pratique en France, parmi les honnestes gens. Seconde édition, corrigée & augmentée. À Amsterdam, chez Jaques le Jeune clo loc lxxii. Sur la Copie imprimée à Paris." The work was published anonymously, but in some of the later editions, which are very numerous, the dedication is signed I. M[eusnier], who seems to have claimed the authorship.—

SYLVANUS URBAN.

behaviour is odious, and being forced and unnatural, clouds and disgeirs the Soul."

That such a condition may be avoided, the aspirant to social distinction may here learn how to regulate his conversation, how to conduct himself at the play, at a ball, in coach or on horseback, in church or "in a Nobleman's house." There is also for his delectation "a description of Raillerie," a disquisition on flattery and compliments, and "the discrimination of things decent from things indecent according to custom"; and whole chapters are devoted to the momentous questions "whether we may sing or play upon an instrument," and how we are to behave "when we are visiting a noble person," and how "when he condescends to visit us." There are also various general instructions, some of which we would fain hope were not required in that *beau monde* of which we will presume our author was an ornament :

It is unbecoming to make Faces; to roul your 'Tongue in y^r Mouth, to bite your Lips; to turn up y^r Mustaches; to play with Your Locks; to wink with your Eyes; to rub your Hands; crack y^r Fingers; scratch y^r Head; or shrug your shoulders, &c. Nor on the other hand are you to look morosely, arrogantly, or scornfully.

Against possible conversational slips, there are also curious warnings; the gallant is particularly cautioned against saying to a lady who wishes to be thought young, "*Lord! what a while it is since I had the honour to know your Ladyship.*" Moreover, "it is unmannerly to make comparison with the person to whom you are speaking, to discover the imperfection of another, as to say, '*I know such a Man very well, I have seen him drunk; he is thick-shouldered, or grey-headed like you.*' Or to tell a Lady such a Person is of no good reputation, '*I know her well, she is fat and swarthy like your Ladyship.*'"

It is, however, recommended to avoid "lofty and hyperbolical exaggerations," lest the person complimented be doubtful whether "we do really intend and resolve those obliging things which we speak." To prefer the beauty of a lady to the lustre of the sun or stars, to "put the poor Snow and Lillies out of

Countenance by a Romantick repetition of the whiteness of her Hand," to laud her cheeks above roses, and vow that her lips are redder than coral—such mock rhapsodies are censured as unworthy of the wit and delicacy of a true man of fashion, whose manner towards the fair sex should be free from exaggeration, "neither too frolick nor too severe, but modest and humble." A specimen conversation is then given, in which, with a view to adding profit to pleasure, the worthy author thinks it proper to intersperse "something that is solid." The lady is represented "painting in mignature in her Closet," when the young gallant accosts her, and compliments are adroitly bandied; his speeches abound in classical allusions, to which she responds in flowing periods, and together they discourse on the value of philosophy, art, and learning. He then looks at her picture, and remarks that if he mistakes not, "it is a Tempest or some Harbour in the Sea." "'Tis certainly well done," he says, "these waves are bold and natural." She congratulates herself on being safe ashore, for she understands that "the poor creatures at Sea are very great sufferers, especially on Ship-board," where the smell of the ship is not, in her judgment, over-pleasant. The interchange of a few more decorous generalities, and frigidly elaborate compliments, terminates the interview.

We are assured that to pay respect to ladies is so essential a part of good breeding "that to be defective in it is not only uncivil but brutish." Respect, however, seems mostly made up of negatives, and the solecisms to be avoided read very curiously nowadays: "It is not becoming a Person of Quality when in the Company of Ladies to handle them roughly; to kiss them by surprise; to pull off their Hoods; to snatch away their Handkerchiefs; to rob them of their Ribbands and put them into his Hat; to force their Letters or Books from them; to look into their Papers, &c. You must be very familiar to use them at this rate: and unless you be so, nothing can be more indecent or render you more odious. . . . It is indecent, in the Company of Ladies, or any other serious persons [the italics are ours], to pull off your cloak,

to pull off your Periwig or Doublet, to pair your nails, to pick your teeth, to scratch your head, or any other part, to mend your Garter or Shoe-string, or to call for your Gown or your Slippers to put your self at ease."

Ladies, we read, are "insensible of the affairs and troubles of the World," and are therefore cheerful and merry, especially if their education has been good, "for which reason we must assume a more than ordinary gaiety to fit and adapt us for their conversation." Their admirer is cautioned to avoid "oaths and obscenity in discourse . . . contention, exception, Hyperboles, Fanfaronades, Rhodomontades, Lies, Calumniation, &c.," nor must he talk perpetually to his own advantage, "as to say 'For my part I should never have done so: I could never have been guilty of such an expression: a Man of my Birth and Education would not have done it.'"

"To fly out in praise of one's Wife" is considered indecent, "or to mention her by her Title, or by any other term of dearness that is used betwixt themselves." Thus, the amorous husband is bidden to refrain from saying, "My joy is the handsomest," or "my sweet is the most prudent," and is cautioned to speak of her merely as his wife. It seems not improbable that the majority of men would have been obedient enough to this last precept, however little they may have otherwise attempted to live up to the author's standard of what was required of "a Civil man" who, he emphatically maintained, must also be a wise man; and his definition of a wise man is so comprehensive that it may well make us despair of our manners and morals:

He hears rather than talks, believes not easily, judges seldom, and then upon Examination, deliberates before he resolves, is constant in his resolutions; fears not to repent; he speaks well of all, defends the fame of the absent, is courteous, not flattering, readier to give than to receive; loves his friends, but doth nothing unworthy for their sakes; is ready to assist and pleasure all men, many times unknown; he considers events before they happen and then is neither exalted nor dejected; he will avoid anxiety and moroseness, and is even in his carriage, true in words, the same in reality as he is in show; admires

a few, derides none, envies none, despiseth none, no not the most miserable; he delights in the company of wise and vertuous Persons; profereth not his counsel when he understands not well; is content with his condition; he doth not anything through contention, emulation, or revenge, but endeavours to do good for evil.

One is almost tempted to believe that while we are fundamentally little better than the men of the seventeenth century, we are superficially a great deal worse, seeing that whereas wit, judgment, grace and charm of manner were then the essentials of a man of fashion, who strove to acquire them if they did not come naturally to him, we are now too frequently too busy to have any manners at all.

The chapter on letter-writing is perhaps one of those which most strongly mark the difference between the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries. The subjects calmly suggested for polite correspondence are most alarming to our more busy—or more indolent—minds: “Religion, law, administration of Justice either by the Prince himself or Ministers, Negotiations of State, private Transactions, Instructions, Directions, Speeches, Panegyricks, Apologies, Reputations, Pleadings, Poetry, History, Letters, &c.”

These were indeed the good old days when culture was the mode, and many letters of the time, notably those of that courtly philosopher Monsieur de Saint Evremond, testify to the possibility of handling weighty subjects in a graceful and entertaining way. One wonders if Saint Evremond ever read this little book, and if perchance he knew the author—for the world was small and Saint Evremond knew every one of consequence on either side the channel; and these “Rules of Civility” despite their deviations into the absurd and the grotesque, have much in them deserving of attention.

“Discover not the secret of a Friend” we are commanded, for to do so “argues a shallow understanding and a weakness. He that is not constant in preserving what is committed to him cannot be a Friend,” and the type most sedulously to be shunned is the talkative man who “uses his mouth like a Sluce to let out all that is

within him." A discreet reticence is duly lauded : " A man should not let himself lie open to all the pumpings of the pragmatical," but should jestingly turn aside impertinent questions ; he must however refrain from being " over severe," and should be amiable enough to gratify the " ordinary and easie desires " of his friends and acquaintances.

On " the sovereignty of the Fashion," as may naturally be expected, our author has much to say, and he is somewhat artful in his mode of expression, for while at first appearing to bow down before the modish deity in question, he in the end makes clear that persons of taste should rule fashion instead of being dominated by it :

Her decrees [he says at first] are unquestionable, and a man cannot dispute them without making himself ridiculous. For indeed though a man were never so eminent for modesty, prudence, or anything else, yet if he should oppose himself against the torrent of the Mode and appear in the street in a high-crowned narrow-brim'd Hat, when the whole World wears the crowns flat and the brims broad, he w^d run a great hazard of being hunted and hooted at by the Boys.

Then begin the qualifications :

Nor is the other finical extream much better : for what can people think of him who because wide Breeches are worn, makes them two ells wider than his Neighbours, or what can be thought of that Lady, who because other Ladies have their Train trailing half a yard after them, will have her Train three times as long,

and who because short sleeves are worn, will have " nothing but wings." " Sober and judicious men " we are assured in conclusion, " do alway correct and retrench (as much as in them lies) the excess and foppery of the Fashions, reducing them to usefulness and convenience," and to accord with " modesty and reason."

For behaviour in church there are ample instructions :

We must have a care of making of Faces, or lifting up our Eyes too much with an affected and fantastical Devotion ; we must not repeat our prayers in too loud a tone nor discourse with other people lest we disturb their devotion. We are not to salute any one in the Church . . . nor embrace or caress them, the sanctity of the place not permitting it without scandal to the Spectators.

It is to be feared that His Sacred Majesty King Charles II.

did not always observe this last most proper rule, nor did he sit "attentively at Sermon," but held rather that the sermon was the time for sleep (at which dictum those of us who are most deeply read in English pulpit utterances of his day may possibly be not altogether surprised or horrified). "If you be troubled with a Cold or Cough," concludes our author, with excellent common sense, "'tis better to stay at home than to interrupt the Preacher and disturb the congregation."

The courtesy to be observed towards divines is carefully inculcated :

"It is laudable, and but civil to give precedence to the Clergy in honour to their function; and it is much regretted by Persons of Parts and Breeding to see Lords and great persons treat them like Footmen." "It's true," he adds, "some Churchmen there are who by their impudence and importunity deserve no better": but their sacred calling, he maintains, should "intercede for their infirmity; and they should not be used with contempt."

From Church we pass to the banquet, and it is there that our gentle amusement breaks out into open hilarity. "You must cut your Meat into small pieces, and not put great Gobbets into y^r Mouth that may bunch out y^r cheeks like a Monkey. You must not gnaw your Bones too clean nor shake nor break them at the table with anything for the Marrow, but having cut off the Meat modestly, and laid it upon your plate, eat it afterwards with your Fork." It is forbidden to blow your nose "publicly at the Table without holding your Hat or Napkin before your Face"; nor must you strip yourself of your sword and cloak before you begin your repast, it being "more decent to keep them on." Against being "fantastical and affected in your eating" there is particular warning, but still more so against "stuffing till you give yourself the Hickup." "Some there are who eat with that eagerness and impatience they eat themselves out of breath, and will pant like a broken-winded Horse"; but they are "not to be indured."

If you happen to burn your mouth you must endure it

“if possible,” but “if not, you must convey what you have in your Mouth privately upon your Plate and give it away to the Footman.” If we desire to eat out of the dish “we must have a care of putting in our Spoons before our Superiors,” and must remember, if we have used our spoons, to wipe them, “for some there are so nice that they will not eat Potage, or anything of that Nature, in which you have put your spoon unwiped after you have put it in your mouth.” With these most quaint instructions is mingled some very reasonable advice. “No man ought to observe what another man eats or drinks; you are rather to animate and encourage them by the cheerfulness of your looks, and a certain gaiety of humour that may persuade them that they are heartily welcome. No man is to be pressed to drink, for excess of wine does nobody good.” Some people, continues our mentor, “are disorder’d with a little; others are oblig’d to sobriety by their characters and functions, as the Clergy, Magistrates, &c., and to see either of these overtaken would be a very ill spectacle.”

From the banquet we may progress to the ball-room, assuming that in so well-conducted an establishment as is here described, the guests would not have spent the evening under the table, according to the fashion very prevalent among their sons and grandsons.

“If you be at a Ball, you must know exactly if not how to dance, at least the rules observed in dancing,” and if lacking in talent at that exercise, “you must not pretend to more skill than you have, nor ingage yourself in Dances that you understand but little.” This is eminently sensible, and none the less so is the counsel that “If your ear be bad, you must not undertake to Dance, though you step ever so well; it renders a man ridiculous to see him out in his time.” This might equally apply to-day, but the next sentence serves to recall us to the fact that we are in the time long past. “If you be among Persons in Masquerade, ’tis incivil to press any one to discover himself, or to lay hand upon his Mask; you are rather oblig’d to be more civil to them than other people,

because under those disguises you have many times Persons of very great Quality."

The instructions as to behaviour in the presence of the Person of Quality are exceedingly amusing :

In conference with one of those august beings, we are gravely warned that "it would be sawcy and ridiculous to pull him by the Buttons, Bandstrings, or Belt, and most of all to punch him on the stomach." These instructions might seem somewhat superfluous, and we will pass on to the dissertation on suitable behaviour in the hunting-field :

If his Lordship gallops, you must not outride him; nor Prance, and make Parade with your Horse, unless you be Commanded. If you be a-Hunting the Buck or anything else, you must not leave the noble person, nor show too much heat and ardour at your sport, but suffer him to come in first to the death or imprime. If the Deer be at Bay, and there be occasion for a Sword or Pistol to break it and strike him down, you must not be too forward, but leave it to the Person of Honour.

It would seem as though sport in those days was largely a matter of precedence; in the author's native country, such may well have been the case, but we may doubt if such a standard has ever flourished this side of the the channel. But even in France the Person of Quality was evidently not allowed by his instructors to forget the good old maxim of "*Noblesse oblige*," in illustration whereof I may be pardoned the following somewhat lengthy quotation from the eighteenth chapter of the "Rules":

Order would have conduced us to say something in this place of the Civility due from a Superior to an Inferior: But because it would be to prescribe Laws to those who should give them, we shall wave it. Yet this treatise being principally for young Noblemen [they are recommended to consider that], the poorest and most Inferior Creatures are Men as well as they; often of as much and sometimes of more merit than themselves. If they have not that Christian Charity to honour in their Persons the Image of God, and to regard them as having God for their Father as well as they; As having Jesus Christ for their Redeemer as well as they: and as having this privilege above them, that to sanctifie Poverty, Christ made choice of that condition before theirs; yet for their own proper interest they are obliged to be good in example to their Servants, and civil to others who are not of their dependence.

This point is one on which the writer apparently feels strongly. "Indeed," says he, "what a monstrous thing it is to see a Nobleman without Civility! Everybody shuns him, everybody despises him, nobody pays him respect out of real esteem, but only to satisfy Custom and preserve himself from his oppression; so that he had as good be out of the World as be beloved by no body."

What our author says of mannerless noblemen we might safely extend to mankind in general, for now that the "Person of Quality" has ceased to inspire any awe, now that the vice of flattering the great has been supplanted by the still more degrading practice of flattering the mob, now that the once fashionable Graces are lamentably *passées*, and money-making is all the mode, the counsels of the seventeenth-century *arbiter elegantiarum* are not without their attraction. In its curious blend of absurdity, eloquence, good sense and bathos, in its low standard of conduct towards the much-flattered fair sex, and its high ideal of culture and friendship among men, with its elegancies and its grotesqueness, the book is essentially of its own day—the day which produced men so strikingly dissimilar as Rochester and Claverhouse, De Retz and Bossuet, Louis Quatorze and Pascal. We replace it in its shelf among the once prized but now neglected Elzevirs, and bid it rest in peace as an interesting and entertaining relic of a bygone age.

Correspondence

The "Duck" Painting at Durham

DEAR MR. URBAN,—YOUR former correspondent, Mr. Robert Surtees, in his monumental *History of Durham*, twice refers to a painting in the residence erected by Sir John Duck, Bart.,¹ in Silver Street, Durham. First

¹ For an account of Sir John, who rose from being a butcher's apprentice to the rank of a baronet, see Burke's "Extinct Baronetcies," or the "Complete Baronetage," by G. E. C.

in his account of Rainton (vol. i. Part II. p. 210, foot-note A.), he remarks, "Rainton is probably the mansion represented in the *painting on board* in Sir John Duck's seat-house, now the *Black Lion* in *Silver Street*."

Later in the fourth volume (Part II. p. 54) he gives a small reproduction, and describing it says, "On the right is the mansion in Silver Street, and on the left the Hospital which Sir John Duck built, and endowed at Lumley," and adds, "The wood-cut is a faithful copy of the original."

As these two notes read somewhat contradictory, and as the wood-cut in a number of details disagrees with the picture, the following note may be of interest.

The house in which the picture is has been a long building with two end wings at right angles to the front facing the river, the other front abutting on to Silver Street. It is now sadly changed, and divided into several shops, one of the wings has been pulled down, and the other altered from a curved Jacobean into a plain pointed gable. With the help of information supplied by Mr. Charles Caldcleugh, the present owner, it can still be clearly shown to be the once handsome mansion represented on the right of the picture, which is painted in oils, on a panel over the fireplace, in the front room (looking into Silver Street) on the first floor. This room is panelled with oak, now painted over, and is reached by the aid of a very handsome old oak staircase,¹ boldly carved, probably the finest in the district, with the exception of that in Durham Castle. The central portion of the picture is taken up with a portrait of Sir John, a melancholy daub, crossing Framwellgate Bridge, whilst above is his traditional raven with gold in its beak. Close beside him there is a small low building possibly intended for the hospital at Lumley. Divided from the rest of the painting by a high tree, there is another house evidently the one Mr. Surtees refers to in his first note. It is represented as a stone house, three stories high, roofed

¹ The original foot and entrance to the staircase is now in Ushaw College.

with red slates, either end of the roof terminating in gilded points. The lower story has one window on either side of the door, over which an armorial shield or other carved work is indicated. The upper stories have each three windows. At one end of the house there is a low wing, probably kitchens, whilst at the other there is a nondescript portion, the full height of the main building, which is drawn angular, but from the shading seems intended to be circular.

If this is intended to be Rainton Hall, the artist must have had an exceedingly bad memory, as that mansion is a long building of two stories, and only corresponds in the fact that the walls are stone. It seems probable that it was so intended, as the entire painting is evidently meant to be emblematic of Sir John's life.

Both houses descended to the Strathmore family, and were sold by them to different purchasers, Rainton passing about 1760¹ to Philip Jackson, of Walthamstow, whose descendants long resided there.

It only remains to be added that the painting is very crude and unsigned.

H. R. LEIGHTON.

An Apology for Travel

MR. URBAN,—I send you some verses that I transcribed a few years ago (alack! more than a few) from MS. Rawlinson Poet, lxx., fol. 84. There is no author's name to them, and I do not remember to have seen them in any of the numerous printed Miscellanies of the second half of the seventeenth century. They were evidently written shortly after the Restoration. I hope you will like them, for they are deftly and wittily turned.

APOLOGY FOR TRAVEL

Prithee, persuade me not, my dear,
You do mistake my fates, I fear.

¹ Cf. "Genealogical Magazine," 1904, p. 541

My glass will run no sooner out
 Though I do range the world about.
 Could my stay here bribe a delay
 From the pale sisters, I would stay ;
 But 'tis too true, though't it be a fable,
 The sisters are inexorable,
 And are as nimble with their knife
 To those that lead a home-bred life.
 Brave Raleigh found (too soon) a tomb
 Not in the Indies, but at home ;
 The destinies did Drake forbear
 In the Antipodes, not here,
 And do like ladies coy neglect
 Those most that court them with respect,
 But with embraces beg and pray
 Of those that are as nice as they.
 Or if the froward stars dispense
 With their malignant influence,
 Adjourning plagues they use to bring
 In peccant autumns or the spring,
 Yet a consumption or the gout
 In chimney corner finds us out ;
 Or, what is worse, old drivelling age,
 With all its loathed equipage,
 Arrests us, till we have unsaid
 The prayers which we for long life made.
 Yet they are forced soon't to recant
 That fruits of youthful travel want,
 For knowledge only doth commend
 Old age, while list'ning nephews 'tend
 With greedy ears to catch up all
 Old stories grandsires do let fall.
 Thus shortening long winter's night,
 This palliates age with some delight ;
 For when the cold palsey doth seize
 On other members, tongue's at ease
 And is the old man's commendamus,
 Which without travel is less famous.
 Nay, damn'd exile in this was blest,
 Of kings it has made ours the best.
 Thus Joseph's brethren's meant abuse
 Raised him the honour of his house ;
 Arneas thus enhanced his fame
 From Trojan to the Roman name.

If you find room for this contribution I may be encouraged to send you other extracts from my notebooks. I was a reader of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* in the days of John Mitford, and I rejoice to know that

in these "giddy-paced times" its scholarly traditions have been honourably revived.

SENEX.

[Sylvanus Urban looks forward with interest to communications from Senex, whose good opinion he deeply appreciates.]

A New Ballad

MR. URBAN,—The "Jolly Juggler" story¹ is found in prose among North American Indian legends: "Moowis, or the Man of Snow" is its title. There is the disdainful Beauty, who is punished by being deluded into marrying an apparently suitable stranger. But he has been concocted on a basis of snow, which melts and leaves him nowhere. She follows him through the forest by his tracks, as a true Indian squaw should, and only picks him up in bits—a rag here, and a plume of eagle's feather later on; lastly, not even a bone! Schoolcraft must be questioned for the authority for this story, which I only have second-hand from him. It will be found in James Greenwood's "Curiosities of Savage Life," published 1863.

C. S.

An Untamed Shrew

DEAR MR. URBAN,—The letter of your correspondent, "Misogynist," in the February issue, prompts me to send you the story of a pretty revenge performed by an English scold upon her husband, which I lately met with in Thomas Heywood's famous and amusing, though now little read, "Γυναικείον, or Nine Books of Various History concerninge Women, 1624." It is as the author says, "a discourse that hath in it more mirth than murther, and more sport than spight, and yet a touch of both." A mad and frolicsome fellow who was too fond of spending his evenings over the wine with his boon companions had a wife who was "altogether addicted to sparing and good huswiferie," and one young child whom he dearly loved. Unfortunately the wife, who was "as sparing of his purse as prodigall of her tongue

¹ See the May Number, p. 414.

(for she was little better than a skold),” viewed his expenses at the tavern with extreme disfavour, and on his return home, generally the worse for liquor, would greet him with many “matron-like exhortations,” even to threatening “that if ever he came home againe in that pickle, shee would (happen what could come) fling the child into the moat (for the house was moated about.)”

“It hapned about some two daies after, that he revelling till late in the evening in a cold frostie winters night, and she having intelligence by her scouts where he was then drinking, and making no question but he would come home flusted; she commanded her maide to conveigh the infant to the further part of the house, and to wrap the cat in the blankets and put it in the cradle, and there to sit and rocke it. Presently home comes the husband. Shee falls to her old lesson and beginnes to quarrell with him, and he with her: Ill words begot worse, and much leaud language there was betwixt them, when the woman on the sudden stepping to the cradle (having spyde her advantage)—‘I have long,’ sayth she, ‘threatned a mischiefe, and that revenge I cannot worke on thee, come dogs, come divells, I will inflict upon the brat in the cradle’; and instantly snatching it up in her armes, ran with it to the moate side and flung it into the middle of the water: which the poore affrighted man following her and seeing, leaving to pursue her, and crying ‘Save the child, O, save the child!’ in that bitter cold night leapt up to the elbowes in water, and waded till hee brought out the mantell; and with much paine comming to the shore, and still crying ‘Alas, my poore child!’ opened the cloathes. At length the frighted cat crying mewe, being at libertie, leapt from betwixt his armes and ran away: the husband was both amased and vexed, the woman laught at her revenge, and retyred herself; and the poore man was glad to reconcile the difference before she would yeeld to allow him either fire or dry linnen” (p. 235).

Will “Misogynist” contend that it did not serve him right?

D. S. W

Review

“THE HOUSE OF COBWEBS, AND OTHER STORIES.” By GEORGE GISSING. To which is prefixed “The Work of George Gissing,” an introductory survey by THOMAS SECCOMBE. (Archibald Constable & Co.), 6s.

THERE is a touch of melancholy in turning the pages of this posthumous volume of stories—an almost ghost-like

sense of meeting familiar friends with strangely altered faces. Enough of George Gissing is in them to make us recognise, at rare intervals, the master's hand, but, truth to tell, they stand—compared with his earlier work—in the position of the poor relation. The admirable introductory survey makes pleasant reading because it is written with such evident understanding and sympathy, and those readers who do not already know George Gissing should be taught to love him by the long quotations given from his earlier books (those studies of London life in which his finest work is to be found, and on which his claim to remembrance most surely rests), while we who have long been numbered among his followers are grateful for the discriminating criticism that gives us of his best. Gissing had a deep knowledge of the side of human nature that baffles alike reformers and philanthropy—of the people who will never improve because they will not see any need for improvement, and whose primitive passions are perplexing to an over-civilised and over-educated community—and his analysis of these characters makes very impressive even if painful reading. Mr. Seccombe claims interest for the collection of sketches given in "The House of Cobwebs" "from their connection with what has gone before," and this is true in the sense that every character of Gissing's fashioning had its prototype even in his earliest published work. Like all artists he created a world of his own, but having once chosen his caste he wrote his plays to suit his company, varying the circumstances, but seldom the characters. So when Mr. Seccombe points out the resemblance between the old work and the new, we are fain to agree with him, though personally we are more greatly struck with the difference.

The story that gives the book its title is distinctly disappointing. The idea is delightful and would have borne working out, but we have to be content with the dry bones of a half-conceived plot, which tells us how a struggling author, named Goldthorpe, who needs three months of solitude to finish a book, and must perforce seek cheaper lodgings, stumbles upon three seemingly

deserted houses in an outlying London suburb. From one of these comes the faint sound of music—Home, Sweet Home—played on a concertina. Investigating the twenty-yard-long wilderness of garden that lies at the back of the houses, Goldthorpe finds the musician; a decent, middle-aged, shabbily-dressed man, owner, for the next twelvemonth, of the leasehold of the dilapidated property, in which he is living unknown to his neighbours. The author decides to rent a room in the most weather-proof of the houses at the modest sum of two shillings a week, and after he has furnished it the two odd companions settle down together, Goldthorpe working at his book and Spicer, the old man, supplying the necessary chorus of admiration and encouragement. Spicer is a very cleverly-drawn character—not impossible, for, as students of life know, there is no such thing as an impossible character—but sufficiently out of the normal to strike the average reader as a trifle burlesqued. “His mental development had ceased more than twenty years ago when, after extreme effort, he attained the qualification of chemist’s assistant”; for him “Grub Street was a living fact,” and he reverences Goldthorpe much as Boswell did the great Doctor. With Gissing’s passion for truth (the sad side of her face, that was the only side he ever saw) he will not let his puppets long be happy. A kind of fever, the result of neglected drains and the refuse of the over-grown garden, sends the author home to a widowed mother with his rejected manuscript, and when, after a three months absence, the manuscript is accepted, and Goldthorpe goes to share the news with his friend, he finds him in the ward of a hospital. The ceilings about which fat spiders had spun their webs in the deserted house had at last fallen in, and Spicer had narrowly escaped with his life. We leave him in the hospital, not without regret that Gissing had not seen fit to finish the story.

“A Capitalist” is a clever study. Ireton who, earning a pound a week, buys a water-colour at forty guineas from an Exhibition in Coventry Street merely because the manager of the gallery treats him with some impertinence

as though suggesting he is too shabby a customer to be a likely purchaser, is a man for whom it is easy to feel genuine sympathy. His visit to the loan office to borrow money for the purchase of the picture, and his subsequent rise through uphill and very dirty ways to the position of capitalist are well told, and short though the story is, there is more drama in it than in any of the others. In the opening pages of "The Salt of the Earth" we have, at last, a glimpse of the Gissing who wrote "Human Odds and Ends," but the effort is not sustained, and the scene between the simple-minded clerk and the vulgar wife of the "dubiously-active commission agent" though almost brutal is somewhat unreal.

"Christopherson" and "A Poor Gentleman" are both pathetic little stories sung to the trembling of one string—poverty; poverty that must hide its rags and carry its head high, the poverty the author knew too well. Christopherson has been, in happier days, a book-collector, and, though he is a ruined man living on the earnings of a hardly-worked wife, he is a book-collector still. When the wife refuses the home offered to them as caretakers in the country-house of a rich relation, because they may not take the "musty old books" with them, and the husband—suddenly realising that the devoted woman is more to him than his loved books—sells his library, we appreciate the cross-play of sacrifice but resent its necessity. "A Poor Gentleman" shows us yet another side of sacrifice. Tymperley has lost all his money through trusting in a certain Mr. Charman, with whose wealthy widow Fate one day brings him in contact. In complete ignorance of his change of fortune, still less its cause, she insists on his once again becoming a friend of the family. To give a reasonable explanation for his new address in an East End slum, Tymperley has to pose as a friend of the poor, and the last scene shows him, after a night of desperate mental struggle, posting to the clergyman of the parish the cheque for five pounds (of which he is himself in such desperate need) that has been sent to him by Mrs. Charman's daughter to be "divided among two or three of his most deserving pensioners."

"Fate and the Apothecary" is a poor story. The unfortunate hero was first brought to Gissing's knowledge by the present writer. We visited his shop together, and the picture is not by any means overdrawn. And so of the rest of the sketches; they are not overdrawn but they fail to convince, and whatever his faults, the Gissing of the early books never failed of conviction. Still "The House of Cobwebs" is far better worth reading than a dozen studies of mean life by younger writers, though at best it is but the last gleanings of the field from which we have already reaped so ripe a harvest.

Sylvanus Urban's Notebook

IN the last chapter of "Vulgar Errors," Sir Thomas Browne (treating briefly and sternly "Of some Relations whose truth we fear") urged that the better plan is to keep silence in regard to "sins heteroclitical" that are a scandal to humanity, "for the vicious examples of ages past poison the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seducible spirits." The scoundrel who perpetrated the Madrid outrage has gone to his account, and would that of the prodigious crime there might not "remain any record but that of hell!"

Just when we are all looking forward to the innocent delights of strawberries-and-cream, Professor Metschnikoff (in his Harben Lectures at King's College) tries to make us uncomfortable by asserting that "among fruits it is principally strawberries that introduce ova and infectious germs, and it is therefore necessary to boil them." Sylvanus Urban intends to disregard the professor's warnings. If we were to listen to every expert we should quickly perish of inanition. Galen condemned beef. Rhasis and Magninus "discommend all fish, and say they breed *viscosities*." Wecker disallows ducks, geese, and all fenny fowl. Crato went further than Professor Metschnikoff, for he abused not only

strawberries but pears, apples, plums and nuts. Bruerinus attacked onions, turnips, carrots, radishes and parsnips. Cobbett in his "Rural Rides" loses no opportunity of declaiming against potatoes. Mizaldus and others commend hare as "a merry meat," but Robert Burton denounced it as "melancholy and hard of digestion"; and, needless to say, "milk, and all that comes of milk, as butter and cheese, curds, &c., increase melancholy," though some make an exception in favour of asses' milk. A plain man had better choose for himself and turn a deaf ear to the scientists.

An Anti-Puritan League has been established "for the Defence of the People's pleasures." From the manifesto—signed by Mr. Hubert Bland, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Walter Crane and others—we learn that "The League stands for the recognition of the right of every citizen to opportunities of decent and humane recreation. It advocates temperance in pleasures, not abstinence from them, as the true human ideal." This sounds harmless enough. Sylvanus Urban was afraid that the League might advocate the revival of bull-baiting, badger-baiting, cockfighting, gooseriding, cat-in-a-bottle, and such-like popular diversions of Merry England in the Olden Time. The Anti-Puritans are pledged to "combat the stupid hostility which our municipal rulers display towards the art of dancing." If "our municipal rulers" really discourage dancing, the more's the pity; but if they merely insist on suppressing disreputable dancing-saloons Sylvanus Urban is not inclined to censure them.

The "find" in Ireland of no fewer than seventeen rare pre-Shakespearean plays and interludes is of no slight interest. We are not told who is the present owner or who was the original collector; but they are to be sold at Sotheby's on the 30th inst. It is frequently found that books from Irish libraries have suffered badly from damp, and it is to be hoped that these rarities will have been preserved in good condition. Is it possible that at some time they belonged to Lord

Charlemont, the friend of Edmond Malone? The valuable collection of MS. plays known as Egerton MS. 1994 (now in the British Museum) was once in Lord Charlemont's library. Some readers may recall that one of the two extant copies (both imperfect) of the 1603 quarto of *Hamlet* was purchased for a trifle from a student of Trinity College, Dublin.

But the Irish "find" is of small account compared with the recent discovery at Oxyrhynchus of Pæans of Pindar and portions of a lost play of Euripides. The decyphering and publication of these texts will be eagerly awaited.

Golden lads and girls all must
Like chimney-sweepers come to dust ;

but from the dust of Egypt may yet arise that golden girl Sappho, bringing in her train the "boast of the Ionians" Anacreon. What a chance is here for dilettanti millionaires, and how slow they are to avail themselves of it! Work of priceless value might be done if a tithe of the money spent on such frivolous objects as Free Public Libraries were devoted to the furtherance of classical studies. Meanwhile Wordsworth's dream has been partly realised :

. . . What rapture ! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.
That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy ; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust.

Sylvanus Urban occasionally loses his temper when he sees what foolish bequests people make. Somebody has been leaving £20,000 to the National Liberal Club. What a waste ! Had the money been left to the Constitutional he would have held the same opinion, for Sylvanus Urban has no politics (" a plague o' both your houses !" being his motto). How usefully the bequest might have been applied for scholarly purposes !

From time to time it is announced that a prisoner has escaped from Dartmoor, but the news of his capture quickly follows. Recently, on a misty morning, a poor wretch slipped away, but after a few hours of liberty he was again under lock and key. A Dartmoor warder assured Sylvanus Urban a few years ago that only once had a prisoner succeeded in making good his escape from the dreary prison. The fugitive was a miner. He contrived to reach a Cornish tin mine, and the miners decided to stand by him. They kept him hidden in the mine till the hue-and-cry was over; then they clubbed together, paid his passage-money, and had him smuggled away to America. He took to good courses in the States, and refunded—with interest—the money that the miners had subscribed to put him on his legs again. But Dartmoor prisoners are reported (justly enough, 'tis to be feared) to be desperate ruffians; and they well know that they must expect no help when they try to slip their tether—from the men of the moor.

Sylvanus Urban is fond of dipping into old school-books, compiled by forgotten scholars who loved learning for its own sake, and whose enthusiasm must surely have proved infectious. William Walker, B.D., successively master of Louth School and of the Free School in Grantham, published in the middle of the seventeenth century, a “Treatise of English Particles,” which passed through many editions. In the Preface “to the Candid and Ingenious Reader,” there is a sentence which Sylvanus Urban finds so delightful that he cannot resist quoting it :

I have oft been surprized with a ravishing sweetness in the reading of a piece of Latine, so that I have hung and dwelt upon it, like a Bee upon a Flower, and could not readily get away from it; and when I have come to examine the cause of that surprize, I have found nothing but what lay in the fineness and artfulnesse of the composure, or else in the significancy and elegancy of the *Particles*, which sparkled up and down therein, like *Spangles* of Silver in a silken Contexture.

How Charles Lamb would have relished that sentence—and Coleridge too!

From a second-hand bookseller's catalogue Sylvanus Urban purchased a couple days ago a copy of Mr. St. John Hornby's reprint of Dame Juliana Barnes' (or Berners') "Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle." Needless to say that, like all the productions of the Ashendene Press, it is a beautiful piece of printing; and, though Sylvanus Urban had read the Treatyse twice or thrice before, the charming type induced him to turn the pages once again. Nobody knows who Dame Juliana Barnes was; some will have it that she never existed; and erudite dullards are good enough to inform us that the "Boke of St. Albans" owes its fame "to its attractive subject and the mystery that surrounds its authorship rather than to any literary merit." What will not scholars say? At times one loses patience and is tempted to regard the whole pack of them as "strange beasts that in all tongues are called fools." The Dame wrote with an easy pen and a merry heart. Our modern paltry academic rules (with the senseless chatter about split infinitives and mixed metaphors) were happily unknown when she threw out her hints to anglers. How much of early teaching we have to unlearn before we can express ourselves intelligibly! Sylvanus Urban is a heart-and-soul believer in the old-fashioned classical training, but he has sometimes been shocked to find scholars—who composed Greek iambics to admiration—writing English prose that would disgrace a washerwoman.

It must be allowed that some strange statements are to be found in the Treatyse. Who to-day would be courageous enough to venture on a barbel, however skilfully the cook might dress it? Yet from Dame Juliana we learn that it was not only eaten, but eaten raw. She solemnly warns her readers—"The barbyll is a swete fysshe, but it is a quasy meete and a peryllous for mannys body. For comynly he yeuyth an introduxion to the Febres. And yf he be eten rawe: he maye be cause of mannys dethe: whych hath oft be seen." Diogenes is reputed to have died of eating raw fish; and

(if we may trust the testimony of Dr. Muffet) Wolner, the Great Eater, who freely digested iron, glass, and oyster-shells, at last "by eating a raw eel was overmastered." Modern anglers have but a poor opinion of that sluggish and slimy fish bream, but in the *Treatyse* he is enthusiastically commended as "a noble fysshe and a deyntous." The statement that "The Roche is an easy fysshe to catch" may not pass unchallenged; but none can deny that "The bleke is but a feble fysshe,—though the kindly Dame hastens to add, "yet he is holsome."

Long may strolling players survive—despite the vigorous campaigns of mayors and corporations and councils—to carry on the traditions of the "joyous minstrels." Very unpretentious is their stock-in-trade, and humble enough the housing of the actors, but among them is often to be found talent of no mean order, though their speech may lack finish, and their action can hardly be termed (in critics' slang) "distinguished." Sylvanus Urban lately spent a very pleasant evening at one of their performances. The theatre was a large barn in a green meadow; round the stage-door the yokels hung with as much ardour as the stage-stricken youth in great cities, while inside the tinkling of a piano told that the play would soon begin. The middle-aged lady who takes the money (and will presently tread the boards) has a kindly welcome for her patrons old and new, and a judicious word of praise for the piece to be given "the following night." Even strolling players must move with the times, and this company includes in its repertory some high-flown tragedies that have been "Englised" from the French. The translator usually shows a profound reverence for the original text. Children do not go to bed, but "to repose themselves"; a man seeks refuge "from the officers of the law"; and the wife of an Essex labourer wanders through the woods in the costume of a Norman peasant. Soon the little band of players will be leaving the green meadow, but Sylvanus Urban will hear another play before they go.

Ermine Street and Tallingdon Lane

THERE is not very much to be said as to the tracks and ways that formerly penetrated the forest of North Middlesex, because the whole subject of ancient roads in this country is so obscure that there is practically nothing definite to be extracted from the tangle of conjectures and conflicting theories which have been put forward, and of tangible evidence the roads themselves afford little. But there are, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that there have been, two old roads in this district which it may be interesting to discuss.

Anciently the country was traversed by four main highways, reputedly of Roman origin, namely, Watling Street, Ermine Street, the Fosseway, and the Icknield Way. None of them, however, bears a Roman name. Of these four, Ermine Street was the only one that touched North Middlesex, although Watling Street, represented to-day by the Edgware Road, running through the north-west of the county, came very near.

Some have asserted quite positively that Ermine Street was a Roman road passing through what are now Shoreditch, Kingsland, Harringay, Wood Green, Bowes, past Palmers Green and Winchmore Hill, through Enfield, thence to Ware, and ultimately to Lincoln, taking this indirect route from London in order to avoid the Lea marshes. Later, when these marshes were drained, it is said that a new road was made which went straight through Stoke Newington, Tottenham High Cross, Edmonton, and Ponders End, joining the older one at Enfield

Wash. But others have believed that Ermine Street did not exist, so far as North Middlesex is concerned, in Roman times, on the ground that the forest was then impenetrable. Dr. Guest, however (*Archæologia*, xiv.), considers this reason untenable, although he agrees that the road is not Roman, because it is barren of Roman remains. He considers that it is represented by the present road through Kingsland, Tottenham High Cross, and Edmonton, but that after leaving Edmonton it took a slightly more westerly course than the modern road, over Hounds Fields and Forty Hill, thus directly proceeding to Ware.

Ermine Street existed at least as early as the time of Edgar, but less than two centuries afterwards its identity was doubtful. It is hardly possible, therefore, to decide the matter now.

The meaning of the name, too, is also disputed. Some interpret it as the Street of Irmin, the Teutonic divinity, others as the Street of the Earmings or fen-men—Earminga Street—and others, again, as the Street of the Armyman or soldier—Hereman's Street. The last explanation is the one usually accepted, though that is not a strong argument in its favour. But it may be a corroboration of this etymology that six centuries ago, and doubtless earlier, there was in Edmonton parish a thoroughfare called *Rodstrate* or *Rodewege*. Now "Rode" here may be only an old way of spelling "road," though used in this sense it seems a useless redundancy. It is also capable of other interpretations, the most obvious being that

of rood or cross, here referring to a cross-road. But according to Wright's "Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English," and Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," "rode" means also "a company of horsemen," and the connection between "a company of horsemen" and *hereman* is obvious.

Yet whatever antiquaries may decide, tracks or paths of some kind must have existed in the old forest, especially when the abbeys of St. Albans in Hertfordshire, and of Waltham in Essex grew into importance, and required direct communication with London. The forest, it is true, was long haunted by wild beasts and dangerous human beings as well, and travellers needed to be brave and well armed, but it is not to be believed that wolves and thieves were allowed to have it all their own way, and to stop all communication between London and North Middlesex. Indeed, we know that a certain abbot of St. Albans engaged a knight and two men-at-arms to patrol the approaches to the city, and to protect wayfarers and the numerous pilgrims journeying from London to the Abbey.

Moreover, whatever its age or its precise route, Ermine Street in mediæval times was not the only northern exit from London. There was another old way, starting from Smithfield, and running through Islington, by the Hollow Way (now the Holloway Road), to the foot of Highgate Hill, where it turned off to the right, doubtless to avoid

the steep incline, and proceeded by a lane, variously called Tallingdon, Hornsey, and Hagbush Lane, in a north-easterly direction to Crouch End, through Hornsey Park. It then turned at an angle up Muswell Hill, past where Muswell Hill Station is now, and along Colney Hatch Lane to the west of the modern Asylum, and thence to Whetstone and Barnet. By this road went the pilgrims to the shrine of Our Lady of Muswell, whose chapel lay on their right hand after they had proceeded about a quarter of a mile over the shoulder of the hill.

This route may have been of very ancient origin indeed, perhaps dating from Celtic times, but interesting as this theory is, it must be owned that, save bare possibility, there is nothing to base it on. The road remained in use up to the latter part of the fourteenth century, and then a more direct and less miry way was made that proceeded up Highgate Hill and through the demesne of the Bishop of London, joining the older road at Whetstone. Tallingdon Lane is now forgotten, but the route through Highgate, Finchley, and Barnet remains the chief way to the North, and is known as the Great North Road. In mediæval days both these highways doubtless had St. Albans for their immediate goal, while Scotland was approached by Ermine Street, either, as we have already seen, through Tottenham and Edmonton, or through Harringay and Wood Green.

England's National Shrine

SEVENTEEN miles distant from Sheringham, and twenty from the more popular Cromer, lies, amidst charming rural surroundings, the little Norfolk market-town of Walsingham. An unpretentious enough place in these days, and shorn of all its former glory; yet situate between its Church Street and High Street and the tiny river Stiffkey is all that remains of the ancient Priory of the Canons of St. Augustine.

How many of those who pass by the picturesque gateway in the High Street, and how many of those in the great outside world, are aware that here are to be found the crumbling remains of the once world-famed Shrine of Our Ladye of Walsingham? Yet this was once the goal of innumerable pilgrims, not only from all parts of Britain, but from every corner of Europe—a sanctuary to which monarch and noble, prelate and peasant, were wont to bring their offerings, at a time when "For God and Our Ladye!" was the battle-cry of England's warriors.

Tradition tells us that so long ago as the eleventh century, a pious widow, Richeldis de Faverches, erected here a little Chapel, taking as a model the Holy House of Nazareth, and "dedicating it to the Joyful Mystery of the Annunciation." And this she did "in consequence of a vision vouchsafed to her," wherein she was commissioned by Our Ladye herself to build at Walsingham a sanctuary which should be a replica or counterpart of the Holy House itself, and moreover upon a site which would be indicated thereafter. At the same time Our

Ladye favoured her with a view of the Santa Casa, as it then existed at Nazareth, to enable her to accomplish her purpose. Not until two hundred and thirty years later was the Santa Casa itself removed from Nazareth and deposited upon a hill in Persato, three years later to be carried across the Adriatic to a wood near Recanati, and, finally, to be translated to its present site at Loreto, in the province of Ancona, Italy. In the reign of Edward III., and almost three hundred years after its erection, the Walsingham Chapel was given into the keeping of the "Black Canons," who established a Priory in connection with it. Later, this wooden Chapel of Our Ladye appears to have been enclosed by an outer building—as is also the case at Loreto—but Erasmus tells us that, at the time of his visit to Walsingham in 1511, "Our Ladye does not dwell here, for the building is not yet finished." "When you look in," he adds, "you would say that it is the abode of Saints, so brilliantly does it shine on all sides with gems, gold and silver."

In the dark, and at the right-hand side of the altar, stood the celebrated image of Our Ladye, which was of wood, and, to quote Erasmus once more, remarkable neither for size, material nor execution, "*imaguncula, nec magnitudine nec materia nec opere præcellens.*"

At the foot of it was a toadstone "emblematical of her victory over evil and impurity," and in constant attendance was one of the Canons to receive the offerings and prayers of the many devotees. Langland, in his "Vision of Piers the Ploughman," assures us that

"Heremytes on an heape with hooked staves wenten to Walsingham;" and we know that by whichever way these and other pilgrims went, there were numerous Priors and other religious houses where gratuitous accommodation was provided every night. So great indeed was the influx of pilgrims at this period that the principal roads to Walsingham were variously distinguished as "the Walsingham Way," "the Palmers' Way," or "the Walsingham Green Way," and the place itself became "The Holy Land of Blessed Walsingham."

Among the more celebrated pilgrims to the Shrine may be mentioned the following Kings of England: Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., Henry VI., Edward IV., Henry VII., and lastly, in 1511, no less a person than Henry VIII. himself, who walked barefooted a distance of two miles to present an offering at the Shrine!

Henry's last offering appears in the account of his privy expenses in 1532, "Paiede to Maister Garneys for the King's offering of Oure Ladye of Walsingham, viis. vid."

This last-named generosity would seem scarcely to justify Roger Ascham's statement in 1550, that "the three kings be not so rich, I believe, as was the Lady of Walsingham." But devotees were numerous and not always of so frugal mind. On September 18, 1534, as the original documents in the Westminster Chapter-House shows, the twenty-two Canons, then resident at Walsingham, subscribed, however unwillingly, their acknowledgment of the Royal Supremacy. But their consequent safety was of short duration, and on August 4, 1536, the Priory was

suppressed, the treasury of the devout "Head of the Church" profiting accordingly.

Two years later the image of Our Ladye was removed to London, there to be burnt at Chelsea, by order and in the presence of Thomas Cromwell — "*Malleus monachorum*" and Lord Privy Seal. The somewhat coarse wit of Latimer found an outlet in a letter written to Cromwell, wherein he says, "Our gret sibyll (the doll at Islington) with her old syster of Walsyngham, her young syster of Ipswyche, with the other two systers of Dongcaster and Penryesse, *wold* make a jolly mustere in Smythfeld. They *wold* not be all day burnynge."

The natural consequences of the dissolution at Walsingham followed speedily, and in spite of the resistance of many of the inhabitants, some of whom, together with a number of the Canons, were charged with attempted insurrection, and subsequently executed.

But though the Priory is now in ruins, there remains at about a mile distant, in Houghton-le-Dale, a charming little wayside Chapel, in a capital state of preservation. Dedicated to Ste. Catherine, whose Knights kept the road to Nazareth previous to the removal of the Santa Casa, it appears to have belonged originally to the Benedictine monks of Horsham; and here it was that pilgrims removed their footwear previous to completing their journey to Walsingham with bare feet. For this reason it is popularly known, even at the present day, as "the Slipper Chapel."

Owing to the munificence of Miss Charlotte Boyd, a Catholic lady, it has been given back to its

original owners, the Benedictine Order, and is now undergoing complete restoration. Near at hand a Presbytery has been erected, and it is intended that worship shall be resumed in the Chapel after so many years of disuse.

Whether or not Walsingham may again become a centre of religious devotion and once more rival its famous prototype in Loreto are questions that only the future can answer. But, however this may be, it were surely well that we forget not altogether a place

which has played so important a part in the past history of our Island.

In conclusion the writer would express his sincere thanks to the Rev. Dom. H. Philibert Feasey, O.S.B., and Mr. Henry Curties, for their admirably compiled and well-illustrated little volume, "Our Ladye of Walsingham," to which he is indebted for many of the facts here recorded, and which induced him to become a Modern Pilgrim in a district where so much of romantic and archæological interest is to be found.

Croyland Abbey

A LETTER published in the *Times* some weeks ago drew attention to the serious dilapidations in Croyland Abbey, and a further letter dated May 19 urged the necessity for immediate repair. The writer, the Rev. T. H. Le Bœuf, has been for many years Rector of Croyland, and therefore speaks with knowledge. He laments the public apathy; and indeed the disregard into which the famous foundation has fallen is very strange. The present structure is by no means the first that was raised, though portions, of which the west front is the finest, are extremely ancient. The building was restored by Thurcytel in 946, after its almost complete destruction by the Danes. The monastery of Croyland soon attained high eminence; and at the Suppression its monetary value was far greater than that of Fountains or Evesham. The building of the Church must have occasioned immense labour, for, as at Winchester, the foundations were laid on piles

driven into the marshy soil; where dry earth was needed it was brought from a distance of nine miles by water.

In 1091 a disastrous fire occurred which necessitated the rebuilding of the fabric by Abbot Joffrid. A second fire followed, and the restorations of Abbot Edward in 1170 consequent thereon are amongst the beauties of the Church to-day. The west façade referred to is Abbot Edward's work.

There is much in the records of the Abbey of great interest, and the legal feuds between Abbot Ingulphus, shrewdest of men, and Ivo Tailbois, who was eventually outlawed, form an entertaining chapter in Church history. It was certainly well to treat the Abbey with deference then; and Richard de Rulos, desiring to enclose land for his own purposes, approached the monastic authority, and for the moderate outlay of twenty marks not only obtained his request but was enrolled in their martyrology.

Learned Societies

THE THORESBY SOCIETY.—This Society, which was formed in 1889 as a Local Historical and Antiquarian Society for Leeds and neighbourhood, and which has now to its credit a long series of valuable works, has issued for 1905 the first part of the Leeds Grammar School Register (vol. xiv., Part 1, of the Society's publications) and a volume of *Miscellanea* (vol. xv., Part 1). The portion of the register here printed contains the entries from January 1820, to the third term of 1876: it has been edited by Mr. Edmund Wilson, who has not contented himself with reprinting the register as it stands, but has added, in small type, such particulars as he could obtain of the later career of the boys whose names are entered. This, which must have cost a very great amount of labour, will render the work of the highest value to future historians. The volume of *Miscellanea* contains a number of interesting papers. The first deals with the question of the town of origin of the Dukedom of Leeds. The statement has been made that it derives its title from Leeds in Kent, but the evidence here brought together seems to show almost conclusively that it is to the Yorkshire Leeds that it should be referred. We have further a series of Leeds wills proved in the years 1538-9, a paper on Hooton Pagnell and its Market Cross, and one on Dr. Timothy Bright, the originator of modern systems of shorthand-writing, who after leaving the medical profession for the Church was presented to two livings in Yorkshire. The part includes a reproduction of a map of Leeds made in 1781,

and several other articles of interest. We are informed that the publications for the current year will be the second and concluding part of the Leeds Grammar School Register and another part of *Miscellanea*, which will probably contain articles on the Denisons of Woodhouse, Leeds, on John Harrison's benefactions, and on the Farnley Wood plot. Next year it is hoped to issue Mr. St. John Hope's description of Kirkstall Abbey, with a plan and numerous illustrations.

THE YORKSHIRE PARISH REGISTER SOCIETY.—In the seven years during which this Society has been in existence it has printed the registers of twenty parishes, and we learn from the report that those of some twenty more have been, or are being, copied. This shows very creditable activity on the part of the Society's workers, and should ensure the support of all northern antiquaries. An increase of membership is, we understand, greatly desired, as there is much work which could at once be put in hand did the funds of the Society permit. The publications for 1905 are the registers of Grinton in Swaledale, Howden, Part II., and Bolton-by-Bolland, Part II.; the first has been delayed, but will appear shortly. For 1906 will be issued the registers of Rothwell, Ledsham, and Hackness, and for 1907 those of Thornhill, Terrington, and Gargrave.

THE SCOTTISH HISTORY SOCIETY.—In April the Society issued the first volume of the "Geographical Collections Relating to Scotland made by Walter Macfar-

lane," edited by Sir Arthur Mitchell from Macfarlane's transcript in the Advocates' Library. This forms the fifty-first volume of the publications of the Society and completes the issues for 1904-5. The large collection of materials for Scottish history left by Macfarlane at his death in 1767 were acquired in 1785 by the Faculty of Advocates, and much use has been made of them by Sir Robert Douglas and other antiquaries, but, save for some chartularies, none had been printed in full until, in 1898-9, the two volumes of Genealogical Collections were issued for this Society. The Geographical volumes now in course of publication consist of materials collected by a variety of persons, the names of only a few being given, and such of the accounts as are dated range from 1721 to 1744. While the information to be found in them is exceedingly varied in character, the chief attention seems to have been paid to the more strictly "geographical" description of the localities dealt with, the volumes abounding in exact statements of distances, positions of places, and such other details as would afford material for maps, with the natu-

ral result that while most useful for reference they can hardly be called readable as a whole. In some useful notes prefixed to the work, the editor has drawn attention to the points which seemed to him of most interest, grouping them under various headings—Parish Church Fabrics, Fairs, Physic and other Wells, Place Names, &c. Among "Miscellaneous" we find two curious fragments of information; one refers to the parish of Fetteresso, of which it is said that "the Muats, Duthies, and Davenies, tenantry of Montquich in this parish; 'keep a sort of commonwealth among themselves, not admitting any of bad reputation to dwell among them'" —one would gladly hear more of this eighteenth-century Utopia; the other tells us that "Buchan is 'the best place in Scotland for a man to live in' all things considered." The work will be fully indexed when complete. For the year 1905-6 the Society intends to issue the two remaining volumes of the Geographical Collections, and the "Statuta Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ, 1225-1559," which is to be edited with a translation and notes by Dr. David Patrick.

Review of the Month

IN the Parliamentary proceedings of the month there is comparatively little that calls for remark. The Second Reading of the Education Bill (May 10) was a foregone conclusion, as also the Second Reading of the Plural Voting Bill (May 14). A Bill to extend the Aliens Act so as to include in the category of undesirable aliens workmen imported from abroad to

take the place of men on strike, after passing the House of Commons unopposed, was thrown out by the Lords on May 17. The House of Commons went into Committee on the Education Bill on the 21st, and by the rejection on the 28th of Mr. Maddison's amendment (that religious instruction should be given in transferred schools neither within school hours nor at the public

expense), both in its original form and as amended by Mr. Chamberlain by the omission of the words precluding such instruction within school hours, pronounced by an overwhelming majority against secularism, and less emphatically in favour of undenominational religious instruction. Sir William Anson's amendment proposing "pan-denominationalism" as the complement of "Cowper-Templeism" was then summarily dismissed as impracticable, and at an early hour on the 29th the first clause of the Bill was closed and carried by a large majority.

In the House of Lords on May 22 the Lord Chancellor with equal good sense and good grace accepted amendments to the Criminal Appeal Bill which, by allowing appeals only by leave of the judge of first instance or the Court of Appeal, transform a revolutionary and impracticable into a judicious and useful measure. But how, we may fairly ask, came the Lord Chancellor to throw on the table of the House so crude a draft as to elicit from the legal profession an unqualified consensus of condemnation to which he had virtually no option but to bow?

On May 31 the nuptials of the King of Spain and his English Consort were solemnised in the church of San Jeronimo at Madrid with a stately magnificence of ceremonial in consonance with the august traditions of the Spanish court. But as, on the return to the Palace, the *cortège* was passing through the Calle Mayor, a bomb concealed in a bouquet thrown from an upper-storey window of a house (No. 88), before which the royal carriage was for the moment at a halt, exploded close to the carriage, killing one of the horses

and twenty persons and wounding about seventy others. The King and Queen were happily unhurt. This diabolical outrage occurred on the first anniversary of the attempt made on the King's life at Paris.

Another outrage of the same order as the murder of Inspector Hunt was reported from Zululand on May 4. Mr. H. M. Stainbank, a magistrate in the Mahlabitini district, was returning with a small escort from a round of tax-levying, when, just as the party had reached the south bank of the White Umvolosi River, a gang of natives opened fire upon them, and the magistrate, who had halted to affix a telephone to the telegraph line, fell dead. The rest of the party, abandoning the safe containing the proceeds of the hut tax, made their escape to Mahlabitini. On May 5 concerted movements with the view of compelling the rebels to concentrate their forces and make a stand, were made by the columns under Colonel McKenzie, advancing through the Nqutu district, and Colonels McKay and Mansel in the Nkandhla forest. Colonel McKay from one of the highest points of the Nkandhla range shelled some kraals; Colonel Mansel from Fort Yolland made a reconnaissance in force in the direction of Cetewayo's Tomb, and had a brush with the enemy, who attempted to surround our men as they descended a steep hill in single file, but, prematurely attacking the vanguard, were repulsed, leaving sixty dead on the field. Our casualties were but three men wounded. Colonel McKenzie reached Nkandhla on May 8, but by that time the enemy were no longer visible. The following week was occupied with desul-

tory operations of which the most important was an expedition from Helpmakaar under the command of Major Murray Smith, which cleared the right bank of the Buffalo River (May 13) of the rebels belonging to Kula's tribe. Colonels McKenzie, Mansel, and Barker concentrated their forces at Cete-wayo's Tomb on May 19, the junction being effected with no more serious hindrance than the harassing of Colonel McKenzie's advance by snipers and persistent attacks upon Colonel Barker's rearguard by five companies of Bambaata's impi led by the chief himself. Subsequent reconnaissances in force by Colonel McKenzie in the Mackala district and by Colonel McKay in the Buffalo valley established the fact that most of the rebels had withdrawn into Zululand. On May 28 an attack by 600 rebels on Colonel Leuchars's camp at Bokinyoni Hill, Krantz-kop, was repulsed with slight loss on our side, the enemy leaving seventy dead around or in the vicinity of the camp. On the same day Sigananda's chief induna surrendered at Nkandhla, and on May 29 Colonel McKenzie marched with a strong force into the Insuzi valley, and with the loss of a single trooper drove the rebels into the bush, killing upward of forty of them and capturing four hundred head of cattle. On May 30, Colonel McKay's force, advancing from Helpmakaar by way of Rorke's Drift towards Isandhlwana, captured two hundred head of cattle. These operations were concerted as preliminary to a general forward movement by which it is hoped speedily to terminate the campaign.

The Tabah incident ended, as all the world, save apparently a

few Liberals in Constantinople, whose judgment was warped by hatred of the Sultan, expected it to end. The reinforcement of the Anglo-Egyptian garrison was followed on May 3 by the presentation to the Porte of a British Note requiring, as preliminary to the reference of the frontier question to a Mixed Commission, the evacuation of the contested territory within ten days. The step was emphasised by the concentration of the Mediterranean Fleet at Phalerum; and after honour, as honour is understood in Turkey, was satisfied by the postponement of compliance to the last moment, the Porte made unconditional submission (May 14). Tabah was speedily evacuated, and new boundary pillars were erected at El Rafah in place of those which had been wrongfully removed (May 20). The frontier Commissioners have already proceeded to Akabah.

Though the papyri recently discovered by Dr. B. P. Grenfell and Dr. A. S. Hunt at Oxyrhynchus have not yet been thoroughly examined, the preliminary account of them given in the *Times* of May 14 shows them to be of unusual interest. Besides MSS. of the "Phaedrus" and "Symposium" of Plato, the speech of Demosthenes against Boeotus, and the "Panegyricus" of Isocrates, the find includes some fragments of lost works, viz., nine columns of fifteen lines apiece, virtually intact, with many lesser *disjecta membra*, of the Pæans of Pindar, with elaborate *scholia*, about a hundred entire or nearly entire lines (mainly lyrical) of the "Hypsipyle" of Euripides, the peroration of the speech of Lysias against Hippotherses, seventy lines of the "Meliambi" of Cercidas of Mega-

lopolis, part, and apparently no small part, of a History of Greece, a work evidently *de longue haleine* and conjecturally ascribed to Ephorus or Theopompus, and a Commentary on the Second Book of Thucydides differing from the extant *scholia*, and containing criticisms of the views of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, on the strength of which it is assigned to the first century. A hexameter poem of twenty-two lines in praise of Hermes remains unassigned. Among the papyri there have also been found not a few parchments, including a leaf of a lost Gospel containing an otherwise unrecorded dialogue between Jesus and a Pharisee on the question of purification. The style and diction of the fragment also differentiate it from the extant Gospels, and the determination of its origin and value is likely to afford ample scope for the exercise of critical ingenuity.

A Convention settling the Congo-Sudan frontier question was signed at London by Sir Edward Grey and Baron van Eetvelde on May 9. By the new arrangement the Lado *Enclave* is reserved to King Leopold for life under the lease of 1894, the rest of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, with the exception of Port Mahagi and a small strip of adjacent territory, being ceded absolutely to the Egyptian Sudan, to which the Lado *Enclave* will revert on the death of King Leopold. The Congo State Government is precluded from constructing, without the concurrence of the Sudan Government, any works of a kind to diminish the volume of the Nile. A railway under an Anglo-Egyptian guarantee is to be constructed from Lado to the Congo State frontier, with a commercial

port at the Nile terminus; and the Congo State is also guaranteed equal rights with Egypt in the navigation of the Upper Nile and the conveyance of passengers and goods through the Egyptian Sudan. Any future differences that may arise as to the delimitation of the frontier are to be referred to the Arbitration Tribunal at The Hague.

By an Imperial Edict promulgated on May 9 the Chinese Maritime Customs, of which since 1863 Sir Robert Hart has been Inspector-General, were placed under the control of a Board of Revenue, with for President Tieh-liang, and for Associate Minister of Customs Affairs Tang Shao-yi. Should these august officials prove to be more than ornamental figure-heads, Chinese credit, of which Sir Robert Hart is the creator, would be very seriously jeopardised, and the assurance given to Mr. Carnegie, the British Chargé d'Affaires, and Mr. Rockhill, the United States' Minister, by the Wai-pu-wu, that the intention was not to supersede the existing establishment, but only to simplify the administration, had by no means the desired effect of restoring the confidence of the foreign community. Accordingly, on May 19, Mr. Carnegie presented to the Wai-pu-wu a formal protest against any change in the Customs' Administration, and at a subsequent meeting of the Corps Diplomatique at Peking the representatives of all the foreign Powers pledged themselves to support the protest. The Wai-pu-wu having, on May 27, returned an evasive reply to the British Note, Mr. Carnegie pressed for a more satisfactory answer, which, after a long conference

with the Ministers Na-tung, Lien-fang and Tang Shao-yi, was promised in the course of a few days.

In France the General Election, of which the returns were not complete until May 21, resulted in a decisive victory for the Government, which has gained fifty-six seats, and commands a *bloc* strong enough to render it independent of "Unified" or extreme Socialists. The clerical reactionaries and their allies, the so-called Nationalists, have been so signally defeated that it is probable that the agitation against the Separation Law will be dropped. France has pronounced once more, and with unexpected emphasis, in favour of order and progress, and turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of reactionaries and revolutionaries of whatever type.

The Bishops met in council at the Archbishopal Palace, Paris, on May 30 to discuss the ecclesiastico-political situation. The proceedings of the Council are to be kept absolutely secret under pain of excommunication, which is evidence that, whatever may be their result, the Pope reserves full liberty of action; and the Pope is no statesman, but just a simple-minded parish-priest.

The recent indiscriminate and wholesale expulsion from Prussia of Russian residents is a measure of singularly evil omen. The loyalty to the French alliance evinced by the Government of the Tsar during the Moroccan affair is, of course, unpardonable in the eyes of Kaiser Wilhelm; but to wreak his despite upon private citizens whose sole offence was their Russian nationality was a piece of wanton barbarity which justly excited the reprobation of the civilised world.

To judge by his acts the Kaiser would seem to be enamoured of isolation; and, indeed, let him but persist in his unfriendly attitude towards England, and by some more flagrant indiscretion than the Goluchowski telegram succeed in thoroughly alienating the sympathies of Austria, and his isolation would be, though by no means splendid, at any rate complete. In these circumstances it is natural that patriotic Germans should regard with grave misgiving the rumoured negotiations for an Anglo-Russian understanding, and should applaud the emphatic declaration of the new Foreign Secretary, Baron von Tschirschky und Bögendorf (May 23) that: "The period of estrangement (*Verstimmung*) between Germany and England is past. The warm tone of the words which reached our ears in the utterances of English statesmen on the occasion of the recent visit of representatives of German cities to England will certainly meet with the most cordial reception on the part of the Imperial Government and in all quarters." *Felix faustumque sit!* May the visit of the worthy Burgomasters prove the prelude to an enduring Anglo-German *entente cordiale!* In no country is the debt which the world owes to German culture better appreciated or more frankly acknowledged than in England. Enmity between the two countries would be nothing less than fratricidal; and such estrangement as there has been has, we venture to affirm, been almost exclusively due to the recent aberrations of German policy and the overweening arrogance of the German Emperor.

Russian State secrets are so well kept that it is still impossible to

say whether the fall of Count Witte's administration (May 2) was due to excess or to defect of zeal for the maintenance of bureaucratic ascendancy. All that seems to be certain is that the Organic Laws promulgated on May 8 differ by the omission of certain clauses from the draft which Count Witte approved. Their promulgation in anticipation of the meeting of the Duma was forthwith denounced by the Congress of Constitutional Democrats as contrary to the Manifesto of October 30, 1905, though it does not appear that they materially circumscribe the functions of the Duma. The new Cabinet formed by M. Goremykin is, however, thoroughly bureaucratic.

The speech with which the Tsar opened Parliament in the Winter Palace on May 10 was certainly unworthy of so great an occasion, but though it contained no passage calculated to arouse popular enthusiasm, it merited neither the "stony silence" with which it was received by the Duma nor the vociferous applause which it elicited from the representatives of the bureaucracy. The text of the speech as given in the *Times* is as follows: "Divine Providence has laid on me the care of the welfare of the Fatherland, and has moved me to summon representatives elected by the people to co-operate in the work of framing laws. With an ardent belief in a prosperous future for Russia I welcome in you the best men to whose election I commanded my beloved to proceed. Difficult and complicated labours await you, but I believe that the ardent wishes of the dear native land will inspire you and will unite you.

"I, for my part, will unswervingly uphold the institutions which I have granted in the firm conviction that you will devote all your powers to the self-sacrificing service of the Fatherland, to a clear presentation of the needs of the peasants, which lie so close to my heart, to the enlightenment of the people, and to the development of its well-being. You must realise that for the great welfare of the State not only is liberty necessary, but also order, as the basis of laws.

"May my ardent wishes be fulfilled; may I see my people happy, and be able to bequeath to my son as his inheritance a firmly established, well-ordered and enlightened State. May God bless me, in conjunction with the Council of Empire and the Duma, in the work before us, and may this day prove the rejuvenation of Russia's moral outlook and the reincarnation of her best powers. Go to the work to which I have summoned you, and justify worthily the trust of your Tsar and your country. God help me and you!"

Infelicitous in style, the speech was in substance unexceptionable so far as it went, but the absence of so much as a hint of an amnesty reinforced the apprehensions excited in the Duma by the promulgation of the Organic Laws. When, therefore, that assembly, having elected M. Mouromtseff, a distinguished jurist, at one time Professor of Roman Law in the University of Moscow, its President, passed at its second sitting at the Tauris Palace (May 12) to the question of the Address to the Throne, a motion by M. Ruditcheff, that the drafting committee should be instructed to insert

therein a clause demanding a complete amnesty of political offences, let loose a flood of impassioned eloquence which was only terminated by the closure, when the motion was carried unanimously.

The Address, which after eighteen hours' elaboration in Committee was read in the Duma by M. Nabokoff on May 15, was, as was only to be expected, not so much a reply to the Tsar's speech as a comprehensive project of reform. The Tsar had pledged himself to perpetuate the new *régime*. The Duma admonished him how it might be perfected upon the basis of universal suffrage by the limitation of the power of the executive, and in particular by the repeal of all exceptional laws, the abolition of the Council of the Empire, the establishment of the responsibility of Ministers to the representatives of the people, the establishment by legislative guarantee of inviolability of the person, liberty of conscience, of speech, of the Press, of public meeting and association, including the right of combination for raising wages, the equalisation of all citizens before the law by the annulment of all privileges, whether founded on nationality, rank, or religion, the complete emancipation of the peasantry from all manner of tutelage, and the partial nationalisation, for their behoof, of the land, whether held by the Crown or in mortmain or by private owners, the establishment of a system of national education, and the concession of the legitimate demands of the several nationalities within the Empire, and of a general and complete amnesty of political offences.

The Address, amended, or rather supplemented, by clauses affirming

the principle of female suffrage and the right of the Duma to receive petitions and control the fiscal and financial operations of the Government, was adopted unanimously on May 18. That being the Tsar's birthday, it would have been recognised as a peculiarly gracious act had he consented to receive the Address on the following day; but M. Mouromtseff, though invited to Court and accorded a position of honour in the ceremonial, was denied an audience, and directed through the Premier to transmit the Address to the Tsar with an explanatory memorandum. The letter containing this lesson in Court etiquette was read by M. Mouromtseff at the next meeting of the Duma (May 21); but instead of the wild and whirling words which it was apparently intended to provoke, it elicited only some expressions of regret that his Majesty's loyal subjects should be precluded by etiquette from approaching him in the manner which had seemed to them most respectful, while by common consent it was resolved that, as the importance of the Address lay in its substance and not in the method of its transmission, the House pass to the order of the day.

The rejoinder of the bureaucracy to the Address to the Throne was read by the Premier, M. Goremykin, on his first appearance in the Duma on May 26, and proved to be even more unpromising than had been anticipated, every article of the Address except those relating to franchise reform and national education being pronounced to be inadmissible either as contrary to the fundamental laws or as otherwise unconstitutional. *Stare super anti-*

quas vias, to maintain order by the accustomed methods, subject only to the exercise of the Imperial prerogative of mercy, was declared to be the unalterable determination of the Government; but when the authority of the law should be re-established, efforts would be made to ameliorate the lot of the peasantry by the abolition of restrictions on the acquisition of land, the establishment of an agrarian bank, and the encouragement of migration and resettlement, legal procedure would also be simplified by the creation of local courts of justice, and Bills dealing with the responsibility of officials, income tax, death duties, indirect taxes and passport regulations would be laid before the Duma.

The Duma's reply to this gratuitous announcement of the Government's determination to thwart the expressed will of the representatives of the people was a demand, enforced by a succession of denunciatory eloquence, for the immediate resignation of Ministers. Opposition there was none, and when the tempest of indignation had somewhat abated, the motion was carried by a unanimous vote. As, however, Ministers are not responsible to the Duma, the vote is little more than a *brutum fulmen*, and may prove to be but the prelude to a long and embittered struggle.

The preliminary draft of the Agrarian Bill, which is to be elaborated in committee—such being the statutory method of initiating legislation—is somewhat less drastic than might have been expected. There is to be no expropriation of private owners except at a fair price, and appa-

rently only *latifundia* are to be so dealt with. These, with the lands held by the State, the Crown, and monastic and other ecclesiastical bodies are to form a State Reserve, out of which allotments are to be granted to the peasants on long leases under the supervision of local committees. Probably no less radical reform than this would meet the exigencies of the situation; and its promoters may well stand astonished at their own moderation.

The Emperor-King opened the Hungarian Parliament in the Burg at Budapest on May 22. After a brief exordium deploring the recent troubles and confidently anticipating a very different future, the speech from the Throne announced as the first duty of the Government the "restoration of legal and juridical continuity" by the provision of supply as well for Imperial as for domestic purposes. Then followed a somewhat frigid reference to the Triple Alliance as a pledge indeed of peace, but not in such a degree as to dispense with the need of strengthening the armed forces of the Crown by the adoption of the extraordinary military credits sanctioned by the last Delegations. This done, it would be the duty of the Government to introduce Bills for universal suffrage and the reinforcement of constitutional guarantees and autonomous county administration; and upon the broader basis furnished by the franchise reform there would be another appeal to the nation. Till then the Crown would reserve its freedom of judgment upon ulterior questions. The speech concluded with an expression of hope that as the Crown was ever guided by cordial solicitude for the interests

of the Hungarian nation, so the nation would "seek splendour for its Throne and sure progress for the future in a complete agreement with its King."

Though by no means of a kind to evoke enthusiasm, the speech appears to have been on the whole well received by the nation; but the difficulties which confront the Government are very grave; for the effect of the General Election has been seriously to disturb the never too stable equilibrium of the Coalition—M. Kossuth, the

Independence leader, now commanding 250 votes, while the Constitutionalist party, of which Count Julius Andrássy is the head, numbers but 75, including the Premier, Dr. Wekerle, who has no following of his own, in an assembly which barely exceeds 400.

The Austrian Premier, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst, has resigned by way of protest against the "economic independence" which is understood to have been conceded to Hungary by the Emperor-King (May 28).

Obituary

HENRIK IBSEN

HENRIK IBSEN, the one Scandinavian writer except Hans Christian Andersen who has exercised a world-wide influence, was born on March 20, 1828, at Skien in Norway. In his eighth year his father, a merchant, became bankrupt; and the lad, who had not quite made up his mind whether he would be a great artist or a great author, was obliged to become an apothecary's apprentice in the little town of Grimstad on the Skagerak. Here he divided his time between composing odes against foreign tyrants and mixing prescriptions for leading townsmen, whose absurdities he freely satirised in verse in his leisure hours. Ibsen had an excellent practical education at his native town, but Latin was not taught there. His passion for reading was intense, and even as a child he used frequently to shut himself up in a lumber-room full of old books. From the first the little apothecary with the long dark mane was feared for his irritable temper and his bitter tongue.

His first work, the three-act drama, *Catalina*, printed April 1850 by a student friend, under the high-sounding pseudonym, "Brynjolf Bjarme," fell flat; but a second romantic drama, *Kjaempehöien*, found favour with the management of the Christiania Theatre, and was produced there in the autumn of the same year. In 1851, in conjunction with two young friends, both of them famous subsequently (A. O. Vinje and Paul Botten Hansen), he started a satirical weekly paper, *Andrhimner*, which struggled along till the end of the year, when the destitute young journalist gladly accepted an invitation from the composer Ole Bull, who had just started a national theatre at Bergen, to come and assist him as a playwright. Under his contract Ibsen was to furnish a fresh drama every year. In this way he underwent a practical course of dramaturgy. A five-months' tour to Copenhagen and Dresden at the theatre's expense contributed to mature his powers; but his earlier works

were, more or less, unconscious imitations of the Danish Romantics. His distinctive qualities, technical skill, clear and sharp characterisation, and the impressive treatment of uncomfortable subjects, first appear in *Fru Inger til Ostraat*, 1855, a remarkable production for a young man of twenty-six. It was, however, less successful than the inferior but more romantic *Gildet paa Sohaug*, first produced in 1856, which within the next three years was acted both at Copenhagen and Stockholm.

On the termination of his contract with the Bergen theatre, Ibsen flitted to the larger life of Christiania, where he became the director of the new Norwegian theatre. He now completed (1857) the drama *Hærmændene paa Helgeland*. Refused by every playhouse at first, and attacked in many quarters for its "roughness and coarseness," it first saw the light as a supplement to an illustrated newspaper. It was finally produced at Ibsen's own theatre, and speedily ran the round of the Scandinavian boards. Incidentally this heroic saga-drama settled once for all the long-veiled question whether the Norwegian dialect was adaptable for the Norwegian stage. It is now universally recognised as a national classic.

Life in the Norwegian capital was anything but a bed of roses. The little Norwegian theatre could not afford to pay its director, and finally (1862) had to close its doors. Ibsen, who in 1858 had married Miss Susanna Thoresen, found it more and more difficult to make both ends meet. Only with the utmost difficulty did he obtain, in 1863, a small stipend from the State for a foreign tour.

Meantime his increasing bitterness found expression in the comedy, *Kjaerlighedens Komædie*, whose sarcastic flagellation of matrimony and love in general caused such a scandal that for ten years the public would not allow the piece to be acted. Shortly afterwards Ibsen went abroad to collect fresh impressions, and remained away for twenty-seven years. When, in 1891, he returned to his native land it was as a European celebrity, whom every one greeted with veneration.

At first financial difficulties accompanied him on his travels. In 1866 he was forced to appeal, not in vain, to King Charles XV. for means "to continue the career which it is my unshakable belief and conviction God has appointed for me, the career which strikes me as the greatest of all and the one most necessary for Norway, the arousing of the Norse people and making it think sublimely." These words are the keynote of all Ibsen's later dramas. His apostolate, as he conceived it, was to regenerate the narrow-minded Philistines who would have allowed their prophet to starve in obscurity had he remained among them. Thus *Brand* (1866) is a sort of penitential sermon to be read with fear and trembling by a nation immersed in the slough of vulgarity and meanness; *Peer Gynt* (1867) is the demand of unbending idealism that every one should be his true self at all hazards—"a whole man, not bits of a man"; *De Unges Forbund* (1868-9) is a scarifying of political and social phrase-making and humbug; *Samfundets Støtter* (1877) is an exposure of conventional hypocrisy. The sensational character of these dramas, even more

than their bold originality and unique literary merit, made them universally read, and thus Ibsen began to be popular and prosperous at the same time. In the later dramas the punitive impulse is subordinate to a still stronger impulse to get to the bottom of interesting psychological phenomena. In these later dramas there is also a strange touch of mysticism, and we detect a gradual progress from realism to symbolism. By this time the author's style, always epigrammatic, had attained to an almost perfect naturalness and pregnancy. Many of the repartees in the problem plays have been raised to the dignity of proverbs, while fragments of the symbolising dramas are accepted by the genuine Ibsenian as oracles—for the most part still to be interpreted.

NORA CHESSEON

ONE could almost think that Nora Chesson had a prevision that she would die young. "The night cometh when no man may work." She worked against that long rest, doing more in her own particular field than many do in a long life. She had a quite incredible and amazing facility and fluency, but in no case that I know of did facility and fluency produce such admirable results. Her poems sprang up as primroses spring on a bank in April, as daisies in a field. They were flowers of the mind, not less exquisite because so plentiful. I have known three poems of hers to appear in the newspapers on the same day, and that not by some strange accident. Everything with her produced a poem. The months, the days of the week, the seasons, anniversaries, the daily

happenings of the world. And when the poem came it was perfect, as though it were as rare and difficult to produce as an orchid. One always held uplifted hands of wonder and admiration at her. I remember not so long ago, when Dean Hole died, a delicious lament for this lover of the rose, fragrant as one of his own roses. She had always thoughts, imaginations, fancies for her poems. The quality was never attenuated. She had a delightful diction—simple, clear, direct: and she was never jaded. Most of us who write much write things we would not care to keep; but I am sure that if I had to select from Mrs. Chesson's enormous output material for a volume I should be at my wit's end to know what to reject. There is no hint in her work of her failing heart. One would have thought that health must have been a part of the equipment of this tireless poet; but, as we know now, it was not. It was a manifestation of her enormous energy that she roamed over such a wide field. She would pass from her Celtic simplicities to poems in the Greek manner, in the Turkish manner, in the Elizabethan, in all the manners. Perhaps the voice was always the same: but it was a beautiful voice—clear, direct, without mannerisms. Hers was a good style. Perhaps Landor would have smiled on:

Bring roses for Castara's breast—
 Nay, no more roses bring.
 Let be the rose where she blooms
 best—
 Castara's followed Spring.

I know a path with poppies red,
 Milk-white with blossomed may,
 Linden and birch meet overhead:
 And that's Castara's way.

O well befall thee, happy way—
 Fair fall thy poppies red!
 Be thy skies blue though ours are
 grey
 And all our roses dead.

For O our poppies all are white,
 And life's a weary thing,
 Since, taking from our eyes the
 light,
 Castara's followed Spring.

One may say of her now she is gone that she did everything excellently, that she touched nothing she did not adorn. The world will run to gape at an orchid when it will not turn aside to look at a primrose or a daisy. If she had been less lavish, if she had made few poems instead of many, perhaps her place in the general estimation would be higher. It is the nature of us not to praise or estimate greatly what is given to us in profusion. Her poetical prose has the quality of her poems. She chose to be Irish, and she had what I heard called the other day, "Irish luck," which is to say "ill luck," or Fiona Macleod need not have carried off all the honours. Hers was a generous and grateful personality. During her little day she yielded more fruitage than others in a long day. She spent herself lavishly. She died the most pathetic of all deaths, a death after childbirth. Perhaps, in a way, it was most suitable that her death should be in this manner. She was one to give all that she had, intellectually, morally, physically, a rich nature that must give to live. She died giving, the death in childbirth that is the supreme act of mother-love.

[Mrs. Chesson was born at Exeter in 1871. She was the daughter of Captain H. B. Hopper,

of the Bengal Native Infantry. Her first volume, "Ballads in Prose," was published in 1894. Among her other books were "Under Quicken Boughs," 1896, "Songs of the Morning," 1900, "Aquamarines," 1902, and a novel, "The Bell and the Arrow," 1905. She was a frequent contributor to the *Westminster Gazette*, and to other journals. In 1901 she married Mr. W. H. Chesson. Her death occurred on April 14.]

May 2. The death occurred this day of Mr. FRANK PARISH, in his eighty-second year. Born in Buenos Ayres, he spent his early boyhood there, and, after several years in Europe, and in China, returned thither in 1852 as Vice-Consul. In 1861 he was appointed Consul-General, when Buenos Ayres was merged in the Argentine Confederation, and British interests increased in importance. The Great Southern Railway secured through his agency valuable concessions, and Mr. Parish's connection with this undertaking became more intimate until he joined the board, on his return to England, in 1873. At this time he left the Consular Service, and five years later became chairman of the company, holding the post until his death. His knowledge of affairs in Argentina, and his capacity for management, secured for the Great Southern its present high place among the railway systems of South America.

May 3. The death was this day announced of Prince HENRY VII. OF REUSS, until 1894 German Ambassador in Vienna. An acute and trusted diplomatist, he was employed by Prince Bismarck in establishing relations with Russia, such as enabled Germany to deal

unhampered with France during the struggle of 1870. He had previously been First Secretary to the Paris Embassy, and was an Aide-de-Camp General of the Emperor William I.

May 3. Lieut.-Col. C. D. PATTERSON, in his eighty-fifth year. He was Exon of the King's Body Guard, and in earlier life had served with the old 10th Foot. Colonel Patterson had fought in the Sikh War of 1845, and in the Punjab campaign of 1848. He commanded the storming party which captured the Dowlut Gate, and at Jugdispur again led a company in the final attack. He was given an appointment in the King's Guard in 1862.

May 4. Mr. THOMAS MITCHELL, in his ninety-first year. Entering the service of the House of Commons in 1839 he continued for sixty-one years in the Committee Office, and earned for himself high esteem on all hands for the manner in which he fulfilled the duties attaching to the post. Mr. Mitchell's name will be held in respect by lovers of music as that of one of the founders of the London Sacred Harmonic Society.

May 6. Mr. W. S. ANDREWS, managing director of the Indo-European Telegraph Company, at the age of seventy-four. His work in connection with telegraphic undertakings dates from 1848. In 1860 he became manager of the United Kingdom Telegraph Company, and ten years later, on the transfer of home lines to the Post Office, Mr. Andrews went to the Indo-European Company, the operations of which he extended, and the financial status he so improved that he was given a seat on the board and became recognised

as an adviser of exceptional attainments in all that relates to this branch of electrical engineering. He retired in 1899.

May 6. Lieut.-Col. N. J. GOODWYN, at the age of forty-four. He had served with distinction in the Burmese War of 1831, and later, on the West Coast of Africa, for which he received the decoration of D.S.O. In South Africa his qualities gave great satisfaction, and obtained for him a brevet-colonelcy.

May 6. General Sir H. E. LANDOR THUILLIER died this day at the age of ninety-two. Joining the Bengal Artillery in 1832 he transferred to the Indian Survey Department three years later, and for over thirty years carried on extensive topographical surveys of the highest importance. He received the honour of knighthood in 1879, and on his retirement in 1881 received the C.S.I. General Thuillier was appointed Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery in 1883.

May 7. The death was this day announced of Prof. EUGENE RENEVIER. Born in Lausanne in 1831, he was appointed to the Chair of Geology in 1857, which post he held till his death. He was head of the Geological Survey of Switzerland, president of the Swiss and Simplon Geological Societies, and a prominent member of many scientific institutions.

May 8. The death occurred this day of the Very Rev. E. C. MACLURE, D.D., Dean of Manchester, in his seventy-third year. Ordained in 1857, he received priest's orders in the following year, and in 1863 accepted the vicarage of Haberg-ham Eaves, Burnley. In 1877 he was appointed vicar of Rochdale, and in 1890 Archdeacon of

Manchester. The death of the Dean in the same year caused Dr. Maclure's promotion to the vacant post, and his subsequent work in this capacity will long be remembered.

May 9. Mr. GEORGE UNWIN died this day in his seventy-second year. He was senior partner of Unwin Bros. Ltd., printers, and brother of Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher.

May 12. His Honour, Judge CARVER, in his fifty-ninth year. After a successful career at Cambridge, where he was a Scholar of St. John's and eighth Wrangler, he went to Lincoln's Inn and was made Q.C. in 1897, and a Bencher in 1904. His Judgeship of the County Court dates only from March of this year.

May 12. Lord CURRIE, in his seventy-second year. Entering the Foreign Office as a clerk on probation in 1854, he was soon attached to the Legation at St. Petersburg. His abilities were proved by successive diplomatic missions, and justified his appointment as Secretary to Lord Salisbury's special embassy to Constantinople in 1876. Two years later he went to the Congress of Berlin as Secretary to the special embassy, and in 1884 he accepted the Assistant Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. He was advanced to permanent Under-Secretary in 1889. Lord Currie's first Ambassadorship was at Constantinople in 1893, when the recurring Armenian difficulties were particularly acute. The tact and wisdom which he brought to bear on the question caused his appointment to the Embassy at Rome, which he held from 1898 to 1902. In recognition of his high services he was raised to the peerage in 1899.

May 12. Sir WILLIAM GORDON, sixth baronet, in his seventy-sixth year. He had served in the Army with the 17th Lancers, and rode in the Balaclava Charge, at the head of a squadron of the Light Brigade. After further service in Central India he retired in 1862.

May 13. Mr. ANDREW BETTS BROWN, the inventor of the steam and hydraulic reversing engine, died this day. An engineer of the highest ability, his most famous invention was that of the steam tiller and appliances by which vessels are steered from the bridge. He was Chairman of Brown Brothers and Co., Ltd.

May 13. The death occurred this day of Admiral Sir F. W. SULLIVAN, K.C.B. Entering the Navy in 1848 he served during the Kaffir War of 1851, and the Russian War of 1854. He acted as Chief of Staff to Sir William Wiseman during the trouble in New Zealand in 1863, and was decorated for his services. He took part also in the Zulu War, and in the operations before Alexandria. Promoted Vice-Admiral in 1885, he took up the Directorship of Transports three years later, and was advanced full Admiral in 1890.

May 14. The Dowager Duchess of BEAUFORT in her eighty-first year. Born a Curzon, the eldest daughter of Lord Howe, she married in 1845. The present Duke, ninth of the line, succeeded to the estates on the death of her husband in 1899.

May 14. The death was announced this day of Surgeon-General CHARLES SIBTHORPE. Entering the Indian Medical Service in 1870, he was actively employed in the Afghanistan and Burma Campaigns, and in 1897

received the C.B. in recognition of the fulfilment of his duties. He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy.

May 15. The Very Rev. A. J. MILNE died this day in his seventy-fifth year. Formerly head of the Collegiate School in Kingston, Jamaica, he was presented in 1870 to the living of Fyvie, in the Scottish Establishment. At the time of his death he was Moderator of the General Assembly.

May 16. By the death of the Right Rev. Bishop BICKERSTETH, at the age of eighty-one, the Church is deprived of one whose singularly gentle spirit had for years won the affection of all ecclesiastical parties. Himself of strong evangelical views, the opinions of others were never rudely disregarded, and when he was appointed to the bishopric of Exeter he soon made it apparent that his rule would be one of peace. Born in 1825, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1843, and won the Chancellor's medal, in three successive years, for English Poetry. In 1848 he was ordained, and after holding a curacy at Banningham, and subsequently the rectory of Hinton Martell, he was presented to the living of Christ Church, Hampstead in 1855. This incumbency he held for thirty years. In 1885 he accepted the offer of the Deanery of Gloucester, but relinquished it in a few months on his nomination to the see of Exeter. Bishop Bickersteth resigned in 1900. The poetical gifts which had procured him the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge he devoted in after life mainly to the composition of sacred verse; and several volumes of hymns were published. His most important metrical work, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever,"

has reached the twenty-fourth edition.

May 18. Rear-Admiral JOHN BYTHESEA, V.C., at the age of seventy-eight. He entered the Navy at the age of fourteen, and was promoted to a lieutenantcy in 1849. His V.C. was earned for great gallantry in a cutting-out exploit which he performed during the Russian War. In 1858 he was summoned to China, and in command of the *Cruiser* was engaged in the principal operations of the campaign. One of the most notable, the forcing of the passage of the Yang-tsze, was undertaken on his advice and under his direction. After an interval of seven years, during which Admiral Bythesea added to his high naval reputation, he was selected to act as Naval Attaché at Washington, which post he held for two years. Returning to England, he undertook the duties of consulting naval officer to the Indian Government and continued in this responsible position from 1874 to 1880.

May 18. Major G. W. GRICE-HUTCHINSON, in his fifty-eighth year. He had served with the 90th Light Infantry in the Zulu campaign, retiring from the Army in 1880. He had represented Aston Manor from 1891 to 1900, as a Conservative, and was Chairman of the Upton-on-Severn District Council.

May 22. Mr. HOWARD CARLILE MORRIS, Alderman of the City of London, in his fifty-seventh year. He entered the Corporation in 1882 and was elected to an aldermancy in 1901. On the day before his death he had been installed Master of the Fanmakers' Company.

May 23. A notice of HENRIK IBSEN, whose death occurred this day, will be found on p. 551.

May 26. The Rev. THOMAS SMITH, D.D., died this day at the age of eighty-eight. His early religious life was devoted to missionary enterprise in India, whither he went as a member of the Church of Scotland, in 1839. Four years later he joined the Free Church and returned to Edinburgh. After many years work in that city at Cowgate-Head, the Free Church College elected him to the chair of Evangelistic Theology; and in 1891 he was elected Moderator of the Assembly of the Church for which he had laboured so effectively. His writings, which are numerous, include a translation of Warneck's "Modern Missions and Culture," a life of Anselm of Canterbury, the "Life of Alexander Duff" and Memoirs of Dr. Begg.

May 27. The death occurred this day of Mr. FREDERICK CHARLES DANVERS, in his seventy-fourth year. Joining the staff of the old East India House in 1853, he retained his position when the Government succeeded to the control of Indian affairs, and soon obtained advancement. In 1859 he was ordered to report on the suitability of traction engines for use in India. He was appointed Registrar and Superintendent of Records to the Indian Office in 1885, and six years later was deputed to Lisbon to examine records relating to the empire. A mission to the Hague for similar purposes followed in 1893. Mr. Danvers retired in 1898. He was a Commander of the Portuguese Order of Jesus Christ, and a corresponding member of the Lisbon Geographical Society. His published works, which are numerous, include an exhaustive history of Portuguese rule in India.

May 29. The death occurred this day of Dr. WILLIAM FRASER, at the age of fifty-one. In 1877 he was appointed Professor of Natural History to the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, and in 1879 Lecturer on Botany at Guy's Hospital. Later, he wrote periodical articles of high scientific value on agriculture for the *Times*, his contributions to which paper extended over twelve years, and have been widely praised.

May 31. By the death of Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT a career of unceasing agitation and of effort which has come to be recognised as at least sincere, is closed. Born at Straide, county Mayo, in 1846, he removed with his parents to Lancashire in 1852. Four years later he started work as a mill-hand. In 1865 he made an important step, and joined the Fenian Brotherhood. The objects of this society were in the opinion of its leaders to be furthered only by arms, and to secure them a raid on the armoury of Chester Castle was organised. The Government, however, was informed, the scheme counteracted, and the raiders dispersed. Despite this check, Mr. Davitt was still convinced that the ideal of the Brotherhood, the establishment of a Republic in Ireland, could be realised by force alone, and to this end he contrived to despatch revolvers and ammunition packed in soap barrels to his comrades in Ireland. But this plan, also, the police discovered, and Davitt disappeared to London. In May 1870 he emerged from his retreat in order to meet a gunmaker with a consignment of firearms, and was arrested. He was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, but

was released in 1877. In 1879 the Land League was founded, and for his public utterances in its behalf Davitt was again arrested. The charge, however, was not pressed; and except for a brief period of imprisonment in 1883 he was henceforward unmolested. His Parliamentary career only commenced in 1892, though he had been elected previously. A special vote had set the earlier

election aside. Bitter in spirit and unchangeable in his hatred of English dominance in Ireland, Michael Davitt will long remain the embodiment of a wild and febrile energy, the very impetuosity of which, and the courage that maintained it, caused that estrangement in men's minds from the idea of Irish reform which is only now reassuming the status of a political principle.

Garden Notes

THE long days of June seem to bring us sounds of endless anthems in praise of "Roses and Lilies: Lilies and Roses," strains that would lure us to a dreamland of idleness. But it will not do to rest. June is the month of Roses, but the delight they give must rouse us to make the efforts necessary to prolong their glory. After an unusually dry Spring it is to be expected that June will be a wet month; should, however, the dry weather continue, Roses will have to be copiously watered, and it will be found a good plan to group the trees into six divisions, insisting that each day a different sixth shall be honestly and liberally watered.

Rose-lice (aphides), like the poor, are always with us! The best weapons to fight them with are, a sponge about the size of a big Rose, a basin with soft-soap and water, and a small brush such as painters use; keep the sponge full of soapy water and hold it to the infested spray with the left hand, brush the flies lightly off with the right hand, and when the whole tree is clean syringe well with lukewarm water. A wise means of husbanding the strength of some favourite Rose-

trees is disbudding, but this must be done with discrimination and with due regard to the effect wanted. Of course, all cluster Roses (which, by the way, bear the smoke and impurities of a town atmosphere better than most other kinds) are best left to nature; but La France, Homer, most of the deep red, and even the old-fashioned "cabbage" Rose, and Gloire de Dijon (truly a friend of all men) are much more satisfactory when not allowed to develop more than half the flowers nature prodigally provides. Rose cuttings may be taken in June; use the young shoots produced this year, but only those that have reached a certain degree of firmness. The wood should be about half ripened; each cutting should be not less than four joints in length, or more than six. The leaves must be taken off from that part only which is to be inserted in the soil. Plant the cuttings in a compost of light loam and leaf-mould and cover them with a hand-glass; a moderate supply of water is indispensable and should be given in the morning and the hand-glass then removed for half an hour, to prevent damping. There is a Bee (the

Leaf-cutter) who punches round holes in the edges of the leaves of the rose foliage; she uses the pieces as a lining for her tubular cells in the ground, and is perhaps the only insect enemy we can forgive.

The harmonising of colours is always interesting. A regal effect is produced by masses of purple Iris and Oriental Poppies; when aided by a background of shrubs and a foreground of well-kept turf the contrast is surprisingly satisfactory and can be recommended where little attention is given, and where the cultivated part of the garden leads off into woods, etc. But the success of the contrasting purples and reds seems to depend largely on the absence of other flowers.

The early darkness of September days, when it is still warm enough to spend the evening hours out of doors, will make of idleness a pleasant necessity for the gardener; and in that restful time, when scents will hold the most important place, *Nicotiana* must reign. Tobacco-plants (avoiding the fashionable "red" which has been introduced with so much pomp) are invaluable and are most beautiful when the sun has gone down. With care they will give abundant satisfaction through August, September and October. Now is the time for planting them. Dig a hole about eight or twelve inches deeper than the plant actually requires, fill in six inches with well-rotted manure, then three or four inches of ordinary soil, and then insert the plant. Towards autumn the roots will reach the manure and the plant will renew its youth. Tobacco-plants are seemingly as happy in big smoky towns as in the most rural sur-

roundings, and no "back-yard" is too humble for them. Old plants that have been flowering during the winter under glass, planted out now, cut down and treated liberally, will go on blooming as long as open weather lasts: such old plants are really often better than this year's seedlings.

The effect of red in the closing darkness is wonderful. Some of the old geraniums seem to glow then with an almost supernatural light; but big strong trusses of blossom are wanted, and are not produced by the "budding-out" zonarls of gardeners. Old but not exhausted plants are needed—plants that have last year's wood well ripened, and that have probably been blooming in the greenhouse since Christmas. Well treated and allowed to grow rampant in the herbaceous border they are most effective, but of course they need careful sticking and an almost rank diet.

Some greenhouse plants that have grown too large for their surroundings may be carefully planted out with fair expectation that they will be able to resist our winters for a few seasons. *Eucalyptus* has grown well for four years in a sheltered place in the cold and fairly smoky suburban garden of a big midland town; it had a south aspect and was near the house-wall. *Aralia* planted out of doors six years ago in the same cold suburb, but given a bad north aspect, is very flourishing now. It is in soil exhausted by roots of shrubs and climbers, and would seem to have had its life prolonged by the fact that, in winter, the spot is exceedingly dry.

June is the month when Hollies may be planted.

INDEX

(February-June, 1906)

- A., E. H., *The Polite Modern Fester* (letter), 79
 — Restif de la Bretonne and Omar Khayyám (letter), 297
 Adventure, The, of the *Mongovo George*, 18
 Against Sorrow, 479
 Alaskan Boundary Treaty ratified (Review of the Month), 435
 Alaskan-Siberian Railway (Review of the Month), 329
 Aliens Act (Review of the Month), 102, 324
 Anglo-German *entente* (Review of the Month), 547
 Anglo-Tibetan Convention and China (Review of the Month), 438
 Anti-Puritan League (Notebook), 532
 "Apology for Travel," "Senex" on (letter), 524
 Arabic History, The Father of (Tabary), 337
 Arizona and New Mexico as one State (Review of the Month), 103
 Arts and Crafts Exhibition, 101
 Austria-Hungary, Affairs in (Review of the Month), 105, 210, 329, 438
 — Constitutional crisis (Review of the Month), 105
 — Opening of Hungarian Parliament by the Emperor (Review of the Month), 550
 "Axe," Spelling of (Notebook), 312
 Ayton's (Richard) *Essays* (1825), 62
 B., A. H., A Passage in *The Duchess of Malfi* (letter), 78
 Baeske, Wm., *Oldcastle-Falstaff in der englischen Literatur* (Short Notices), 320
 Balfour, Mr., and Tariff Reform (Review of the Month), 205
 Ballad, A New (letter), by F. S., 413; by C. S., 526
 Ballads, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*; ed. by Sargent and Kittredge (review), 86
 Baltic and Black Seas Canal (Review of the Month), 329
 Barnes' (Dame Juliana) *Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle*, St. John Hornby's reprint (Notebook), 535
Beckenham, Kent, The Parish Church of, by Robert Borrowman, (review), 190
Bedfordshire Churches, Monumental Brasses in, by Grace Isherwood, (Short Notices), 322
 Bibliographical Society (Learned Societies), 98
 Black Jack, The (Leather Drinking-Vessels), 484
 Blagdon's *French Interpreter*, 1815, by Maria S. Steuart (letter), 298
 Bodleian Library first folio Shakespeare (Notebook), 311
 Books, Short Notices of, 218, 320, 427

- Borrowman's (Robt.) *Parish Church of Beckenham, Kent* (review), 190
- Bowry's (Thos.) *Countries round the Bay of Bengal* (Hakluyt Society), 98
- Bradford Historical and Antiquarian Society (Learned Societies), 204
- British Museum Catalogue (1787), by R. Garnett (letter), 182
- Brontë Society (Learned Societies), 204
- Browne's (Sir Thomas) skull (Notebook), 421
- Browning, Eliz. Barrett, Centenary of (Notebook), 196
- Buccaneering. The Voyage of the "Cygnet," 243
- Budget, The (Review of the Month), 431
- Carthage of the Phœnicians*, by Mabel Moore (review), 309
- Castro, President (Notebook), 92
- Castros, The, of Lemos, 197
- Catholic Record Society (Learned Societies), 425
- Ceylon, Twenty Years' Captivity in, 356
- Chambers, E. K., on Kele's *Christmas Carolles* (letter), 74
- China, Anti-Alien movement in, and awakening of (Review of Month), 209
- Chinese Maritime Customs (Review of the Month), 546
- Claret, Decay of (Notebook), 423
- Classical Association, The, 100
- Claverhouse, The Real, 32
- A Revised Comment on, by a Southern (letter), 293
- Clement's Inn, Negro Sun-dial (Note-book), 193; Letter by J. H. MacMichael, 408
- Climenson's (Emily J.) *Elizabeth Montagu* (review), 414
- Cock-throwing (Notebook), 191
- Congo-Sudan frontier (Review of the Month), 546
- Conscription (Review of the Month), 103
- Courtin, Antoine de, *The Rules of Civility* (Retrospective Review), 512
- Courtney, W. P., on Robert B. Wormald (letter), 178
- Coxhead, Albert C., Garden Notes, III, 223
- Death of (Note-book), 314
- Criminal Appeal Bill (Review of the Month), 544
- Croyland Abbey, 541
- Curiosities, The, of Scarborough* (letter), by M. Steuart, 76
- "Cygnet," The Voyage of the, 243
- Dampier's, Captain William, Voyages, by John Masefield (letter), 187
- Dartmoor, Escape from (Notebook), 534
- Day's Doings, The, of a Nobody, 27, 150, 254, 374
- Desmond Rebellion, The, of 1580, 136
- Dietrich of Bern, The Saga-Cycle of* (Short Notices), 219
- Dobell, Bertram. An Eighteenth-Century Shakespear (letter), 296
- An inedited poem by Henry Vaughan (letter), 74
- and the works of James Thomson (Notebook), 313
- "Proposals for Publishing Inedited Works of the sixteenth and seventeenth Centuries" (Notebook), 314, 423
- Dockrell, Lady, as Chairman of Blackrock Urban Council (Notebook), 94
- Drayton, Michael*, by Oliver Elton (review), 83

- Dreadnought*, H.M.S., Launch of (Review of the Month), 207
- Dreams, Odd, Old Houses and, 348
- Drinking-Vessels, Leather, 363, 484
- "Duck" Painting, The, at Durham, by H. R. Leighton (letter), 522
- Duff's (E. Gordon) *Century of the English Book Trade* (Bibliographical Society), 98
- Durham, The "Duck" Painting at, by H. R. Leighton (letter), 522
- Dutch War, Letters and Papers relating to the First*, vol. iii. (Navy Records Society), 426
- Earthquake disturbances (Review of the Month), 436
- Earthquakes, Some English, 379
- Education Bill (Review of the Month), 206, 429, 543
- Edward I., State Trials of the Reign of, 1289-1293* (Royal Historical Society), 318
- Election, General, January 1906, Result of (Review of the Month), 102
- "Electrocute," The word (Notebook), 311
- Elton's (Oliver) *Michael Drayton* (review), 83
- England's National Shrine (Walsingham), 538
- Erasmus' *De Copia*, 164
- Ermine Street and Tallingdon Lane, 537
- Etiquette Book, An, of 1685 (Retrospective Review), 512
- Eton, Dames at, 49
- Euripides, discovery of a lost play of (Notebook), 533
- Evans, Miss Jane, last of the Dames at Eton, 49
- Evelyn, John, Centenary of (Notebook), 195
- Fiction, Recent, Legendary lore in, 51
- Fighting for the Crown in Shropshire, 155
- "Finsbury," Etymology of, 292; Letter of W. F. Prideaux, 413
- First Principles of Polite Behaviour* (letter), by M. Steuart, 76
- Fitzgerald, Mr. Gerald P., as Irishman (Notebook), 94
- Foods, Injurious, Scientists and (Notebook), 531
- Forestry (Notebook), 93
- Fothergills, The, of Ravenstonedale* (review), 80
- France, Affairs in (Review of the Month), 104, 211, 326, 433, 547
- Church and State Separation Law (Review of the Month), 211, 326
- General Elections (Review of the Month), 547
- French Miners' Strike (Review of the Month), 433
- French Theatre Trust (Notebook), 194
- Friends' Historical Society Journal* (Notebook), 93
- Fulwood's (Wm.) *Enemy of Idleness* (Retrospective Review), 390
- G., W. W., *Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th' expectation of Plentie* (letter), 305
- Prince Henry's players (letter), 67
- Garden Notes, 111, 223, 335, 447, 559
- Garnett, Dr. Richard, letter on The British Museum Catalogue (1787), 182
- Death of (Notebook), 420. See also Obituaries
- Garrick's (David) "Kitty, a fair but frozen Maid," 410
- Gentleman's Magazine, The, by A. H. Bullen, 1; (Notebook), 90, 191
- German Emperor, Italy and the (Review of the Month), 437

564 *The Gentleman's Magazine*

- Germany, Political situation in (Review of the Month), 105
- Gissing, George, Some recollections of, 11
- *The House of Cobwebs, &c.* (review), 527
- Graphical Society, The (Graphische Gesellschaft), 320
- Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, Early editions of, (letter), by R. B. McK., 68
- Greg, W. W., Sir Henry Herbert's Office-Book (letter), 72
- See also G., W. W. (*supra*)
- Hakluyt Society (Learned Societies), 97, 425
- Hare and Baddeley's *Sicily* (Short Notices), 321
- Henry, Prince of Wales, Players of (letter), by W. W. G., 67
- Herbert's Sir Henry, Office-Book (letter), by W. W. Greg, 72
- Herbert, J. A., A Note on some MSS. of the *Roman de la Rose* (letter), 403
- Heroes of Iceland, adapted from Dasen's Story of Burnt Njal* (Short Notices), 219
- Heroic Romances of Ireland*; translated by A. H. Leahy (review), 306
- Heywood's (Thos.) *Γυναικείον*, Story from, 526
- Histories, Modern composite (Notebook), 91
- Horace, text and translation, and Rev. W. Tuckwell on (Short Notices), 218
- House of Cobwebs*, by Geo. Gissing (review), 527
- Houses, Old, and Odd Dreams, 348
- How to Run a Hundred Yards* (Notebook), 314
- Hungary. See Austria-Hungary
- India, Government of (Review of the Month), 207
- Indian Army, Lord Kitchener and the (Review of the Month), 433
- Insurance Companies, American (Notebook), 194
- Irish Peasant, The New, 143
- Isherwood's (Grace) *Monumental Brasses in Bedfordshire Churches* (Short Notices), 322
- Italy and the German Emperor (Review of the Month), 437
- Japan, Affairs in (Review of the Month), 209, 328
- "Jolly Juggler" (A New Ballad), (letters), by F. S., 413; by C. S., 526
- Jourdain, John, Journal of*, 1608-17 (Hakluyt Society), 425
- Kareima Abu Hamed Railway (Review of the Month), 325
- Kele's *Christmas Carolles* (letter), by E. K. Chambers, 74
- "Kitty, a fair but frozen Maid," Letter on, by Rose Sidgwick, 408
- Knox, Capt. Robert, Twenty Years' Captivity in Ceylon, 356
- Kyd, Thomas, Der Stilin*, von Otto Michael (Short Notices), 218
- Lady as High Sheriff (Notebook), 94
- Laying Waste, The, of Pleasant Places, 461
- Leahy's (A. H.) *Heroic Romances of Ireland* (review), 306
- Learned Societies, 97, 202, 317, 425, 542
- Leather Drinking-vessels, 363, 484
- Leeds Grammar School Register* (Thoresby Society), 542
- Legendary lore in recent fiction, 51
- Leighton, H. R., on the "Duck" Painting at Durham (letter), 522

- Leland's *Itinerary in Wales*; ed. by Lucy Toulmin Smith (review), 88
- Lemos, The Castros of, 197
- Lens (Calais) mine disaster (Review of the Month), 326
- Liverpool slave trade. The Adventure of the *Mongovo George*, 18
- London, Maps of (London Topographical Society), 99
- London and Middlesex Archæological Society (Learned Societies), 202
- London Topographical Society (Learned Societies), 99
- Lost Art, A, 235
- MacCathmhaoil's *The Rushlight* (Short Notices), 427
- Macfarlane's (Walter) *Collections relating to Scotland* (Scottish History Society), 542
- McK., R. B. Early editions of Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* (letter), 68
- MacMichael, J. Holden, on the Negro Sundial from Clement's Inn (letter), 408
- , *The Story of Charing Cross* (Notebook), 192
- Manchurian ports opened (Review of the Month), 438
- Marsh's Library, Dublin, Catalogue of English Books printed before 1641 in (Bibliographical Society), 99
- Masefield, John, on Dampier's Voyages (letter), 187
- Measure for Measure*, Oxford performances of (Notebook), 193
- Memoir, The Rise and Growth of the, in England, 259
- Michael, Otto, *Der Stil in Thomas Kyds Originaldramen* (Short Notices), 218
- Military policy (Review of the Month), 323
- Milner, Lord, Censure of (Review of the Month), 324
- Milton in his Latin Poems, 497
- "Misogynist," On how to tame a shrew (letter), 71
- Modern Language Review, The* (Short Notices), 220, 428
- Molle, John and Henry, by F. S. (letter), 183
- Montagu, Elizabeth, the Queen of the Blue Stockings*, by E. J. Climenson (review), 414
- Moore's (Mabel) *Carthage of the Phœnicians* (review), 309
- Morocco Question, The, and the Algeciras Conference (Review of the Month), 104, 212, 330, 437
- Murdoch, Graham W., on Launcelot Sturgeon (letter), 302
- Music tree, by R. C. P. (letter), 411
- Muswell Hill, 315
- My Schoolgirl Life Fifty Years Ago, 126
- Natal, Native rising in (Review of the Month), 208, 324, 432
- National Liberal Club, Bequest to (Notebook), 533
- Navies, German, French, and Russian (Review of the Month), 325
- Navy Records Society (Learned Societies), 426
- Negro, The, and the Sundial, Clement's Inn, 193, 408
- New Hebrides, Administration of Justice in (Review of the Month), 325
- New Zealand Official Year Book, 1905* (Short Notices), 220
- Nigeria, Northern, Rising in (Review of the Month), 208, 325
- Nile Red Sea Railway (Review of the Month), 103
- Northern Notes and Queries* (Short Notices), 428

566 *The Gentleman's Magazine*

- Obituaries. *See separate index*
Oldcastle-Falstaff, von Wm. Baeske
 (Short Notices), 320
 Old Houses and Odd Dreams, 348
 Omar Khayyám, Restif de la
 Bretonne and, by E. H.-A.
 (letter), 297
 Oxyrhynchus, Discoveries at
 (Notebook), 533 (Review of
 the Month), 545
- P., R. C., Music tree (letter), 411
 Palmer's Printing House, 202
 Parliament, Opening and legis-
 lative programme (Review of
 the Month), 206
 — Payment of members (Re-
 view of the Month), 323
 — Proceedings in (Review of
 the Month), 543
Peeps into the Past, by F. E. Tyler
 (Short Notices), 429
 Pepsyan Treasures, *The*, 4, 225,
 470
 Philippines, Defeat of outlaws
 in the (Review of the Month),
 327
 Pigeon-shooting matches (Note-
 book), 192
 Pindar, Pæans of, Discovery of
 (Notebook), 533
 Plays, Pre-Shakespearean, found
 in Ireland (Note-book), 532
 Pleasant Places, *The Laying Waste*
 of, 461
Polite Modern Jester, The (letter),
 by E. H.-A., 79
 Powell, Prof. York (Notebook), 196
 Prideaux, W. F., on Wenlocks-
 barn (letters), 290, 411
Printers, English, 1501-56, Hand-
Lists of (Bibliographical Society),
 99
 Propertius, Eleg. II. 19 (poem), by
 W. J. I., 48
 Prussia, Expulsion of Russians
 from (Review of the Month),
 547
- Punch and Judy shows (Note-
 book), 192
- Quakers, Irish, Birth-rate among
 (Notebook), 93
Quiros, Pedro Fernandez de, Voyages
of (Hakluyt Society), 97
- Restif de la Bretonne and Omar
 Khayyám, by E. H.-A. (letter),
 297
- Retrospective Reviews:
 Ayton's *Essays*, 62
 Erasmus' *De duplici Verborum*
et Rerum Copia, 164
 Etiquette Book, An, of 1685,
 512
 Fulwood's *Enemy of Idleness*, 390
 Robinson's (Richard) *Eupolemia*,
Archippus and Panoplia, 277
Twice chang'd Friar, The; come-
die, 285
 Wilson's *Discourse of Usury*, 53
 Review of the Month, 102, 205,
 322, 429, 543
 Rifle practice clubs (Review of the
 Month), 207
 Roberts, Earl, and rifle practice
 clubs (Review of the Month),
 207; and military organisation,
 207
 Robinson's (Richard) *Eupolemia*
 (Retrospective Reviews), 277
 Roman Antiquities Committee
 for Yorkshire (Learned Socie-
 ties), 317
Roman de la Rose, A Note on some
 MSS. of the, by J. A. Herbert
 (letter), 403
 Roosevelt, President, and limita-
 tion of fortunes (Review of the
 Month), 434
 Royal Historical Society (Learned
 Societies), 318
 Royal Institute of British Archi-
 tects (Learned Societies), 203
Rules of Civility, The, 1685 (Re-
 trospective Reviews), 512

- Rushlight, The*, by S. MacCathmhaoil (Short Notices), 427
- Russia, Affairs in (Review of the Month), 104, 210, 329, 438, 548
- The Duma, 328, 438; Czar's speech at opening (Review of the Month), 548
- Revolutionary movement (Review of the Month), 104
- S., C., on A New Ballad (letter), 526
- S., F., on John and Henry Molle (letter), 183
- on A New Ballad (letter), 413
- St. Bartholomew the Great (Palmer's Printing House), 202
- Sambain: an Occasional Review* (review), 85
- San Francisco, Earthquake and fire (Review of the Month), 436
- Sandbach's (F. E.), *The Heroic Saga-Cycle of Dietrich of Bern* (Short Notices), 219
- Sanderson, John, Levant Merchant, 449
- Sargent (Helen C.) and G. L. Kittredge's edition of *Popular Ballads* (review), 86
- Scarborough, The Curiosities of* (letter), by M. Steuart, 76
- Schoolgirl Life Fifty Years Ago, 126
- Schools, Primary, Free meals in (Review of the Month), 323
- Scottish History Society (Learned Societies), 542
- Seamen, British (Review of the Month), 324
- Selden Society (Learned Societies), 426
- "Senex" on "An Apology for Travel" (letter), 524
- Shakespeare, An Eighteenth-Century, by B. Dobell (letter), 296
- Shakespeare. Emendations in *Love's Labour's Lost, Troilus and Cressida*, and *Henry VI.* (Notebook), 421
- *Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th' expectation of Plentie* (Macbeth), by W. W. G. (letter), 305
- *Measure for Measure*, Oxford performances of (Notebook), 193
- *Poems and Pericles*, Clarendon Press, 1905 (Typographical Notes), 221
- Shakespeare, First folio bought back for the Bodleian (Notebook), 311
- Shrew, An Untamed (letter), by D. S. W., 526
- Shrew, How to tame a (letter), by Misogynist, 71
- Shropshire, Fighting for the Crown in, 155
- Sicily*, by Hare and Baddeley (Short Notices), 321
- Sidgwick, Rose, on "Kitty, a fair but frozen Maid" (letter), 408
- Simplon Tunnel (Review of the Month), 103
- Slave trade. The Adventure of the *Mongovo George*, 18
- Smith's (Lucy Toulmin) edition of Leland's *Itinerary in Wales* (review), 88
- Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings (Learned Societies), 203
- Sorrow, Against, 479
- Southey's (Robert) *The Doctor* (A Lost Art), 235
- Southwark, St. Saviour's*, by George Worley (review), 81
- Spanish Marriage, The (Notebook), 90, 322, 544
- The Madrid Outrage (Notebook), 531
- Spirits, Adulterated (Notebook), 91

568 *The Gentleman's Magazine*

- Steuart, Maria S., on Blagdon's *French Interpreter* (letter), 298
- Steuart, M., on *The Curiosities of Scarborough* and *The First Principles of Polite Behaviour* (letter), 76
- Strawberries, Infection from (Notebook), 531
- Strode, Wm., Poems of (Notebook), 424
- Strolling players (Notebook), 536
- Sturgeon, Launcelot, by Graham W. Murdoch (letter), 302
- Swan, Captain Charles, The Voyage of the "Cygnet," 244
- Sylvanus Urban's Notebook, 90, 191, 310, 420, 531
- Tabary. The Father of Arabic History, 337
- Tallingdon Lane, 537
- Tewkesbury mustard (Notebook), 420
- Thackeray's *New Sketch Book* (review), 187
- Thoresby Society, The (Learned Societies), 542
- Tibet. Anglo-Tibetan Convention (Review of the Month), 438
- Tocsin, Sounding the (Notebook), 312
- Trade Unions (Review of the Month), 431
- Traherne, Thomas, Poems of (Notebook), 423
- Tuckwell's (Rev. W.) *Horace* (Short Notices), 218
- Turkey's encroachment on Egyptian territory (Review of the Month), 433, 545
- Twice chang'd friar, The; comedie* (Retrospective Reviews), 285
- Tyler's (F. E.) *Peeps into the Past* (Short Notices), 429
- Typographical Notes on Some New Books, 221
- United States, Affairs in (Review of the Month), 103, 209, 327, 434
- and China, Telegraphic communication (Review of the Month), 435
- as a world-power (Review of the Month), 103
- Vaughan, Henry, An inedited poem by (letter), by B. Dobell, 74
- Velasquez "Venus" (Notebook), 311
- Vesuvius, Eruption of (Review of the Month), 435
- Voyage of the "Cygnet," 243
- W., D. S., on An Untamed Shrew (letter), 526
- Walker's (Wm.) *Treatise of English Particles*, Sentence from (Notebook), 534
- Walsingham Priory. England's National Shrine, 538
- Ward, Captain John, 112
- Water Bouge, The (Leather Drinking-Vessels), 363
- Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, A passage in (letter), by A. H. B., 78
- Webster's Pocket Diary* (Notebook), 93
- Wenlocksborn (London), 95
- Letters on, by W. F. Priedeaux, 290, 413
- Wilson's (Thos.) *Discourse of Usury* (1572), 53
- Wincanton Field Club (Learned Societies), 205
- Working Men's College, Removal of (Notebook), 92
- Worley's (George) *St. Saviour's, Southwark* (review), 81
- Wormald, Robert B., by W. P. Courtney (letter), 178
- Wotton, Recollections of (Notebook), 195

- Yorkshire Dialect Society (Learned Societies), 319
 Yorkshire Parish Register Society (Learned Societies), 542
 Yorkshire, Roman Antiquities Committee for (Learned Societies), 317
 Zululand, Rebellion in (Review of the Month), 544

OBITUARIES

(Special articles are marked *)

- Ainsworth, David, 216
 Andrews, W. S., 555
 Annand, James, M.P., 215
 Appleton, Wm., 442
 Baker, Major-General, C. G., V.C., 216
 Balleine, Dean Geo. O., 335
 Barrow, The Dowager Lady, 108
 Bayley, Thomas, M.P., 332
 Bayliss, Sir Wyke, 441
 Beale, Prof. Lionel S., 334
 Beaufort, Dowager Duchess of, 556
 Bedoyère, Marquise de la, 445
 Bell, Col. Chas. Lowthian, 214
 Bendall, Cecil, 333
 Bessborough, Rev. the Earl of, 217
 Bickersteth, Bishop, 557
 Blanco, General, 441
 Bonwick, James, 224
 *Boutmy, Émile G., 212
 Brine, Admiral Lindesay, 213
 Brown, Andrew Betts, 556
 Brown, Oswald, 215
 Buckland, E. H., 215
 Buckworth - Herne - Soame, Sir Charles, 334
 Budde, Gen. Hermann von, 446
 Bush, Rev. Joseph, 216
 Bythesea, Rear-Admiral John, V.C., 557
 Cadman, Judge J. H., 216
 Carver, Judge, 556
 Carrington, Very Rev. Henry, 107
 Castlestewart, Dowager Countess, 214
 Chatfield, Col. C. K., 444
 *Chesson, Nora, 553
 Chinnery-Haldane, Bishop, 216
 Christian IX., King of Denmark, 110
 Clarke, Rev. Dr. Robert, 445
 Cookson, Sir Chas. A., 213
 Corbet, Rev. G. W., 331
 Cornish, Chas. J., 110
 Corser, Haden, 332
 Courtenay, Bishop Reginald, 443
 Cox, Lieut.-Col. E. J., 444
 Craven, Wm. Geo., 107
 Currie, Lord, 556
 Dale, Sir David, 446
 Dalziel, Thomas, 333
 Danvers, Fredk. Chas., 558
 Davitt, Michael, 558
 De Havilland, Maj.-Gen. James, 332
 Douglas, Sir Adye, 443
 Draffen, Col. W. P., 330
 Duff, Sir Mountstuart E. Grant, 109
 Dunbar, Paul Lawrence, 215
 Edwards, Sutherland, 109
 Ellman, Rev. Edward B., 217
 Evans, Jane Mary, 110
 Ewart, Sir Joseph, 108
 FitzGerald, Col. A. J., 445
 FitzHerbert, Rev. Sir Richard, 170
 Fraser, Dr. Wm., 558
 Fraser, Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir David, 217
 Fuller, Capt. James, 215

- Gallwey, Capt. Edwin Payne, 444
 Gallwey, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas,
 444
 *Garnett, Dr. Richard, 439
 Garratt, Canon, 334
 Gatacre, Maj.-Gen. Sir Wm., 331
 Geikie, Rev. Dr. Cunningham, 440
 Glanusk, Lord, 108
 Gloag, Rev. Paton J., 108
 Goodwyn, Lieut.-Col. N. J., 555
 Gordon, Sir Wm., 556
 Green, Very Rev. James, 108
 Greenidge, A. H. J., 332
 Grenfell, Vice-Admiral Sir H. T.,
 216
 Grey, Lady, 214
 Grice-Hutchinson, Maj.-Gen. G.
 W., 557
 Grose, Rev. T. H., 215
 Gubbins, John R., 334
- Hamond, Admiral R.H., 333
 Hampton, Lord, 333
 Harper, Wm. Rainey, 109
 Hawkins, Rev. E. Comerford, 216
 Heneage, Lieut.-Col. M. W., 331
 Henry VII. of Reuss, Prince, 554
 Hertslet, Geo. Thos., 216
 Holyoake, G. J., 110
 Horniman, F. J., 331
 Hornyold, Chas. G., Duke Gandolfi,
 217
 Howe, Countess, 215
 Hughes, Lieut.-Col. G. E. D.,
 331
 Hume, Maj.-Gen. John R., 109
- *Ibsen, Henrik, 551
- Jeffreys, Rt. Hon. A. F., M.P.,
 216
 Joly, Chas. Jasper, 107
 Jones, Hon. A. G., 333
 Joubert, Carl, 216
- La Bedoyère, Marquise de, 445
 Langley, Dr. Samuel P., 217
 Lock, Geo. E., 433
- Lumsdaine, Surgeon-Gen. John,
 333
- Maclean, Jas. Mackenzie, 445
 Maclure, Dean E. C., 555
 Mainwaring, Sir Philip T., Bart.,
 217
 Makins, Col. Sir Wm. T., Bart.,
 213
 Mansfield, Earl of, 446
 Martin, Charles, 441
 Martin, Father L., S. J., 444
 Martin, Sir Thos. Acquin, 447
 Masham, Lord (Samuel C. Lister),
 213
 Mecklenburg, Duchess of, 334
 Menger, Anton, 214
 Merivale, Herman, 109
 Metternich-Winnebourg, Prince
 Paul von, 214
 Middlemass, Commander A. C.,
 217
 Miller, Sir Gordon, 445
 Miller, Sir James Percy, 110
 Milne, Very Rev. A. J., 557
 Milne, Lieut.-Col. R. L., 213
 Mitchell, Thomas, 555
 Morris, Alderman Howard C.,
 557
 Morton, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Gerald
 de Courcy, 445
 Moynan, R. T., 442
 Murray, Sir Digby, 109
- Nelson, Sir Hugh, 170
 Norris, Canon Wm. F., 217
- O'Brien, Archbishop Cornelius,
 332
 O'Brien, Sir Geo. T. M., 443
- Palmer, Sir Edwin M., 110
 Parish, Frank, 554
 Paterson, Lieut.-Col. C. D., 555
 Peile, Sir James Braithwaite,
 446
 Perowne, Rev. E. H., 214
 Perraud, Cardinal, 216

- Quintana, Dr. Manuel, Argentine
President, 333
- Renzud, Commander Benj., 214
- Renevier, Prof. Eugene, 555
- Richter, Eugen, 332
- Ritchie, Lord (C. T.), 108
- Robledo, Romero, 331
- Romilly, Lady, 330
- Rosenstein, Samuel S., 215
- Rouse-Boughten, Sir Chas. H.,
Bart., 216
- Sandhurst, Lady, 333
- Schaumburg Lippe, Prince Wil-
liam of, 441
- Schaumburg Lippe, Princess
Louise of, 441
- Sharkey, John A., 442
- Sibthorpe, Surgeon-Gen. Chas.,
556
- Smith, Rev. Dr. Thos., 558
- Sowerby, Wm., 332
- Sprengel, Dr. John H. P., 109
- Stephenson, B. C., 110
- Stirling, Gen. Sir Wm., 443
- Suarès, Félix, 446
- Sullivan, Admiral Sir F. W., 556
- Taylor, Edward, 214
- Taylor, Archdeacon W. F., 333
- Taylor, Henry E., 442
- Thorburn, Hon. Sir Robert,
443
- Thornton, Sir Edward, 110
- Thornton, The Ven. Robinson,
444
- Thuillier, Gen. Sir H. E. Landor,
555
- Tristram, Canon H. B., 331
- Tulloch, Deputy Surgeon-Gen.
John, 442
- Twining, Richard, 334
- Unwin, George, 556
- Walker, Vyell E., 107
- *Ward, Harry L. D., 106
- Watson, Rev. Frederic, 107
- *Weir, Harrison, 105
- Weldon, Prof. W. F. R., 443
- White, Deputy Alderman James
G., 441
- Willcock, Col. G. W., 330
- Williams, Judge Gwilym, 334
- Witt, John George, K.C., 214
- Woods, T. H., 334

