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THE HAZLITTS



REV. WILLIAM HAZLITT AND HIS WIFE
From miniatures on ivory by John Hazlitt (c. 1788)

THE HAZLITTS

PART THE SECOND

A NARRATIVE OF THE LATER
FORTUNES OF THE FAMILY
WITH A SURVEY OF THE WESTERN AND
OTHER SUBURBS OF LONDON AS THEY
WERE SIXTY YEARS SINCE

WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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FOREWORDS

WHEN I brought out at my own expense last year (1911) a limited number of copies of the volume entitled *The Hazlitts*, I had no intention of carrying the enterprize farther. But the matter before me awaiting re-editorship struck me on reflection as sufficiently important on more than one account to justify its committal to the press under the same special conditions as regards the issue of copies, which are exclusively for gratuitous presentation. This pair of volumes, in the former of which Hazlitt is left to so large an extent to tell his own story, appears to me to afford the sole resource of such few as may be solicitous of gaining a fair idea and estimate of my grandfather and our family. Mr. Birrell's booklet was a sadly disappointing affair. It was half-hearted, weak, and not free from a certain unbecoming levity. Mr. Birrell has dabbled in politics like his friend Asquith, and in literature like his friend Locker. *Obiter Dicta* may answer in Pater-noster Row; but at Dublin and Westminster something more is expected.

In 1867, when I first entered on this labour, I found very few persons who could recollect facts relative to my grandfather and his family either on the father's or mother's side, or who possessed letters from him to his friends and literary correspondents. I judged it to be barely credible that so little could

have survived of a man who had done so much, and who had so recently died; it has only been in consequence of my unwearied pursuit of the matter that, after the lapse of almost half a century, I have succeeded in accumulating the means, by personal and local inquiries and otherwise at very considerable cost, of throwing clearer light on the origin of our family, on the early history of the most distinguished member of it, and on much of his later literary transactions.

The paucity of correspondence is not apparently attributable to the destruction of letters, since the most trivial scraps have been religiously preserved by their recipients, except in the case, perhaps, of Lamb, who kept next to nothing after perusal. This shortcoming, which to a biographer is always a serious drawback, arose from the simple fact that Hazlitt was not a letter-writer.

The side which Hazlitt espoused—the only one which he cared to espouse—was not then the winning side, and he laboured under the enormous and cruel disadvantage of struggling, with a sensitive and irritable temperament, against hopeless odds on behalf of a young and weak cause. Nor did his own position and prospects alone suffer from his election. His descendants have not yet come into enjoyment of the full benefit which such writings as his should and would have conferred on us all, had not he thrown the entire force of his energy as a publicist and an essay-writer into the scale against the Government of those days. We still live in the shadow of that policy. It has coloured more or less all our subsequent careers, and it reflects itself in many of

the following pages. The blood of the Peterborough ironmonger, whose daughter married the Rev. William Hazlitt, ran with unabated strength in the veins of the author of *Table Talk*.

It was open to Hazlitt to have followed in the footsteps of several of his literary contemporaries, who improved their fortunes by changing their opinions. But the Loftus blood was in him, and he threw in his lot—and ours, and I am glad that he did—with the claims of freedom and truth. But of course his Liberalism and that of our present century are totally dissimilar principles, and if he were among us to-day, he would be, I think, as earnest an opponent of the Socialist as he was of the Tory.

W. C. H.

July, 1912.

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. AFTER HAZLITT'S DEATH	1
II. MY FATHER'S ESTABLISHMENT IN LIFE AND HIS MARRIAGE—FAIRLY PROSPEROUS DAYS—VARIED EXPERIENCES—BAD TIMES (1833-48)	20
III. MY OWN CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-DAYS	37
IV. THE WAR OFFICE—DRIFT TOWARD LITERATURE	49
V. WESTERN SUBURBS OF LONDON SIXTY YEARS SINCE	58
VI. WESTERN SUBURBS OF LONDON SIXTY YEARS SINCE (<i>continued</i>)	71
VII. OUR BROMPTON FRIENDS	100
VIII. THE OLD ACTORS AT BROMPTON AND A FEW OTHERS	116
IX. KENSINGTON AND THE ENVIRONS—THE FULHAM CAUSERIES	134
X. FULHAM CAUSERIES (<i>continued</i>)	152
XI. HAMMERSMITH, PUTNEY, BARNES, AND OTHER OUT- SKIRTS	165
XII. MY FATHER'S LEGAL ENVIRONMENTS AND MY OWN —DEATH OF MY FATHER	181
XIII. JERROLD'S CLUB	196
XIV. HIGH LIFE—A FEW ANALECTA	218
XV. HIGH LIFE—A FEW ANALECTA (<i>continued</i>)	230
XVI. MY OWN LABOURS ON CHARLES LAMB AND OTHER SUBJECTS—BUSHBEATERS AND BIRDCATCHERS	243

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
XVII. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND OF FRIENDS AND HELPERS IN MY WORK	250
XVIII. NOTES ABOUT DISTINGUISHED COLLECTORS AND OTHERS WHOM I HAVE KNOWN	268
XIX. LITERARY ACQUAINTANCES AND A FEW FRIENDS .	281
XX. LITERARY ACQUAINTANCES AND A FEW FRIENDS (continued)	303
XXI. LITERARY ACQUAINTANCES AND A FEW FRIENDS (continued)	315
XXII. APPRENTICESHIP TO BIBLIOGRAPHY—GRADUAL ATTAINMENT OF MY MAJORITY	323
INDEX	339

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Rev. William Hazlitt and his Wife, from Miniatures on ivory by John Hazlitt (c. 1788)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
(1) Watch-guard formed from the Hair of Catherine Hazlitt (1804-60). (2) Two Rings belonging to her before her Marriage in 1833	<i>To face page 44</i>
Remains of the Nunnery at Putney	,, ,, 170
Winterslow, Barnes Common, the Writer's Residence (1881- 1910)	<i>To face page 175</i>
W. Carew Hazlitt, from a private Photograph (1859)	,, ,, 176
W. C. Hazlitt's Hair (1859)	,, ,, 180

THE HAZLITTS

I

AFTER HAZLITT'S DEATH

VARIOUS schemes had been propounded for arranging some settlement in life for Hazlitt's only representative. His earliest recollections, of course, belonged to the house in York Street, Westminster, to which his parents had removed from the country in 1812, when he was a mere infant; and the whole of his youth may be said to have been passed under that roof. He was not more than eleven, when the relations between his mother and father became strained, and he subsequently divided his time between his various relations in an only too casual manner. From the date at which he left school (1824) my father spent a considerable share of his life at the Reynells' in Broad Street, which was a kind of second home to him. Hazlitt appears to have cherished to the last a hope of leaving him sufficient to make any occupation unnecessary; but the best that can be pleaded for such a visionary notion, is that he did not anticipate so early and abrupt a close of the scene, or the financial collapse of the firm which had engaged to pay him a handsome amount for the *Life of Napoleon*. The appeals of those who foresaw the impending crisis were ineffectual, and absolutely nothing was done. That my father accomplished

what he did under almost every conceivable drawback and difficulty, and that, with the steadfast help in their several ways of his mother, Sir John Stoddart, and the Reynells, he at length succeeded in winning a recognition of the claims of Hazlitt to public gratitude, is a piece of the romance of life, which reflects honour on him and on his memory.

We do not gain a great amount of insight into the boyhood of the younger Hazlitt beyond the glimpses which are discernible between the lines of his mother's affectionate letters to him at school in 1824, in which she sometimes confides to him matters of business and literary topics; and, again, such casual mentions as the reference by Mrs. Procter to having seen him on his father's knee, and by Keats, who, in writing to Armitage Browne, tells him that he has just seen Mrs. Hazlitt "and that little Nero, her son." This was allusive to my father's black curly hair, which he preserved within my personal recollection to a large extent; and we can picture him at that stage marching with the Guards, as I have elsewhere said, to and from St. James's Palace Yard, and the young heart, exempt from the cares of life, leaping to the music of the band.¹

In her Diary my grandmother Hazlitt speaks of her husband going to Winterslow and taking the child with him, or, if the Diarist left town first, the child might go with her to Winterslow and on to Crediton.

The meagre co-operation and light which my father obtained in aid of a connected narrative of the

¹ See *The Hazlitts*, 1911, pp. 286, 322, 497-503, for accounts of my father's school-days. The only school-fellow of whom I have heard my father speak was "fatty" Gibson, who adopted the medical profession, and became Surgeon at Newgate. He attended my mother in her last illness in 1860, and his voice still rings in my ears, as, following him downstairs on his final visit, he said in low tones, "The scene will soon close."

Life of Hazlitt, and the failure to gain a favourable hearing for his own inherited pretensions, were leavened, if they indeed were, by a bountiful supply of evidence from many quarters of grateful enthusiasm for the writings of the departed. The overwhelming majority of those to whom he appealed possessed the common property of at all events professing inability to serve him. So far as assistance in preparing a *Memoir* went, even Godwin, in a letter of May 24, 1831, merely agreed to see him, and, although one of the oldest of Hazlitt's friends, afforded him slender hope of being of any use. Nor do I think that he was.

A cursory review of other members of the old set to which Hazlitt belonged, and which survived to come face to face with the next generation, may have its interest and utility.

When John Black, whom Hazlitt himself had known several years before his death,¹ and whom we find engaged in literary pursuits at least as far back as 1810, lost the editorship of the *Chronicle*, through his indiscreet remarks about Sir John Easthope in an after-dinner speech, Walter Coulson befriended him, and not only allowed him the use of a cottage, I believe at Snodland, near Maidstone, and subsequently in the New Forest district, but gave him a pension of £200 a year. Black was a good pedestrian, and sometimes walked up to town to receive his quarterly money, and on one occasion, my father told me, was cozened out of the whole of it on his way back by a fascinating casual.

The rupture between Black and Easthope arose from the former being so candid as to divulge the fact, that both of them came up to London to seek their fortunes, and that he believed the sole difference was that he had shoes to his feet and Easthope

¹ *The Hazlitts*, 1911, p. 479.

had not. This was a case where honesty was not the best policy, or was it honesty?

While he remained at his post, and collected books, he used to ramble about after breakfast to ransack the stalls, then more fruitful of bargains than now. He was generally accompanied by his large dog Brutus.

During his sojourn with Bentham, Coulson lived in a small tenement formed out of the stable of Bentham's residence, and Henry Leigh Hunt, a nephew of the author of *Rimini*, at one time shared the quarters with him. A very constant visitor to Coulson was Jefferson Hogg, who became known at a later date by his book on Shelley. My aunt Rebecca Reynell told me (19th October 1876) that the only time she heard Bentham speak was when she went to witness the athletic performances at the place he had taken for Voelker in the Marylebone Road, opposite St. Mary's Church. He was speaking of his picture by Pickersgill, and said he never possessed the crimson dressing-gown in which he is painted.

Bentham only took two meals a day—a late breakfast in the French fashion, and dinner at eight. He usually had company. Brougham was often there. He had his bed made once a month, and had it sewed up to prevent untucking.

Voelker's Gymnasium was first established at North Bank, Regent's Park, but was subsequently removed to more spacious premises in the New Road. My uncle, William Reynell, drew up the regulations for Voelker. There was a scheme for opening a similar institution for ladies under the management of a Miss Mason, but I am not sure whether it came to anything.

The Reynells met at the Gymnasium the Earl of Clarendon and his brother, Mr. Villiers, M.P. for

Wolverhampton. One of them recollected that both these gentlemen were laughed at, because they went through the exercise in gloves, from fear of spoiling their hands. Another frequenter was Henry Southern, at one time Editor of the *London Magazine* and the *Retrospective Review*. Southern went as Secretary of Legation when Lord Clarendon was appointed to the Embassy at Madrid; he received his knighthood on being nominated Minister to Brazil. It was while he resided near London that he attended the Gymnasium; but he was a man of poor physique, and did not cut a very good figure. My father never joined any institution of this character; but I have heard him speak of Henry Angelo, the fencing-master, who, when asked where one should put one's hands, replied, "Don't put them in your pockets."

There is an account of Bentham and his friend Place, the tailor and pamphlet-collector, who afterward lived in Brompton Square, and who married Mrs. Chatterton the actress. The two went out together one day, and Bentham arranged to wait for Place while the latter went into some house. Bentham sat down on the doorstep, and a worthy lady, passing by and struck by his venerable aspect, offered him a small gratuity, taking him for a mendicant. Bentham translated the *White Bull* from the French of Voltaire, and in the preface he seems to refer to the author as if he had been personally acquainted with him.

The *Westminster Review* was originally projected by Bentham, and was subsequently the property in succession of Sir William Molesworth, Mr. John Stuart Mill, and Mr. Hickson, of Fairfield, Kent. While it was in the hands of Molesworth, John Robertson edited it, and Henry Cole was among the contributors. It was Cole who prepared the

illustrated Cruikshank number. Robertson lived near my uncle Reynell in Brompton Vale.

There is no doubt that Cole was the real originator of the Exhibition of 1851. When my uncle questioned him on this point, and said that it was generally understood that Prince Albert threw out the first idea, he laughed, but made no reply. It suited him to let the Prince enjoy the credit.

In connection with Cole, many may still recollect the name of Joseph Cundall, the bookseller and publisher of Old Bond Street, a man of great taste and feeling for art, and whose shop was in my boyish days a treasury of interesting books for young and old, attired in all sorts of fanciful bindings, composed of papier-maché, stamped in imitation of leather and other materials, of which the novel singularity and the weightiness impressed my juvenile fancy, and are yet palpable to my sight and touch. Cundall was led to bring out a new edition of *Robinson Crusoe* with Stothard's plates by a copy which my father lent to him of that of 1820.

There was a set, of which my father was little more than a casual member; that, which numbered Cole, Cundall, and their friends, and of which some subsequently attained a sort of notoriety as promoters, in concert with Prince Albert, of the South Kensington Museum. The earlier history, at all events, of this institution, is not very creditable to his Royal Highness or to those who settled like burrs upon his coat-sleeves, and made their account out of the scheme. All are now dead; the abuses committed are probably forgotten; a new building has arisen to accommodate the inestimable treasures gathered under its roof; and a coming generation will know the circumstances connected with the original undertaking only as a malodorous and fairly

uninteresting scandal. Whether the Prince actually made money out of the affair, as it was commonly reported, or not, or whether he was a tool in the hands of Cole and the rest, I am unable to say, and I do not in the least care. It is something that we have got out of our sight the *Brompton Boilers* or *Cole's Fish-Kettle*, as the place was dubbed—? Cole and Co.

Bentham left his body for dissection; but under the direction, I believe, of Bowring, the remains were reunited and presented to University College. I conclude that his property, which he must have improved by his frugality, went to his nephew George, son of Sir Samuel Bentham.

Another notability, who was to be met at Bentham's, was Neal, who wrote *Brother Jonathan*, and contributed during his stay in England to the *London* and other magazines. He came over here to endeavour by judicious articles in the press to improve the state of feeling between us and the States, and Mr. Reynell used to see him at the Gymnasium. Neal was a man of middle height, and looked like a sailor. My uncle remembered his yellow suit. There is an imitation of his style of writing in Patmore's *Rejected Articles*, 1826.

John Bowring, who was afterward knighted, and became Governor of Hong Kong, was intimate with the Reynells as a young man, and frequently dined at my grandfather Reynell's table. He was also one of the set which Bentham collected round him, and edited his works, in which he took the liberty of expunging or altering passages. He was very civil to my brother when he visited Hong Kong as a midshipman, and sent a special messenger to the ship aboard which my brother lay, to invite him to his house.

A curious thing was mentioned to me by Mr.

Spiers, of Essex Hall, as having occurred after Bowring's death. His widow wished to print a memoir and some inedited poems, but she was assured that the book would not answer. She did not object, however, to put £10 or £20 into the venture, and Mr. Spiers worked the oracle so well among Bowring's friends and admirers that 8000 copies were sold.

The Reynells persuaded Bowring, then in Parliament, to intercede about 1838 on behalf of Leigh Hunt, who was then in great distress, and Bowring went to Lord Melbourne to see if he could obtain a pension for Hunt. But Melbourne told him that he could not recommend the Queen to assist a man who had libelled her uncle, the Adonis of fifty.

Through Hazlitt and the Stoddarts the Reynells came in professional contact with Brougham, who was an early acquaintance of Stoddart, and remained intimate with him to the end; and my mother always averred that it was through her father that Brougham had his first brief. I hold a bundle of letters which Sir John Stoddart and my father received from the ex-Chancellor, while my father was canvassing successive Governments for official employment.

The Hunts, as I have elsewhere taken the opportunity of explaining, were connected with our family through the Reynells. Leigh Hunt died at my uncle Reynell's residence, Chatfield House, High Street, Putney, on Sunday, August 28, 1859. On the Saturday previous my cousin Ada heard him coughing in his bedroom just beneath her, and went down to him. He was very feverish, and she gave him some water. His daughter Jacintha told her that she had felt his feet and legs, and that they were already getting cold. He was then dying. His eyes were brilliant, and, my cousin adds, as soft and clear as a small child's.

On that night his son Thornton had arrived from Paris. He or some one else read the *Examiner* to Mr. Hunt, who manifested a warm interest in the last news from France. He had always delighted in music, and his daughter Julia played on the piano for him in the adjoining room—the little chamber assigned him for writing. I paid several visits to Mr. Hunt while he was at Putney, and recollect well the small apartment facing the street, where I sat and conversed with him.

One of the old clerks in the War Office told me in 1854 that he remembered Leigh Hunt when he was there, and described him to me as a very indifferent official, though doubtless “a very ingenious person.” It was this same functionary who had two set phrases always ready at hand. If he was put out, he invariably “damned his sister’s shirt”; and his other expression, significant of modified regard or confidence, was that he valued you as an acquaintance, but declined you as a son-in-law.

Hunt used to tell a story of Sheridan Knowles. Knowles was expatiating on the ingratitude of the Prince Regent toward his former boon-companion Sheridan in his last days—how he only sent £100 to him—“to this expiring angel,” exclaimed Knowles—but observing a titter among the company, he corrected himself—“to this expiring angel of a janus!”

Thornton Hunt, Leigh Hunt’s eldest son, was a man of very considerable acquirements, but very diffident and retiring. When Rintoul established the *Spectator*, the younger Hunt contributed a good deal to its success, although Rintoul took the credit. As Albany Fonblanque said at the time, the latter was not capable of writing such papers as appeared in this periodical; in fact, they were Hunt’s.

Robert Hunt, a grandson of John Hunt, Leigh

Hunt's elder brother, became Master of the Mint at Sydney, and it was arranged, after a time, that his two sisters should join him there. The vessel in which these poor girls sailed went down not far from its destination, and only one on board escaped. He was said at the time to have been providentially saved. He was the greatest rascal among the crew.

Leigh Hunt and his elder brother John owed a good deal of annoyance and misrepresentation to the twofold fact of having relatives of the same names and of not very reputable character; and there was another respect in which the accomplished essayist suffered injustice. I refer to the report which spread abroad after the appearance of Dickens's *Bleak House*, that the creation of *Harold Skimpole* was borrowed from Hunt. The prevalence of this impression naturally afforded much pain to the individual most concerned, and his feelings were communicated to the author, who came down to Hammersmith in order to tender Hunt his solemn assurance that he had not designed anything of the kind, and that he would do anything in his power to make reparation for the unintentional wrong. Hunt told my informant that Dickens was affected almost to tears; but I never heard of any public or direct disavowal. All that I can say is, that if I were to be summoned on a jury to try the question, I should be for bringing in Dickens guilty.

My father, indeed, would say of Leigh Hunt that he did not excel as a housekeeper or economist, and that while his circumstances were indifferent, if his wife placed hot-house grapes on the table for dessert, her husband would not question the proceeding, but apparently treated the costly dish as a gift from the gods.

Among the guests at Maida Hill, when Mr. John Hunt's family resided there, was Mr. Stephen Hunt,

Hunt's eldest brother, and a lawyer. He has been described to me as a tall man of the most courtly and agreeable manners, but of a most violent temper. Hazlitt and he used to have frequent argumentative duels on religion and politics, and an eyewitness has said that, if a reporter had been present to take down Hazlitt's remarks, he would have made his fortune.

I was much struck by Hunt's friend and literary executor, Townshend Mayer, who lived and died at Richmond, characterising the park there as "a desert." He was terribly afflicted, and could not enjoy that beautiful place. So far as sentiment went, he was prepared to deny its general claim to appreciation.

Charles Jeremiah Wells, the solicitor whom Hazlitt, in kindheartedly commending him for something which he had written, advised to stick to his profession, visited my father in Great Russell Street. I subsequently recognised him as the author of certain books, produced before I was born under the name of *Howard*. He became a contributor to the *Illustrated Parlour Miscellany*, 1847. He is understood to have composed the elaborate epitaph on Hazlitt in St. Anne's, Soho, and had, no doubt, a strong regard for him.

It was about 1846, while I was still at Merchant Taylors', and just about the same time we had a visit from George Byron, as he called himself, a natural son of Byron by the Maid of Athens. I was at home recovering from an attack of brain-fever, and, my father being out, I saw Byron, who disgusted me by the small interest which he manifested in my sufferings. He was a short, dark man, and, I have been told, like the poet. His real name appears to have been De Gibler.

The peculiar Christian name of Wells justifies the suggestion, that he was descended from Jeremiah

Wells, who printed a volume of poems in 1667. We saw nothing of Wells after that date, but his wife stayed with us whenever she visited England. They then resided at Quimper in Brittany, and had become Romanists. He was a short man, and struck me as elderly, but I was a schoolboy. He had been born, however, in 1793. He died at Marseilles, whither he had removed from Quimper, in 1879. I saw Madame Bonne-Maison at Quimper in 1893. She had been intimate with the Wells family, and was in her ninety-sixth year. She sat upright in her chair in the middle of the room, and was cheerful and intelligent. She spoke of Wells as *plein d'esprit*, and complimented me on my Breton accent. She referred me to his daughter in the Carmelite convent at Morlaix, and I went to pay her a visit in October. She was Mary Wells, and said that she was sixty-four years of age. Her father had been obliged to give lessons at Marseilles to make out an income. When they thought that he was no more, he revived, and said: "Ah! you thought that the little man had gone, but he has come back again, and you're all caught." He was eighty-six. *Monte Carlo* Wells was his son; him I never saw.

Horne, who had also known Hazlitt, was a far more voluminous and a far more pretentious writer than Wells, and affected both prose and verse. We saw much of him at Alfred Place, Old Brompton, about 1840. I confess that I have often tried to appreciate his *Farthing Epic* and other effusions, but I have laid the books down, wondering that such works should meet with appreciation, save on some principle of mutual insurance.

Yet infinitely more flimsy and empirical than Wells or Horne was Wainewright, the "Janus Weathercock" of the *London Magazine*, who, like John Lamb, had the hardihood to pose as a fine-art

critic side by side with Hazlitt, and to hang his cattle-subjects at the Royal Academy. He was a genuine disciple of the Dandy School.

Raymond Yates, a son of a brigadier-general, and a relative of the better known Edmund and Richard, introduced himself to us about the same time as an admirer of the literary set of which Hazlitt had formed one. But I fancy that his bias was rather toward Coleridge. He led my father to believe that he had been a member of the Spanish Legion under Sir De Lacy Evans in the insurrection about 1836; but I am sure that my father accepted his account of his military achievements under considerable reserve.

Among the most imperishable recollections of my own boyhood, while my parents lived at Chelsea, were my occasional visits, sometimes accompanied by my father, sometimes alone, to Broxbourne in Hertfordshire, where Mr. Francis Hill kept a proprietary school. One of Hill's daughters had married Wells. I never belonged to the establishment, but was a welcome guest, and made one of the party when Hannah Hill conducted a select detachment of pupils for a walk in the Bosanquet woods or elsewhere within reach. I used to watch Miss Hill with interest while she attended to her garden, and I have not forgotten the pride which this excellent lady took in her roses, of which one variety was almost black. There was a periodical pastime connected with the institution, where the boys, or some of them, raced for apples, which were thrown down the lawn. Quite lately I encountered at Windermere a grandson of Hill, who lent me the copy of *Joseph and His Brethren* (the reprint of 1876), which had belonged to the author, and which Wells had prepared with a view to a new edition. I confess that I do not share the enthusiasm of Swinburne about the book, and I see that Horne, in a copy which belonged to him, has

added a MS. gloss of a not very favourable character. In a passage where he deems that Potiphar is improperly reticent, he suggests a stage direction, "Potiphar twiddles his thumbs."

Hannah Hill married Moxsy, a Jamaica sugar-planter, and his son is, I learn, carrying on the business. Another of her sisters became the wife of William Smith Williams, a personal friend of Leigh Hunt, and a gentleman identified with the literary history of the Brontës. Captain Montagu, a retired Guardsman, married another, and I had, when I went to Broxbourne and there was no bed for me, to sleep at their place between Broxbourne and Hoddesdon. At a particular point in the road there was a cavern, which was said to be haunted, and the journey was partly through a wood. I braved it somehow. The ex-Guardsman's carbine and broadsword awakened my fanatical admiration as a lad.

It may be treated as a favourable illustration of the security of the open country in the forties, at least thereabout, that the Montagus' house was left at night unlocked, front door and bedrooms alike.

Joseph Parkes, a parliamentary agent, who came from Birmingham, and was connected with Dr. Priestley, was another of the set in which Hazlitt moved. Parkes is chiefly associated with him in connection with the prize-fight at Newbury between Hickman and Neate. He was, I know, civil and even serviceable to my father previous to the arrival of official relief.

Patmore, whom I perfectly remember, and whose name is fairly conspicuous in the earlier instalment of the present biographical record, was an original character. While he was at Mill Hill his circumstances appear to have been unusually flourishing, and he not only had land in hay, but an excellent garden with wall-fruit, which the members of his

family were forbidden to touch. He reconnoitred the ground after breakfast in the season to count his peaches and plums. There were probably quinces too, and I remember that Patmore was very partial to cold quince roly-poly for supper. He had married a Miss Robertson, a lady with a small fortune, and my father always thought that he treated her very badly. There were two sons, Coventry or Koventry (he spelled the name both ways) and Eugene Gurney, and a daughter Eliza, who married, *faute de mieux*, an old man named Smith. Eugene Patmore at one time assisted my father as a sort of secretary and amanuensis, but was fairly inefficient. He went abroad, married, was prostrated by paralysis, and latterly lived at Hastings at his brother's expense.

Patmore was the author, I understand, of the volume anonymously issued by Colburn in 1826, under the title of *Rejected Articles*. One of these papers is on Hazlitt. That on Plumer Ward's *Tremaine* was withdrawn, or is not, at all events, in most copies.

There was a tale about a field, which Patmore had turned at least once to good account by selling the hay-crop two or three times over to different parties. Patmore's mother, the pawnbroker's widow, laid hold of me, when I paid a visit with my father, and shewed me all over the domain the very evening I arrived.

He came at the time of the railway mania to my father in a state of great dismay and asked his advice. "Hazlitt," he said, "what, in God's name, am I to do? I am in for a million!" "Do?" returned my father, "why, stay where you are; they know well enough you haven't got it."

We saw him last at Church Street, Chelsea, about 1848, when I fear that he had fallen on bad days. He had known us intermittently, since, as secretary to the Russell Institution, he arranged with my

grandfather for the series of lectures delivered there in 1812. But his real significance to Hazlitt was the so far serviceable part which he and Knowles played in the *Liber Amoris* business by furnishing a vent for the momentary volcanic frenzy.

A personage, whom I really believe that I am warranted in ranking among the benefactors of the younger Hazlitt after the loss of his father, was that Edward Moxhay, whom I have noticed in my edition of Lamb's *Letters*, 1886. In a letter to me in 1885 my father says: "My general recollection of Moxhay is that he came from Exeter, and had been a cobbler or something of that sort, and a prize-fighter. How he got into the baker's shop at the north-east corner of Threadneedle Street, I have no idea. It was an old-established shop of repute—I forget the name; and then he took or set up a thriving eating-house nearly opposite, and later on built the block of buildings at the corner of Old Broad Street and the street that goes up to Gracechurch Street. He purported to have literary tastes, and to admire Lamb and your grandfather among others; and he was very kind to me in a rough way. . . . He had a fine house and grounds at Stamford Hill, with an enormous organ, which cost him some thousands of pounds; and he was perpetually rearranging his garden at great expense. . . ." Moxhay is honourably identified with the preservation of a Roman pavement discovered about 1845 in Threadneedle Street, and presented by him to the British Museum. He died in 1849.

The relations with the Procters continued after Hazlitt's death to a certain extent, though I never heard that they and my parents were on familiar visiting terms. In a letter from Procter, under date of 1852, he explains to my father the origin of his *Effigies Poeticæ*, 1824: "Nearly thirty years ago I agreed to edit an edition of the English poets

(adopting a different plan to that generally in use), for which I was to receive about £1000. After I had taken an enormous deal of trouble—not so much in writing as in searching—the booksellers found their funds insufficient, and sent me a cheque for £10, with their best compliments. Previously to this, however, I had framed a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the portraits of the English poets, which was afterwards published, A.D. 1824, by Carpenter and Son, Bond Street. In this I ventured upon such portraits (about one hundred in number), about twenty or thirty lines, sometimes a page, sometimes less, of matter, partaking somewhat of the biographical and critical—brief, as you will see; but in my case I fear that brevity was not the soul of wit. Your father liked some of those that I read to him, and this is the best that I can say of them. This book or catalogue, upon which the bookseller inflicted the title of *Effigies Poeticæ*, is, I suppose, easily attainable. If not, I have a copy which I can lend you, but you must be good enough to take care of it and return it, as it is the only evidence I possess of my incompetency at that particular period of my life.”

Both Procter, his wife, and the Montagus had undoubtedly a very high respect for Hazlitt. Mrs. Montagu, in writing to my father about some point in relation to my grandfather's manuscripts, says: “I could do nothing respecting Mr. Hazlitt in which I did not consider his own wish, and I think I know his mind in this matter.” And, again, Mrs. Procter, referring to the fourth generation of the family, and to the approaching publication by myself of the *Memoirs* (1867), writes as follows: “What an old woman it makes me to receive instruction from the son of the little boy whom I have seen sitting on the knee of one whom I have never ceased to regret!

When I read a fine piece of modern writing, my greatest expression of praise is, 'Almost as good as Hazlitt.' Does not the last sentence remind us a little of what Louis Stevenson said?

This excellent lady once tried to befriend me by recommending me to Sir Francis Goldsmid, M.P., as a sort of secretary. I do not know that I should have been of much use to him; but I perpetrated the appalling indiscretion on the threshold of suggesting that I could, I thought, draw up his speeches for him. Our acquaintance was naturally ephemeral. It was in 1824 that she married Procter, with whom she had become acquainted in 1820. In their early married life they resided at Merton; but when my father took me to see them about 1860, they were living in Weymouth Street. Procter wrote some excellent songs, which may live; but his dramatic poetry, notwithstanding the laudations which his friends were pleased to lavish on it as a matter of compliment, is of the thinnest and poorest quality. Lamb characterized it as redundant, like the wen which appeared on the author's neck.

Procter as a young man had a way of twitching his ears, and when he was courting Miss Sheppen, who was reputed to have a will of her own, Hazlitt said that, when they were married, she would make him twitch his ears still more. Mrs. Procter used to say that Patmore's statement as to Hazlitt's going to Montagu's ill dressed, or being disconcerted by M.'s footman, was rubbish. He always, she said, came properly dressed, though not, perhaps, in rigorous evening attire.

A slight testimonial from one of Charles Lamb's later acquaintances, Thomas Hood, lies before me in the shape of a note to my father on a matter of business. Hazlitt met Hood at the house of their common friend. The former was associated in his

host's recollection with those early days when he, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and the rest of the Temple coterie, and the whist-boys, were young, poor, and happy together. The latter, with his geniality and wit, came in brighter times, when resources were ampler and fame had been realized; but the old set was scattered, and new faces formed almost a need to distract Lamb from melancholy reflections and depressing home scenes. The allusion to the devolution of the *New Monthly* is a characteristic touch of Colburn:—

17 ELM TREE ROAD,
ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
Tuesday.

SIR—I have so often enjoyed the conversation and writings of your Father that, predisposed to look favourably on your own MS., it would have given me great pleasure to find you a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*.

You would therefore have heard from me sooner but for an uncertainty, which is resolved by my renouncing my own connexion with the *New Monthly*.—I am, Sir, yours very truly,

THO. HOOD.

I return your paper for your own disposal, as there is no successor appointed to the Editorship, which is to be managed, I understand, “in the house,” or by the publisher and his clerks.

W. HAZLITT, Esq.

One of the lessons taught by these later pieces of correspondence is the admission by more than one eminent man of the next succeeding generation of the indebtedness to Hazlitt for much that he knew, and much which had promoted his success and repute.

II

MY FATHER'S ESTABLISHMENT IN LIFE AND HIS MARRIAGE—FAIRLY PROSPEROUS DAYS —VARIED EXPERIENCES—BAD TIMES (1833-48)

THE effective circle by which my father saw himself surrounded, and from which in different ways he might fairly look for help and sympathy, were his own mother, the Reynells, Lamb, Moxhay, and Walter Coulson. Of those whom Hazlitt had known, his son had either lost sight, or they had died, while others were unable to render any practical service. My father's youth—he was nineteen—necessarily stood in the way of maintaining the intercourse in certain cases on the old basis, and it went far to loosen or even sever the tie with the many with whom Hazlitt had been brought into contact in his peculiar literary capacity, or who limited their sympathy to admiration and homage.

Apart from private aid, it was Walter Coulson, indeed, who lent his godson a friendly hand in procuring for him a berth on the *Morning Chronicle*, of which Black was at that time editor and Easthope proprietor, and on which Hazlitt had made his maiden effort as a journalist so far back as 1812. It was thus in a certain way not entirely strange or cold ground—almost an hereditary atmosphere.

The commercial disaster which had befallen the publishers of the *Life of Napoleon* unhappily involved the Reynells, and cast a cloud over the

fortunes of a family which had become so singularly endeared to my father by the proposed alliance between him and one of the daughters of Mr. Carew Henry Reynell. This complicated, and in every sense untoward, catastrophe necessitated the reconstruction of the printing business. The engagement to Catherine Reynell, however, had been contracted antecedently to Hazlitt's death, and had been cordially approved both by him and my grandmother. Side by side with the regular work on the *Morning Chronicle*, my father was already busy in devoting intervals of leisure in collecting material for a suitable literary memorial to Hazlitt. He had apartments at this juncture at No. 15 Wardour Street, Soho, and the replies of some of his correspondents to his appeal for information and assistance in his task are directed to him there. Others were sent to the care of Miller the bookseller in Oxford Street. Unquestionably he had been led into entering on such a votive enterprise by the advice of well-wishers, who discerned the importance of keeping the name before the world, and of the younger Hazlitt identifying himself with his father's works and services.

The *Literary Remains*, introduced by biographical and critical notices from the pens of Bulwer, Talfourd, and the Editor, represent the fruit of some years' intermittent work succeeded by the difficulty of finding a publisher willing to undertake the book. Hazlitt had been dead six years when this tribute to his memory appeared at length in 1836.

At first sight there is a sentiment of regret that such a delay should have occurred, as interest and sympathy are usually apt to suffer modification from lapse of time; yet in the particular case it is impossible to judge whether prompter action, had it been feasible, would have been more effectual, and would

have spared my father many long years of anxiety. Bulwer stood well with the Melbourne Cabinet, and when we cast our eyes over the glowing periods in which he testifies his unbounded admiration for Hazlitt, it seems unaccountable on ordinary principles that he could not have spoken a word in season for Hazlitt's son.

I have quite a series of letters from Bulwer-Lytton to my father; but they are of no permanent or general interest. Though a man of considerable fortune and influence, he never assisted us in any shape or way. He was notoriously, and even self-consciously, penurious, and used to explain this by saying that he had the blood of Elwes the miser in his veins; but he was at the same time totally deficient in real sympathy with anyone. He was a word-painter and ideologist. One of Hazlitt's latest projects was to review his novels in the *Edinburgh*. He had read *Paul Clifford*, and wanted, rather characteristically, a practical inducement to go through the rest. But the notion was never carried out.

Meanwhile, the *Morning Chronicle* was supplying the means of support, and on June 8, 1833, my father and Miss Catherine Reynell were married at St. James's, Piccadilly, at first taking lodgings over Warren's, a cabinet-maker, at No. 76 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, where I was born, August 22, 1834. They subsequently removed to two successive sets of apartments in Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, where they continued to live till, in 1838, they settled at a small house next the chapel in Alfred Place, Old Brompton. At one of our addresses in Percy Street, our landlord was a Mr. McComie, a book-binder. I did not recognise him as such, of course, till long subsequently; but he was one of the enemies of books, and many volumes were desecrated by this villainous artist, for whom Mr. Blades would probably

have recommended capital punishment. Percy Street may be recollected as the locality where the Rev. Mr. Hazlitt lodged in 1787, after his return from America, and where Lamb visited his friend Hume.

The love of the theatre, which had developed in Hazlitt from his early visits to London, before he regularly resided there, and which I have traced to the Unitarian minister himself in a modified degree, descended to his son, with whom it doubtless proved a valuable resource at a period when his purse was thinly lined, and an instructive and amusing evening was attainable, in company with the Reynells, without any appreciable expense.

One of the old-fashioned institutions connected with the drama was the Free List. At one time, while the practice of *papering* the theatres was comparatively unknown, complimentary tickets and admissions by signing the book were far more general. It is unnecessary to mention that Hazlitt himself enjoyed a sort of *carte-blanche* at all the principal houses, where his dramatic criticisms were apt to be such influential agents in deciding the fortunes of a new piece; and at one or two theatres I have understood that his place—even a box—was kept for him. My father himself had a free admission at Covent Garden at a very early age (he used to say at twelve), and went there some thirty times to see a piece called *Ivanhoe; or, The Black Knight*—the *Noir Fainéant* of Sir Walter. Some of the gentlemen connected with the press took half a dozen or more of their friends in with them gratis, when he was a boy. By a sort of prescriptive sufferance, he probably, if he had no actual *entrée* on the same lines elsewhere, experienced no difficulty in procuring orders. The Free List survives under different conditions. My father and I never dreamed of paying for admission in former days.

During a fairly long term of years, under the older and freer conditions, my father always found a succedaneum in miscellaneous literary work, and he had no reason to be dissatisfied on the whole with his relations with sundry publishers. Bohn told him that Bogue's *European Library*, edited by my father, and on the same (then novel) lines as regarded price, had been a loss to him (*dixit* Bohn) of thousands. But the two capital undertakings were Defoe and Montaigne. The former was never completed; my father sought the aid of Harrison Ainsworth with a view to procuring the use of the rarer pieces from James Crossley of Manchester, a specialist in Defoe; but that gentleman declined to lend his copies, as Ainsworth states in a note of 1841. The Montaigne has run through several editions, and with extensive improvements introduced by myself in 1902, is still the standard English text. What we really want, however, is a direct transfer from the author's Gascon original. Cotton's translation, adopted by my father, is indifferent enough, and Florio's still more so, although among people who do not read the old provincial French it has become the fashion to applaud it. You hear the *jeunes précieux* of London speaking rapturously of Florio. If he were living, and did not belong to their circle, how different it might be!

My father possessed a tolerable share of ordinary miscellaneous information and a certain acquaintance with French and even Italian. As a boy he had been an assiduous reader, and found in the employment a precious resource as well as ulterior profit. The concluding paragraph of Hazlitt's "Common Places," 1823, is wholly devoted to a pleasant and affectionate notice of him.

It was while he was on the staff at the *Chronicle* that my father was twice thrown into contact with

Lord Palmerston, and in both instances personally experienced a pleasing and forcible illustration of that easy affability and ingenuous straightforwardness, for which the former Premier was so remarkable.

On the first occasion, my father having gone down in the recess to attend the election at Tiverton for the paper, he was by some accident the only London reporter present, and took notes of his lordship's speech to his constituents. The speech contained some rather strong remarks upon certain proceedings of the then French Government, and the reporter took upon himself, at the conclusion of the address, to ask his lordship whether he desired those remarks to be given, or whether they were not rather merely designed *ad captandum* (as it were). Lord Palmerston smiled, and said: "I thank you for the alternative, but what I say here I say for everywhere;" and he added, in his own kindly manner, "How are you going up? I am going up to town at once, to take part in the London election." The reporter replied (this was before railways): "If your lordship will take up my report and send it for me to the *Morning Chronicle* office in time for publication, I shall be much obliged, for that will enable me to proceed West." His lordship accepted the mission, and ere he left Tiverton took charge of the report, which was duly delivered at the *Chronicle* office in time for press.

In the other case, when Palmerston, as Foreign Minister, had made on the last day of the session an important speech, Benjamin Hawes, then his Under-Secretary, meeting my father outside the House, said: "That was a fine speech of Palmerston's; I hope the reporters have a full note of it." The answer was that, if they had no more notes of it than he himself had, in consequence of the darkness, the probabilities were there would be excessively

little in the papers. The much alarm (my father's own phrase) of Hawes at this doubt suggested a proposition that, if it was so desired, my father would take down such notes of the speech as his lordship might dictate. This being accepted, he and the Foreign Secretary proceeded to Downing Street, where, my father being seated at a table, and the noble lord being requested to regard him as the Lower House of Parliament, Palmerston, pacing up and down, and with a good-natured smile from time to time, repeated his address. By this means an important Ministerial statement was rescued from oblivion.

On the *Morning Chronicle* they arranged to pay certain members of the staff all the year round, and to provide work for them to do in the Parliamentary recess. My father's pay was £7, 7s. a week; and while translations were in tolerable vogue, and brought three guineas a sheet, the literary side importantly aided the other.

The reporters in the Parliamentary gallery were a free and rough set even in my father's time. He used to take me up occasionally with him to the office facing Somerset House, and I recollect the men at their work round the table in the room upstairs, men of a stamp not much altered from those who had served under Black and Perry. Nor do I forget that my father was, to our great concern, brought home to Thurloe Place, about 1843, in some vehicle suffering from the injury which he had sustained from having been run over by a hand fire-engine just outside the office.

My father occasionally reviewed a book or undertook a theatrical criticism. On one occasion, a new piece at one of the houses, of which he had gleaned the general character and knew the cast, was announced, and he was asked to furnish a notice.

But he thought he had all the facts before him, and sent in an article based on his imagination. The performance was unfortunately postponed. The same thing once happened to Davison, musical critic on the *Times*, in the case of a new opera at the house in the Haymarket.

These days, until employment grew more and more difficult to procure, and certain classes of work ceased to be remunerative, seem to me, as I look back wistfully at them, to have been brighter and happier in some ways than those when relief arrived, and my father no longer suffered the tension and suspense of a precarious and inadequate livelihood. At the same time there were annoyances and vicissitudes, against which he bore up bravely; and I was too young and inexperienced to aid him in his literary tasks till toward the critical juncture, when resources began to grow more narrow, and his health and spirits, and those of my mother, began to give way; and the fruit of a longer postponement of Government patronage must have been calamitous. The earliest books in which I cooperated were the translations of Huc's *Travels in Tartary* and of the Works of Napoleon III. in 1852 and 1853. I am prouder of the bit of money which I then made for my parents than of any which I have since made for myself.

My father's income in those years which preceded his appointment had a sad tendency to recede from the decline in the call for the classes of literature by which he had once made a fair amount of money. Rent and taxes were then perhaps rather lower; but while some kinds of provisions, as fish and poultry, were cheaper, the bulk of household requisites was more expensive. We used to get poultry occasionally from Devonshire; a goose or a couple of ducks would cost half-a-crown; and fish was sold differently

—by the fish in the case of soles and other smaller kinds, not by the pound. A pair of soles cost 1s. 6d. about 1850.

I retain a very vivid impression of a cabinet council, at which I was present as a lad, about this period, when money was scarce and precious. The second Duke of Wellington intimated his wish to Murray of Albemarle Street that my father should edit a volume connected with the series of the old Duke's *Despatches*; and the question was, what to ask; for no price was fixed either by the Duke or by Murray. My father and mother and I sat accordingly in conclave upon this weighty matter. My father held that £50 would be ample.

"Oh," put in my mother, "these folks have plenty; why not make it sixty."

"Seventy would only be ten more," suggested I.

"Egad!" cried my father, taking courage, "I'll try eighty."

"I should go as far as ninety, if I were you," was my counsel. My father and mother looked at each other; my view carried the day, and ninety sovereigns, rather easily earned, my father had. That was a *beau jour*.

But we never had any farther transactions with Murray. My father once suggested to him an idea, which he declined, and then employed a lady friend to carry out. This was the same man who published Knapp's *Journal of a Naturalist*, stolen from White's *Natural History of Selborne*, and caused it to be puffed in the *Quarterly* as a most desirable book for everyone to possess.¹

A second case, in which I had the happiness to make a little money for my father, was when through

¹ See, apropos of this, a strange letter from Byron from Genoa to John Hunt of 1822, where the poet intimates his intention of giving up Murray, and furnishes his reason. Comp. *The Hazlitts*, 1911, p. 164.

the Escombes on my initiative he obtained some shares in a mine for £10, and might have sold them for £170, but against my advice he retained half, which subsequently became next to waste paper.

About that time my father saw a good deal of the second Duke. While Apsley House was under repairs, his Grace hired a residence in Belgrave Place. My father called one morning early, and found him at breakfast on a bit of cold mutton, bread-and-butter, and tea. A servant came in, when they were together, and brought some message from the Duchess, who was not on the most cordial terms with her husband. The same thing was said of Lord Sydney and his wife, and the same reason was given. Lady S. used to travel abroad with her maid and footman, and leave Sydney to shift for himself.

He and Wellington were very intimate, and had travelled together. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* I saw the Duke—my father's acquaintance—more than once in Piccadilly, and recall his shabby dress and his silver watch-chain, which impressed my youthful imagination as derogatory to a man of such high rank.

While my father resided in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, his near neighbour was Carlyle; but we saw comparatively little of him, nor did he take much account of us. I was quite a youth, and was not qualified to form any judgment of a man whose reputation was then at its height. But my maturer experience has not raised him in my estimation as a writer, although it would be absurd to contest his powerful and perhaps enduring personality as a *dramatis persona*. The references in his *Cromwell* and *French Revolution* are often of a very flimsy and second-hand cast, and I was terribly vexed at having been led to insert in a little book of anecdotes a letter from the Protector on the strength of his biographer having

given it, but which is almost unquestionably a forgery.

Carlyle strikes me, indeed, as having been very indiscriminating in the choice of his authorities, and the reason may be that he mainly used them as pegs to hang his own ideas upon, couched in his peculiar Anglo-Teutonic phraseology. I suspect that more than one of the letters in the Cromwell book is spurious. Indeed I fear that there is not so much beyond the grotesque jargon which forms the connecting letterpress to be trusted either here or in the *Frederick*; and I understood some time since that revised editions of the historical works were in preparation. I gravely doubt if they are worth even that process.

The germ of *Sartor Resartus* is in Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, and the Dean was himself a borrower. Some persons have taken me to task, and even bestowed uncomplimentary epithets on me, because it has been my cue to trace ideas back to their apparent sources. Thus the saying of Coleridge about Lamb, that his was a mind as incapable of receiving pollution as is the sun when it shines on a dunghill, may be found in a *Life of St. Agnes*, by Daniel Pratt, 1677, and occurs long before that in Diogenes Laertius, whence perhaps Coleridge conveyed it. A famous saying of Lamb,¹ "Give me Man as he is not to be," is on the title-page of a forgotten novel of 1793, which may have fallen under his eyes.

The late Algernon Black of Broadwoods related to me a curious instance of unconscious or spontaneous sympathy and the freemasonry of tobacco. Carlyle and Tennyson spent an evening together at Cheyne Row, and sat opposite each other, pipe in mouth, saying scarcely anything. Carlyle, when the Laureate had left, remarked to his wife what a

¹ See *The Hazlitts*, 1911, p. 174.

capital fellow the latter was, and Tennyson made the same comment at home about his entertainer. The story may be familiar.

I formerly threw into book form what I termed *Studies in Jocular Literature*; it was an effort to trace out these anecdotes, and discover their real sources or *prima stamina*; and I recollect that I was described by one of the reviewers as a *ghoul* for my pains, just as somebody else was on a somewhat similar account characterized as a *chiffonier*.

Just by us at Chelsea was the little cottage on the riverside where Turner the painter passed his last days as a lodger with Mrs. Booth, he taking her name. He left her a liberal annuity. When the woman asked for references, Turner drew out a bundle of bank-notes. He used to travel by the steamboat from Battersea Bridge, and in case he observed any one recognizing him, to disembark at the next landing-place.

In one of the best houses in Cheyne Walk resided in these days Mr. and Mrs. Handford. She had been a Mrs. David, and her son by the former husband produced one of the earliest Turkish Grammars in this country. The Handfords entertained a good deal, and we met under their roof Dr. Lee of Hartwell, the book-collector; Sir Charles Aldis, and his son, Dr. Aldis. The latter wore his white hair; but Sir Charles, with the help of enamel, stays, and a wig, contrived to pass off as the junior of the two—in fact, the Doctor seemed to have been born many years before his father. In the Handfords' garden, which robbed all the others, was one of the numerous mulberry-trees planted by Queen Elizabeth, who must have spent much of her time in this employment. I remember climbing up as a boy, and descending with a rich coat of colour on my hands and features.

In another house the Venetian ducal family of Grimani settled in the person of Mrs. Hornby, daughter of a gentleman of that once illustrious name, who followed the profession of a teacher of Italian in London, and wife of Mr. Thomas Hornby, a solicitor. Their younger son, Sir Edmund Grimani Hornby, carried down a step farther the distinguished *provenance*, although Hornby himself had, in a far greater degree than Miss Grimani, the air of a descendant of Doges. Hornby was a thorough gentleman, and before the periodical press was so fabulously cheapened and multiplied, he was a bountiful patron to journalism. His drawing-room table was covered from week to week with the most extraordinary assortment of papers of every class and persuasion; of books, on the contrary, I remember few; although his grandson, Mr. Francis Villiers Hornby, has informed me that he possesses about 1500 volumes, formerly his paternal ancestor's property.

We knew the Hornbys through W. J. Fox, M.P. for Oldham, who, like Hornby, was an Unitarian. Mrs. Fox, who long survived her husband, and whom I have often met at the Reynells', attended Hazlitt's lectures as far back as 1818, and described to me the lecturer's appearance and manner.

I recollect my father telling me, about this time, that he had been dancing the evening before with a lady who was so thin that he was afraid she would have worn his coat into holes.

A striking contrast between the busy thoroughfare which traverses the entire length of the way from Cheyne Walk to Pimlico, and the road as it was fifty years ago, must be immediately evident to anyone old enough to recall the aspect of the locality so far back, when a private path ran by the Military Hospital and was open only in the daytime. Such

antique bits as the Archway, Turks' Row, and Jews' Row, had their picturesque side, especially before the population overflowed all reasonable limits; but at present, notwithstanding certain improvements, Chelsea has dropped to a low general level, and is a district blocked from nearly every point by squalid approaches.

A good deal of confusion appears to have arisen out of the existence at different times of two or three so-called Chelsea bun-houses. One of the childish reminiscences of a personal acquaintance is a visit to that which was once known as Bath House, toward the old church and in the portion of Cheyne Walk fronting what was once the old China Factory, and subsequently Wedgwood's depôt. The bun was given to him so hot that he could hardly hold it in his hand. My informant adds that it was here that they first made the Bath buns, which I used as a school-boy to prefer out of a particular shop in Orange Street, Red Lion Square, as I did the three-cornered tarts from one in St. Swithin's Lane. But, this was not the real original house, which lay much farther eastward in the Queen's Road, at the end of Jews' Row, near Ranelagh Creek, and which was taken down in 1839. The buns were square, without plums, very greasy, and served hot, being baked on iron plates in the shop itself. They were adapted only for folks with elastic digestions, and, like many other characteristics of the bygone time, would not suit the present taste.

In Smith's *Book for a Rainy Day*, 1861, p. 259, he prints a notice by Mrs. Hand, proprietress of the "Royal Bun House, Chelsea," that no cross buns would be sold in 1793, but the Chelsea buns as usual, on Good Friday. Mrs. Hand here returns thanks for more than fifty years' patronage, thus carrying back the Bun Hegira to 1740 or thereabouts.

The ordinary books of reference mention the changes which Lindsey Row has undergone. My father had three landladies—Mrs. Ham, Mrs. Pepper, and another, whose name I forget, but which was oddly congruous. In my father's time, behind our residence and the others lay the Distillery Garden, with its Clock House. It was a large piece of ground devoted to the growth of lavender and other plants, or of herbs; and I more than suspect that it originally formed part of the demesne of Old Lindsey House, as well as of the conventual establishment which is supposed to have preceded that. Our own cellarage toward the river was very extensive, and ran under the front garden and part of the road; and it was said that in one of the houses a secret subterranean passage, long since stopped up, once existed, crossing the Thames to the Battersea shore, as a means of escape for the nuns in case of danger. The Distillery Garden had a long dead wall abutting on the King's Road at the bend opposite the Man in the Moon tavern at the corner of Park Walk. Mr. Whistler the artist, who subsequently occupied our house, threw that and the Escombes' into one.

All our residences at Chelsea were at or near the waterside; and those were the rowing days of the writer. The chief points for hiring boats were Searle's at Lambeth, Greaves's at Chelsea, and Biffen's at Hammersmith. I joined the Merchant Taylors' eight, and the only occasion on which, as an oarsman, I got into trouble was when, owing to the negligence of our coxswain, our boat was nearly capsized off Battersea Reach one day by the swell of two steamers. One of the patrons of Greaves, when I hired his boats, was Gordon Cumming, the African explorer, who was fond of exhibiting his muscular strength by holding out a pair of oars (not sculls) horizontally. The river has since my time under-

gone a complete change in its rowing aspects—not for the better.

The Escombes' eldest daughter Priscilla was a very handsome girl, and afterward married a man much older than herself, a Cape merchant named Jerram. I recollect a trivial incident connected with the visit which P. E. and I (then seventeen) paid together to the Exhibition of 1851. We returned to her father's house, and I thoughtlessly remarked: "Oh, I don't want any tea." She quietly replied: "Perhaps you'll allow me to have some?" One of her brothers was the late Sir Henry Escombe, who became Premier of one of our colonies. A rather unkind acquaintance of the family once observed to one of Priscilla's sisters: "I should hardly have taken you to be her sister, for you have small eyes and a large mouth, and she has a small mouth and large eyes."

Perhaps the recompense, which came to my father in 1854, was barely adequate to the load of anxiety which he suffered in the interval, and certainly in one respect the boon arrived too late; for, had it been conceded ten years sooner, it might have saved my mother from a premature grave. She was our good genius through all these troubled times, and was only spared, as it were, to look for a short season on the land of Canaan. I feel confident, from what my mother once told me, that her husband did his best in those early days of trial and straits, before I understood how narrow and how precarious were their means, to sustain her courage and his own; I remember her speaking of one occasion, when he was unusually silent and thoughtful, and when, at length, he owned to her that he had lost his engagement on the press and their sole source of livelihood. I am relating over again the experience of many and many—of some whose careers have been full of such incidents to heart-breaking.

When affairs were at their worst in Cheyne Row in 1853-4, I suggested to my father that, if he could get the Government to give me a berth, I would hand over the whole of the money to him, save just enough for my bare necessities. But the appointment in the Bankruptcy Court fell in soon after. I remember being impressed in Church Street with the tendency to drift, when my father accepted a couple of guineas for translating Victor Cousin's pamphlet, *Justice and Charity*, in 1848. While my father resided at Lindsey Row, I used occasionally to meet a tall, quite elderly French gentleman, rather shabbily dressed (as it struck me), but of an aristocratic air, about whom there was a mysterious story, that he was the Dauphin, supposed to have died in 1795. There were several pretenders.

III

MY OWN CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-DAYS

Two of the earliest reminiscences which I have, however, are connected with our residence at Alfred Place; the death of my younger brother Richard in a fit in 1839—he lies, poor little fellow! in Brompton churchyard; and the visit of Lord Lansdowne to my father on horseback to deliver a copy of the catalogue of his pictures for a projected edition in 1843 of Hazlitt's *Criticisms on Art*. A passage in the Life of Arthur Young of Bradfield reminds me that as a child my mother used to call me *Robin* from the largeness and openness of my eyes. Young's pet daughter Bobbin owed her sobriquet to much the same cause.

Another very childish recollection is the visit of my parents and my uncle Reynell and his children, my brother, and myself, to Felixstowe in 1840, and the distinct image in my mind of the two cottages lying back from the lane, which we engaged. At that time Felixstowe was a mere seaside hamlet. We spent a week of the time at Ipswich, and were transported in the carrier's cart, except my father and uncle, who walked. I have never seen Ipswich since, yet I preserve a vivid idea of the look of the principal street after sixty years.

My juvenile conception of freehold monopoly was perhaps not more imperfect and delusive than that of other youngsters. A Captain de Villa, Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, was

an acquaintance of my father in early days, and I went to his residence in Brighton with one or both of my parents, subsequently questioning to him or them the knight's title to the stair carpet, as it was identical in pattern with that at home.

My grandfather Hazlitt's first wife lived with us at one time at Alfred Place. She had her little peculiarities, as pouring her tea into her saucer, which scandalized more strait-laced folks. I remember that it was a custom at the tea-table to put your spoon in your cup, if you desired no more. But another plan was to place it on the right hand of the cup if you wished the latter replenished, and on the left otherwise.

I also realize the almost opaque deafness of Thomas Landseer, whom my father, when I was as a great treat in his company, met at one of the theatres, and with whom it amounted to an interruption of the performance to converse. The great painter, Sir Edwin, shared, or at least acquired in later life, this infirmity. Hazlitt himself had known John and Thomas Landseer at least as early as 1818.

When I had had some preparatory schooling in Brompton, I was taken by my father, on account of a cousin being already there, to a boarding establishment kept by a Mr. Mecklenburg at Margate, since developed into the Margate College. I remained there only two months, and then proceeded to Merchant Taylors' in Suffolk Lane, in the City. While I was at Margate, I remember the meal, which my father and I shared in 1841 in the harbour—steak and onions, followed by some green figs. I keep the taste on my palate still. And I also recall that I took off my shoes and stockings to wade in the sea, and that on the way back a small crab intercepted me, and made a reconnaissance of my toes.

MY CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-DAYS 39

I was nominated to Merchant Taylors' through my father's cousin, William Wellwood Stoddart, of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1842. The course of studies there at that time was very slightly varied, I apprehend, from what it had been a century before. The only subjects taught were Hebrew, Greek, Latin, writing, mathematics, and arithmetic. The school was held in an upper and a lower room, of which the latter was reserved for writing and arithmetic classes in the afternoon. In the upper apartment during the mornings, the five forms, with the Monitors and Prompters, and sixth form, on a sort of raised platform at the top, followed their studies or repeated their lessons to four masters. In 1842, and for some time after, the head-master was Dr. Bellamy, father of the late President of St. John's College, Oxford, who, when I saw him, struck me as just such another diminutive individual as my old acquaintance. I have thought that the latter was immediately related to Daniel Bellamy of St. John's, who lost his fortune in the South Sea scheme, and who became a miscellaneous writer and editor, his wife, Mrs. Anne Bellamy, keeping a girls' school, first at Chelsea and subsequently at Kingston-on-Thames. His earlier troubles did not prevent him from living to eighty-eight. The vitality of the Bellamys was evidently considerable—more so than their dimensions. In the afternoons this room was devoted to mathematics. There were about 200 boys altogether; but a small minority took the more difficult classics and mathematics, and a still smaller one Hebrew, although I understood that Bellamy was a fair Hebraist. Prayers were read every morning before school by one of the sixth form, who knelt in the centre of the room just below the Monitors' table, and held a printed sheet in front of him with the appointed ritual.

It was long my duty to perform this ceremony. It has occurred to me that the sheet in question might have been similar to that described by Mr. Tuer as in use at Westminster School.¹ Of the Prayers selected for use at Merchant Taylors' there is an edition dated 1786 in my hands, accompanied by a Catechism. On Election Day, I always noted the tall and commanding figure of Sir Moses Montefiore, who gave the Hebrew medal annually. He had been a successful contractor in the Crimean War, and was a most benevolent man.

Before I quitted this institution in 1850, it had undergone a remarkable development. Vigorous efforts were made to meet modern demands by enlarging the programme and extending the utility of the old foundation. One by one, French, drawing, music, and other sciences, were added to the meagre educational régime of my own earlier boyhood. I stayed long enough to join the French class, and one of my most agreeable associations is the delightful manner of Delille, who presided over it. What a contrast to the other instructors! He was before his time.

I never heard to what influence or agency the improvement of the school was due, but as it existed down to 1850 it was little better than a charity school of a high grade. There was once a year a strange piece of barbarism in the shape of an Examination or Probation Day, when we had to put in an appearance at eight o'clock in the morning, and to have our breakfast on the premises. All the arrangements were of the meanest and most barbarous character. Except that the *menu* was differentiated by the modern introduction of sausage rolls, three-cornered tarts, and Bath buns, the scene was perchance, in its general costume, not dissimilar from what it had been

¹ *History of the Horn-Book*, 1897, p. 467.

MY CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-DAYS 41

in the founder's lifetime. Of course the Merchant Taylors' Company could not afford to find us our modest repast. For 200 boys it might have involved them in an outlay of £10. Think of that!

It long used to be considered a good joke to lay hold of every newcomer to the establishment, and throw him into a large clothes-chest upstairs as an introductory ceremony; it was at any rate a dry christening; and if it did no good, it did little harm. It is curious how a mere accident gave me a peculiar ascendancy over nearly the whole school. While I was in the fifth form, a schoolfellow (Fat Nelham) attacked me one day, and I went for him. I was very strong, and I thrashed him well. My reputation and prestige were placed on the most solid foundation from that hour till the day on which I left. I was honoured by the *sobriquet* of the "Black Sheep," not by reason of any misdemeanour of which I had to plead guilty, but on account of the awe which my exploit inspired.

Better books, better masters, more liberal ideas, have no doubt set Merchant Taylors' on a totally different footing from the place as I knew it more than sixty years ago. I spent eight years of my life within the walls of the old mansion in Suffolk Lane, and I came out *grounded*.

I believe that I possessed a slight knowledge of figures, of Latin, of Greek, and of French. I had mastered a few of the problems of Euclid, and quadratic equations. Writing was an art which I never acquired either then or since, although many of the printers of Great Britain, and a very large number of correspondents all over the world, have made the best of a sort of substitute for the English written character in vogue with me.

I shall never forget the mingled despair and contempt which his futile endeavours to educate me in

this direction inspired in the breast of an eminent calligrapher, commissioned by my father in after years to qualify me for clerical duties. My chief at the War Office declared that, if he had not had absolute ocular testimony to the contrary, he should have thought that I held my pen with my left foot.

The books chiefly used were Eutropius, Cæsar, and Virgil for Latin; Xenophon, Euripides, Sophocles, and perhaps Herodotus, for Greek. The text-books which I recollect were Bos, Potter (*Antiquities of Greece*), Anthon, and Lemprière (who had been preceded, I think, by Adam's *Roman Antiquities*). The information imparted by these works was, according to present notions, meagre and imperfect enough; but they marked an advance on the yet older material. Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary* was, in particular, a highly creditable commencement on modern lines. The first edition was in 1792, but Hazlitt, as a boy, met the author at Liverpool two years before, and tells his father in a letter that he paid him (L.) great attention.

The Lemprières are Jersey people, and the lexicographer's grandson was recently living at Roselle. The late Sir John Millais was a countryman of theirs, and is made by an interviewer to offer very high testimony to their character and breeding. By the way, the said interviewer misunderstood the late President of the Royal Academy where he refers to his knowledge of *Hazlitt*—he meant my father. Sir John was not born till 1829.

In the main, whatever I have acquired may be regarded not unfairly or very disrespectfully as self-taught. I have in nearly the whole intervening period occupied my time in reading and writing books by way of supplementing compulsorily my shortcomings; and here I must not be understood to imply that the deficiency would or could have

been made good by a longer course at the school and a translation to the University, for on that topic I hold my own special convictions, which gain strength as I grow older; an academical career may be socially beneficial; but it warps and narrows the intellect, and as the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are constituted, they do not form the best training for a man who aspires to independent thought, although I quite see and grant that they are excellent nurseries for clergymen, schoolmasters, and mathematicians. I never met with any Merchant Taylor who had attained distinction beyond that possibly latent in a colonial bishopric or a silk gown; and all the University men with whom I have associated have struck me as wanting in originality of ideas. I challenged Dr. Baker, a former headmaster, to supply me with the names of five other scholars of national and catholic celebrity, who had belonged to the school since its foundation 350 years ago, giving him a start and a cue with the author of the *Fairy Queen*; but he did not vouchsafe, or did not dare, to reply.

Even in those isolated instances, where distinguished persons have belonged to one of our ancient seminaries of learning, I am tempted to ask myself the question, how far greater they might have been, had they never graduated. There seems to be an atmosphere about those time-hallowed spots, to which the blood assimilates, and which renders the brain proof against external thought and progress. Time will alone modify this growth of centuries, and then every one who is really great will become, from contact with the master-minds of antiquity, and from a power of collating ancient with modern philosophy, all the more eminent.

The mood and temper in which the classical authors, as they are termed, were taught, were utterly deceptive and unprofitable. Poets and prose-

writers, like Homer, Horace, Herodotus, Cæsar, instead of being introduced to our notice and rendered intelligible and tangible to us as writers, of whom the best part still lived, were made to appear impersonal abstractions. There was no attempt to bring these masters before us in their relationship to their own times and to ours.

I was usually considered a rather proficient scholar. My name repeatedly, almost habitually, stands at the head of the respective forms in the printed school-lists, and I preserve five volumes purchased at the cost of the Guild of Merchant Taylors, and handed to me as prizes between 1845 and 1850 ; they are of the usual type and quality.

But I declare that it was not till long after I had bidden farewell to Suffolk Lane that I acquired anything resembling a correct estimate of the great authors of antiquity, and learned that they were men of flesh and blood, actual realities, as much as Chaucer and Spenser, or as Shakespear and Milton.

Two circumstances of my life, which cling to my memory the longest, were my being at Merchant Taylors', of which I used to dream years and years afterward, and the death of my mother, which was my waking thought the 17th August 1897—nearly forty years after the sad event. I fancy that this must have been due to reading Johnson's last letters to his mother and to the sympathetic chord which they touched. But I again dreamed of M. T. S. on the 27th August 1897, without having had it on my mind.

When I entered Merchant Taylors' I was eight years old, and I continued for some time after, while I was an occupant of the Petty Form, to wear a tunic or frock with clocked stockings. I believe that I was rather proud of a very smart red velvet dress which my mother had made me ; but Dr.



- (1) WATCH-GUARD FORMED FROM THE HAIR
OF CATHERINE HAZLITT (1804-60)
- (2) TWO RINGS BELONGING TO HER BEFORE
HER MARRIAGE IN 1833

Bellamy beckoned me up to him one memorable day, and made a deep impression on my mind by saying, though good-humouredly enough, that if my parents did not find me a pair of trousers, he thought he should have to try and see what he could do to make a man of me.

It was a very long journey for a little boy in those days from Old Brompton to Suffolk Lane. We were due at nine in the morning. The founders of the charity had not provided for scholars residing beyond the precincts of the City. Not merely were there no trains, but the omnibus service was very imperfect, and with my parents' humble means cabs were out of the question. There were small omnibuses, holding ten inside, plying between London and Hounslow, Brentford, and Richmond, and a few others which accommodated twelve. On the Brompton and Chelsea roads I do not retain in my memory the first experiments. I walked to and from Sloane Street, and from or to that point a Hounslow omnibus conveyed me to my destination; my place was reserved. All these vehicles were in the hands of private proprietors. There were no fares below sixpence when I began to ride to and fro. The Richmond hackney carriages had drivers and conductors in livery, but their terminus was in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the charge for the entire distance was a shilling.

The Rev. John Bathurst Deane, M.A., F.S.A., who was master of the fourth and fifth forms in my time, was author of a somewhat empirical work on *Serpent-worship* and of a biography of his ancestor, General Deane, and during his life formed some collections toward a history of his family, which was subsequently printed with additions by others. He was an irascible and foolish person, addicted to giving extravagant tasks and personal chastisement, and to Bath buns.

of which the undevoured remainder often distended his cheek on entering the schoolroom after lunch, awakening a titter which, if the culprit was detected, brought down on him an order (usually rescinded) to write out the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. But these vagaries indicate to us a little in how untrue and unfortunate a light the classics were viewed, as I have remarked, by the teachers of two or three generations or so back, and made to appear to their pupils.

Deane was rather fond of the cane, which was applied to the back and to the hand in the *bender* and the *cut*. Probably this system of corporal chastisement is now unknown—scarcely recollected. It was as often administered without as with reason, and I once incurred the temporary displeasure of Hessey for resisting his advances in this way on some totally inadequate ground.

I once fell under the displeasure of Deane when he was giving our form some English dictation to turn into Latin by rendering "the soil of Rhodes" *solum viarum*; and I also received his censure by making *virtuosus* the Latin equivalent of "virtuous." He himself was partial to fantastic etymologies, as deriving by means of transpositions and the digamma the English "bread" from the Greek *απτος*. The boys sometimes made fun of him by bringing old battered halfpence, and making out that they had discovered them during some excavations.

Mr. Barlow, who presided over the junior afternoon classes in arithmetic and writing, was, of course, baptized Billy Barlow. An unlucky wight was overheard by him using this irreverent *sobriquet*, and summoned to his desk. Taking him by one ear, he said to him: "My name, small boy, is not Mr. Wil-li-am Barlow, but Mr. Sam-u-el Barlow," spelling out the words, and giving at each syllable a lug at the offender's auricular pendant. Barlow was rather

MY CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-DAYS 47

short-sighted. A boy played him a practical joke one day by spitting on the floor just where the old fellow used to patrol up and down before the tables, and poor Barlow stooped down, mistaking the white object for a shilling.

Of the seminary where I acquired my alphabet I have given some farther particulars in *Schools, School-books, and Schoolmasters*, 1888.

I witnessed one morning on Ludgate Hill, as I passed to school in the omnibus, a not unusual spectacle in those days. At the turning to the Old Bailey a man who had been hanged that morning was still suspended in the air, preparatory to being cut down. It was not then quite nine o'clock, and an hour was always allowed to intervene. This was about 1845.

What the school is it has become since my day. Down to 1850, save the institution of classes for drawing and one or two other matters, and an improvement in the mathematical department, over which Deane and Blunt presided when I joined, this noble Elizabethan foundation, of which so much might have been made, preserved its ancient poverty of design and narrowness of scope. There was progress without—the stir and bustle of modern life—but there was an inarticulate archaism within, out of tune and touch with the age. Everything was mechanical and doctrinaire; all was done by rote. The classics and mathematics were taught by men who had no feeling for them, and who could, of course, communicate no feeling to you. Virgil was as impersonal as the authors of the Scandinavian Saga, as wanting in individuality as Ossian, or more so. There was as wide a difference between their treatment of the writers of antiquity as there is between the *Life of Virgil* by Donatus the grammarian and the *Life of Horace* by Sir Theodore

Martin; the present writer printed many years ago a paper breathing the modern spirit on Homer's *Odyssey*.

Robinson, an old Merchant Taylors' boy, and Vicar of Upper Hackney, once shewed me his *Fasti* of the school, where I stood accredited with a single wholly insignificant book of mine. He was surprised to hear that I had done any more or any better, which was not unreasonable, as his other schoolfellows' biographies were unleavened by any such matters. Yet it struck me as a piece of ridiculous ignorance on the part of the compiler of such a work, especially as a proper account could have done no harm to an institution so poverty-stricken in distinguished pupils, although it might have told persons of decent culture what they already knew. This Robinson was the same intelligent individual who, when I once met him in later life, remarked that I did not look so young as when we were at school together. Did *he*?

In the printed account of the Merchant Taylors' Company there is some difficulty about a piece of land which was left to the Gild in trust, and I mentioned to the Clerk one day, in much later life, when I had been dining with the Company, that I thought I knew where it was. "Where?" he asked. "Why, your Hall stands upon it," was my reply.

IV

THE WAR OFFICE. DRIFT TOWARD LITERATURE

I CONFESS that I look back without pleasure at the two years which I passed during the Crimean War in the War Department about 1854, and a few years after quitting school. The late Sir Robert Hamilton and I were both supernumeraries, and both failed to pass the examination for the permanent staff. When it was a question of the examination my father, who through his uncle Stoddart knew Sir Benjamin Hawes, then Under-Secretary for War, spoke to him about the matter. Hawes did not think highly of the principle, and assured my father that if he himself had been subjected to it he should certainly have been ploughed. Under some forgotten circumstances I called on one of the Civil Service Commissioners, Sir Edward Ryan, and his delightful affability to an obscure youth I shall never forget. Hamilton and myself were the only two who succeeded in our several ways in emerging from that slough, or rising above the ordinary dead-level of official routine.

He constantly came down to my father's house at Brompton to dinner "when we were clerks together," and was not sorry to have the opportunity; but I lost sight of him when, by the assiduous support of Sir Charles Trevelyan (his father's distant connection by marriage), he succeeded in outstripping me, so far as official status went. His abilities were

not of a high order. He was a canny Scot to the backbone. He had not an atom of sentiment or intellectual insight, or gratitude for benefits received. He was a simple functionary with influential backers, and (as I understood) a specialist in accounts, though, when he was sent to the Admiralty to restore order in that direction, I heard that he left matters rather worse than he found them. He inculcated on me the excellent maxim that you should never put out your foot farther than you could draw it back again.

He was a son of the Rev. Zachary Macaulay Hamilton, a relative of the historian, and incumbent of a parish in Shetland not far from Lerwick, where part of his income was derived from a tithe of herring. It was through Macaulay and his sister, who married Trevelyan, that my fellow-clerk was enabled to profit by natural intelligence and industry. An extremely intimate friend of Hamilton was Charles Ogilvy of Lerwick, who is, however, not otherwise memorable than as the victim of a strange corruption of his name by a correspondent into Huckleford. An old acquaintance of my uncle Reynell, a Mr. Hicks, was transformed in a similar way into *Ix*. The youthful son of an acquaintance adopted the Oriental method of spelling, when he described an ox on paper as *vo*. I projected a visit to Shetland, Hamilton's father having invited me to stay with him, and Ogilvy's sister Charlotte accompanied me. She was much my senior, but her manners were very pleasing, and I cannot get rid of the sensation of her head resting on my shoulder in the night train to Edinburgh. My father said of her that she danced like a fairy. I returned with Hamilton by water, and we nearly undid the steward by compounding for our meals on board.

The Crimean War found Hamilton and myself a little behind the scenes. I had acted during a short time before as editor of the evening edition of the *Daily News*, where my successor was the late Sir John Robinson. It was certainly not a very creditable campaign from beginning to end, whatever the general reader or critic, looking back after all these years, may think of it. I was in two or three departments, and Hamilton visited the Crimea, as did my own brother; and we all heard more than enough of the shameful abuses and blunders in the commissariat, clothing, medical, and other services, of the positive dearth of food among the troops,¹ of the shoddy arms and accoutrements, the brown-paper boots, the useless swords and bayonets, and the surgeons sent in one direction, and their drugs and appliances in another. In one transport the medical requisites were stored underneath bomb-shells, which crushed and spoiled them. Then, when we had everything in order, because the French could not proceed, we abandoned the business, and let Russia restore Sebastopol. What we did achieve was by pluck and muscle; our Generals were deplorable. The part played by His Royal Highness, the then Commander-in-Chief, is familiar.

We have since done the same kind of thing over again, even more than once. It asks time before we are thoroughly in working order. We want plenty of time to look round. If we were as great as a Government as we are as a people, and were not the playthings of rogues and fools, we should be strong, and we might be indeed proud.

As matters now go, I most earnestly trust that our foreign friends will find on closer inquiry that behind the British Crown and Government there is

¹ An aged artilleryman, who went out there, emphatically said to me, "We were starved, sir."

such a thing as the Nation, which pays for both, and gets very poor results. When I look at successive British Governments since my youth (including that egregious one now in power) I am reminded of the rebuke administered by Pope Julius II., 400 years ago, to the representatives of the European Powers at the Vatican: "Vui siete tutti ribaldi (You are all rascals)."

I am not, however, without some mixed reminiscences of my association with that establishment. One of the most genial and conciliatory personages with whom I was brought into contact was Gleig, the Chaplain-General, who was at Waterloo, and who lived to a patriarchal age (ninety-four, I believe); and one of the most distasteful, the Right Honourable Sir Frederic Peel, about whom I committed to writing an official minute, for which, looking back, I feel surprised that I was not cashiered, inasmuch as I gave the Under-Secretary of State the lie direct. There was a cousin of Hannay the writer; two brothers of Williams of Kars, very charming fellows; William Ord Marshall, a most urbane gentleman; and Henry Driver, subsequently Sir Henry Delabere, whose amiable manners I vividly recall. The sole literary gain which I derived from my two years' stay was, however, the light thrown by Mr. Leslie on the history of my grandfather's second wife. I lament that it was not a stronger one.¹ I remember a late Marquis of Clanricarde coming to Whitehall Place in the summer season in a pair of trousers which I took it that his lordship had purchased from a necessitous Ethiopian minstrel; and I had a very agreeable chat one day with the Marquis of Westminster, a man concerning whom all sorts of odd contradictory stories used to circulate. But I have heard several to his credit. His son was a person of

¹ *The Hazlitts*, 1911, pp. 251, 259.

strangely plebeian aspect, of whom no one, I believe, had much good to report.

Of my colleagues many were grossly ignorant; hardly one possessed a notable degree of gentlemanly culture save Talboys Wheeler, who published the monograph on Herodotus. The reply to a letter from a noble Duke was addressed by one of these elegant creatures to Messrs. Buckingham and Chandos, but it was luckily intercepted. Another, whom I take to have been a sheer blackguard, was fond of applying to clergymen the (I think) un-glossed designation of *Gluepots*.

There was, by the way, a very decent fellow named Hodgson, whose entire literary capital was a story, which he narrated to me, of the then Princess Mary of Cambridge. He made out that her royal highness and himself once crossed Piccadilly from opposite sides at the same spot and moment, and that she fell into his arms. He was a spare little man, and she was, as we know, rather a portly lady. As George Stephenson said about the train and the cow, I would be sorry for Hodgson.

If I had pursued my official career, I might be at present a richer and more dignified member of society, but I should not be writing these Memorials, nor should I have been a sufficiently free agent to have elaborated a book ten times more important in my estimation, *Man Considered in Relation to God and a Church*, which I am trying to bring under public notice regardless of cost.

When Hamilton was Under-Secretary for Ireland, I roughly formulated a scheme for the settlement of that unhappy country, and it may be known to a few that in 1886, in a pamphlet, which was mainly a criticism on Gladstone's policy at home and abroad, I pointed out what had struck me as being the weak points in his management of Irish affairs.

But in my plan I entered a little farther into detail, and set forth what appeared to me at that time the only method of vindicating public order, and protecting the peaceable portion of the community in that part of the Empire. I scarcely see ground for hoping that without a stronger element of militarism any plans for the gradual social and moral amelioration of the country are likely to succeed.

Militarism, however, can never be more than a temporary expedient. The soldier is the worst of rulers. But he may prepare the way, or restore order. In a State no undue preponderance is consistent with welfare. If the sovereign is too strong, he is a tyrant; if he is too weak, he suffers his agents to tyrannize, of which the Asquith Ministry is an apt illustration. Where the community is too strong or too free, anarchy ensues from jealousy and emulation, and the result is an oligarchy or a despotism. Authority and influence must be nicely and permanently balanced. Even the best of princes is all the better for being kept in his or her place. We cannot tell how far Queen Victoria might have gone had she had the power, and the same, I fear, is predicable of her son, who was an example of the *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. Her grandson is at most only the former.

Hamilton told me this story of second-sight: A party of fishermen started one day from Lerwick; the weather was pretty fair, and their friends were there to see them off. After their departure a storm arose, and great anxiety was felt for the absent boat. The relatives came down to the shore to make inquiries and to watch, but nothing was heard of it, till one of the look-out group (so ran the tale) descried the craft nearing land, saw it touch the ground, and the inmates file out one by one, and proceed to their homes in the town. But the boat

had really been wrecked, and all hands lost, and some of the bodies were subsequently washed ashore.

H. was, as I have implied, profoundly illiterate. I once offended him at the War Office by referring to a Scot as a *Sawny*, and had to explain to him that *Sawny* was merely an abbreviated form of *Alexander*. He shrewdly remarked that of whatever you hear you may believe half, after dividing it again by two.

A version of *The Months* from the French of Garcin de Tassy, printed in *Chambers's Journal* for December 10, 1853, was, so far as my memory goes, my first independent literary effort (for I had already begun to assist my father in some of his literary labours), and brought me the apparently extravagant sum of fifty shillings. I certainly did not look for so much money; but it was a form of surprise and *oppression* of which in later life I have not been troubled by too frequent experience.

Before Smith and Elder started their *Dictionary of National Biography*, Murray projected a similar undertaking under the inevitable William Smith, with my erudite acquaintance Thompson Cooper as sub-editor. The latter was a capable man. He set me to compile certain lives, and the manuscript was duly delivered. After a lapse of time I wrote to Smith, and suggested a settlement. He asked me to wait till the book was printed. I might have waited till the proverbial Greek Calends. The work was abandoned. Of course Albemarle Street paid the score.

My interest in the historical antiquities of Venice arose, I remember, from reading Smedley's *Sketches from Venetian History*, and I flattered myself that something more worthy of the subject might be the result of my own labours, more especially when I was apprised that the large French work by Count

Daru was far from satisfactory. This was in 1853, when I was a youth of nineteen; my opportunities of consulting books were rather limited, and my father's circumstances rendered it at that time out of the question to purchase any; but my parents, on their return from a visit to Paris in 1855, brought me a copy of Galibert's *Histoire de Venise*, 1847, which was many degrees, at all events, in advance of Smedley. I succeeded, however, in procuring a reading ticket for the British Museum, and we had a subscription to the London Library. At a distance of nearly sixty years from that date, when we were residing in Chelsea, I am still keenly looking out for every fresh point illustrative of that subject; in a periodical I printed separate papers from time to time illustrative of Venetian Architecture, Trade, Coinage, Prison Discipline, and other points, and in 1900 I reproduced the book in a different form from the edition of 1860, which was only too indulgently received. But it was the work of a young man of five-and-twenty. I have now decided to send to press at an early date a text which represents the completion of a fifty years' labour on this theme, and far more fully deals with the institutions of the Republic.

While I was planning my history, I wrote a deferential letter to Ruskin, soliciting his advice regarding method and authorities, and that wayward philanthropist did me the honour to leave my appeal unanswered. When the first crude edition appeared in 1858 (I was only twenty-three), my father sent a copy to Macaulay, who replied in a most kind note, saying all that he could say—that the work did credit to so young a writer. My unreasoning objection to write in my books led to my father putting an inscription in the copy sent to Macaulay, and after his death it was offered by a bookseller as a presentation one with the author's autograph. I have always thought

that in Ruskin's literary vein was to be detected a trace of his physical conditions, which so potently operated on his life.

When I was at Venice in 1883, I visited the Library of St. Mark, and asked the custodian whether he could shew me any interesting manuscripts or other archives relating to the old Republic. He went away, and when he returned he bore in his hands a copy of my own book on the subject. I suppose that he thought it the only one which I was likely to understand. It is more to the point that my short stay led to the formation of my acquaintance, now of over twenty years' standing, with Count Nicolò Papadopoli, the ardent and distinguished Venetian numismatist.

A fellow-traveller and myself were one day strolling about the Piazzetta, and we noticed a couple of women, who might have stepped out of some *cinquecento* canvas, and presently a gondolier (perhaps in league with them) made signs to us, and called out: "Comandàre, signori?" He saw that we were not keen upon his boat, and he added, as an inducement, in another tongue: "Avec mesdames?"

V

WESTERN SUBURBS OF LONDON SIXTY YEARS SINCE

I now propose to devote some space to a description of the suburban districts in which we as a family, and I as the founder of an independent home in the usual course of events, resided and moved between 1838 and 1909, taking occasion to intersperse the topographical sketch with particulars of such friends and acquaintances as we were fortunate enough to acquire within this radius, and especially in Old Brompton from time to time, and of others of whom our knowledge was more indirect, yet sufficiently considerable to justify a passing mention. There are many names, which I cherish and value, as there are places and spots, both in my own country and abroad, which reappear at my bidding in their full and true solidity.

The westward route from Sloane Street—as at one time, indeed, from Hyde Park Corner—lay about three-quarters of a century since between garden-houses, only broken occasionally by stretches of dead wall appertaining to the Park or some ancient mansion, by lines of fencing where a nursery abutted on the road, or by the boundary hedge of a market-garden. The undulating and uneven surface betrayed the absence of a Highway Board for the parish; and the variations in the elevation and width of the footpaths were traceable to changes in the character of the buildings adjoining.

If there were such a thing as a plan of Old Brompton and the environs as they appeared many hundreds of years ago, it would present to our view an open and probably uncultivated tract, abounding in wood and morass, and intersected by streams flowing from the northern heights of Hampstead, Highgate, and Holloway. Within living memory a few of these water-courses still existed, while others had dwindled into ditches, or, as in the case of the Efra, which flowed into the Thames at Vauxhall, and was navigable by small craft up to Brixton or farther, had been converted into an underground sewer, except where a portion may be yet seen dammed up at the Lawn. Queen Elizabeth is said to have ascended the Efra in her barge, possibly on a visit to one of her court at Kennington or Brixton. Two other streams connected with the Efra were the Neckinger and the Tygris, of the latter of which the site was not ascertained till 1910.

There are probably many who have not taken into account the vast changes produced in the course of ages by the creation or improvement of thoroughfares. Modern Paris is said to be 8 feet higher than it was in the days of Philip Augustus. Modern London stands 20 feet above the Roman city. The bulk of the superficial area of all great centres of population and building is *made ground*, which, as immense bodies of soil or *muck* are frequently transported from a distance to supply a *vacuum* where the gravel or sand has been removed, as well as for the purpose of raising the level, is apt to do violence to geological harmony.

Thus, in the decline of a district from its early speciality of aspect, and its adaptation to a general standard suitable to the requirements of the builder, we find a variety of contributing factors. Some of

the details are bound to vary according to the level ; but the reforming hand of the enterprising owner or speculator is equal to all emergencies. In low lands the causeway and the shoot play a leading part. They did so in Battersea, where they long emptied the mud-carts day by day, and in Pimlico, where, between Knightsbridge and the river, lay a desolate waste, dotted with ponds, the wreckage of Ebury Farm and the contiguous fields. I used to think that Battersea Fields, with the Red House and other amenities, were not all that could be desired ; yet I would joyfully vote for their restoration instead of the actual scene which they present, with their honeycomb of railway-line and doleful blocks of poverty-stricken houses.

The hedge, the park-pale, or the buttress wall, gives way to the railing before a terrace or a row of detached or semi-detached houses, and these are subsequently degraded into places of business, of which the front gardens make a part. So it has been in Brompton on the West, and in Whitechapel on the East—exactly the same law and same process.

In parts of Westminster, built on the ancient Thorny Island, they have come, in laying foundations, on submerged and buried willows, formerly flourishing on the banks of the water-courses, which branched from the Thames inland, and of which the sole modern vestige is the Long Water in St. James's Park. One of these channels passed through Delahaye Street, a lately demolished thoroughfare named after Pierre de la Haye, Chief Confectioner to Charles II., who died in 1684, and is buried at Mickleham. He had two houses here, of which one went to the St. Aubyns with his coheirress ; the other formerly belonged to a personal acquaintance of the writer, and it was in rebuilding the premises about 1840 that the original nature of the soil, and

the strangely altered conditions of the scene, were brought to light.

The site of the southern extremity of Delahaye Street, where Royal Charles's head-pastrycook lived, was once designated Long Ditch, the original stream having degenerated in the usual manner. But the levels hereabout must have suffered a remarkable change, and nearly the whole of the ground, as it now stands, is doubtless artificial. It was two centuries ago several feet lower—in a line with the Stuart willow-beds. So, again, in the City proper the Wallbrook once flowed through the moor, now only known by tradition, but originally stretching at least as far as the site of the Bank of England. On removing an old house in Coleman Street in 1896, the peaty bottom was reached, with its Roman remains.

The brook degenerates into a ditch, the latter into a sewer, as the builder spreads his ravages. The old maps do not assist us much in tracing the waterways of this particular tract. There were at least two, of which one, the most westerly, flowed through Brompton Vale across the fields and the Fulham Road, before it was constructed as a highway, and so through Chelsea to the Thames. A second traversed Hyde Park and Knightsbridge. The latter my uncle Reynell remembered before it was transformed into a covered drain, and when the stream was skirted on the northern side by old wooden tenements. Some of the portion which flowed through Hyde Park has been filled up within my time.

The environs of London on all sides were formerly rich in roadside inns, of which the custom was derived in principal measure from the waggoners, carriers, and stage-coaches which plied between the Metropolis and the provinces. The carriers and coaches

had regular days for going and returning to London, Westminster, and Southwark, and small penny and twopenny handbooks were published from time to time to enable travellers, or persons desirous of transmitting parcels and messages, to keep themselves informed of the times of arrival and departure on the various routes. It once took our family a week to reach Wales or Cornwall. I see that in 1641 from four to six days were required for a dispatch from Sir Edward Nicholas at Westminster or at Thorpe to reach Charles I. at Edinburgh.

Anterior to omnibuses and railways, the transport service was, in fact, performed by coaches, waggons, and carts; the two latter were employed not only by the lower, but by the middle class, and such a man as Shakespear, when even the coach was unknown, must have journeyed to and from Stratford in a waggoner's or carrier's conveyance, or on horseback. The supply of fish to inland towns within a measurable time was by cart or van from the nearest port. The local dealer kept a vehicle constantly on the road, and had to arrange for relays of horses.

Folks whose traditions happen to be associated with the West End may not have heard, as a rule, of any halting-stages or starting-points less central than the White Horse Cellar (whence my grandfather set out for Winterslow Hut, and on a special occasion on his way to see the Fight), or the houses in Coventry Street and Holborn, where the Old Bell long survived. But about Bishopsgate and in the Borough this feature in everyday life, prior to railways and other modern appliances, was seen in its fullest vigour and picturesqueness, and the attendant costliness and loss of time would under present mercantile and social conditions be out of the question. Scott, the City Chamberlain, who died at eighty-nine, and had known personally sixty Lord

Mayors, paid half a crown, when he became rich enough to afford it, for his fare part of the journey from Hampstead to the City, in what he described to me as "a blue-bellied" coach. When the omnibus began to compete with the coach, the fare was usually and long one shilling.

Piccadilly, Westminster, Holborn, Bishopsgate, Islington, and the Borough, we see, were the points of departure and arrival for the mails, and a little later on came the long-distance omnibus, starting from some of these centres. Judging from the number of coaches (about sixteen) which left Piccadilly, the Angel at Islington, and elsewhere, daily, there must have been a large complement altogether; and there were also the mail-carts and post-chaises, the latter with the boy-outrider. This illustrates Dunton's periodical, 1692, entitled *The Post-boy robbed of his Mail*. One prime feature in the coach was the guard, with his blunderbuss and pistols, which were so carefully wrapped up against the weather that a highwayman might have scuttled the conveyance before they could be disengaged.

The Piccadilly coaches chiefly took the Great Western Road on their way to Oxford, Worcester, Salisbury, Devizes, and elsewhere; but one crossed the old wooden bridge at Putney *en route* for Portsmouth. The northern, eastern, and southern counties were served from Islington, Aldersgate (the Saracen's Head), Bishopsgate, Westminster, and Southwark. In my earlier days, the omnibus which used to take Charles Lamb and his friends to and from Edmonton still started regularly from the Flower-Pot at Bishopsgate, an inn demolished about 1866. I never went by it farther than Tottenham. A second ran between the Bell in Holborn and Wendover; and a tedious journey it was. You had earned more than the five shillings, when you alighted, if it was in the

winter, after nightfall; and the driver looked for *largesse*. It appears from a small volume printed in 1829 that a stage, as it is called, started from Bartholomew Lane, City, and conveyed passengers to Putney, Barnes, Brentford, and other points. No farther details are furnished.¹

Places which now constitute part of our great city were till a comparatively recent date distinct hamlets. Hounslow, Turnham Green, Brentford, and even Kensington and Old Brompton, were rendered independent of the capital by wide stretches of open ground and impracticable roads—the latter such as are pictured by Macaulay in his *History of England*, and by many travellers and diarists of the eighteenth century. Yet within my time and recollection many of these outskirts were delightful homes and resorts, and to a modern eye fabulously rural and solitary. Those who have only known the western approach to London since 1850 must be strangers to what it was when I was a boy. My mother, who was born in 1804, remembers that when she was a child, and lived in her father's house in Craven Place, Black Lion Lane, Bayswater, there were no buildings between them and Harrow; and in her Memoir of her father, Vincent Novello, 1862, Mrs. Cowden Clarke mentions his removal with his family to Craven Hill, while that neighbourhood still retained its primitive simplicity and consisted of small detached dwellings, with gardens. The Oxford Road, as it was called, was so desolate in Hazlitt's day that he was afraid to traverse it by night. When he walked to the Reynells', he became at last so alarmed by the reports which reached his ears that he purchased a brace of pistols, which his son used to carry, till, growing more afraid of the weapons than of the footpads, he discarded them.

¹ *Personal Narrative of a Journey Overland from the Bank to Barnes*; 12mo, 1829. Attributed to Theodore Hook.

Within my personal recollection what is Lancaster Gate was a meadow with a hedge to the highway. Between this meadow and Porchester Terrace was a tea-garden. The property hereabout included the Bread and Cheese land left to Paddington parish by maiden ladies for the periodical distribution of relief from the church-steeple. It was after my settlement in Addison Road, Kensington, in 1862, that those sweeping changes occurred, which thoroughly demoralized the neighbourhood and drove me to Barnes. Like General Boone, who hunted up to ninety, I retreat before *civilization*. I feel that I have been long hovering between dignified repose and the *Fuga Sæculi*.

Notting Hill, properly *Nutting Hill*, is at present beyond redemption. I recollect it a very pleasant countrified locality, surrounded on the north and west by fields. I have walked with the Warnes from Clarendon Road, even after that was built, the whole way to Hampstead with very few houses, and those scattered about, between. To the north of Notting Hill behind Norland Square there yet survived some very old-fashioned cottages fronted by long narrow gardens, and the latter may have formed part of the original Notting Dale, which at present exists only in name. The entire vicinity, when I lived at Kensington, had become sordid and disreputable, and part of it was known as the Potteries. Notting Barns, which was a farm lying between Notting Hill and Campden Hill, still survives in a small patch of open ground near Bute House and in Farm Street, which is just where the turnpike gate stood. You go down from the main thoroughfare in entering Farm Street, probably because the highroad has been much raised. The causeway throughout this region seems to have generally preceded the regular road and footpath, as it must have long done elsewhere; and hence, I

presume, comes the French expression *rez-de-chaussée* for the ground-floor.

I have mentioned that the environs of London on this side were down even to 1850 very lonely and insecure, and that both the highwayman and footpad formerly infested the whole tract of country now almost completely covered by houses and protected by well-lighted thoroughfares and police. In the Kensington highroad, just beyond Knightsbridge Barracks, I recall a queer old hostelry with the back looking to the Park, and I have always understood that this was a regular haunt of the knights of the post, who, if pursued into the premises, escaped at the rear into the large open space behind, and so got away from the not very dexterous or alert guardians of public safety and order. A second lay at the junction of the Fulham Road and Bell and Horns Lane, and a third formed part of a short row of very antique shops on the northern side of the Fulham Road, opposite Stewart's Grove. In the Fulham Fields there was a very quaint halting-place of this kind; it was on the right-hand going toward Hammersmith Broadway. It was known as the Greyhound, and was a noted haunt of highwaymen; and the site of Holcrofts in the village itself was originally occupied by a similar establishment, before it was transformed into a private mansion—the usual process inverted.

The oldest house at Walham Green was the King's Head, previously known as the Hare and Hounds, and dating from 1680; and at Putney the Fox and Hounds was said in 1860 to have been established above 300 years, and had probably at the outset an extensive view in the rear.

There were waggon-houses of a similar type, no doubt, on those sides of the city with which I was less familiar. Three yet lingered in modern times:

two on the Uxbridge and one on the Oxford Road. Of the former, one lay at the corner of Wood Lane, facing Shepherd's Bush; the other, not far from Kew Bridge, was a halting-place for George III. on his way to Windsor. A few may call to mind how at Bayswater, opposite the Park, not far from Lancaster Gate, survived an ancient structure of the same class seeming to have no relationship to the scene around it.

The changes in the route from the Metropolis to the north have been, ever since the last century, equally immense. The road to Barnet used to be straight down Gray's Inn Lane, till it was diverted through the Bishop of London's park at Paddington. The gate which gave its name to Highgate was placed to collect the Bishop's tolls. I personally spoke at the Holborn end of Gray's Inn Lane to a well-known artist more than fifty years since, who remembered a haystack where King's Cross station now is.

The scattered markets, which formerly lay at intervals over all this area, possess greater significance than may at first sight appear. They were the sole depôts for the convenience of the householder when all the small neighbourhoods about the west and other parts of the Metropolis were yet detached villages, with oases of meadow or demesne between them. I may mention Oxford Market, Newport Market, Clare Market, Carnaby Market, Shepherd's Market (at the foot of Down Street, Piccadilly), Chelsea Market, and the one which used to be at Knightsbridge, or rather on the western side of Sloane Street, near the remains of Knightsbridge Green. There was another on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

My maternal grandfather Reynell, who was born in 1777, remembered Sloane Street, which was laid out or planned in 1780, partly in carcase, and his son

(my uncle) has fished for sticklebacks in the ponds about the Five Fields, Pimlico—the area between Sloane Square and St. Peter's Church. Cattle used to graze on the site of Belgrave Square within living memory, and my informant recollected the erection of the Square railing.

In a view of St. George's Hospital (the old Lanesborough House) as it was in 1746, the locality is perfectly open, and the building isolated. It is almost equally so in another, which occurs in Knight's *London*, 1841.

We have all heard of the sport enjoyed by General Oglethorpe in the time of Queen Anne, where Regent Street now is, and snipe were also shot in Tuthill Fields behind Bird Cage Walk. The old door belonging to the barracks, from which some of the officers sallied in pursuit of their game, was formerly preserved *in situ*; but snipe were also to be found in the osier-beds and the Willow Walk at Pimlico, near the present Warwick Square and Street. Tuthill Fields in their integrity represented the second state of the Forest of Tuthill or Tottel, which included Thorney Island. Under the earlier Stuarts market-gardens appear to have occupied part of this area. Howell, in one of his Letters, announces his transmission to a York friend of Tuthill-Field melons. It is said that in a lease held by a wine merchant in Regent Street he is debarred from shooting wild birds there.

London in allusion to its numerous turnpikes, gained the Theban *sobriquet* of the *Hundred-gated*. There was a parallel series on all the main roads. From the Piccadilly side, the first was at Clarges Street, Piccadilly,¹ and was transferred in 1721 to Hyde

¹ See a letter of Nelson to Lady Hamilton, whose husband was then residing at No. 23 Piccadilly, Aug. 26, 1803, where he refers to Piccadilly Gates for the house at Merton, apparently on the model of those at Hamilton's.

Park Corner, with the weighing apparatus a little lower down for the heavier traffic. This bar was successively set back to Sloane Street (1825) and the Queen's Elm, before which within living memory the actual tree spread its branches and its shadow, lending its name equally to the terrace opposite, which dates from about 1822, when Mayers the baker built his premises at the corner of what was long known as Elm Terrace. The general structure on the northern side from the church to the end of Brompton Row has undergone vital alteration, including the removal of the gardens and the enlargement of frontages; but opposite the entire aspect is changed for better or for worse. These suburban gates were long farmed by Jonas Levi, whose name was to be found upon them, and who was recollected by Mayers aforesaid coming periodically down to inspect his property. The speculation must have succeeded, for Levi lived in good style at Kingsgate Castle, near Broadstairs. He was a large shareholder in the Brighton Railway. My father dealt with Mayers during a long series of years. The old man lived to a very advanced age. He made a lightly baked and pale-coloured breakfast-roll, called a turn-over, of semi-circular shape, which I have never seen since.

The King's and Queen's Roads were what were known as the King's private roads, for which special passes were required. I have two before me, dated 1731 and 1737, with G. R. on obverse and *The King's Private Roads* on reverse. These vouchers probably served for other routes closed to the general public. The latter was a virtual *cul-de-sac* at both ends till it was opened up by the modern builder and the removal of the barrier at Chelsea Hospital, and even now it is not a main artery. Within the writer's memory the King's Road was far quieter and less built

in than now. When we lived at Church Street, two women came early one morning in a cab quite naked, and ran a race down the road to a certain point for a wager, starting from Smith Street.

The gate at Hyde Park Corner was exactly parallel with the one at Tyburn, near the Marble Arch; it was removed in 1829. On a blue earthenware cheese-plate belonging to the commencement of the last century is painted a view of Tyburn turnpike, with all the country towards Bayswater and Edgware open.

VI

WESTERN SUBURBS OF LONDON SIXTY YEARS SINCE (*continued*)

IN 1840 there were very few shops in the Brompton Road between Sloane Street and the Bell and Horns, nor again between that and the Queen's Elm.

The original village of Knightsbridge extended in a broken and irregular manner or form from the western corner of Sloane Street (then unknown) to the end of Queen's Buildings. There were at the outset no houses on the southern side till you passed Sloane Street, nor on the northern till you reached the village of Brompton. Even now the peculiar levels shew that the primitive road (including the pathway) has undergone repeated alterations.¹ Of the mediæval Knightsbridge mentioned in records of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, probably not a vestige remains; and the made ground here, as well as at Brompton Row, was found necessary to lift the residences, which were gradually erected, above the uncared-for and sometimes almost impassable coach and cart track. The place derived its name from the bridge which (above the modern Albert Gate) spanned the stream running from the North of London across Hyde Park and Pimlico to its outlet into the Thames opposite Vauxhall. This structure in some shape was of very great antiquity. It was the theatre of an adventure narrated in the *Hundred Merry*

¹ See *History of Sign Boards*, 1866, p. 169.

Tales, 1526, but one by no means merry in its *dénouement*. We hear in 1371—525 years ago—of Knightsbridge as a hamlet, to which the Butchers' Guild was permitted to send cattle for slaughtering purposes. A second principal *abattoir* was Stratford-le-Bow.

Plantagenet Knightsbridge presumably consisted of a single row of tenements, first on the northern side by the old bridge, and then (after an interval) of others on the southern side, where Queen's Buildings at present stand, the former facing the fields toward the river, where Ebury Farm subsequently extended, and having at the back an enormous sandy area, now partly represented by Hyde Park, the latter facing an open heath, successively reduced to a great and a triangular grass-plot, and looking behind, till the eighteenth century was far advanced, on a wide expanse of waste. I have understood that there was no regular grass-land in the Park till George III. caused parts to be sown with seed as a relief to his eyes when he began to suffer from ophthalmia. There used to lie in the rear of Shout the goldsmith's former premises toward Sloane Street a nest of curious antique hovels, which might have been a detached part, in their first state, of the primæval hamlet. They were reached by a court, possibly once a lane. A view of these occurs in Davies's *Knightsbridge*, 1859.

On the once waste plot between the present Knightsbridge Green and Sloane Street stood the watch-house for the district, and a friend remembers peeping in at the window one day when he was a boy, and seeing the body of a woman just recovered from the Serpentine lying for identification. The ordinary use of these places was as a lock-up for pickpockets and other nocturnal offenders, till they were taken before the magistrate.

Knightsbridge Green must have been in its second state, so to speak—that is, subsequently to the creation of Brompton Row and Queen's Buildings—of much greater extent than I can recollect it. It appears to have fallen a gradual prey to encroachment by private persons and the Highway Board; but it is easy to recognise that the whole tract was at the outset waste of the Manor of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, and came down in a fork to the point where Sloane Street at present opens into Knightsbridge.

In or before 1795 I see that John Marsh set up in this outskirt a manufactory of inversable carriages of all descriptions, from a curriole to a caravan, and in the above-mentioned year he printed an account of his invention with illustrations in a folio volume now of extreme scarcity. It purports to be on sale only at the Inventor's Manufactory, Knightsbridge, facing the New Barracks.

Queen's Buildings, which face the Green, were originally private residences, with small plots of pleasure-ground divided from them by the footway exactly as the case was in Brompton Row; and these spaces were gradually absorbed into the thoroughfare, one or two at the western extremity being the last to disappear. At the opposite corner, where the ground began to recover the natural level, you formerly descended a short flight of steps to the first shop. Here, in fact, the country at one time recommenced, and all was open in the rear. There is in the *Hundred Merry Tales*, 1526, an account of a thief making his escape across the fields just at this point. There were down to my time only a few primitive places of business on the southern side, facing Brompton Row, and then private houses standing back in long gardens. That was doubtless the second state of the locality, when it had ceased

to be a meadow or arable land protected by hedges.

Many of us recall the cavalry barracks in Kensington Gardens, near the turnpike at Gloucester Road; but there were also barracks for the foot-guards on the site of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the church standing where the old barrack-yard once was.

The scene is as different as if we were looking back on occurrences of two centuries ago. The exigencies of traffic, the feverish competition of trade, the seething population springing up around us and choking many healthy forms of the earlier English life, have accomplished the metamorphosis. The region formerly known as *Old Brompton* was once and long a country village, or little more. The scenes amid which I spent much of my youth now survive only in the mind's eye. The ancient mansions which abounded there, the historical sites or records, the fine residences in grounds, the market gardens, and, best of all, the old Vale, have vanished like a dream.

Brompton Row, which connected the place itself on the northern side of the road with Knightsbridge Green (in its far greater amplitude) at an epoch long posterior to the existence of Old Brompton as an independent name and locality, I take to have a topographical affinity with Bunhill Row, Chigwell Row, Woodford Row, Channon Row, and Forest Row—a block of buildings erected on the skirt of a hamlet or a waste. The first houses which occupied the site were of low elevation and humble pretensions; they lay back some forty or fifty feet from the main road, and the boundary-line of their front-gardens, with the projection on the opposite side, where Brompton Grove and Grove House stood, left a sort of gorge for vehicles of all kinds, yet enough to meet the demand of that day. During

a protracted period the dwellings just here enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the open area behind, so far as the eye could scan.

The Row about 1840 presented altogether a sufficiently picturesque aspect; it was quiet, green, and rural; and the grape vines trailed over one or two of the exteriors, with the clusters hanging unmolested in the season, may give some idea of the transition which the locality has undergone.

Faulkner, in speaking of the villages which bounded the town of Kensington proper on the southern side, mentions *Old* and *New* Brompton; but he omits to delimit them, and to do so would now involve greater trouble than it would have done almost a century ago, when Faulkner wrote his account of Kensington. Still I think it probable that New Brompton was the name applied to the eastern end, including Brompton Row, and that Old Brompton centred round Cromwell or Hale House, Cromwell Lane, and the lower end of Bell and Horns Lane toward Brompton Hall and Cowper House. The Row was plainly, as I have suggested, an aftergrowth, and originally abutted on the waste of St. Mary Abbots, without any other buildings between it and the Manor of Hyde. Like Queen's Buildings opposite, its level was probably raised to what we now see it, when at a later date private residences of a superior character were erected there.

Two celebrities who resided in Brompton Row were Sir Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford, who had married the widow of Lavoisier the chemist, and who was there quite in the beginning of the last century, and Leach, a boatswain who had served on the *Victory*, and had lost an arm. He was full of all sorts of yarns, and his conversation was eagerly sought by the frequenters of the Crown and Sceptre at the corner

of Rauston Street, going toward Montpelier Square, where Trafalgar was fought over again almost nightly in a recital accompanied by copious potations of malt liquor. Leach had an adroit way of ordering a half-pint of beer in a quart measure, and his tankard was constantly replenished for him by his admiring audience. He it was who used to give an account of the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, tripping on some occasion and saving herself by catching at the stump of Leach's arm, on which occasion Her Royal Highness, according to the narrator, expressed her satisfaction at being able to lean on the buttocks (bulwarks) of England. This may have been while the Duke and his wife resided at Kent House, Kensington Gore.

Count Rumford did not probably reside long at Old Brompton. I have seen a letter from him written there in 1801, and in the following year he settled in France. He was one of the earliest improvers of our domestic stove. John Reeve I notice elsewhere. Then there was Mrs. Cooper, who in my boyhood kept the confectioner's shop in the Row, and made a speciality of the Brompton Bun, of which I was a munificent patron. The Brompton product had some consanguinity with its Chelsea prototype; it was greasy to the touch. I have noted elsewhere my other preferences in the same direction. In later life, while my father lived in Bloomsbury, I was one of the financial pillars of an establishment in Hanway Street, where cakes, ratafias, bonbons filled with liqueur, *et alia similia*, were made to perfection; and, moreover, wherever I went in the country, I generously befriended the tuck-shop.

A notability of a different character in the Row was denoted by a brass plate with the name *Lloyd* on it, attached to one of the doors. Mrs. Lloyd

resided here, and was a person of some means. She had a son, an officer in one of the line regiments. Mrs. Lloyd was, in fact, in business—what business was not exactly known, not even to her son. Her headquarters, however, as a matter of fact, were in Crown Court, St. James's, where she could shew a cheval-glass in a silver mounting, given to her by H.R.H. the Prince Regent; I dare say that she was very proud of it. A very sad story was connected with this woman and this house. One day a lady brought a gentleman there, and the door was opened by Mrs. Lloyd. The gentleman was her son—he had discovered the secret; and he never recovered from the shock. The poor fellow's commission had been bought out of Crown Court.

One of the earliest houses in the Row adapted as a place of business—a sort of semi-private one—was Symonds the joiner's. My mother called him *the Spider*, because he limped badly, lifting one leg behind him. He had his workshop next door to Hume the baker's, near Brompton Crescent.

Facing Brompton Row lay Brompton Grove, Grove House, and other private residences in grounds. In the Grove was living in 1824 William Wilberforce, who had removed from Kensington Gore, where he is described as residing in 1820. He died in 1833. Wilberforce, a native of Hull, and who at one time represented that borough in Parliament, became intimate with the Yorkshire branch of the Stanhopes, and had been partly educated at Wimbledon. A personage of his standing would doubtless be at least acquainted with other members of the same family. He apparently settled in London about 1780, being then quite a young man.

Grove House in or about 1840 was converted into a dame-school, kept by Mrs. Warne. Mrs. Warne, a Miss Perryman, whose sister married

Colonel Maceroni, aide-de-camp to Murat, brother-in-law of Napoleon, did her best to initiate the writer into some of the rudiments of learning. Her governess, Miss Foster, who married Osborn the Fulham nurseryman, tried to make me an advanced scholar by teaching me a few words of French, and one day it came to the turn of the word *oui*. "Say *oui*, Willy," quoth the lady. "I won't say *oui*, Miss Foster," was my hardy, Loftus-like, but not perfectly logical, reply.

A portion of the extensive gardens once attached to these old buildings survives in the small oblong enclosure of Ovington Square. Between the next turning westward, after leaving Grove House, a line of houses, a few shops inclusive, lay well back from the road, and had in front of them down to Michael Place an open space within low open iron railings, over which I have often vaulted as a boy, which might originally have been gardens, but which I personally knew only as gravelled. It has been completely absorbed and obliterated by the modern *improver*.

At the back of Grove Place, Elliot's Pine Pits occupied ten acres, extending nearly to the western side of Hans Place, where Sir Charles Shuckborough had a mansion in grounds. Elliot afterward removed to Fulham, but he naturally found pine-growing unremunerative when a better specimen than he could produce for a guinea was obtained from abroad for half a crown.

In one of the small houses in Grove Place, Mr. John Hunt, Leigh Hunt's elder brother, spent his last days and died. I recall visits which we paid to him there. His wife, like old Mrs. Hazlitt, was addicted to distinguishing him as "*my* Mr. Hunt." She might have had good reasons for this.

My oldest recollection of Brompton, Alfred Place,

was a short *cul-de-sac*, abutting at the western extremity on what was at a later period Thurloe Square, and dividing Alexander Square, so named after a solicitor and speculative builder, Henry Brown Alexander, who was my father's landlord, but who is better known as the father of William Alexander, donor of the National Portrait Gallery. The elder Alexander must have been almost the first to spoil the rural character of this neighbourhood. He died at Hillersdon House, Barnes, a residence once belonging to a family of that name, in my time at a patriarchal age, leaving a large fortune. In earlier life he had been a great horseman.

In Alexander Place was a magazine for the sale, among other sundries, of short basket-hilted iron swords and wooden broadswords. My brother and I fought *à outrance* with the former, and exhausted many a pair, regardless of the outlay, which was fourpence each; but the broadsword was a shilling, and was only for ceremonial use. The reports which came to us from our elders of the sanguinary conflicts in transpontine melodramas led to this playing at soldiers or brigands; but I think that the shilling weapon associated itself in my mind with a commission in the Household Cavalry. How many foster such illusions and mental cobwebs, varying only in character as time goes on! There was in my young time in Brompton a fellow who produced a sort of sensation after dark by haunting the unlighted lanes and byeways. He was known as Spring-heel Jack. I suppose that he moved about on stilts. It was prior to the more systematic organization of the police. I believe that I am right in saying that Bell and Horns Lane was his headquarters.

Faulkner, who wrote the local histories of Chelsea and other places, was a second-hand bookseller at the corner of Smith Street, Chelsea, nearly opposite

Gough House. He was a little man, and had a brother as small as himself, who died in 1895 in Paulton Square. Faulkner brought out his *Brentford and Ealing* in 1843, and proposed to my father, then living in Church Street, Chelsea, to exchange a copy for some book of my father's doing. I recollect—it was about 1847—Faulkner left his own book, the equivalent not being ready, and called nearly every day, till my father told him, I think, he might have his volume back again. His books have a value, but they suffer from the chronic mischief of being written up to subscribers.

I have the most distinct impression of Bell and Horns Lane, commencing with the old-fashioned unpretending hostelry at the corner, with its yard, in which a cobbler had his stall.

A hedge bounded the lane right down the south side, where Thurloe Place and Square were subsequently erected, and the ditch was a good hunting-ground for the rat-catcher. And on the highroad, before Alexander Place and Square and the rest of the Alexander estate were laid out, a second hedge skirted the thoroughfare on the north side with few interruptions as far as Swan Lane. On the north side of Bell and Horns Lane beyond Brompton Church, of which in my boyhood Mr. Irons was minister,¹ lay Pollard's School, a nursery ground, Ingestre House, and a number of other detached residences in their own grounds. Webster and Harley the actors lived there. The high massive wall enclosing the nursery and Ingestre House was supported by buttresses, which formed a source of alarm in those days to women and children who were passing after dusk, from fear of attacks by thieves or footpads. Leigh Hunt said that these buttresses reminded him of

¹ Was he related to the Rev. Mr. Irons of Lingstead, Kent, who died in or about 1786? The name is unusual.

the legs of the Knave of Clubs. At the other end of the lane was the Hoop and Toy public-house, originally an old-fashioned establishment, with trees in front of it. Nearly opposite on the north was Gore Lane, a narrow bending thoroughfare leading to Kensington Govor or Gore, and down there, on the right hand, was a house once tenanted by Charles Mathews the younger. The lane debouched at Gore House, Lady Blessington's.

I accompanied my father as a child to the sale of the effects at Ingestre House prior to its demolition ; it had been at one time a residence of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury. The last private residence of all those once standing hereabout was Brompton Park, the residence of Sir John Fleming, Bart., who had two handsome daughters. These ladies long kept their maiden condition, but had their love affairs. Their father used to say that they were very good girls, and never did him any discredit. In 1779 Jane, the elder, was married at Marylebone Church to the third Earl of Harrington (1753-1829). The younger became Lady Worsley.

Prospect Place owed its once more appropriate designation to the complete absence of any buildings between the lane at that point and the Fulham Road, till the first wing of the Consumption Hospital was begun, and Sumner Terrace interposed. On some of the ground nearly opposite the Toxophilite Society held its meetings. Robert Cruikshank, the brother of George, was one of the members. Of George Cruikshank I have said a word in my Confessions, 1897. He had two establishments and families ; and the story goes that on one occasion one of his children by the sinistral Mrs. C. had him pointed out as the great George Cruikshank. But the boy said, "That is not Mr. Cruikshank ; that is my father." A wine-merchant employed by Shirley Brooks had to inquire,

if Brooks did not say, to which of the two Mrs. B.'s the order was to be sent.

Pursuing the course of the lane, one had Cowper House (ultimately a lunatic asylum) on the left and Brompton Hall, a house with eagles over the entrance, on the right; this is said to have represented the site of a residence of Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's minister; and turning sharply round by the Hall, the pedestrian found himself in Cromwell Lane, which led to Brompton Vale, the Almshouses, two or three nurseries, and then either to Gloucester Road through a turning to the left or to Kensington across the fields. By taking the right hand instead of the left, which brought you to Gloucester Road, you reached, down a short *cul-de-sac*—at one corner of which, by a bridge over the ditch, was a cottage once occupied by Colonel Maceroni already named—the entrance to Cromwell House, otherwise called Hale House, one of the many reputed residences of the Protector Cromwell, and of which my uncle Reynell was the latest occupier.¹ One of the mantels from this ancient edifice, which stood in four acres of ground, is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, but it has been unskillfully repaired. O'Keefe the dramatist, in his *Memoirs*, mentions a Tea Garden concert as held here in 1762, as if the building had even then been converted to different or casual uses. In this degraded state it acquired the designation of *Cromwell Gardens*, preceding in order of time the more generally known *Florida Gardens*, on which Gloucester Lodge was built in 1805. In 1820 Cromwell House scarcely retained any trace of its character and importance. It passed through the Methwolds, founders in 1652 of the Almshouses in Cromwell Lane, to the Harringtons by the marriage to the elder daughter of Sir John Fleming.

¹ Near Cromwell House was Bath Cottage, so called from a bath just by. It is mentioned, I understand, in *Jordan's Autobiography*.

What seems a piece of corroborative evidence of the settlement of the Cromwells at Brompton, is the fact that the family chose Kensington Church as the place where members of it were married.

The Vale, of which no trace now remains, lay on the right-hand side of Cromwell Lane, turning down from Brompton Hall toward Gloucester Road and Kensington. It was approached through a doorway, and consisted of a group of cottages on either side of a sinuous footpath. There was no carriage-road. Each residence stood in about half an acre of garden ground, and was enclosed by a high black fence. The Vale, which partly abutted on Cromwell Lane, had been originally formed by the enclosure of some of the demesne of Cromwell House, and the waste plots along the lane were gradually occupied by houses of various styles, including one where the Gunnings formerly lived. On the left-hand side once stood Bute House, and beyond it the Almshouses above-mentioned.

A mysterious personage preceded my uncle as tenant of the premises in the Vale. It was a forger or utterer, or both, of flash bank-notes; and an old gardener, who afterward worked for Mr. Reynell, gave this account of him, that he rode out every morning on horseback, and returned in the evening, both his beast and himself presenting the appearance of having ridden far and hard. It was conjectured that his practice was to change the notes at different points, and at as considerable a distance as possible from headquarters. What became of the fellow the narrator did not know; if he was apprehended, the "three-legged mare" was his infallible destiny; and the mere fact that his proceedings were capable of explanation seems to shew that the fraud was discovered, if it was not punished.

The ditch which traversed the Vale and skirted the Reynells' garden on the southern side (one of its slopes was their strawberry-bed) came out at the Admiral Keppel Inn, where the Chelsea Pound stood, and where there was a meeting of cross-roads. When they were draining this ground about eighty years since, the skeleton of a man who had been buried in lime—a suicide or a murderer—was discovered.

Through the Reynells we knew the Edward Wrights and the Spagnolettis, through the latter the Farrens, and through these the Holls, and so on. This was in the early forties. The Byrons became acquainted with us through my father's engagement in the reporting gallery.

Spagnoletti, father of my old friend Charles Spagnoletti, was not only the son of the famous leader of the Italian Opera, and one of the immortal triumvirate in the ballad of *Old King Cole*, but he married the daughter of Stowasser, leader of the Horse Guards Band. My friend's father was a first-rate musical teacher, and might have done very well in his profession. But he was not very methodical, and was greatly addicted to the gentle, but not remunerative, science of angling. Many a time, when his pupils were expecting him, Spagnoletti absented himself on the plea of indisposition, while he had really set off on a pleasant little excursion with his rod and bag.

I owe to Charles Spagnoletti the following anecdote:

Mr. James Forbes and Sir Edward Watkin, long the two leading spirits on the Chatham and Dover and South-Eastern Railways, conferring together on some arrangements propounded by the former to be for mutual advantage, Watkin allowed his friend to go on for some time, but,

at last interrupting, said very quietly: "And where do I come in, James?"

On the site of Pelham Crescent was Colville's Nursery, or rather one of them. A path, flanked by a ditch on one side and a hedge on the other, led right across to that portion of Bell and Horns Lane, by Brompton Hall. The Crescent was built about 1837 by Bonnin. I recollect the fields there, and the stile over which you had to climb to the path which led to Brompton Hall. Pelham Place was a later creation. Our relatives, Sir John and Lady Stoddart, on their return from Malta, were among the earliest residents there. This was about 1840.¹ Guizot and George Godwin I elsewhere signalize. I used as a boy to be frequently a visitor at the Stoddarts', and have a lively recollection of a carpet which Lady Stoddart was long engaged in weaving against her son William Wellwood Stoddart's marriage, and of a cake, which I was engaged to convey to our house in Thurloe Place just by, of which a nefariously abstracted burnt currant nearly choked me. For some time I attended St. Luke's Church with Sir John, while he lived as a widower in Brompton Square.

Opposite Pelham Crescent there was in my early time a considerable open space immediately at the back of Pond Place, and I went with Byron, when we were quite lads, to see a fair held there. This space may have been the last vestige of Chelsea Common, which, according to Lysons, consisted of thirty-seven acres, and lay between the Fulham and King's Roads. It is said to have been also, if not originally, known as Chelsea Heath, and to have had an undergrowth of furze and heather, which flourished in a soil formed of sandy loam, as well as certain

¹ See *The Hazlitts*, 1911, p. 341.

botanical features in common with Hounslow and Hampstead Heaths. Adjoining the Common was Chelsea Common Field, skirted to the north by Blacklands Lane. So late as 1881 the area left open at the junction of Markham and College Streets retained the name of *The Common*.¹ I believe that St. Luke's Church and churchyard occupy part of the area, for it is observable that an unusually large piece of ground was assigned to this purpose, bespeaking the relatively small value of land at the time, or the easy terms on which this open space had been acquired.

Onslow Square covers the old grounds of several mansions, including Cowper House, where Messrs. Elliot had a lunatic asylum. One of the brothers afterward removed to Munster House, Fulham.² It is the mutilated avenue of Cowper House, which is seen in the centre and in a passage leading from the Fulham Road.

Bell and Horns Lane practically extended to Earl's Court, and was bounded on both sides the whole way down to about 1850 by private mansions or other houses, market-gardens, and nurseries, among which I may mention those of Gray, Siggers, Colville, Conway (by the turnpike, where the Bolton estate was laid out), Rigby, and Kirke. My mother bought her morello cherries for preserving at Conway's. Gray had succeeded first as a partner, and eventually (1788) as principal, to the original Brompton Park Nurseries, founded in 1681, and belonging to a succession of proprietors or lessees. Gray was there in 1835. Among his predecessors had been George London, formerly gardener to Sir Christopher Wren, and Henry Wise, who were long in partner-

¹ See what I say in my Supplement to Blount's *Tenures*, 1909, v. *Chelsea*.

² He is the *E.* of my paper "Off the Straight Line" (*Prose Writings*, 2nd Series, 1910, pp. 175-80).

ship. There is much information concerning this and other suburban nurseries in a folio volume collected by Mr. William Forsyth. Of all the specialities once and long grown in this neighbourhood, the Brompton *Stock* is the only one I have heard mentioned by florists in my time.

The lane eventually debouched near what is now the Brompton Cemetery and the Redcliffe estate, and on the left was Walnut-tree Walk, leading to the Fulham Road (a not very safe place for pedestrians, as I have known ladies robbed at mid-day), while on the right the road wound round to Kensington, and brought one out opposite Holland House. One of the earlier residents at Earl's Court was Tattersall the auctioneer, whose house was called Coleherne Court. A portrait of him, seated at a table writing, was painted by C. Hancock and engraved by W. Giller, October 4, 1841. He died in 1795.

On the right and left of Walnut-tree Walk, and between that and the cemetery, there was nothing but market-grounds and orchards, except a field on the right, where, years after the presence of any actual danger, a board was to be seen, warning the public "to beware of the bull."

On the other side of the cemetery toward the Fulham Fields was a country road, where one of my godfathers, Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, inventor of the Bude Light and of the Steam Tram, was the first, I believe, to put up houses. I accompanied him as a youth on his visits to his property, and have the flavour of the red currants yet on my palate, which I gathered in the remains of the old dismantled orchard.

An amusing experience befell my father while he was in his early married life a visitor at Gurney's in Cornwall. He was rather addicted to woodmanship,

and sallied out one day with an axe, wherewith he lopped a number of trees on somebody else's estate. The owner applied to Gurney, who was on the commission of the peace, for a warrant for his guest's apprehension, which I have had in my hands. But I believe that the matter occasioned some merriment, and was amicably settled.

Gurney impressed me as a boy with his strange passion for butter. Unlike other men, he would take a slice of the latter, and unite it to a very thin one of bread. His daughter gave £500 toward the endowment of Truro Cathedral, and placed a painted window in St. Margaret's, Westminster, to the memory of her father, of whose career it is emblematical. This lady in her earlier life used to pay occasional visits to London, and pester my mother by dragging her to the West End shops to see the fashions. She overhauled the whole stock, and bought nothing. My own most juvenile production is a letter to my father, while he was staying at Gurney's, as just mentioned, requesting him to come home and whip my brother. It was in 1843. I was then nine, my brother four. A second episode belonging to the same period and occasion was the dangerous sea voyage to Plymouth on the way to Cornwall, and the thrilling intelligence on the return home that the captain had at one point of time abandoned all hope of saving the vessel.

The ground now occupied by the Brompton Cemetery was a market-garden down to 1836, when, or in 1837, it was surveyed, enclosed, and laid out. The whole area between it and Walnut-tree Walk, and between the Earl's Court and Fulham Roads, was also cultivated, and principally orchards. The grounds of Mr. Toogood's house at the Earl's Court end of the Walk, and Mr. Popart's at the other, nearly met. This was a thoroughly rural bit.

Gunter the pastrycook lived at Earl's Court, while it was still a retired and rustic neighbourhood. Of course, he had had the opportunity of availing himself of any chance of profiting by the development of local property, and he eventually purchased of the Gilbert family for £30,000 (as I was informed by Colonel Gilbert) what is now known as the Gunter estate, and employed George Godwin the architect, one of the first occupiers of the houses in Pelham Crescent, to lay out the property for him in what is known as Bolton's, Tregunter Road, where Halliwell-Phillipps resided many years, and (on the opposite side) in Gunter's Grove, on the borders of Chelsea and Fulham.

A friend of mine, who was articled to Godwin, recollects Pollard the schoolmaster, next door to Brompton Church, coming in every week to see the *Builder*, which was then a comparatively new undertaking, at Pelham Crescent. Pollard sold his school-site to the Oratory.

Opposite Chelsea Park, or Wharton Park, as it was originally named, in Little Chelsea, lay Brompton Heath, an open space which must have originally extended from the village of Little Chelsea to Swan Lane on the east side, and have abutted on the Earl's Court Road, or continuation of Bell and Horns Lane. Thistle Grove preserves in its name an indication of the former condition of the site. There is evidence that, so early as 1712, a portion was occupied by Sellwood's Nursery, a name preserved in Selwood Place. In 1663 the tenant or proprietor of the Goat (afterward Goat in Boots) enjoyed the right of commonage for two cows and one heifer on the heath. At Shaftesbury House in Little Chelsea died in 1786 Mr. Edward Wynne, who inherited in 1740 the library and the residence of Narcissus Luttrell, author of the *Historical Diary*.

At this house the Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the *Characteristics*, had his library, a fire-proof room. He sold the house to Luttrell in 1710. It appears to have occupied the site of St. George's Workhouse.

Thistle Grove appears to have been parcelled out into building allotments about 1816, and was a *cul-de-sac* at the northern end, the extension known as Drayton Grove being under cultivation, the sole approach from the Fulham Road at this point to Earl's Court and Kensington being through the narrow lane at the back of the Grove.

I do not exactly know what were the original boundaries of the hamlet of Brompton. In *England's Gazetteer*, 1751, it is simply described as "near Knightsbridge, Kensington and Chelsea." In 1851 the population is returned at 14,870.

Beyond Little Chelsea lay Walham Green and Fulham, and to the south Sand's End and Parson's Green, all detached hamlets separated from London and each other by wide stretches of open land or garden, now consolidated into one huge continuous street, as it were, resonant with some of the least attractive forms of modern life. Scarcely anything but Fulham Palace remains to shew what this side of the Metropolis originally was. Peterborough House, Moore Park, and Fulham Park have disappeared. The Palace possesses a unique interest as the only moated house within the Metropolitan area.

Between Walham Green and Fulham, on the left-hand side, after turning the angle in the road by the modern fire-engine house, lay Purser's Cross, which is lost in the so-called Percy Cross House opposite.

Sixty-five years ago, Siggers the market-gardener had a large piece of the ground on the Earl's Court side, opposite Conway's Nursery, and contiguous to

the turnpike. I met Siggers many years since in Brooks's shop at Hammersmith—the Brooks, whom I describe in my *Confessions of a Collector*—and entered into conversation with him about the old place. He narrated a curious anecdote of the Duke of York. He had instructed all his children never to accept gratuities from strangers; it was a very secluded and thinly-populated part, and the precaution was necessary enough. His daughters came home one day, and told him that a gentleman on horseback had stopped them, asked them their names, and, pulling a shilling out of his pocket, stooped to offer it to them. They declined to receive it, and the gentleman asked their reason. They said that their father had ordered them not to take money from anyone. From their description Siggers guessed who their interviewer had been.

This account probably referred to the time when the Duke kept Mrs. Carey at Fulham or another lady at the White House, Putney. His Royal Highness had children by the former, who passed under the name of Gibbs, and strongly resembled the Georges. They went to Roy's school, at Burlington House, Fulham, and were afterward drafted into the War Office. The public service at that period was the ordinary destination of the offshoots or superannuated servants of the nobility and of Royalty. Indeed, so late as the time of the Crimean War such was still the case. While I was at the War Office, an illegitimate son of the right honourable Sidney Herbert was on the staff under an assumed name; he was well nursed. He was not the only one.

Siggers told me some unproducibile stories of the old Duke of Wellington in connection with Brompton, where he favoured a resort partaking of the character of a casino and something else. His

Grace was an Orlando Inamorato of a not very high order.

He had the habit of keeping at Apsley House a considerable amount in bank-notes, and on one occasion, when he was paying for a heavy purchase, the vendor respectfully suggested a cheque. But the Duke told him that he liked to settle such matters in cash, as he did not wish Coutts's to know what a fool he was sometimes.

In Sydney Street, Fulham Road, during the last years of his life resided Thomas Wright, the distinguished antiquary and man of letters, the intimate associate of Halliwell-Phillipps. Wright married a discarded mistress of Francisque Michel. I saw her once or twice—a lady of imposing appearance, but, from what Halliwell gave me to understand, and from what I learned otherwise, by no means a crown to her husband, unless it was one of thorns. A credulous relative of mine described her to me on one occasion as a scion of the ancient French *noblesse*.

She was poor Wright's evil genius. He was a man of vast industry and erudition, and deserved a better fortune. Halliwell allowed him a pension supplemental to the munificent one of £65 with which the discerning and impartial British Government requited thirty years of archaeological scholarship and research. The royal housekeeper at Kew Palace, her nephew informed me, had £350 a year, with lodging and perquisites. How equitable and how consistent!

People used to express surprise that Wright could get through so much work, whereas he was always to be seen about among his friends. But he used to rise at four, and do a day's work before breakfast. He was a familiar figure in many parts of England, where he had been engaged with others in conducting archæological inquiries; but Henry Holl seemed

to say that this was especially so at Ludlow, where he was once with him, and Holl spoke of him as the *King of Ludlow*.

Wright was not a journalist, nor a Liverpool man, nor a Scot, or Gladstone and his *alter ego* Rosebery might have made him a grant out of the public funds, followed at a decent interval by a pension for life, as they did in the case of William Watson, who had written a few copies of verses, and who will, it is to be feared, be a charge on the taxpayers during the next forty or fifty years, thanks to these two eminent Liberal statesmen—liberal in much the same sense as the gallant knights of the post of old time, who magnanimously presented to B. what they had previously stolen from A.

One of the small detached houses along the Earl's Court Road was the *Rosery*, or, as Jerrold called it, the *Roguary*. I recollect being taken here as a boy to see the Carter Halls, and being struck by their wall-plums, the bloom on which is not dead to me. My escort was Lilly (Lavinia) Blanchard, afterward Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold.¹

Mrs. Carter Hall was generally allowed to be a very accomplished and able woman; I have always heard that the gray mare was the better horse in this case, and "Cairter," as she used to call him, was little better than a scissors and paste man. Some irreverently alluded to him as "Mrs. Carter Hall's husband." Yet he continued during a long series of years to earn a handsome income out of journalism and letters, and to secure a pension. He never failed from lack of courage. He asked Moxon & Co. £600 for the right to reprint in book-form his *Memories of Writers*, which he had communicated to some periodical. This was toward the close of his career. I happened to be the next client whom the firm was to see, and Hall

¹ She died at Kensington in 1899.

went out as I went in. His aspect was truly venerable, and I noted the amplitude of his shirt-collar, to which he was indebted for the nickname of *Shirt-Collar Hall*.

How often I have passed the sweet creeper-clad cottage, where Jenny Lind, the *Swedish Nightingale*, resided during some time! It was on the right-hand side, as one walked from Gloucester Road, not far from the Carter Halls. An acquaintance of mine at Barnes, the late Mr. Morten Cotton, told me that he went to hear the new-comer, waited at the doors from four to seven, and when the public was at last admitted, had his coat nearly torn off his back in the struggle to get in.

At Hereford Lodge, of which the entrance lay in a recess, just before one came to the Rosery, toward Earl's Court, and at the turning down to Gloucester Road, resided Lady Hotham, an acquaintance of our friends the Bryans; but the site has long been occupied by Hereford Square and other houses. The name awakens the suspicion that the Hothams had been preceded by a family, to which the mansion owed its name—perhaps the Devereux.

A temporary resident at 20 Pelham Crescent in Brompton about this time was the ex-Minister Guizot, whose works on *Civilization* and the *English Revolution of 1640* my father translated. He sent the books to Guizot, and received a polite acknowledgment.¹

The father of Guizot had perished on the scaffold in the first Revolution, and as, next to his master, he was the best hated man in France in 1848, he naturally lost no time in placing the Channel between himself and his countrymen. Those who were in Paris at the acute crisis heard the ominous cries of "*A bas Guizot!*"

¹ See it printed in *The Hazlitts*, 1911, p. 516.

One of the famous old houses in Brompton was Gloucester Lodge, built in 1805 for the Duchess of Gloucester, widow of one of the sons of George III. It stood on the right-hand side of what developed into Gloucester Road on the way to Kensington, and occupied the site of Florida Gardens. George Canning afterward lived there, and at a later period Don Carlos, whose sudden disappearance one morning in July, 1834, was soon explained by his arrival as the head of an insurrectionary movement in Spain. The building, which occupied with its grounds a considerable area, surrounded by a very high fence, remained unoccupied for a very long time, and was at last pulled down. I saw it just before its disappearance.

Both Lord Howard of Effingham, the hero of the Armada, and Richard Percival, the Spanish scholar, who published the Dictionary and Grammar of that language, and translated portions of the *Mirror of Knighthood*, were in the reign of Elizabeth residents at Old Brompton. Percival had his son Philip christened at Brompton Church.

Although Michael Place and Grove and Brompton Crescent were in the parish of Chelsea, they were in such immediate contiguity to Old Brompton that I may mention the residence of Braham the singer in the house at the end of Michael Grove. The singer's daughter became Lady Waldegrave—the Waldegrave of Lady Cardigan's *Recollections*; but his two sons never achieved any success. My father, who had a very promising voice, was very nearly becoming his pupil. In 1845 J. R. Planché the herald resided at Michael Grove Lodge.

Leading up to Braham's house, on the left hand, and not far from the highroad, was Hume the baker's, a depôt for white and brown *parliament*, oblong cakes of farinaceous material slightly

sweetened, and cruciformly divided on the face into four smaller squares. The brown variety is still in commerce; but the other is forgotten, and the cruciformity has been discontinued. A curious book might be written on the origin and archæology of sweets. My mother dealt at Robb's in St. Martin's Lane for what were termed *tops and bottoms*, a species of rusk given to children; and another baker, Caldwell in the Strand, opposite Coutts's Bank, supplied us in those days with a special sort of oval sultana bun, which Caldwell's successor Gilruth continued to make, but which I have not seen elsewhere.

Within the limits of Chelsea lay also York Place, adjoining the Jewish Burial Ground, and opposite the site on which the Consumption Hospital subsequently stood. I merely refer to it because there was in my nonage a preparatory establishment kept in one of the houses by Dr. Frampton, who, when I was among his pupils, freely applied the ruler to our knuckles, and also employed the old-fashioned *abacus* for arithmetical purposes. I was of the day-scholars, and Frampton rather uncommercially took us out for a walk before dinner, which put a serious edge on our appetites. We had pudding twice a week—plum-pudding on Tuesdays and baked rice on Thursdays. The former was always the day when my step on the homeward route was most elastic.

I do not know whether Frampton was the same gentleman, who had kept a Grammatical Academy at Parson's Green, near Fulham.¹ He had his favourite scholars, and when he ate a peach, signaled his affection by handing one of them the stone to suck.

But before I went to Frampton's, I was for a

¹ Fèret, *Fulham*, iii. 291.

short time at Mrs. Martin's in Brompton Square. After Frampton came Mrs. Warne at Grove House.

From the preference shown by many of the musical and theatrical professions for this delightful retreat, we are led to infer that the soft air of the locality recommended itself to the bronchial requirements of these gentlemen and ladies, as well as the attraction of rural scenery and quiet.

I judge it to have been one of the truest pleasures of my life, if not one of its greatest privileges, to contemplate with my own eyes the beautiful hamlet of Old Brompton, as it appeared prior to the Exhibition of 1851, which virtually destroyed it—and not it alone. When I was a child this outskirts of London was much in its primitive condition as it had been in the days of the early Georges, if not of the Stuarts—in the time of Evelyn and his good acquaintances the market gardeners and florists, who then abounded there.

In order to realize Old Brompton proper one has to withdraw from the map, as it were, not only Brompton Row, Brompton Square, and the buildings opposite, but the whole of the Alexander estate, leaving nothing but the Bell and Horns at the angle between Bell and Horns Lane and the Fulham Road, till you come to the Hoop and Toy, Brompton Hall, and the opening to the Vale. On the northern side of Bell and Horns Lane were a series of private residences and Kirke's Nursery, and at the western corner a group of mean houses of considerable antiquity, adjoining the turning to Gore Lane, but on the southern side nothing but market ground. Cromwell Road is a relatively modern development of a narrow lane, which led to Gloucester Road, and in its later state probably passes over what was part of Cromwell House. The *Bell and Horns* (with its cobbler's stall) and the old

Hoop and Toy, with its frontage of trees, may very well have been at first and long in the fields, skirted by the solid, buttressed walls of the few detached residences on the northern side. The difficulty of precise restoration of the scene, as it met the eye seventy years since, is aggravated by the apparent absence of such an archæological chart of the district as might have been left by some one privileged enough to anticipate its charm for many coming after him, before ancient boundaries and landmarks disappeared. I have only to rely on a fairly accurate memory of a spot where I dwelled so long, and which I so fondly loved, and which a dismal moraine of bricks and mortar, the homes (if they are not empty) of a very different race or class of people, has all but obliterated.

Gloucester Road follows to some extent the lines of what was, down to the early part of the nineteenth century, when Gloucester Lodge was erected, known as Hogmore Lane, and was reached from Gore Lane by a narrow turning called Love Lane, and Hogmore Lane itself suggests a distant retrospect, when it was bounded eastward by an expanse, still visible and almost intact in my time, but originally existing under totally different conditions. For, as Frogmore, near Windsor, was even in the seventeenth century the *Frog Moor*, so, I apprehend, this area represents the site of the Hog Moor, a second state perhaps of the woodland, where so far back as Doomsday Book there was pannage for large numbers of swine.

Gore Lane, of which hardly any vestiges survive, has always been associated in my mind, not only with St. Govor's Well in Kensington Gardens, but with a local church or other ecclesiastical building, of which the exact site and character have not been recovered. St. Govor is not a name of frequent

occurrence; he is described as the patron saint of the church of Llanover in Monmouthshire; but Kensington is probably older than Llanover, and much of its ancient history is apparently lost. There may have been a church dedicated to St. Govor there too.

The widow of the second Earl of Harrington was buried at Kensington. But there appears to be no distinct trace of any capital mansion belonging to the Stanhopes here, although more than one block of buildings seems to be reminiscent of the name, and although it is more than likely that by his union in 1779 with the elder daughter of Sir John Fleming the third earl may have succeeded to the possession of Brompton Park. At Earl's Court I personally recollect spacious remains enclosed in an old and lofty wall of premises alleged to represent an early, though of course neither an ancient nor original, seat of the Veres, who probably migrated at a remote date from Veer in Zeeland, and settled in Essex.

VII

OUR BROMPTON FRIENDS

WHEN we first knew the Holls, they resided in a small cottage in Stewart's Grove, a turning out of the Fulham Road. He was a handsome man, and had married a very pretty woman, connected with the Yaldwins of Blackdown House, Sussex. So far back as I can remember, Henry Holl had an engagement at the Haymarket under Webster's management at the fairly generous salary of ten guineas a week; but latterly he joined Gustavus Vasa Brooke at the Olympic, and eventually gave up the stage. He was the author of a few dramatic trifles and two or three novels, of which the best, the *King's Mail*, was founded on an incident connected with the Haslemere district—his wife's native place.

We often saw Brooke at Chelsea. He was one of those lost in the *London* in 1866. Holl played second to him in Shakespear and melodrama. As a boy I was most impressed by the American tragedian's *Othello*, *Richard III.*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*. I presumed to set him before Charles Kean all round; he had a better presence and voice. Alike in Kean and in his wife the voice failed, but he (Kean) was fairly good in such pieces as the *Corsican Brothers* and *Pizarro*.

Holl had known a very wide circle of educated and intelligent people; his family had been always associated with art; and his own ties were princi-

pally dramatic and literary. He was fond of books, and sought the acquaintance of bookish men. There were few of the prominent authors of his day whom he had not met, and with some of them he was on intimate terms. He was a man of excellent address, but I always looked upon him as rather artificial. He once possessed a very fair little collection of the dramatists and poets, with which he parted in his lifetime to defray the expenses of his eldest daughter's wedding to a rather well-to-do man. I thought it plucky and honourable on his part, for he did love those books.

I mention elsewhere his entertaining imitations of his leading theatrical contemporaries—Keeley, Buckstone, Macready, Webster, and others. When Holl was in the right cue, an evening spent at his house in Brompton over talk about the old poets and playwrights, or, as an alternative, a taste of our host's quality as a remembrancer of other men's styles, was an enrichment of the experience and the thought. To his great annoyance, people often confounded the late Henry Howe and him, both at one time members of the Haymarket establishment; and I believe that the displeasure was reciprocal. It was at Holl's that I once met Peter Cunningham, an industrious and careful editor, who was in one of the public offices. I understood from Holl that Cunningham had a wonderful library; but when it was sold, I was not much impressed by it. Some one gave me an equally glowing account of Edward Solly's books, and they were of small account. So it is.

Holl used to say that when Dickens and Forster took a long walk together, the latter, being somewhat palsy, had to pause occasionally to get breath, and would try to make Dickens relax his pace by drawing his attention to the beauty of the scenery, especially if the route was uphill. Holl's mode of

telling the story was very funny—the way that Forster puffed and blew, and held his sides with, “My dear Dickens, just observe that bit——” He was an excellent *raconteur* as well as mimic.

I pointed out long ago that the Bill Stumps pleasantries in *Pickwick* was borrowed from the *School for Wits*, a jest-book published in 1813. I have heard that the notion of the Golden Dustman in *Our Mutual Friend* was derived from the immense pile of dust which remained for many years untouched at the back of Gray’s Inn Lane, somewhere between Coldbath Fields and Mount Pleasant, and that a large sum was eventually cleared by the owner, who sold it to the Russian Government in 1812, after the destruction of Moscow, to mix with the lime for cement. I give this *dit* for what it is worth.

John Forster—Lady Bulwer’s Butcher’s Boy—was a self-made man, very agreeable to those who could keep him at a distance, but highly unpleasant when he chose. A cabman once described him idiomatically as “an arbitrary cove.” There was a small *jeu d’esprit* about him related in connection with some wine at the dinner-table, of which Forster, on being asked, characteristically affected to know nothing.

When I was preparing the Hazlitt Memoirs of 1867, Forster, who had married Colburn’s widow, and was a collector, struck me as a likely holder of letters or notes by or relative to Hazlitt; but on my application to him he rather loftily disclaimed any knowledge of the matter. The widow’s cash was all that concerned him. In the Note-Book of “Ingoldsby” Barham, giving an account of his contemporaries at the Garrick Club, there is a highly uncomplimentary one of Forster. The latter was in fact the son of a Scottish butcher, whom he deserted to come up to London to seek his fortune.

The artificial condescension of Forster was a thing never to be forgotten. This manner arose from his poor training, and was a kind of self-protection. He did not know how you were going to approach him, and he put out his elbow first. His letters to me were polite enough, but he was unpleasantly overbearing to those who did not hold their ground. He was a thorough beggar on horse-back.

Frank Holl the Academician, a nephew of our old acquaintance, was most unassuming and agreeable, but very irritable, partly owing, perhaps, to his always indifferent health, for he was a chronic sufferer from *angina pectoris*, and I was surprised at his lasting even so long as he did. One day, when a right reverend prelate was sitting for his portrait, everything seemed to go wrong. Holl could not find his colours, and when he found them he missed something else. Then something slipped down; Holl began to mutter curses on Fortune, and at last he swore audibly, till the Bishop got up and, taking his hat, wished the painter good-morning, observing, "You are the most ungentlemanly man, Mr. Holl, I ever met."

A common acquaintance of the Holls and ourselves was Dr. Duplex, M.D., to whom I have understood that the Duplex lamp owed its origin. The name always haunts me as a felicitous one for a novel, where the central character was some medical Janus.

Mr. Thomas Scott, of Ramsgate, a deputy-lieutenant for Sussex, the collaborateur of Bishop Colenso, and a very intimate acquaintance of my uncle during many years, served in his boyhood as a page at the Court of Louis XVIII. When he was quite a young man, he went on a surveying expedition in Canada, and used to say that for seven years he never slept in a bed. His father had

considerable property in Brighton, including the ground on which Mahomet's Bath stood. That was the earliest Turkish bath, I believe, in England. Our acquaintance, Walter Keating Kelly, in his *Syria and the Holy Land*, 1843, gives a very graphic account of one which he experienced in the East. Scott and the late Emperor Napoleon III., who were of the same age, acted as squires to Lord Gage at the Eglinton Tournament.

I used to see Mr. Scott occasionally, when I happened to be at Ramsgate, and was instrumental in procuring for the London Library in St. James's Square a considerable number of pamphlets on theological topics, printed by Mr. Reynell. He told me that it would scarcely be credited to what a large extent the clergy was really at one with him, and how many correspondents he had among members of the Establishment, who desired to express to him their concurrence in his views, and at the same time to keep their names out of print from fear of losing their preferments.

Henry Byron, father of Henry James Byron the dramatist, was on the *Morning Post*, and secretary of the Conservative Association. He had married Josephine Bradley, daughter of a medical man at Buxton, whom with his wife I have often met, and an extremely attractive woman, who played and sang well. Young Byron, when he left school, was intended to take up his grandfather's profession. I knew him when we were lads together, and his father lived in a small house near Eaton Square. Henry Byron, who was related to the poet, had been a College man, and had squandered a fortune. He obtained a consular appointment in later life.

The elder Byron was a most genial fellow, and a thorough gentleman by breeding and instinct; but he was deplorably insincere, and that defect was

doubtless aggravated by his straitened circumstances and his fondness for little dinners and other sweet impoverishments. I remember that we generally knew when the Byrons of Pimlico were expecting friends to dinner, as an application for a loan of wine, if not of other accessories, was at the last almost a matter of course. When he obtained his appointment, he proposed to requite my father's manifold kindness by an early consignment of choice cigars and preserved ortolans, which never presented themselves. Nor did we expect them.

The dramatic bias of Byron betrayed itself at a very precocious age. He used, almost as a schoolboy at St. Peter's, to compose scenes, and, like a second Molière, recite them before his father's cook when Mr. and Mrs. Byron were out. From the date of his father's departure for Hayti till his own marriage and settlement in Brompton, I saw nothing of him. The last glimpse which I had had was as a medical student with a practitioner near Westbourne Grove. It was of the latter individual that he quoted the joke about the boiled rice on two successive days for dinner, and his principal's exclamation: "What! boiled rice again! How we do live!"

Subsequently to Byron and myself resuming our intercourse, in direct consequence of our accidental meeting one day in 1858 near the Queen's Elm, I probably saw more of him than anyone till within a few years of his death, when certain private circumstances produced an estrangement. But during a long succession of years I had the good fortune to enjoy his society and conversation, and I affirm that, while I knew Byron, I owed to him some of the pleasantest days of my life, and that in losing him I lost that which it was out of my power to replace.

The evenings which he and myself had together at Brompton and in Doughty Street proved to me

his inexhaustible store of humour and fun, and that his productions for the stage and the press were very inferior to his real powers of talk and aptitude for repartee. His remarks and his anecdotes, unlike those of duller men, were diverting and racy without being coarse; and I believe that if his training had been better, and his mind more balanced, he might have shone in the most brilliant society. The lax and corrupt school into which he was brought by his choice of a dramatic and theatrical career exercised the most pernicious influence on a not very staunch character. The environments of the theatres and the seductions of the green-room sapped his morals and his health. He had eloped with a young lady belonging to a family of good standing in Wales; they were married at St. Pancras Church in London. He took her to be an heiress. At all events she was a lady, and his professional circle was at first not particularly congenial. But one hardens to one's lot.

At Doughty Street I met Sothern and his wife, Mrs. Charles Mathews, Edward and Albert Levi, Arthur Sketchley, Tom Robertson, Mary Wilton, Bancroft, and many others. It was the house associated with Byron's most prosperous period and with his unhappy downfall through the Liverpool speculation. The Levis were the sons of Joseph Moses Levi, who was at one time a very small printer in Fleet Street. He published a sixpenny series of *Tales*, including *Joan of Naples*, for which he paid my father as the translator £7, 10s. I recollect Mr. Levi handing me the sum on my father's account, and I likewise call to mind a small trait of the same gentleman when he was proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, namely, his aversion to tautology. He must have emphasized this sentiment to lead Byron to mention it to me. The Levis were long on the most cordial terms with my friend.

While Byron, Arthur Sketchley, and myself were once at early dinner, an area sneak found his way to the kitchen window, and made off with the silver teapot and some spoons. It was very droll to watch Byron, with his tall, slim figure, and George Rose (Sketchley's real name), a very Falstaff, pursuing the thief into the neighbouring square, and picking up the spoons, which the fellow dropped one by one, to enable him to secure the teapot, at all events. But he was overtaken. A second incident occurred one day just before dinner. There was a roast fowl, and the servant, in bringing it into the room, tripped over something and shot the fowl into the apartment in front of her.

Byron's earliest acknowledged theatrical flame was the accomplished lady once known far and wide as Miss Woolgar. It was a lad's fancy for a woman considerably his senior, and the passion, such as it was, was quenched by the mortifying discovery that his goddess was in reality a married person playing under her maiden name—in fact, that she was the wife of Alfred Mellon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were architects of their own fortune. He was a provincial adventurer named Butterworth, who originally took the name of Bancroft-Bancroft, and whom Byron brought from Liverpool to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, formerly the *Queen's Dusthole*, when it was first opened under the joint management of Byron and Mary Wilton. Bancroft, although barely tolerable in private life as I saw him on his first settlement in London, made a very gentlemanly and careful performer on the boards. I have not set eyes on him for half a lifetime; they tell me that he is not easily mistaken in the street, and that the *gamins* know him.

Mary Wilton, I heard from Byron, who was

very intimate with her through their theatrical companionship, and called her indifferently *Mary* and *Wilton*, was said to be the daughter of strolling players; her mother was, I heard, a laundress. What the real name was, I know not. I knew nothing of her till through his association with the Strand Theatre I saw her in his burlesques, where she was very much applauded for her success in the *breakdowns*. I recollect her *retroussé* nose, her very curtailed petticoats, and her saucy carriage. *Quantum mutata!* A neighbour of mine at Barnes met her and her husband at Lucerne some years since. She told him that she had sent one of her sons to Eton, and she complained of the rather severe discipline.

Robertson, author of several well-known Society pieces, attracted notice as a playwright at last; but his fortunes had been sadly checkered, and his success came too late to be of much service to him. When his comedy of *Ours* was in course of performance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the name was posted up all over the neighbourhood, and some Frenchmen went, thinking it was an exhibition of bears.

Poor fellow! when his first wife was dying, he could scarcely buy her necessaries. He was a very quiet, unpretentious man, who struck a successful line in the drama: but I apprehend that his work will not live. His sister married a gentleman, who assumed the theatrical name of Kendal. I never met her.

When Byron and I have been together talking over things, putting matters in queer lights, or doing a little quiet scandal about common acquaintance, we have sometimes become so convulsed with laughter that we have been scarcely able to keep our feet. It was a favourite trick to pace up and

down the room while we talked, and often he took one side and I the other. He was thoroughly honourable, though extravagant and unbusinesslike. When his affairs were on the drift, and he was short of money, I offered to lend him a considerable sum; but he declined to take it, not being certain whether he should have it in his power to repay me. He proposed as a motto for the booking-office at the Prince of Wales's, "So much for Booking 'm."

My old friend was a lover of good things in a convivial sense as well as otherwise, and keenly enjoyed his meals when there was anything to his liking on the table. I once impudently suggested that the family motto, instead of *Crede Byron*, should be *Greedy Byron*. On the other hand, from my fondness for that article of diet, he nicknamed me *Bread*.

Byron amused me by his description of his interviews with old Mr. Swanborough, who was stone deaf. The two sat at opposite sides of a table, and Byron, having provided himself with a series of small slips of paper, had to do his part of the conversation by writing down what he had to say, and passing the memorandum over to the manager. Swanborough read it, and replied orally; but sometimes, when the topic under discussion involved a serious divergence of opinion, the singular medley of written and verbal dialogue became more and more animated, till the dramatist exhausted his stock of material and his companion grew breathless with excitement and indignant gesticulation. Byron, however, maintained his amicable relations with the Strand during many years, and it was the scene of some of his earliest successes.

He was mentioning one day at dinner that he had met the manager of the Surrey Theatre. This was when his pieces were commanding high figures,

or bringing him in a splendid royalty. The manager said that he should be very happy to arrange for something. *B.*: "Well, it's only a question of price. How much do you give?" "Well," replied Manager, "I have given £5." *B.*: "Oh, don't let me rob you of all that money, my boy."

Byron, being at Plymouth, meets an acquaintance weak in his mastery of a certain letter of the alphabet. *Friend*: "I've just been trotting round the O." *B.*: "I advise you to trot round the H. next."

I was told a story about a barn-stormer who used to make the round of the out-of-the-way Scottish towns and play the regular pieces, not forgetting *Hamlet*. He and his company were so successful that they ventured at last to raise the tariff from threepence to sixpence, when the *Prince of Denmark* was put upon the stage. The audience was, of course, rather dissatisfied and mutinous, and after the performance, says Sandy to Jock: "Wall, an' what did ye think of it?" "Wall," says Jock, "it war pratty well, but war not a saxpenny *Hamlet*."

Someone having been sent up into the gallery of a theatre where Nelly Farren was playing in *Cupid and Psyche*, to test the acoustic properties of the building for her voice, heard two men debating the signification of the title of the piece and the proper mode of pronouncing the name; one said to the other: "It's Cupid and Zych, you know; you must pronounce it like *z* in zinc."

Being very behindhand with some piece he had undertaken to write for one of the theatres, Byron was waited on by the lessee. The latter complaining of delay, Byron assured him that he had begun the production, and shewed him a sheet of paper on which was written *Act I., Scene 1.*

As in the case of Henry Holl and so many others, the special characteristics of Byron were purely

personal. He was in a certain sense the first and the last of his family. He had a daughter, however, who married Major Seton. She was telling me one day that Lord Byron called at Colonel Byron's while she was staying there to ask the Colonel or one of his sisters what relation he was to the poet of the same name, in case he should be questioned.

Byron and myself happened to bring out a novel concurrently. His was called *Cyril's Success*. It was in 1865. We both knew an editor very well, and I applied to that gentleman for leave to review my friend's book, and he to review mine. We were mutually encomiastic—too much so, I fear. Gentle reader, if you have not yet printed anything, be sure, before you do, that you engage your critics, and see that they are perfect in their parts. Of course, they must all be friendly, but their friendliness has to be adroitly varied, and even to be thinly sprinkled with guarded qualification, for that evinces a discriminating vein and the hand of a man whom money will not buy. I am rather proud to be able to say that this was the sole occasion on which I thus compromised myself. It is a common practice, however, and probably has long been so. But the bespoken criticism is, as a rule, a sad traitor and tell-tale. Mrs. Garrick said that her husband always wrote the reviews of his own performances.

When Byron brought out his *Robinson Crusoe*, he had a little difficulty with one of the lady *artistes*, Miss Sophia Larkin, because the latter had a part assigned to her (that of the mariner of York himself) which required her investiture in tights, and the fair performer was not too slight in figure. There was some fun over the matter at the time, but Miss Larkin pulled through—the tights and the part. The author was immensely tickled, however, when his buxom Crusoe presented herself for approval.

The remarkable *gaucheries* about persons who were till yesterday, so to speak, among us, only become amusing from their preposterous character. The son of a publisher in Fleet Street, who had something to do with Byron's literary productions, when I asked him whether he had not frequently seen him at his father's place of business, promptly replied: "Yes; he wrote the *School for Scandal*."

One of the last sayings recorded of him was when Hollingshead and one or two others were with him in his bedroom, and John Coleman the actor asked him if he was not the first Hamlet he ever saw. "No," replied Byron, leaning on his arm in bed, "you mistook me, John; I said you were the *worst*."

I used now and then to venture at Byron's table to edge in something of my own. When the advertisements of a now wellnigh forgotten public character were placarded everywhere in the London thoroughfares, I remarked that those were the *Woodin* walls of old England. Woodin was for some time the rage. He was to be seen at the Hall in King William Street, Strand, where the Christy Minstrels once performed, and where Toole's Theatre subsequently stood.

I recollect that, when I did not wear a beard or moustache, I informed Byron that I was in the habit of using the razor without looking in the glass. "Ah," said he, "one of these days you will come across a thick hair, and find that you have cut off your nose." He suggested that a good title for a jest-book would be *Broad Grins from Broad Stares*. We were staying in the vicinity together.

Neighbours of Byron's parents in the region bordering on Sloane Square, and equally a family which my father knew through his association with the press, were the McCabes. They were Irish folks and Romanists, and had literary evenings, at which

my father was occasionally present. He would say that if he got McCabe on a theological point, and fancied that he had him in a corner, his opponent would always slip somehow between his legs. He used to speak of this gentleman as *Father McCabe* or as the *Patriarch of Pimlico*; I have understood that he was officially known as the Reverend Father Antony. Many years after Joseph McCabe's retirement to Ireland, he wrote to me personally to solicit my aid in obtaining a publisher for a monograph which he had written on the Romano-British Emperor Carausius. The work was scholarly enough, but the topic was not judged to be saleable.

Two names intimately identified with our Brompton, and indeed Chelsea, life are those of Blanchard and Keymer, families connected by marriage. Keymer lived at Kennington, opposite the Common, and subsequently at Peckham Rye, and under his hospitable roof assembled Kenny Meadows, James Hannay, F. G. Stephens, whom I so vividly remember in his studio at Lupus Street, Pimlico, and many other literary men and artists. Laman Blanchard, whose sister Margaret married Keymer, was annoyed at being confounded with E. L. Blanchard the playwright, and the disapprobation was fully shared, I believe, by the latter. Blanchard, whom we knew, was desperately improvident and equally kind-hearted. Once, coming home from a party in a cab on a pouring night, he insisted on riding on the box in his dress clothes, and gave all his available cash between the driver and the toll-gate keeper.

Keymer's eldest daughter was the late Mrs. Charles Heaton, Editor of Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*. I saw a great deal of Mary Maud Keymer during many years, and her family had an idea that I intended to propose marriage to her. Indeed Edmund Blanchard, her cousin, mentioned

one day semi-seriously that Keymer would be bringing a fresh pair of candles some evening if I remained so constant a visitor, and asking my views. Possibly cousin Edmund had been laid on.

Meadows was a desperate stay-maker. He liked his glass perhaps a little too well, and he had no notion of hours. The Keymers often went to bed, and left their guest to finish the bottle and find his way out. Meadows was a fair designer, but had a very poor idea of drawing.

There are many who look upon *Rowland's Odonto* and *Macassar Oil* as mere trade terms, but Alexander Rowland and his wife lived at Lewisham, and were acquainted with the Keymers. He was a small man and she a large lady. One night there was an alarm of thieves, and the two got out of bed and proceeded downstairs to reconnoitre, she leading the way, and little Rowland bringing up the rear with the hem of her nightdress in his hand. The scene must have been one calculated to disconcert the apprehended invaders.

One of Charles Lamb's latest contributions to a particular class of literature was written in Keymer's album, and after Lamb's death he sent an account to Bernard Barton, which evoked a reply which has been more than once printed.

At that time, what a neighbourhood it was! All the environs were unspoiled; they had not been socialized; Dulwich Wood had not been desecrated. Halliwell-Phillipps lived at Brixton Rise, Ruskin at Denmark Hill. City merchants chose these southern suburbs for their residences, as they had the northern a generation earlier.

After leaving the Elephant and Castle, one was not long in reaching a district fairly free from the ravages of the builder. Kennington, Brixton, Forest Hill, Camberwell, Peckham, Peckham Rye, Clapham,

Stockwell, Walworth, were more or less absolutely rural. Walworth had a large common in 1787, eventually, after severe litigation, covered with houses. At Kennington were the premises of William Malcolm, Nursery, Seedsman, and Ground-workman. He subsequently removed to Stockwell. 1851 marked the first notable and uninterrupted progress toward the sacrifice of the suburbs to the exigencies of an increasing population. Malcolm, of whom there is a MS. biography by his son among the Forsyth papers, was an Aberdeenshire man, and had originally served with Lee of Hammersmith. He set up for himself in 1755. Among his visitors were Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander; and both he and his son James, who succeeded him in 1802, and was living in 1835, were personages held in the highest esteem.

VIII

THE OLD ACTORS AT BROMPTON AND A FEW OTHERS

AMONG the actors who formerly made Old Brompton their home from its rural attractions, which recommended it to them, or otherwise, was John Reeve, who lived in Brompton Row, and who was long remembered at the Adelphi in the *Commissariat*; Liston, who had one of the smaller houses, afterward for years in Chancery, in St. George's Terrace, opposite Hyde Park; Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, the Buckstones, the Farrens, Mathews the younger, who had a place in large grounds in Gore Lane, and Edward Wright. Reeve, who died in 1838, lies in Brompton churchyard. I have noted above the connection of Mrs. Chatterton with Brompton Square after her marriage to Place, the literary tailor who resided in Brompton Square, where Sir John Stoddart spent his last days. The Earl of Carlisle, whose name is associated with the Russell, Grey, and Minto set, is said to have resembled Liston; they were both remarkable for their plainness.

The Keeleys were familiar figures in Brompton in my boyhood, and Mrs. Keeley long survived her husband. The last time I met them was in Brompton Row, and my impression was that they were even then—it is sixty years ago—pretty old. But young people have that sort of notion about their seniors, where the difference is sometimes not so very considerable. This distinguished couple belonged to

an epoch which can never return or be so much as realized by those who did not form part of it either personally or by direct tradition. Such as had the privilege of intimacy with Keeley or his wife might listen to their account of the stage as they found it—as it was *when Hazlitt wrote*.

I have personally known three generations of Farren. The original William Farren lived, when I first remember him, in Brompton Square. He was a man of the most gentlemanly appearance and address, and his wife was a handsome and showy woman. My father, when he lived at Thurloe Place, got into trouble by asking the Durrant Coopers to meet them at dinner. Farren excelled in old men's parts. I saw him in Grandfather Whitehead, the character he was playing at the Strand when he was seized with a fit. His son Henry, who died young, took the same sort of business, when he was hardly more than twenty. His other son William, who cut a sorry figure when he first came on the boards, eventually became a finished and delightful artist. My uncle Reynell told me that the elder Farren was considered very fine as Dr. Primrose in the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

It was Durrant Cooper, the Sussex antiquary, and his amiable sister, who met the Farrens on the occasion just alluded to, and the former was scandalized at having to sit down at table, or at his sister having to do so, with—well, it was a case, as rumour went, of Bonaparte and Josephine, according to Talleyrand's *mot*, over again, and perhaps with no better foundation. Farren and his wife were a remarkably majestic couple. It is a lifetime since, yet I retain their appearance distinctly. Child as I was, I thought the Coopers too squeamish; perhaps it was because my parents did so.

Cooper had been solicitor to the Reform Club, but proved too porous. He was a lamentable chatter-box, and some of his *canards* were excruciating, but a thoroughly good-hearted fellow and an excellent local archaeologist. One of Cooper's tales for the Marines was about the late Prince Consort. He made out that Queen Victoria, when Her Majesty found her husband stopping out late rather frequently, put her royal foot down, and declared that she would not permit him to go so often to that Mr. Cooper's in Bloomsbury.

The Coopers were folks of the good old kind sort, in spite of Durrant's more or less venial foibles. Of his sister Lucy Anne I cherish a most pleasant boyish recollection. They long continued to be familiar faces at Henley annual regatta. This gave me as a lad, taken with the *gold* fender in the drawing-room, at their house in Guildford Street, Russell Square, an impression of their being rather wealthy; and the idea gained additional vigour from the alleged ownership (for ocular evidence I had not) by dear Lucy Anne of certain family jewelry, which she represented to my mother, even when she had attained, as it seemed to me, womanhood, that she was too young to wear. I must have reached the ripe age of ten (1844), when I was taken by the Coopers to a juvenile party at their relations', the Henry Coopers, in Camden Town, and I recall the long drive through ill-lighted thoroughfares to a neighbourhood, which had not yet been deflowered of all its verdant glory, of all its loveable quiet.

Cooper once asserted that he had seen fourteen cuckoos perched on one bough of a tree, prepared to leave the country for a warmer climate. Some good people may be of opinion that the utterer of such fibs deserved to go to a warmer climate himself. I recollect him telling me that Sir George Beaumont

had once asked him to put his leg across a certain horse, in order to give him the benefit of his opinion. C. might have found it as difficult as Mr. Winkle did, as he was pury to a fault, and I never heard of him having anything to do with horseflesh.

William Farren the younger, as we used to call him, succeeded in keeping or recovering some of the property left by his father, and latterly performed only very occasionally, or for benefits. He formed a plan one autumn for revisiting Italy, when an offer or proposal arrived from one of the theatres, inviting him to take his favourite part in Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*. He wrote back, asking, as his daughter told me, exorbitant terms, in the hope that the manager might decline, and he might go abroad. But I believe that he was disappointed.

Farren resembled, in the extraordinary change which occurred in the public estimation of his power and value as an actor, a second distinguished theatrical character of our time, the so-called Sir Henry Irving, than whom any one more desperately hopeless at the outset probably never trod the stage, and who at first cannot have been much of a bargain at 30s. a week. But the comparison ends with the broad circumstances; for Farren rose by unassisted ability and genius, while Irving seems to have owed his triumph to collateral auspices and the happy (not new) idea of making his pieces spectacularly attractive and accurate—accurate, so far as his knowledge permitted. Irving was not very well advised in his presentments, which are, of course, useful to make out any shortcomings in strict dramatic art. The popular ideas, or want of ideas, on certain theatrical subjects may answer for a Covent Garden or Drury Lane pantomime; but when a manager aspires to classical propriety, we expect something rather better.

Benjamin Webster and John Pritt Harley were both inhabitants of Bell and Horns Lane. The former had a house in that portion which was demolished to widen the thoroughfare opposite the Kensington Museum. Harley lived in one lower down on the same side of the way, facing the site of Thurloe Square. He had quitted the stage before my time, but I recollect Webster both at the Adelphi and Haymarket. He was in his true element in melodrama, and might have done infinitely better if he had never deserted his old quarters in the Strand. I retain in my mind a trivial incident about Harley. Some street musicians played before his house, to his infinite annoyance, and when they asked the servant for a *douceur*, Harley desired to see them personally. They were not pleased when he, in response to their appeal, explained his idea that they had come to apologize.

Barham in his sketches of the Garrick Club, speaks of Harley as "a very respectable man in private life, of quiet gentlemanly manners, and possessed of a handsome fortune." He adds that he first saw him on the stage at Canterbury, where he took a very subordinate part, about 1806, and that his father was a shopkeeper in Sydney's Alley, Leicester Square. He was a bachelor, and maintained his mother and sister.¹

When Webster brought out *Monte Cristo* at the Adelphi, it was thought, as his daughter had married Mr. Edward Levi, son of the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, that a good lift might be fairly looked for in that quarter. Sala was sent to notice it, and the *critique* was anxiously expected. The next morning a most elaborate and characteristic

¹ See a letter from C. Lamb in 1829 to Harley. (*Letters*, ed. by Hazlitt, ii. 312.)

account of Dumas, *père et fils*, their various works, their careers, and so forth, running to two or three columns, appeared in the *Telegraph*, and at the very end there was a casual announcement that Mr. Webster had recently produced a drama on the romance of *Monte Cristo*.

Webster was a liberal, kind-hearted man. When Dion Boucicault was once on the eve of starting for America, he went to him, and asked him to advance him £100 on a manuscript play he brought with him. Webster did so, and did not discover, till his good friend had gone, that only the title-leaf was filled in. Boucicault was a natural son of Dr. Dionysius Lardner, and I conclude that his own full name was Dionysius.

Webster died poor, yet it used to be averred that at more than one period of his career he might have retired with an ample fortune.

Another resident at Brompton was Mr. Francis Fladgate, a barrister, and a committee-man on the Garrick Club. Barham says of him that "he was one of the most polished gentlemen and good-natured persons I ever met." F.'s father was a solicitor in Essex Street, and left him nearly £60,000, much of which he lost in various ways.

In a note from Buckstone to my father he mentions the *Crimson Hermit* as a piece which the latter had recommended to his notice. The title is suggestive of the Coburg or the Surrey, or even of the meridian of Shoreditch. It was beyond doubt abundantly sensational and sanguinary — perhaps rather too much so for the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

It must have struck many besides myself that the parts in which Buckstone appeared were mere *noms de théâtre*. His acting was essentially personal. He performed under a variety of designations, but

it was always Buckstone under an *alias*: the same voice, the same gestures, the same mannerism. He never threw himself into a part, or realized to the spectators any character but his own; and if he is remembered as having excelled in anything, I take it to be the case that it was a creation which fairly suited his style, and in which he could not perpetrate any serious impropriety.

The short-skirt movement in the ballet and extravaganza under the auspices of Vestris at the Lyceum, and during Buckstone's management at the Haymarket in Miss Priscilla Horton's palmy days, made considerable progress just before the period when the burlesque came so much into vogue, with its supremely offensive and silly impersonations of female characters by men. The abridged petticoats of the ladies proceeded, no doubt, to an intolerable pitch; and they tried, as Byron said, to outstrip one another. Speaking of Menken, he remarked that her costume began too late and ended too soon, and with more particular reference to his *Mazeppa*, he calculated her toilet in the first act at thousands, and in the third, where she is lashed to the wild steed of the desert, at $4\frac{3}{4}$ d.

The Spanish Dancers made their *début* at the Haymarket about sixty years since, and I, as a mere spectator, was very agreeably impressed by their graceful and restrained action, shewing the compatibility of this class of art with decorum.

Buckstone was very deaf, and his son, who lived under the same roof with him in Brompton Square, inherited the infirmity. Such as were familiar with the men will appreciate the oddity of the two Buckstones conversing and shouting at each other, each in turn with his hand to his ear to catch what the other said. There was a tremendous fuss one day, because the younger Buckstone had given a cabman

half a sovereign instead of sixpence. The family hardness of hearing would contribute something. The son had at one time an engagement under his father at the Haymarket.

I was once taken by my father to Richmond Lodge, Putney, where Mrs. Fitzwilliam lived under Buckstone's protection. It was a low-pitched bungalow house, lying back from the road, just before you came to the *Arab Boy*; it has long been pulled down to make room for a row of modern buildings of the common stereotyped character. There were in 1909 those still living who remember Fitzwilliam, the lady's husband, who acquired a certain popularity as a comic performer.

The very first time I was behind the scenes at any theatre was at the performance for Jerrold's benefit at the Olympic, when I saw Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Madame Vestris. I went behind once or twice during Byron's management of the Prince of Wales's; but I found the practice rather disillusionizing. There was, of course, a wonderful contrast between what Madame Vestris had been, and what she became in old age. Byron went to see her toward the last at the house called Holcrofts at Fulham, and found her darning Charles Mathews's stockings.

They were both mournfully extravagant creatures, and had run through a fortune—or two. The second Mrs. Mathews, whom I met at Doughty Street, tried hard to induce her husband to economize. The very last time I saw him was in Sotheran's in the Strand. He was as jaunty as could be, with his cigar in his mouth and the old gay swagger; it cannot have been long before his death.

A near neighbour of my uncle Reynell, while he was in Brompton Vale, was Edward Wright, the eminent Adelphi comedian, whose name used to be

so much coupled with that of Paul Bedford. The Wrights and Reynells became very intimate, and the friendship even survived the lifetime of Wright himself. He afterward removed to Merton Villa at Chelsea, and I have often seen him standing at the corner, in the King's Road, waiting for the omnibus. During a length of years he was paramount at the Adelphi, and excelled in farce and melodrama. Bedford and he generally played together, and Wright saved money, which partly disappeared in bricks and mortar (his besetting sin) and partly through legal channels.

Wright belonged to the school of Liston, Robson, Toole, and Buckstone, but was unlike them all. He was a genuine personality, and could hold the Adelphi audience in the hollow of his hand. He had only to shew half his inimitable face, and the house was convulsed. Bedford and he, Céleste and Webster, went far to make the Adelphi what it was in the days of the *Wreck Ashore* and the *Green Bushes*.

My uncle Reynell had a strong distaste for the clergy, and particularly for Dean Close, who at the time I mention—the fifties—was making himself very prominent. One day, while Mr. Reynell lived at Putney in the High Street, the servant opened the door of the room where he sat, and announced that *Dean Close* had called, and desired to see him. She was told to say that her master was engaged, but the Dean pushed his way in, and found my uncle, who at once recognized Edward Wright. Wright had come to ask him to drive over with him to see his new house at Kingston. The Reynells, who knew the Wrights most intimately, gave an amusing account of the actor's visits to Kingston, while he was putting up his house there, in which he never lived: the makeshift schemes for securing provisions,

and the active participation of Wright, whose droll countenance and humorous gesture lent an almost comic character to the scene. Wright very often went down after the play there. He died, leaving the costly hobby incomplete.

Lester Wallack is not much remembered by the playgoers of our day; but in the once favourite melodrama of *Don César de Bazan*, when he supported the chief part, he was thought unsurpassed. I have seen him more than once at the Haymarket in that piece, and vividly retain the song, accompanied by the guitar, where the disguised brigand reveals himself to the terrified heroine.

They at present produce pantomimes year by year at the houses with names which are little more than clothes-pegs. *Puss in Boots*, *Cinderella*, *Aladdin*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Ali Baba*, are mere *noms de guerre*. There is scarcely any of the true comic element left; they are pieces of spectacular incongruity, setting at defiance all known or accepted facts. But these meretricious shows seem to appeal successfully to uncritical sightseers. The earliest thing of the kind I can call to mind was at Covent Garden. It was *Robinson Crusoe*, where the curtain rose to a view of the ship, occupying the whole of the stage, and the hero the only person seen. The serious piece of the evening was Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*.

Many of these theatrical celebrities were, we thus see, associated with Old Brompton, Kensington, or Chelsea, and it was an every-day occurrence to meet some of them walking to town in the forenoon on their way to rehearsal, or in the sixpenny omnibus proceeding to the business of the evening. I am also speaking of a period when theatres were few, and when Sadler's Wells was very little frequented by West-Enders, while the Theatre Royal, Shore-ditch, might have as well been in Tasmania. But

the Adelphi, Surrey, and Astley's were great houses for certain specialities.

I accompanied my father as a boy to see at St. James's Theatre two very dissimilar entertainments, the French Plays, where Lablache, Lemaître, Achard, Cartigny, and other artists, made their first appearance before a London audience, and the *Ethiopian Serenaders*, the prototype of *Christy's Minstrels*. Grisi I never heard, and I mention her, because I believe that she was among the eminent residents in Old Brompton in my boyhood.

Comparatively limited, however, as the theatres were in number, some of them were often let, *faute de mieux*, for conjuring and other miscellaneous purposes. M. Philippe, at the St. James's, was the first conjurer I ever saw. Do I not recollect the sugar-plums, which he distributed among the occupants of the boxes?

When we were in Brompton, either at Alfred or Prospect Place, the Kenneys lived in South Street, Alexander Square. Mrs. Kenney was a daughter of Mercier, author of the *Tableau de Paris*. I thought her, when I was a boy, a good old soul, and she was always very kind. I shall never forget that she once gave me a sovereign. We have heard of her goodness to the Lambs, when they were in France, and Miss Lamb was so ill.

The name and fame of Kenney are at the present moment chiefly identified with his *Sweethearts and Wives*. He had married the widow of Holcroft, and was a dramatist almost *jure uxoris*. When I saw him he was sadly afflicted, and the household was broken up by his death. All the members of the family, including Mrs. Kenney, were delightful associates, and accomplished men and women.

James, the eldest son, was in the Post-Office, and was a short, dark man, very pleasant and full

of anecdote, like his mother, but strangely choleric. He had lodgings in an upper storey in the Strand at one time, and owing to some squabble over the tea-table threw a quartern loaf out of the window on to the hat of a passer-by. His younger brother, Charles Lamb Kenney, so-called after the essayist, was a mercurial, hilarious fellow, who carried the *garçon* into middle life. He used to prepare librettos for the operas, and pretty indifferent they were. The last time I saw him he dined at my father's in Brompton, and my brother accompanied him to the omnibus home. He could with difficulty be restrained from climbing each lamp-post as he came to it.

All the Kenneys shone in a particular sort of conversation; they had mixed in very good society, and in their company there was very slight risk of not being entertained. They were all rather prone to hyperbole, and the odd part was that each would put you on your guard as to the propensity of the rest in this direction. I cannot lay claim to having known so many distinguished drawers of the long bow as Swift, but I have had my fair and sufficing experience.

Theresa Kenney, who became Madame Le Crolhier, mentioned to me that within her recollection the bakeries of Paris in the early morning exhibited the workers much in the same *déshabille* as they appear in Lacroix;¹ and she said that they would knead the dough with their bare feet, as they press the grapes and the apples (for cider) in some parts of the Continent.

Louisa, another of Mrs. Kenney's daughters by Holcroft, married as her second husband the Baron de Merger, of Plessis Barbe, near Tours, and her brother was settled at Tours itself as a civil engineer.

¹ *Mœurs et Usages*, 1872, p. 113.

I spent some time at the Mergers' in 1855 or thereabout, and I laid the opening scene of the ballad of the *Baron's Daughter* at the point where the bridge spans the Loire by the city. On reaching Tours I had to traverse about eighteen miles by diligence, and I was apprehensive from the mountain of luggage and the unwieldiness of the vehicle, of being upset from one moment to another. We had started from the hotel at Tours, where I was strongly impressed by a pictorial advertisement attached to a door of a prize-fight which had just taken place between two women, the Amazons being represented in full action and equal *déshabille*.

Madame Holcroft was an excellent type of the French gentlewoman, and studied etiquette to an extent which rather puzzled me as a youth. She set me right when I once offered her my chair, and when I was staying the night there, and we were leaving the house together, she almost immediately bowed to me, it not being in form to be seen even with a lad like myself. Conventionality could not go much farther. Was it not a sort of indelicacy? I here first and last tasted black pudding, which was made on the premises. A celebrated *dépôt* for this dainty was in the last century Birch's in Cornhill. Birch was on intimate terms with Dodd the player, and it is related that he used to take away two (or three) and only pay for one. I once took tea with the Holcrofts in their *bed-room*, and it impressed me powerfully to notice that her bed and his were on opposite sides of the door.

De Merger's father had been in the service of the great Napoléon, and had been invited by him to become one of his aides-de-camp, but he declined. His son used to tell me how the Emperor never met the elder Merger without saying to him: "Ah, M. Merger, why would you not become my aide-de-

camp?" In the *Memoirs of Holcroft* there is a note from the Marquis de Dampierre to him, 6th October 1792, introducing Merger, then a youth and probably already a subaltern in the army of the Republic.

My host spoke very fair English. I suppose that it was hot, thirsty weather when I was at the château, but I have in my remembrance the Baron's disinterested counsel to me on sanitary grounds never to swallow down too much claret, but to moisten the lips and throat with it. I had contracted the tertian ague during a previous visit to the Netherlands, and had a recurrence of it here. De Merger cured me with a tasteless coffee-coloured tisane, in which the leading ingredient was the inner bark of the elm. At another time, being with him in a field, where his men were carrying clover, a grain made its way into my eyelid, and the Baron at once took off his first wife's wedding-ring, and, delicately introducing it beneath the lid, removed the obstruction. We were altogether excellent friends, Merger and I. I recollect that he used to send me into the garden to pick the melon for our breakfast.

While I was at Plessis Barbe, I committed the indiscretion of referring to myself or someone else having the stomach-ache, and was rather sharply reproved by the ladies. They did not give me credit for understanding much French, and there was a general laugh one day at dinner over the *pets de nonne*, a sort of *soufflet*, which formed one of the sweets.

De Merger was in politics a Rouge, and belonged to a very advanced political club at Tours, to which he took me one evening, and where I was somewhat uneasy, lest the police should pay us a visit. It was the dawn of the Third Empire. In fact, he himself was rather alarmed one day when a small detachment of cavalry galloped over the bridge of the

moat, and drew up in front of the house. He imagined that the soldiers might have instructions to arrest him as a malcontent. It turned out, however, that they had merely come to solicit a *boire*. The view from the château was very extensive. My entertainer looked after his property personally, and had a kiln just outside the moat, where he made his draining tiles.

Not so many years after, he, his wife, and his only son and heir, Paul, died, and the property passed to the Kenneys, I believe. From a contemporary memorandum I see that my travelling expenses on my return home from the Mergers' to Dover were 83 francs only, yet quite as much as my father could then afford.

It was while I was in the West of France that I first made an acquaintance with the illustrated French literature of the Dumas type and period. It was early in the fifties. Perhaps the most interesting and remarkable books were *Monte Cristo* and Henri Mürger's *Scènes de la Vie Bohème*, 1851, the former, of course, still well remembered, but Mürger's admirable book only a few years ago made familiar to the modern English reader in a translation issued by the late Henry Vizetelly.

The nearest approach to it that we have is Du Maurier's *Trilby*, where his own student life and that of some of his friends are evidently portrayed. I think that I could fill in the names. *Trilby* herself is an idealized model, and the English writer's *altogether* appears to be an inadequate translation of the French "ensemble," the expression used when a woman poses for the whole figure.

I hardly know whether it was through his contact with the Kenneys, whose conversation was rather Anglo-Gallic, that my father acquired the habit of

interlarding his sentences with scraps of French, or whether it arose from his experience as a translator, or both; and I find myself a little prone to the same practice, more especially in soliloquy. I have read in my time an exceptional number of French books of all kinds and periods.

Virginia Kenney, a daughter of Mrs. Kenney by her final husband, married rather late in life Cox, proprietor of the British Gallery in Pall Mall. This person was very intimate with Joseph Gillott, the Birmingham pen-manufacturer, whose collection of paintings he assisted to form. I believe that *Joe*, as Cox called him, was largely instrumental in building up the other's fortune. The contents of the British Gallery were estimated by the owner at £100,000; but when a day of adversity arrived, and the property was sold, the public modified these figures to a very serious extent.

Perhaps even prior to the Kenneys and others whom I have mentioned as part and parcel of our Old Brompton life, were the Bryans, who slightly knew Hazlitt, and who were connected with the Bedingfields of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, where I was christened, one of the Bryans being a sponsor. This was Dr. Edward Bryan, a man of considerable professional and literary ability. When I was a boy, I used to visit him at his rooms in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and he sometimes took me out with him in his cab with the *tiger* behind—the boy in livery so called. The doctor's cab with its hood and tiger is a thing of the past. It was Dr. Bryan's mother who wrote in 1836 those lines on Hazlitt, printed before *The Hazlitts*, 1911.

There was another household of which we saw some little about this time—that of Mr. Saxe Bannister, who wrote the *Life of Paterson*, founder of the Bank of England. Bannister had been

Attorney-General in one of our colonies, and was a man with a grievance which, with Paterson and teetotalism, absorbed his whole thought and conversation, and constituted, I believe, no inconsiderable part of his estate. It was Paterson who originated the Council of Trade and Plantations, the prototype of the Board of Agriculture, which Arthur Young, its other promoter, not improbably conceived to be a novelty in our administrative system.

The widow of Astor, of the Tottenham Court Road, the pianoforte-maker, lived in Brompton Crescent. One of her daughters was the second wife of Mr. George Reynell of Kingston-on-Thames, my maternal great-uncle. The Astors came from Waldorf, near Heidelberg. The American millionaire, John Jacob Astor, was a younger brother of this one, who fitted him out when he went to America to *make*, not *seek*, his fortune, which was largely due to successful investments in land in or near New York. Of this his sister-in-law assured my uncle Reynell, when he once called on her at Brompton. John Jacob Astor used to send his nephews and nieces in England every year handsome presents. Considering his wealth, they were poor. Mrs. George Reynell had an allowance of £200 or £300 a year; but she does not appear to have seen much of her own family subsequently to her marriage, although there was no objection to it, as far as I have understood, on the Astors' side. They were then comparatively obscure. Their eminence is purely financial, like that of the Morgans and other Yankee grandees.

Mrs. Reynell was a type of a fine old lady. She sat bolt upright in her chair, and never lay on a sofa or used an arm-chair. She always rose at eight. She wrote every day to her step-daughter Mrs.

Fanny Boom, and the latter to her.¹ Of Mr. George Reynell I cherish a very clear and agreeable impression, when he came to inquire for my father, suffering from an attack of brain fever, at our house in Church Street, Chelsea, in 1848. His gracious air of kind concern is still present to me, when I was deputed to see him. He was not at all like his brother my grandfather.

¹ I have always been an indifferent correspondent, but, Algernon Black mentioning that when his wife and he were engaged, they wrote to each other daily, I told him I nearly lost my wife, because I left her so long without a letter from my reluctance to put pen to paper, that she threatened to cancel the arrangement.

IX

KENSINGTON AND THE ENVIRONS—THE FULHAM CAUSERIES.

I HAVE not been a frequent remover. When I quitted my father's house in Ovington Square, Brompton, in 1862, my wife and I took lodgings in Buckingham Street, Strand, whence I went into unfurnished apartments at the house of Mr. Tilbury the actor in Powis Place, Great Ormonde Street, who from his habit of wearing a white neck-tie, used to be known as the Rev. Mr. Tilbury. I was here five months, when I took a house in Addison Road, Kensington.

Kensington, as I knew it about 1850, while I was yet under my father's roof, was bounded to the east by Kensington Gardens and westward by the bridge spanning the canal, which ran between the Thames and Bayswater, and which subsequently developed into part of the metropolitan railway system, but was originally nicknamed *Punch's Railway*. I have rowed on the canal, and I recollect a fellow at the mill exacting a shilling on the pretence that I was a trespasser. Beyond the bridge lay Lee's Nursery, which stretched as far as the turnpike with nothing but a hedge and a ditch as a fence. Northward was Notting Hill and Shepherd's Bush, and southward Old Brompton, Earl's Court, North End, Chelsea and Little Chelsea, all still comparatively unspoiled, no less than Hammersmith, Turnham Green, Chiswick, Acton, Ealing, Willesden, to the west.

My walks when I lived there (1862 to 1881) as a

householder on my own account, extended over the whole region within a dozen miles or so, and of course took in places in the immediate vicinity. It may be worth noting, in reference to St. Mary Abbot's, of which the grounds once probably extended to Addison Road and the manor to Knightsbridge, that during my residence in the immediate neighbourhood an ancient silver crucifix was dug up in one of the gardens on the eastern side of the road; the relic was by possibility the property of one of the members of the Abbey.

The place, as it appeared even in 1862, was an agreeable abode, with many old-fashioned houses and places of business, and surrounded by market-gardens and country, which separated it from Brompton, Fulham, and other neighbouring hamlets. In twenty years it grew so that I was glad to quit it. It had lost nearly every trace of the past and every object of interest. What a delightful residence it must have been in the twenties, when William Cobbett lived there! By the way, Mr. Judson the ironmonger in High Street, who sold Cobbett's American fireplaces, was still there in my earlier time, though a very old man. I dealt with him. His shop was at the corner of Young Street. At Holland House itself I was too late to see Lord Holland; but his widow was in occasional residence there, and the story went that whenever she went from home, she carried her coffin as part of her luggage. It was for some time on view in Kensington in the maker's window.

One of the earliest attempts to build on the high-road to Uxbridge was on the site of Norland House, for many years occupied by the Drummonds. It was a very large structure, standing back from the thoroughfare, and was celebrated for a spring, called the Norland Spring, within the walls. This used to survive in a house in Norland Terrace. But at the

time that the original mansion stood, the whole neighbourhood was perfectly countrified and very desolate. There were only a few dwellings dotted here and there. The builder had not entered upon the ground. No one had dreamed of Addison Road and its surroundings. My uncle Reynell recollected the latter spot when there was scarcely a house there. I remember it a private thoroughfare with a bar at the northern extremity, and not a break or turning from end to end. General Charles Fox, brother of Lord Holland, lived in a house on the Uxbridge Road in large grounds taken out of Holland Park. He had married Lady Mary Fitzclarence, one of the daughters of William IV. by Mrs. Jordan; and he was a noted coin-collector, particularly of the Greek series. After his death his cabinet was sold to the German Government for £23,000. Fox was a familiar figure in Addison Road about 1860. He used to drive past our house with his wife.

In High Street, Kensington, down a turning on the southern side, and backing on Young Street, lay Jennings' Buildings, originally perhaps in decent occupation, but ultimately and long a horrid and dangerous Irish rookery, which the police scarcely dared penetrate. I saw the place before its demolition to make room for Albert Grant's mansion. The tradespeople, or some of them, did not dislike the rookery, for it supplied them with ready-money customers.¹

As a young man, my recollection of Mr. Kenelm Henry Digby, author of the *Broadstone of Honour* and other well-known works, is that he was a tall, heavily built man, with a shambling gait and a negligent toilette. I was more powerfully struck by

¹ There was a large common tank for the supply of water for all purposes to the tenants. Someone, hearing voices issuing from it, climbed up, and found four youngsters bathing inside.

his ungainliness of manner and shabby dress, I fear, in those days than by his literary fame, of which I knew little enough, although it was perhaps greater than it is now. Digby then lived in a large house in the Kensington high road next to John Leech—a widely different genius.

Next door to us at Addison Road lived Carl Engel, the musical antiquary and expert. He had married a sister of Bowman the oculist. Bowman's daughter was a somewhat studious maiden, and I used to see her occasionally at Engel's. I remember that she spoke to me of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* as a book of which she had heard, and which she would like to read. I lent it to her without reflection, and it was returned to me with compliments and many thanks too soon to admit the possibility of the girl having read it. She had shown it to mamma. What would Chaucer have thought of the works of fiction which were not, I presume, judged unfit for Miss Bowman's perusal, and which were either vapid or meretricious? Her brother, whom I also saw at Engel's, the latter always alluded to as "the good bo-oy." After his first wife's death Engel became engaged to a second lady, but on the eve of the marriage hanged himself in a bedroom cupboard.

A striking figure here in the sixties was a late Duke of Bedford, whose brougham regularly drew up at a house in Leonard Place, opposite Holland Park. when his grace, a deplorable cripple, emerged to call on two then middle-aged ladies of quiet and genteel appearance, whom I never saw out of doors accompanied by anyone else or with him. While my wife and I resided in this once charming suburb, it was remarkable for the number of tall girls belonging to residents. They were known as the *Kensington Dragoons*.

Fulham, like Brompton, was a quiet country

hamlet, apportioned between labourers' cottages; mansions of long standing and historical interest, such as Moore Park and Fulham Park (both obliterated), and Holcrofts, where Charles Mathews latterly resided—of course in style; wide acres of arable and pasture; the village itself; and the old-fashioned moated Palace, where the vernal glory of the scene on an April day is worth the whole episcopal bench. But generations anterior to these and other acquaintances of my own or my father's there were such personalities as John Florio, who died at his house in Bear Lane in 1625; his sister Rose is reputed to have married Samuel Daniel. Richard Burbage and Shakespear himself visited their friends in this place, and the Burbages remained here till far into the eighteenth century. Sir Thomas Bodley died in 1607 at Parson's Green.¹

Walham and Parson's Greens, again, and Eelbrook Common, mark the site of an extensive primeval forest of which the vestiges were discovered in forming the line of railway from Earl's Court, and which was long sparingly covered with buildings. This forest doubtless stretched from the river-banks over the whole adjacent country; the subsoil below the alluvial formation was described to me as resembling black soap; and its effect on vegetation was electrical. An acquaintance of mine—Addison, whose name will recur—bought some cart-loads for his garden.

What a retrospect the imagination fills up behind one of the sluggish rivulet meandering through the dark unbroken wold to the Thames, and of Master Piers of Fulham, that angler ages before Walton, and Master Geoffrey Chaucer enjoying together a spring morning's fishing or fowling, where now——

The greater portion of the common at Walham

¹ See my *Shakespear: The Man and his Work*, 1912, pp. 124-6.

Green, which is mentioned in Dr. Simon Forman's Diary under 1595 as Wallom Green, has been ruthlessly absorbed; the erection of a church was, as usual, the first act of spoliation and *sacrilege*.

It may be taken for granted that the by-paths and lanes connecting Fulham with Hammersmith and Kensington were, half a century since, alike lonely and insecure. The roads on the outskirts in this as in other directions were infested by highwaymen of various pretensions. In Colehill Cottage,¹ opposite the Bishop's Palace, while it remained what its name imports, lived during some time Mr. Samuel, popularly known as *Captain Webb*. His father had been a contractor at Greenwich, and the captain was in very easy circumstances, fond of conviviality and of occasional frolics, which gave rise to stories about him being a highwayman. I met his great grandson, Mr. Laurie, of Heron Court, Brentwood, who told me that Webb came to Fulham in 1816, and lived in one of the two small cottages subsequently forming the servants' offices of Colehill Cottage, and that he died at Wythyaw House, Walham Green, in 1835. He is of course of no importance or interest whatever beyond the vulgar legend about him narrated by two persons, Dobson a cooper, and John Phelps a waterman, both of whom lived to an advanced age.

A later resident in the house, when it had been greatly enlarged, yet preserved the old name, was from 1863 to 1899 Mr. John Addison, who had had a share in the promotion of the North-Western, Midland, and other railways, and my long and intimate acquaintance with this gentleman during more than thirty years supplied the opportunity of collecting numerous notices of bygone and forgotten facts about persons and places, with which the owner

¹ Previously known as Grove Bank. Mr. Scarth was living there in 1833.

as my by a long way senior was more or less intimately conversant. He was educated at Burlington House, Fulham, which has been already mentioned. His earliest recollection was being taken on somebody's shoulder to see the procession at the coronation of George IV. Hewes, a friend of Collas of Jersey, was born in 1814, and equally recollected this event. Addison, who was very reticent even to me about his belongings and environments, knew me thirty years or more without mentioning his origin or his father. But quite late in our acquaintance he spoke of his connection with the Stapyltons of Yorkshire, and of having been to the house at Myton.

My friend met with Dobson, the cooper in Fulham who had been Webb's servant at the original Colehill Cottage as a youth, and who remembered waiting on the company whom his master occasionally invited to dinner. In these cases, according to his tale, the party usually broke up about midnight, but, instead of going home, dispersed on their respective beats in quest of plunder. It was like a meet before the hunt. Webb lies in Fulham churchyard under one of the best monuments. He was eighty years of age when he died. Thomas Webb, probably a son, lived at Colehill some time after the so-called captain's departure from that house.

The principal market-gardeners and florists in Fulham were Osborn and the Bagleys. The latter had two extensive plots of ground at Sand's End. One of them was a great tomato-grower, and I recollect the old boundary wall on the north side an absolute mass of bloom. The last of the Bagleys shot himself in Grant's Nursery at Castlenau, Barnes. Osborn's faced Elysium Villas, now meriting that name no longer. Adjoining Osborn's ground was a meadow in which stood a magnificent cedar.

A. told me that he dined with Lock the

engineer the evening that the line from Vauxhall to Waterloo was opened. It cost upwards of £800,000, on which he understood that Lock took 5 per cent. The most expensive piece of work on which he himself was ever engaged was the Wolverhampton and Walsall, the extent being only six and a half miles, and the cost £650,000. He was mentioning on the same occasion that, when he was in full professional swing, if a £10,000 job had been brought to him, he would have given £100 to have it taken away again, as these small contracts often involved an actual loss.

Sir Matthew Thompson used to say to him: "Addison, when I am at Guisley, I am the squire; when I am at Derby, I am chairman of the Midland Railway; and when I am at Bradford, I am a *common brewer*"—the last a technical term.

It was through Brunel asking him to recommend a counsel for a great case which was then impending in Parliament that Sir Alexander Cockburn obtained his first important brief. Cockburn was then, curiously enough, in the Queen's Bench—not as a judge, but as a debtor for £150, and Brunel had to get him out before his services were available. My friend often saw him after that, and furnished him with technical information, which enabled Cockburn to surprise witnesses by the amount of knowledge which he appeared to possess of the *minutiae* of engineering work. The old judge would call at A.'s office either on his way to the Court or on his return.

When Cockburn went down to Leicester as a commissioner to inquire into the management of the Corporation, he spent a good deal of his time at Mother Slack's, and if he was wanted, it was the surest place to find him. It used to be alleged that he drew up his report there. In his earlier professional life a lady (not always the same) was often to be observed walking up and down outside West-

minster Hall waiting for the learned counsel. No one probably could have related such a varied series of *bonnes-fortunes*. To the country, which paid him so well for his services, he proved himself grateful by distributing his sinistral representatives of both sexes pretty freely, when there was a berth at his disposal or the conditional holder of one, as the case might be. You took the place perhaps—the place and the lady, perhaps. Cockburn was a familiar figure in the thoroughfares which he had to traverse from the Court to his house: a small man, negligent in his attire, and with his neckerchief as frequently as not hind part before. But he was a great lawyer; some of his successors on the Bench have proved themselves his inferiors in capacity, and his equals, or nearly so, in less desirable respects. Cockburn was very grateful to those who had served him in early life. He was, like Henry Hawkins, one of the party which accompanied A. in his shooting excursions.

George Stephenson, even in his time, said that, give him a clear and good road without *fishings*, and he would make a train run a hundred miles an hour. He had a poor opinion of canals, and declared that they would all become in the end dry ditches. A. observed to me, when I referred to the railway journey between Manchester and Warrington over Chat Moss, that the most striking thing was to stand on the line a quarter of an hour before a train came up, and feel the vibration arise and gradually increase, as if the whole spongy mass had one pulse and one centre of motion. It was from Robert Stephenson that my friend acquired the habit of leaving his throat open and not wearing a *comforter*, which, as Stephenson said, tended to render you susceptible to cold, especially when, as in those days and in both their cases, you had to travel so constantly at all hours of the day and night.

Not long before Thomas Brassey's death, while he was staying at Hastings, he sent for John Stephenson, who had rendered him valuable service in his undertakings as an assistant. When he arrived, the old contractor was very kind in his manner and kept him for some time in conversation; and when at last he left, Brassey pressed something into his hand. It was a cheque for £5000.

John Flabell, the contractor from the Black Country, was selected to do the tunnelling on the Brighton line, and had some 350 men under him. These rough fellows rather scandalized the then quiet district, and the local parson begged Flabell to try and keep them in better order. "And can't you get them to come to church?" Flabell on the next Saturday pay-day bribed the navvies with a promise of a pint each if they came to church next day in their best; and they not only came accordingly, but filled the building before the rest of the congregation arrived. Flabell and his lady were there, too. The other worshippers presented themselves, saw no room, and went away in a fume. Presently a loud tap was heard on one of the windows, and a voice outside shouted: "Gaffer, gaffer, can't get in. *Don't forget the pint!*"

The printed evidence taken in railway bills before Parliamentary committees occasionally offers rather amusing features, and it is necessarily little known. Lord Grimthorpe as Mr. Beckett-Denison was a very noted figure in these matters and scenes in the old days. His cross-examination of Sir Frederick Bramwell, whose name was so much associated with public business, arbitrations, and so forth, in one instance, when Bramwell opposed the promoters of a new northern line, was inimitable for its dexterity. From posing as a personage of immense practical experience in that class of enterprise, he

was by a series of cleverly-marshalled questions whittled down at last to the solitary superintendence of the West Bromwich Gas Works; and when Beckett-Denison had forced from his adversary this admission, he said to him with exasperating suavity: "I think, Sir Frederick, we need not detain you any longer."

Hawksley the engineer, being under examination in some case by Grimthorpe, was very decided in his replies, and Grimthorpe observed to him: "You appear, Mr. Hawksley, to have formed very definite opinions about most things." The other assenting, Beckett-Denison added: "And pray tell us, are there any points on which you have not arrived at a conclusion?" "Why, yes," returned Hawksley; "I can think of three." "What are they?" Beckett-Denison inquired. "Wills, clocks, and bells," said Hawksley, referring to the other's three failures. Had he lived longer he might have added to the list.

A. and myself knew in common the two Rennies—Sir John and his brother George. The original Rennie died in 1821. He was an eminent book-collector, and his library was sold some years after his death. His son, Sir John, reserved the first and third folios of Shakespear. I have a very lively remembrance of accompanying the second Rennie (Sir John, not George) to Antwerp when I was a youth, and his impatience to disembark, which nearly led to my immersion in the Scheldt. It was just then thought that I might try my hand at engineering, and I did for eight months. Anyone who only knows Antwerp as it is to-day can have a very imperfect idea of what it was when I landed there with Rennie in 1852. If I was under no other obligations to the Rennies, I owed to them this—that I planted my foot on that historical ground,

that my eye fell on Antwerp, before a thousand gables and a labyrinth of steep, tortuous, dark streets or water-lanes were clean swept away to meet the demands of commerce, more tyrannous than Spaniard or Austrian. Before I knew Antwerp well, I asked a Belgian the way one day to the Cathedral. I inquired for *la Cathédrale*. He regarded me with an opaque stare. I repeated the question. He shook his head. Presently a light began to break on his honest countenance, and he lifted a finger significantly. "Ah!" he cried, "Monsieur cherche la Cathédrale!"

In the *Galerie du Roi*, at Brussels, I was once accosted by a person who spoke good English, and demanded if he could serve me in his capacity as *cicerone* to one of the places of resort for a certain purpose in the City. He said that his fee was five francs. "Well," I answered, "and do you depend on this employment?" "No," said he. "What do you do, then, in the day?" "Why," said he, "I shew gentlemen and ladies over St. Gudule." This ran on all fours with the female pluralist in Jersey, who, Collas mentioned, was reputed to be the only suspicious character, but who on Sundays acted as pew-opener at her parish church.

I related to A. a singular little episode which occurred while I was in the Netherlands under the Rennies. I often spent from Saturday to Monday under the hospitable roof of my friend Henry Wright at Yerseke, a few miles from Bath. We played at whist one Saturday evening, and suddenly a card was missed. We searched for it everywhere in vain till by chance someone descried it stuck fast in my slipper. No effort or ingenuity of mine could have placed it there.

Wright, who afterward married a daughter of the second Duke of Wellington and became secre-

tary to the Duke of Sutherland, was a low-built man about five-and-twenty, and was extraordinarily supple and agile. I have seen him clear eighteen feet on the level with a very short run, and when we were alone at Yerseke he would in the not very spacious drawing-room go to one end, and spring over the loo-table with a fresh pair of long wax candles in the centre of it without extinguishing the lights.

I casually met him in later years in Stable Yard, St. James's, and he told me that he was a sort of secretary to the Duke of Sutherland. I called at Stafford House some time after, and I was struck by the fact that, when the Duke opened the door of the room where Wright and I were talking, Wright just cast his eye in that direction and continued the conversation, while the Duke withdrew his head and closed the door.

I used to travel from Bath to Yerseke in a top-heavy antediluvian coach, passing through several villages on the way. In one, on either side of the road, was an avenue of pear-trees, with the ripe fruit hanging from the branches. When I told A. of this, he concurred with me in thinking that if it had been in England the public would have picked the pears to prove their social and political equality. My lodgings at Bath faced the chapel. I recounted to A. a petty incident which I witnessed one day as I looked out of my window. A small procession, headed by a man and a woman, came up and entered the chapel. I asked my landlady what they were going to do. To be married. Well, they had lived together twenty years, these two Hollanders, just to see how they suited each other before they passed the probationary stage.

Among my associates on the polders, which Rennie engaged to enclose and reclaim, were Mr. R. Winder and Heer Müller, the former an engineer,

who had in his professional capacity enjoyed a wide experience, and the last a most gentlemanly and agreeable Hollander, who spoke broken English, with a very pretty and very French wife. I was once with him on the Scheldt in a boat, and seeing how inveterately he smoked, I innocently asked him whether he was very fond of it. "Yes," was his answer, "for it do make me dink." At a dinner given by Winder to the Dutch officers of the small garrison at Bath, he, in responding to the toast of his absent wife's health, declared that he loved her better than his life; but he put *life* in the wrong gender. The two peculiarly unseductive old women with whom I lodged in this place, Tante Mi and Tante Co, remembered the visit of Napoléon and Maria Louisa there more than forty years before.

Sub rosá, I fell in love at Bath (which they pronounce *Bats*), or rather just outside it, with a maiden of the country called Antje Dronkers, whose papa pursued some local industry; but we were both persons *unius linguae*, and this kept the flame low. I do not recollect any tears.

But I told A. that I did recollect crying, because I had sent to my father for a little pecuniary aid, my salary being modest, and he had remitted *half a crown*, which was all he could afford, he wrote. I felt ashamed of myself that I should not have been more thoughtful than to ask for the money, and I tried to earn forgiveness some time afterward, when I had saved enough out of my very humble pay, by purchasing a scent-bottle, which I took to the captain of one of the steamboats plying between London and Antwerp, and asked him to deliver it to my mother at Chelsea, which he did.

I put it to A. whether such reminiscences were not prouder and sweeter than fame or wealth, and

he said that he thought so. He was much my senior, but his mother was constantly on his lips. This led me to speak about my mother's people, the Reynells, their former consequence, and the important assemblage of family portraits, now partly scattered; and I mentioned a table at the Reynells' printing office, bought by Mr. Henry Reynell at the Aikin sale at Stoke Newington about 1798, and said to have belonged to Sir Godfrey Kneller; it contained an easel, which disclosed itself by touching a spring.

He had heard me mention my grandmother Hazlitt and her relatives the Stoddarts. I said to him one day: "A lady whom I formerly met recollected very well the first visit Mrs. Hazlitt paid to her family at Bayswater. It was a very wet day, and she had been to a *walking match*. She was dressed in a white muslin gown, a black velvet spencer, and a Leghorn hat with a white feather. Her clothes were perfectly saturated, and a complete change of things was necessary, before she could sit down. The stiff, ceremonious ways of Sir John Stoddart and his family did not please her at all. When one of her nephews (Sir John's sons) was praised in her hearing as an example of good breeding and politeness, she laughed, and exclaimed, 'Oh, do you like such manners? John seems to me like an old-fashioned dancing-master.'"

A., as a former large employer of labour, appreciated my relation of a small experience, when I was last in Rouen. I saw a man sauntering, as I was, up a street, pipe in mouth, and took him for a fellow-traveller. He turned out to be a Londoner, who had come there *in search of work*, and wanted to know if I could recommend him.

Of Thomas Earnshaw, the famous chronometer-maker in Bloomsbury (the second of the name),

Addison was full of anecdotes. He possessed a chronometer, which Earnshaw gave him. The latter, a small man with a disproportionately large head, and not remarkable for the elegance either of his dress or his diction, was a violent democrat and something of a freethinker. He did not prosper very much with the clerical authorities in his parish. When the collector called for an Easter offering, he feigned a difficulty in comprehending his meaning. "Easter offering? What is that, sir?" "Why, Mr. Earnshaw, what they give every year to the rector. It is usual, sir." "Is it, sir? Well, here is sixpence to buy a length of rope for his reverence to hang himself." He once took part in a political open-air meeting in Clerkenwell, and was very fierce and trenchant in his language before he addressed his audience. When he ascended the platform, he was going to commence, when the superintendent of police pulled him by the skirt of his coat, and whispered to him, as a man whom he knew and humoured: "Mr. Earnshaw, pray come down. If you speak, I must take you." Little Earnshaw melted away among the crowd.

It must have been very funny when, having been chosen headborough for his parish, he called on the rector-archdeacon and apprised him of his nomination by the votes of his fellow-parishioners; and, says he, "I shall be obliged, Mr. Archdeacon, if you will accompany me to explain to me my outdoor duties, as I am in a difficulty about them, and the law prescribes that in such case I shall apply to you, sir."

A. was of the Clockmakers' Guild. I told him about the watch which Calvert had mentioned to me (whether truly or not, God knows) as having been made about 1680 for his ancestor Lord Baltimore, proprietor of Maryland, by John Pepys,

who, according to my informant, occupied seven months in the work. He offered to shew it to me if I would go up to his house in Camden Town.

I understood Addison to say that Tommy Hope of Pershore in Worcestershire, who made the famous perry, and kept it in vats until it was as dark as porter, came to Pershore with eighteenpence in his pocket, and made a boast that he had always kept in his possession the two original coins.

We were speaking of Tom Sayers the pugilist. He was a Staffordshire man and a bricklayer by trade. Brassey employed him to do some of the two-arched bridge at Rugeley on the North Western. He was a pleasant, civil little fellow, nimble on his feet, and standing about five feet six; but the muscles of his arms were as hard as iron.

The old watch-house in Marylebone Lane, from which the Charlies for that district used to turn out every evening to the number of the days in the year, was referred to. No man knew beforehand to what beat he would be ordered, and the practice was to bring the file to a halt, call a name, and give him his round. This checked collusion and bribery. There was a similar institution on Islington Green, at Knightsbridge, and elsewhere.

Glyn the banker, speaking to A. about the gain to the Bank of England and other similar institutions from the loss of their notes, related a curious instance of the ignorance of seamen in money matters. Before Trafalgar, the crews had been paid in Bank of England notes, the wages having accumulated and specie being scarce; and many of them, not having the opportunity, perhaps, of spending their earnings in the free manner usual with the profession, carried them down to Portsmouth, but before embarking took the precaution to exchange them for local Bank paper, which, like the Scotchman of former

days and his £1 note, they thought better security than that of the National establishment. The Portsea Bank made a good haul over the transaction, as so many of the holders of its paper went to the bottom.

X

FULHAM CAUSERIES (continued)

THISTLETHWAITE, who was a life-tenant of a large property on the Paddington estate (the next heir fell at the Alma), and who married Laura Bell, lived in Grosvenor Square. A singular illustration of the universality of commissions or tips occurred one day. He had told a man to send him round a horse on approval or inspection, and the animal was duly trotted up and down his side of the square, when Captain —, of the Guards, happened by the merest accident to pass that way. He learned what was going on, and his opinion was asked by T. He was loud in his commendations; but unluckily T. differed and declined, and the Captain in the Guards lost his percentage.

It was a singular household. Thistlethwaite and his wife, a very pretty little woman, did not see much company, and did not agree very well. Every evening there was a sort of state dinner at eight, and a costly dessert, and only those two, one at one extremity of a long table, and the other at the other. The latest occasion on which they came before the public was in a sort of petty *cause célèbre*, which T. won, arising from Laura's extravagance and a huge bill sent in by a West End firm for dress. Before she married, Laura Bell had a house in Wilton Place, where she received her gentlemen friends, like a modern Aspasia or Phryne. A late Marquis of Lansdowne was a noted figure there,

and he often came on his white pony. The pony was carried off one day by a preconcerted arrangement, and was not recovered without a handsome reward. On her visit to Loch Luichart in the Highlands she delivered a series of religious addresses to audiences probably unacquainted with her antecedents.

Skittles, who was of a similar type to Laura Bell, was at one time in equal vogue, and used to hold a sort of levée at the Holborn Restaurant. The Lord Hartington of that day paid her homage as a young man, if he did not keep her. I have heard that when his lordship told her that he had spent upon her enough to build the *Great Eastern*, she replied that she had spent upon him enough to float that ship. But poor Skittles came to grief, and died in very bad circumstances indeed.

We spoke of the British earthworks so widely spread over England, and sometimes buried in underwood. I had just returned from Elsted in Sussex. Outside the Fitzhall estate there, I told A., I noticed some remains of this sort. They lie unheeded, being so common. I added that, as I was climbing up Trundle Hill by Goodwood with Mr. Piggott, of Fitzhall, he informed me that from the summit one could see almost all the kingdoms of the earth. "And are you," I inquired, "the gentleman who shews them?"—allusively to the scriptural scene.

At a garden party at Fitzhall I met Lord and Lady Egmont. He married her ladyship under what are usually termed romantic circumstances, she being of very humble birth—some said, a carrier's daughter, others, a gipsy; and she struck me as much resembling the latter. She had been educated, so far as possible, for her new path in life, and in course of time (for she had been married twenty years or so) intercourse with

tolerable society had done a good deal to improve and polish her. She was at the same time unassuming, agreeable, and self-possessed. She introduced me to the Earl, of whom I did not think much. I understood that Lord Leconfield would not intervisit with the Egmonts by reason of the misalliance, which seemed odd and forgetful on the part of Leconfield. But the Egmonts were certainly not too eligible on independent grounds.

I mentioned to A. a trait of the unphilosophical and guileless simplicity of childhood. My son, when he was a very little fellow, was with me in a field in Wales, and we observed a cow gazing at a dog, after the manner of her kind. The boy looked up at me, and said with a dry gravity: "Might be its mother."

I offered the remark that, as mental power often skips a generation, a man may be nothing more than a medium of communication between his father and his son.

The late Mr. Thomas Miles, land-agent of Keyham, near Leicester, who probably knew more of the concerns of the families for miles round than any individual of his time, used to tell A. that Jones, the parson at Ashby, would have a cloth laid over the drawing-room carpet on Sundays between services, and have a couple of cocks in "to give them wind." This was about 1830.

Mr. Miles, who was born at the close of the eighteenth century, was one of those rare characters who seem to possess in one sense neither progenitors nor descendants. He left no actual representative to fill his place. In his professional capacity he naturally enjoyed a good deal of the confidence of his clients, but Miles was regarded by all those who employed him as a personal friend. He was the never-failing resource when anyone was in trouble

or in straits, and many a delicate piece of business outside his immediate or strict functions it fell to his lot, in the course of a prolonged life, to discharge.

A remarkably fine Stilton cheese received from Leicester one Christmas (1889-90) led to a conversation on the subject. Stilton cheese, A. said, had been made at Leicester, Coldnewton, and other places near ever since he remembered. They got their name from the circumstance that their peculiar character was first noticed by the frequenters of the Angel at Stilton, which is some thirty-five miles from Leicester, and they became known as Stilton cheeses. But they were never made there. Of late years, since the practice of sending the milk away to London and other great centres set in, they have lost their reputation, and a cheese of the old type, full of *butter*, is an absolute rarity. You have, in fact, to get it built expressly for you.

Among the Leicestershire set in the forties was Captain Haymes, formerly of the Guards, and a Waterloo man. He lived to be ninety-four, and hunted within six months of his death. He lived at Great Glen, near Leicester, had a select circle of intimates, a good cellar of port, and a knife and fork for any of the set at three p.m.—the then usual hour for dinner in the middle classes both in town and country. Haymes and his guests drank water with their dinner, and port after, and each man had his bin and his bottle. The butler knew everybody's taste. Haymes deprecated too much talk over the wine. He would say, if there was a tendency to conversation in excess of what he judged desirable: "Gentlemen, I hope you like your wine? Drink it, then. Don't talk, or you'll get drunk." But Hanbury the brewer used to hold that no man should be pronounced drunk if he could lie in bed without being held there. It was Miles, who disliked fat, but

offered the pertinent counsel that the lean should be that of fat meat.

Haymes and Mrs. Packe-Reading owned between them nearly the whole of the parish. The latter conceived the notion of establishing schools for the children, and sent Mr. Miles to Haymes to invite him to join her. "What!" said the Waterloo man, "schools—education! Damn education! There was my old soldier who could neither read nor write, and he attended to his business as my body-servant. Now I have a fellow who is a scholar forsooth; why, he spends most of his time in reading the paper and my letters." Miss Reading, who married Charles William Packe, M.P. for the southern division of Lincolnshire, kept her maiden name. Her husband took the property with the proviso that there should be no jointures or dowers made; and as she had a separate estate, it was arranged in that way.

Michael Bass the brewer told Packe that when the Bank holiday had been instituted, the first year's brewings of his firm alone increased by £90,000, and had never receded.

Leicester itself in the early times was, as we all know, an important coaching and hunting centre, and I believe that the *Bell* was one of the leading houses. A. remembered it before the place had declined through the railways. Yet I stayed there with him a few years since only on our way from Harrogate, and we found a capital cellar of port—or the remains of one, at least—left by Boyer the landlord, who had been *chef* at Badminton. They let us have an excellent bottle of '47 for 10s., which in London would have cost a guinea or more.

Speaking of Harrogate, there was a Bishop at one of the hotels. His lordship desired to insert his address on a letter, and was dubious on a point of

orthography. "Waiter, is there a *w* in Harrogate?" "Well, my lord, they do say as the—sexton's wife—sometimes, my lord." "Answer my question, sir. Is Harrogate spelled with or without a *w*?" The prelate's dilemma was so far excusable, for the Spa owed its name to its contiguity to one of the gates of Knaresborough Forest, of which the Stray is the last vestige.

A. and I strolled one day into a curiosity shop in York. We saw nothing; but the owner invited us to accompany him to his other store, and we followed him up a ladder into a chamber above. The place was a model of disorder and congestion. My eye caught sight of two large china figures in the distance. "What were they?" "Chelsea—old—magnificent." Their owner read in our looks our desire to enjoy a closer inspection, but the position was impregnable. We seemed as if we might be customers. Isaac looked about him, seized a pair of tongs, balanced his person with much adroitness and agility, and the objects were before us. A. turned to me. I shook my head and muttered *Tournai*. We did not exchange any more words, but while the tongs were absorbed with the restoration of the magnificent old Chelsea to its stronghold, we descended the ladder, professing our acknowledgments, and emerged. I asked A. if he felt more easy outside, and he said that he did.

There was a settlement in the Bradgate estate of the Earl of Stamford requiring the outlay of £1000 a year on plate, and at last this obligation led to the grates in the reception and other rooms being of silver. Lord S. had been rather noted for his ill-assorted marriages. Lord Berners once remarked to Addison: "What a fancy Stamford has for marrying whores!" His first wife, however, was a shoemaker's daughter, his second, not so good as that. I recollect

walking with Alexander Ireland through Lord Stamford's park at Bowdon, Cheshire. The family had enormous property in that and the adjoining counties; but it was heavily encumbered, and a firm of solicitors personally known to me was long engaged in arranging the affairs.

Beriah Botfield, best known from his work on the Cathedral Libraries of England, also produced other books, especially the *Stemmata Bottevilliana*, where he laboured to prove his consanguinity with the Thynnes of Longleat, more to his own satisfaction than that of the late Lord Bath; and he formed a considerable library at Decker Hill, Shifnal, dispersed after his death. In Brompton Cemetery is a tomb inscribed only with the single word LAURA. There lies interred a lady, to whom Botfield was romantically attached. It was a settlement in this estate that a pipe of port should be laid down every year; but when the property passed to Mr. Garnett, a clergyman with a large family and an abstainer, he had the proviso set aside by the Court of Chancery.

A. had always kept a good cellar of wine, and we had frequent conversations on the subject. I found that he was interested when I mentioned that at the sale of Lord Peterborough's collection in Portman Square in 1812, port of 1802 (only ten years old) brought 90s. a dozen; while claret of the same year was carried to £6 10s. a dozen; and six bottles of malaga, said to be fifty years old, reached £6 11s., or upward of a guinea each. I took an occasion to notice that Athenæus, in his *Deipnosophistæ*, lets us understand how the ancient Greeks laid down their wine from three to sixty years, according to its strength and character, just as we do.

The coal-field in the Forest of Dean is one of the latest geological deposits or formations of the kind, said A. to me. In some of the coal which

used to be got thence there are traces of the fir-bark almost visible to the naked eye, but readily distinguishable under the microscope. Sir Roderick Murchison held that coal existed everywhere. Yes, the possibilities of it, given sufficient pressure. But a good deal never becomes more than lignite.

It was my grandfather Reynell who had seen Hazlitt dressed to go to Curran's in black silk smalls and blue coat and gilt buttons, and he observed how well he looked. The blue coat and gilt buttons were much affected by the Whig Club seventy years ago, and were worn by Fox and Burdett. Mr. Byng, M.P. for Middlesex, a member of a singularly ill-fated family, was one of the last public men who retained the fashion; but I remember my father wearing such a coat made by Griffiths and Pearson; perhaps he took to it *jure patris*.

The Byngs were great gamblers, and perhaps it was the member of the family mentioned above who was so valuable a client to Crockford, that he forgave him a debt to the bank of £30,000, observing, however, that in future there must be a nightly settlement.

When the Earl of Lichfield's property was sold at Shuckborough, the old seat of the Ansons, George Robins was employed as the auctioneer, and, from his usual fashion of delivering an impressive preliminary address, something uncommon was expected on this occasion. But George ascended the rostrum and said: "My name is George Robins. Porter, bring the first lot." This affair was the unhappy outcome of Lord Lichfield's turf transactions. One year he won the Derby, and made £100,000. The next morning he was at his solicitor's, White of Bedford Row, before the latter was dressed, and White, when he heard it, remarked that he was sorry for it. The next year, my lord came with

a different tale. He had lost the race and thrice the amount. This was on a Friday, and Monday was settling day. White had to get the money from the insurance offices and mortgage the property, and the sale above-mentioned was one of the fruits.

After the death of Mr. George Tomline in 1889, the portion of the famous Paston Correspondence, which appears to have been lent out of the Royal collection in the eighteenth century, and which Mr. Gairdner was unable to trace, was discovered among the papers at Orwell Park, near Ipswich. Considering the circumstances connected with the matter, it is strange that Mr. Gairdner should not have thought of making an inquiry in that quarter. From what one knows of George Tomline himself, I do not imagine that he had any notion personally that he possessed these manuscripts. He had no taste for literature.

Comparatively trifling incidents are so soon forgotten nowadays, that it may be hardly recollected that it was Tomline who for years kept up a controversy with the Government as to the right of every British subject to have his bullion coined into money at the Mint on demand. Tomline always had the Chinese overland tea, and drank it without milk and sugar with a little lemon juice in the Russian fashion.

Tomline's father, Dr. George Pretyman, successively bishop of Lincoln and Winchester, had taken the name of Tomline on succession to the property of Tomline, the Bristol sugar-baker. The latter, it is traditionally said, made the acquaintance of the prelate in a perfectly accidental manner through seeing him in his park, where Tomline was, as a stranger and a visitor to the locality, strolling about. The Bishop at first sent someone to warn the trespasser off; then, learning at the inn where

he stayed who he was, invited him to breakfast the next morning, and finally put him up at the palace. Tomline left him all his money—about a million, something like half of which his son lost in the Felixstow railway scheme.

The unreserved portion of the effects of Tomline was sold at Christie's and on the premises. Mr. Miles of Keyham remembered well his father, the Bishop of Winchester, who had been tutor to the younger Pitt. Through this connection Dr. Tomline succeeded in obtaining a footing in nearly all the Enclosure Acts, and particularly in Charnwood Forest and at Banbury. On his mother's side, George Tomline was allied to the Bagot-Lanes, descendants of the Lane who befriended Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester; and it was from this source that the Ribey Grove estate, comprising a large property in Great Grimsby, was derived. The Orwell Park estate, twenty-four miles long by seven miles wide, was all in a ring-fence, except a small triangular piece owned by a lawyer. This Tomline never succeeded in securing, and it vexed him, because it broke the continuity of his shooting. He used to say that he would have covered it with five-pound notes to get rid of the proprietor.

I had the following story from A. A fashionably attired gentleman called on a London mechanic with a sketch of an instrument which he desired to be made for him. The shopkeeper examined the drawing with some curiosity, and at last undertook to execute the order, but observed that it would cost fifteen guineas. His customer did not object, however, so long as the work was done to his satisfaction, and went away, promising to call at an appointed time. He came accordingly, approved of the work, and put down the money, which the other deposited in his purse. Before the party left the

shop, the mechanician took the liberty of demanding, as the instrument was of such a peculiar character, what its utility was. "I will tell you, sir," quoth his customer, leaning across the counter to him; "the fact is, it is a contrivance *for picking pockets.*" The man was so disconcerted that he lost all presence of mind, and before he could collect himself, Barrington (for it was he) had left the premises, carrying with him the apparatus and the purse. Barrington was a regular frequenter of Ranelagh Gardens, which he found a highly lucrative hunting-ground.

Bull-baiting was still carried on in the Midlands and in the North down to the second half of the nineteenth century; and the women enjoyed the sport as keenly as the men. At Leigh, near Preston, according to a story told me by a Leigh man, a fellow, in a room with his wife and a dog trained to this exercise, laid his head on the table; the dog rushed at his nose, the husband cried out from the pain, and would have got up; but says the woman, "Lie still, man, he must draw blood, or he will be just ruined."

A., all the years I had known him, had taken the *Times* newspaper. The unique and long unassailable *prestige* enjoyed by Mr. Walter's undertaking was a phenomenon unlike anything else in journalistic literature. It was almost a fetich. Without being so constituted, the organ possessed an official authority. Its statements were judicial. A good deal of this superstition (for superstition it was) proceeded from the consummate tact of the management. The *Editor of the Times* was impersonal; no one was supposed to know who he was; the public had as distinct a notion of his individuality as of the Cumæan Sibyl or the Grand Lama of Thibet. Now all is changed. Yet A. was

of the old school; and he clung to his *Times usque ad finem*. When you had disposed of his other pleas for it, he brought up his last reserve—it was printed on better paper. The field was to him!

A. referred to Buckingham in Seven Dials, who supplied the rope for executions, and mentioned that there used to be in the window a specimen with a notice—"Any length cut." It was a peculiar twist, and specially manufactured for the purpose.

A. was absolutely illiterate, but a handsome bookcase filled with a few presentable volumes was part of the furniture. In his better days he would say that he regretted not having lived a hundred years earlier, provided that he could have been *inside*, as he expressed it, for he thought, perhaps rightly, that those who were more or less privileged were better off formerly than now.

John Addison was the only son and child of David Addison, a private gentleman of Inverness, who came to England, and married a Miss Curtis, daughter of Levi Curtis by a daughter of Halford, the brewer at Mortlake, who lies buried at Richmond. The Curtis family was chiefly in the army, except one, I think, who had the Brentford distillery. Addison lost his father at a very early age. He told me that he (his father) watched as a civilian the military operations at Waterloo. It was in that year, on the 23rd November, that my old friend saw the light at Chiswick. He died at Fulham, January 3, 1899. It is a singular circumstance that he only confided his parentage to me a short time before his death, and that ten minutes before his death he dictated to his nurse where and how he desired to be buried. Even his wife knew nothing about his family; but he occasionally in conversation with me referred in affectionate terms to his mother. His maternal aunt married into the Stapleton or

Stapylton family of Myton, Yorkshire. J. A.'s full name was John Garret Curtis A., the Garret coming in through his paternal grandmother. One of the sons of William Curtis, who lived on the Mall at Chiswick, fell down the hatchway in a ship, and injured his brain. He was a tall, powerful man, and he was chained down in a padded room at Bedlam.

XI

HAMMERSMITH, PUTNEY, BARNES, AND OTHER OUTSKIRTS

THE state of the village of Hammersmith is very slightly indicated by a very rough woodcut on the title of a tract of 1641, shewing a few low-pitched cottages by the side of the highroad, such as here and there yet exist beyond the site of the new St. Paul's School. Few places near London have so thoroughly lost within the last two generations their old aspect and attraction, and are more hopelessly abandoned to the vulgarer forms of modern suburban life. The engraving to which I have referred represents the flight of the Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street, from his Parliamentary enemies, and there is the inscription on it: *away for hammersmith.*

Of these always low-pitched, but originally and long picturesque and characteristic buildings, once doubtless exclusively private residences on a country road, where they had superseded the hedge and the ditch, the old leases have in the few cases observed not yet expired. The tenant of one informed me that it was the Gomm or Gomme estate, and that Mr. Gomm or Gomme formerly resided a few doors away. He said that it was at one time open in the rear, and that there were market gardens and many mulberry trees, of which one survived on his own premises, and still fruited well. Mr. Gomm, I understood him to say, had married into the market-

garden industry, and I recollect G. L. Gomme telling me that his father was a market-gardener's auctioneer, and that the latter, or himself, or both, had made collections toward a history of the parish. There is not a single one of these houses, which preserves its integrity; all have suffered a sad change; but the shop, which I explored a little, was still, except the refrontage of brick, wholly wood, and retained its old elevation.

We hear very little indeed of this hamlet (for it was nothing more) in history and literature. There was a very curious case of alleged diabolical possession connected with it, in which the principal actor was Susanna, wife of John Fowles. The particulars are printed in a contemporary pamphlet (1698).

Many years subsequently to my settlement in the neighbourhood the place preserved a fair share of its original gentility and seclusion, and could boast many historical residences, foremost among which was Brandenburg House, removed about 1827 to make room for the new bridge. Lee's Nursery, known as the *Vineyard*, occupied a considerable area between the bridge over the Canal and the turnpike on the northern side. James Lee brought out in 1760 an *Introduction to Botany*, which met with a favourable reception. His family had been established here since 1715.

TURNHAM GREEN was another of the spots which I periodically visited in my desultory rambles in the neighbourhood of Kensington during the twenty years which I passed in that once pleasant suburb. In the earlier part of my sojourn there Turnham Green had not lost by any means so much of its original character and aspect as it has since, and most of the fine old houses in grounds were still standing.

Among them, foremost in more than one point

of interest, was Linden House, on the left side of the highroad as you approached the Green. This "capital" mansion, which was demolished in 1879, was for many years the residence of Dr. Ralph Griffiths, proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, and he died here in 1803. Griffiths had been acquainted with many of the famous men of his time, including Johnson and Goldsmith; and he was on intimate terms with Wedgwood, whose partner Bentley was his neighbour at one time. The Doctor played his trump card by buying of Cleland the manuscript of *Fanny Hill*, and employing a certain Drybutcher to improve the book, which is said to have been worth £20,000 to him.

I visited the house shortly prior to its removal, and as I passed along the spacious passage leading from the grand old-fashioned doorway to the hall, ascending on the way two or three short flights of steps, it awakened an interesting reflection—how often that very ground had been trodden before me by the literary and artistic ornaments of the preceding century.

But nearer my own time it had a very different association and quite another sort of tenant in that consummate scoundrel, Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, the *Janus Weathercock* of the *London Magazine*, and the intimate on equal terms at one period of his life of well-nigh the whole world of letters and art.

PUTNEY, beyond its manorial and other local archives, comes under notice very early in the seventeenth century as the place where the drama of *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1602, opens at "a Smith's Forge," and the scene of the murder of Edward Hall, a miller of the village. But at a later period it became in the civil troubles an important and busy political centre, and after the Restoration a seat of

some of the earliest Ladies' Colleges in England. Evelyn refers to that kept by Mistress Bathsua Makins, who before the Troubles had been governess to the Princess Henrietta, one of the daughters of Charles I., a trust at one time held by a niece of the Duke of Buckingham; and Herrick, in his *Hesperides*, 1648, commemorates Mistress Mary Portman as "The School and pearl of Putney." She died in 1671.

Mrs. Trimmer kept a ladies' school here, and her family had establishments for young gentlemen through at least two generations at the large house where Colonel Chambers, Garibaldi's Englishman, afterward lived. This school was founded by Mr. Carmalt, whose name survives in the block of houses erected on the site. Opposite, at Fulham, was Miss Batsford's Seminary, now incorporated with the churchyard.

By the way, at Wimbledon, some time since, Dr. Birch kept a seminary for youths. Had Thackeray's eye fallen on the brass plate outside?

I am told that in old plans of Putney Coopers' Arms Lane is marked as the Whorple or Whorpul Way, and that a similar name, sometimes in a corrupt form, occurs elsewhere in this neighbourhood. But I observe no mention in the topographical books of the term, much less of its meaning.¹ A second spot is the Platt, a name given at present and ever since I can remember to a turning

¹ Halliwell (*Arch. Dict.* in v.) defines *warpes* to be "distinct pieces of ploughed land separated by the furrows." In 7 Eliz. in the Court Rolls of Wimbledon, we hear of an order for laying out (*exponendo*) the *warpells*. *Notes and Queries*, April 6, 1889. There the word *warpell* is associated with common fields (*communes campi*), and combined with *way* may be thought to signify a path, or ridge, between fields. The original state of the western side of the Putney High Street was, except a few mansions, a hedge enclosing these common fields, broken by the said *warpell* way, possibly by more than one. All the life and business centred round the church.

out of the same lane, but evidently bestowed at the outset on a piece of ground laid out in buildings. Opposite the Platt was Platt House, a detached residence in a large garden, now long since demolished.

A very early and curious glimpse of Putney occurs in a few of his letters in 1519 to his Government of the Venetian Envoy to the Court of Henry VIII., Sebastian Giustinian, who retired hither, while the plague was prevailing in London.

In one of Lilburne's tracts, printed in 1649, he speaks of the future Protector and his son-in-law, Ireton, holding an earnest conversation in a garden-house at Putney; but he does not specify whether it was Fairfax House or some other, and the writer on the next page brings before us Ireton standing before the fireside at his quarters in Kingston, so that he had probably come over to consult the Lord General. And after the interview we hear that he mounted his horse, and departed hurriedly on his return. The little village (for it was no more) was for the time the centre of England.

There is a second tract of the same period by John Wildman called *Putney Projects: Or the Old Serpent in a new forme*, 4to, 1647, which is the second publication I have seen with the name on the title.

The capital mansions were, at all events, Lime Grove, Fairfax House, Essex House, where one of the decorated ceilings bore the date 1596, and the one ultimately occupied by Madame Daranda, but where John Lacy, clothworker, formerly resided and frequently received Queen Elizabeth, and of which the site was subsequently converted into a terrace, now swept away. It has been said that at the sale of the Daranda effects title-deeds to certain property in Putney were acquired, or were, at least,

brought to light. This and Fairfax House were the places where the Parliamentary leaders met during the Civil War, and where they were quartered. But there was probably still another house in Putney (unless the family occupied at one time either of those above specified), where resided in the sixteenth century Edward Banister, Esq., who had moved hither from Idsworth in Hampshire, and who left this place to settle in Blackfriars, where he died in 1600. Banister by his will left to his son his valuable collection of pictures, statues, books, &c., and I question whether he was not the original possessor of the Arundelian marbles.

There used to be Pike Lane near the church. It was the spot where the soldiers piled their weapons during their stay here. It is, I believe, identical with Brewhouse Lane, and was the landing-place prior to the erection of the bridge of 1729.

I possess an etching, executed in 1884, by Arthur Ball of the supposed nunnery (ultimately converted into shops) which immediately faced the church just by the Surrey end of the old bridge.

At present what was down to 1860 a village is a sorrowful desolation of bricks and mortar, touching Wandsworth on one hand and Barnes on the other. The whole of the High Street appears to be made ground; the levels must formerly have been far lower; for in carrying out long since some public works, at the corner facing the entrance gates to Lime Grove, the foundations of an extensive red-brick building were discovered below the surface,¹ and a rivulet flowed from the top of the street to the river on the right-hand side within memory. A second stream divided Putney from Wandsworth just by the modern railway bridge and East Putney

¹ The present writer saw these remains while the ground remained open.



A. Ball

REMAINS OF THE NUNNERY AT PUTNEY

station. It has long been converted into a closed sewer. The "spacious house with gardens and lands," to use the historian's own expression, which was the birthplace of Gibbon, was a copyhold comprising a messuage and 85 acres of land acquired in 1718 by the father of the historian for £400 from Sir Theodore Jansen, and was subsequently the seat of the St. Aubyns, who resided here down to modern times.

All trace of the building has disappeared, as well as that of the home of the Portens, his maternal relatives, where he spent a portion of his childhood, unless, which is not improbable, it was substantially the same as the residence immediately adjoining the church and churchyard, as Gibbon himself describes it in his *Autobiography*, long occupied by Mrs. Major, an acquaintance of Sir Robert Hamilton. Since the death of Swinburne nobody lives in Putney, yet how many more than of yore walk about there—Carlyle's friends! When Gibbon resided here, one of his neighbours and acquaintances was the poet David Mallet, *alias* Malloch, *alias* Macgregor, who had married as a second wife the daughter of a nobleman's steward, and who was distinguished not only by the smartness of his dress, which his wife always bought for him, but by his taste for old books, for which also perhaps Mrs. Mallet paid. Mallet's library was sold in 1766.

A fund of gossip and anecdote has already accumulated round Swinburne and forsooth, in a different way, round his friend Watts-Dunton.

It is an illustration of altered conditions that, when the South-Western Railway opened its station here, it was feared that the traffic would only be a summer one. Time was when the shooting of the George I. wooden bridge, with its irregular square openings for traffic and its picturesque Dutch toll-

house, was accounted by oarsmen a notable feat, as it demanded a quick eye and a knowledge of the current. There is a rare engraving of the bridge in its first state (for it was altered and one or two of the openings for traffic widened, before it was finally removed) by Rowlandson.

I have never seen any explanation of the name still attached to a minor turning out of the High Street—*Tokenhouse Yard*, over the entrance to which I noted in 1904 "The 'Tokenhouse.'" Here, no doubt, were struck—or at least issued—the tokens of the seventeenth century (1657–68) enumerated by Williamson, and some of them especially relevant to the local ferry.

A singular character lived at Putney many years—a Mr. Morris. He had been a tailor, like his father before him. He was with Poole and Buckmaster before he set up for himself on Ludgate Hill. Morris was an astronomer, a musician, a mechanic, and a botanist, and, indeed, seemed to possess some knowledge of everything. He had been a great reader.

His father was at one time in the army, and served at Waterloo. He was afterward orderly serjeant to the Duke of Wellington, and was with him at Paris during the occupation in 1815. One of young Morris's earliest reminiscences was going with his father one day to the Palace with despatches for the Duke, and being patted on the head by Louis XVIII., who held out his hand for him to kiss. But he would not, he told me, because he disliked Frenchmen, who, he had heard, ate frog. I think that the legs are the only edible part of this creature, and that they are of a rabbitry flavour. If a cat takes possession of one in a garden, it eats the legs and leaves the rest.

My uncle Reynell, who lived here from 1855 to

HAMMERSMITH, PUTNEY, BARNES 173

1892, told me that he had seen Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, at the bookstall personally inspecting the accounts, and satisfying himself that everything was in order.

John Aubrey says that there was in his time—about 1670—a maze on Putney Heath.

The original hamlet of ROEHAMPTON, otherwise called Rokehampton and Roughampton¹ in the Wimbledon Court Rolls, on the western side of Putney, on rather low ground, consisted of the King's Head, a wooden structure, and forty or fifty cottages and shops of timber and thatch. There was only a single narrow, steep street, with a quaint side-alley or so. Does the name import a fairly remote epoch, before Wimbledon Park was enclosed, or the various encroachments on the Heath had commenced, when the deer roamed at pleasure over the whole adjoining area, and the village was a mere group of keepers' and labourers' huts? On the 15th October, 1780, Roehampton was visited by a severe and extraordinary hurricane, which pursued its desolating course in a straight line, leaving the area outside untouched, as far as Hammersmith.²

Wandsworth Common, on the other side of Putney, was in my time a magnificent expanse, and preserved its dimensions down to about 1875, when much fell a prey to Railway, Builder, Church, and *Patriotic* Institution. Very few remember the lovely spot known as the *Black Sea*, which was equally used for bathing and angling. It was a large sheet of water over-canopied by ancient trees.

¹ My father used to pronounce the word *rough* semi-jocularly *rou'*; so Roughampton might have been simply Rou'hampton or not far from the accepted form.

² An account of this, with four plates, was printed by Mr. H. Reynell, of Piccadilly, in 1786, oblong folio.

The entrance from Putney into Wandsworth was twenty years ago a pleasingly rural and characteristic bit, resonant with the music of Nature. You had not to go as far as Nightingale Lane, Tooting, to hear that songster. Not only in Turnham Green, Chiswick, Bedford Park, Fulham, and Barnes, were it and the cuckoo regular visitors in their respective seasons, but at the point where Putney merges in Wandsworth, so long as the vicinity was open and quiet. Both on the right and left hand of the road formerly lay stretches of garden and pasture, and on the former side the footway rose two or three feet above the road, and was bordered by fine old trees. The carriageway had been even then widened from the original dimensions, when the whole extent from the village was a lane, the dead wall of Lime Grove, Sir John St. Aubyn's, occupying the greater part of the southern side. Altogether, Wandsworth has so far been less denaturalized than its more westerly neighbour. The narrow thoroughfare at the top of Putney Hill leading into Wandsworth used to be called Cut-thwart, vulgarly Cut-throat, Lane.

Beyond Roehampton, to the south and west, extends WIMBLEDON COMMON, of which the more thickly wooded portion on the Kingston side forms one of the most noteworthy spots in the vicinity of the Metropolis, as it is, to a large extent, in its primitive condition, and may be once more enjoyed by the pedestrian without danger and molestation, provided that the golf-players are kept within reasonable bounds. There is very slight doubt that the point known as Cæsar's Camp was the site of British earthworks, and that the entire ground represents the scene of conflicts between the Britons and the Romans, and a fortified position of the former, when



WINTERSLOW, BARNES COMMON

The Writer's Residence (1881-1910)

they retired from the more immediate precincts of the river. This is the nearest point to London, where a relic is under the protection of the Historical Monuments Committee.

BARNES may be regarded as the last important suburban survival, with its own common, the extensive grounds of Barn Elms, and an expanse behind of 3000 or 4000 acres of heath, parkland, and demesne, including that unique feature, Putney Park Lane and its immediate environs. Barnes lived to see the successive degradation of Putney, Wandsworth, Richmond, Kensington, Old Brompton, Hammersmith, Fulham, Chiswick, Turnham Green, Acton, and Ealing; and now Barnes itself is perishing.

In the *Antiquary* for July, 1885, I collected all the available information of a local or manorial nature. One of the quern stones is still to be seen at the garden entrance to a house on Mill Hill. The common was once the home of many rare descriptions of fern and aquatic plants; and in the marshy part near the cemetery the latter still flourished and attracted certain uncommon *genera* of the moth, till the local busybodies levelled the whole area for the benefit of the tennis-player and such like. Altogether the entomology of this narrow area is still fairly extensive and interesting. Dr. Diamond told me that the common was once famous for a particular species of fly, of which he mentioned the name; but it has escaped my memory. I met one of the oldest inhabitants, who said that he had known Barnes sixty years, and that he perfectly recollected this fly, but not the name. It frequented the young furze in the spring. I have been credibly informed that snipe were once to be got, and on the western side rabbit-burrows still

remain. The cuckoo and the nightingale used to be habitual visitors; but they have long naturally become shyer and rarer.

Prior to the advent of the railway and the builder, it was a sequestered spot. I have bathed as a boy in the large sheet of water once existing on the southern side near the present station, before the latter was built; and I remember a foot-race which Sir Robert Hamilton and myself had at the cross-roads when we were at the War Office together, but his longer legs made me a very bad second. My uncle Foulkes was intimate with Mr. Scarth, owner of a large estate at Barnes, now divided. He lived at Mill Hill, and had an Arab boy as one of his servants. He had brought him home from his travels in the East, and eventually set him up in a public-house at Putney, still called after him.

Priory Lane, Barnes Common, was so called from the Priory, formerly the seat of Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, but probably at an early date the site of a monastic establishment, with which Priests' Bridge, just by, may have something to do. The latter, as it appears from the Court Rolls of the Manor of Wimbledon, was once on the Common.

The White Hart at Barnes, at the end of the Terrace, purports from an inscription formerly on the front to date from 1662. The Bull's Head in the village is a very old house, and was a very primitive building, partly timbered, till it was modernized since my settlement in the neighbourhood. The date of the White Hart was chiselled out of one of the old bricks in ancient characters. It is now kept inside in a wooden frame. I went expressly to see it, September 16, 1897.

There must be some inborn principle in our moral nature which renders such things as murders



W. CAREW HAZLITT

From a private photograph (1859)

attractive, and holds them fast in the memory. Those which I never forgot are the cases of James Greenacre, in Putney Park Lane, immediately adjacent to Barnes, in 1837;¹ of Mr. De la Rue, murdered at Highgate, by Hocker, in 1845; and of Patrick O'Connor, the victim of the Mannings, in 1849. My father was personally acquainted with O'Connor, who is described as a gauger at the London Docks, but whom my father knew as a reporter on one of the papers. Not far from St. Helier, Jersey, you have the small house pointed out where the Mannings lived prior to their settlement in London. O'Connor lived with the Mannings, I believe, at Minver Place, Bermondsey.

In Barnes churchyard is a yew-tree, planted, as appears from the register, in 1653 (possibly to inaugurate the Protectorate). When I last saw it, it did not present an aspect of great antiquity. I remember that the Rector and I conversed about it one day outside, while the congregation were waiting for the service. Here was buried in 1672 Abiezer Cobb *alias* Higham, a fanatic in the days of Cromwell; he was a native of Warwick, and was at one time post-master of Merton College, Oxford.

Lysons, writing nearly a century ago, loosely estimates the Common at about 150 acres; but its extent was formerly greater. On the southern side the Charity estate and the South-Western Railway premises, and on the northern the cemetery, have been taken out of it, and encroachments have formerly been made everywhere. It originally stretched from the Richmond Road on the south, to the borders of Mortlake on the west, to the village of Barnes on

¹ In 1837 a volume of 556 pages, containing two portraits, a vignette, and four plates, appeared, giving an account of this affair.

the north, and the boundary ditch between Barnes and Putney eastward. Priestbridge, in Edward IV.'s time, abutted on it westward. Of course, it has fallen, in common with other open spaces, a prey to indifference, ignorance, and dishonesty (the most ancient trespass dating back to the Plantagenet times). The pound, which stood near Mill Hill, no longer exists; it forms the scene of a well-known metrical *jeu d'esprit*, in which Quin, who was a *bon viveur* and something withal of a roisterer, and Foote were the actors. The mill was valued at fifteen shillings a year 800 years ago.

FOOTE AND QUIN.

As Quin and Foote
 One day walk'd out
 To view the country round,
 In merry mood
 They chatting stood,
 Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his poke
 A shilling took,
 And said, "I'll bet a penny,
 In a short space
 Within this place
 I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground,
 Within the pound,
 The shilling soon was thrown :
 "Behold," says Foote,
 "The thing's made out,
 For there is one pound one."

"I wonder not,"
 Says Quin, "that thought
 Should in your head be found,
 Since that's the way
 Your debts you pay—
 A shilling in the pound."

Iceeton the nurseryman, who now has a place in Putney Park Lane, was formerly at Castelnau in this (Barnes) parish. He was a servant to a sporting

character, who hired the cottage as a sort of rural retreat, and Iceton, taking to horticulture, at first practised it in his leisure intervals and eventually took to the business. I recollect the cottage well. It stood back some little way from the road, nearly opposite Grant's, where I bought many of my trees and bushes, when I planted my garden at Winter-slow. Grant was agent to General Boileau, from whose ancestral seat near Nismes Castelnau derives its name.

Between this and Roehampton, in relaying the drains, many years since, between the Jesuits' College and the Convent, the workmen came upon a considerable number of children's skeletons, of which I leave the history to conjecture.

The occasional discovery of Roman coins on the shore here is supposed to be due to the utilization of the soil removed in laying the foundations of the modern London Bridge up the river, where it served to make up the towing-path at the point named.

Lawrence of Wandsworth told me that a small bronze Hercules was found on Barnes Common in some ground brought probably from the Reservoir, and originally from the same source as the coins. The British Museum possesses some bronzes obtained from Barnes.

In a view of the south side of Barnes appears, on the site of the actual Mill Lodge, a second and probably later mill, which was perhaps placed there on the removal of the other. The spot was till lately nearly as open (1897), and the church was visible across the fields. In a comedy entitled *Debtor and Creditor* (about 1820), Gosling says: "In the winter you should have all the pleasures of London, and in the summer and autumn we'd have a snug shooting-box on Barnes Common, and live as happy as the day's long." "*Barbara*: You

may shoot away on Barnes Common as much as you like."

The late Samuel Wolfe Keene, one of the most prominent of the gentry at Barnes in my day, a cousin of the artist, and a justice of peace and quorum, expressed his opinion that I was a clever man. It may be easily imagined how sensible I was of the flattery, when I add that this worshipful individual thought Shakespear a clever man too.



W. C. HAZLITT'S HAIR (1859)



XII

MY FATHER'S LEGAL ENVIRONMENTS AND MY OWN. DEATH OF MY FATHER

MY father, my brother and myself all belonged to the legal profession. My brother was a passed solicitor, and I a member of the Inner Temple. But none of us ever practised, and all had a common distaste, nay, contempt, for what hardly deserves to be called a profession either in the case of a barrister or a solicitor. At the present time, with very few exceptions, all ranks of lawyers, including the Bench itself, are lamentably conspicuous by their incapacity or something else, or both. There has been of late a movement for checking the moneylenders. Surely the lawyer is the greater offender. I cordially sympathize with all that Dickens in his writings and correspondence has to say about the vocation. I think that it is in one of his letters that he alludes to Watts's Charity at Rochester, which was established to harbour six poor travellers, not being rogues or *proctors*.

When my father first went to the Court of Bankruptcy in 1854, his knowledge of his work was very rudimentary. But by application and through a receptive mind he gradually became one of the most efficient officers in the building.

The Court in Basinghall Street, as my father originally knew it in the fifties, was a very different place from the present one. Hardly one of the

old staff remains. I recollect Campbell, Whitehead, Abrahall, Pepys, and Brougham. William Henry Whitehead was popularly supposed to be more than a *protégé* of his Majesty William IV. Abrahall received with his appointment a wife as part of the bargain; Mrs. Registrar was a very stylish and agreeable person. They were our neighbours for some time in Brompton. Stubbs, founder of the *Gazette*, was my father's messenger, and a very pleasant and obliging fellow. I never approached him officially, nor he me. There were also Aldridge and Denny—the Crown Solicitor and the Half-Crown Barrister—the latter, this pleasantry notwithstanding, a very estimable man in private life.

The late Chief Registrar, when I spoke to him of Edmund Yates, mentioning his apparently flourishing state, observed that he thought the time had come for him to pay his creditors the remaining 19s. 6d. in the pound. Was this an epigram?

My father has ere now consulted the present writer on cases before him, and he occasionally instanced remarkable courage on the part of solicitors in the direction of charges. I remember that he reduced one claim from £192 to £12, and then deemed the amount allowed to the honest practitioner too high. In another affair solicitors and counsel talked out the remaining estate, as there was a mere balance of £200. He had a good deal of trouble with some eminent firms, whose representatives came to the Court with an equally imperfect knowledge of their business and of the law. The so-called Baron Grant, while he was still in evidence, called at the Court, and laid before the Registrar, in connection with some pending arrangement, securities valued by him at £200,000. My father had to signify to the Baron that commercially they were worth precisely nothing.

Vice-Chancellor Bacon was of a very placid *laissez aller* temperament, and seldom allowed himself to be perturbed by any untoward incident or turn. He more than once said to my father, when the latter seemed excited about some case before the Court: "Point de zèle, my dear fellow—point de zèle"—which had been Talleyrand's maxim and advice.

At the time that Mr. Kay, afterward judge, practised before Bacon, it used to be said that the latter spelled *equity* with a *k* because he was ruled by the counsel's views, and so long as suitors might choose the V.C. before whom they would appear, the plan in a doubtful case was to retain Kay, and have the matter tried by Bacon.

I could never exactly understand why Bacon was promoted to the Bench. He certainly disappointed the expectations which had been formed of him while he wore silk, and no man's judgments were more frequently reversed on appeal. To succeed in the discharge of judicial functions, as in other things, demands unwearied industry, even though one possess greater talent than Bacon had; but I do not think that Bacon was what the copy-books call *appliqué*—he took matters too easily. There was probably never a man so extravagantly estimated.

My father had a much wider experience of practice in bankruptcy, and would have been better qualified than either Bacon or Cave for the place of Chief Judge. His decisions, when he has sat vicariously on the Bench, have been almost invariably upheld; but

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

One of the two persons to whom the Turk appeals in the cartoon in *Punch*, July 31, 1880, is my father—the other, of course, is Gladstone. I was talking

to the former at the Bankruptcy Court about some one whom we both thought to be not overwise. "Well," said Mr. Registrar dryly, "he *was* a fool, and as much of a rogue with it *as his incapacity would permit.*"

On his way home one day by train from the Court to Richmond, he observed that one of his fellow-passengers had let something in her hand drop, and he said to the fellow with her: "I think the young woman has let her parcel fall." The party referred to looked daggers, but made no remark till she left the carriage just after, and, turning to the venerable Registrar, relieved her pent-up resentment by the crushing retort, delivered with an immense air: "Thank you, young man." A former Chief Registrar, Mr. William Henry Campbell, whom I well recollect as a gentleman who helped to obtain my father's first appointment in the Court for him, was son of William Campbell, Esq., lord of the manor of Liston in Essex, and his son acted as his deputy at the coronation of William IV. in 1837 in serving his Majesty with wafers. The King was supposed on a different sort of occasion to have acted as the lord of the manor's deputy; but the younger Campbell passed as the King's godson. He had several.

Mr. Commissioner Goulburn, who had been a Cornet in the army, in answer to some one who had asked him if he was not once a Welsh judge, said: "Yes; I was one with an understanding"—meaning, on certain conditions. "Oh," returned his friend, "I never heard before of a Welsh judge who possessed such a thing."

Goulburn told my father, when the law permitting personal petitions in bankruptcy was passed, that he knew a Cornet Goulburn who would have been very glad of such a facility. Though I think that I have

seen the same joke related of some one else, I perfectly remember, when Goulburn once fell on his head out of his carriage on the pavement, an inquiry was made as to the damage done to the latter. It was Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque, of the Bankruptcy Court, who, when a suitable motto for the Serjeants' rings was mooted, suggested *Scilicet*.

When Hazlitt Road, West Kensington, was so christened, some one asked the builder why he gave it that name, and whether it was after the author of *Table-Talk* (Maclise Road being immediately adjacent). "Oh no!" he replied; "after dear old Mr. Registrar Hazlitt!" That gentleman, perhaps, in his official capacity had let him off more easily than he expected or deserved.

A fellow once sidled up mysteriously to the Registrar, and demanded *sotto voce* what his terms for advances were. My father held some scrip in a Welsh mine, which he had long regarded as waste paper, but one day some one stealthily approached him, and inquired if he was aware that these securities were again quoted. His Honour adjourned the case, took the shares out of the safe, jumped into a cab, and had very shortly the current price in his pocket, or at all events in his mind's eye.

Lord Kenyon spoke of Julian the Apostate as Julian the Apostle. But perhaps one appellation is as sensible and fit as the other. The Emperor provoked the enmity of the clergy or priesthood by his advanced opinions, and since the Church formerly influenced so much the making of history, all who incurred its displeasure have naturally come down to us with tarnished characters or nicknames.

Of the old school of lawyers Brougham was perhaps the last, if he was not the greatest. He was a man of varied attainments, and spared no labour to render himself conversant with every sub-

ject which happened to be coming before him as a judge or as a legislator, and which he had not studied, no matter how mean or trivial it might appear. He did not account it sufficient for a lawyer to be read only in the statute-book, the rules of the turf, the daily paper, and Joe Miller, or deem that the demands of culture were satisfied by the possession of a library. He was my father's steadfast friend and the intimate associate from college days of my great-uncle Stoddart. Ill-natured persons were fond of repeating the epigram, that his lordship knew everything except law, and I have heard it said that he was thought greater as H. B. than as L. C.

Brougham's physical constitution was as perfect a marvel as his intellectual activity and versatility. His power of endurance must have been enormous, and he was far from abstemious in any sense. The fatigue and strain which, in his earlier professional career he constantly bore, would have killed nine men out of ten. Port and brandy, of which he so freely partook, and which habitually accompanied him in his travelling carriage before railways, instead of impairing his energy, served as invigorating and recuperative stimulants.

The Chancellor was apparently led by the coincidence of the name to make his country seat (Brougham Hall) near the ancient castle of the Viponts and Cliffords in Westmoreland, where Queen Elizabeth was entertained in one of her numerous progresses.

Lord Chancellor Westbury once took part in a discussion on eternal punishment, of which he repudiated the existence, and, lawyer-like, he wound up his argument by saying: "Hell is dismissed with costs!" Westbury was remarkable for preserving the old pronunciation of certain words, such as *whole*, *hot*, which he pronounced *wole*, *wot*. When my

father was at work with him on the Bankruptcy Bill, 1869, he once said to him: "I am sick, Hazlitt, of the wole business."

His lordship had his foibles, and one of them was in the shape of an Italian Countess, whom he scandalized some of his guests at Hackwood Hall by placing at the head of his table. Yet he was not wanting in polite attentions to his wife, whose parcels, and even bonnet-boxes, he would often be seen carrying home. Many a time he borrowed sixpence of some one at hand to pay for his omnibus.

Our judges are in the nature of things unequal in capacity and efficiency. There is perhaps too large a proportion of indifferent hands or rather understandings. But the occupants of the Bench from early association study, first, the Bar, secondly, the solicitors, who formerly gave them briefs, and thirdly and lastly, the suitors whom they are engaged and paid to protect. I of course am speaking only of the civil side, and I do not include the functionary's personal comfort and convenience, which comes first of all. A fitting successor to Bacon in point of incompetence was Kekewich — Kekewich! — as Byron said of Amos Cottle, "—Phœbus! what a name!" I am sorry to say from careful personal observation that the appointment of such a man to the Bench was a disgraceful abuse of patronage.

A bookseller assured me that he had been commissioned to make the catalogue of the late Lord Coleridge's private library, but that, owing to certain circumstances, the business was a rather delicate one. I believe that this was a thorough fiction, for Coleridge's books were sold in the ordinary way, and the person who was employed by the auctioneers to go to the house to look at the collection informed me that he discovered no trace of anything of the sort beyond the presence of such generally recognized

works as the *Arabian Nights* or Payne's version of Boccaccio. As Lamb's friend and correspondent, Alsop, very truly pointed out, the man to whom his family owed any distinction which they acquired was neglected by them, and the anticlimax was reached in a noble and learned lord, who inherited the name and nothing else. Of *the* Coleridge's views on many subjects we are at present at liberty to question the soundness, more especially those on theology; but his intellectual majesty will never be doubted.

Mr. Justice Hawkins, whose partiality for the turf is very well known, had once a horse case before him. There had been some betting on a horse for the Derby, and at the last moment the animal was scratched. His lordship interrupted the speech of the learned counsel in order to inquire what he meant by *scratched*. "My lord," said the counsel, looking very hard at Hawkins, "I am not exactly in a position to tell your lordship offhand, but I will consult" — eyeing the Bench all the time — "a very high judicial authority, and shall be prepared to give your lordship the information to-morrow morning."

Serjeant Wilkins, who died in poverty, commenced his professional career at Liverpool, but afterward removed his practice to Durham. His first case there was the defence of a young woman committed for the murder of her illegitimate child, and it brought him at once into notoriety. When the case for the Crown had closed, leaving no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, Wilkins rose, looked at the judge, then at the prisoner, then at the jury. Then he seemed to be collecting himself; but a second and third time he did the same thing. The Court was in a state of astonishment; but after the third repetition Wilkins left his place, went up to the dock, tore off a piece from the wretched tatters in which the girl was dressed, and, holding it up, cried :

“This was the cause of all! Now, gentlemen, I consent to a verdict of Guilty.” The prisoner was convicted, but her sentence was commuted—at a time when commutations were less usual. At the next sessions thirty briefs awaited Wilkins.

Street, who took the superintendence and drew the plans of the new Courts of Justice in London, had travelled a good deal abroad, including Italy, and had seen many public buildings everywhere, erected at intervals piecemeal from pecuniary or other exigencies in various tastes or schools of architecture. He had the opportunity, with the fine area cleared for the purpose, of placing on the site a grand homogeneous structure—there was no pretence for irregularity of design—and what did he do? He did just as a Chinese tailor would do, if you gave him a pair of breeches with a patch in them as a pattern. It was certainly a deplorable muddle, yet characteristic enough, no doubt, of all similar arrangements in this country. There was no adequate provision for light, air, or hearing, and solid mahogany doors had to be unhinged, that the panels might be cut out and glass squares substituted, when it was found by this person of genius that staircases or corridors were in almost complete darkness at mid-day.

Baxter, of the firm of Baxter, Rose and Norton, was an Evangelical preacher, and used to go down to Aldershot to deliver discourses to the soldiers. This procured him the name of *Holy* Baxter. The business of his firm was at one time extraordinarily great; they had 130 clerks in 32 rooms. It might be said of them, as Horace does of Rome:

“Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.”

Baxter himself was not considered a first-rate man of business; but he was an excellent lawyer,

and much consulted in railway cases. He carried about an inch of pencil, and often amended a clause in a Bill by adding a few words, as when he outwitted Sir James Allport, of the Midland, in the "running" question with the Wolverhampton and Walsall, by inserting the words "and account," which precluded the Midland from evading the liability to pay under certain contingencies.

The misfortune of Baxter was his support of the Tichborne Claimant; it led to a reconstruction of the firm, and he died a poor man. I have been told that there was little doubt as to the relationship of Orton to the family, and that the Colonel of the regiment to which Tichborne had belonged recognized the Claimant as the same man who had served under him, when he happened to see him coming out of Court, and mentioned the matter to Baxter casually, without knowing that the latter was concerned in the defence.

Cockburn the jeweller of Richmond, Surrey, said to me that, while he was engaged in breaking up sovereigns for his professional purposes, Mr. Arnold, the police magistrate, came into the shop, and asked him what he was doing. He answered that he hoped he was doing no harm, but did not like being challenged by such an authority. There seems, however, no objection to utilizing the currency for jewellery, so long as it is not defaced and passed into other hands. You may destroy it, but you must not tamper with it.

In a case at a London police court, where two Jews were parties, the magistrate asked one of them whether he called himself *Montagu*. He replied in the affirmative. He asked him again if it had always been his name, and he said that he believed so. "Had it ever been Moses?" "Well, yes; but Moses and Montagu were the same." "Oh, then,"

said the magistrate, "I suppose that the Moses in the Bible was also known as Montagu." The race being so ancient, and its prospective advantages so exceptional, it seems strange that so many Jews should be anxious to disguise their nationality and nomenclature. Hyman Montagu the numismatist married a Miss Moses, who became Mrs. Montagu; but she ought by right to have kept her maiden name. Montagu did not desire to pass as a Jew, but it was relevantly to him that some one expressed to me his regret that the extinction of the Hebrews had not been accomplished by King John.

My father told me the following anecdote about Sir Charles Lewis, M.P. Lewis had had his full-length portrait presented to him by his constituents just before some one called to see him. "I have something to shew you," said Lewis, and took the other into the room where the likeness had been placed. "What do you think of it?" he asked. "Very good indeed," replied the friend, "except that the artist has painted you with your hands in your own pockets."

A curious circumstance happened to an intimate friend. Several thousand pounds, which he had been entitled to expect, were left elsewhere, owing to offence taken by the lady-relative who had the money at her disposition. He came behind her chair at dinner one day as a boy, and pulled her cap or her wig. At the death of the party to whom she bequeathed it, he willed it away with other property, but this money could only pass by deed; my friend brought his action, and recovered it. I observed to him that in this instance the *will* was not as good as the *deed*.

A man, who had bought land at Brockley in Kent, when it was cheap, and boundaries were occasionally obscure, used to classify his property

jocularly among his intimates as freehold, leasehold, and *catchhold*.

Pleasantries at the cost of the legal profession have always abounded; but it may be a moot point, whether the lawyer or the law is chiefly to blame. Without doubt our existing judicial machinery is a disgrace to a civilized country. Take the case of a difficult and complex question. You may have to carry it into three or four courts, and they will all disagree. Where is the law or the justice? The suitor has three sets of costs to pay.

If it were not for this atrocious condition of affairs, three-fourths of the lawyers might starve. As to solicitors, my father, brother, and myself have known thousands, but of honest practitioners the merest fraction.

The general illiteracy of the legal profession is tolerably well known to such as have mixed in that kind of society, or even have taken the trouble to study the Law Reports in the daily press. The explanation is that lawyers are specialists, and have no leisure to devote to topics outside their vocation; but unhappily the public has to choose, in selecting a counsel, between a gentleman, who has the ear of the Court, and has too much to do, and a gentleman, who has little enough to do, but to whom the judge does not listen. The former often learns his lesson, as he goes on. Of the two, barristers are perhaps more open to this charge than solicitors; yet there is little enough to choose between them. The late Mr. Crump, Q.C., speaking on this subject to my father, observed that he was not at all so well versed as he could have desired in points of general culture, but that most men at the Bar were utterly ignorant of languages, even of Latin and French, and of literary history. Another learned counsel mentioned to myself his intention of writing a *monogram* on a subject

in which he happened to feel an interest. A Q.C. (Warmington, I think, was his name) once informed me in Court that it might be a matter of opinion, whether the *i* in subsidence was long or short. I should have liked to send him to his Latin Dictionary. Even poor Kekewich, who sat on the Bench at the time, knew better than that. When I confidentially disclosed to a third party—a professional man who, as I thought, had some knowledge of French—the slip about *monograph*, he smiled, and expressed his surprise that the gentleman should have been guilty of such a *gokery*.

While I was engaged in editing Browne's works, I went to the Inner Temple to inquire for particulars of the performance there of the *Inner Temple Masque* in 1614. But they knew nothing of it, and did not exhibit a particle of interest in the matter.

It is a painful business if you have to go into Court on any matter pertaining to literary copyright. It is vast odds if the judge, the counsel, and the solicitors are not absolute blanks, unless they have very greatly improved since I committed my father to an action in respect to his edition of Montaigne. I was never more frightened in my whole life, for it was not more than a sum of £10 that was at issue. I worked hard, however, to protect my father's pocket, and the result was that the defendant had to pay about £300 in costs on both sides. If the suit had concerned the Turf, the Stock Exchange, or the Prize Ring there would have been less difficulty.

Chief Baron Pollock was an honourable exception to a prevailing rule. He was a person of cultivated taste, and liked to gather round him men of letters and artists. Thackeray used to visit at the house. The Chief Baron expressed in a letter of 1868 to his friend Dr. Diamond, of Twickenham, a warm admira-

tion of my grandfather, and he stated there that he always kept Hazlitt's volumes near him. Among solicitors I suppose that the late Sir George Lewis held the first place, and he was not deficient in chivalry. But it was my fortune to know Mr. Thomas Miles of Keyham in Leicestershire, who, though not a solicitor, was the keeper of half the county's secrets, and was consulted on all sorts of family matters.

The late Chief Justice Coleridge and Justice Day belong to the roll of book-collectors—the latter in a very mild way.

The last time that my father saw George Henry Lewes, husband of George Eliot (Miss Marian Evans), he was standing, like Collier, at Charing Cross, and presented a singular appearance, being dressed from top to toe in white, and the only thing about him that was not white was his red hair and beard.

There was about my good father a certain Shandean vein. There descended to him a share of the spirit which yielded the *Liber Amoris*, yet at a different level. Among his more intimate acquaintances I observed from boyhood a tendency—I thoroughly believe without any improper motive—to the feminine side. The men were rather poor creatures. This unfortunate delusion experienced its latest and gravest development in a remarriage at seventy-five to a middle-aged woman without any better credentials than those of a nurse at wages.

I caused the insertion in the *Antiquary* for April, 1893, as the reports of my father's death in the press had been more or less inaccurate, of the following notice :—

“ On February 21, at his residence, Addlestone, Surrey, where his grandfather, the Rev. William Hazlitt, officiated and lived during several years, died suddenly Mr. William Hazlitt,

only son of the essayist and critic, and father of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt. Charles Lamb, in a letter which has been repeatedly printed, mentions his birth, at Winterslow, near Salisbury, September 26, 1811. The deceased gentleman devoted the earlier part of his career to journalism and literature, and was on friendly terms with most of the men of the day. He was on the staff at different periods of the *Morning Chronicle*, *Daily News*, *Times*, and *Morning Post*; he belonged to the *Daily News* while John and Charles Dickens were employed there; and Mr. Hazlitt was one of the original members of the club founded by Douglas Jerrold under the name of the *Hooks and Eyes*. He married, in 1833, one of the sisters of the late Mr. Charles Reynell (*Antiquary*, xxv. 89), whom he survived nearly thirty-three years. From 1854 to 1890 he was one of the registrars of the London Bankruptcy Court. In him we have lost another link with the last age."

He had, it appeared, gone to bed on the night of the 20th as usual, enjoying his game after dinner, and woke about midnight, complaining of a pain. The doctor was summoned, and thought that there was nothing serious. But about two hours later my father grew worse and expired at about 2 A.M. on Tuesday the 21st. His last intelligible words were: "I'm dying." He muttered something more; but it could not be made out.

During many years subsequent to my most dear mother's death in 1860 and my marriage I saw a good deal of my father, who frequently stayed with me. When he had lodgings in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, he was ill, and I hastened up to inquire for him or see him. He was out, and I told the landlady that, if they telegraphed to me, I would instantly come at any hour of the day or night.

XIII

JERROLD'S CLUB

ABOUT sixty years ago Douglas Jerrold and a few friends established a social club called the *Hook's and Eyes*. I believe that the number was very limited at first, but it was at all events made up to forty, when the name was changed to the *Forty Thieves*. The final nomenclature, *Our Club*, was adopted prior to 1860. My father was an original member, either a *Hook* or an *Eye*. He became in due course one of the *Forty*, and he continued with the set when it was rebaptized for the third and last time.

During a long series of seasons a good evening might be fairly counted upon. Jerrold himself, his son Blanchard Jerrold, Shirley Brooks, the younger Dickens, Dillon Croker, Henry Holl, Dr. Diamond, Dr. Richardson, Dr. Percy the metallurgist, F. W. Cosens, Sir George Jessel, Charles Knight, Hepworth Dixon, Professor Masson, Joseph Durham and Thomas Woolner the sculptors, Robert Keeley, Dr. Doran, my father, and others—all these I have seen round the dinner-table together or in succession, and besides the roll of members there were the guests, as each fellow had the privilege of introducing one or more friends. Some of these gentlemen had sufficiently slender pretensions to anything beyond good-fellowship. One of them (Cosens) once invited me to *punish his mutton*—a figure of speech which was new to me.

Horace Mayhew once brought Thackeray. They came after dinner, and I recollect Thackeray's com-

manding figure as he entered the door. It was the only time I ever saw him. He paused on the threshold in a hesitating manner, as if uncertain of his reception, and his introducer had almost to thrust him forward.

Charles Dickens the younger, my father, Holl, and Croker were the mainstay of the institution in one respect, for each of them, if present, was expected to favour the company with a song or recitation. Holl and Croker furnished recollections of the old and living actors. Hazlitt contributed one of his West-Country songs. There was a fair gathering, as a rule, of men of mark and likelihood, and some good talk passed.

Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, has printed one of Hazlitt's Wiltshire ditties,¹ which I have so often heard my father give with all the gusto and raciness of the local twang, to the infinite enjoyment of the audience, and here is the remaining production from a copy in Mr. Registrar's autograph :

THE WILTSHIRE CONVICT'S FAREWELL.

Come, all you young fellows, wherever that you be ;
 Come, all you young m'idens, j'in chorus with me ;
 'Tis of ten stout young fellows as was tried the other d'y ;
 And they are bound doon for Woolwich to set s'il for Botany B'y.
With a right fol de riddle, fol de ray.

Then we went from the D'vizes bound doon in iron so strang ;
 From D'vizes unto Fisherton they march'd us all along ;
 As I was passing by I heard the people s'y :
 " What a pity such foine fellows should be gain' to Botany B'y !"
With a right fol, etc.

Then in comes the j'iler about six o'clock ;
 Then in comes the j'iler our doors to unlock,

¹ *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 732. It is a very corrupt version of the song printed at p. 451 of the same work.

Saying: "Come, my lads, make ready, for ye must haste aw'y,
For you're boum' doon for Woolwich to set s'il for Botany B'y."
With a right fol, etc.

Then in comes pretty Sally, with ten guineas in her han',
Saying: "Take this, my laddies, I've brought ye all I can."
So fill us up a glass, I will drink my love's adieu;
'Tis ten thoosan' to one I ever more sees you.
With a right fol, etc.

And when we gets to Botany B'y some letters we will write,
Unto our loving sweethearts and pretty girls in white;
So kind heaven now protect us for ever and a d'y,
And God send every Wiltshire lad safe home fro' Botany B'y!
With a right fol, etc.

This effusion, which is traceable to a real event, namely, to the suppression of a local gang of smugglers and malefactors, of which an account was printed at Devizes, was a wonderful favourite, and was invariably encored, a circumstance which made the singer a less frequent visitor of late years, as a call for Hazlitt was as much a part of the evening as the dinner itself. Chief Baron Pollock was greatly delighted with the performance when he heard it. *Little Billce* was often given as a sequel on the same evening. My father, when he delivered his part of the entertainment, would throw himself back in his arm-chair, shut his eyes, and purse up his mouth into the shape of O.

He not only possessed a voice, which with proper training might have proved a fine one, but was a highly proficient whistler, and would accompany himself or another to the piano. He carried what is generally a nuisance to a pleasing accomplishment, as those who have heard him might have testified. During the best years of his life, and chiefly in Brompton and Chelsea days, he was much in request at musical soirées, and there were certain Italian songs, which he could improvise, though I fear that

I never clearly penetrated their drift. He once laboured under a not uncommon form of delicate embarrassment, in going in morning dress to the Ewbanks', and told me that he kept himself entrenched behind the piano to conceal the incorrectness of his nether habiliments.

It was an inexorable ordinance of the Club that invited guests should, in response to the toast of their health, which was equally peremptory, deliver an oration. But if there was more than a single stranger, one spoke for the rest, whereas at the Noviomagian gatherings each individual had to rise in turn—a refinement of cruelty. I was once apprised to my astonishment by the visitor who had to follow me, when I had struggled through a few sentences, that I had left nothing for him to say.

Professor Bain, of Aberdeen, told me, when I once met him out at dinner, two or three anecdotes of Jerrold which I had not heard before.

Jerrold was dining at some place where a salad was put on the table. Some one observed that it was unusually gritty. Jerrold calls the waiter, and says: "What's this?" "Salad, sir." "No," says Jerrold, "it's a gravel walk with a good many weeds in it."

He was at a lecture on the races of men, and specimens of the various types were exhibited. When the Caucasian type was shown, "Ah," he says, "that's the type I would go to press with." This reminded me of the story of the girl in an omnibus on a very cold day, who observed to a fellow-passenger that it was fine embracing weather.

Jerrold was rather partial to his tumbler of brandy-and-water, and was, as we know, of singularly short stature. One evening (not at the Club), where he was waited on by some nymph, she grew so impatient at the wit's calls for refreshers that, making

up for him a tall soda-water glass of liquor, she exclaimed to a friend, "There, let the little beast go and drown himself in it!"

When he was living on Lower Putney Common, and money was short, his landlord came to press for the overdue rent, and said, "Really, Mr. Jerrold, I must be paid, or I must put a man in." "You could not make it a woman, could you?" demanded Jerrold.

When Mrs. Jerrold was once *enceinte* her husband mentioned to a friend that an addition to the family was expected, but that it was not at present visible to the naked eye.

In reference to a literary man, who was supposed to be dead, but who, though of great age, proved to be still extant, Jerrold said: "He may be ever-green, but he is never *red*."

I hardly know what station Jerrold at present holds in a literary and social sense. I lately saw him dismissed as *A Forgotten Jester*.

At "Our Club" someone referred to a novel by Cordy Jeaffreson, called (or to be called) *The Rapiers of the Regent's Park*. Finch, one of the members, suggested that Jeaffreson might follow it up by the *Blunderbusses of Bloomsbury*.

I never met Mark Lemon at the Club, of which he would, I suppose, have been merely a guest. I never heard of him otherwise than by the appellation commonly known. My father clearly understood that he was in early life a potman at a public-house in or near the Strand. On one occasion, my brother suggesting that the portly editor of *Punch* and he might share a hansom, the former raised the question of space, whereupon his companion said that a lemon ought not to object to being squeezed.

Holl and Croker, of whom the latter was never, I believe, a member, were excellent mimics. I used

to prefer Holl. His impersonations of some of the characters of O'Smith, Keeley, Macready, Fechter, Charles Kean, Buckstone, and Webster were capital. He was always ready, when he was in fair cue, to favour us with a specimen at his own house *in camerá*. Henry James Byron was also a very clever hand at hitting off Buckstone and other artists of his own day; but some of those whom Holl had known were before his time.

One of the standard pleasantries at Our Club was at the expense of the late Sir Benjamin Richardson, an extremely pleasant and popular member, but a prominent advocate of teetotalism. A noble lord having bequeathed his fine cellar of wines to Richardson, the latter found himself in possession of a white elephant of very unusual dimensions. Of course, the doctor could not dream of drinking the wine himself, still less of offering it to his friends. Nor could he sell it, nor could he present it to a public institution. What would he do? One suggestion was that he should run it down the sewer, where it would destroy the rats; but this was deliberate cruelty to animals, and the doctor was a kind-hearted man. The liquor was ultimately wasted, I believe.

Dr. Diamond, of Our Club, and Dr. Powell, were the two earliest amateur photographers in England. The latter dined with my father at Brompton when he was last in England on a visit from the Mauritius.¹ He had become acquainted there with the only son of John Hazlitt the miniature-painter, who, after settling at Demerara, removed to Mauritius, and died there.² He possessed a few miniatures executed

¹ Another family, which took an extra-professional interest in photography, was that of Crawshay of Cyfarthfa. Both the father and sons followed the pursuit, and I have understood that they included unconventional studies, like the late Mr. Edward Hailstone.

² See *The Hazlitts*, 1911, p. 334.

by his father, but I never heard what became of them.¹ He had at one time accumulated a tolerable fortune, and lived to lose it, to make a second, and lose a great part of that, too, in a commercial paper. We corresponded together during many years, and his letters to me contain many interesting particulars relating to the island. He once forwarded to me some representations as to political parties there, with the desire that I should get them printed. I submitted them (unread, I confess) to an editor, who returned them with the observation that their appearance in his columns would have probably involved the paper in several lawsuits.

The Sundays at Twickenham House, while Diamond resided there, and so long as the establishment and its excellent host were in their palmier state, were remarkably enjoyable and instructive. I never heard much about the Doctor's origin and antecedents. When he once visited me at Midhurst in Sussex, he intimated that he was of that county—even of that vicinity; and I perceive that in 1848 a "W. H. Diamond, Esq." resided in Frith Street, Soho, and lent Chatto a curious pack of cards for his monograph on that subject. Was this our friend with his initials transposed? But the name is not common. There was a Diamond mixed up in the Sussex smugglers' case of 1747. The circle which collected round the Doctor during several years included a long catalogue of names illustrious in letters and art. Some of the same set which assembled at Our Club and at the Noviomagians formed also the habitual visitors at Twickenham, where there was a free entrée and a hearty welcome for every recognised comer. Three o'clock was the dinner-hour.

The house was filled with valuable curiosities of

¹ Three were sold in London in July, 1911, almost certainly from this original source. I bought two. The third did not interest me.

every description ; but the speciality of Diamond was old china, about which his knowledge and fund of anecdote were inexhaustible. The room in which we all dined resembled a crockery shop: every available nook and corner was filled; the cases were two or three deep, and the drawers of the cabinets, if opened, disclosed treasures which the owner himself had almost forgotten, but of which he soon recalled every particular — the place and date of purchase, the name and personal history of the former owner, and the circumstances under which he had secured this teapot or that jar.

It was not an unfrequent observation on his part that his friend Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who was a connoisseur of old china, considered no thorough judge ought to require to see the potter's mark, but should be able to pronounce what the piece was from the texture and the paste. Concurrently with Diamond, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haliburton formed a cabinet of old china at Isleworth. I heard my father speak of it, but I never saw it. Haliburton sent me a copy of his *Sam Slick* with an autograph inscription.

The Doctor had also a few coins, a few prints, and a few books, and latterly he was bitten by the rat-tailed spoon and Queen Anne plate crazes. I remember him when he was extraordinarily tenacious of his acquisitions, and would not have listened to any proposal to part with his specimens. One day he shewed me a very fine old Vincennes saucer, to which I had the cup; but his piece was badly broken, and I should not have valued it, yet he anticipated me by saying that he never let anything leave his hands.

Toward the end, however, his feeling in this respect underwent a great change, and many of the beautiful old bits of plate and other rarities mysteriously disappeared; and the house with its circular

drawing-room, once the residence of Sir John Hawkins, and the grounds, and our kind-hearted entertainer, and nearly all who once met under that hospitable roof, have disappeared, too. There was an atmosphere enveloping the whole spot, and seeming to raise it out of the dead level of commonplace every-day life; and of good fare there was no stint, nor of good talk.

Diamond kept pigeons, which according to their wont multiplied enormously, till their food cost about three guineas a week. At last they persuaded him to sell a great part of them. But they all returned to their old home.

The Doctor had a way, on a Sunday in spring or in summer in the garden, of finding a worm, placing it on the open palm of one hand, and whistling, when a robin appeared, and, after circumspectly reconnoitring for a few moments, alighted on Diamond's hand, seized its prey, and flew off to a more convenient place for its meal. This once took place while I stood by, and the little creature was rather bashful. Our host used to relate that it was his practice to patronize the Maid of Honour shop at Richmond for his cheese-cakes; but he had them made at home after detecting a hair of a maid in one of those acquired by purchase. A very similar confection was formerly made at an old-fashioned depôt in the market-place at Wokingham in Berkshire. The Doctor had an eccentric lady patient, who once engaged with him in a theological discussion on the teaching of St. Paul the Apostle. He entered a little into the views and doctrines of the latter on a certain point; but his listener interrupted him by observing: "Ah, yes, I am aware of it; but that's just where Paul and I differ."

Diamond unquestionably carried away with him, when he died in 1886, much curious and unique in-

formation about those matters which interested him, and it was hard to say what had not done so at some period or other of his active and observant life. On china, books, engravings, birds' eggs, stuffed birds, medals, and coins, he could discourse largely and learnedly, and in conversation on any of these topics, he was peculiarly *supplemental*. He generally knew all that you did and a little more. If you mentioned a man who was tolerably in years in your youth, and narrated some trait of him, the Doctor would be very apt to chime in with, "Ah, sir, I knew his father," and so forth; and he did so without improper assumption or any desire to hurt.

Diamond occasionally contributed to *Notes and Queries*—a miscellany which Thomas Wright assured me he never saw anyone read except an old woman once in an omnibus. The Doctor's friends often pressed him to prepare a descriptive catalogue of his china, with all the valuable and attractive *minutiæ*, of which he was the sole repository. But he never did.

My late brother was his executor; and I conclude that it was only in a Pickwickian sense that he once said of him, that he was the most trustworthy man he knew, for if he engaged to do anything, you might depend upon it that he would not. My brother had no literary taste, but was a reader, and possessed some sense of humour. He repeated to me what an omnibus-driver had once said to him, as he sat by him in the old days on the box: "Ave 'eared say, sir, as there's countries where elephants burrows in the ground."

William Hepworth Dixon—the second name probably a superstructure—was, I have understood, the son of a Lancashire mill-hand. When he was sent down in later life on some official inquiry, the folks recognized him as Bill Dixon; but he affected not to

know them nor the neighbourhood. He was a clever but superficial person, and had no breeding. Jerrold used to call him "Ha'porth Dixon." I had a conversation with Dixon one morning about the relative merits of two of our old poets, Herbert and Crashaw, and he said to me, paring his nails, when I had expressed my preference for Crashaw: "Well, that's a matter of opinion." I do not imagine he knew anything about either; and when Henry Holl was once speaking at Our Club about our old writers, Dixon broke in with some critical remarks, and concluded with, "Just the sort of thing, you know, that Jack Webster would have said," without the faintest idea of Webster or his style of writing. He never did much after leaving the *Athenæum*. Dilke took him rather unexpectedly at his word when they differed on some principle, and he told "Charlie" that he was ready to go if he could get another man to suit him better, which "Charlie" did. I have elsewhere incidentally noticed his confusion at a dinner-table between ice-pudding and rice-pudding. There was also his failure to understand the proper use of the rose-water dish—he took it to be a drinking vessel.

It was a trait perfectly in keeping with his utter want of sensibility and training, that one Sunday, at Diamond's, he took up his son, and threw him into the centre of a splendid box hedge on which the Doctor especially prided himself—a hedge, so far as I recollect, some four feet across. It stood—alas! it stands no longer—close by a fence formed of old Culloden sword-blades, which the Duke of Athol went down to Twickenham House one day to see. This, too, of course, has vanished; but the blades had almost utterly perished from rust and corrosion.

As an editor, however, Dixon was, on the whole, comparatively fair and moderate in the tone which

he maintained, and which he prescribed to his staff of reviewers. He instructed them not only to be just, but to be generous, where a book possessed a reasonable share of merit and evidences of genuine work.

Dixon utilized his vacations by visiting some locality likely to yield marketable stuff for a book against the next winter season. One year he went to Cyprus, and after a six weeks' stay appeared in due course as the historian of that island and ancient seat of arts and government. These literary manufactures can only be viewed in the same light as the artist's "pot-boiler," but in this particular case the question is whether the writer was capable of anything better and more permanent.

The author of *Spiritual Wives* was haunted by the curse of quick study. He came, saw, and conquered. The history of an ancient empire or the picture of a later-day heresy, it mattered little. He had the knack of disguising his lack of knowledge and information under a specious and flippant style emphatically Dixonian, and his object was achieved. His work meant money, even if at present it means nought. I do not at all know what sort of account the *Athenæum* gave of it.

It was rather trying to listen to him as he delivered a speech on some subject, such as Shakespear, with which his conversance was of the most deplorably limited and empirical nature; and it was this facility for uttering a string of commonplaces in the absence of a competent knowledge of the topic under treatment which first led me to speculate on the title of Parliamentary and other orators to rank *ipso facto* as possessors of first-class gifts, or, in other words, whether fluency of speech is not, except in a few cases, the actual outcome of a deficiency of critical acquaintance with a subject.

At the Club the younger Dickens sang well, and Lawrence had his song, too, with the peculiarity of ignoring a certain letter of the alphabet—it was always *Tom Bowling*, Smollett's hero, but the song which Dibdin wrote at Hanger Hill, Ealing. The concluding visit of my father and the writer to the Club found only seven others present, of whom six were knights—such knights as we now have.

Dr. Doran came to dine at my father's at Brompton about 1857. I was a very young man, and heard Doran, in speaking of books, declare to my father that he never gave more than fourpence for any. I had at that time a very imperfect acquaintance with bibliography; but I remember that I formed a very unfavourable estimate of Doran's library. I imagine that it was never publicly sold.

The last letter which Doran wrote was addressed to my father, and was inserted by Cordy Jeaffreson in the biographical notice which he wrote at the time of our common friend's death. Doran had been private physician at one period of his life to the Earl of Harewood. I once met him and Dixon at a private dinner given by F. W. Cosens, and I was infinitely disgusted by the coarseness of both in their conversation. I do not think that our kind host was either pleased or flattered by the gross vulgarity of the two distinguished *littérateurs*.

The Club passed some of its happiest and most prosperous times at Clun's Hotel under the Piazza in Covent Garden, next to Evans's. It migrated from place to place, and at each removal left some of its old prestige behind. My father at length gave up attending; and, as Lamb said of himself in reference to the *London Magazine* in its declining days, Cordy Jeaffreson and Macmillan (not the publisher) lingered among the rafters of the sinking ship like the last rat.

Our Club long kept up its Shakespear night, when it became from season to season increasingly difficult to moot any fresh point, and to lend an original air to the gathering, of which the guests formed a majority. There was also the annual meeting. Some years ago it was held at Richmond. My father invited me to join him, and Woolner was there. The chief thing which I recollect is that, as we were coming away to the train, Woolner's laugh could be heard from one end of the hill to the other.

What may be called the *Fasti* of the Club were composed by Holl and Brooks at different times. The production of the former bears no note of date, and describes a representative evening in the earlier and brighter epoch, but after the loss of Jerrold. Here it is:

“THE RETALIATION”

IMITATED.

“Our Club” here to-night a new session commences;
 The members assemble, refresh'd in their senses,
 With study the studious each wiser you meet,
 The dissolute sober, the noisy discreet!
 The silent not dull, the thoughtful still thinking:
 The deeper the wit, the deeper his drinking.
 The merits of each would pose me to mention—
 I never pretended to too much invention.

The table is full! I can scarce find a nook,
 When Hamstede pulls out his horrid “Blue Book”:
 Each man pays his guinea—if he does, it's a wonder—
 And down sits our “Sec.” to reckon his plunder.
 They're so crowded together, I shall ne'er make 'em out,
 Midst the shouting and laughing, and ranting, and rout.
 But the Chairman now rises; the noise is subsiding,
 Tho' the laughing laugh on, the derided deriding:
 Their faces upturn'd, I can view them around,
 And write, as I sit, their praises profound.

Who shall I begin with? The Serjeant so portly,
 His air so imposing, so jolly, yet courtly?

With humour so full, it runs o'er as he speaks,
 While jeering, each sentence unmannerly breaks ;
 With law, and with logic, so fully he's cramm'd,
 His logic may save what the lawyer has damn'd :
 And next him sits Lawrence, so famed for his pleading—
 But I doubt that *his* merit lies most in his feeding :
 And both look askance, as on nice points they'd wrestle ;
 On Common Law Practice, with Chancery Jessel.
 While Barrister Cooke starts up in the crowd,
 And welcomes the new legal member O'Dowd.
 But the Club is so full of lawyers profound,
 'Twould require the "Law List" to name them all round.
 On all things they quibble, but that's nothing new,
 And midst their cross-questions what are we to do ?
 But one thing there's good, in their presence so dubious,
 If we of the Club, in prison lugubrious,
 Should fall into grief, or in "Bailey" the "Old,"
 They'd defend us for nothing—at least so I'm told.

My eyes glancing round, regard with delight,
 White-headed, warm-hearted, the "genial" Charles Knight :
 Still true to his mission, mankind he has taught,
 How knowledge and science may cheaply be bought.
 To all men a friend—of none a detractor,
 Not this land alone, but the world's benefactor !
 And constant in good—how he does it's a mystery,
 Of England he's writing a "Popular History,"
 Of brave Robin Hood, and men of his kin,
 Not even forgetting our own *Tom-a-Lin*.

'Tis Dixon comes next, that wonderful eritie,
 At all points he's arm'd in his study asecitic.
 He uses a steel pen, instead of a quill,
 And slaughters a book with terrible skill ;
 And yet, after all, not so hard as he looks,
 With tenderness touch'd, he loves his *own* books !
 With eloquence gifted, he'll speak by the yard,
 And tho' somewhat caustic, he never hits hard.
 He has hewn his own path—he has fought and has struggled,
 Yet never with vices or meanness has juggled !
 Unaided he's master'd position and pay,
 Not stooping, as some do, to meet folly half-way.

Beside him is musing—as writing I pass on,
 A man we know well, deep-thinking, dear Masson !
 This true son of Scotia, who never had kilt on,
 Has lately been writing the life of great Milton.
 Our English to touch up, and our language to weed,
 We've got a Professor from the far side the Tweed.

A Scot sits beside him, and I much doubt if whether
 A finer built Scot ever trod on the heather ;
 Of all Macs that I know—but their names are a bore—
 I don't know a Mac that can vie with Maclure.
 A third Scot we muster our numbers among,
 A man who has written, whose Father has sung,
 No sailor more jovial—but one of that sort,
 Our Peter's so love-sick, he still runs to *Port*.
 And near to these three, so cosy and canny,
 A head that belongs to sharp-spoken Hannay.
 He says what he thinks ; slashes left, and then right ;
 And belabours his man in a well-worded fight.

Both Doctors and Artists the table surround,
 Tho' *they* may not be, yet their *looks* are profound.
 There's Sibson and Duplex, with sharp tongues at will,
 Can cut up a man with surgical skill.
 We've Durham will chisel your full length from a slab,
 And Ward, who can paint you with his brush at a dab.
 While Di'mond and Fenton, photographers rare,
 Will knock off your likeness to a curl of your hair.

There's one man I see, good-looking and burly,
 (You'll know at a glance I am thinking of Shirley,)
 And tho' some are grumbling at men and at books,
 No-voice is so soft as murmuring Brooks !
 So ready's his pen, and so quick his invention,
 His works are too many, and "too numerous to mention."
 He'll write you to order—a Novel, what not,—
 And (I wish he would cut it) a long "Gordian Knot."

Now shouting, and whooping, and wild as a Yahoo,
 (He's fained for his noise) in rushes mad Mayhew !
 His voice has aroused from his dreams theological,
 (Tho' well used to bears) the "Sec." Zoological ;
 While Joyce, in his wrath, says, "he thinks it a pity
 He was not turn'd out with the 'feeding Committee.'
 Stuff'd beasts in a row, how glad he would see 'em,
 A wonder for Vaux in the British Museum !"

Of Poets and Writers we've quantum sufficit,
 Each man wields a pen, and knows how to price it.
 And slyly to Evans an author is hinting,
 A book he would make a large fortune by printing ;
 While he shakes his head, as doubting if buyers
 For copies would rush, and blockade Whitefriars !
 There's Doran the Doctor, so apt at his tools,
 He'll write you of "Kings" as well as of "Fools."
 Perplex'd with crown'd follies, their crimes and their vices,
 His "Fools" come quite easy, and sell at good prices :

But peaceful their weapons, whilst a man of the sword
 Is seen in the Captain, the "Staymaker's" adored!
 And close by his side, "most musical" sits,
 The new-married Davison, restored to his wits.
 His marriage-bells rung, may he still bless their chimes,
 And as Musical Critic make his "notes" of the *Times*.

But Keeley now drops in, that marvellous actor,
 Tho' little his size, he's the greatest attractor;
 Whilst Eastwick, grown tired with the noise of the Babel,
 Gets up, and resigns him his seat at the table,
 And calls upon Hazlitt, whose accent surprises,
 As he sings of "Young Thomas" and lads from Devizes.

We've Wright, a grave Doctor, tho' sometimes uproarious—
 And Del'pierre who's famed for his books chaste and curious;
 And Buckland the "Natural," who for "six shillings" shows
 More wonders of Nature, than she dreams of or knows;
 While young Blanchard Jerrold all hazard avoids,
 His go-a-head Leaders, "underwritten" in "Lloyds."

There's Barlow the Proctor, and Ibbetson tall,
 But a truce to my rhyming, for now I've named all—
 Yet hold, here comes Cooke, whom the authors low greet,
 In hopes of a job from Albemarle Street;
 And no one is left, known in Art or in Letters,
 For Holl's only famous for mocking his betters.

My lines and myself must now beg your mercy—
 So long they are grown, I'm afraid to name Percy;
 His science and size must plead in excuse,
 Whilst the culprit behind him lies hid from abuse.

The "Forty" are number'd—a sad lot of Thieves,
 Unable to praise them—to censure them grieves!
 "Associates" we have too—wise men, I've no doubt;
 I can't write their virtues, for I've not found 'em out.

Yet one man we miss, tho' he lives in our hearts,
 Whose name, when it's mentioned, a brilliance imparts;
 As the star that's just set, leaves behind it its light,
 So his radiance illumines our darkness to-night—
 Dear Jerrold we loved so! our delight and our wonder,
 His wit the quick lightning, our laughter the thunder!
 In knowledge so various—so gentle in deed,
 The faithful of promise—the earnest in need!
 In friendship unfailing—in integrity strong,
 The Right he still champion'd, and stood against Wrong.
 'Tis *He* that we miss, and hush'd is our mirth
 At the loss of his genius, the loss of his worth.
 Poor Jerrold has pass'd! Let us hope as we sit,
 "Our Club" by him founded—the loved of his wit—
 In honours shall grow, as its members in fame,
 And Hist'ry record in its pages our name!

Shirley Brooks prepared his effusion for the Shakespear anniversary. It proceeds on the plan of making each of the company, members or guests, deliver a sentiment more or less appropriate to the circumstances or characteristic of the supposed speaker. It is sufficiently clever and interesting to warrant its insertion here, more particularly as it is probably almost unknown even to the present generation :

SHAKESPEAR AT OUR CLUB.

April 21, 1860.

R. FENTON.

Why, how now, what does Master Fenton here? Truly an honest gentleman.

O. DELEPIERRE.

He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice; therefore let him be *Consul*, and the Gods give him joy.

G. DUPLEX.

How he solicits Heaven
Himself best knows. But strangely visited people,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures.

P. CUNNINGHAM.

If you want drier logs,
 Call Peter, he will tell you where they lie.

F. LAWRENCE.

Now, afore God, this reverend holy *Lawrence*,
 All our whole city is much bound to him.

J. H. PARRY.

This is the Serjeant.

I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to [the bench of] Judgment.

G. JESSEL.

And you, his yoke fellow of Equity,
Bench by his side.

H. MAYHEW.

The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,
 Modo he's called, and *Mahu*.

C. DICKENS, JUNR.

Your mind is tossing on the ocean. They are not *China* dishes,
 but very good dishes.

G. CHESTERTON.

Not your Gaoler, then,
 But your kind host.

W. HAZLITT.

Or Zummingsset or York, all's one to him.

W. H. COOKE.

Yea, marry, William Cook, bid him come hither. Any pretty
 little tiny kickshaws tell William Cook.

J. C. O'DOWD.

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great *Globe* itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.

ALLEN.

He sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money. He hath
 songs for man or woman, and the prettiest love songs for maids,
 without mischief, *which is strange*.

H. DIXON.

He gives you all the duties of a man,
 Trims up your praises with a princely tongue,
 Speaks your deservings like a chronicle,
 And chides your truant youth with such a grace.

H. HOLL.

He shall taste of my bottle. *If he have never tasted wine before,*
 it will go near to remove his fit. . . .
 He's a Brave God, and bears Celestial Liquor.

F. JOYCE.

He is something stern,
But, if he vow a friendship, he'll perform it.

F. SIBSON.

He is a gentleman. One that indeed
Physics the subject.

W. A. MATTHEWS.

My man's as true as steel.

W. B. JERROLD.

Thou bearest thy father's face.
Thy father's moral part
Mayst thou inherit too.

D. MASSON.

Sir, we bless God for you. Your reasons at dinner (and elsewhere) have been sharp and sententious, pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. . . . Well said, Davy.

J. HANNAY.

He did ever fence the right,
Nor buckle falsehood with a *pedigree*.

J. B. TOMALIN.

Now, what news on the Rialto?
What news among the Merchants?

F. M. EVANS.

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited,
And wondrous affable, and bountiful.

C. KNIGHT.

(Shakespear *loq.*) He is a Knight, and will not any way dishonour *me*.

T. REEKS.

Shall we be thus afflicted in his *wreaks*?

J. W. DAVISON.

He hath the musician's melancholy, which is fantastical.

R. ORRIDGE.

Sing, sir! You shall not *bob* us out of our melody. He gave you such a masterly Report for art and exercise in your Defence.

J. DORAN.

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
Than such a chronicler.

S. BROOKS.

Such Brooks are welcome to me that overflow such liquor.

THE TREASURER.

(F. HAMSTEDE *loq.*) YOU OWE ME NO SUBSCRIPTION.

Our Club constituted from its commencement a feature in the social life of my father—nay, in my own; and it was the sole institution of the kind with which either of us has ever been connected, save a concern in Arundel Street, of which my father enjoyed an ephemeral membership; this must have been the place to which, no liquor fit to touch being procurable on the premises, Frank Talfourd said that it was necessary to come drunk. I have, no doubt, kept unwisely aloof from literary fellowship, and my life has been disadvantageously secluded. Miss Toulmin Smith, when I once, in reply to an inquiry, told her that I had never joined any society, turned round on me, and rather unkindly observed: “Perhaps you think that you are a society in yourself.” It is certainly my own fault, that I have not belonged to many. When I was quite a young man, Aaron Asher Goldsmid offered to put me up at the Athenæum, but I respectfully declined. It is years upon years since I was elected a corresponding member of some American Institution, of which I forget the name; and a singular experience befel me, when a revival of some Literary Club in Waterloo Place was con-

templated, and a treaty for new premises, where H. S. King and Co. now are, was set on foot. I was invited to become a vice-president; but when I called at the temporary offices, and shewed the provisional secretary his letter, he had lost all recollection of having written it. He had no memory! The scheme came to nothing.

I did not even join the Merchant Taylors' Old Boys Club, though I have been repeatedly honoured by an invitation to do so. I once attended a dinner as a guest, and all the faces were strange. There was no one there, save perhaps the late Vicar of Upper Hackney, who had been with me in the forties in Suffolk Lane. I left the scene early, never to revisit it.

A famous resort close by Clun's was Evans's. Evans, who started the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane about 1831, was originally a singer, and had an engagement at one of the theatres at what was then accounted a heavy salary. But, losing his voice, he arranged to retire with a sum, and started the establishment so well identified with his name. The speciality in Maiden Lane was kidneys and stout; there was no wine till just before the removal to the Piazza in Covent Garden; and no women were admitted. There was music and singing, and for some time a man named Sloman was the pianist.

XIV

HIGH LIFE—A FEW *ANALECTA*

LORD ROMILLY used to relate that the great book-collector, Richard Heber, was once dining with George IV. soon after the accession of the latter, and the Russian Ambassador was also at table. The King was speaking to the Ambassador about the library his father had collected, and was saying that he did not care much about it. He added that he thought he should not mind letting it go, and the Russian Envoy intimated that his Imperial master, he felt assured, would be only too glad to become the purchaser. The King seemed to like the notion; but nothing more was said just then. Heber left the table, to hasten to the Premier's, told him what had passed, said that it would be a disgrace to the country if the books went, and so on, and Lord Liverpool waited on his Majesty and gave him to understand that it would not do, but that if he would present them to the nation, he (Liverpool) would use his influence to get a vote in the Commons to pay the King's debts. This view of the circumstance attending the gift to the public in 1823 will read curiously by the side of the glowing eulogiums on the munificence and literary zeal of his Majesty, both as Prince and King, which meet our eye in various contemporary publications.

Miss Clara Maceroni said that at a party, where she met the Duke of Sussex, the King's brother, his Royal Highness was asked to sing, and when

he had finished there was cordial applause. He whispered to someone near him: "It was well enough for a Duke." This was the collector of Bibles and miscellaneous literature sold in 1827. The taste for books certainly appears to have been hereditary in the older members of the Hanoverian line; and we trace it back to other branches, beside that of Lüneburg. Now Books have gone out of favour, and Horses and Cards have their turn. The Kaiser's toys, soldiers and ships, are perhaps to be preferred. The Duke belonged to the Second St. James's Royal Arch Lodge of Masons, which is entitled to wear a crown in its badge. I have given some account in my *Livery Companies of London* of the probable origin of this movement.

Besides the Kent family mixed up with a celebrated tragedy many years ago in the person of one of the members, Constance Kent, Victoria's father is credited with having had a bastard son, half-brother to the Queen, a Colonel Augustus Lloyd, who spent some of his life in Bolivia, was a Commissioner of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and died in Circassia during the Crimean War. He is said to have been in great favour at Court, and he had a son, Ernest Augustus, named after the King of Hanover.

I only once saw the late Queen, nor have I ever beheld any other member of the family. It was on Constitution Hill, when her Majesty was driving in a carriage and pair with one or two others; the Prince was not with her. In response to my respectful salutation, her Majesty bowed to me; for not a soul save myself was in sight. This was in the days when I have seen the Duke of Wellington in Piccadilly, leading his horse at the edge of the kerb.

The most singular circumstance connected with what is improperly termed the Jubilee money—for

the type was settled without reference to that anniversary—is that, although it is by a German artist, it was not even by a good one. The Government, perhaps, would not pay the price for a first-class design, like that for the beautiful commemorative thaler of Maria Theresa, produced in 1888 under the auspices of the Numismatic Society of Vienna.

It really constitutes an interesting consideration, that the majority of the subjects of the British Crown never beheld the countenance of Victoria, nor heard the tone of her voice, and that there may be an uncertainty whether the effigies on the coinage represent the same person. It is an understood thing that there is a succession of august individuals at the head of affairs, and the machinery works tolerably well. But what effect the stealthy levelling down may produce, no one is far-sighted enough to forecast. We might go farther and fare worse; and perhaps sufficient influence may be brought to bear on popular sentiment by the united agency of all responsible citizens to stop at such reforms as may be practicable in the existing system without changing its external characteristics.

Victoria unquestionably contributed to impart a higher and purer tone to society, and corruption and immorality have had in our time to be a good deal more *sub rosâ*. It was quite time in 1837 that a term should be put to the scandalous state of affairs under the four Georges and William IV., which Greville in his *Memoirs*, and Thackeray and Carlyle, and indeed Dickens, in their works, did so much to expose. Very much depends on the Crown, as we found under the late reign, whatever the merits of Edward VII. might be. During his brief rule matters were drifting back. My own and beyond that the Diaries of others have yet to give up their secrets.

We complain of having rulers of foreign origin, yet we succeeded very poorly when we had Englishmen over us. Since Bosworth our Kings and Queens have been Welsh, Scottish, Dutch, or German.

It is the inevitable penalty of a lengthened reign to lose all early, and many later, friends, associates, and servants. Victoria lived to see one old face disappear after another, and to be surrounded by almost totally different conditions from those in which she was brought up, and it is no slight praise to say that her Majesty in large measure adapted herself to the vast change. From the exceptional length of the Victorian reign the next heir soon began to experience the same kind of trouble in the loss of friends, and he had also to discard some of his earlier malodorous associates, Greasy Coleman inclusive.

It is characteristic of her Majesty's usual frugality, that when a bookseller sent a stray from the old Royal Library to be submitted to her by the librarian at Windsor, for £150, she wrote on the memorandum: "A very nice book—but the price!" How different from her royal grandfather, who was a munificent book-buyer, and, even if the figure had been rather outrageous, would not in his better days have stuck at a few pounds to secure such an article, and he had probably far less means for the purpose than her Majesty. Yet the royal lady bought a copy which belonged to Henry VIII. of the *Assertio Sacramentorum*, 1521, and expressed her interest in it—*pretio* £600! It had been bought abroad a few years before for a few shillings, and before her Majesty saw it, it was shewn to myself.

Her alleged offer at the outset to pay income-tax was very properly met in the negative. A certain specific sum having been set aside for the Queen's

use in her official capacity, it would have been undignified on the part of the nation to have insisted on any deduction. On the contrary, the Prince Consort was said to have left a will, which was never proved, its provisions being kept a secret; and it seems a question whether, had the point been pressed, it was, under such circumstances, a valid document, the Prince being a subject of the Crown, however exalted his rank.

Is it not apt to strike one as a case where the realities of life infringe on the melodramatic presentment, where one, going through the throne-room at Buckingham Palace, and seeing no one, ventures to approach the seat of majesty, only to discover beneath it a dustpan and a broom? But it is, after all, yet stranger that we should so constantly forget that kings and queens are human beings like ourselves, who look down upon us from the very elevation conferred on them by us for our own convenience. How many ages ago Commines, the personal friend of more than one King of France, remarked, immediately in reference to Louis XI., "*En lui et en tous autres princes, que j'ai connu ou servy, j'ai connu du bien et du mal, car ils sont hommes comme nous.*" An early impeachment of *Dei gratiá*.

The creation of Orders of Merit and the admission in some cases of ladies was a very sagacious and opportune movement. Civilians, as well as soldiers and sailors, must be freely decorated and honoured. We shall want a solid barrier against aggressive Socialism; and the Court is apparently aware of it—forsooth all Courts are—judging from their somewhat promiscuous affability and their almost affecting solicitude for the health even of the Unpresented.

Our Royal Family are excellent people of business, and from the time of the Great Exhibition of

1851 onward have had the most favourable opportunities of making advantageous investments in every direction and of almost every class. The Prince Consort, who is reputed to have known what it was to live in the Fatherland on £300 a year, knew how to manage his private affairs with all that attention to detail which is so essential to commercial success—an aptitude derived from his youthful experiences. Was there not a story of some cheque which a certain artist framed, and hung on the wall, as a souvenir of a transaction with his Royal Highness? The Prince was not uncommonly in his lifetime stigmatized as a speculator in building and other ventures; and his august partner was not exempt from this indecorous failing—and in her Majesty's case without any excuse for it. She employed an agent, who acted on her account in these matters. I have forgotten the name; perchance there was more than one. But the same sort of thing has been going on ever since these Hanoverians came over; and does not Spence make Pope say: "they (kings) are turned mere tradesmen"? He excepted the King of Sardinia.

But his Royal Highness shewed his common sense in declining to join the Freemasons, on the ground that he would not swear allegiance to laws of which he had no previous cognizance. The lady, whose newly-admitted husband refused disclosure of the *arcana*, was perhaps not far from the truth when she said that they amounted to nothing more than early duck and green peas—a housekeeper's way of putting it.

My uncle Reynell gave me to understand that the Duke of Cambridge, father of the ex-Commander-in-Chief, acquired from the Government for £8000 the Combe Wood property, for which a farmer in the neighbourhood was prepared to give

double the money. He was a tradesman within Pope's meaning—a land-grabber, as his royal cousin was a breeder of cattle. These forsooth are the folks whom the nation had to tolerate from want of something better.

My wife came home to our house at Kensington one afternoon, and told me that she had seen the Queen at the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. She was standing there when her Majesty drove up and approached the spot. The Queen stopped in front of the Memorial, close by my wife, who heard her say, "Very nice." This made me laugh, for it reminded me of what the fellow said about the Marlborough gems, and Grimaldi the clown about the sausages. But it was declared at the time that the Memorial was not at first, when brand new, unlike a large piece of gilt gingerbread.

I was crossing Putney Bridge on the evening of December 14, 1861, when I heard the Bell of St. Paul's toll, and I asked the gatekeeper what was the matter. He told me that the Prince Consort was dead. After his death at so early an age, the Queen is said to have suffered from insomnia to such an extent that her Majesty's health was seriously impaired, and there was even a degree of anxiety on the subject. It was a saying that his Royal Highness set the example of men dispensing with gloves on ordinary occasions.

There used to be a silly superstition about "Queen's weather." It was said that her Majesty appointed a day for a given ceremony, and the rest was a foregone conclusion. Anyone might securely make his own arrangements; it would be "Queen's weather." To be on the right side his Grace the Primate of All England formerly authorized special forms of prayer for rain or drought; but, as the more candid country parson declared, it depends on the

quarter from which the wind blows. We do improve a little, in spite of the Church.

The late Dr. Doer of Zürich, whom I met at a house in Surrey, gave me an odd account of the fire near Darmstadt, where the Princess Beatrice was staying. She was in bed, about one in the morning, and was so tormented by mosquitoes that she rose, lit a candle, and rang for her maid. The two, in their nightdresses, candle in hand, began to hunt for the small game. When a gnat was seen overhead, one or the other bobbed up to try and catch it in the flame, and at last one of them set fire to the curtains. The whole place was soon in a blaze, and the Princess and her maid ran down to the courtyard for their lives, just as they were. Her Royal Highness lost all her clothes, as well as (I understood) the pearls of the Duchess of Kent, which she had had from the Queen.

The Battenbergs of Hesse-Darmstadt have no pretension to claim kindred with the great house of Brederode, Barons of Bronkhorst in Gronsfelt and of Batenborg, which belonged to Gelderland, and became, and remained during centuries, one of the most distinguished families in the Low Countries. It was Hendrik van Brederode of this ancient and illustrious line who personally presented to the Duchess of Parma in 1566, on behalf of the Netherlands, a protest against the establishment there of the Inquisition, and who raised troops at his own expense to resist the Spaniards. I have seen this patriot described as "a madman, if there ever were one," and as "the bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome, reckless face, and turbulent demeanour"—two pieces of criticism, which I could challenge, if this were the place.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge married in Ireland a Miss Louisa Farebrother, an

actress in burlesque, a popular singer and dancer, and daughter of the theatrical publisher in Exeter Court, Catherine Street, Strand, who was the mother of Colonel Fitzgeorge and other children. She seems to have been an elegant and fascinating woman. The Colonel, whom I have met at a boarding-house at Ramsgate, united himself to a Quaker lady, whose parents used to frequent the same watering-place. The Duke's own alliance was as creditable to his courage and judgment as anything which he ever did, which may not be saying much. The lady was an excellent and exemplary person, whose memory was sweeter and purer than that of some royal and serene highnesses. Even Victoria, who at first looked askance at the marriage, made the best of the matter, when children were born, and recognized her cousin's wife.

The German Kaiser is understood to ascribe his withered arm to the corrupt blood on his mother's side. It has no doubt been deteriorating through intermarriages and other agencies, and it was not very pure when George I. came over, so that it is no doubt a step in the right direction to have begun to seek alliances outside the charmed circle. But, after all, the alleged taint has only gone back whence it came, to the *Vaterland*.

No Act of Parliament can safeguard even imperial and royal personages from the pernicious consequences of contravening the law of nature. George II. seems to have thought that his son Frederic, by his marriage with a princess of Saxe-Gotha, brought scrofula and madness into the family.

If Louis XIV. was, as reported, the son of M. le Grand by the Queen, he was very properly called Le Grand Monarque. The word *carrosse* in French was originally feminine. But Louis, when young, having once called for *mon carrosse*, its gender was,

from deference to his most Christian majesty, altered thenceforward. Madame de Maintenon succeeded to other ladies, whose influence had been paramount with the King by turn. Some one proposed to call her Madame Maintenant; but she held her ground well. She was a great woman.

It used to be said that the Bourbons never forgot and never learned anything. Is not this equally true of the Stuarts? The Hanoverians began their lessons rather late and rather sulkily.

An English gentleman who was in Paris in 1840, when the remains of Napoléon arrived there from St. Helena, saw the coffin, which was on view for a short time at the Invalides, and described it as hardly larger than a child's. The Duke of Wellington and the Emperor are said to have been of the same height, five feet six inches, and the latter would be wasted by illness before his death. Yet this account seems scarcely credible. The Napoléon relics at Madame Tussaud's are a ridiculous imposition.

The foundress of this place of entertainment died in the forties, and her wax figure, which used to be not far from the entrance in Baker Street, was so realistic that when my father-in-law came up from the country in 1851, and visited Tussaud's, he took it to be the little old lady herself; and next to her, I think, was Cobbett, to whom, the story goes, he offered a pinch of snuff.

I confess that I laid down Masson's *Napoléon et les Femmes* with a very unusual feeling—that I could read it again. It is decidedly a *pièce justificative*, and one not without its sadness.

Pauline Buonaparte (Princess Borghese) sat to Canova for one of his classical models absolutely naked. Being asked whether she did not feel uncomfortable, she replied, "Why, no; it was not cold; there was a fire in the room." There is a

medalet with the three sisters of Napoléon as the Three Graces.

There is an *on dit* about Louis XVIII. which may be true or not. After his restoration, he asked Fouché whether he had ever set spies over him. The Minister of Police under Napoléon admitted that he had. The King asked who it was. Fouché said, "The Comte de Blacas." "How much did he get?" was the farther inquiry. "Two hundred thousand francs a year." "Ah, well," said Louis, "he was honest, after all. *I had half.*" This was the same nobleman whose collections, partly acquired, perhaps, out of the secret-service money, are now in the British Museum.

I have heard it said of Nicholas of Russia that he remarked on one occasion to his son, afterward Alexander II., "You and I are the only honest men in the Empire," and that was because it did not pay them to be otherwise. Sir Roderick Murchison, who had, in the course of his geological researches, experienced great assistance from the Czar Nicholas, and been enabled to explore the mineral riches of the Ural range, inverted his glass when, in the Crimean War, he was present at a banquet, and the success of the operations against Russia was proposed as a toast.

While Napoléon III. was residing in London in 1839, my father sent him a copy of the biography of his illustrious relative, and received as a souvenir in return the *Lettres de Napoléon à Joséphine*, 1833, with an inscription on the flyleaf: "Offert par le P^{ce} Napoléon Louis à Monsieur Hazlitt en mémoire de l'ouvrage de son père sur l'empereur Napoléon. Londres, le 18 Mai, 1839." It is a scarce book, and one of superlative literary interest, and it gives us the most pleasing likeness of Josephine.

In 1848 he and my father served as special

constables. I remember my father's staff, which he had to restore on disembodiment.

His Majesty favoured a certain Dutch Admiral in his phlegmatic temperament; he bore no resemblance to his reputed father, the King of Holland; and until the matter was more or less generally known, his cousin Jerome, who was in the secret, and was in possession of all the facts, used his power as a financial lever. Prince Napoléon used to call the Emperor the kite in the eagle's nest.

A dealer in autographs told me that he had formerly overhauled Waller's stores after the retirement of the latter to Bayswater, and found some valuable things put aside and forgotten—among others, a letter, 4 pp. 4to, written by Victoria herself to Napoléon III. during the Crimean War.

Our late King doubtless revered the memory of his mother, and never travelled without one or two likenesses of her, which lay on the table of the room where he sat. It was a trait of filial piety, which might have exercised a beneficial counter-active influence. I similarly continue to live with mine.

XV

HIGH LIFE—A FEW *ANALECTA* (*continued*)

MR. HENDERSON, who was sixty-three years clerk to the Horners' Company, told me (January 17, 1890) that he was eighty-eight years of age. He had a remarkably full head of hair and a flowing beard, with very little admixture of gray; but he was much bent, and walked feebly. He mentioned to me that his father took him in 1817 to the House of Commons, and that he often went there afterward. He recollected listening to the speeches of Canning and Peel, of whom the latter struck him at the time as very young in appearance, like a red-headed boy. His father, he said, pointed to Peel, and declared that if he lived he would make a name. I was told by one of the older officials in Cox and Greenwood's, in Craig's Court, that Peel on one occasion applied at some moment of pressure to Mr. Cox for an advance of £500,000 for a few days for the Government, and that Cox said that he could have a million the next morning if he wanted it.

It was Palmerston who was questioned in the Commons as to the duties of archdeacons. He had not an idea himself, and asked everybody near him. Not a soul could say. No one was aware that an archdeacon was a sort of ecclesiastical surveyor and appraiser appointed for each county or district. The minister had to inform the honourable member that an archdeacon was a personage who discharged archidiaconal functions. When a stipendiary magistrate's

place fell vacant during his Home Secretaryship, he arrived at Downing Street one morning, and was confronted with a pile of letters. "What the devil are these?" said he to his subordinate. "Applications for the vacant magistracy." "Do they think I am going to read all these damned things? D'ye know," addressing the sub, "anyone who would do?" "There's Mr. Burrell, my lord—Mr. Burrell of Gray's Inn, a very good man." "Well, well," said Palmerston, "let him have it, then." And Burrell had it, and held it many years. He was an intimate friend of Sir John Stoddart and of my father, from whom I had the story.

Palmerston wrote an unusually clear hand, and used to complain of the slovenly and illegible way in which the clerks in the public service made their communications. If he had seen mine, he might have been yet more seriously displeased.

Lord John Russell, while my father was place-hunting, was one of the objects of his attention. I recollect the account of his lordship's weak eyes, which he kept blinking, and of his peculiar mode of pronouncing certain words. He would, like George III., say *obleege*. He is much forgotten.

I first saw Gladstone at the London Library, St. James's Square, in 1859. I had never seen him before, and likenesses of him were comparatively rare at that time. But I felt sure it was he. I realize at this moment his steadfast gaze. I saw him again at his own house in the following year, and after that I never set eyes on him till 1890, when I met him at a bookshop in New Oxford Street. I had meanwhile published, prior to the General Election of 1887, my *Address to the Electors of the Kingston Division of Surrey*, which the then Lord Chancellor's brother described as "a parting kick" to the Separatists and Home Rulers. In that inter-

val of thirty years Gladstone reached the summit of his political glory and the lowest point of his political impotence.

One of the counts in my indictment against him in my pamphlet was the treatment by the Ministry, of which he was the responsible head, of poor, brave Gordon. It was impressive to read in the papers that Gordon admitted having carried out many executions, but always, before he gave the order, laid his Bible on his knee, that the Almighty might reverse his judgment if He thought fit, and, quoth Gordon, *He never did*. What sublime fanaticism! What fatuity beyond all redemption—almost beyond credibility! A child's brain joined to a man's heart! This was the very Bible, perchance, which the General's sister gave to the Queen after his death.

I have said that I was at Gladstone's house at a reception in 1860. Mrs. G. and he were civil enough; I had just published a new edition of my *Venice*, and he introduced me to the Italian envoy. I remember him mentioning, in reply to a question, that he had in self-defence to keep his books in the country, lest he should overtax himself, while he was in office. When I asked him about some object in a show-case, he politely referred me to his wife.

The late Mr. Quaritch told me one day that Gladstone had been in his shop, and he had told him that if he desired to study the history of Ireland, and had not leisure to work up the subject, he (Quaritch) had a gentleman (Kerny) who would do it for him. But Gladstone replied that he only wanted knowledge sufficient for *Parliamentary purposes*. This was "the old Parliamentary hand," of whom we have all heard more than enough; and who has inflicted greater injury on the country than any individual within my knowledge, and the just-cited observation reads with the letter he wrote to a

correspondent, advising him to study Irish history, which he had done, so far as his engagements would permit. Our later experience leads us to select for employment in distant operations men who, like Kitchener of Khartoum, know the ground. We do not want old Parliamentary hands, who scarcely perhaps take the trouble to look at the map. Gladstone's phenomenal incapacity for government appears to have been quite unknown to himself, till the country sent him finally about his business.

But it is ever so. So long as the nation will pay, these fellows are glued to their seats. Conscience and shame are not in their vocabulary; and a change of rulers, what is it but a change of robbers?

If "the fatal gift of beauty" was the curse of Italy, the fatal gift of words has been the curse of England in the person of a gentleman who was unfit to become a responsible Minister of the Crown.

I may take the opportunity of mentioning that I have also met at the Library in former years Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle (not together), Mr. Alaric Watts, Lord Arundell of Wardour, &c.

Yet such was his personality that in 1898, when Gladstone was dying, we already began to forget his faults and errors, and to think of him as the man we had once known. I shall never cease to hold in remembrance the spectacle afforded by Whitehall when he lay in a critical state at Downing Street, and the crowd was so dense that one might have almost walked on the people's heads, and so noiseless that one might have almost heard a sixpence drop.

In his earlier life G. was constantly in difficulties. At one time it was said that the very footmen, who attended at dinner, were disguised officers of the Sheriff of Middlesex. I conclude that these unpleasant experiences preceded his brother-in-

law's sudden death and Mrs. Gladstone's succession to the Hawarden property.

Sir Henry Taylor used to relate an anecdote of Mr. Stephen, father of Sir James, illustrative of the gratitude of the authorities toward those who exert themselves in the civil service. You may, he said, wear out a finger in writing; you may wear out a second and a third, and all they will have to remark is, What deformed fingers you have!

The late General Cunningham, one of a trio of accomplished brothers, sons of Allan Cunningham, mentioned that the word *pussy* for a cat came, he believed, from the Persian *pushy*, and was used to distinguish the Persian breed from our own. He also suggested that *hogshead* was a corruption of *ox-hide*, a measure equal to the capacity of an ox's hide. It might therefore somewhat vary according to the prevailing breed in different countries.

Lord Rosebery once said a good thing about Lord Meath and his fondness for securing recreation-grounds. "Why, you know," said he, "Meath would like to pull down the whole of London, and make it an open space for the use of the inhabitants."

Mr. Primrose, an uncle of Lord Rosebery, was a brewer at Adelaide, South Australia, and was a near neighbour of my friend the late Mr. Archibald Jaffrey. He lived to a good old age, but was a great tippler, and was very unfortunate in his family, nearly the whole of which predeceased him. When Rosebery visited Adelaide, he called on the Primroses, and went over the brewery, tasting the various ales; and he was very well received. These Primroses first figure in the time of James VI. of Scotland, under whom they laid the foundation of their fortunes. The Primrose of those days did not disdain to accept the profit arising from the sale of James I.'s trumpery *Deus et Rex*, 1615.

Rosebery was a special protégé of Gladstone, and an admitted failure as a political and Parliamentary leader. As a rich man, he was apt to be a valuable ally, and when Gladstone felt it necessary to retire, he let his lordship slip into his seat, ere long to slip out of it again. I was brought up among Liberals, and with a respect for their principles, till I could not avoid seeing that those principles were merely a passport to office, and that much of the Liberalism consisted in being free with other people's money in a public sense. Rosebery's premiership was not entirely *bonâ fide*, so long as Gladstone was in the prompter's box. It was a disagreeable blend, of which even his lordship, perhaps, grew a little tired, if not ashamed.

Jaffrey was saying that a visitor to the gallery at Holyrood, after looking at the portraits of the Scottish kings on the walls, inquired of the old woman who shewed the place to him: "Did you do these?" And, she shaking her head, he added, "You might have done better."

Jaffrey was born near Stirling in 1817, and left his home January 1, 1839, on his way to seek his fortune in South Australia. He witnessed at Liverpool the terrific storm of that month, which strewed the whole coast with bodies and wreckage, and the splendid sight, when the calm returned, of the Mersey filled with craft in full sail preparing to leave for their destinations. He reminded me of the later one of January, 1866, in which the *London* was lost in the Bay of Biscay, Draper the chaplain praying to the last in the midst of the drowning crew and passengers. At that moment Draper's son was proceeding to one of our convict settlements, unknown to him, having been found guilty of some felony.

The old-fashioned type of pedagogue survived in

Scotland in the actual flesh in Sir Walter's day, for Jaffrey gave me a description of Munro, his own schoolmaster at Stirling, with his ballups and his spectacles on the top of his head—two or three pairs sometimes—which impressed me at the time with a persuasion that the cause of learning was even more backward in the North than with us; and this would have been about 1825.

It is a singular circumstance that, from its geological lay, Stirling is affected by nearly every shock of earthquake of a severe character which occurs within a very broad zone.

Jaffrey told me many stories about the earlier settlers in South Australia—among others, a brother of George Grote the historian and a son of Charles Babbage. He was mentioning to me that Sir Henry Ayers, who at one time filled a high position at Adelaide, used to say that David, "the man after God's own heart," probably had no hand whatever in the Psalms which pass under his name, unless it was the one where he speaks of walking up to his ankles in the blood of his enemies. He (that is, Jaffrey) assured me that he was personally acquainted with all the circumstances of the case where a man in a Scottish village, when gold was much scarcer than it is at present, made money by exhibiting at a bawbee a head a sovereign in his possession. He had cleared a fair amount in this way, when some one (there is always a last man) came, and put down his coin. The other, however, said: "I canna shew ye the piece; but ye can see the paper it was wrop in." Jaffrey often spoke of the former exceeding poverty of his country, and its dependence on oatmeal, herring, and poaching. I was amused by my neighbour at Putney, George Pitt, saying that his father used to think that the oatcake was a product of the carpenter's shop, and was a compound of glue and sawdust.

Jaffrey was speaking one day of a Highlander who, as he lay on his back on a hill-side, was asked by a passenger where such and such a place was. He put out one of his feet to indicate the direction without attempting to make any farther exertion. "Now," said the other, "if you'll shew me a lazier trick than that, I'll give you a shilling." He placed a hand in his pocket so as to allow room for the coin to pass.

In the portrait on a tetradrachm of Antigonus Doson of Macedonia there is a superficial resemblance to Jaffrey. J. wrote a particularly good hand, and used to quiz me for my very indifferent "hand of write," as he termed it.

My acquaintance died in 1893. It is remarkable enough that his father was born in 1766, so that the two lives covered 127 years. The family at one time owned the property on which the field of Bannockburn is situated. I shall notice two other striking cases of transmission of a name and race through few links, partly arising from late marriages, which, so far as Scotland was concerned, were formerly much more usual. A son of Captain Groves, R.N., was born in 1829, when his father was sixty years of age. The latter was born in 1769. The Captain used to tell a story *apropos* of the former defective victualling of ships, even those belonging to the service, and how, when his vessel was once weather-bound, they had to catch all the rats aboard, and cook them. They tasted like chicken. The late Captain Maude, R.N., who died in October, 1886, in his eighty-eighth year, was the son of the first Lord Hawarden, who was born in 1729, and whose father, again, Sir Robert Maude, was born in 1673. Here three generations lasted 213 years. I have furnished some analogous *data* in relation to our own family.

Lord Tollemache sold his Reynolds and Gainsborough portraits, I understand, to Colnaghi for

£60,000, to provide for his second family of nine. He did not wish to send them to Christie's, on account of the publicity, and came to terms with the print-seller, whose first business would be, of course, to notify the fact to everyone likely to be a customer. Was not this somewhat on the ostrich's principle? His lordship bargained for an engraving of each to put in the places of the oils. I believe that his estate in Cheshire is charged with a heavy annual sum for plantations.

A neighbour of mine at Kensington knew one of the Tollemaches in New Zealand, where he had a large property. He told me that this gentleman would take off his shirt and stockings, and wash them himself in a roadside pool. Another of this race, a tall, ungainly, ill-dressed man of elderly appearance, with a cape which barely covered his elbows, and a weather-beaten umbrella, used to frequent in my brother's time Judges' Chambers, and declaim with equal vehemence and zest against the rascality of his brother, with whom he was engaged in some mysterious litigation. It appeared to be his chief employment.

It is to be lamented, for their own sakes and that of their country, that the British aristocracy is either so poor, or, if otherwise, so sordid. The death of Baron Hirsch put it into my head to consider how much prouder we might be of those who enjoy sundry mediæval designations, no longer articulate or proper to the time, if they could follow a little—to the extent of their power in each case—the example of such a man, or of Count Tolstoi. There was a statement the other day only of the generous hospitality and benevolence of the Mostyns of Mostyn and Glod-daeth, who are, I believe, freeholders of Llandudno. It must have been the present man's father, who borrowed £400 of my father-in-law, and repaid him

wholly or in part in garden tools. I heard of the existing representative of the family sitting at the auctioneer's table, and carefully registering the prices, when a collection of old plays, acquired by a worthier ancestor, was offered for sale in 1907. But that was not so bad as the undisguised identification of two other very well-known peers of the realm with a sale including some of the most obscene books in French literature. You could not say where the first noble lord ended, and the second began; it was between them.

The great families of the country, titled and untitled, appear to be broadly classifiable into two categories: those which accumulate and hoard their resources, and those which dissipate them; and it may be difficult to determine which involves the larger amount of injustice and inconvenience. In a vast artificial community no ideal redistributive arrangement is probably feasible.

A lady, who had been employed as a governess in some of the great South-German houses, was describing to me the extraordinary wealth and splendour of some of their establishments, and was saying that in England we have a very imperfect idea of this question, deriving our knowledge from the impetunious foreigners who come over here. My informant instanced to the contrary Count Schönborn, whose family repeatedly filled the archiepiscopal see of Mainz, and who possessed nine residences at least, all maintained in perfect repair, and many of them seldom or never visited by him. Pommersfelder Castle appears to be the principal mansion. One of them sold some of the Gobelin tapestry and other effects; but the furniture, books, and pictures are said to be very fine, and the first named to be in the English taste of the beginning of the last century.

My dear old friend Henry May Davis, whom I

often visited at Dorking, gave me an account of his visit to the late W. J. Evelyn at Wootton. He and a companion found Evelyn alone, and the latter asked them to stay dinner. The somewhat Barmecide repast was laid in the banqueting-hall—a pair of soles, a fowl, and a jelly. They had coffee before dinner, and tea with it, but no wine or beer. The servant-maid brought in the dishes, and left them to help themselves. Evelyn rose when he had finished his fish, and put the empty plate on the side-board. The others had to do the same. Evelyn grasped his teacup with his hand, instead of taking it by the handle. He spoke very brusquely, and was dressed in a very rough manner. He had been gardening when they arrived.

My friend noticed a good many books in the library, a model of John Evelyn's tomb in Wootton Church, the manuscript of the *Diary*, and some fine old plate of the Diarist's time, including a tall silver cup in the original leathern case.

Evelyn and Martin Tupper were schoolfellows, and Tupper used to be invited to stay at Wootton. Charles Mackay the journalist, who spent his last days, and died in a small cottage at the foot of Box Hill, was also occasionally asked there. This was so far creditable to Evelyn, as Mackay could not possibly be of the slightest utility to him, and did not offer the same sort of interesting personal association as Tupper. There is a note of March 19, 1844, from Dickens to Talfourd, introducing Mackay as a poet, sub-editor, and paste-and-scissorsorial craftsman on the *Morning Chronicle*. My father and myself were intimate with him, when he had a handsome residence in the Regent's Park district. I preserve a lively impression of a visit to him and the condescension of this *quasi-Mæcenas*.

The name of Mackay awakens in my mind the

reflection that John Timbs and he were two of the men whom my father, solicitous for my settlement in life, held up to me as great exemplars of literary genius and prosperity, and likely to prove influential helpers. Timbs, who once occupied one of the private residences in Sloane Street near Sir Charles Dilke's, and to whom I looked up with a sort of awe, died in the Charterhouse. Marie Corelli, who is one of the literary birds of passage, and is feathering her nest excellently well at the expense of the highly intelligent public, claims to be the adopted daughter of Mackay. The Land of Shadows, ah me! how full it has grown of those who once stood at my side!

I have observed that librarians are often selected with a special regard to their ignorance of literature and books, and such was the case here. Evelyn himself had no feeling in this direction, though a fairly good botanist, and so far doing credit to his name; but he might have pitched on some one who would have helped to recover the numerous volumes which, in Upcott's time, were abstracted from the collection—probably by Upcott. These were sometimes reported to Evelyn at exorbitant prices; but he most frequently missed them altogether, when they might, by a little management, have been secured on moderate terms. The list of these strays, which I have drawn up and printed, and which receives periodical additions, begins to be a sadly long one.

The house has, in short, been mercilessly stripped of its ancient treasures, and the late owner was not proud enough, though to the full rich enough, to redeem them when he could, notwithstanding the somewhat heavy penalty payable for his predecessors' gross neglect of the acquisitions and belongings of the historical Evelyn. It was only the other day that the Wootton copy of the first edition of

Spenser's *Faëry Queen* was sold at an auction for £71. It is many years since it left its old home. But a large number of valuable old letters and books was given away in former years by Lady Evelyn. The collection has suffered both from sheer dishonesty and a want of appreciation on the part of the later owners.

Davis related to me the following. A clergyman meets a little girl, and, regarding her thoughtfully and solemnly, says, "Child, do you know who made that vile body of yours?" "Yes, sir," replies the child; "mother made the body, and I made the skirt." It was also from this gentleman, who had been many years on the medical staff under the Indian Government, that I heard a singular case of infectious disease missing a generation. An Englishman, walking somewhere outside a town in British India, saw a beautiful Hindoo girl bathing in a pool, and was irresistibly smitten by her attractions. The result was a daughter, who married, and who herself had one. The Hindoo's child never betrayed any symptom of carrying in her blood the germ of a particular malady actually communicated by the mother; but the taint betrayed itself in the granddaughter, to whom it proved fatal, after she had conveyed it to her husband. A tardy retribution, and an unmerited one!

XVI

MY OWN LABOURS ON CHARLES LAMB AND OTHER SUBJECTS. BUSHBEATERS AND BIRD- CATCHERS

Two essays of recent years in the direction of presenting the singular and extensive correspondence of Charles Lamb in a better and more complete shape appear to have been undertaken about the same time by the present writer and Canon Ainger. Both had before them the antecedent labours of Talfourd, Fitzgerald, Babson, Cowden Clarke, Kegan Paul, Procter, and one or two more, not to mention that I enjoyed the advantage of having already launched an edition of the works in 1868 and a monograph on Charles and Mary Lamb six years later, while Canon Ainger had in addition an opportunity of consulting and using the Hazlitt book, which preceded his own in order of publication by two years.

The Ainger and Hazlitt collections of the *Letters* constitute, as I have said, the two latest attempts to serve the English-speaking community in this particular direction. But than the treatment and temper manifest in the books of the layman and the Canon nothing can well be imagined more thoroughly distinct and unsympathetic. The evident object of the latter has been to draw together as many specimens as he, in council with a few trusted advisers, deemed sufficient to convey to the reader an idea of the subject, and to eliminate with-

out comment all passages calculated to shock the delicacy of prudish perusers, however characteristic they might be of the author and the age, and however important for a full comprehension of the subject-matter. The writings of Lamb are to be administered to us in elegant or genteel extracts, like spoon-meat. On this principle, nothing in time would be sacred from these meddling Philistines. All our classics—nay, the Bible—would have their turn.

It may be a moot point whether the Church is entitled to lay a veto on the exercise of private judgment in religious questions; but an ecclesiastic who devotes his leisure to the *belles lettres* ought surely to permit some latitude to his readers in a purely literary question affecting, comparatively speaking, a very limited and a very liberal constituency.

The committal by God-fearing publishers of the letters and other writings of Lamb to the editorial supervision and censorship of reverend personages must strike thousands on both sides of the Atlantic and among English-speaking communities in general as a grotesque anticlimax. We recall to our memory the passage in the paper on the "Old and New Schoolmaster," where Lamb describes the pedagogue who offered to instruct him in the science of literary composition. Because the prurient imagination of a Churchman descries indelicacy where none was intended, and at the time none was perceived, are the writings of an English classic to be emasculated? And if English publishers insist on employing gentlemen of dignified position and squeamish temper to edit their books, and there arises a natural reaction against this sort of abuse, the process, instead of being, as now, openly avowed, will be carried out under the rose, so that by degrees ordinary readers

will scarcely know what the older writers committed to paper, but will be helped to just as much as is considered good and safe for them to receive. This is the clerical element under new colours, the pap-boat in a new guise; and I maintain that an irreparable wrong has been done to literature by this *mauvaise honte* and this counterfeit gentility, and that no useful end is attainable by the continuance of Bowdler in office.

Ainger was, in 1887, as I have said, a rather raw recruit at this sort of work, and was indebted to friends all round for help and guidance, not merely in the editorship of the *Letters*, but in that of the *Essays*. I feel bound in self-defence to state that he consulted me, among many others, on questions of authorship, and in particular he asked whether two papers in the *London Magazine* by Procter and Allan Cunningham were by Lamb—a circumstance which I should not have mentioned, had not the Canon, after appropriating so much of my plan and text, improved the occasion by a dishonest disparagement of my enterprize. There comes into one's head a passage in a certain dramatist about a man's purse and his good name. The Canon was, in short, not only a slipshod impostor but something more, and how could his publishers be unaware of the sort of fellow with whom they dealt?

As for the Talfourd text of his friend's epistolary writings, one can never tell whether one is reading Lamb or his executor. Even in 1848, however, Talfourd was hampered by the survival of many who might be naturally supposed to take umbrage at certain allusions in the correspondence, and he held it to be necessary, as perhaps it was, to refuse admittance into his select garland of much which there is no longer any adequate justification for keeping back. The judge was to Lamb what

Southey might have been to his own offspring if he had yielded to the temporary clamour, and brought into the world the "Family" *Doctor*. Ainger was quite differently situated in 1888.

Of my own performances in the present direction I may say this, that although I have been indefatigable in hunting for unpublished letters of Lamb, as well as for the means of collating those already in type with the original manuscripts, I have not been quite so successful as I could have desired in either of these respects. Not merely the appearance at intervals of new material, but my own systematic appropriation of every autograph scrap which came into the market or into the hands of friends, has gradually, however, produced a result which, still imperfect as I know it to be, even those (including myself) who were aware that a considerable unprinted residue was in existence, could scarcely have hoped to realize.

My *Elia* Recoveries are divisible into four epochs or stages: 1868, when I added very notably to the correspondence in Moxon and Co.'s edition; 1874, when I brought out my *Mary and Charles Lamb*, on which the late Mrs. Gilchrist coolly based much of her volume; 1886, when I completed Bell and Sons' edition, already specified; and 1896, when I gathered into a small book the biographical and epistolary gleanings of the last decade, including sixty-four new or uncollected notes and letters, beyond which I have periodically communicated important new matter to English and American publications. The aggregate effect has been, and is, to cast a vast amount of new and unexpected light on the personal and literary history of the brother and sister, and to widen very importantly and interestingly their already fairly large circle of friends and admirers. As for the Reverend Canon,

when Smith and Elder offered him the editorship of the Lloyd Letters, he virtuously declined it. But Macmillan and Co. subsequently arranged with their reverend and upright friend to superintend a new collected edition of the entire works in twelve volumes—an *Edition de Luxe!!!* Lamb would have shuddered at the bare idea.

My other literary publications extend over an exceptionally large area from the self-educational motive, which has partly underlain them throughout; they embrace Early and Modern History and Biography, Anthropology, Poetry and the Drama, and other departments of the *belles lettres*. But they are before the section of the reading community which cares for such topics as I have happened to treat, and I shall say no more about that point. My bibliographical researches, stretching over fifty-two years (1860 to 1912), have, I hope and believe, been of value to some, as I am sure that they have been a source of pleasure to myself. They await consolidation into one large *corpus*, so soon as I can arrange it.

This is the only civilized country in the world in which an undertaking of national magnitude would have been permitted to devolve on an individual of slender means, and where he would have found himself reduced to the necessity of printing his Collections at a pecuniary sacrifice. I add to my manuscript accumulations day by day; it is my desire and intention to enable Great Britain to point to such a work of reference and authority as no other literature can boast of possessing. This is a part of my habitual employment, yet only a part—a small one; and the time is not far distant, when we shall have something like a real British Bibliography.

George Redway flattered me by saying that he

thought I was the most indolent person whom he had ever known, and my brother would declare that he never saw me doing any work. But Redway at least tried to make me some amends by volunteering the opinion that my style excelled that of any writer with whom he was acquainted. Only to think, what a plague I should have been to society had I been even moderately industrious! I once maliciously disconcerted Ordish by observing to him that I had laid myself across the age. "*Laid yourself across the age?*" he repeated after me with his eyes fully expanded. He did not quite perceive my drift. What I meant was that I had produced certain books which would in all probability perforce remain works of reference and keep my name before a portion, at least, of the public during, if not after, my life. O. did not pursue the subject, nor did I open my mind to him; but he left me, considerably to my amusement, with the impression that I was a deuced conceited fellow.

From my personal point of view, noblemen, gentlemen, and others, during a long series of years, seem to have gathered together, regardless of time and cost, all the most curious and rare books of former periods in order to send them, when the result in each case justified them in giving me so much trouble, to the auction-rooms for my use. It is so infinitely more comfortable, you perceive, to work in this sort of piecemeal fashion—a library or so at a time—and the process can always be going on. Other parties do their share, and I mine. They beat the bush, and I catch the bird.

There still remain a few collections which I have not yet had the means of examining, particularly those at Ham House, and the residue of the Cunliffe library. The former, when I applied for leave to take a note of a certain volume, was

declared to be "in a state of chaos"—rather a good hearing for an opportunist!

It is, I venture to conclude, superfluous to mention that I could readily fill more than a single volume with details of my literary correspondence and bibliographical experiences. Probably no one has an adequate idea of the extraordinary variety of the written demands or representations which have been addressed to me since I began to assume the form of a distinct individuality on certain branches of knowledge and inquiry. My special bent might lead some to augur that my views were almost exclusively sought on matters connected with old books; but such is by no means the case.

I have in my mind's eye about a ream of paper covered with extracts from Burns by a clerk in the service of the Great Western Railway, soliciting my opinion, and a long letter from an operative at Newcastle-on-Tyne, wishing to know if I deemed it expedient for him to emigrate with his family. Some of those who honoured me with these and other questions were occasional in their appeals; others, gentlemen of repute, till I had in self-defence to expostulate, interviewed me through the post two or three times a week. Now and then my help was recognized; more frequently it was not.

But the worst luck was, where one had furnished the most important material to the Reverend Doctor Grosart for his edition of Donne, a very rare portrait inclusive, and he disparaged its value in acknowledging its arrival, was absolutely silent as to the source whence he derived the manuscripts, and cited them throughout as the basis and backbone of his volumes. He was not merely a Doctor, but a Reverend one. Think of that, Master Brook!¹

¹ A wise gentleman reproved me for this personality, as he thought, toward Mr. Brook. I referred him to Shakespear's *Merry Wives of Windsor!*

XVII

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND OF FRIENDS AND HELPERS IN MY WORK

THE acting (as distinguished from the *ex officio* and hereditary) Trustees of the British Museum are of necessity a weak body; there is not a soul from century to century, who is practically conversant with the classes of knowledge qualifying him to render useful service to the public, least of all, the three Principal Trustees; and as a consequence the Secretary and Principal Librarian is virtually the Director in Chief, like the Mayor of the Palace in the days of the *Rois Faineans*. The first Lord Houghton was one of the elected members, but I suppose that his lordship hardly succeeded in placing on the shelves of the library the section of literature most attractive to himself.

After the retirement of Sir Henry Ellis in 1856, the influence of Lord Brougham procured the appointment of Antonio Panizzi, who had succeeded in ingratiating himself with that once powerful statesman and Minister, and had made himself useful in Queen Caroline's Trial. He had also courted Mr. Grenville. Winter Jones, who followed Panizzi, and whom I never saw, owed his fortune to the latter, who toadied him, as he (P.) had done Brougham; but my respected acquaintance the late Sir Augustus Bond was selected partly on the alternate principle, and partly from the absence of anyone at the moment from the other

Departments willing or competent to take the post. Newton had the first offer, and declined. Bond was by far the best and most liberal man whom we have had; I preserve a most agreeable impression of him; but Thompson, who was brought up under him in the Manuscript Department, was a sort of Hobson's choice, in spite of his ludicrous and repellent pomposity, when Bond left. Neither Bond nor his *protégé* knew much about printed literature.

When I first frequented the Museum, the old Reading Room was, of course, still in use. Mr. Watts was keeper of the Printed Books. At that time the national library was very deficient in early English literature, and Watts took comparatively little interest in it, having made no special study of the subject. Under the advice of one or another, certain gaps had been filled up as opportunities presented themselves, and at the Bright sale in 1845 more particularly the Museum authorities secured many valuable items. Under the successive auspices, however, of Mr. Rye, Mr. Bullen, Mr. Garnett, and Mr. Fortescue (particularly the first and last), the acquisitions in this direction have been continuous and immense. Even phenomenal prices have been given for exceptionally interesting and important articles, and had it not been for the keenness of private competition, the national collection would at this moment be marvellously complete. But the available resources are moderate; and while the English or American amateur can afford to outbid the Trustees, the latter can afford on their part to wait. They are the heirs of all men; and, besides, a good deal has been achieved on an emergency by private co-operation, and by gifts—notably the noble Huth donation of 1910.

Yet it is more than ridiculous to expend £22,000,000 on the Navy, because that step

strengthens the Government in the popular estimation, and to make a pretence of economy in another direction, of which the general knowledge is less clear, by paring down the allowance for books and manuscripts a thousand or so. It is not that Ministers care for the Navy more than the Museum; but the Navy means Votes, and the other does not. Ministers will descend to anything for the means of strengthening themselves at the hustings—will propitiate even the cyclists. But I fear that a remark made seventy years ago in the *Retrospective Review* is almost equally true to-day—"that, whatever emanates from, or is in any way dependent upon, the constituted authorities of this country, connected with literature, science, or the arts, is sure to betray the grossest ignorance."

At the same time, the steady absorption of our early literature by the British Museum, and of ancient books generally by that and other public libraries in Europe and America, with the tendency to destroy volumes belonging to the theological and scientific series, for which the demand has ceased, must have the ultimate effect of narrowing the opportunities for forming important private cabinets, and of gradually diminishing the bulk of old printed matter in existence; and with what is actually valueless much which was highly deserving of preservation has not only perished in the past, but perishes from ignorance or accident year by year.

Take one case out of thousands. An old gentleman in Suffolk was discovered by his cousin, my informant, not long since making a bonfire of some old books, including a copy of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621. On being challenged for his reason for committing this act of vandalism, the owner remarked that he had been looking into the

Burton, and did not think it was a fit book for the girls—his four daughters, of whom the most juvenile was about fifty. Here was one of the makers of rare books! The same gentleman had included in the holocaust a MS. Diary kept by his father during sixty years.

Some of the present staff of officials are fully sensible of the injudicious character of the plan formerly pursued in regard to the General Catalogue of Printed Books, and seem to be of my opinion, that the whole fabric ought to be reconstructed in the public interest. The practice of mixing up I and J and U and V, and of ranging certain classes of books under *Academies*, must ultimately be given up.

The fifth article of the Protest made by Bolton Corney against the appointment of Panizzi to the head of the Museum in 1856 runs thus: "Because the said Antonio Panizzi, on account of the failure of his engagements with regard to the Catalogue of printed books, and the fictions and absurdities of the only fragment thereof hitherto published, appears to have deserved reprehension rather than promotion."

When my father lived in Great Russell Street in 1846, the Museum was still enclosed within a dead wall, and was guarded by sentinels.

It was from Sir Henry Ellis that I obtained my first reader's ticket. My next step was to lose it, and during about twenty years I held none, nor was ever challenged. Then came the dynamite scare, and one day I was stopped at the door of the Library. "You know me?" I said. "Yes, sir." "How singular!" "Well, you see, sir, it is our orders. If you were the Archbishop of Canterbury, sir——" This appeal I was powerless to resist, and I went round the other way.

I never saw Ellis; but I had to communicate with him in 1869 on a literary matter in which he had a voice. So far back as 1813 he had edited Brand's *Popular Antiquities*; and without taking into account the legal bearing of his phenomenal survivorship till I had printed off, and was ready to issue, my new recension, I found myself in the dilemma of having to secure his assent prior to publication. Ellis peremptorily refused; but twelve days after he died, and, although the copyright did not *ipso facto* determine, I launched my scheme neck or naught. The letter to me, written in his ninety-second year, was probably the last which the old gentleman ever despatched.

My father found himself in a similar dilemma, when he inserted in the *Romancist* in 1840 a tale called the *Children of the Abbey*, written by Regina Maria Roche years and years before; but he was less fortunate than myself. The authoress emerged, to his consternation, from her hiding-place, and had to be squared. God knows if she might not do the same thing now, if anyone had the hardihood to try the experiment!

Bullen is my authority for stating that at Paris they have among the archives both the original *Edict of Nantes* and the original Revocation. Panizzi told Bullen that "he never knew a Protestant turn Papist unless he was a damned fool, or a Papist turn Protestant unless he was a damned rogue." Bullen was civilly elbowed out of the Keepership of the Printed Books, as Reid was out of that of the Prints. The former had applied to Furnivall for a testimonial to support his candidature for Bond's place as principal librarian; but F. informed me that he felt bound to excuse himself. At the same time, it is due alike to Bullen and Reid, and I may add Vaux, to testify that they always

displayed toward myself, as a student and inquirer, the utmost amount of friendly sympathy and interest.

Bullen had, however, a tiresome and tantalizing way of disparaging commercial values (of which forsooth his knowledge was slight) or of soliciting the views of all the members of the staff. His predecessor Rye was a much more capable man. There is assuredly no present ground for apprehension or complaint. Bullen cherished a harmless persuasion, I have heard, that he was a scion of the Boleyns. He was in fact a genial, good-humoured Irishman, whose attitude toward me left little to be desired in the way of courtesy. I am afraid that his acquirements were limited, and that he was careless, for a title-page to *The Shepherds Pipe* by W. Browne, 1614, required to complete the royal copy in Great Russell Street, was handed by me to him, with a request that it might be applied to the desired purpose, when I had finished my edition of the poet, and no longer needed my own otherwise imperfect copy; and that leaf has never since been seen.

Elliot Stock told me that Bullen, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by his first wife, was a regular frequenter of the Oxford Music Hall, which I knew only in its infancy, when I once spent an evening there with the Byrons to see the opera of *Orpheus*. It was distinctly, however, to Bullen's credit that he declined an invitation to dine with Elliot Stock at his mansion at Highgate—one partly at all events kept up out of the pockets or rather brains of underpaid authors and by a sordid trade in theological garbage. I have never met with anyone who had a good word to say for Stock. I recollect being in the shop, when he was talking to a woman with his usual suavity, till

she disclosed the object of her visit, and Stock turned upon her like a tiger. It used to be a standing joke among the literary set, which worked for Stock that, if one asked him £5 for editing a volume, he would burst into tears, grasp you warmly by the hand, and insist on your acceptance of £50.

A reminiscence of the Museum, as agreeable as it is permanent, is the gracious reply by Mr. Watts, when he was superintendent of the Reading Room, to my explanation that I was Mr. Hazlitt's son. "Mr. Hazlitt *yourself*," Mr. Watts was kind enough to say. The words made me feel that I was really a whole quantity.

The Grenville collection at the Museum is, of course, infinitely precious; but the owner unfortunately displayed too little caution in examining the copies of books which he bought, and many of which have proved imperfect. I recollect that, when my father resided at Old Brompton in the early forties in Mr. Grenville's lifetime, he occasionally obtained the loan of some volume for a passing literary purpose, and that the old servant who brought it to our house flattered his master, as we thought, by his resemblance to him in his general manner and bearing. It had been my father's wish to dedicate his edition of Defoe to Grenville; but the latter, in a note in my possession, dated 1841, excused himself on the ground of his withdrawal from public life.

How many a worthy soul with a mysterious *piéd à terre*—God knows where or what—finds shelter and warmth beneath the ample and friendly dome of the new Reading Room! What many of them do, how they live, may be within the knowledge of some; all that I can affirm is that, within my experience, a succession of them, which seems interminable, has come and gone, and has vexed the souls

of hapless officials, to whom Job the prophetic was, in point of patience, a baby.

The Superintendent must perforce be genial and obliging to all comers. It is in his diploma. The public has been exceedingly fortunate here. The successive holders of the office have left nothing to be desired in the way of courtesy and good temper. I once watched a lady-reader, who had manifestly made some subject her absorbing study, while she catechized Garnett, and I have to avow that even he at last came to the end of his tether. But he had a thousand topics at his fingers' ends, the lady, perhaps, only that one. Garnett was most courteous, most informed, and most likeable; yet he had a decided tendency to be "omnia omnibus." But he tried to spread his net too wide, and overtaxed his powers. He began before his retirement to shew a failure of memory and eyesight.

I am not going for an instant to allege that Garnett was addicted to favouritism; but if any gentleman called to see him, and found that he had an American lady with him, his best plan was to say that he would look in again that day week. Our lady-cousins from the other side are certainly desperate button-holers.

Two of the not least singular apparitions in the Reading Room were Ebsworth the parson and literary man and his sister, who was just E. in petticoats. Furnivall was another curious study, with his unkempt hair, his flannel shirt, and his cherry-coloured tie.

I have been of recent years a sparing visitor to the Room. But when I was a more habitual visitor, there were such odd figures, occasionally with cloaks of imposing amplitude—such bizarre costumes! Gentlemen of foreign extraction and ancient lineage—maybe, counts in the land of their birth; elderly

persons of the softer sex in motley toilettes, in whom the softness had become barely recognisable, with whom one almost associated the notion of a snuffbox; damsels in spectacles, who, if they did time-work, spent unconscionably too large a share of the day in mild flirtations with picturesquely pallid and *négligé* young men, which relieved the pervading silence with a sort of *sotto-voce* buzz. If one had the means of forming these and the rest to be found in the Rotunda any given morning into a procession, what spectacle stranger?—and if one could get at the story of the Thousand and One Readers, it might have its instructive and amusing side. Ah me! it would have its mournful and tragic.

A late Keeper of the Prints told me an anecdote about the *Temptation* by Dürer. The Museum example was very fine; but a gentleman called one day, asked to see it, and said that he had a better one, he thought. Would they like to look at his? Of course, Mr. Reid was incredulous, and replied that they would. The owner brought it shortly after; it completely eclipsed the one in the national collection, and Mr. Edwards presented it.

Dr. Gray, of the Natural History Section, received Du Chaillu, the African explorer, on his visit to London and the Museum, and, there being some scepticism at the time as to the truth of the writer's account of the gorilla, and Gray seeming to share the prevailing doubts, Du Chaillu expressed his disapprobation by spitting in his face. It was a brother of Gray who was engaged as an assistant by Sir Richard Phillips, and who was stated by my uncle Reynell to be the boy attending the author in the vignette of a book, of which my relative furnished the wrong title, but which I dare say that he saw. Gray's brother had also a taste for natural history and botany. He was subsequently secretary at Crockford's.

The shabbiest tricks were at least formerly played by persons frequenting the Reading Room, as no one will be surprised to hear who has studied the physiognomy and costume of many of those admitted. Bullen shewed me one day a volume of one of the *Quarterlies* with several pages cut out by a student, who had presumably a commission to copy the matter. Another time both copies of Halliwell's *Dictionary of Old Plays* had been simultaneously stolen. Even the leaden weights disappeared. A detective was placed at a reading-desk to reconnoitre; he lost his great-coat, which he had laid on the back of his chair; and the thief was not detected till a second spy was stationed in the roof to watch for him.

There are schools of Publishers as there are of Art and Cookery. We get the old-established respectable houses, which deal only with certain classes of books and people, and correspond with you on quarto paper. There are the specialists, who limit themselves to subjects or topics. There are the opportunists, who seek to profit by every ephemeral taste and fancy which takes the public captive. There are the book-drapers, who treat literature like any other dry goods, and sell it in gross, as if it were cheese or sugar. They will deliver you a hundredweight of Dickens, or shoot down into your shop-cellar half a ton of assorted sixpenny ware.

Two men whom I should select as, in their respective lines, models of integrity in the publishing way are William Reeves and John Russell-Smith; but the latter was less liberal than Reeves. Certain houses, of course, carry loyally out any undertaking into which they may enter, and their word is as good as their bond. But there are others with which it is an absolute courtship of misery to deal, even if you

hold them in the clauses of an agreement as in a vice.

The late George Routledge was a very frank and unpretending North-Countryman, though latterly rather fond of letting one know that he was a justice of the peace. The last time I saw him was at his place of business at the back of Ludgate Hill. He mentioned to me that he had been served with a notice of action by a lady for some remark about her in a book recently published by him, but which he had not examined, or even seen, prior to issue; and he also told me that he had just had an indignant letter from some clergyman for reprinting Voltaire's *Candide* in Professor Morley's cheap series. I took the occasion to inquire where the Professor saw the affinity between *Candide* and Johnson's *Rasselas*, which he had put together in a volume on that account.

Routledge was originally apprenticed to a bookseller at Carlisle, but on obtaining a berth in the Tithe Office, came up to London. He after a while took a small place on Ludgate Hill near Benson's, which he opened after office hours, and subsequently removed to St. Martin's Court, where he conceived the plan of reproducing American authors at a low price, his earliest venture being Fenimore Cooper's *Pioneers*.

When I first remember Routledge, he was in Soho Square, where Chidley had been before him, and where Russell-Smith succeeded him. My old acquaintance, Mr. Henry Pyne, late Assistant Tithe Commissioner, used to refer sometimes to him, for Routledge had been at first, by the interest of the Member for Carlisle, a clerk in that office, and occasionally his first wife would bring him his dinner in a pocket-handkerchief if there was anything very special at home.

The edition of Lowndes which bears the name of H. G. Bohn as the overseer was, in fact, done, so far as it was done at all, by Bryant, with the occasional assistance of others. Bohn, when anyone came to him with a complaint of mistakes in the book, used always to exclaim, "Oh, it was that ass Bryant"; but if you went to Bohn, and mentioned that some particular article was improved, he would say, "Ah, yes, I did that myself." My father used to say of H. G. Bohn that he was bad in all the relations of life: a bad son, a bad parent, a bad husband. At the Philobiblon dinners it was who should *not* sit next to him.

As regarded the relations between Bohn and his sisters, he used to insist that he had made them handsome proposals, which they rejected. They came into Russell-Smith's in Soho Square, when I was there one day, to beg him to give them sixpence.

Bryant of Wardour Street was the predecessor of John Bohn as principal cataloguer at Sotheby's. It was he who supplied Dr. Bliss and other collectors of a bygone generation with some of their treasures, and who had a hand in the new Lowndes. Bryant, who died in 1864, once made this very judicious observation to me—that there were many books which occurred very seldom, and when they did, were worth very little.

J. W. Parker, the publisher, speaking of books which paid, asked Furnivall what book he supposed had proved most remunerative to him. On F. shaking his head, Parker said, "Why, I gave my daughter £25, thirty-six years ago, to compile a little selection of hymns and psalms, and last year it brought in £200 profit, and it has never been worth less to me."

There are here and there instances where a firm,

enjoying an independent fortune, consults its own pleasure or caprice in its selection of authors and its espousal of schemes, sometimes quite irrespectively of the financial question; it is Mæcenas in the counting-house; and modern *littérateurs*, even if they are not Horaces, might be apt to find a better account in paying their addresses to such than to noble lords or royal highnesses, who have nowadays, as a rule, a very different game to play.

If ever there should come a time when publisher and author act in loyal and mutually satisfactory co-operation, it would be the Golden Age indeed—the lion lying down with the lamb, although which is the lion and which is the lamb in this case I forbear to pronounce.

“Repairs neatly executed” might be a good title for a paper on the well-known literary contingency, where a famous author, such as —, or —, or —, is just the least weak in his information, his grammar, and his points, and where some obscure person in the background is engaged by the publisher with his privity and at his cost to make the otherwise *chef d'œuvre* exactly suitable for public use and view. The odd part comes when the famous author carries about his volume, as a sample of his cunning and style, and perhaps receives a commission to execute a second masterpiece.

It can only yield astonishment to general readers to hear that there have long been individuals whose most lucrative employment consists in “finishing,” to use bookbinders’ parlance, works which have been “forwarded” by the author. The name of the former seldom appears, and it is often the case—always, where it happens that anyone has much credit to lose—that it is to the reviser’s advantage that he should preserve a strict *incognito*. For

here the exceptions, where a manuscript emerges from this process a source of gratifying surprise to the parties concerned, are so rare, that they prove the rule indeed. Every season witnesses the sale of hundredweights of written matter by auction or otherwise, which has been carefully prepared by the departed author with a view to publication by Murray or Longman, and which is at last *en route* to that *Alma Mater* of Scriblerus, the omnivorous paper-mill. I have known S. in the flesh.

Edward Stibbs, whom my father knew during a long series of years, first came under my notice at a shop in the Strand next the *Morning Chronicle* office; but he was previously in Holywell Street. He was accustomed to speak of himself as a Gloucestersheer man, and would describe a superior binding as being *extree*. He worked very hard all his life, and left very little. A gentleman, who frequented Stibbs's shop in Museum Street, never went out without putting a volume in his pocket. S. noted where the gap was, usually remembered the item, and sent in a bill, which was always paid, or included it in the account. I met here the kleptomaniac Earl of Derby. But Stibbs did not say that he had ever taken any book away from his place.

George Willis the bookseller, who reached an advanced age, was an Essex man. My father told me that he recollected him as a stall-keeper in Prince's Street, Coventry Street, and his wife attended to the stall, while he went in quest of stock—sometimes in the rain with an umbrella over her head. He used to say that his main idea was to buy for a shilling and sell for eighteenpence—very good interest, but only sixpence.

I believe that he subsequently occupied the corner shop where Noah Huett was in my time—originally small premises, which Huett enlarged. Then he

went to the Piazza in Covent Garden, where he failed. But he was a man of persevering character and commercial aptitude, and during the time that he was in partnership with Mr. Sotheran completely recovered his position. I personally remember Willis as a very pleasant, courteous, and intelligent man of business, and his *Current Notes*—a sort of illustrated *Notes and Queries*—is a favourite book with me. He joined his sons in the card-making way, and, as I heard, lost a good deal of the money which he had taken out of the concern in the Strand.

Willis introduced me, about 1865, to Mr. Frith, a member of the Society of Friends, a former neighbour of his at Reigate and an eminent photographer, who, having executed a series of views in Egypt, desired to publish the work *with a poetical letter-press in the old spelling*. I agreed to revise this for him, and after some delay the first instalment arrived, was put as far as possible into form in a couple of hours, and was despatched home. Hearing no more for some time I dropped the poetical photographer a civil reminder, and was then apprised that he had abandoned the project. But he kept his engagement with me. It was £25 not very hardly earned. I have sometimes speculated whether he would have printed the text in Gothic letter. Good, as Jerrold once said of a weak play shown to him, was not the word for his literary offspring.

There was another bookseller besides Stibbs above-mentioned, for whom my father entertained a particular esteem. It was Robert Heath of New Oxford Street. Heath told me a typical little story. He had a visit one day from an old lady who liked bargains. She saw some volumes near the door, and called out to Heath, who was at the other end of a very deep shop, to tell her the prices. "Five shillings, ma'am." "I will give you 24s." "But

I only asked you five, ma'am." "I will give you 4s. 6d."

Not far from Baldock in Holborn, whom I shall have again to mention, were the places of business of Petheram and Newman. The former had an assistant named John Hotten, a Cornish man, better known as John *Camden* Hotten, who, before he set up in business in London, spent some time in the United States at Petheram's suggestion. Newman was a strictly upright man, and dealt in topography. He found in his later days, when his health failed, a valuable friend in Leonard Hartley the collector, at whose house in Hastings he died. A story was once told about Newman. There was a sale at Sotheby's just in his way, rich in the very class of books which he wanted for Hartley and other clients. He was not an habitual attendant at the auctions, but on this occasion he was there in person, and bad for every lot. A whisper circulated that it was a *rig*, that it was Newman's property. "Let him have his stuff back again," said his *confrères*. But it turned out that they were mistaken; and some of them had to go round to him the next day and give him his own price for what they required, or find that the items were bought on commission for common acquaintances. F. S. Ellis used to say that the meaning of the term *confrère* in the book trade was a man who would cut your throat, if he could do it with impunity.

Another person of whom I bought a few curious books was Elkins. He had an odd little shop at the top of Lombard Street, about the size of a rabbit-hutch, into which, as into a spider's web, he was wont to inveigle the unwary. He laid his net, I conceive, for the City groundlings, who are still affectionately nursed by Jew and Gentile, planting on the route from railway terminus to counting-house triumphs

of pictorial art. Occasionally these interesting characters reside on a line, and enter into conversation with their fellow-passengers, who are quite casually apprised that certain masterpieces of the Leadenhall or Cornhill school are to be seen at such and such an address. But the old book-shop has migrated westward.

The book-buyer is not exempt from the danger which besets all other classes of enthusiasts for what strikes the fancy as rare or curious, or both. It is by no means invariably the case that an inexperienced collector can safely place himself in the hands of an occupier of ordinary business premises; he will probably have to pay for his education before he can trust to his own judgment; but the back-parlour, where property is *introduced* to gentlemen of means by enterprising merchants, whose affairs are entirely conducted by correspondence, is the rock to be avoided. It is a type of the confidence-trick.

Edward Hanson was laughing at the *édition de luxe*; and he said that he thought, if the craze had gone much farther, it would have been necessary for an intending purchaser, before his book came home, to hire a paddock. The only kind of work suitable for such treatment is what may be termed literary *bijouterie*.

Hanson once took an opportunity, when we were looking at the Duke of Atholl's Family Papers, which the firm had just privately printed for the Duke, of referring to the latter as "a personage," and he pleasantly and kindly added, "You are a personage too." No one can have been more polite and considerate toward myself than my nearly forty years old friend E. H.

Another unwholesome development is the Illustrated Copy. This first arose from the Grangerite movement, and, the trade having accumulated a

vast number of portraits and views, every book which contained copious references to persons and places became a convenient and remunerative shoot for these productions, intrinsically and independently unsaleable. The conception has been worn well-nigh threadbare, but there must be up and down the world cartloads of this species of manufacture, since it was found to be so profitable, and appealed to so many who were not critical judges of prints or drawings.

There is not one book of this character in ten thousand which is unimpeachable throughout. To obtain certain material it is necessary to wait perhaps months, perhaps years; and the commercial illustrator cannot afford to lock up his capital too long. It is only in those excessively rare cases where a private connoisseur of fortune engages in the undertaking that a creditable result accrues. But, from the increasing scarcity of fine early prints in the right state, the pursuit has become almost hopelessly difficult. Even the few examples purchased by the late Mr. Huth struck me as very unequal and unsatisfying.

XVIII

NOTES ABOUT DISTINGUISHED COLLECTORS AND OTHERS WHOM I HAVE KNOWN

THE late Earl of Ashburnham formed two collections of Greek coins. The first he used to carry about with him in his yacht, and it was taken by pirates. Lord A. saw one of his coins offered for sale in a Greek or Mediterranean town, and it led to a revival of the hobby. His cabinet was not extensive, but included many rare pieces.

Edward Wigan, of the great hop firm in the Borough, whose cabinets were privately bought by Rollin and Feuudent of Paris after his death, was one of the most ardent collectors we have ever had of Greek and Roman silver and copper coins. But of Greek copper he made a speciality. He bought a good deal of Whelan in the Haymarket, and Mr. F. Whelan, then a boy, recollected his visits to his father's, when the sherry was invariably brought out, and any fresh acquisition discussed. One day a rare type of Greek money lay on Whelan's table, and Wigan was tantalized by the announcement that it was not for immediate sale. He went on talking to Whelan, and every now and then reverting to the coin. At last he took up a slip of paper, and, writing his name at the foot, cried: "There, fill it up with what figure you like." He could afford to be liberal. He told F. W. that his share of the profits one half-year was £34,000. Wigan to a considerable extent derived his taste for coins from General York-

Moore, with whom he grew very intimate, and in whose company he was often to be seen — too often, some say; for the General was convivial to a fault.

The Duke of Marlborough, I believe, imagined that the proceeds of the sale of the Blenheim library would be handed over to him; but the trustees insisted on the fund being applied to the improvement of the estate, and a round sum went in a contract with Pentums for new grates for Blenheim. While the auction was going on in Leicester Square, a firm of solicitors at Manchester was kept informed from day to day of the result.

The gentleman who gave a large sum for the Marlborough gems, without knowing much about them, once allowed my good friend the Rev. S. S. Lewis, of Corpus, Cambridge, to shew the collection to a friend of his. But the owner chose to be present, and after observing silence for some time, while Lewis was doing the honours, he ventured to interpolate at a pause in the proceedings a humble piece of criticism. Taking up one of the treasures, he said to the visitor: "That's *nice!*" "*Nice!* Mr. —," exclaimed Lewis: "'nice' is a word to apply to a jam-tart, not to an ancient gem."

Lewis himself left an important collection of coins and other antiquities to Corpus. I was told that he had laid out £500 a year on this fancy or pursuit during more than twenty years. Among much that was mediocre in point of preservation (for Lewis did not specially study what is called *state*), there were many fine things which he had acquired during his travels in Greece and elsewhere. Some one related to me an odd trait in him, when a young lady who had died testified her regard for Lewis, to whom she had been engaged, by leaving him £5000. He went into Lincoln's coin-shop with the cheque, and

asked him if he would oblige him with change. He had a brother, whom I never saw, but who had, I was told, a funny way, if he met you and you made an observation which struck him, of saying: "Ah! very curious," pulling out a memorandum-book, "would you mind me jotting that down?"

Lord Spencer told me in 1868, when I paid a visit to Althorp to take notes of some of the books so far unseen by me, many years prior to the dispersion of the Blenheim-Sunderland library, that the latter books were so neglected that birds had built their nests behind the shelves.

I met General Beauchamp at Althorp, and as an illustration of the changes in manners, he mentioned that he recollected, when there were two water-closets in the house, one marked *Hommes*, the other *Dames*. The unsanitary condition of our old dwellings no doubt promoted many diseases, including smallpox, to which so many of the Evelyns succumbed.

Hearing recently that the Spencer collection had gone to Manchester, and recalling the look of Althorp as it was when the library remained there, I asked some one in town what had been done to fill up the gaps; and I was told that the large billiard room with the gallery had been *clean swept away*, and that the empty shelves were replenished with all sorts of commonplace stuff gathered from the shops. What a fall! They sold Wimbledon to save the books, and they have sold the books to save themselves. What would Dibdin's Spencer say, if he could behold Althorp almost a sepulchre? Let the pictures and china go, and the house might as well be levelled with the ground.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Dysart, and (to some extent) Lord Mostyn, preserve so far their libraries, and fine collections they are.

That at Bridgewater House used to be kept in a small closet on the ground floor near the principal entrance. Dr. George Kingsley, a brother of the author, was librarian at the time I visited the house to examine the books. I mentioned him to Lady Spencer, and she seemed to be amused. She asked me if I observed his red wig. More recently some one wrote to me to inquire about the Ellesmere copy of *Titus Andronicus*, 1600, and reported to his lordship that I had actually seen it at Bridgewater House, whereupon the Earl suggested that I might indicate the precise place where the little volume stood—indicate it after thirty years.

The Reverend Robert Redford of Putney told me one day an anecdote of Tennyson. About half a century ago this gentleman was at Somersby in Lincolnshire, where the poet's father lived, and an old servant of the family, when he left, said to him: "You'll be sure, sir, and remember me to Master Alfred."

Old Dr. Tennyson was rather—well, very irritable. The tale goes that his cook, her dress having caught fire one day, first ran to her master's door, but, being afraid of his temper, went back, and out into the yard, screaming for help. The air fanned the flames, and the woman died of her burns. The Doctor, to prevent the recurrence of such a tragedy, had a butt of water placed outside the kitchen door, so that the cook, if she became ignited again, might jump or be lifted into it, and not trouble him.

Rich men, and even lords, may make verses, though they do not usually cut a very good figure among the freemen of Parnassus. Tennyson was made a peer, because he had first proved himself a man of genius, and had, moreover, written adulatory addresses *ex officio* to the Sovereign and to the memory of the Prince Consort.

Emily Davison, daughter of Sir Henry, an Indian functionary of our acquaintance in Brompton days, used to visit a friend of her father's in Onslow Square, and met Tennyson there. The first time she saw him, he was leaning out of the drawing-room window, smoking a pipe with the strongest tobacco, and very roughly dressed, and, the house being in the painter's hands, she took him for one of the workmen—a not unnatural notion for a schoolgirl, as Miss Davison then was. There is a letter to Davison from Thackeray, inviting him to dinner, accompanied by two pen-and-ink sketches, one in which the late Queen is knighting Davison, and the other with two flags crossed and *Glory for Ever* in reference to the then member for Hull.

A pretty little story is told of Longfellow and his love for children, which, as usual, was understood and reciprocated. A little fellow was taken to the poet's house, and found Longfellow in his library. The child looked round the room, and after a while ventured to ask if his host, among his books, had *Jack-the-Giant-killer*. Longfellow had to own that his collection did not boast it. The boy said nothing, but, paying a second visit, approached Longfellow, holding something in one hand very firmly. He had brought him two cents to buy a copy of the deficient romance, which was to be "all his own book."

At one time Robert Browning used to follow the dictates of his own inspiration, and produced poetry, when he had anything worth saying and printing. But latterly I understand that his publishers would jog him on the elbow, and let him know that there was room for a new volume, and the bard would cast about for a subject or a peg to hang a book upon. Messrs. Smith and Elder's cheques are very excellent securities; but they are an indifferent Tenth Muse.

My uncle once went with Robertson, editor of the *Westminster Review*, to wait on Browning at his London residence on the subject of an article for the periodical, and vividly retained an impression of the flowered dressing-gown in which the poet came down to them. There was no idea at that time that he would become a writer of such importance.

Browning having sent to Lord Coleridge one of his new poetical productions, the latter expressed his admiration of what little he was able to understand. Browning observed that if such a reader could comprehend ten per cent. of his work, he ought to be well satisfied. I agree so far with Mr. Reynell, that it was a bizarre kind of proceeding to start a Society to expound the writings of a living author, and I have heard it whispered that the oracle, on being pressed for a solution of some obscure passage in a composition, had sometimes to confess that he could not help the inquirer, though he had no doubt that he knew what he meant when he wrote it. This goes some way to justify Lord Coleridge's criticism.

When Furnivall was dining with me at Barnes one day, I asked the president of the Browning Society what could have possessed him or the Society to establish such a thing, and I entered a little into the apparent value and rank of his writings as a whole, admitting the excellence and charm of a few earlier pieces. But F. had nothing to say. I do not believe that he knew much.

Browning died without doing more than leave verbal instructions in respect to his funeral or burial-place. He said that, if he died at Paris, he desired to lie by his father there; if at Florence, by his wife in the old cemetery; and if at Venice, in some particular church, which I have forgotten—not, I believe, at Lido. The difficulty was, so far as Florence was concerned, that the old cemetery had been closed,

and that the municipality could not grant permission for his interment there without some special Ministerial authority; and the family declined the proposal to exhume his wife, and lay both together in the new ground. It was then that Dean Bradley, who had wavered so long as it was a mere question of compliment, came forward, and assented to his remains being deposited in the Abbey.

I heard from Furnivall an odd story related to him by Arthur Symonds of a visit paid to two sporting acquaintances in Buckinghamshire. S. referred to the recent death of Browning, and one of the Nimrods, turning to the other pensively, said, "Poor Browning! did he hunt with you?"

Furnivall started at Hammersmith a Rowing Club and Recreation Room for factory girls, and told me that the subscriptions were apt to be tardy. He lived, after his wife's departure, at the same address, and had a cook-housekeeper and house-maid. There was a piano in the kitchen, on which the said cook-housekeeper played, and F. sometimes went down and made one. Like Johnson, F. used at one time at least to be an insatiable tea-drinker. One evening at the Reynells' at Putney, to whom I had introduced him, he had eight cups of ordinary size.

Furnivall spoke favourably of my *Early Popular Poetry*, published (1864-6) in the "Library of Old Authors," and remarked that it was the best twenty shillings' worth he knew. "But," said he, "of course you did not write all the notes yourself." He meant to flatter me, perhaps. There are various ways of doing that. I know full well that the work cost me a vast amount of labour, and brought me a very small return.

He gave me a slightly disquieting idea of Henry Bradshaw, before I had seen the latter, and felt proud of his acquaintance, by telling me that he found him

in his rooms at King's College, walking about bare-foot. The sight impressed F. favourably, seeming to him to import a simple manliness. Furnivall derived all his original knowledge of early English literature (especially that in MS.) from Bradshaw. Of Shakespear he really knew to the last next to nothing. But he was enthusiastic and disinterested. I have understood that his father kept a private lunatic asylum at Egham.

Furnivall may perhaps be not unjustly defined as the successful communicant of enthusiasm to others rather than the possessor of much solidity of knowledge or steadfastness of conviction. Numerous instances have come to my personal notice, where he abandoned a statement or a view, so soon as he perceived that he was face to face with somebody who had thought the question out. I dare say that I hold a larger number of his letters and notes, which, in common with those of the late Rev. Dr. Grosart, formerly reached me about thrice a week, than anyone else. Yet I was not approached by his biographer.

It has not been my lot to come across a person so thoroughly superior to pecuniary considerations. On one occasion, when the money could scarcely have been indifferent to him, two literary commissions were thrown in his way: one was worth £120; the other was gratuitous—what they term *honorary*. He preferred the latter.

He was mentioning to me the case of the Trinity College manuscript of Chaucer, borrowed by Halliwell-Phillipps from the then librarian without any voucher given, and never returned, as the borrower alleged, after the death of the librarian, that he had restored it to him. It was afterward in a lot which came into the hands of Rodd the bookseller, either from an auction or by private pur-

chase, and shown to Sir F. Madden, then Keeper of the Manuscripts at the British Museum. Madden recognized the volume, although the Chaucer portion had been taken out and destroyed, and the remaining two parts bound up separately; but he could hardly swear to it in its altered state; it is now in the Museum. Bond told me without reserve, when he was Keeper, that he would not buy any manuscript from Phillipps; and in fact I have heard that he did one or two queer things in the printed book department.

When the Birmingham folks declined his *Shakespeareana* at £7000, an American lady offered to buy them, and present them to the New York Shakespear Society, if they would undertake to preserve them. Halliwell, I understand, was made F.R.S. on the belief that he would draw up the catalogue of the Society's library, which he never did, though he had promised to do it. But it was at that time easier to gain admission.

I have already referred to Phillipps's extraordinary nervousness. He invited me to the wedding of his second daughter to Mr. Hall, and at the breakfast, when the health of the father of the bride was proposed and drunk, I heard a sudden rustle of paper all over the room, and anon perceived that (by a preconcerted arrangement, no doubt) the response was being circulated in the form of a printed slip, owing to Phillipps's constitutional inability to get on his feet and say a few words.

I saw his second wife once or twice at Hollingbury Copse. It was said that her aunt imagined that Phillipps had his eye on *her*, and was surprised and piqued when she found that it was "my niece" who was the object of courtship.

When he succeeded Sir Thomas Phillipps, I congratulated him, and mentioned that the estate was

said to be worth £10,000 a year. He asked me to divide that by two and to consider the dilapidations.

Dr. Ingleby, of Valentines, near Ilford, the Shakespearean scholar, used to drive out about the neighbourhood without his hat, and went by the name of the *Hatless Headman*. When I knew Ingleby, he rented Wanstead from Lord Cowley, and I recall a delightful drive with him in a dogcart through the woods, and the imminent risk I more than once ran of having my head broken by contact with some overhanging bough.

Valentines is a historical mansion, where Archbishop Tillotson formerly resided, and an avenue called his *Walk* still remains. But all the fine old wood-carving by Grinling Gibbons has been replaced by plaster. When I more than once visited Ingleby there were eight gardeners kept, of whom Mr. Early (a happy name) was the chief. Early was an author on the subject, in which he was a specialist. The place belonged to Mrs. Ingleby, as she soon let everyone know.

Sala was a man of rare industry and capacity. He was a journalist *par excellence*, and his other works were assemblages of articles in book form. But he shewed great power and fluency as a public speaker. I heard him with a good deal of interest and amusement one evening at a dinner at the Mansion House, where he was far away the leading star among the after-dinner orators. He poked some fun at Smith of the *Dictionaries*, as to his notion, till he met him there in the flesh, that he was a sort of *nominis umbra*.

Sala was an unimaginative Alexandre Dumas *père*. He was eminently successful, I should imagine, in a pecuniary point of view, yet, like the true Bohemian, died none the richer for that. He left his widow something like a beggar.

Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, who was, I believe, an Edinburgh man, and who, I hear, had been brought up under Robert and William Chambers, made himself known to me about 1866. He professed to take a warm interest in the writings of my grandfather, and during many years we corresponded. But, as a person who has alike inherited and accumulated a vast amount of information on all sorts of subjects and people, I have met with passing many of these almost hysterically enthusiastic interviewers, asking one for opinions about British Columbia, Burns, Lamb, Hazlitt, the early English poets, and a legion of other topics; and Ireland was no exception to the rule. These folks gush for a season, while they glean and reconnoitre, then put up their note-books and wish you good-day.

The gentleman just now in question overrated his intimacy with me, as I have already implied, by appropriating without leave or adequate acknowledgment the material collected by me and printed in my 1867 Hazlitt book. I was more sorry than angry, because in the interval I had brought together, unknown to him, a mass of new information, which placed my worthy acquaintance in the unenviable situation described by Macaulay. I cannot altogether refrain from dwelling on the matter, because I am constantly given to understand that the person who thus obliged me *is the only recognized authority on the subject!*

Richardson the bookseller of Glasgow informed me that Ireland had once stayed with him two or three days, and that in the evenings, after dinner, Ireland talked incessantly about old Edinburgh people and episodes, so that he (R.) could not get a word in.

I have involuntarily acted as bush-beater to two

in succession—to Mr. Ireland for Hazlitt and to Canon Ainger for Lamb, and need I say how deeply sensible I am of the double honour? But I honestly regard the Reverend Canon as the less venial offender.

Ireland was engaged to print in confidence the *Vestiges of Creation* by the late Robert Chambers, published anonymously. The copies were sent up by the typographer to the London houses, and the authorship was for some time kept as a close secret. But, like other secrets, greater and smaller, it was in due course divulged.

When I first visited him at Bowdon, on the Cheshire side of the Irwell, he appeared to be in affluent circumstances through his interest in the *Manchester Examiner* and his general printing business, and he subsequently built a large house in the same suburb to accommodate his library. Of his later history I know very little, except that he sold his books, retired to Southport, and ultimately returned to Bowdon. There was a serious loss of money, I understood, by the editorial mismanagement of the paper, and Ireland and his wife were temporarily in great straits. It was then, I suppose, that Gladstone gave him £200 out of the Royal Bounty.

He had an old-fashioned way of asking after my wife. He would always say: "I hope that *Mistress* Hazlitt is well. *Mistress* Ireland is pretty well, I thank you." The second *Mistress* Ireland was a remarkably intelligent and agreeable woman, the daughter of a gentleman named Nicholson in Cumberland; her brother, Henry Alleyne Nicholson, published an interesting monograph on the geology of Cumberland and Westmoreland, 1868.

Ireland had a son and a daughter by his first

wife. The son I never met, but I recollect Miss Ireland, who resembled her father in height and general appearance. There was at one time a talk of this lady marrying William Watson. But she was afraid of his temper, which was impetuous.

XIX

LITERARY ACQUAINTANCES AND A FEW FRIENDS

MY old and most estimable friend, the Rev. Thomas Corser, the distinguished book-collector, of Stand, near Manchester, was a native of Whitchurch, and had been a great angler in his earlier days. He interested me, when I saw him at Stand, by telling me that his father was very intimate with Mr. Jenkins, who was Presbyterian minister at Whitchurch, and on very affectionate terms with my great-grandfather at Wem. I went to Stand two or three times, and Corser was always most cordial. The Rectory was a small detached house near the church, and the books were from insufficient space stowed away in bedroom cupboards and even under beds. Corser had to light a candle to look for a Caxton in a cupboard which, I remember, opened the wrong way. He could give you a good glass of port, and was not averse to it himself. His library cost, he told me, £9000, and, although many of the books were given away, realized £20,000. It curiously illustrates the change in the market value of some old books, that Corser kept his second folio Shakespear in the dining-room among the more ordinary works. A five-pound note secured a good copy in his day and well within my own recollection.

A second leading figure in Manchester literary circles some years since was James Crossley, a retired solicitor and an enthusiastic book-lover. I

saw him repeatedly, when I visited the city, and I ever found him most urbane and communicative. He remembered Market Street, Manchester, when two vehicles could not pass each other. His collection of books was very extensive and multifarious; but he had certain specialities, particularly the writings of Defoe and of Lancashire and Cheshire authors.

The removal of his library, when he left Booth Street, Piccadilly, to reside at Stocks House, Cheetam, occupied three weeks, to the amazement and loss of the contractor, who, surveying it cursorily, calculated on achieving the task in as many days, and estimated accordingly.

Crossley was rather a keen hand at a bargain, and was during months engaged in a treaty for a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*. When he had settled on the price, he asked the vendor if he had any more copies; he would take all he had. The price for a fine copy thirty years ago was a couple of guineas, at which figure I acquired a beautiful one in the original sheep from Tomlins, in Great Russell Street, and when an American agent offered me double, I thought that he was in jest.

The Rev. Alexander Dyce was invariably willing to afford any information to me on literary or bibliographical subjects. When my father was first acquainted with him he lived in Gray's Inn. He was a bachelor. I recollect that in a letter to my father or to myself he spoke of being engaged on a new English edition of Athenæus—a real want—but I never heard any more about it. I met him one day at Russell-Smith's, in Soho Square: a singularly huge, shambling, awkward, ungainly figure. He had come about an eighteenpenny book he required for use. There was some nego-

tiation as to an abatement of the price, and ultimately he left the shop, book in hand. In a few moments he returned, and asked Smith if, when he had done with it, he would take the volume back at a reasonable reduction. On another occasion when I met Dyce, it was the Mitford sale in 1860, and he spoke of Mitford's handwriting as a curious mixture of neatness and illegibility—in fact, that the writer had come to him before then to ask him to assist in deciphering it. Dyce himself, although he wrote a fairly legible hand, was an interminable reviser of his own copy, and I heard that he almost threw his publishers and printers into despair. He was at one time intending to leave his library to one of the universities—the Bodleian, I believe, but he changed his plan.

There was a creepy story about Mitford and a mysterious affair which took place at his rectory in Suffolk. A dead child was discovered behind a chimney-piece at Benham Hall, Suffolk. This gentleman edited many of the modern poets for Whittingham; but all that he did, I understand, was to prefix a poorly-worded memoir and a passable sonnet. The texts took care of themselves.

Of the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, of the University Library, Cambridge, I now regret that I saw so little. His name deserves to be written in letters of gold. The only other member of that University, whom I can specially signalize, is Aldis Wright, who has always been equally distinguished in my case by his courtesy and accuracy. Through my old friend, Sir G. A. Greenhill, of Emmanuel, whom I have known since he was a Bluecoat boy, I had been in communication with Bradshaw some little time before I went to Cambridge in 1875 to examine personally as many of the rarities there as I could.

I was in the habit of applying to Bradshaw for

occasional assistance in regard to unique books at Cambridge, and as he was a very bad correspondent, I employed Greenhill to go to him, and obtain the required information. The curious part was that Bradshaw seated himself at one of the tables with Greenhill, and wrote him a note, which he threw across. When I waited on him myself, however, no man could have been more studiously attentive or friendly. Incidentally naming to him one day in conversation the Oxindens of Barham, near Canterbury, he gave me to understand that he was related to that family. I think that his sister was Lady Oxinden.

Bradshaw was sadly unpractical and inconsequent. He entered warmly into projects, but scarcely ever pursued the matter any farther. Publishers announced books by him as about to appear, because, judging him by ordinary rules, they concluded that some arrangement, into which he had ostensibly entered, was a settled affair, whereas our excellent friend probably thought no more about it.

Bradshaw had some project for rearranging Sir David Lyndsay's works, as they occur in my *Collections*, according to Furnivall; but I never understood what it was, nor did it come to anything, and when I mentioned the matter to David Laing, he did not seem to see what room or scope there could be for it; Lyndsay's case stands so differently from Chaucer and the author of *Piers Ploughman*, yet I can hardly exclude from my mind a suspicion that the insight of Bradshaw was superior to that of Laing.

The last time we met was in London, not very long prior to his unexpected death, and he informed me that a gentleman at Cambridge had just brought to light a tract which had been mislaid, adding that, as soon as he returned, he would ask him to transmit

me a full account. I knew too well that this was all that I should ever hear of it. I subsequently went to King's College, and after some difficulty found the piece.

I account it a privilege and an honour to have met Bradshaw, and to have associated with him, for however brief a term. He was so thoroughly genuine and original, and he left no one to fill his place. He was *ambidexter*; for he was almost equally at home in the manuscript and the printed book. I see him before me, as I write; he is one of my most enduring and sweetest reminiscences. Oxford has yet to yield such a man. It was Furnivall who gave me the account of him which was substantially printed at the time in a memoir; I consider that to Bradshaw Furnivall owed his philological taste and much of his reputation as a scholar. Bradshaw's life was sacrificed to his inveterate neglect to take exercise. It was rather trying to hear George Bullen speak of him as a man who had been absurdly overrated in his (Bullen's) opinion.

During my stay at Cambridge, when I daily lunched with Bradshaw in his fine rooms at King's, I visited most of the libraries, and left very little unnoted; but Bradshaw, if there was anything which he imagined that I might like to see outside his immediate domain, would send for it. I had at Magdalen a rather interesting conversation with the chamber-fellow of Minors Bright, who was himself away. He furnished me with a few samples of the passages in Pepys's *Diary* which Bright had deemed it necessary to suppress. One I remember was where the Secretary to the Admiralty described his intrigue with a pretty Dutch lady (it was well for his domestic peace that the account was in cryptogram), and another referred to his dilemma at his lodgings, where he was overtaken in the night, and secreted something in

the chimney, *faute de cabinet*. But I must on no account omit to record the kindnesses, which as a bibliographer I have experienced from Mr. Patrick and from Professor Newton of Magdalen, Mr. Moule of University College, and Bradshaw's successor, Mr. Jenkinson. At Oxford I have found steadfast and cheerful auxiliaries in my studies in Dr. Coxe, Mr. Falconer Madan, Mr. Thompson of Queens', the Provost of Worcester; and last, but very far indeed from least, Mr. George Waring of Oxford, who literally spared no pains to promote the accuracy and completeness of my work; and long before he assumed a mitre, Dr. Stubbs, while he officiated as librarian at Lambeth, supplied me with much valuable information in a handwriting which put me out of conceit with my own.

A perfectly fortuitous circumstance introduced me in the winter of 1866 to Henry Huth. I solicited in writing the particulars of a unique volume which he had lately acquired, and he responded by inviting me to his house to inspect it. My conversance with the class of literature in which he ultimately took the greatest amount of interest, and for which his library was remarkable, led to a continuance of our intercourse, and during ten years I saw him regularly, as a rule, on Sunday afternoons when he was in town. My practice was to go to his house about one, lunch with the family, and spend two or three hours afterward in the library with him. Sometimes a guest or two called—Mr. Turner, Mr. Russell, or Don Pascual de Gayangos; but more frequently we were alone. I recollect him mentioning to me, when his sister died, that he had directed the servants to admit no one but myself—that is, no stranger.

The late Mr. Quaritch told me (May 5, 1898) that Gayangos was run over in the street here in London about a month before, and died of the injuries

he received. His (Q.'s) son went to the place to which he was carried, but Gayangos was dead before he reached it. It appears that he knew scarcely anyone in England.

Mr. Huth was a gentleman, a scholar, and a linguist. He was particularly affable and kind, and no one could be less ostentatious and presuming. He afforded me enormous assistance in the preparation of the later letters of my *Handbook*, and was at all times ready to lend me books, irrespectively of their pecuniary value. I have known what it was to return home from one of my afternoons with him with a hundred-guinea tome under my arm or in my pocket.

He was born in 1815, I believe in Finsbury, where his father, Mr. Frederick Huth, lived at all events when he was a boy. He told me that his brothers and sisters and himself were taken out for exercise in what was then the open ground about. An uncle of my neighbour at Putney, Mr. George Pitt, was born in 1798, and was used to relate how as a schoolboy he was chased by a bull in Moorfields, and had some ado to get over the fence. It was long the fashion for men of business in the City to fix themselves tolerably near to their offices, and when the Huths removed from Finsbury it was to settle at Clapton, formerly another favourite resort of City men.

The founder of the firm of F. Huth and Co. was originally a clerk in a mercantile establishment at Hamburg. He went thence to Spain, where he settled and married a Spanish lady; but in 1812, during the disturbances in the Peninsula, he determined to remove to England. It was with great difficulty that he escaped, and shots were fired into the vessel in which he embarked. His aptitude for business gradually gave him a footing in London,

and he, from modest beginnings, rose to a share in more ambitious transactions. His son, who characteristically described his father to me as an adventurer, mentioned that folks opened their eyes when a bill drawn upon F. Huth and Co. for £30,000 came into the market, and was duly met. But Frederick Huth was evidently a man of genius.

The house accepted any sort of factorship on a large scale. Huth told me, by way of illustration, that a single transaction in silkworms' eggs from Japan to Italy was worth to them £25,000, or 10 per cent. on a quarter of a million. It is not everybody who can afford to be generous that proves so; but F. Huth and Co., as the firm continues to be called, were in nearly every public subscription in London for a handsome figure—where or what the object was, so long as it was legitimate, it did not signify. I once inquired of him what he thought of the financial prospects of his house, and he at once replied that he foresaw its decline from increased competition and the diversion of business into new channels.

Huth never went back beyond his father, but he shewed me, as we were going down from the library to lunch one day, a queer-looking portrait on the staircase at Prince's Gate, which purported to be the effigy of a certain person of his name, whether related to him or not, I am, as he was, uncertain. My former acquaintance married a Viennese lady, whose brother was a Consul at Hamburg, the cradle of the Huths themselves, and a quiet, gentlemanly fellow. Mrs. Huth laid greater stress, poor soul! on her husband's wealth than he did, for of all the men whom I have known he was the least self-complacent and self-asserting. I remember him apologizing to me at table one Sunday, because he imagined that I took something which he said as a contradiction, and

seemed vexed. But on another occasion he gently reproved me for some expression, which he held to be too democratic. Altogether we long continued to understand each other fairly well. As a book-collector, he possessed a tolerable knowledge of the insides of volumes, and he was the master of several languages. It was a saying of his—that no man could be a gentleman who did not understand Latin. I do not know what account he would have given of many who claim the name, and who do not possess more refinement or culture of any kind than an errand-boy. He observed to me one day in a playful tone and in a normal sense, that a man, even if he was very rich, could not wear two hats.

He remarked to me more than once that all that he wanted was peace and quietness. In anyone else this would have been affectation; but I think it was the beginning of that nervous debility which so strongly developed itself, and led to his going abroad one year for change and relief. I have known him so overcome by depression that he declared himself to me unable to face the process of looking for a book on the shelves. Halliwell-Phillipps was nearly as hypochondriacal, while he lived at Brompton.

Although Huth had the command of a well-appointed stable in town (that at Wykehurst, he told me, was nearly as large as the house), his regular routine was to go to the City in the morning in a four-wheeled cab, and to walk home, taking the booksellers in his way. I have occasionally met him at his favourite resorts, and once he quickened his pace to overtake me in Piccadilly. The carriages were for the ladies.

The earliest dealings of Huth with booksellers were when he was quite a young man, and he used to buy classics of Baldock in Holborn. Baldock, an old-fashioned gentlemanly individual, it was who let

me understand how Macaulay would scale his ladder in quest of material for his historical purposes. I do not fancy that Huth retained any of his juvenile acquisitions. At a later period his brother Louis, to whom he once introduced me, was slightly smitten by bibliomania, and frequented the shop of Payne and Foss. Old Spanish romances were his game, and one day, when the two brothers were there together, Henry diffidently asked the price of one of those excessively rare early folio tales of chivalry in the charming contemporary Spanish vesture. The bookseller replied, Eight; but his questioner did not know whether he meant pounds or shillings. Louis Huth, however, bought it, and subsequently, when he abandoned the pursuit, handed over the volume to the other.

It was on the staircase at Tokenhouse Yard that I saw Louis Huth, a bald-headed, courteous, elderly man, who was said by his relatives to get rid of some of his surplus wealth by having the common household utensils (hot-water cans, &c.) of silver, as at Enkhuisen, on the Zuyder Zee, formerly the rich merchants put gold handles to their doors.

A brother of Crouch, Louis Huth's house-steward at Possingworth, gave me an excellent idea of the splendid style in which the residence was furnished and maintained, and shewed me a copy of the illustrated catalogue, where there are views of the old manor-house and the modern palatial structure based upon it, with all the fine old oak preserved. After the death of the owner his widow married a gentleman much her junior, and I understand that the upper storey has been removed. Louis Huth had acquired a considerable estate in the vicinity, and was a good landlord; but his experiment in bringing over from Scotland some of the small black cattle had to be abandoned, as the strangers

proved a source of alarm and complaint. Henry Huth or his wife told me, that Possingworth was known in the family as *Windsor Castle*. The Bachelors' Room was furnished and upholstered in black; the ebony bedstead cost £200.

While the Daniel sale was going on in 1864, Henry Huth was at Thames Ditton, and Joseph Lilly took Huth down the day's purchases every evening. Huth gave me a droll account of Lilly's embarrassment, when he asked him on one of these occasions into the room, where they were at dessert, and begged him to take a glass of wine. The old bookseller spilled the liquor over the tablecloth and his own clothes, and retreated in the utmost confusion into the servants' hall.

I have heard very unpleasant stories of the tricks played by Lilly with some of the books which he placed with Mr. Huth—a peculiarly discreditable course toward a man who trusted him implicitly, and was an income to him for years. The close of the scene was melancholy enough. Poor Lilly was found one morning at his own residence at the bed's foot on his knees by his family quite dead.

The circumstances of Huth's own tragie end are perhaps not generally known. One evening in December, 1878, when the other members of the family were from home, he appears to have sat as usual in the little book-room out of the hall, and in rising to have had a slight fit, as there was evidence that, in trying to save himself, he bent the fire-screen. He recovered, however, for the time, and went up by the front-staircase to bed. On the way he experienced a second and more violent seizure, and fell backward, fracturing the skull; and the next morning the servants, not finding him in the breakfast-room, discovered him on the stairs.

Life had been long extinct, but there is the possibility that, had his wife and children not been in the country, he might have been saved. All the Huths of that generation, and two of Henry Huth's own children, are no more. The founder of the house during his last days was mentally affected.

I am more than afraid that the personage here immediately concerned was not studied by his family so assiduously or vigilantly as his nervous temperament and evidently growing proneness to vertigo demanded at their hands—he, the individual to whom the rest owed so much, and through whom alone they are likely to be remembered. Some considerable time before, I had paid him a visit on a week-day evening, and found him dining alone. He was at dessert, and offered me wine and grapes. I merely mention on his account, not on my own, that both were of a quality which I should not have liked to set before him at my table. Where was his steward, nay, his wife? The latter amused me, in the course of occasional meetings with her at table or otherwise, by her air of vulgar or what Byron termed insolent condescension, since her sole claim to notice was her relationship to a distinguished man, whom she neglected, and left to die miserably in solitude. Such is the fact.

Some considerable interval elapsed between the first broach of the question of a catalogue and the decision of Mr. Huth to have one prepared, and I perfectly remember our conferences on many successive Sundays in regard to details. The name of Mr. Ellis was not at first mentioned to me as a coadjutor in the work. He was fairly well qualified to execute certain portions—far better than myself—but altogether, as an editor of the whole, which he practically became, he was deplorably incompetent, nor, although Mr. Huth himself was an

accomplished gentleman, had my excellent acquaintance any bibliographical or much literary training.¹

The consequence is that the volumes, which the owner of the collection fondly hoped to render immaculate, are replete alike with grave and absurd errors, and that, in spite of my strong representations, much valuable information was withheld. Yet it was peculiarly a case in which expense was immaterial, and it did not signify a straw whether the work made five, or six, or ten volumes.

The catalogue does not contain all the Huth books. He did not for some reason wish the Chinese Bible, which some one sold to him in the streets of Mexico,² inserted; and he always told me that there was a copy of one of Southwell's books, which he intended to restore to Stonyhurst College, from which it was a stray, not desiring to keep anything under such circumstances. I do not know what was actually done.

His late successor in the possession of the books projected a Supplement, including his own acquisitions since his father's death. Of these I have very slight knowledge. A Table of *Errata* might be a desirable feature, and it would form an additional volume. For instance, in one place the Romish Breviary of 1518 is stated to have been printed at the expense of the Count and Countess Frangepane [Frangipani] while they were confined as prisoners of war "*in the gaol called Dorasel (Torcello, near Venice).*" But *Dorasel* was the Venetian form of *Torricella*, the state-prison contiguous to the Ducal Palace at Venice itself. And here I must mention that, owing to my perhaps too earnest stress on the

¹ The account of him in the *Dict. Nat. Biography* by his son Alfred is far from satisfactory.

² He also on behalf of his firm visited South America as a young man, and depicted to me the sordid depravity of the poverty-stricken population, with which he came in contact.

unsatisfactory manner in which the library was being dealt with by Ellis, whom I always took to be a Jew,¹ and who undoubtedly created a prejudice against me in Mr. Huth's mind, my employer took offence, unwisely, as I then judged, and yet do, and the undertaking was virtually ruined, as my own copy amply and sadly establishes.

Huth, as a commercial man, regarded the "knock-out" in auctions as a moot question. He saw, what many others cannot help seeing, the injustice of one, or two, or more experts attending a public sale of any kind, and virtually giving away the fruit of a life-long study of some subject for the benefit of the vendor's estate; and it is to be noted that, while a share of the feeling against the process is due to the class of persons principally concerned in it, an arrangement substantially similar is capable of being made between two gentlemen or two purchasers of acknowledged position, who may say to one another: "I will leave such a lot to you, if you will leave such another to me"; or, "Do you buy lot 10, and whatever you give for it I will recoup you, instead of bidding myself, and perhaps, by drawing attention, making it dearer." The methods of varying the "knock-out," in short, are numerous; and it may seem to many (I think it did so to Huth) that the chief objection is superficial, in two senses—an objection to the idea of vulgar brokers reselling goods in a vulgar pot-house parlour over their liquor, and the objection which a judge or other illiterate person might raise *primâ facie* without any practical conversance with the bearings of the matter. It is related that at the Mason sale in 1798 the Duke of Roxburgh and Lord Althorp obtained what they severally wanted at moderate prices by one bidding for the two, and then tossing up after-

¹ He was one of the sons of Ellis of the Star and Garter at Richmond.

ward. This was a type of "knock-out," omitting some of the less genteel *agrémens*.

It was Huth who laid down very fairly, as I thought, the principle on which men should be estimated and accepted by society. This is a most important point at the present time, when the classes have become so mixed. He considered that the character of the occupation ought to govern the matter; he remarked that he would not recognise a lucifer-match-maker, a blacking-maker, or a dealer in any other sordid or offensive commodity, whatever his means or surroundings might be.¹ But this does not appear to me even to touch the most material element. Something depends, no doubt, on the employment; but we have also to look at what a man is, and there is then the chronic difficulty that the acquaintance must be personal, as the master of the house is nearly always in these cases far superior to the rest. It asks three generations to make a family, and too often by that time the money has disappeared, and the members are *statu quo ante*—not quite so well off, because they have pretensions which they are too poor to support.

Huth set aside Sunday afternoons for the visits of his bibliographical acquaintance, and he would make no exceptions to this rule, although I have occasionally called on a week-day in the evening, when I saw so much of him, and had a special object. The late Lord Ashburnham expressed a desire to see the library, but intimated some difficulty or scruple about Sundays, and Huth told me that there the matter rested. I never heard that his lordship came. Huth could afford to be independent, yet courtesy in his case less amounted to a

¹ He might have declined to receive at dinner, as the Kaiser lately did, a Yankee beef-magnate.

study than a fine natural instinct. It was not his habit to refer to his more exalted or fashionable acquaintances. But he once mentioned to me that he had asked the Duc d'Aumale, a *beau ideal* of a French gentleman, to accept the presidency of some institution in which he was interested, and when the duke seemed to hesitate, that he hoped his royal highness was not offended. "On the contrary," returned the duke, "I am flatt-ered," laying stress on the last syllable.

On one of the very few occasions when I permitted myself to call otherwise than on a Sunday, Huth related that Furnivall had lately looked in, but pleaded his inability to stay beyond the few minutes required for some inquiry or communication, because his wife was waiting for him outside. Huth very good-naturedly suggested that he should bring her in, and "a very fine woman she seemed to be," quoth my friend. This was by lamplight. The lady was one of the two girls whom Furnivall had brought up to see which he should prefer to marry—the dark one.

Here I once or twice met Herbert Spencer. He struck me as rather frail and languid. I do not know that any very striking observation escaped from him in my hearing. But I was impressed by his statement of the breakdown of a trial which he had given to vegetarianism, and the loss of brain-power which he had experienced from that sort of diet. Furnivall found the same thing. He came to one's house and dined, like a rabbit, on a cabbage or a lettuce; but he had to return to animal food.

Herbert Spencer stayed three or four years ago at Dorking with Grant Allen, while I was in the same neighbourhood; and I heard that he was then in very failing health and terribly nervous and crotchety. I called with my friend Henry May

Davis, but Spencer was from home. He had conceived an intolerance of remarks of a commonplace and unfruitful character, and had brought with him an apparatus which he could at pleasure slip over his ears, and which spared him the pain of auricular contact with less gifted mortals. Yet how vast a profit some of our greatest writers have derived from the comparative study of inferior minds; and the investigation of graduated intellectual force must be very incomplete without a survey of every form and measure of development. But I conclude that Herbert Spencer adopted this precaution as a valetudinarian in self-defence. He should have taken ship for Laputa, where he might have been free from intrusion.

Huth and I sometimes talked on clerical topics. He used to say that he was not himself a church-goer, but that he never interfered with the arrangements of the house in this respect, leaving it open to his children to follow their own inclinations. As so often happens, whatever distinguished him above other persons of great wealth was a life-tenancy; his qualities were personal and not transferable.

He spoke at lunch one day of having brought under Thackeray's notice the old publisher, William Thackeray, who printed much of the popular literature of the day, and of the novelist being thus made aware for the first time that he had been forestalled in the book way by a sort of namesake. In fact, there had been more than one.

When the Leigh Hunt Memorial started, he gave me £5 toward it, and it led to him remarking that he once sent £20 to a son of the author, who pleaded great distress. I felt bound to explain to him that it was probably no such matter, and that the applicant was a person who made use of his name for begging purposes.

He seldom spoke about money, unless it was to ask the price of a book, and that was not often. Even when he employed me to execute literary work, he left the remuneration open. But I recollect that, when I once spoke of some one who had £7000 a year, he quietly observed that it was a very good income to have, yet a man could not do much with it.

It was a pleasant little trait which Huth once related to me of his sister, who had married a partner in the house, and who lived on Wimbledon Common. A very old friend arrived at the house on a visit, and she was at hand to receive him personally in the hall, and to take his bag, or whatever he carried, from him—of course, to transfer it to a servant. But the attention under the circumstances was what Huth's own wife would have called very "sweet."

Huth himself was by temperament rather ceremonious and reserved; I ascribed this to his Spanish blood. At first, in his letters, I was *Sir*, then *Dear Sir*. Once I became *My Dear Sir*; but he repented this gushing familiarity, and returned and adhered to the middle form.

Huth mentioned to me once at table that the firm kept a certain number of professional works in Moorgate Street, where their place of business was at that time, for reference and consultation. "Ah!" I was tempted to say, "that is your *Chitty* library." But my worthy acquaintance was joke-proof. Yet he repeated to me with relish an incident when he stood in the street to look at *Punch* for a moment, and the proprietor, at once catching sight of him, came forward, cap in hand, and said, "May I take your cheque, my lord?" There was always, too, about him a simple frankness and pleasantry, as when he informed me one day, that his wife had only just allowed him to have a silver teapot.

He was more exempt than anyone I have met from that narrow partiality for their own property, whatever it may be, which distinguishes the majority of amateurs. He was essentially a man of liberal feeling in all questions; but he offered a powerful contrast to such pettifogging collectors as George Daniel, who invariably pronounced his own copies of books the *ne plus ultra* of excellence and value.

The prepossession in favour of personal appurtenances, no matter how unimportant they may be, frequently co-exists, however, with the most amiable qualities. The owner of a few defaced coins, some odds and ends of china, a ragged regiment of non-descript books, does not seek to enlarge his knowledge or to refine his taste, even if he has the opportunity. You may tell him where the true examples are to be seen, or you may possess them yourself, and exhibit them to him. It is his mission or cue to admire, not what is worthy of admiration, but what is his. He has passed through life with his eyes shut, and declines to open them to please you or me. The brokers' shops have made his house a shoot for the last half-century; but he is perfectly satisfied, and is impervious to argument. This is the history of the lamentable assemblages of literary and artistic effects which every season brings to the hammer. The unsophisticated enthusiast is the dealer's and auctioneer's godsend. My uncle Reynell was one of those who never stumbled, save by a miracle and unconsciously, on the right article. He was very wroth with me for throwing a doubt on some painted glass, which had been sold to him as coming from the Lucys' house at Charlecote, and he also suspected me of disparaging it to Furnivall, who met me at his (R.'s) house to look at it, and (I think) shared my scepticism.

Huth and some of his friends projected about

1868 a new literary paper, and promised me a place upon the staff; but nothing came of it. Periodicals experience the ailments of old age, like ourselves.

Macaulay pronounced criticism extinct in this country long before he died; but it would be desirable to possess, at any rate, an organ free from bias and animus, and capable of informing its readers what the books sent to it for notice really are. There is no necessity, in general, to call into service the almost painful culture of official pluralists; all that seems to be ordinarily required is a certain measure of educated intelligence and a certain measure of equity. Of course, we want something more than the flippant school-usher and the strait-witted compositor, whose eyes instinctively gravitate to accents and commas, something higher than the *Erratum*-hunter, and more respectable than the party with the vendetta, whose commission, or even whose friend's, to execute a book you may have unluckily intercepted. These prevailing types demonstrate the justice of Macaulay's remark, and explain Mr. Huth's sense of a deficiency in this direction—one which Dickens in his published correspondence with Macready and Austin, and Mrs. Procter in hers with Mrs. Jamieson, had long ago exposed—Dickens in trenchant, bitter, even fierce terms.

I have betrayed my personal lack of interest in the official notices of my own literary efforts. I have also, I fear, been rather backward in replying to challenges in the press. Once it happened that some one in a newspaper desired to know my authority for ascribing a particular tract to a particular writer, and Huth recommended me to send a reply to the editor. Eventually, when he found me indomitably apathetic on the point, he very kindly set to work and wrote a letter for me, or in my name, I forget which. He was certainly most friendly, and when I borrowed a valuable book now and then, and I suggested that

it should be packed up, he, instead of calling a servant, did it himself, for, if there is a thing in which I succeed worse than in writing, it is in making a parcel.

Huth was looking one day, when we were together, at some volumes just newly bound by Bedford in his favourite brown calf, and my good acquaintance remarked that the artist (as he was) made the colour too dark instead of leaving it to mature spontaneously in tone.

Of the Huth household I did not see much. It was a case of a family represented by an unit. Mrs. Henry Huth was, no doubt, an excellent lady, but she manifested very slight interest in her husband's tastes as a collector. To the elder daughter Augusta I was indebted for a saying: "It is hard to get on; it is harder to get on-er; it is hardest to get on-est." She wrote a minute hand, and signed herself *A. Huth*; and she said that letters came to her addressed: *A. Huth, Esq.* While I was busy with her father's catalogue about 1876, she came into the room with a girl-friend, and asked me to help her to find a *Book of Hours*. I did so; and she opened it at the place where there was a picture of David and Bathsheba. I feigned unconsciousness of the *contretemps*, and they did likewise. I have a fancy that in opening their leaves these books have some way of perversely gravitating just to that episode.

I surprised Collas of Jersey by saying that although I had seen the finest libraries in the country, and they had served me passing well in a bibliographical sense, my private inclination as a book-lover was in favour of the humbler gathering which a man makes from choice of the authors or volumes for which he has a genuine personal affection. I like the old-fashioned book-closet, as I do the china-closet. There are two classes of literature to which one may be partial: one, which it seems

sufficient to borrow at need, and another, which cannot be spared, lest we should desire to turn to a passage or to peruse once more a favourite poem or paper. There is a want of intimacy between the book and its owner in your great library. He is the caretaker rather than the master—the mere normal holder by the right of purchase of certain objects which we associate, not with him, but with those by whom they were written, for whom they were bound, to whom they were presented. He is no more than first cousin to the professional vendor. This was less true of Henry Huth, however, I sincerely think, than of many others with even more limited collections. It was less true of his treasures of this class than of his brother's at Possingworth in other departments.

Of Frederic Huth the picture-collector I heard and knew very little, except that his daughter Octavia married her cousin Alfred, who consequently became a collector of a small library of works on the marriage of near kin, and that one of his sons signalized himself as a numismatist. Mr. Frederic Huth did not apparently derive from his hobby much real enjoyment, as he probably bought under advice, and he would represent that he felt the responsibility of looking after his artistic treasures and dreaded the periodical calls for loans to exhibitions.

Alfred Henry Huth, my friend's son, exhibited a welcome generosity by his gift to the British Museum; but otherwise he was generally disliked—at all events by his bibliographical associates. He expressed by letter a solicitude to continue the acquaintance which I had so long enjoyed with his excellent father; but I left the communication unanswered. His wife, a pleasant person enough, told me that she had been educated at one of the old-fashioned ladies' schools at Putney near the top of the High Street.

XX

LITERARY ACQUAINTANCES AND A FEW FRIENDS (*continued*)

THREE members of the Tyssen family were distinguished early in the last century in different ways. One brother was a book-collector, a second a numismatist, a third a sportsman. At dinner one evening, when the three were together, and a friend, an Admiral R.N., made the fourth, the enthusiast for coins threw on the table a rare early English silver penny. "There!" cried he. "Congratulate me. I gave twenty guineas for it." Of course they did. When he left the room, the sportsman remarked, "What a fool! Why, he might have got a couple of pointers with the money!" "Ah!" chimed in the sailor; "or, better still, the model of a ship." The bibliophile was generous enough to say nothing. 'This I had from the son of one of those present.

Concurrently with my knowledge of Mr. Huth, I formed the acquaintance of the late Mr. Frederic William Cosens, the wine-shipper, a self-raised and self-educated man, but a person of the kindest and most amiable character, and of tastes which did him infinite honour. He laboured under many drawbacks. He told me that he was thrown on the world to make his living at fifteen; he had worked hard at his business during the best years of his life; and when he sought me, he was only just beginning to relax his attendance on his commercial duties. His relationship with Spain as a wine-importer had

naturally led him to contract an interest in the literature of that country, and the circle into which he was drawn at home lent him an inducement to extend his range as a collector to our own early literature, especially Shakespereana and poetical manuscripts. He was one of the most munificent contributors to the Stratford-on-Avon Fund; and he was of the Forty whom I have commemorated in an antecedent section. Huth, as a Spanish scholar, thought rather poorly, I must own, of Cosens's efforts as a translator from Lope de Vega of certain novels cognate in their subject to Shakespear.

I was once at a bookseller's while the present Earl of Crawford was looking at the first book printed at New York—the Laws and Acts of the State, which issued from the parent-press of William Bradford in 1693-94, bearing, of course, the same relation to American literature and bibliography as a Caxton does to our own. Yet, incredible as it may appear, his lordship put the precious volume down, with the remark that it did not interest him, *not having been printed in America*. At the foot of the title-page he might have read: "*At New York, Printed and sold by William Bradford, Printer to Their Majesties, King William and Queen Mary, 1694.*" It was the copy which had belonged to Lord Chancellor Somers. Mr. Charlemagne Tower knew better, and the book is at present, by his bequest, in the library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. From having been since Lord Somers's day in the centre of a volume of tracts, it is in the most beautiful condition imaginable.

It rather surprised me, I confess, when the late Mr. Evelyn Philip Shirley, who was greatly interested in all matters relating to early Irish history, said to me that he did not include tracts in his collection, as it is to that class of record, transmitting to us, as they

do, the impressions of contemporaries, and preserving facts not to be found in larger works, that we owe so much information which would have been otherwise lost. Foxe, in his *Book of Martyrs*, especially in the first edition, has inserted the texts of a large number of pamphlets, sometimes *ipsissimis verbis*, but more usually in substance, and in certain cases we are unable, perhaps, to detect his obligations from the disappearance of the originals. Stow did much the same, I think, in his *Chronicle*.

I hold a number of letters on literary or bibliographical topics from David Laing, who was not only an interesting man as a link between the Scotland of Sir Walter Scott and the Scotland which we know, but was quite an Aristarchus in his way, occupying a position, as I have always contended, never attained by any literary person on this side of Tweed. Laing was, in a certain sense, *ambidexter*. He was equally at home in the old Scottish writers and in the more modern. While he personally knew, and cordially appreciated, the author of *Waverley*, he vindicated from oblivion and neglect the writings of Knox and of the early *makars*. But I suspect that with us Southrons his sympathy was less profound.

The only occasion on which I had the honour of shaking him by the hand was in the Museum Reading Room. We met by appointment, and I shall never forget the veteran antiquary's change of countenance and accent when I suggested that he should dine with me at Kensington on the next ensuing Sabbath. He might have been the disciple of Knox, as well as his editor. He was of the unco' guid and godly. I heard from him, however, almost down to the last, and often forwarded information to him about books beyond his reach, bearing on some undertaking on which he was engaged. He

was the very opposite to a bookmaker. Except Henry Bradshaw, no one of my time ever chewed the cud over an author or a subject as Laing did. His edition of William Dunbar, which had been commenced in 1820, was not published till 1834, nor did the Supplement appear till 1865, because he had been hoping to recover certain pieces or facts, which, after all, he never did; and his edition of Robert Henryson, although he was collecting the material for it *pari passu* with Dunbar, did not see the light till the Supplement to the latter poet just mentioned came out. It was in hand between thirty and forty years.

He used to explain how this arose. He did not derive any pecuniary advantage from these publications; his personal means were limited. He had manifold occupations, and the printing process had to await a convenient opportunity. He was a pure *littérateur* and a fine old fellow, to boot. I have known him travel miles at his own expense to verify some trivial point in person, instead of acquiring the information at second-hand.

When I was in Edinburgh about 1855, Sir Walter Scott's "dear George" was dead; but his son, T. G. Stevenson, kept a bookshop in Princes Street in a sort of cellar, to which you descended by a few steps. His near neighbour William Paterson and he had an odd way of putting visitors, to whom they gave their confidence, on their guard one against the other. Paterson spoke of his neighbour as *Black Tam*, and Stevenson referred to Paterson as *Sweet William*.

Sir Walter's inkstand, which he used in his office at Edinburgh while he discharged the duties of Sheriff-deputy, came to his assistant or closet-keeper, Mr. Carmichael, whose daughter Charlotte inherited it, and used to shew it as a curiosity. This accom-

plished lady married Henry Stopes. Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. have at their London house the desk upon which Scott corrected his proofs in his private room at their office.

Mr. William Henry Miller, the founder of the Britwell Library, was an attorney at Edinburgh, and made his fortune by farming the City sewage, or, at all events, by a share in the enterprise. When Measure or Inchrule Miller, as he was called, from his habit of carrying about an inch-rule to test the relative tallness of copies, began to collect, I do not quite know; but he was a buyer at the White Knights sale in 1819. An odd story was once afloat that Miller was really a woman; but how that may have been, I cannot say. He had no family, at any rate, and died without issue in or about 1849, leaving sisters, but bequeathing his property, including the library, to his cousin Miss Marsh, as I am credibly informed, who left it to a Mr. Samuel Christy, of the firm of hatters in Piccadilly, to whom he or she (as it seems to me rather unaccountably) had taken a liking. This fortunate but extremely ordinary individual took the name of Miller, and altered his original name into *Christie*. He came into a pretty good thing for a hatter, as Riviere the bookbinder used to remark to me. He had the house at Craigen-tinny, near Edinburgh; a second at Britwell, near Maidenhead; and a town house in St. James's Place—the same which had once belonged to Samuel Rogers. Christie-Miller was very proud of his possessions, of which he spoke as if they had been in his family since the Conquest, and laughably distrustful of any and every one. Bradshaw once went to Britwell to see some of the books, and little Miller watched him, as a cat watches a mouse. His own vulgar instincts led him to suspect even a man above suspicion.

I met S. Christie-Miller one morning near the Haymarket, and he sought my opinion on the best way of printing his catalogue, which yet remains in MS. He conceived that it would be an adroit course to issue it in classified sections, that he might be thus enabled to present to anyone only the part in which he (the recipient) might feel an interest.

He remarked to me one day that he did not quite understand the value and interest of these old books, and he particularly resented the incorrectness of the orthography, which was a farther betrayal of his extraction. On another occasion he objected to add to his collection a volume, which was intended as a completion of *Sydney's Arcadia*, and was accordingly called the Second and Last Part, because, said he, he must have both parts, as if one were offered the *Last of the Mohicans*, and insisted on having the *First of the Mohicans*, too. This poor fellow was almost absolutely illiterate.

He more than once rather contemptuously referred to the Huth books, saying that it was impossible for the owner to have secured more than a few here and there of the rarer early English works in poetry and romance; and, of course, had it not been for the Daniel and Corser sales, Huth would have never succeeded in obtaining much, although his large resources and the incessant vigilance of Lilly and other caterers for him did a great deal. It was rather absurd, however, for a *parvenu* like the latter to pose as a man of the old school, seeing that the library came to him ready-made and by a fluke, and that his knowledge of it was infinitesimal. It may be added that the Britwell Library itself is what we see it mainly through the acquisition by the founder at the Heber sale of the rarest early English books at relatively nominal amounts. The wholly unlooked

for rise in value has conferred on the collection its importance and rank.

Frederic Locker-Lampson, who was at the outset a precis-writer at the Board of Trade, always struck me as a *bizarre* figure. He posed as a friend to men of letters, and subscribed, I believe, to the Literary Fund; yet he held up his head as if his sole *status* had been his ancient descent and his territorial importance, whereas in reality his main title to notice was what he did in *vers de société*—a few very clever and pretty things, but assuredly no poetry. Like Tennyson, he was destitute of humour; but of course he lacked Tennyson's power. Locker-Lampson was comparing his position with that of Huth one day in conversation with me, and pleading on his own behalf that he had at any rate done something—meaning the *London Lyrics*. But Huth was a man of altogether superior calibre and *morale*. The other was a virtuoso, and a little of the *petit maître*. He was one of the spoiled children of fortune. His metrical trifles shewed you, if you did not know him, that he had a taste for culture and a handsome balance at his banker's. Canon Greenwell very judiciously observed to me that culture might make or mar; the young men who affect it too frequently carry the hobby to a point where it becomes distasteful or ridiculous. But Locker, as a man of fortune, had no object to gain by enunciating extreme opinions. He held the middle way.

It was one of the most grotesque sights possible to see him, as I did one day, arrive in a high-pitched chariot at Coutts's with some of his belongings. He was perched up on a seat which placed him on a level with the top of an omnibus or a hay-cart, and his expression and air were ludicrously coxcombical. But it was when I had occasion to call at his residence one evening, and he was in full dress, that

I was most amused. I had met him in town just before in a stupendous fur-coat, in which he might have passed for a man of fifteen stone; and in his swallow-tails, with his attenuated frame and his wizen face, you felt as if you could lift him with one hand.

He distinguished me by sending me a volume called *Patchwork*, published in 1879; but he did not mention that it was on the exact lines of one edited by myself a few years before. He might be supposed not to be aware of it; we moved in such different circles.

Locker also gave me a copy of his *London Lyrics*, with a request that I would send him my written opinion of it. I did so with a certain difficulty, as in a budget of *vers de société*, not of the highest class, one scarcely knew what to say. I have not looked into the book for years; it left on my mind an agreeable impression of a few neatly-turned and graceful stanzas with the same fault which the writer displayed as a collector—an absence of breadth and strength. I remember that Locker characteristically asked me to call for the little volume at a wine-shop in Piccadilly, in which he then had an interest. In the *Confessions of a Collector*, 1897, I take occasion to refer to presentation copies and to the neglect of ordinary persons to do even so much as to acknowledge the receipt of them. On the contrary one perceives almost with emotion how sedulous Dickens, amid all his vast and multifarious employments, ever was to write to announce with thanks and some words of pleasant welcome the arrival of the most unimportant gift of this kind.

Locker in his parsimonious ways resembled his relative by marriage, the late Poet Laureate. I met him in the Strand shortly after his accession to the

Lampson property through his second wife, and congratulated him. He looked rather grave, and said, "Ah, yes; but it is terrible to think of the expense I have to incur for repairs"—precisely what Halliwell-Phillipps had remarked under similar circumstances. I once sent him on my side a copy of a small book which I had printed for presents, and I was honoured by a note of thanks, written on her husband's behalf by the second Mrs. Locker in a hand suggestive of a not very high-class housemaid.

It always seemed to me that Locker assumed a false attitude. His claim to consideration was not that he enjoyed so many thousands a year *jure uxoris*, but (as he owned himself) that he was the author of a creditable little book of verses, a lover of old literature, and the possessor of a certain feeling for art. A man of fortune who is also a man of letters is apt to be persuaded by his friends that he is a man of genius. Locker was a second-rate versifier of the Dobson and Calverley school.

He was very manneristic in the way in which he approached you as an applicant for information on literary or bibliographical matters. He assumed an air of bland and almost infantile simplicity, and was apt to draw you out, unless you were on your guard. He once asked me, when I was at his house, to write a note on a flyleaf of a very rare edition of Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1550, which he had bought of John Pearson, calculating that some day my attestation as to the book might make it fetch a few pounds more.

He was a very poor and injudicious buyer. He selected, it is true, for the reputation rather than for the mere rarity, and was so far wise. But he had a fiddling, undecided way of setting about his acquisitions, and the booksellers thought him mean. His collection was formed without any particular method,

and its importance has been greatly overrated. Most of his rarest books were miserable copies. The library has been sold. It seemed to me strange that Andrew Lang should have identified his name with such pitiful twaddle as his verses on the Rowfant books.

One day, at Chesham Place, Locker was speaking of the habit of stealing books, apropos of something I had told him about a fellow who habitually abstracted a volume whenever he went to Russell-Smith's in Soho Square, and, like Lamb in writing about Fauntleroy, he looked at his own hands, and laughingly wondered whether, had he been put to his shifts, he might not have done something of the same sort. His daughter, who afterward married Lionel Tennyson, was in the room. I comprehended and liked Locker's deferential mention of his relative the laureate. He spoke of him to you in an awe-stricken undertone as *Mister* Tennyson. He was a kind of small shareholder in his reputation.

Infinitely diverse are the methods by which I have accomplished the task, piecemeal, of drawing together authentic particulars of the early printed literature of my country for the first time on a systematic and comprehensive principle; how far I have succeeded I shall leave others to discover and decide, when my Bibliography in its consolidated form sees the light. At the auction-rooms I have seldom met with much inconvenience; the leading members of the book-trade have, as a rule, been most helpful; and the British Museum staff has invariably done its best to promote my objects. But among the minor dealers I have known what it is to witness disappointment, when, instead of an expected and desired customer, it was only a person in search of a title, or some such matter, who had presented himself.

Locker had agreed, if I would come to Chesham

Place, where he then resided, that he would let me see a particular Elizabethan tract; but when I went, everyone was out, and the book was in charge of a domestic, apparently a kitchenmaid, who apprised me that I might look at it, but that I was on no account to take it away, Mr. Locker said. I archly feigned unawareness of this superfluous communication for the sake of the highly welcome addition to my stores, yet thinking how differently Huth would have behaved. The latter, in truth, possessed qualities rarer and more valuable than the rarest and most valuable book in his fine library. I did not apprise Locker through his servant that his little volume was reported missing from a public library, where I had wished to take a note of it. The Bodleian had been made poorer.

Altogether Locker was a man of the time, and owed his position to the fact that he was a person of means and a genuine *amateur*. His taste for books he had perhaps inherited from his father, Captain Locker, who seems to have been a sort of collector, and whose *ex libris* I have seen. This was the Edward Locker who published the *Naval Gallery of Greenwich Hospital* and other now not very well recollected works. The Captain was a particular friend and correspondent of Nelson, and I saw at Rowfant some years ago an assemblage of letters from that great man.

Locker was accustomed to say of a certain bookseller who had "done time," that when he met him his eyes always mechanically gravitated to his hair. He was assuredly not prepossessing in his physical appearance, yet he seems to be entitled to rank among modern lady-killers, and owed his fortune, which so materially seconded his literary and social advancement, as it had done in the case of Disraeli, to two successive marriages.

I have often smiled at the sort of common accord with which the booksellers spoke of him as "Fred Locker"; it was a piece of affectionate familiarity, almost *camaraderie*, by which he might or might not have been flattered. I cannot be sure whether his rather artificial affability or *bonhomie* was misconstrued by some of those to whom he addressed himself. He was withal a gentleman, however, and his manners were even courtly, yet virile. He struck one as a person accustomed to excellent society, as of course he was. Some men are apt to be a little too effeminate—too *ladylike*. There is the so-called Mr. Le Gallienne, for example. A couple of girls looking in at a photographer's window, one exclaimed, "Oh, there's Mr. Le Gallienne. Isn't he *pretty*?" He might almost say with Ralph Roister Doister: "I am sorry God made me so comely." He was the son of one John Gallen of Liverpool, who has been described as an accountant, but who originally came from Ireland, where he followed the trade of a shipwright.

Locker's brother, who formerly edited the *Graphic*, paid him full fraternal homage by the sympathetic and obsequious way in which he deployed his eyeglass. I do not know what other literary claims he possessed. I once had a paper in the *Graphic*, and getting no cheque as usual, I called. A. L. asked me whether I had brought a stamp. I handed him a penny, and thought him worthy of a place in any new edition of Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*.

XXI

LITERARY ACQUAINTANCES AND A FEW FRIENDS (*continued*)

I PAID a flying visit to Beaumanor Park, near Loughborough, in 1869, to see the Herrick manuscripts, which it was necessary to collate for an edition of the poet undertaken gratuitously by me for the *Library of Old Authors*. Mr. W. Perry-Herrick, an indirect descendant of the poet, shewed me the stables on this occasion, with some of the old-fashioned carriages, which had belonged to members of his family in the two last centuries; and in the house was the truckle-bed on which, according to his account, Richard III. slept the night before Bosworth.¹ You see at Leicester the little bridge over the Soar which occupies the site, and may follow the lines, of that which Richard crossed on horseback on his way to the fatal field, and they shew you the very spot where his foot struck against the side, and refer to the old woman's *prophecy*. Evelyn speaks in 1654 of the King's tomb having been then desecrated.

Mr. Perry-Herrick more immediately owed his large fortune to his connection with the Perrys of Wolverhampton, two brothers, who had an interest in the deep coal, and by very penurious habits amassed, it is said, £2,000,000. I do not think that much, if any, of the house built by the poet's uncle remains. I was driven to the station down a narrow lane in the dark in a dog-cart with a white horse,

¹ See *Current Notes*, May, 1856.

which was the sole visible object, and seemed to know the way from habit.

It is a highly touching trait, which a writer in the *Quarterly Review* for 1810 preserves, of an old woman, named Dorothy King, who lived, as her parents had done, at Dean Prior, the poet Herrick's residence and preferment in Devonshire. The Reviewer states that he found, on a visit to the spot, that Mrs. King used to repeat five of Herrick's *Noble Numbers*, including his *Litany*, which she called her Prayers, and she had no idea that they had ever been printed, or that the writer's name was known outside her native village. She had learned them, as a child, from her mother. It is curious that on Prudence Baldwin there is an epitaph in the *Hesperides*, yet she survived him.

Many years ago I heard a boy in the street singing *Cherry Ripe*.¹ Of course, he had no idea who wrote the verses, nor had he the whole poem. He had caught it from some one else. If you had stopped him and said that it was produced by a clergyman in Devonshire, named Robert Herrick, two hundred and odd years since, he would have grinned from ear to ear and been as wise as before. I passed on.

There is a tradition that Herrick, on his supersession at the time of the Commonwealth, repeated to himself his "Farewell to Dean Bourn" as he crossed the brook on his way to return to London.

But I think that the finest thing in all the *Hesperides* is to be found among the *Noble Numbers*:

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

1. Is this a Fast, to keep
 The Larder leane?
 And cleane
 From fat of Veales, and Sheep?

¹ Did Herrick borrow the idea from W. Turner's Elizabethan Ballad?

2. Is it to quit the dish
Of Flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with Fish?
3. Is it to fast an hour,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A down-cast look, and sowre?
4. No: 'tis a Fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat
Unto the hungry Soule.
5. It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumeise thy life.
6. To show a heart grief-rent:
To sterve thy sin,
Not Bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

R. S. Turner and E. H. Lawrence were, as collectors, two men of the rarest taste and discrimination, and in their personal appearance two of the most commonplace. Lawrence had the idiosyncrasy of signing himself F.S.A. even on his cheques. But no one comprehended better the difference between a fine article and a poor one than he did. He was, I believe, a thoroughly kind-hearted fellow, and from his vocation as a stockbroker must have accumulated a handsome fortune. The only purchase on his part I never understood was that of a miscellaneous assemblage of Cypriot glass and pottery.

While the Cypriot antiquities of Cesnola were being packed at Rollin and Feuarent's in Great Russell Street, preparatory to their transfer to the American Government, which bought them entire for £16,000, several distinguished persons interested

in art came to see them, among others Ruskin, who made some sketches from these fine objects. He went down on his knees to examine the details more carefully, but many had been already packed up. "Ah," said he, "I wish I had known of this before. I must go to America to see them when they are on view." Did he? The British Museum would have gladly purchased a few; but, as Cesnola observed, they would have left him with the less valuable bulk.

Turner's death was even more melancholy than Huth's. He had long suffered from morbid depression, and at last threw himself from the top of the well-staircase of a hotel at Brighton. His physical bearing was just as unprepossessing and unaristocratic as Lawrence's; but he had a more polished manner, and spoke correctly. I am sure that he was not a scholar; but he knew a great deal superficially about French and Italian books.

Among the sufferers from the acute agricultural depression in East Anglia were the Freres of Roydon Hall, Norfolk. In February, 1896, Mr. John Tudor Frere, who had previously sold other inherited effects, and had found it necessary to live in the lodge attached to the Hall, parted with certain of his books, which derived their chief interest from including the collections of Sir John Fenn. The library had been formed by Sheppard Frere, John Frere, and John Hookham Frere, the last a man of some literary and political repute in his day. The prices realized were wholly in excess of the value. I saw three or four members of the family in the auction-room, and I understood that many lots were bought in, and that there is a considerable body of books behind unsold. A portion of the *Paston Letters* (about two-fifths) fetched £400, and ought, with the Tomline volumes elsewhere referred to, to

find a home in the British Museum, if they have not done so.

Another of my bibliographical expeditions was to Llanhydrock, near Bodmin, Cornwall, the seat of the late Mr. Agar-Robartes, M.P., afterward Lord Robartes. He had married the daughter of Mr. Carew of Antony. Both Robartes and his wife were very polite and attentive, and shewed me, or allowed me to examine, the rare and curious books in the Long Room there. The house was built by John, Lord Roberts, first Earl of Radnor, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the time of Charles II., and had his initials and the date of erection carved on several parts of the premises. I once attended the little church in the Park, and Robartes himself read the lessons. There were several old horses wandering about, their term of service expired; for their master never allowed one to be destroyed.

I was permitted to take what notes I pleased of the old books in the Long Room, and I met with a few singularly rare items. Mrs. Robartes was good enough to look out personally for me some volumes containing manuscript remarks by the first Earl of Radnor, who died in 1685. My examination of the library was very cursory, as I was accompanied by a friend who entertained no literary sympathies.

Robartes was a very benevolent man, and spent a good deal in charity in the poorer quarters of London, as well as in his native county. His only son Charles, the present Lord Robartes, was a lad when I was last in Cornwall; he had been very simply brought up, and it was said that he thought much of being asked out to tea. There was a serious fire at Llanhydrock in 1881; but I conclude that the books escaped.

One of our common acquaintances at this time (1875) was Mr. Thomas Quiller Couch of Bodmin,

the eminent archæologist, whose father, Jonathan Couch of Polperro, wrote the work on British Fishes. The latter derived his information on ichthyology from personal research, and was often to be seen about the precincts of the fishing village, where he lived and died, in primitive attire and barefoot, on his way to the shore and rocks or on his return. He photographed the more remarkable objects caught, while they yet preserved their natural iridescence. Thomas Couch, who assisted me in my edition of Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, 1870, compiled a *Glossary of Words used in East Cornwall*, of which a copy, given me by him in 1865, contains large manuscript additions made by me in the course of my Cornish sojourns. He long acted as confidential adviser to Robartes in local matters.

The last time I was at Bodmin, I saw in the Asylum poor Blight, the accomplished artist, and author of *A Week at the Land's End*; he was hopelessly hypochondriacal.

But one of the most noted characters in those parts was Mr. William Hicks, whose powers as a *raconteur* of Cornish stories have probably never been surpassed. His accurate and humorous rendering of the provincial patois and mannerism was irresistible. He was a perfect host in himself at any entertainment. Hicks was intimate with Jackson the water-colour painter, and received him at his house during many years; and Jackson executed quite a series of complimentary pictures for Hicks, who highly prized them. After his death, they were unfortunately removed to a damp house, and I understood that they suffered serious detriment.

The literary circle here in my time also comprised Sir John Maclean, author of a *History of the Deanery of Trigg Minor* and other works, with whom I once had an interesting interview on the Beacon; William

Jago, a thoughtful and well-informed local antiquary ; and Henry Sewell Stokes, the Cornish poet. My daughter had written to Mr. Jago's, describing in rather glowing colours an article of dress just acquired ; and her young correspondent replied, "Your hat is a *dream*." She was probably unacquainted with the fact that this expression is common in French literature. But both were juveniles.

When I met Stokes, he spoke of Tennyson having been with him when he was formerly at Truro, and of their conversation together about the Arthur Poems. Stokes said that T. admitted to him his obligations to the old metrical *Morte Arthur*, and I went so far as to express my opinion that, looking at the antiquity and priority of it, the prototype was the finer production, and it is extraordinary how modern it strikes one as being in comparison with much of the poetry belonging to the same period. This is the common attribute of genius—to make us lose sight of chronological boundaries. It is so with Chaucer. It is so with Shakespear. I would add, it is so largely with the author of *Piers Ploughman*. The essence is of all time ; the outward texture only is antique.

The County Asylum occupies a large plot of ground formerly open and the site of the gallows. The name *Bodmin* is identical with *Bodnam* or *Bodenham* ; the original town lay at some distance in the valley. On the high ground above, three roads run parallel with each other : the pack-horse road, the old coach road, and the modern coach road. Just about here there are some strange low-pitched hovels, which they call British huts, and which are not dissimilar from what are termed Pictish dwellings in Scotland. Probably they were, when in use, partly subterranean. Mr. Collins the solicitor, of

Bodmin, drove me to the spot, and enabled me to examine them. I recollect that, on another occasion, I set out from Bodmin to walk to Brown Willy, but had to relinquish the task, as in the first place the ground was swampy, and in the second the farther I proceeded the more distant Brown Willy seemed to grow.

The pack-horse tracks are of the greatest antiquity. They just remind me of those over the mountains in Cumberland, some distance from Broughton-in-Furness. The keeper of the inn at Broughton, in former days, used to see the packmen from a long way off coming over the hills, and set to work to brew his ale, which was ready against their arrival. They eat the oat-cake in this country, as they do in Nidderdale, instead of bread.

Newquay, when I was there in 1875, was still a primitive place. There was no postman. A woman brought round the letters, and allowed every one to pick out his own. A man used to go round the village in a cart, selling suet, and announced his approach by playing the *Blue Bells of Scotland* on a horn.

Mr. Aldrich of Iowa, who has been only one of the gentlemen on the other side of the Atlantic to honour me by their correspondence and personal visits, formed the plan of establishing at Webster City, where he lived, a public collection of autographs and manuscripts, and he had met with some considerable success in inducing people, her Britannic Majesty included, to contribute to his object. I gave him some Hazlitt manuscript.

When he last called on me, he had not long since visited Jefferson Davis and his wife, who were very cheerful, with just enough to live upon from the wreck of their fortune. His attainder was never reversed; but he was left unmolested.

XXII

APPRENTICESHIP TO BIBLIOGRAPHY. GRADUAL ATTAINMENT OF MY MAJORITY

IT must have been about 1855 that a copy of the new *Lowndes* fell in my way, and that I bought a few books, which circumstances led me to submit to public competition at Sotheby's. I realized at a loss, and thought it high time to have done with book-buying. I can hardly tell how it was, but I began to look at my *Lowndes* with different eyes, and to discern and note shortcomings in it. My copy became a repository for marginalia and cuttings. It was as if Sotheby's had baited a hook with that work, guessing that I must bite and be caught; and I was! So I forgave Sotheby's, and stole back to the old ground. A strange new awakening had taken place. I was a bibliographer, with some of the chrysalis still visible. Neither myself nor anyone else at that juncture was aware that I should carry the hobby farther than scores of others who have done the same thing, left their mark on a few fly-leaves, and there stopped—that I should carry it, if I may so say, farther than any Englishman before me. My eyes were soon turned on other publications treating of our old English authors, and I saw how curiously they resembled the Manual I had and each other in the imperfect justice which they did to the subject. I felt that I could do something better, and I soon began to try.

I knew Sotheby's when there was a Sotheby,

and was in the room when, in 1864, the tidings came of his death by drowning while on an angling excursion. I retain his short, slight figure perfectly in my mind. An episode during his tenure of authority reflected great credit on him. A consignment of highly exceptionable books had been made to the firm for sale. Mr. Sotheby either saw them, or had his attention drawn to them, and he ordered their destruction, bidding the owner take what course he chose.

The last of the Sothebys, besides the works on typographical antiquities and other matters with which his name is honourably connected, compiled a bibliographical account of the Early English Poets, so far as their publications came under the notice of the firm in Wellington Street. The manuscript was offered to the British Museum by his widow, and Bond consulted me about the purchase, from which I felt bound to dissuade him, as it was an imperfect and jejune performance which my own labours had gone very far to reduce to a *caput mortuum*. But it was bought, nevertheless, I observe—perhaps at a much lower price than that asked by Mrs. Sotheby, who thought the MS. worth £250.

It was precisely when the sale of the grand Harleian library, of which the catalogue was drawn up for Osborne by Dr. Johnson, was impending, and a larger share of public notice was attracted to these matters, that Samuel Baker started in York Street, Covent Garden. The maiden sale was the collection of books belonging to Thomas Pellet, M.D., which lasted sixteen days, in 1744, and produced £859 odd. The ivory hammer which had been used by Mr. George Leigh during his brief association with the firm as a partner, had belonged to Langford the auctioneer.

Of course very interesting days have been ex-

perienced where the financial result was not very striking, as when, in 1799, the firm disposed of the library of the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, "Author and Secretary of State," for £533 4s. 4d.; and in 1833 of that of "the Emperor Napoléon Buonaparte" (*sic*), removed from St. Helena, for £450 9s. (his tortoiseshell walking-stick bringing £38 17s.); and, once more, when the drawings of T. Rowlandson the caricaturist were sold in 1818 for £700. But the portions of the stupendous Heber library dispersed here in 1834, owing to what Dibdin called the *bibliophobia*, nearly ruined the auctioneers. They rallied from the blow, however, and have never suffered any relapse to bad times, whatever account they may be pleased to give of the very piping ones which they have known pretty well ever since '45, when Mr. Benjamin Heywood Bright's important library was entrusted to their care.

It was the second Sotheby—the *Mister* Sotheby of or about 1816–30—who impressed on the concern his powerful and enduring individuality. He had a long innings, and had excellent opportunities of building up the structure which his son and successor inherited. The latter was the link between the old *régime* and the new. He lived to see many modifications, and to contract an alliance with fresh blood; and he survives to-day in Wellington Street, hard by Waterloo Bridge, as certainly as Shakespear does in Stratford-upon-Avon, and elsewhere, carrying on his affairs by proxy, as it were. Others, for the sake of convenience, act on his behalf; nevertheless, no one should deceive himself. The place is "Sotheby's" in 1912 just as it was in 1796.

Mr. Wilkinson, who had been the accountant, and was made a partner in 1842, was the principal seller in my earlier days. His appearance, as it was impressed on my mind when I became an habitual

frequenter of the rooms about 1858, was very agreeable, and his manner highly prepossessing; he was then in the full vigour of life. Halliwell and he were very intimate, and I have dined with him and the author of the *Gentle Life* at Halliwell's table. One not very unreasonable eccentricity on his part was his tenacious resistance to the admission of anyone else to a share in the conduct of the sales; he persisted in keeping his junior partner out so long as he physically could. He liked to lord over the whole concern to the very last. The spirit of monarchy long remained rather powerful here.

Wilkinson had settled in Brompton in 1839, and of course remembered, as we did, marvellous changes in that suburb. He told me, as an illustration of the ignorance of lawyers, that the very morning after the conclusion of the David Laing sale, amounting to many thousands, the solicitors called for a cheque, and the firm handed them one for £10,000, pending the contingency of returns. It was from Wilkinson that I had the information that a gentleman residing in his time in Onslow Square possessed a large collection of papers on Old Brompton, but he did not divulge his name.

I can just recall the Wolfreton sale in 1856. I was not actually present, but I heard a good deal about it soon afterward. It was a small collection of early English books and tracts formed under the Tudors and Stuarts; the copies were often uncut, and as often imperfect or dog's-eared. But there were among them a few startling rarities—some not even till then put on record by the learned in these affairs. The owner would have gladly accepted £30 for the lot, and the day's sale realized £750. Miss Wolfreton dined with me years after, and told me how it was. The books had lain in a corner of the library time out of mind unnoticed and unheeded,

and it was thought as well to get rid of them. They should have marked the day with a white stone when a friend (he *was* a friend) recommended them to apply to Wellington Street.

Of the frequenters of these rooms, the names which rise up to one's lips are those of persons eminent in nearly every vocation and walk of life: men of genius, of culture, of rank: the student, the amateur, the spectator! I have beheld with my own eyes J. B. Inglis, who had sold a magnificent library in 1826, before I was born, and lived to form a second; George Daniel, David Laing, Henry Bradshaw, Alexander Dyce, John Forster, J. O. Halliwell, Sir Stirling Maxwell, Henry Stevens of Vermont, Sir Thomas Phillipps of Middle Hill, George Smith, Christie-Miller, R. S. Turner, and Samuel Addington. But Lord Melbourne, Tommy Hill (Paul Pry), Lord Macaulay, M. Libri, Philip Bliss, Bulkeley Bandinel, Lord Crawford, and a host of others, have crossed this threshold. Henry Huth looked in once or twice while the Daniel sale was going on, and you brush elbows at this moment with other notabilities of our own day. I recollect, as one recollects trifles, standing at the side of Sir Thomas Phillipps one day, and the book which he bought—the Roxburghe Club edition of Drayton, 1856. I once met a gentleman at these rooms, who casually disclosed himself to me as a relative of the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville; we had an interesting conversation when he found that my father had personally known Mr. Grenville, and the peculiar grace and odour of his manner remain my property. He was unlike anyone else who had fallen in my way under such circumstances, although two other names occur to me as having inspired to a certain extent a similar sense of an arresting personality, namely those of Mr. Samuel Sandars and Mr.

M'Clean of Tunbridge Wells, both benefactors to the University of Cambridge.

There has always been a weird fascination, there is a charm, which draws us all more or less toward the spot where the game of chance (for such it is) is being played, even if we do not enter the lists, or let our own voices become audible. Leigh Hunt used to be fond of telling me how he had attended the Roxburghe sale in 1812, just as a looker-on, out of a sort of speculative curiosity, which it might ask a separate paper to define. The tap of the hammer against the desk is often awaited with considerable anxiety by those actually competing for the lot before the room.

I had a singular adventure here in 1858. Among a mass of rubbish a unique copy of the Earl of Surrey's English Virgil was put up one day. The bidding for it stopped at £6 12s. 6d. At that sum it was mine. But the hammer did not fall. The auctioneer repeated the amount several times, and kept his eye on the open door. The company did not understand what this strange movement signified. No one topped my offer. All at once, breathless, rushed in Mr. Thorpe, agent for the library at Britwell, asked what lot was up, and what price had been reached. "£6 12s. 6d.," now said Mr. Wilkinson, unmasking, and I lost my gem, which Mr. Thorpe carried off at £20. How I disliked him!

An occasional visitor to the rooms was George Daniel, of Canonbury, whose kid gloves I well recollect. I sat next to him at a sale, and when some ordinary bookseller's lot was knocked down in his name, I innocently inquired if he had purchased it. "No, sir," he urbanely replied; "if I were to buy all *that* Mr. Daniel does, I should have an Alexandrian library." The authentic G. D. was a retired accountant, whose bent consisted of *rare*s

morçeaux, bonnes bouches, uniques—copies of books with a *provenance*, or in jackets made for them by Roger Payne; nay, in the original parchment or paper wrapper, or in a bit of real mutton, which certain men call sheep. He was a person of literary tastes, and had written books in his day. But his chief celebrity was as an acquirer of those of others, provided always that they were old enough or rare enough. An item never passed into his possession without at once *ipso facto* gaining new attributes, almost invariably worded in a holograph memorandum of a not depreciatory tenor on the fly-leaf.

Daniel was in the market at a fortunate and peculiar juncture, just when prices were depressed, about the time of the great Heber sale. His marvellous gleanings came to the hammer precisely when the quarto Shakespear, the black-letter romance, the unique book of Elizabethan verse, had grown worth ten times their weight in sovereigns. Sir William Tite, J. O. Halliwell, and Henry Huth were to the front.

It was in 1864. What a wonderful sight it was! No living man had ever witnessed the like. Copies of Shakespear printed from the prompters' manuscripts and published at fourpence, fetched £300 or £400. I remember Joseph Lilly, when he had secured the famous ballads, which came from the Tollemaches of Helmingham Hall, holding up the folio volume in which they were contained in triumph, as Mr. Huth happened to enter the room.

Daniel had a luxuriant estimate of his treasures; what he had was always better than what you had. Books, prints, autographs, it was all the same. I met him one morning in Long Acre. I had bought a very fine copy of Taylor the Water Poet. "Oh yes, sir," he said, "I saw it; but not quite so fine as mine." He went up to Highgate to look through

Charles Mathews the elder's engravings. They were all duplicates—of course, inferior ones. "Damn him, sir!" cried Mathews afterward to a friend; "I should like him to have had a duplicate of my poor leg." This was the commercial bias of the ex-accountant. Mathews, by the way, belonged to a singular club at Plymouth, called the Blue Friars, and his *nom de guerre* there was *Prism*, which he subscribes to the oath or declaration on entrance. The members attired themselves in blue serge cassocks and ate off wooden platters.

Another thing which I had direct from Daniel was the occasional habit which Charles Lamb had of paying him a visit, and looking at his old books—looking at them, not touching. "For," said Daniel to me, "you know, sir, I could not have allowed that. Why, Mr. Lamb would turn over the leaves of a volume with his wet finger"—and the narrator represented the operation in the street, so far as he could without a book and with gloved hands—"and I always kept a particular copy of old ballads for him."

While Daniel's books were on view at the auction-room, in 1864, one of his family came for the purpose of seeing them, as it appeared that he never shewed his treasures to his children. From the account which a descendant gave me, I judge that the handsome result of the sale did not prove of much benefit to those interested.

Daniel was a virtuoso rather than a connoisseur. He studied the commercial barometer, and knew the right things to buy. Still, as the money expended would have realized at compound interest more than even the extravagant prices paid for his bibliographical rarities in 1864, and as he could not have forecast the issue, some credit is due to him for having preferred to invest his savings as he did

in early English books. He purchased in later life very sparingly, and so far did not obey the ordinary instincts of the collector, whose zest is derived from acquiring, not from possessing. He is apt to contemplate the treasures which he has secured with the sated feeling of the author toward the printed transfers from his own mind.

A noted and conspicuous character in the rooms during many years, whenever any remarkable objects were to be submitted to competition, was Mr. Samuel Addington, of St. Martin's Lane. A tall, imposing figure, with an inclination at the last to stoop somewhat, Addington deserves to be regarded in one or two respects as the most extraordinary person who frequented Sotheby's in my earlier recollection. He was, like R. S. Turner and Edwin Lawrence, illiterate, but also, like them, a man of the keenest and truest instinct for what was worth having. His collection of Prints, Miniatures, Books, Manuscripts, Coins, were *a-per-se*. I once had occasion to solicit for Grosart the loan of the miniature of Dr. Donne by Oliver, and Addington shewed me some of his gems, and gems they were. His knowledge of them was mainly *per* catalogue. When he upset a tray of coins, some one had to go and set it in order again. It was his instinct which was so surprising. His handwriting was rather worse, I think, than mine, and was wanting in character.

I frequently met him (he generally walked with his head slightly inclined and his hands crossed behind his back), and have more than once seen him arming Mrs. Nosedá the printseller to the Royal Academy. She was the only person on whose judgment in her particular line he relied. But Addington also saw a good deal of Wareham the dealer in antiquities, and, it is said, helped him.

He bought in his time almost everything, and of

the finest and choicest, for the cost did not signify. He lived over his shop in the Lane, and was a bachelor with some £15,000 a year. I think that he dined nearer the Elizabethan hour than most of us do; and when there was something to attract him to Wellington Street, it was his not unfrequent habit to arrive there on the stroke of 1 P.M., his frugal dessert—an orange—in his hand. If you were on the scent after a prize in the rooms, and Addington had fixed his mind upon the same lot, you were as one whose chance had gone.

He was perhaps the first who set the precedent of giving prices for articles totally beyond record and example. It was his cue, and it is, so to speak, his epitaph. Addington, as a collector, followed somewhat parallel lines to Quaritch as a man of business—he declined to be beaten. As some of us are said to be makers of history, Addington was, and the autocrat of the auction-room still is, a maker of market values and prices current. I hardly believe that his knowledge of books and other curiosities was in any way great. He watched the biddings carefully, ignored all lots which fell at humble prices, but began to prick up his ears when £10 or £20 had been reached. His entrance into the fray was ordinarily prefigured by the relegation of his glasses to the top of his head.

Let me consecrate a few lines to a widely different individual who haunted this purlieu in my youth, Adams the Sixpenny Solicitor. He was a tall, poorly-clad man who wore an appallingly bad hat. He used to sit at the table too, but as far as he could from everybody else. He might harbour a consciousness that he was not too welcome; and sixpence was his Alpha and his Omega. Ay, and you would have been surprised at the lots which fell to him. He was one of the surest customers of the firm, for

he invariably paid cash, which is a strongly-marked exception to the general rule. At last I lost sight of him. Of his humble profits much, I fear, went in the purchase of liquor, probably on a par in quality with his habiliments and his hat.

Among the booksellers who have assembled here, I may enumerate Joseph Lilly, the Boones, Bernard Quaritch, F. S. Ellis, the two Molini, the younger Pickering, James Toovey (of the *Temple of Leather and Literature*, Piccadilly), George Willis, Edward Stibbs, the two Wallers, the Russell-Smiths, the Walfords, William Reeves, George Bumstead, and the Rimells. I once fell in with Robert Triphook, and conversed with him; but he had retired before my time. The elder Boone had a curious way of bidding; he sat just under the auctioneer, and would tap the heel of Mr. Wilkinson's boot with his pencil. Bumstead, who executed commissions for George Smith and Sir Stirling Maxwell, usually stood by the side of the rostrum, and, laying his hand on his right cheek, made his thumb turn as on a hinge, each movement signifying an advance. A third was supposed to remain in the field so long as he kept his eye on the seller, or continued to strike his catalogue with his pencil.

These and other comedians were the employers of a secret language. Is it necessary to say that they all conceived themselves unobserved? But, again, there was the opposite extreme—the stentorian throat, generally of some provincial or Continental tyro, which made the room vibrate, and everybody present look round; and an occasional episode, a generation or so ago, was the echoing shout with which Tom Arthur, if he had indulged rather too freely at his mid-day repast before the sale, bad at random for whatever was on the table.

One signal difference between the auction-room, as it now exists, and as I was familiar with it in my younger days, lies in the almost ruined hopes of the Bundle-hunter. There was a time when this peculiar pursuit was attended by lucrative results, and partook of that adventurous complexion so dear to the trader, the dream of whose life it is to become rich soon and retire early. Weird tales used to be related of fabulous bargains acquired by keen and persistent study of the Bundle. Those are living who remember what it was to discover in the heart of one some gem beyond price, some reputed *introuvable*. The very interior was a *terra incognita*, a Pandora's box, a possible Eldorado. A relic of the days of the earlier Tudors or a Wynkyn de Worde, a lost Elizabethan fragment or some piece by Taylor the Water Poet, which the world had long despaired of ever beholding, can it be that such, and many more like these—nay, better—were once not seldom the portions of the wary and diligent harvestman? Ay, verily; and not very different was it of old with the composite volume—the heterogeneous assemblage of pieces united by unforeseeing owners or indiscreet bibliopegists (bless them both!) in unholy wedlock; nor with the folio volume, lettered outside perchance, “Old Newspapers,” and the resting-place of black-letter ballads threescore and upward, which, a beneficent spirit casting a spell on all save *one alone*, no other eye discerned.

Yet now and again the labours of the seeker are still rewarded. Stories have been rife within reasonable years of literary sugar-plums disinterred by the vigilant and sagacious explorer from unpromising, nay, repellent, upper stratifications of ragged, dust-ingrained, penny-box ware. Mark you, the successful expert of the present era has all his work before him. He has to be wary to excess. He has to

snatch the right moment for investigating the contents of these "parcels," as the phrase is. He must assure himself that no enemy is in ambush. A quick eye, a deft hand, and an impassible demeanour are essential. Let him not be too sanguine till the hammer is down, and the prize is his; for instances are cited by the knowing in these by-paths of research where the hidden quarry has been secretly noted by more than a single hunter—by a second Argus—and then, while others have beaten the bush, the auctioneer it is who catches the hare; for, however sorrowful it may be to relate it, the baffled game operates exactly in a contrary direction, and the article, instead of dropping for a song, realizes in the heat of exasperated competition a figure which makes the occupant of the rostrum lick his lips, as it is not etiquette for him to betray emotion in a more obstreperous way.

But the prevailing experience at present is certainly in the direction opposite to that which the nugget-digger desiderates. The auctioneer's staff, doubtless obeying instructions, is most distastefully minute in detailing out the contents of lots and parcels, and in searching beforehand for hidden ore. From the bundle-hunter's seeing-point the game is well-nigh up. Ere long the bladder will be pricked, and he will be like another Othello. When a volume of commonplace tracts fills an entire page, if not two, of a catalogue, it is time for him to break his staff. The latter-day auctioneer, sooth to say, errs on the side of accentuation. It nevertheless seems as if the keenest and most jealous competition, the most strongly emphasized printed accounts, and the latest improvements in distributing and circulating catalogues of sales, are unequal to the removal of a curious phenomenon which periodically recurs, and yet on each occasion is declared to be so remark-

able that it cannot by possibility happen again : I mean the Frost—the sudden and capricious fall of the temperature in the room, or in the veins of those frequenting it, to zero.

Provided always that property of a certain stamp usually protects itself by guaranteeing attendance and opposition, it is not that the character of the sale is unfavourable, or that of the articles offered liable to question, for there have been notable cases where some of the rarest books and best copies went at nominal figures. I once asked the late Mr. Quaritch what he thought that he should have given for a lot which went for £61 in his absence, and his reply was, “about £700.” Now it begins, I apprehend, to be better understood that it is not only the property which governs the result, but the atmosphere and the name. Some years ago, for instance, Gladstone placed his old china in the hands of Christie’s for sale. It was a very second-rate collection ; but the reputation of the owner drew a company which was willing to pay for sentiment.

On the dispersion of the Edkins collection of Bristol porcelain many years ago, my brother had been asked by Dr. Diamond of Twickenham, who could not be there in person, if he would mind going to £20 for a certain teapot. The trust was accepted, and the holder of this heavy commission (as it seemed to him to be) imagined himself the central figure in a thrilling episode—the hero, in fact, of the day. When the item came on, a gentleman stepped forward and said to the auctioneer : “If it will save the time of the company, sir, I will say £105 just to start you !” My relative assumed the cap of invisibility.

The series of priced catalogues from 1805 in the possession of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson is a strange sort of homily on the fortunes of families, the

progress of learning, and the caprices of taste. To the *littérateur* and bibliographer, through all the long vista of years, these classic rooms, associated with Sir Joshua Reynolds and his friends, and with the Western Literary Institution, have afforded many and many a precious gem and fascinating discovery. The prices obtained were, in the old days, fairly high; but even *chef D'ouvres* (as a former member of the house was pleased to write it) did not invariably answer the expectations of the parties interested. Do we not occasionally still find the same thing?

It would be ungrateful to the house in Leicester Square if I were not to confess that it has yielded me in my time many a pleasant discovery and many an excellent bargain. Was it not there that I met with the classic Somers Tracts in thirty folio volumes, with the "Laws of New York," 1693—the first book printed there, I take it—and several other unique Americana among them? Did I not attend the great Surrenden sale there, when the Dering books were offered, and have to my next neighbour at the table no less a man than John Forster Esquire? How distinctly I call to mind pointing out to him the rarity and interest of an uncut copy on large paper of Archbishop Laud's "Speech in the Star Chamber," 1637, and his magnificent affability in rendering me thanks!

Puttick has been dead many years. He was a tall, powerful man, and on one occasion, when a too clamorous Hebrew persisted in interrupting a sale, the auctioneer quitted the rostrum, took the fellow by the collar, led him to the door, and pitched him downstairs.

It was while Mr. B. R. Wheatley belonged to a firm of auctioneers in Piccadilly, and prior to his father's death, that the auction-room was converted

on one occasion into a theatre for the production of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* by amateurs, Mr. Wheatley himself, then quite a lad with a strong taste and talent for theatricals, taking the part of Tony Lumpkin.

INDEX

- Abacus*, 96
 Actors in Old Brompton, 80-1, 100-1,
 116-26
 — whom I knew through Byron,
 106-12
 — imitations of, at *Our Club*, 201
 Addington, Samuel, 331-2
 Addison, David, of Inverness, 163
 — John, 60, 138-9 *et seqq.*
 — Road, Kensington, 65, 134-5
 Addlestone, Surrey, 194
Address (My) to the Electors of King-
ston Division of Surrey, 231
 "Adonis of fifty," 8
 Agar-Robartes, 319
 Agriculture, Board of, 132
 Aikin sale in 1798, 148
 Ainger, Canon, 243-7
 Ainsworth, W. H., 24
 Albert, Prince, 6-7, 222-4, 271
 Aldis, Sir Charles, 31
 — Dr. 31
 Aldrich of Iowa, U.S., Mr. 322
 Alexander, H. B., 79
 — Square, 79
 — W., 79
 Alfred Place, Old Brompton, 12, 22,
 37-8, 78-9
 Allen, Grant, 296
Alma Mater of Scriblerus, 263
 Almshouses in Cromwell Lane, 82
 Althorp, 270
 America, 132, 135, 293, 304
 Angelo, Henry, 5
 Ansons of Shuckborough, 159
 Antwerp in 1852, 144-5
 Arnold the stipendiary, 190
 Arthur, Thomas, 333
 Arundell of Wardour, Lord, 233
 Ashburnham, Earl of, 268, 295
 Ashby, Leicestershire, 154
 Asquith, H. H., v
 Astors, The, 132
 Athenæus, *Deipnosophistæ*, 158
 Atholl Papers, 226
 Atmosphere and values, 336
 Aubrey, John, 173
 Australia, 234
- BACON, Vice-Chancellor, 183
 Bagot-Lanes, The, 161
 Bain, Professor, 199
 Baldock the bookseller, 259-90
 Baldwin, Prudence, 316
 Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, 125
 Ball, Arthur, 170
 Ballantyne & Co., 307
 Baltimore, Lord, 149
 Banbury, 161
 Banister, Edward, 170
 — Saxe, 131
 Bannockburn, 238
 Bankruptcy Court, 181
 Banks, Sir Joseph, 115
 Bargains, 334-5
 Barham, R. H., 102, 120-1
 Barlow, Samuel, 46
 Barnes, 79, 175-80
Baron's Daughter, The, 128
 Barrington the pickpocket, 162
 Bass, Michael, brewer, 156
 Bath Cottage, 82 *n.*
 Battenbergs, The, 225
 Battersea Fields, 60
 Baxter, Rose, and Norton, 189-90
 Bear Lane, Fulham, 138
 Beatrice, Princess, 225
 Beauchamp, General, 270
 Beaumanor Park, Loughborough, 315
 Beaumont, Sir George, 118-19
 Bedford, Duke of, 137
 — Francis, 301
 — Paul, 124
 Belgrave Square, 68
 Bell and Horns Lane, 66, 79-81, 86-7, 97
Bell at Leicester, 156
 Bellamys, The, 39, 44-5
 Bentham, Jeremy, 4-5
 Berners, Lord, 157
 Bibliography, my approaching Early
 British, 247
 Birch, Dr., of Wimbledon, 168
 Birch's in Cornhill, 128
 Bird Cage Walk, 68
 Birrell, Augustine, v
 Black, Algernon, 30, 133 *n.*
 — John, 3-4, 20

- Black Lion Lane, Bayswater, 64
 — Sea at Wandsworth, 173
 Blades, W., 22
 Blanchard, E. L., 113
 Blanchards, The, 93, 113
 Blessington, Lady, 81
 Blight the artist, 320
Blue Friars of Plymouth, 330
 Bodleian library, 313
 Bodley, Sir Thomas, 138
 Bodmin, 320-1
Bogue's European Library, 24
 Bohn, H. G., 24, 261
 — John, 261
 Boileau, General, 179
 Bolton estate, 86
 Bonapartes, The, 227
 Bond, Sir Augustus, 250-1
 Bonne-Maison, Mme., 12
 Boom, Fanny, 133
 Boone, General, 65
 Bosanquet woods, Broxbourne, 13
 Bosworth field, 315
 Botfield, Beriah, 158
 Boucicault, Dion, 121
 Bowdon, Cheshire, 138
 Bowmans, The, 137
 Bowring, Sir John, 7-8
 Box Hill, Surrey, 240
 Boyer the *chef* at Badminton, 156
 Bradford, William, New York printer,
 304
 Bradley, Dean, 274
 Bradshaw, Henry, 274-5, 283-5,
 306-7
 Braham, John, 95
 Bramwell, Sir F., 143
 Brandenburg House, 166
Brand's Popular Antiquities, 254, 320
 Brassey, Thomas, 143, 150
 Bread and Cheese Land, 65
 Brederode, House of, 225
 Brentford Distillery, 163
 Breviary, Roman, of 1518, 293
 Brighton, 38
 — Railway, 143
 British Earthworks in Sussex, 153
 — Gallery, Pall Mall, 131
 — huts in Cornwall, 318, 321
 — Museum, 250-9, 305, 312
 Britwell library, 307-9, 328
 Broad Street, Old, 16
 — Westminster, 1
 Brockley, Kent, 191
 Brompton Bun, 76
 — Cemetery, 88, 153
 — Crescent, 132
 — friends, 84-5
 Brompton Grove, 77
 — Hall, 82
 — Heath, 89
 — (Old), 74 *et seqq.*, 97-9, 256, 326
 — Park, 99
 — Park Nurseries, 86
 — Row, 69, 71, 74-7
 — Square, 5
 — *Stock*, 87
 — Vale, 61, 83-4, 123
 Brontës, The, 14
 Bronzes found at Barnes, 179
 Brooke, G. V., 100
 Brooks, Shirley, 81, 196, 209, 211, 213
 Brougham, Lord, 4, 8, 185-6, 250
 Broughton-in-Furness, 322
 Browne, Armitage, 2
 — William, 193, 255
 Browning, Robert, 272-4
 Broxbourne, Herts, 13
 Brussels, 145
 Bryans, The, 94, 131
 Bryant of Wardour Street, 261
 Buckingham of Seven Dials, 163
 Buckstone, J. B., 121-3
 Bull-baiting, 162
 Bullen, George, 254-5, 285
 Bulwer, E. L., 21-2
 — Lady, 102
 Burbages, The, 138
 Burleigh, Lord, 82
 Burrell the stipendiary, 231
 Bute House, 83
 Byngs, The, 159
 Byron, Henry James, 85 *et seqq.*, 122
 — Lord, 28, 111
 — — (the poet), 292
 Byrons, The, 104-12

 CALDWELL the baker, 96
 Cambridge, 285
 — Duke of, 51, 223-6
 — helpers, my, 283-6
 Camden Town, 118, 150
 Campden Hill, 65
 Canning, George, 95
 Canova, Antonio, 227
 Cardigan's (Lady) *Recollections*, 95
 Carey, Mrs., 91
 Carew of Antony, 319
 Carlisle, Earl of, 116
 Carlos, Don, 95
 Carlyle, Thomas, 29-31, 233
Carrosse, 226
 Carter Halls, The, 93-4
 Castlenau, Barnes, 140
 Céleste, Mme., 124
Chambers's Journal, 55

Chambers, Colonel, 168
 — R. and W., 278
 Chappell, W., 197
 Charles L., 168
 Charlies, The, 150
 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, 22
 Charnwood Forest, 161
 Chat Moss, 142
 Chatfield House, Putney, 8
 Chatterton, Mrs., 5, 116
 Chaucer, Geoffrey, 137-8, 275-6, 284, 321
 Cheese-cakes, 204
 Chelsea Bun-houses, 33
 — Common, 85
 — — Field, 86
 — days, 31-6, 100, 124
 — Park, 89
 — Pound, 84
 — *Little*, 89
Cherry Ripe, 316
 Cheyne Walk, 31-2
 Chinese Bible, 293
 Christy the hatter, 307
 Church Street, Chelsea, 15, 133
 Cider Cellars, Maiden Lane, 217
 Chanricarde, Marquis of, 52
 Clapton, 287
 Clarendon, Earl of, 4
 Classical authors, imperfect appreciation of, 43-4, 47
 Cleland's *Fanny Hill*, 167
 Clockmakers' Guild, 149
 Close, Dean, 124
 Clubs, 216-17
 Clun's Hotel, Covent Garden, 208
 Coaches, 62-4
 Coal, 158-9
 Cobb, Abiezer, 177
 Cobbett, William, 135, 227
 Cockburn, Sir Alexander, 141-2
 — John, 190
 Cock-fighting parson, 154
 Colburn, Henry, 19
 Cole, Henry, 5-7
 Coleherne Court, 87
 Colehill Cottage, Fulham, 139
 Colenso, Bishop, 103
 Coleridge, S. T., 13, 19
 Coleridges, The, 187, 194, 273
 "Cole's Fish Kettle," 7
 Collas, Jules, of Jersey, 140, 145, 301
 Collectors, 299, 301-2
 Collier, John Payne, 194
 Colville's Nursery, 85
 Cousanguinity and marriage, 302
 Conway's Nursery, 86, 90
 Cooper, Fenimore, 260

Cooper, Mrs., 76
 — Thompson, 55
 Coopers, The, 117-19
 Corelli, Miss, 241
 Corney, Bolton, 253
 Correspondence, my own literary, 249
 Corser, Rev. Thomas, 281, 308
 Cosens, F. W., 196, 208, 303-4
 Cotton, Morten, 94
 Crawford, Earl of, 302
 Crawshays of Cyfarthfa, 201 n.
 Crockford's, 159
 Croker, Dillon, 196-7, 209
 Couch, Jonathan, 320
 — Thomas Quiller, 319-20.
 Coulson, Walter, 3, 20
 Cousin, Victor, 36
 Covent Garden Theatre, 23
 Cowden-Clarks, The, 64
 Cowley, Lord, 277
 Cowper House, 82, 87
 Craven Hill, Bayswater, 64
 — Place, 64
 Crimean War, 49-51
Crimson Hermit, The, 121
 Cromwell, Gardens, 82
 — House, 82
 — Lane, 82-3
 — Oliver, 82, 169, 171
 — Road, 97
 Cromwells, The, 83
 Crossley, James, 24, 281
 Crown Court, St. James's, 77
 — Solicitor and Half-Crown Barrister, 182
 Cruikshank, George, 81
 — Robert, 81
 Crump the counsel, 192
 Cumming, Gordon, 34
 Cundall, Joseph, 6
 Cunningham, Allan, 234, 245
 — General, 234
 — Peter, 101, 211, 213
 Curran, J. P., 159
 Curtis family of Chiswick, 163-4
 Cyprus, 207, 317-18

Daily News, 51
Dandy School, The, 13
 Daniel, George, 291, 308, 328-31
 — Samuel, 138
 Daranda, Mme., 169
 Dauphin, The, at Chelsea, 36
 D'Aumale, Duc, 296
 David's *Turkish Grammar*, 31
 Davis, Henry May, 239-40, 242, 296-7
 — Jefferson, 322
 Davison (J. W.) of the *Times*, 27, 212

- Davison, Emily, 272
 — Sir Henry, 272
 Day, Mr. Justice, 194
 Dean, Forest of, 158
 — Prior, Devon, 316
 Deane, Rev. J. Bathurst, 45
 — General, 45
 Decker Hill, Shifnal, 158
 De Dampierre, Marquis, 129
 Defoe, D., 24
 De Gayangos, Don P., 286
 Delabere, Sir Henry, 52
 De la Haye, Pierre, 60
 Delille, M., 40
 De Maintenon, Mme., 227
 De Merger, Baron, 127-30
 Devereux, The, 94
 Devonshire, Duke of, 270
 De Vega, Lope, 304
 De Villa, Captain, 37-8
 Diamond, Dr., 175, 196, 201-5, 211, 336
 — W. H., 202
 Dickens, Charles, 10, 101-2, 181, 195,
 240, 259, 300, 310
 — the younger, 196-7, 208
 — John, 195
 Digby, Kenelm Henry, 136
 Dilke, Sir Charles, 206, 241
 Disraeli, B., 313
 Distillery Garden at Chelsea, 34
 Dixon, W. H., 196, 205-8
 Dodd the player, 128
 Doer, Dr., of Zürich, 225
 Donne, John, 249, 331
 Doran, Dr., 196, 208, 211
 Dorking, 296-7
 Down Street, Piccadilly, 67
 Driver. See *Delabere*
 Dronkers, Antje, 147
 Drummonds, The, 135
 Du Chaillu, 258
 Dulwich Wood, 114
 Dumas, Alexandre, 121, 130, 277
 Dunbar, William, 306
 Du Maurier, George, 130
 Duplex, Dr., 103
 Dürer, Albrecht, 258
 Durham, Joseph, 196, 211
 Dyce, Rev. Alexander, 282-3

 EARL'S COURT, 86, 88-9, 99
 Early, Mr., a gardener, 277
 Earnshaw, Thomas, 148-9
 East-End theatres, 121, 125
 Easter offerings, 149
 Easthope, Sir John, 3, 20
 Ebsworth, Rev. J. M., 257
 Ebury Farm, 60, 72

 Edgware, 70
 Edinburgh, 306
Edinburgh Review, 22
Édition de luxe, 266
 Edmonton, 63
 Edward VII., 229
 Eel-brook Common, 138
Épigrammes Poétiques, 16-17
 Efra, the river, 59
 Eglinton Tournament, 104
 Egmonts, The, 153-4
 Elian (my own) labours, 243 *et seqq.*
Eliot, George, 194
 Elizabeth, Queen, 31, 59, 82, 169,
 186
 Elkins of Lombard Street, 265
 Ellesmere, Earl of, 271
 Elliot's Pine Pits, Hans Place, 78
 Elliots, The, 86
 Ellis, F. S., 265, 292, 294
 — Sir Henry, 253-4
 Elwes, John, 22
 Enclosure Acts, 161
 Engel, Carl, 137
 Enkhuisen, 290
 Entomology and wild life of Barnes
 Common, 175
 Escombe, Priscilla, 35
 Escombes, The, 29, 34-5
 Essex House, Putney, 169
Ethiopian Scoundrels, 126
 Evans, Sir De Lacy, 13
 Evans's in Covent Garden, 208, 217
 Evelyn, John, 97, 168, 240-2
 — W. J., 240-2
 — Lady, 241
 Evelyns, The, 270
 Ewbanks, The, 199
 Exhibition of 1851, 6, 97, 219, 222
 Expenses, household, sixty years ago,
 27-8

 FAIRFAX House, Putney, 169
 Farebrother, Miss Louisa, 225-6
 Farrens, The, 117
 Faulkners of Chelsea, The, 79-80
 Felixstowe, 37
Fight, The, 14, 62
Finch of Our Club, 200
 Finsbury, 287
 Fitzclarence, Lady Mary, 136
 Fitzgeorge, Colonel, 226
 Fitzwilliams, The, 123
 Five Fields, Pimlico, 68
 Flabell, John, 143
 Fladgate, Francis, 121
 Fleming, Sir John, 81, 99
 — See *Harrington*

- Florida Gardens, 82, 95
 Florio, John, 138
 — Rose, 138
 Fonblanque, Albany, 9
 Foote, Samuel, 178
 Forest at Fulham, 138
 Forman, Simon, 139
 Forster, John, 101-3, 338
 Forsyth, William, 87, 115
Forty Thieves, The, 196, 212
 Foster, Miss, 78
 Foulkes, John, 227, 238-9
 — W. L., 176
 Fowles, Susanna, 166
 Fox, General Charles, 136
 — John, 305
 — W. J., M.P., 32
 — Mrs., 32
 Frampton, Dr., 96
 Frangipani, 293
 Free List, 23
 Freemasonry, 219
 French players in London, 126
 Freres, The, 318
 Friswell, J. H., 326
 Frith the photographer, 264
 Frog Moor, The, or Frogmore, 98
 Fulham, 138 *et seq.*, 168
 — *Causeries*, 138-64
 — Fields, 66, 87
 — Palace, 90, 138
 — Park, 90, 138
 — Road, 66
 Furnivall, F. J., 254, 257, 261, 273-5,
 284-5, 296, 299
- GAGE, Lord, 104
 Gallen, John, of Liverpool, 314
 Garibaldi, Giuseppe, 168
 Garnett, Richard, 257
 Garricks, The, 111
 George I., 226
 — II., 226
 — III., 67, 231
 — IV., 140, 218
 — V., 54
 Gibbons, The. at Putney, 171
 — Grinling, 277
 Gibson, Rowland, 2 n.
 Gilbert, Colonel, 89
 Giustinian, Sebastian, 169
 Gladstone, W. E., 53, 93, 183, 231-4,
 279, 336
 Gleig, Rev. G. R., 52
 Gloucester Lodge, 82, 95
 — Road, 74, 82-3
- Gloucester, Duchess of, 95
Gluepots, a phrase, 53
 Glyn the banker, 150-1
 Godwin, George, 85, 89
 — William, 3
Golden Dustman, 102
 Goldsmid, Aaron Asher, 216
 — Sir Francis, 18
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 338
 Gomm family, 165
 Gomme, G. L., 166
 Goodwood, 153
 Gordon, General, 232
 Gough House, 80
 Goulburn, Commissioner, 184-5
 Govor (St.), 98-9
 Govor's Well (St.), 98
 Grammatical Academy, Parson's
 Green, 96
 Grant, Albert, 136, 182
 Gray, Dr., 258
 Gray's Inn Lane, 67
 Greenhill, Sir A. G., 283-4
 Greenwell, Canon, 309
 Grenville Library, Br. Museum, 256
 — T., 256, 327
 Griffiths, Ralph, 167
 Grimani family, 32
 Grimthorpe, Lord, 143
 Grisi, Giulia, 126
 Grosart, Rev. Dr., 249, 275, 331
 Grove House, 77-8
 Guizot, 85, 94
 Gunnings, The, 83
 Gunter the pastrycook, 89
 Gurneys, The, 87-8
Gymnasium (proposed) for women, 4
- HAILSTONE, Edward, 201
 Halliwell-Phillipps, J. O., 89, 92, 114,
 275-7, 289, 311, 326
 Hamburg, 287-8
 Ham House,¹ 248
 Hamilton, Sir Robert, 49-50, 53-5,
 171, 176
 — Rev. Zachary Macaulay, 50
 Hammersmith, 165-6, 274
 Hampstead, 65
 Handfords, The, 31
 Hanoverians, 223
 Hanson, Edward, 266
 Hans Place, 78
 Harewood, Earl of, 208
 Harley, John Pritt, 80, 120
 Harrington, Earls of, 81, 99
 — Jane, Countess of, 81-2, 99

¹ The writer has been since favoured by Lord Dysart with permission to take notes of all his *desiderata* there.

- Harrogate, 156-7
 Hartley, Leonard, 265
 Haslemere, 100
Hatless Headman, 277
 Hawes, Sir B., 25, 49
 Hawkins, Henry, 188
 — Sir John, 204
 Hawksley the engineer, 144
 Haymarket Theatre, 27, 121
 Haymes, Captain, 155-6
 Hazlitt, Gladys, H. C., 321
 — Grace, 78
 — John, 201-2
 — Sarah, 2, 20, 38, 148
 — William, v-vii, 3, 8, 11, 15-16, 18, 20-4, 37-8, 42, 52, 62, 64, 117, 131, 193-4, 278, 322
 — — junior, 2-3, 5-6, 8, 10, 18, 20 *et seqq.*, 130, 181 *et seqq.*, 194-5, 197-8, 209, 212, 214, 231, 240, 254
 — Rev. William, 23, 194
 — — Road, West Kensington, 185
 Heath, Robert, 264
 Heber, Richard, 218, 308
 Henderson, Mr., 230
 Henrietta, Princess, 168
 Henryson, Robert, 306
 Herbert, Sidney, 91
 Hereford Lodge, 94
 Herrick, Robert, 168, 315-17
 Heywood, John, 311
 Hicks, William, 320
 Hickson of Fairfield, Kent, Mr., 5
 Highwaymen, 66
 Hills of Broxbourne, 13-14
 Hirsch, Baron, 238
 Hog Moor, 98
 Hogmore Lane, 98
Holerofts, 66, 138
 Holcroft, Henry, 127-8
 — Thomas, 129
 Holland House, 135
 Hollis, The, 92-3, 100-2, 196-7, 200, 209, 212
 Holt, Frank, R.A., 163
 Hood, Thomas, 18-19
 Hook, Theodore, 64
Hooks and Eyes, 195-6
 Hoop and Toy, 81
 Hope of Pershore, Tommy, 150
 Hornbys, The, 32
 Horne, R. H., 12, 14
 Horners' Company, 230
 Horton, Priscilla, 122
 Hotten, John, 265
 Hotham, Lady, 94
 Houghton, Lord, 250
 Howard of Effingham, Lord, 95
 Howell, James, 68
Hue's Travels in Tartary, &c., 27
 Huett, Noah, 263
 Hume the Baker, 76-7, 95-6
Hundred Merry Tales, 1526, 71-3
 Hunt, Henry Leigh, 4
 — John, 10, 28, 78
 — Leigh, 4, 8-11, 14, 80-1, 297, 328
 — Robert, 9-10
 — Stephen, 10-11
 — Thornton, 9
 Hunts, The, 8-11
 Hunt Catalogue, 292-4
 — Henry, 267, 286-301, 304, 308, 309, 327, 329
 Huths, The, 251, 287-8, 290, 293, 301-2
 Hyde Park, 71-2
 — — Corner, 68, 70
 IDSWORTH, Hants, 170
 Illustrated copies of books, 265-7
 Ingestre House, 80-1
 Ingleby, Dr., 277
 Inner Temple, 193
 Inns, Roadside, 61, 66
 Interviewers, 278
 Ipswich, 37
 Ireland, Alexander, 93, 158, 278-80
 Ireton, Henry, 169
 Irons, Rev. Mr., 80
 Irving, Henry, 119
 Islington Green, 150
Ivankoe, 23
 JACKSON the water-colour painter, 320
 Jaffrey, Archibald, 234-7
 Jago, Rev. William, 320-1
 Jamieson, Mrs., 300
 Jansen, Sir Theodore, 171
 Jeaffreson, J. C., 200, 208
 Jenkinson, F., 286
 Jennings' Buildings, Kensington, 136
 Jerrold, Douglas, 123, 196-217, 195, 199-200, 206, 212, 264
 Jerrolds, The, 93, 196
 Jersey, 177, 301
 Jessel, Sir George, 196
 Jews' Row, Chelsea, 33
Jocular Literature, Studies in, 30-1
 Johnson, S., 260, 274
 Jordan, Mrs., 136
 Jubilee money of 1887, 219-20
 Judson the ironmonger, 135
 Julius H., Pope, 52

- KAISER, The, 226
 Keats, John, 2
 Keeleys, The, 116, 196, 212
 Keene, S. W., 180
Keep (To) a True Lent, 316-17
 Kekewich, Mr. Justice, 187, 193
 Kelly, Walter Keating, 104
 Kenneys, The, 126-31
 Kensington, 66, 74 *et seqq.*, 131 *et seqq.*
 — Church, 83, 95
 — Dragoons, 137
 — Gore, 76-7, 81, 98-9
 Kent, Constance, 219
 — Duke and Duchess of, 76, 225
 Kenyon, Lord, 185
 Kerny, Michael, 232
 Keymer, James, 113
 — Mary Maud, 113-14
 King, Dorothy, 316
 King's Cross, 67
 — and Queen's Roads, 69
 Kingsley, George, 271
 Kingston-on-Thames, 132, 169
 Kirke's Nursery, 97
 Kitchener of Khartoum, 233
 Knaresborough Forest, 157
 Knapp's *Journal of a Naturalist*, 28
 Kneiler, Sir Godfrey, 148
 Knight, Charles, 196, 210
 Knightsbridge, 60-1, 66-7, 71 *et seqq.*,
 150
 — Green, 72-3
 "Knock-out" at auctions, 294
 Knowles, Sheridan, 9
 Knox, John, 305
- LACY, John, clothworker, 169
 Ladies' schools at Putney, 168
 Laing, David, 284, 305-6
 Lamb, C., vi, 16, 30, 63, 195, 243-7,
 330
 — John, 12, 19-20
 — Mary, 243
 Lancaster Gate, 65, 67
 Landseers, The, 38
 Lanesborough House, 68
 Langland, William, 284, 321
 Lansdowne, a former Marquis of, 153
 Lardner, Dionysius, 121
 Laurie of Brentwood, Essex, 139
 Law and lawyers, unsatisfactory con-
 dition of, 192
 Lawrence, E. H., 317, 331
 Leach the boatswain, 76
 Leonfield, Lord, 154
 Lee of Hammersmith, nurseryman,
 115, 134, 166
 Lee of Hartwell, Dr., 31
- Leech, John, 137
 Le Gallienne, R., 314
 Legal profession, ignorance of, 192-3
Le Grand Monarque, 226
 Lemon, Mark, 200
 Lemprières, The, 42
 Lerwick, 54
 Leslie of the War Office, Mr., 52
 Levels, changes of, 59
 Levi, Jonas, 69
 Levis, The, 106, 121
 Lewes, G. H., 194
 Lewis, Sir Charles, 191
 — Sir George, 194
 — Rev. S. S., 269
Liber Amoris, 16
 Lichfield, Earl of, 159
 Lilly, Joseph, 291, 308, 329
 Lime Grove, Putney, 170-1, 174
 Lincoln's Inn Fields, 67
 Lind, Jenny, 94
 Linden House, Turnham Green, 167
 Lindsey Row, 34
 Liston, John, 116
 Liverpool, Earl of, 218
 Llandudno, 239
 Llanover, co. Monmouth, 99
 Lloyd, Colonel Augustus, 219
 Locker, Arthur, 314
 — Edward, 313
 Locker-Lampson, F., v, 309-14
 — Mrs., 311
London, loss of the, 235
 London the Hundred-Gated, 68
 — George, 86
 — Library, 56, 104, 231, 233
London Magazine, 12, 245
 Long Ditch, Westminster, 61
 Longevity, 237
 Longfellow, H. W., 272
 Louis XIV., 226
 — XVIII., 172
 Love Lane, 98
 Lowndes's *Manual*, 261, 323
 Lucys of Charlecote, 299
 Ludlow, 93
 Luttrell, Narcissus, 89-90
 Lyndsay, Sir David, 284
- MACAULAY, T. B., 56, 64, 278, 290,
 300, 327
 Maccroni, Clara, 218
 — Colonel, 78, 82
 Mackay, Charles, 240-1
 Maclean, Sir John, 320
 Macmillan of *Our Club*, 208
 Madan, Falconer, 286
 Madden, Sir F., 276

- Mahomet's Bath at Brighton, 104
Maids of Honour at Richmond, 204
 Major, Mrs., 171
 Malcolm, William, Florist, 115
 Mallet, David, 171
Manchester Examiner, 279
Man Considered in Relation to God and a Church, 53
 Mannings, The, 177
 Margaret's (St.), Westminster, 88
 Margate, 38
 Markets, London, 67
 Marlborough gems, 224, 269
 — Library, 269
 Marsh, John, 73
 — Miss, 307
 Mary, Princess, of Cambridge, 53
 Mary Abbots, Kensington (St.), 73, 135
 Marylebone Lane, 150
 Mason, Miss, 4
 Masson, David, 196, 210
 Masson's *Napoleon et les Femmes*, 227
 Mathews, Charles, 81, 123, 138, 330
 Mayer, Townshend, 11
 Mayers the baker, 69
 Mayhew, Horace, 196
 M'Cabes, The, 112-13
 M'Clean of Tunbridge Wells, 328
 McComie the bookbinder, 22-3
 Meadows, Kenny, 113-14
 Melbourne, Lord, 8
 Mellon, Alfred, 107
 Menken, Ida, 122
 Merchant Taylors' School, 39-48, 217
 Merton College, Oxford, 177
 Methwolds, The, 82
 Mexico, City of, 293
 Michael Grove, 95
 Michel, Francisque, 92
 Midland Railway, 141
 Miles, Thomas, 154-5, 161, 194
 Militarism, 54
 Millais, Sir John, 42
 Miller the bookseller, 21
 Mill-Hill, Hendon, 14-15
 Mill, John Stuart, 5
 Millers and Christie-Millers, 307-9.
 See Christy.
 Mills at Barnes, 179
 Mitford, Rev. John, 283
 Molesworth, Sir William, 3
 Montagu, Captain, 14
 — Hyman, 190
 Montagus, The, 17-18
 Montaigne, 24, 193
 Montefiore, Sir Moses, 40
 Moorfields, 287
 Moore Park, Fulham, 90, 138
 Morlaix, Brittany, 12
 Morley, Henry, 260
Morning Chronicle, 3, 20-2, 25-7
 Morris the tailor, 173
Morte Arthur, 321
 Mostyns of Mostyn, 239-40, 270
 Moule of University College, Cambridge, 286
 Moxhay, Edward, 16, 20
 Moxsy of Jamaica, sugar-planter, 14
 Mulberry-tree at Chelsea, 31
 Müller, Heer, 146-7
 Munster House, Fulham, 86
 Murchison, Sir R., 159, 228
 Murders, 176-7
 Mürger, Henri, 130
 Murray, John, 28, 55

 NAPOLEON I., 78, 117, 128-9, 227
 — III., 27, 104, 228-9
 Neal, John, 7
 Nelham, Fat, 41
 Nelson, Horatio, 68 *n.*, 76, 313
 Netherlands in 1852, 144-7, 225
 Newman of Oxford Street, 265
New Monthly Magazine, 19
 Newquay in 1875, 322
 Newspaper criticism, 299-300
 Newton, Professor, 286
New York, Laws of, 1694, 304, 337
 Nicholas, Sir Edward, 62
 Nicholson, H. A., 279
 Nightingale Lane, Tooting, 174
 Norland House, 135
 — Spring, 135
 Northern Heights of London, 59
 Nosedá, Mrs., 331
 Notting Barns, 65
 — Hill, 65, 135
 Novello, Vincent, 64
Noviomagians, The, 199, 202
 Nunnery (supposed) at Putney, 170
 Nurseries, 78, 85-7, 89, 90-1, 115, 140, 166

 O'CONNOR, Patrick, 177
 Odorous names, 327-8
 Ogilvys of Lerwick, The, 50
 Oglethorpe, General, 68
 O'Keefe, John, 82
 Oliver, Isaac, 331
 Omnibus, Early, 63
 Ordish, T. F., 248
 Orwell Park, 160
Our Club, 196-216
 Overland tea, 160
 Oxford, 285

- Oxford helpers, my, 286
 — Road, 64, 67
 Oxindens of Barham, 294
- PACKE, C. W., M.P., 156
 Pack-horse tracks in Cornwall, 322
 Palmerston, Lord, 24-6, 230-1
 Papadopoli, Nicolò, 57
 Papering the theatres, 23
 Parker, J. W., 261
 Parkes, Joseph, 14
Parliament, a sort of cake, 95-6
 Parry, Serjeant, 209, 213
 Parson's Green, 138
 Paston correspondence, 160, 318
 Panizzi, Antonio, 250, 253-4
 Pannage for swine at Kensington, 98
 Pantomimes, 125
 Paterson, W., 131-2
 — bookseller, 306
 Patmore, Coventry, 15
 — Eugene, 15
 — P. G., 7, 14-16
 Pattmore, Charles, 15
 Pearson, John, 311
 Peel, Sir F., 52
 — Sir Robert, 230
 Pelham Crescent, 85, 94
 — Place, 85
 Pépys, John, 149-50
 — Samuel, 285
 Percivals, The, 95
 Percy, Dr., 196
 — Street, Tottenham Court Road,
 22-3
 Perry-Herricks, The, 315
 Pershore, 150
 Peterborough House, 90
 Petheram, John, 265
 Philippe the conjurer, 126
 Phillips, Sir Richard, 250
 Phillipps, Sir Thomas, 327
 Philobiblon Society, 261
 Piccadilly, 68-9
 — coaches, 63
 Pictish dwellings in Scotland, 321
Piers of Fulham, 138
 Piggott of Fitzhall, 153
 Pike Lane, Putney, 170
 Pimlico, 60, 68, 71
 Pitt, George, 236, 286
 — William, 161
 Place the tailor and collector, 5, 116
 Planché, J. R., 95
 Plat, The, Putney, 168
 — House, 169
 Plessis Barbe, near Tours, 127 *et seqq.*
 Plymouth, 330
- Pollard's School, 80, 89
 Pollock, Chief Baron, 193, 198
 Pommersfelder Castle, 239
 Pond Place, Chelsea, 85
 Possingworth, Sussex, 290-1
 Potteries, The, Bayswater, 65
 Powell, Dr., of the Mauritius, 201
 Prayers at Merchant Taylors' School,
 39-40
 — for weather, 224
 Pretymans, The, 160-1
 Priestley, Dr., 14
 Priests'-Bridge, Barnes, 176-8
 Primroses, The, 234
 Prince-Regent, 9
 Priory at Barnes, 176
 Proctor, B. W., 16-18, 215
 — Mrs., 2, 16-18, 300
 Prospect Place, 81
Punch's Railway, 131
 Purser's Cross, 90
 Putney, 66, 91, 123, 167-73, 274, 287,
 302
 Pattick and Simpson, 336-8
 Pyne, Henry, 260
- QUARITCH, Bernard, 232, 336
 — — the younger, 287
 Queen's Elm, 69
 "Queen's weather," 224
 Quimper, Brittany, 12
 Quin, James, 178
- RANELAGH CREEK, 33
 — Gardens, 162
 Reading Room at British Museum,
 257-8
 Redford, Rev. Robert, 271
 Redway, George, 247-8
 Reeve, John, 116
 Reeves, William, 259
 Regent Street, 68
Rejected Articles, 15
 Rennie, The, 144
Retaliation Imitated, The, 209-12
 Reynell, Catherine, 21-2, 64, 86, 147, 195
 — Charles, 6-7-8, 37, 61, 67-8, 82-3,
 104, 117, 123-4, 136, 172, 195, 223,
 273, 299
 — George, 132-3
 — Henry, 148
 — Rebecca, 4
 — William, 4
 Reynells, The, 1-2, 7-8, 20-1, 37, 67,
 148, 159, 274
 Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 237
Rez-de-chaussée, 66
 Ribey Grove estate, 161

- Richardson, Sir Benjamin, 196, 201
 — of Glasgow, 278
 Richmond, Surrey, 204, 209
 Riviere, Robert, 307
 Robartes of Llanhydrock, 319
 Roberts, John, Earl of Radnor, 319
 Robertson, John, 5, 273
 — Miss, 15
 — Thomas, 108
 Robins, George, 159
 Robinson, Sir John, 51
 Robinson's *Fasti* of M.T. School, 48
 Roche, Regina Maria, 254
 Roehampton, 173
 — Hurricane, 1780, *ibid.*
 Rogers, Samuel, 307
 Romilly, Lord, 218
 Rose, George, 107
 Rosebery, Earl of, 93, 234-5
 Rosery, The, at Old Brompton, 93
 Roses at Broxbourne, 13
 Rouen, 148
 Routledge, George, 260
 Rowfant, 313
 Rowland, Alexander, 114
 Rowlandson the artist, 171
 Rowing days, 34
 Royal Library, gift of, 218
 — housekeeper at Kew, 92
 Roydon Hall, Norfolk, 318
 Roy's School at Fulham, 91, 140
 Ruskin, John, 56, 114
 Russell, Lord John, 231
 — Institution, 15-16
 Russia, 218, 228
 Ryan, Sir Edward, 49
- SADLER'S Wells, 125
 St. Aubyns, The, 60, 171
 Sala, G. A., 120-1, 277
 Sandars, Samuel, 327
 Saxe-Gotha, house of, 226
 Sayers, Tom, 150
 Scarth, Mr., 139 *n.*, 176
 Schools, my own preparatory, 38, 96-7
 Schönborn. Count, 239
 Scotland, 321
 Scott the City Chamberlain, 62
 — Thomas, of Ramsgate, 103-4
 — Sir Walter, 23, 305, 306-7
 Selwood's Nursery, 89
 Serpent-worship, 45
 Serpentine, 72
 Shaftesbury House, 89
 Shakespear, W., 62, 138, 180, 275, 304,
 321, 325, 329
 Shepherd's Bush, 67
 Sheppens, The, 18
- Sheridan, R. B., 9
 Shirley, E. P., 304-5
 Shrewsbury, Earls of, 81
 Shropshire, 158
 Shuckborough, Sir Charles, 78
 Sidney's *Acadida*, 308
 Siggers the market-gardener, 90-1
Sixpenny Solicitor, The, 332
Skittles, 153
 Slack's (Mother) at Leicester, 141
 Sloane Street, 67, 71, 241
 Smith, John Russell, 259, 261
 — Miss Toulmin, 216
 — Sir William, 277
 — William Henry, 173
 Social status, 295
 Solander, Dr., 115
 Solly, Edward, 101
 Somers, Lord, 304, 337
 Sotheby, *Mister*, 325
 Sothebys' and its associations, 323-33
 Sotheran, Henry, 264
 South Kensington Museum, 6, 82
 — Western Railway, 140-1
 — German Houses, 239
 Southern suburbs of London before
 1851, 114-15
 — Henry, 5
 Spanish Dancers, 122
Spanish Legion, 13
Spectator, The, 9
 Spencer, Herbert, 296-7
 — Lady, 271
 — Lord, 270
 Spenser's *Faëry Queen*. 241-2
 Spiers of Essex Hall, Mr., 8
Spring-heel Jack, 79
 Stafford House, 146
 Stamford Hill, 16
 — Earl of, 157
 Stanhopes, The, 77-81
 Stapyltons of Myton, Yorkshire, 140,
 163-4
 Steam-tram, 87
 Stephen, Sir James, 234
 Stephenson, George, 53, 142
 — John, 143
 — Robert, 142
 Stevenson, R. L., 18
 — T. G., 306
 Stibbs, Edward, 263
 Stilton cheese, 155
 Stirling, 236
 Stock, Elliot, 255-6
 Stoddart, Sir John, 2, 8, 49, 85, 116,
 148, 231
 — Lady, 85
 — Rev. W. W., 39, 85

- Stoddarts, The, 148
 Stokes, H. S., 321
 Stopes, Charlotte, 306
 — Henry, 307
 Stow, John, 305
 Stratford-le-Bow, 72
 Stray at Harrogate, 157
 Street, G. E., 189
 Stubbs, W., Bishop of Oxford, 286
 Suburbs of London (Western), 58-99
 Surrenden sale, 337
 Sussex, Duke of, 218-19
 Sutherland, Duke of, 146
 Swan Lane, 80, 89
 Swanboroughs, The, 109
 Swinburne, A. C., 171
 Sydney, Lord and Lady, 29
 — Street, Fulham Road, 92
 Symonds the *Spider*, 77
 — Arthur, 274
- TALFOURD, T. N., 21, 240
 Tattersall the auctioneer, 87
 Taylor, Sir Henry, 234
 Temple coterie, 19
 Tennyson, A., 30-1, 271-2, 309-10,
 312, 321
 — Lionel, 312
 Thackeray, W. M., 168, 193, 196-7,
 272, 297, 314
 Theatre, The, 23
 Thistle Grove, 89-90
 Thistlethwaites, The, 152
 Thompson, Sir Benjamin (Count
 Rumford), 76
 — Sir Matthew, 141
 — Mr., of Queen's College, Oxford,
 286
 Thorny Island, 60, 68
Three Graces (sisters of Napoleon),
 228
 Thynnes of Longleat, 158
 Tichborne case, 190
 Tilbury the actor, 134
 Timbs, John, 241
Times newspaper, 162-3
 Tokenhouse Yard, Putney, 172
 Tollemaches, The, 237-8, 329
 Tolstoi, Count, 238
 Tomato-culture, 140
 Tomline, George, 160-1
 — the sugar-baker, 160
 Tower, Charlemagne, 304
 Toxophilite Society, 81
 Trade and Plantations, Council of,
 132
 Travelling methods, Older, 61-4
 Trevelyan, Sir Charles, 50
- Triphook, Robert, 333
 Trundle Hill, 153
 Truro Cathedral, 88
 Tuck-shops, 76
 Tupper, Martin, 240
 Turkish Bath, 104
 Turner, J. M. W., 31
 — R. S., 317, 331
 — W., 316
 Turnham Green, 166-7
Turn-over, a roll, 69
 Turnpikes, 68-9, 86
 Tussaud's, Mme., 227
 Tuthill Fields, 68
 — Forest, 68
 Twickenham House, 202
 Tyburn, 70
 Tygris at Kennington, 59
 Tyssens, The, 303
- UDALL'S *Ralph Roister Doister*, 314
 Upcott, William, 241
- VALENTINES, Ilford, 277
 Venice, 55-7, 169, 293
 Veres, Earls of Oxford, 99
Vers de Société, 310-11
 Vestris, Madame, 122-3
 Victoria, Queen, 54, 118, 219-24, 229,
 232, 272, 322
 Villiers, C. P., M.P., 4-5
Vineyard at Hammersmith, 166
 Voelker's *Gymnasium*, 4
 Voltaire, 5, 260
- WANDSWORTH, 173-4
 Waggon-houses, 61, 66-7
 Wainwright, T. G., 12-13
 Waldegrave, Lady, 95
 Walham Green, 66, 90, 138-9
 Wallack, Lester, 125
 Wallbrook, 61
 Walnut-tree Walk, 87
 Walworth Common, 115
 Ward, Plumer, 15
 Wardour Street, Soho, 21
 Wareham the dealer, 331
 Waring, George, of Oxford, 286
 Warmington, Q.C., Mr., 193
 Warnes, The, 65, 77-8, 97
 War Office, 9, 49-53
 Warpell ways, 168
 Watch-houses, 72, 150
 Waterloo, 163, 172
 Watts, Alaric, 233
 — Thomas, 251, 256
 Watts-Dunton, W. T., 171
 Watson, William, 93, 280

- Webbs, The, 139-40
 Webster, Benjamin, 80, 120
 — City, U. S., 322
 — John, 206
 Wedgwood, Josiah, 167
 Wedgwood's Depôt at Chelsea, 33
 Wellington, Duke of, 91-2, 172, 219, 228
 — second Duke of, 28-9, 145
 Wells, C. J., 11-12-13
 — Mary, 12
 — *Monte Carlo*, 12
 Westbury, Lord, 186-7
 Westminster, 60
 — Marquis of, 52
Westminster Review, 5
 Wharton or Chelsea Park, 89
 Wheatley, B. R., 338
 Wheeler, Talboys, 53
 Whelan, F., 268
 Whist-Boys, 19
 Whistler the artist, 34
 White Hart at Barnes, 176
 — Horse Cellar, 62
 — House, Putney, 91
 Wigan, Edward, 268
 Wilberforce, W., 77
 Wildman, John, 169
 Wilkins, Serjeant, 188
 Wilkinson, John, 325-6, 333
 Williams of Kars (two brothers of), 52
 Willis, George, 263-4
 Willow Walk, 68
 Willoughby d'Eresby, Lord, 203
 Wimbledon, 174, 298
Wiltshire Convict's Farewell, 197-8
 Windermere, 13
 Winder, R., 146-7
 Wine, conversations on, 158
 Winterslow, 2
 — Hut, 62
 Wise, Henry, 86
 Wokingham, Berks, 204
 Wolfrestons, The, 326-7
 Wood Lane, 67
 Woolgar, Miss, 107
 Woolner, Thomas, 196, 209
 Wootton, Dorking, 240
 Wordsworth, W., 19
 Worsley, Lady, 81
 Wren, Sir Christopher, 86
 Wright, Edward, 123-5
 — Henry, 145-6
 — Thomas, 92-3, 205
 Wythyaw House, Walham Green, 139
 YALDWINS, The, 100
 Yankee grandees, 132
 Yates, Edmund, 13, 182
 — Raymond, 13
 — Richard, 13
 York, 157
 — Duke of, 91
 — Street, Westminster, 1
 York-Moore, General, 268-9
 Young, Arthur, 37, 132

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