

HIC ET UBIQUE

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HIC ET UBIQUE

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BY

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'DISRAELI AND HIS DAY.'

1891

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'Hic et ubique : then we'll shift our ground.'

HAMLET.

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HIC ET UBIQUE

I HAVE only seen one murder. In 186—, when the second Empire was at its zenith, I was staying at the Hotel du Louvre in the Rue de Rivoli, not the Hotel at present so named, but what is now a vast magazine on the eastern side of the Place du Palais Royal.

Accompanied by W. E. Lendrick, at one time Secretary to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and subsequently to Lord Mayo, I was descending the broad stairs of the central hall : we were on our way to Church : I heard screams ; and looking up I saw a boy of thirteen in the uniform worn by French school boys, who was gesticulating from a window. I walked up the inner staircase of the Hotel. I found a duplicate boy lying on his face, tearing the carpet with his nails ; I could make nothing of him ; but succeeded in getting from the first boy the state-

ment distinctly uttered, "Mamma has killed herself:" I said "Where?" He replied "Down there;" pointing along the empty corridor. I left the boys: and walked slowly down the passage, listening at each door as I passed. I could hear nothing: reaching the end of the passage, I determined to return and open the door of each room as I passed: the door of the first room on my left looking into the Rue Saint-Honoré was, as I immediately saw, the scene of the tragedy. Flakes of thick smoke were floating about the ceiling. The room was splendidly furnished: sitting up in the bed in the north-east corner of the room was a woman of between thirty-five and forty. She was deadly pale; and had a waxen face that showed approaching death: a bright line of blood of about the breadth of my middle finger was on the sheet doubled over the counterpane: I saw no other marks of blood in the room; and no pistol nor other weapon.

Kneeling at the side of the bed with their hands under the bed-clothes were a maidservant and a short man of about fifty, with grizzled hair and beard: in a few moments a man came into the room: he asked me if I belonged to the family. I replied that I did not. He said

“I must ask you to leave the room.” I asked him who he was. “I am the surgeon of the Hotel.” I retired; remarking that something had obviously occurred which justified my presence. On leaving the room I met Lendrick, who, looking at the smoke which was floating down the corridor, asked what on earth had happened: I told him. We leaned against the rails of the back staircase immediately opposite to the door. In a few minutes a housemaid appeared, holding each boy in one hand. Both were gesticulating violently; I heard the one whom I had seen lying on the carpet say distinctly “No! No! I repeat: I saw it.” He then held out his right hand with the forefinger extended, as if pointing a pistol; and again screamed most violently “I tell you I saw it.” The housemaid, observing us, said “Hold your tongue! hold your tongue!” and immediately took them into a bedroom close by, and shut and locked the door.

Shortly after, a person of imposing appearance, known in the Hotel as ‘the Count,’ who was, I believe, the resident Director and Manager of the Hotel, came by. He appeared quite apathetic; made us a formal bow; and turned to the left up a few stairs: the surgeon came out

of the room : the Count said "Eh bien?" the surgeon's only reply was to point his hands downwards and outwards ; clearly indicating that all was over. Lendrick agreed with me that the woman was dead.

I have no doubt that one boy saw the murder : and that the poor woman told the other, who was not present, to say that she had done the deed herself.

The public breakfast-room was full of guests, principally British : If I had announced the fact to them, the Hotel would have been cleared by the evening : and it would have been some months before it was refilled. I left Paris the next day fully believing that the crime would be investigated.

I looked in the French and English papers carefully, but found no indication whatever that justice had been done ; nor even attempted.

NAPOLEON THE FIRST assumed a great variety of characters : he knew that the French loved the dramatic almost above everything : no scruples prevented his assuming the character which suited his purpose for the moment. When it was suggested to him that the stiff, black, military stock, the fashion of the day, was un-

suited to the classic robe which he designed for himself when taking the First Consulship, he replied that there was no harm in retaining something soldierly in his new capacity. He declared himself a Mahometan in Egypt: and had he reached India he would no doubt have published to the inhabitants that he was a sincere Brahmin; or at least a Buddhist. There was however one capacity in which he was near figuring, hitherto unknown.

We cannot picture to ourselves the first Emperor of the French hitching up his loose trousers, and requesting in English his brother sailors to "Belay" nor "Avast heaving!" we cannot fancy him requesting anyone to "Shiver his timbers," nor indeed to use any of the naval vernacular; such at least as it is represented on the British Stage.

Yet this state of things was not far from occurring. When Napoleon was at school at Brienne, the son of an English Peer, who himself became Lord Wenlock, was his school-fellow. One day the little Corsican came to young Lawley, and said "Look at this": he showed him a letter written in remarkably good English: it was addressed to the British Admiralty; and requested permission to enter our

Navy. The young Buonaparte said "The difficulty I am afraid will be my religion." Lawley said "You young rascal ; I don't believe that you have any religion at all." Napoleon replied "But my family have : my mother's race, the Ramolini, are very rigid : I should be disinherited if I showed any signs of becoming a heretic." These facts I had from one who had very good means of knowing : he told me that Buonaparte's letter was sent : and that it still exists in the archives of the Admiralty. I have not searched for it ; for the simple reason that I did not wish so good a story to become prematurely public. I hope that someone who has access to the historical documents in that department may take the trouble to find it.

AMONG the numberless criticisms which Disraeli's novel of 'Coningsby' elicited it surprises me that no one observed that the title was not original. I do not say that Disraeli pretended that it was. 'Coningsby' was the title of a novel written by Sir Egerton Brydges, published in 1813 at Geneva.

SITTING behind Disraeli for many years in Parliament, I always considered his shoulders as

a study : they were extremely significant : one strong supporter, who subsequently held high office in the Queen's Household, frightened Disraeli. This individual, like a very large portion of mankind, had no sense of Irony : it was terrible to watch, when Disraeli had uttered some carefully prepared sarcasm, the intense irony of which could be perceived by every intelligent hearer, the individual to whom I allude cheer vociferously; as if his leader were in earnest. Disraeli's shoulders positively contracted backwards with terror : and, notwithstanding his great self-command, he writhed under the stupidity, and ignorance, of the cheerer. He said to me, more than once, that a man who knew how to cheer at the correct moment, and in the correct manner, was a very great prize.

Charles Mathews the actor told me nearly the same thing, as regards an audience. I asked him if it did not make a difference to find a few in the theatre whose appreciation he knew. He said "One is enough : " and added "I saw you the other night in the stalls at the Haymarket ; when I was playing in 'The Contested Election : ' that brightened me up at once."

The only thing like Disraeli's sensations at a misplaced cheer is when a lady, honouring you

by accompanying your singing, plays a wrong note. If ever a chivalrous gentleman could be induced to strike a woman, it would be under those circumstances.

Not long after Disraeli became Prime Minister, he dined in the City; Alderman —— being the Lord Mayor. Sitting next to him the Lord Mayor apostrophized the Prime Minister in these words “I may say in the words of Macbeth’s witches ‘Thou hast it now : King, Cawdor, Glamis; all as the weird women promised.’” Disraeli must have felt rather uncomfortable: no doubt he knew, what the orator did not, that the next words run ‘And I fear thou play’dst most foully for’t.’

WHEN NAPOLEON III. was approaching Sovereignty, he asked a judicious friend to observe him carefully for a week: and to point out to him anything that he did which was not according to the severest code of the manners of a well-bred man. At the end of the week there was only one practice which the friend had noticed. The Emperor, after eating a boiled egg, invariably thrust his spoon through it. Whence this curious practice has arisen, at one time not uncommon, it is difficult to say: some date it from

a very early period ; and assume that it was done originally to prevent Witches sailing in the egg shells.

A good trait in his character was this : on being elected President he decided, without letting it be known publicly, to sleep at the Palace of the Elysée Bourbon. The secret leaked out : and it was thought wiser for him to take up his abode there on the day before. Notwithstanding this slight contretemps, on the next morning, the Curate of the prison at Ham, who had treated him with kind, and disinterested friendship, breakfasted with him, accompanied by his dog. That the Emperor did this from good nature, and gratitude, I have no doubt : but I confess that I think the dog a master-stroke.

What enabled Napoleon III. to obtain and keep a throne? : His seven years' solitary reflection, when his mind, and experience, were mature.

I KNEW Count Strzelecki well : he was an intimate friend of Lord Palmerston : and was supposed to be employed by him in more or less secret investigations. He was a clever, agreeable, and very talkative man. I have a

very strong suspicion, although he flourished before my time, that a name was given him by Society, which could not have added to his dignity. No one can have forgotten who has read, and who has not? the description of Mrs Leo Hunter's breakfast-party: the tears of enthusiasm rise to my eyes while Memory recalls the introduction to Mr Pickwick of the enterprising foreigner, Count Smorltork.

At an afternoon party, given by my friend Mrs Marlay at Saint Katherine's Lodge, Regent's Park, at which Gustave Doré was present, I said to the Count in Mrs Leo Hunter's words "I want to introduce two very clever men to each other." I added "You remember Count Smorltork's introduction to Mr Pickwick." Count Strzelecki's countenance changed in the most terrible manner: his eyes seemed coming out of his head: he started back; and gave me a look in which deep disgust and violent anger were closely mingled. I introduced Doré to him: and he quieted down. Reflecting as I drove home upon this startling behaviour, it flashed into my mind that at an earlier period than my own he must have been known as Count Smorltork. I have now no doubt whatever about it: and that he imagined, which

was certainly very far from the truth, that I was making fun of him by recalling this not altogether inappropriate nick-name.

Count Strzelecki gave me a graphic description of the investiture of H.I.M. the Sultan with the Order of the Garter : the Count attended disguised in a British Naval Uniform : he said that, as it was against the Mahometan law for the person of the Sultan to be touched, considerable embarrassment arose as to how Lord Stratford de Redcliffe could invest him : it being absolutely necessary by the Statutes of the Order that the Garter should be buckled below the left knee of every august recipient : in England this part of the ceremony being always performed by the hands of the Sovereign herself. The difficulty was increased by the fact of the Sultan wearing long robes. After severe thought, and long deliberation, it was arranged that a vertical slit should be cut in the draperies of H.I.M. through which his knee could protrude : and thus Lord Stratford was enabled to fasten on the Garter. He told me that the Russian Commandant, whom he accompanied on his visit to the ruins of Sebastopol, had said that two hundred and fifty thousand Russian soldiers had perished after reaching

the Seat of War : in addition to the countless numbers who had died on their march.

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THE DETAILS of the Everlasting Comedy, that has always charmed, and will always charm mankind, performed in the peripatetic theatre, and known as 'Punch,' have not received the attention which they merit. The scene in all correct 'Punches' is the principal bridge at Venice known as the 'Ponte del Rialto,' over the Grand Canal. The character of 'Punch,' originated in Venice. Intended for a caricature of the Romans, his colours, red and yellow, are the colours of the city of Rome ; scarlet, a bend or charged with the letters S.P.Q.R. The large nose is Roman : and the hump-back shows hereditary taint : the peculiar, squeaking, voice may be recognised within ten minutes of a stranger's arrival in Rome. Strange that the human race, generation after generation, should sympathise so deeply with an atrocious criminal : the cold-blooded and cynical murderer of his wife ; and his offspring : the base, and cowardly, betrayer of the Executive ; who has trusted to his honour. There can be no doubt that 'Punch' carries the sympathy of his audience with him. 'Les Pantins Eternels,' wherever

they originated, must have come from some mind deeply, and subtly, read in human nature!

DURING THE EPOCH of the 3rd Empire, a party of the *haute volée* were dining on the entresol of a Restaurant on the Boulevards. After dinner a great lady leaning from the window, in conversation with a male celebrity, observed an Officer of a Cuirassier Regiment passing by : she said to her companion "Observe ; I will have some fun with that man." Accordingly, putting on her hat, she descended : and passed the Officer with a significant look : returning she did the same thing : he spoke to her : she kept up a conversation immediately under the window, where her male friend was looking on : the attention of others of the party was drawn to her : and, merriment was excited. Whether the Officer overheard anything, or not, I do not know ; but he at once turned the tables upon the lady : and informed her that, she having made the first advances, unless she gave her address at once to him, he should consider it his duty to call the attention of the Police to her : which would be followed, as she knew, by incarceration. The lady, as may be supposed, became extremely frightened : seeing her em-

barrassment some of the gentlemen descended into the street. The Officer however refused to be dealt with in any way but one : and suggested that he was quite prepared to fight any number of the lady's friends. I do not know how the matter was finally settled.

OF THE FIFTH DUKE OF PORTLAND, as of all men of prominence who lead secluded lives, many stories were circulated : particularly in his own County. He was supposed never to be seen : a vast screen in the rear of Thackeray's 'Gaunt House' in Cavendish Square, erected to prevent his inquisitive neighbours watching him, confirmed this idea. At Welbeck he created a subterranean abode ; I have no doubt with the excellent object of employing a number of workmen ; who might otherwise be reduced to want. One charge made against him was that on every day in the year when absent from Welbeck, his carriage, four horses and two out-riders, came to the railway-station at five o'clock. So long as the Duke possessed a carriage, and horses, it was desirable that their existence, and condition, should be proved : and that the servants should not remain in idleness ; and possibly drunken-

ness. Another wise rule he made was to strictly forbid any workman whom he might meet in his peregrinations about his estate to notice him by touching his hat ; or in any other way : in fact he tried wisely to shake off so much as possible the boredom of vast wealth, and extensive possessions. Lord Lucan told me, a year or two before the Duke of Portland's death, that he had met him in the street in London : that he was in perfect health : very cheerful : laughed at the hob-goblin stories relating to his physical condition : and said more or less plainly that the World bored him : and that the less he saw of it the happier he was.

IT SEEMS STRANGE that Dr Johnson, self-accuser as he was apt to be, should not have known his so-called idleness to be absolutely obligatory. He reproaches himself for taking too much sleep : and appears not to have reflected that he owed his vast, and vigorous, intellect in some degree to the repose which he gave it : such a mind as his must have got out of gear, had he not given it frequent, and constant, rest. The absurd idea that a prolonged sleep indicates a feeble mind is directly the

contrary of the truth. An active intellect must require much repose.

At last it has become known to Physicians, and is admitted by them, that so far from long-lived people having been usually early risers, exactly the contrary is the fact. One hears of a 'fine old man,' who invariably rises at six o'clock : the reason being that the fine old man cannot sleep : the 'fine old man' would be a much finer old man if he could sleep. I remember asking Mr Quintin Dick, whom I have referred to in several places, who lived to a very great age, over ninety, whether he had ever had any rule in life about early rising, or early going to bed : he replied that he had never had any rule of the sort : that he had gone to bed when he felt inclined ; and had got up when he felt inclined : that neither in this, nor in anything else, had he ever in these matters done what he felt disinclined for.

I BELIEVE that each successive tide of civilisation has left on the Globe some relics. In the American Continent possibly the dwarf Aztecs, may be the earliest type. The woolly-headed Negro of Africa is probably the earliest in this hemisphere : the fact that it is impossible to

educate him beyond a certain point indicates that he belonged to a very remote and limited civilisation. The courteous manners of the Red Indian show that he has descended from a civilised race ; probably from the Nation that built the cities of Central America ; whose remains excite our interest, and our surprise. The yellow races of Southern Asia, and its Islands, I assume came later. Each tide seems to have advanced farther than the previous one : the White or Caucasian Race being the latest.

Each possesses lands where buildings of a long past epoch indicate a former refinement : in Central Africa, as in Central America, an Architectural and Artistic people once existed.

THE NOMINATION of the days of the week is identical in all Nations. The first day of the week representing the Sun ; the second the Moon ; Tuesday Force ; Wednesday Intellect ; Thursday Sovereignty ; Friday Love ; Saturday Time.

OF ALL hackneyed quotations I know none which is so little founded in truth as the application of Wordsworth's line 'The Child is father of the Man.' It is doubly wrong : if it means

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anything it means that as a son resembles his father, so the man is the same in character as he was when a child : this is by no means according to experience : the characteristics of the boy are rarely found in the man. We see everyday the idle boy at school develop into a man of exceptional energy, and intellect : whereas the athlete, admired by boys, dwindles away generally into obscurity. Children rarely in character resemble their parents : we have in English history most conspicuous examples of this : the weakminded Edward II. ruled, and eventually murdered, by his wife, was the son of the greatest of the Plantagenets : the energetic, and ruthless, Black Prince produced the mild victim known as Richard II. : Henry VI., absolutely incapable of sitting on the throne even with dignity, was the son of the hero of Agincourt : the avaricious pedant Henry VII. was the father of the turbulent and blood-thirsty Henry VIII. and so on.

SHORTLY before the fall of Louis Philippe a fearful crime was perpetrated in Paris ; which no doubt shook the King's already tottering throne. The Duke de Praslin had led for some years a very unhappy existence, in consequence of the

over-attachment of a neglected wife. He appears to have been a man of a highly nervous temperament ; and his wife, most unfortunately, a woman of great sensitiveness ; who deeply felt his abandonment. It was suggested, of course, that the cause of the quarrel was a governess Mademoiselle de L. : this was proved not to have been the case : it ultimately became clear that the incessant letters written by the unhappy Duchess to her husband had so worked upon his nature as to drive him almost to frenzy. The first facts known were that the Duchess de Praslin, the daughter of Marshal Sebastiani, had been found on the floor of her bed-room, wounded in numerous places ; covered with blood : her bed, the carpet, the furniture, and the walls of the room, all flecked with it : the bell-ropes had been cut : and marks on the wall gave evidence of the unfortunate woman's attempts to escape. At first a carpenter was suspected. Suspicion soon turned upon the Duke. It was remarkable that, notwithstanding the desperate conflict which had obviously taken place, there was no trace of blood upon any garment worn by him ; nor in his sleeping-room. The evidence however was sufficiently strong for him to be committed for trial : in a few days we

heard of his death : and it was believed that previous to being taken to prison he had swallowed poison. Some thought the poison was given to him in the prison : no doubt a public execution would, in the state of political feeling, have done desperate mischief to the reigning Dynasty. One theory was that, having held high office in the household of one of Louis Philippe's family, he had been permitted to escape.

So far the story is well known : what follows is not. I have it on first-rate authority ; that of the late M^r Laurence Peel, the brother of the Premier, who at the time was residing in Paris ; and was intimate with the best French society. It was well known to the relations, and friends, of the Duchess de Praslin that from childhood she had had a constant fear of the Devil ; i.e. the Devil incarnate. Her imagination pictured him with the conventional horns, and hoofs, of the Middle Ages : what Cuvier defined him at an interview, 'graminivorous.' A year before her murder she told a few of her most intimate acquaintances, fearing no doubt ridicule, that on the previous night the Devil had appeared at her bedside : that he placed his right hand upon her throat. She awoke : screamed violently ;

and the fiend disappeared. This was smiled at by those who heard her story. Some years after her murder, in a secret closet of the Maison-Sebastiani was found a complete masquerade-suit of the Devil, having the horns and hoofs and the hairy covering; and *drenched in blood*. Mr Peel added that no doubt the Duke de Praslin had contemplated the murder a year earlier: but was prevented from accomplishing it by the awakening of his wife; and her screams, which drove him from the room.

AMONG the quotations from Pope, with which our language teems, none has been more misinterpreted than the well-known line

‘A little Learning is a dangerous thing’;

a sentiment which will always be popular with those who possess none at all. Had this been applied to Learning in general, Pope would have placed the line in his fine ‘Essay on Man.’ The line is in his ‘Essay on Criticism’: he says ‘If you wish to be a Critic, do one of two things; either study the subject profoundly, or trust to your own natural sense: do not go half way: he adds

‘Drink deep; or taste not the Pierian spring’:

obviously alluding to Criticism in Poetry. It has been said of real Poetry that 'it should be understood at the first hearing by twelve men of ordinary intelligence.' Some genuine Poetry, as Shakspeare's, is profound in its meaning, and obscure from the difference of diction between his time and our own : but in the vast majority of cases his obscurity is that of very limpid, but very deep, water.

AS A POET Swift has hardly been appreciated : he has disgusted many readers by his occasional coarseness : but that he was a real Poet, and a master of verse, no one can dispute. What a history was his, of Genius crushed by neglect, at last asserting itself : then going out in the dreary, and dismal, light of Insanity. Strange that with his vast intellect, and great ambition, he should not see that, had he kept his writings within the bounds of decency, and had chosen on the whole more serious topics, he must have ranked among the first of British Poets. Is there anything more pathetic in the History of Literature than this great man remaining, though in possession of his faculties, in absolute silence for twelve months : far more touching than the raving of a lunatic.

THE INTRODUCTION of The Rt Hon. W. H. Smith to political life is worthy of record. Leaving Beau Rivage on the Lake of Geneva, our train was joined by another from Vevey. The centre was a long compartment of the second class : at one end a small compartment of the first class : at the other a small compartment of the third class. I went to sleep. I was awoke from sleep by a friend saying "I want to know if I have not a right to smoke in this carriage." I replied "Not in a first-class carriage." "But this is a second class : " "We have tickets for the first class." "Yes : but this is a second-class." "You certainly have a right to smoke." At this moment I heard an uproar at the end of the carriage : loud words being exchanged between Colonel C. F. and a courier : the only other persons besides ourselves being Mrs F., a governess, and two children : the children set up screams : I heard Colonel F. say in English to the courier "My wife tells me that you have called me a shoemaker" ! For a moment this puzzled me : but I recollected that whereas we still call a tailor 'snip,' the word 'snob' as applied to shoemakers has dropped out of usage : the courier had been speaking in German to the governess. Colonel F. walked to the end of the

compartment ; and tapped at the door of the first-class section : a man with pale complexion, and dark hair and eyes, looked out. Colonel F. said "Your servant has insulted me : he must leave this compartment." The individual with a pale face said "He is a very useful servant." Colonel F. "Very likely : but he leaves this carriage." Eventually the obnoxious courier went into the third-class : the door was shut : and the children's tears were dried. Finding that we had been wronged, I requested my friend, and Colonel and Mrs F. to leave the carriage at Freiburg, which I knew was a depôt, and not to get in again, until I gave the word of command : this was accordingly done. The train stopping ten minutes for refreshments, I sent for the chief of the station : I told him that the carriage must be changed at once : that we had first-class tickets, etc. The man saw that I was in earnest : and in a very few minutes a first-class carriage of enormous length was produced : into which we marched. After the difficulty, and before arriving at Freiburg, speculation was afloat as to who the dark stranger could be. My friend said "I will tell you who I believe he is, W. H. Smith : I observed him at the table d'hôte at the Hotel :

I know his name was in the book." While waiting on the platform Colonel F. with natural courtesy went up to the stranger ; and introduced himself : they were soon in very friendly talk. We continued our journey together. Colonel F. was at the time the Parliamentary Manager of the Tory Party : I believe this to have been the very first introduction to a career which led to great, and merited, distinction.

The career of W. H. Smith was, in its way, very remarkable : no man beginning his political life at the age he did has ever risen to the position which he finally occupied ; that of the Leader of the House of Commons.

The First Lordship of the Treasury, usually held by the Prime Minister, was of course in his case subordinate to the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs ; an Office filled by Lord Salisbury : but the Leadership of the House of Commons is a very high position ; of great power ; and of vast importance : requiring more rapid judgment than that held by any other member of the Government. When held by a Prime Minister, as in the cases of Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Disraeli, he is responsible only to himself : but when the Premier is a member of the other House of Parliament the respon-

sibility is at least doubled. Not only does it demand the prompt ability required to control, persuade, and direct, a mixed body such as the House of Commons must always be, but there is beyond and above this the carrying out of the intentions of his superior. These intentions cannot in the nature of things have been always previously expressed : and the combination of a dual, if not divided, duty on the moment requires a peculiar, and certainly superior, intellect.

The choice of him as Leader of the House of Commons reflects great credit upon his chooser.

We may fairly argue that a man who in honest trade leaves two millions sterling at his death cannot be a man of ordinary intellect.

A naturally placid, though sensitive, temperament enabled him to go through, but not without exhaustion, his daily, and laborious, functions. Not of exceptional physical strength ; and with a constitution which seemed more foreign than British, he exhausted himself from a sense of duty, and the consciousness that he could with difficulty be replaced.

He was in one respect admirably qualified for his great position. I have said that I

believed him to be sensitive ; I do not think he had what I may call 'House of Commons sensitiveness' : those who have had experience of that place for many years have observed, at least in one case, that no amount of experience, however long and however constant, necessarily frees the Leader from the inclination to retort with considerable vehemence, and not always with discretion, to the attacks made upon him. It was his imperturbable demeanour that enabled W. H. Smith to triumph, as he constantly did, over the violent attacks of his adversaries. No matter how persistent had been the fire directed against him by those on the other side of the table, no matter how acrimonious had been the invective from below the gangway on the Opposition side, after hours of vituperation W. H. Smith, to use a term of the prize-ring, always 'came up smiling.' For some years he smiled too much ; showing his teeth, but by no means with ferocity : a hint in some newspaper caught his attention : and on no one occasion was this peculiar action repeated. Nothing could be more calm, nothing could be more gentle, than his manner on rising at length to reply. He always appeared to consider that Honourable Members opposite were

only in fun : that it could not be their real intention to attack so perfectly harmless a being as himself : and that the kindness, which in their hearts they felt towards him, must be extended, in a great degree, to those Members of the Government who sat upon either side of him. If ever mild answers turned away wrath it certainly was so in his case.

The only simile which occurs to me in relation to W. H. Smith's masterly defence of his Government is to compare him to that most effective of protections in modern warfare, an earth-work. Batteries of iron, and of granite many feet thick, will yield to the tremendous percussion of modern artillery : but nothing can penetrate an earth-work : were it not for the difficulty of maintaining the slope in perpetuity nothing but earth-works would be used. W. H. Smith was a grand earth-work. Neither the Gatling-gun of Mr Gladstone, the magazine-pellets of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, nor even the impact of Sir William Harcourt's enormous bomb, could shake him : the shots struck ; but were harmless. When he sat down, it must have been with the consciousness that if he had not crushed his opponents, he had effectually baffled them.

Soon after the publication of 'Words on Wellington' I was reminded that the story of the Duke's horse, which he rode as High Constable, backing up Westminster Hall, at the Banquet of George IV.'s Coronation, resembled a narration of a similar event at George II.'s. I was quite sure of my facts : a year later I met the Right Hon. Charles Villiers, the 'Doyen' of the House of Commons, at dinner in Grosvenor Square. Not a word had been said of my book. Mr Villiers, who was present at the Coronation said, à propos of Queen Caroline, "There were two great excitements : one was, that every one kept asking 'Will she come?' the other the Duke of Wellington's horse turning round in Westminster Hall : I saw it."

NO PORTRAIT OF NELSON appears to do him justice, with one exception. Several more or less ideal busts were made of him : there is one of great beauty at the United Service Club. By far the best, and most effective, is one possessed by Earl Nelson, now at Trafalgar House in Wiltshire. It was executed at Vienna, when Lord Nelson passed through in 1801. This is the only portrait that gives me any idea of what 'The Admiral' really was : it has no

beauty as regards features, but I am convinced represents the man : the eyes appear to look into futurity ; not with the abstracted expression of a Poet, but of one whose looks penetrate further, and more deeply, than the rest of mankind ; the mouth bears firmness, and energy, in the most remarkable degree. I have never seen a head that represents the qualities of penetration, energy, and resolution, so conspicuously. With astonishment I am obliged to add that this bust of the world's greatest naval Commander, though offered by Lord Nelson, was refused at the recent Naval Exhibition at Chelsea. None of the several portraits in oil do him justice. As regards the miserable calumnies, repeated, if not invented, by Southey, in relation to Lord Nelson's conduct at Naples, an ample refutation has been found from his despatches, and from other authentic documents giving the real history of the period. Southey appears to have thought it necessary from an artistic point of view to put some shade into his portraiture of Lord Nelson. Whatever we may think of his relationship to Lady Hamilton ; and that it was of a completely different character from what has been supposed I have no doubt ; the principal witness, and the best, being Lord Nelson's wife, who invariably

declared that anything beyond Platonism was quite out of the question ; the attachment never influenced Lord Nelson in his public conduct. There is not space here to go into the particulars of what may be called his defence. I will only point out that at the time when the amnesty granted to the prisoners was cancelled by Lord Nelson on the day of publication, on his entering the Bay of Naples, Prince Caracciolo, a thorough traitor to his King, was not even in prison : he was captured later ; the cancelling of the amnesty therefore certainly did not affect him. The imputation that Lord Nelson lingered unduly on the coast of Sicily, beguiled by the 'siren Emma,' is nonsensical. His despatches, and an abundance of official documents, prove that his presence there with the British Fleet was absolutely necessary, in order to watch the proceedings of the French. I will only beg the reader, and there is not one who does not, or ought not to value the character of the self-sacrificing hero, who has been traduced, to read an admirable work written by Mr Paget, a Metropolitan Magistrate, published by Messrs Blackwood, entitled 'Paradoxes and Puzzles.' In the article relating to Lord Nelson the documents are produced. After a thorough investigation by an

admirably legal mind, the clouds of calumny are dispersed.

The incident of Caracciolo's body appearing did not occur in the manner stated by Southey. Lord Nelson had nothing to do with his conviction: he sanctioned his execution only as Senior Officer at the time in the Bay of Naples.

As regards the much vexed question 'Who was Horatia?' my belief is that she was not the daughter of Lord Nelson, nor of Lady Hamilton: certainly not of the latter.

I HAVE SEEN it stated that Canning expired in the same room in which Charles Fox had died many years before, in the Duke of Devonshire's Villa at Chiswick, occupied for some years by the Prince and Princess of Wales. This was not the case. Staying there at the time when it was lent to Lord Rivers, I was shown the two rooms, on different floors: both of them we should consider now to be miserable places to die, and impossible to live, in.

I remember finding 'The Mysterious Mother,' that most filthy play, so absurdly lauded by Byron, among some old books in my bedroom: the only copy that I have seen.

: I also found, utterly neglected in the Central Corridor, some priceless volumes of designs in pen and ink by Inigo Jones of fancy-dresses for a Masque.

THE ORIGIN of the 'tricolor' has been much disputed : it appears to me to be simple. When France was 'nationalised,' to use the equivocal term of the period, *e.g.* 'Le Tigre National,' the principal colours of the arms of Paris were taken, according to the ordinary rules of Heraldry. We have black and yellow for Austria, a black eagle on a golden field ; the Arms of Germany black and white, a black eagle on a silver field, etc. The principal colours of the Arms of Paris are blue, white and red : a ship in silver being imposed on the latter colour.

THE LATE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, was an occasional sayer of good things. I recollect one on the subject of the so-called honeymoon ; which he declared to be too long : in these later days it has, I believe, been considerably shortened. The Duke said "Fancy having to spend a month alone with a woman you don't know." I suspect that the real honeymoon is the month next *before* marriage.

I KNEW SIR EDWIN LANDSEER for many years : he was a pleasant companion ; and, as may be supposed, a man of great intelligence. I asked him how it was that he had not illustrated ' Gay's Fables ' : with his knowledge of animals, I should have said that the work would have repayed him. He replied that he had been offered a very large sum to do so. " But," he added, " I could not accept it conscientiously : to make animals appear as if speaking would have been quite unnatural : I should not like to leave such a work behind me." I asked him whether on the whole he thought that the wearing of a beard added to the dignity of the face, or not ? it obviously is natural : and Nature, which occasionally errs in matters of good sense, never does so in matters of Taste. He replied that he considered that a shaven chin added to the dignity of the face. " No animal but Man " he said, " has a chin."

I told him of a lady of whom he would have made a splendid portrait, ' Juno before marriage ' : he said he would be glad to paint her. I asked " Without seeing her ? " he replied " Yes : I have watched you for many years ; I think your eye is infallible : anyone you send to me I shall be delighted to paint." I have no doubt that his

would have been a chef d'œuvre : but when I mentioned the subject to the young lady in question she said "He paints animals, doesn't he?" I was so disgusted that I took no more trouble in the matter.

The last occasion of my seeing Landseer was very sad. I was at an afternoon party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Chiswick. Standing alone near the refreshment tent, at some distance from the crowd, I saw walking across the grass from the door by which you enter the lawn a figure which I could not mistake : it was Landseer. He was dressed in an evening suit of the most utterly worn out description : he crossed the lawn towards me : but when within a yard I saw that there was no recognition whatever : his mind appeared to be almost entirely gone. I did not like to speak to him : as he might have retained consciousness of his own sad condition. A more melancholy sight I never saw : a man who had lived in the most brilliant society in the world, revered for his Genius, loved for his companionship, now reduced to the utter, and awful, solitude of madness. I was told afterwards on good authority that he had heard of the Prince's party, and expressed regret that an invitation

had not been sent to him : this was at once kindly, and considerately, done. He died not long after.

KING LOUIS PHILIPPE visited Eton after I had left. I went there from Christ Church to see him. Louis Philippe's appearance was completely different from what I had anticipated : and from what he is represented in his portraits. Instead of the fat, red-faced, 'bourgeois,' that I had invariably seen him depicted, I found him a tall, thin, pale-faced, man : his grey hair, thick, and curly, was brushed up to a point at the top of his head : giving it that pear-like shape which was frequently alluded to. His features were large, and their outline quite different from those of his portraits. His manner was most courteous ; perpetually bowing, and smiling ; not the least like a middle-class Frenchman : it was quite in the style of the 'Vieille Noblesse.' The whole look, and manner, of the man were utterly different from the idea of the coarse, bluff, umbrella-carrying tradesman ; a character I assume that he put on with a view to disarm the prejudices against Royalty. The Citizen-King in his National Guard uniform ; blue coat, red epaulettes, white trousers, and schako, was ~

a very different being from the refined, and polished gentleman whom I saw that day.

Louis Philippe, soon after landing at New Haven, told Mr Laurence Peel that, his abdication was the result of careful deliberation : the soldiers would not fight the National Guard : the latter would not fight the mob. All was over.

MR GEORGE BENTINCK, for many years Member for Norfolk, described to me the circumstances of the duel, which Lord Castlereagh fought with Monsieur de Melci. Lord Castlereagh had been paying attentions for some time to Madame de Melci, known universally by her stage name as Madame Grisi. These became so conspicuous that Monsieur de Melci, who was living in Paris, separately from his wife, was compelled to take notice of the matter : Mr Bentinck was at the Castle Hotel, Salt Hill, for Eton Montem, when a letter came from Lord Castlereagh, stating that he had been challenged by Madame Grisi's husband. Mr Bentinck hoped that M. de Melci might be by his social position unable to demand satisfaction. He found, however, on the contrary, that he was a man of good social standing, and a gentleman ; and, what he regretted very much more, had the reputation of

being 'a dead shot.' Under these circumstances he negotiated that they should fight with pistols which neither combatant had seen before : and he endeavoured to procure a pair that were not easy to fire. On taking their stand, he demurred to several of the conditions ; yielding them one after another ; but eventually settling the matter so that he should give the word to fire. He told me that he was afraid it was all over with "poor Cas." The combatants were bound to hold their pistols muzzle downwards until the word was given : he said "I saw de Melci's right hand move a little ; enough to give me the excuse for saying 'Monsieur de Melci ! il faut que le pistolet touche au pantalon.' I then instantly gave the word to fire." Lord Castlereagh fired in the air : M. de Melci at the same moment fired : and shot Lord Castlereagh through the wrist, which was raised at the side of his head, holding his discharged pistol muzzle upwards.

I knew Mr Bentinck well : in matters of Honour he was exceptionally sound.

Many years afterwards I happened to be sitting behind Lord Castlereagh, then Lord Londonderry, in the stalls at the Opera : Grisi was playing 'Lucrezia Borgia,' her best part, and, oblivious of the romance just related, which

occurred long before my day, I remarked to him "The old lady wears well, does she not?" Lord Londonderry replied "Yes: it's some time since I have seen her."

Madame Grisi had been well taught; and had sufficient imitative power to act in several parts with dignity; though not with grace. In one or two scenes in 'Norma' she was fine: having had the great advantage of playing 'Adalgisa' to Pasta's 'Norma,' she imitated Pasta's action with great success. As the story of 'Norma' may not be known to all, Pollione, the Roman Pro-Consul, is married to Norma, the Arch-Priestess of the Druids, the daughter of the Arch-Druid Oroveso, magnificently played by Lablache. She has borne two children to him: the Roman forces are summoned home from Britain. Adalgisa, who is the young friend, and pupil, of Norma, confides to the latter that she has been implored to quit Britain; and to accompany her lover to Rome. Norma dissuades her from so rash an act; and proceeds to enquire who it is that has entrapped the affections of the young Druidess. At this moment the traitor Pollione appears: in this very trying situation Grisi acted with great dignity. Norma summons the Druids, and the

armed Britons : denounces the Romans : and advises an immediate attack upon their camp. While she is haranguing the British to this effect, a priest announces that a Roman Officer has been found within the precincts of the temple, Stonehenge. Pollione is brought in : Norma orders everyone to retire ; and upbraids Pollione for his perfidy. Her acting in this scene was admirable : 'In mia mano al fin tu sei' was grand : the scene ends by Norma telling Pollione that she will show him the character of the heart which he has betrayed 'qual cor tradisti !' She then summons the Priests, Priestesses, Soldiers and the Arch-Druid, her father.

Instead of denouncing her rival, Adalgisa ; to seek whom Pollione had committed himself ; she removes the chaplet from her forehead ; declares to her father that she has broken her vows : commits her children to his care : orders the fire to be lighted : and is burned with Pollione.

It is strange that this magnificent Opera, originally produced as a Drama in French in Paris, had no success : and still more extraordinary that, holding, as it held for forty years, the first place on the Italian Opera stage, it was

hissed off the stage at Milan on its production ; Bellini, the sublime composer of the music, fled to Sicily to avoid the derision which his 'poor Norma' had excited.

WHILE I WAS AT ETON a very large Hotel, now I believe a Hospital, was erected at Slough by Dotesio, who had been for many years Major-Domo to the Sixth Lord Chesterfield at Chesterfield House : he subsequently opened a Restaurant in the Rue de Castiglione in Paris, where I sometimes dined. Dotesio told me some interesting stories of his epoch : the best was this : Lord Chesterfield, at that time in the full zenith of his splendour, gave a large dinner party : among the guests invited were Lord and Lady Ellenborough. Lady Ellenborough, by far the greatest beauty of her time, was a daughter of Lord Digby. Lord Ellenborough arrived without his wife : he told the host how much he regretted that her ladyship was not well enough to accompany him. During dinner Lord Chesterfield, in the fashion of those days, asked Lord Ellenborough to drink wine with him : and added " Pray tell my Lady how extremely sorry I am that she was unable to come. I hope she will be well soon." Lord Carrington

happened to be seated next Lord Ellenborough ; and said " There cannot be much the matter with her Ladyship ; for as I came here I saw her riding in the Park with that Austrian ; whose name I forget." From this incident all that subsequently happened arose. Lady Ellenborough's proceedings were watched : action was taken : and damages of twenty-five thousand pounds were given against Prince Schwartzburg : a divorce by Act of Parliament followed in due course. The damages however were never paid : Prince Schwartzburg left the country : when he returned some years afterwards as Ambassador he declared that his person was sacred from arrest : which was held to be the case. I well remember observing in the House of Lords, when the Prince's name was accidentally mentioned in debate, Lord Ellenborough cover his face with his right hand.

PASSING some little time in September 1892, at the Eastern, and more beautiful, end of the Lake of Geneva I examined the places mentioned in Rousseau's romance ' Julie,' usually called ' La Nouvelle Hèloïse.' Nothing can exceed the artistic beauty of this part of the Lake, provided of course that it be visited in perfect weather :

the combination of bold outline with exquisite softness can hardly be surpassed. It is clear, however, that Rousseau selected the places mentioned by him not at all from their individual merits ; but from the euphony of their names. Clarens is a shapeless, and unmeaning village ; the most enthusiastic admirer of the French philosopher could find no merit in it. Meillerie is picturesque ; and has a well sounding name : St Gingough has the former quality.

I never remember to have come across any history of the Saint known in our British vernacular as 'Jingo' : in French as St Gingough : frequently used in oaths. Saint Gengulphus must however have had some remarkable merit ; or his name would not have become popular in so many various countries. Rousseau says ' Allez à Vevey, visitez le pays de Julie et de St Preux ; mais ne cherchez pas les y trouver ! ' and well may he say so. Gritty brides, and perspiring bridegrooms, and the nondescript folks who appear to have been created for the sole purpose of filling the hotels, and visiting scenery which they do not appreciate, bring mournful disenchantment.

A loss to Poetry has happened : the ' three tall trees ' of the ' Prisoner of Chillon ' are gone. We must hope by an act of Nature ; not of Man.

I observed a new and exquisite incident : a cloud of broad-winged grey and white birds followed the steamboat : and, when bread was thrown to them, caught the fragment in the air : never failing when the morsel was thrown above them.

While in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Geneva, at Vevey, and Ouchy, I made a last effort to read 'La Nouvelle Hèloïse.' I had frequently endeavoured to do this : but confess to being entirely unable to assimilate the endless pages of Philosophy inserted without any connection with the story. The 'fable' to use a technical word, appears to me most imperfect : beginning with a painful incident ; which might at least have been kept to the last ; the interest perishes with the early chapters : and the final catastrophe, by which Julie disappears, although pathetic, is commonplace in the extreme. I am quite unable to understand what resemblance there is between the heroine and the immortal Eloisa. Saint Preux is not a priest ; and Julie is not a nun : nor is there any revival of romantic attachment after many years of absence. I cannot indeed conceive that this work can ever have done the mischief which Rousseau declared, and I suspect hoped, that it would. I cannot

picture to myself the most romantic, and sentimental, damsel, however bent upon forgetting herself, wading through such endless pages of Philosophy. The bookseller at Vevey, who has a very good shop close to the Hotel, informed me that a few copies were sold every year. No doubt the style is exquisite : but it appears to me to want among other essentials of Art simplicity.

I WAS SORRY lately to be disenchanted as regards an illusion. I had always considered that the most beautiful air that has come down to us is that popularly known as 'Rousseau's Dream.' I have the original score of 'Le Devin du Village' : 'acted before their Majesties at Fontainebleau on the 18th and 24th of October 1752,' in which this divine air was first made public. There is more sentiment in these few notes than in all the 'Nouvelle Hèloïse.' Marie Antoinette and the Princesse de Lamballe later acted in it. I find however, on what is, I am afraid, good authority, that this air was not even pretended by Rousseau to be composed by him : that it was the melody to which the verses of Tasso and Ariosto were nightly sung by the gondoliers of Venice. When Rousseau paid his visit to that romantic town he heard this : and introduced it in his Operetta :

it is there called 'Pantomime': no words being set to it. Many years afterwards the Wesleyan, Toplady, wrote some verses to it beginning 'Rock of Ages': these words have been sung countless times, not from their own merit, but from that of the composer, whoever he was, of some remote past.

My belief is that the most beautiful melodies that have come down to us are of great antiquity. The exquisite air known for the last hundred years as 'Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen!' the words by Sheridan, sung in 'The School for Scandal,' earlier to 'Haste to the Maypole! haste away!' is believed to have been the Melody of a Druidical chorus, sung on May-day in honour of Friga, the Scandinavian Venus. I elsewhere allude to the stirring melody now known as 'Marlbrook,' and its derivation.

I cannot believe that the Greeks, with their exquisite taste in other Arts, can have been wanting in that of Music. We know that the Spartans engaged in battle to soft melodies: and I feel sure that could we recover the lost Melodies of this exquisitely tasteful nation we should admire their skill in Music so much as we do their skill in Sculpture, Architecture, Poetry, and Eloquence.

I found in the library of my brother-officer, Arthur Davenport, at Capesthorpe, in Cheshire, a most beautiful copy in quarto, bound in crimson 'morocco extra,' of 'La Nouvelle Hèloïse': written on the title-page was 'From his affectionate friend J. J. Rousseau.' He had been private tutor to Davenport's father, when in England.

'PARTLY that I did her Sire some wrong,' I must allude to Whalley M.P. for Peterborough: his daughter in a most courteous letter tells me that her father was never a solicitor: he was at one time a Barrister; my story of him in 'Disraeli and his Day' is one of the best in the volume: and the passing glance at his supposed profession was not meant to be anything but good-natured.

ARRIVING early at a Ball given by the Duchess of Montrose in Belgrave Square, I found myself in the back drawing-room, which had not been cleared for dancing, alone, with one exception. A thin, gaunt, being was examining the pictures: his style of dress was of a much earlier period. He wore a black satin stock buckled at the back of the neck, and what was called a 'fall,' that is two broad bands of black satin.

covering the shirt front, and reaching the opening of the waistcoat ; two ornamental pins connected by a chain being stuck into this 'fall.' An hour later I saw this individual descending the stairs with Lord Strathmore ; he shook hands with him, and departed. I immediately asked who this curious being was. Lord Strathmore replied "Don't you know? that is my neighbour in Hertfordshire, Bulwer Lytton." Never shall I forget the shock. In a dream that night I asked the phantom whether it really thought that 'Pelham' was its best book? it answered "On the whole I do." Some years afterwards, when I knew him well, I ventured to express to Lord Lytton my surprise that a man of twenty-two could have had such a knowledge of men, and of Society, as is shown in that book. He answered, without the least affectation, "You must remember that everything was new to me then : everything was fresh : and made a great impression."

He was so kind as to invite me to Knebworth. I thought this was a very great honour : for he was seldom known to ask any young man into his house.

Knebworth is an attractive, and well-bred, place : with good trees, and undulating ground : the house is old.

The Gothic hall was a little overdone with banners ; which gave it a somewhat stagey appearance. I remarked that the silver plate, of which there was a good deal, was better cleaned than I have seen it elsewhere. The bedrooms very quaint, old-fashioned, narrow, slips ; — without any pretension to architectural proportion. We breakfasted in the garden, under a tent ; the only persons in the house besides myself being Mrs X., a very near relation, by marriage, of Lord Lytton, and a curious old man in a red wig, a Mr Bayliss, whose abode was at Fulham : who appeared to play a part, which he did well, of what is popularly known as ‘a tame cat.’ Mrs X. was a lady of exceptionally amiable and gentle character : I cannot picture anyone more admirably adapted to be the butt of the kind-hearted cynicism of our host.

One day at luncheon the conversation turned upon a lady some time dead, who had the reputation of great beauty ; but whose relations to her husband, a foreigner, an extremely fashionable man, were not of the happiest. Conversing with Mrs X. I took the part, more or less ironically, of the husband of the lady in question : defending him, who in one respect

certainly was indefensible. Lord Lytton sitting between us at the end of the table eat in silence : after some time Mrs X. turned to him and said "I must appeal to you, my dear Lord ;" it was the very week in which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was made a Peer ; "you cannot have listened without horror to all these dreadful sentiments expressed by Sir William Fraser : he cannot be in earnest : I hope you will come to the rescue of our unhappy sex." Lord Lytton ceased to eat : and with the sententiousness which was one of his characteristics, replied "While affecting to eat this chicken, Mrs X., I have been listening with absorbed interest to the conversation. I have never in my life heard a good case treated in a more masterly manner than it has been by Sir William Fraser. I agree with every word he has said." "Oh ! my dear, kind, Lord, you cannot really mean that !" "I assure you that I do : I knew Lady H. D. : and I can only tell you, that she would have required a regiment of husbands."

Another day while Lord Lytton, Mrs X., and I were driving in an open carriage, either I, or she, put the somewhat *banale* question to Lord Lytton, "which would you soonest be an Eagle, or a Lion?" He replied in a deep voice, and

with great solemnity of manner, "I should not like to be an eagle." Mrs X. rose to this fly at once : she said "I should have thought that your noble, chivalrous, nature would have been delighted to be an eagle : soaring through the clouds : leaving the earth far beneath you : " Without any change of countenance he added "I should not like to be an eagle." "Now tell me why ; for some good, wise reason I have no doubt." "My reason is that he is too fond of Mrs Eagle. I would infinitely sooner have been a Sparrow."

Our drive that day was to the house of the County Member. The Herts Yeomanry were reviewed on foot ; Lord Lytton was to distribute the prizes for the best drill, and the best shooting. The whole scene was, as I said to him, precisely like a page in 'The Caxtons' : the brilliant coats of the Yeomanry : the bright green park ; it was midsummer : the peasants, male, and female, looking on : Lord Lytton requested me to address the Yeomanry ; I did so.

I heard that it was his occasional practice, when lady visitors were in the house, to dress up in the costume of a Spanish matador : and

to strike a few notes of music under their windows.

I have described in 'Disraeli and his Day' a very interesting visit which I paid with Lord Lytton to Hatfield House.

I asked him whether he did not feel considerable annoyance from having to play the part of politeness to the commonplace people with whom he of necessity had to associate: He replied that he did not: but a conversation which I had subsequently with Mr Bayliss confirmed my impression that he must have suffered a good deal. As an illustration of the truth of my theory, Mr Bayliss, standing with me in the inner hall, pointed to the first landing of the stair-case, on which the sun was pouring his scorching rays at the moment; he said "I shall never forget the scene that took place on that spot: Lord Lytton, at that time member for Hertfordshire, had invited a large party to an archery meeting: he had mentioned the day in his invitation; but had forgotten to name the hour: he developed from his inner consciousness the idea that every one would arrive at half past four: he came down the stairs; and was exactly on that spot, when he saw standing where we are now a Clergyman and his daughter:

this was at four o'clock : the dreadful idea that he would have to entertain them for half an hour seized him : so fearful was the shock, that he rushed downstairs ; passed them without speaking ; ran across the lawn ; and I found him three quarters of an hour later, hidden in an arbour in a remote corner of the kitchen garden."

I asked Lord Lytton whether, as his novels were extremely popular in the Tauchnitz edition, he never entangled persons on the railway, nor elsewhere, in conversing on the subject of his various romances : he replied that he did not. I have little doubt that he did.

I found in the library at Knebworth Monkton Milnes' 'Life of Keats' : in it Keats describes his difficulty in carrying on conversation with several women at one time : he gives a vivid description of having been out in a carriage with three ladies : and says that he talked too much ; too fast : and badly ; adding that he thanked Heaven when he got home. I asked Lord Lytton if he had not the same difficulty : he said that he had not ; I should account for this by what I observed, that he cared a good deal for female admiration : and that, so long as this would appear to be sincere,

and unchanging, it reconciled him to what he must have found, not unfrequently, tiresome.

On another occasion he said to me "I have heard that you admire my constancy;" this sentence being uttered in the most oracular manner. I acquiesced. "You consider that I turn my geese into swans." I replied "I now know who are the traitors: I would represent my idea in these words, 'you don't get tired of your swans': I am sorry to say for myself that my swans turn into geese very soon: there is nothing I envy more than Constancy; except a firm religious Faith, joined to a not very sensitive Conscience."

Where there is good sense, whether in a work of art, or in a character, we do not tire of it: correct drawing in a picture, or a Poem we continue to love: in a character, Symmetry of Soul retains our admiration, and our attachment.

Lord Lytton's study at Knebworth presented a most remarkable appearance: he wrote at an escritoire, or falling bureau: he sat surrounded literally to his knees by unbound French novels with various coloured paper covers. I never saw another room in such a condition: a cherry-

wood pipe was used by him constantly when writing.

I have heard that in youth he was handsome : many men with good features retain a beautiful outline in age : there was nothing of this in Lord Lytton : a worn-out face, of extreme melancholy ; a thin, aquiline nose ; hair of a nondescript tint, bordering on red ; a rather high, but somewhat narrow forehead. I have never seen two more unhappy faces in repose than Lytton's and Disraeli's. Lord Lytton's figure was slim : he was active in his movements ; and certainly had none of the languor of age in his gestures, nor mode of speaking : he was, as I have said, extremely sententious : pronouncing his words carefully ; apparently weighing them before utterance in ordinary conversation.

In the case of one family he showed a most amiable fidelity : he named them in his early novel of 'Night and Morning' ; and to his last hour was on most friendly terms with them ; inviting them frequently to Knebworth. They are a family of exceptional intelligence : and have always spoken to me of Lord Lytton as a man of great kindness, and constant good nature. I feel sure that he deserved this character.

I shall, further on, have much to say in relation to Thackeray : but I may mention here that a difference, how originating I do not know, had existed for many years between Lord Lytton and him. When Thackeray, on the publication of 'Vanity Fair' rose at a single bound to the top of British Literature, Lord Lytton, who had been ruthlessly attacked in the early numbers of 'Punch,' and most venomously, in 'A Letter to the Literati,' by Thackeray, most kindly sent a message by a common friend, expressing an earnest hope that their coolness might cease : offering at the same time most hearty congratulations on Thackeray's splendid, and well deserved, success : Thackeray declined the reconciliation.

I asked Lord Lytton whether he found much inconvenience from the eminent position which he had attained in literature : whether being a great man did not bring with it very great annoyances : he replied that he had not found it so : and then, after a pause, added "Except appeals for money : they are incessant from poor men in literature : and if you do not comply you make a lifelong enemy."

I said to Lord Lytton "You and I know why Napoleon divorced Josephine" : he at once

replied "When Policy and Revenge unite they are irresistible." Josephine's complete oblivion of her marriage vows while her husband was in Egypt, in the early days of their married life, are forgotten by those who sympathise with her ultimate fate.

I asked Lord Lytton to advise me on the subject of writing a Comedy, or a Novel : he very kindly said "Come to me in a fortnight ; and I will tell you." I called upon him in Grosvenor Square : his son was present. In his usual oracular manner he said "I have considered the subject upon which you did me the honour to consult me. I feel sure that you would write a very good Comedy." I made a deprecatory bow. "I feel also certain that you would sit in the stalls perspiring with horror at the manner in which it was played." This was during the period of the extinction of the British Drama. "I strongly recommend you to write a Novel : you may trust me, if you think it good it will be very good." He added "The severest critic that you can have is yourself." I asked him what he admired most in Campbell : he said at once 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' : I asked him why : he said "It is graphic and simple ; there are fine things in it ;

‘ And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking ’ !

is very fine.”

I asked him which he thought the best of Sir Walter Scott’s novels : he answered “The one that *I* think the best ; is the one that *you* think the best ; the one that is the best.” I told him that he paid me a great compliment : I had quite made up my mind as to which I thought the best ; and I added “ I will write the initials on this slip of paper.” This conversation took place at the Carlton Club : Lord Lytton said “ It is unnecessary : you know perfectly well which is the best : ” he then named it ; and I produced the paper on which I had written the initial letters. Towards the end of this volume I will relieve the suspense of the reader : I wish to give him, or her, an opportunity of considering a very interesting subject.

In one of the conversations which I had with old Mr Bayliss at Knebworth he gave me a description of a scene at which he was not present ; but which he had from the lips of Lord Lytton himself.

Lord Lytton had just been appointed ‘per saltum,’ not having held Office before, to the

high position of Secretary of State for the Colonies ; becoming at once the Parliamentary ruler of the vastest Empire that the World has known. I recollect asking him, when leaving the House of Commons in his carriage, whether he found his high office came up to his expectations : he replied “ It is exceptionally difficult : in all other Offices a Minister can consult his colleagues on details : in my place that is out of the question.” The appointment involved a re-election ; and the day was arranged for it at Hertford : Lord Lytton being member for the County. There was no opposition to his return. According to Mr Bayliss, Lord Lytton related that he started at an early hour : the ordinary hour of noon having been, for certain reasons about to be disclosed, anticipated : “ Nothing ” said Lord Lytton “ could be more joyous than the aspect of affairs : I had achieved the object of my highest ambition. My Sovereign had favoured me with her confidence ; and my colleagues in the Cabinet welcomed me with honest cordiality : no opposition was offered to my re-election. I left my ancestral home, observing in every direction the beautiful tints of Cerulean blue : the sky was blue ; and not only were there blue favours ; but the very postboys wore blue

jackets. I dashed merrily along the somewhat dusty road :

‘My bosom’s lord sat lightly on his throne.’

I was free from care : I was full of hope : I arrived in Hertford amidst tempestuous cheering : men, women, and children, united to honour one who had long represented them in the Commons’ House of this great Empire. I felt, and I may have been pardoned for feeling, that the destiny of millions was in my hands ; and that an opportunity would be afforded me of leaving my name as a household word to a countless posterity. The brief ceremony of an unopposed return passed away with perfect tranquility. It was my pleasing duty to move a vote of thanks to the excellent High Sheriff of my County. I dwelt, as it turned out at disastrous length, on the great merits of that worthy man, of whom, by the way, I knew absolutely nothing. I had nearly finished my address ; when I observed from my position on the hustings the vast crowd opening in the rear : and in its midst a passage being formed, along which advanced a female of what appeared to me gigantic dimensions. She was dressed in a complete suit of deep yellow ; this being the colour of my political adversaries :

she brandished in her right hand what I believe now to have been a yellow parasol ; but which my imagination pictured at the moment as an amber-coloured umbrella : she waved it above her head as she came nearer to the hustings : when immediately below me, I observed that she was highly rouged : and I concluded that for her copious display of hair she was not altogether indebted to nature : her voice was loud : her tone menacing. I am, as you know, slightly deaf : and at first found it difficult to catch her words. I thought that she might be some poor enthusiast deeply impregnated with Whig opinions, which, as you know, were formerly my own. I leaned forward, placing my right hand to my ear ; the first articulate words that I caught were, " Monster ! Villain ! Cowardly Wretch ! Outcast ! " I stared with astonishment : but in a voice of, I hope and believe, extreme courtesy, I said " Madam allow me to ask your name. " " My name ? you Fiend ! " replied the lady, " You know me well enough ! " I looked at her ; in a moment she added " I am your Wife ! now you Scoundrel don't ask me who I am. " I started back in horror : I had not seen Lady Lytton for many years : she then added " I am told that you have been sent to ' The Colonies ' : if they knew

as much about you as I do they would have sent you there long ago : it is the only place for which you are fit." This was too much : I collapsed : I remember no more until I found myself at Knebworth, in bed, and surrounded by kind and sympathising friends."

It appears that the High Sheriff had had some expectation of what was coming : and had wisely named eleven instead of twelve for the hour of nomination ; hoping that by that time the proceedings would be terminated.

In consequence of this little escapade the wits of Cambridge, where the second Lord Lytton, lately Ambassador in Paris, Poet and Statesman, was an undergraduate, composed a little Ode. Some readers may remember a Lyric, deservedly dear to their childhood, of which every stanza ended with the words "my mother." One verse of the parody was

" Who went to Hertford in a chaise ;
 And lavished anything but praise
 Upon the author of my days ?
 My Mother ! "

In the garden at Knebworth was, and probably is, an alcove, the lining of which is black : and in the centre of which is a bust in terra cotta of

the god Pan : the divinity being in profile. I remember Lord Lytton posing close to the bust ; his head being in the same attitude : it was obvious that he wished the likeness to be observed : no one however noticed this but myself.

The most remarkable story I have kept to the last. Travelling in Italy, I remember that the train was passing Dezenzano, on the Lago di Garda at the time, a lady and gentleman were in the carriage with me : I was reading one of Lord Lytton's novels in the Tauchnitz edition ; the gentleman said to me "I can tell you a very remarkable story of Lord Lytton." He kept his word : "I must tell you that I was solicitor to Lady Lytton in the difficulties which continued between her and her husband. Not long after their marriage Mr and Mrs Lytton Bulwer, as they then were, were travelling in an open carriage along the Riviera, between Genoa and Spezzia ; Lord Lytton was dressed in the somewhat fantastic costume which at that period he affected. The vetturino drove. Mrs Bulwer's maid was sitting beside him : the happy couple were in an open carriage. Passing through one of the many villages close to the sea, they observed a singularly handsome girl standing at

a cottage door. Mr Bulwer, with somewhat ill-advised complacency, turning to his wife, said 'Did you notice how that girl looked at me?' The lady, with an acidity which developed itself later in life, replied 'The girl was not looking at you in admiration : if you wear that ridiculous dress no wonder people stare at you.' The bridegroom thereupon with an admirable sense of Logic said 'You think that people stare at my dress ; and not at me : I will give you the most absolute and convincing proof that your theory has no foundation.' He then proceeded to divest himself of every particle of clothing except his hat and boots : and taking the place of the lady's maid drove for ten miles in this normal condition."

The reader will admit that this statement was 'remarkable' : I said at once "What evidence had you of this transaction?" he replied "We had the sworn affidavits of Mrs Bulwer and her maid." "As you are a lawyer, you will not object to my cross-examining you : Did you have the sworn affidavit of the vetturino?" "No." "I thought not."

When I was reading for my Oxford degree, at Geneva, I was invited to a ball given in the neighbourhood by the Grand Duchess Helena of

Russia. Lady Walpole, afterwards Lady Orford, took me aside ; and pointed to a fat little woman, with what I should call 'an apple face,' seated on a sofa. "Can you guess who that is?" I replied that I had not the remotest idea. Lady Walpole said "That is Lytton's wife:" I could see no indication of 'the lovely Rosina'; who subsequently turned upon her lord with such unrelenting ferocity.

There is a legend not unconnected with my place of abode. Lord Lytton occupied the rooms on the ground floor of the Albany Mansion formerly inhabited by Lord Byron. After his marriage Lord Lytton continued to use these chambers as his literary sanctum: his family house at the time being at or near Teddington. He used to write from his chambers frequent letters to his wife: and evidently overdid the Sentiment: thereby raising suspicions. In one of his epistles he said "Here I pass my time, in incessant labour; my thoughts ever with you: my only companion Solitude!" Lady Lytton no doubt considered that there was more than human fidelity in these repeated assurances; and, according to her own account, she obtained surreptitious admission to this classic apartment. She added "I found that

my wretched husband's statement was partly true : Bacon says that that is the best lie which has the largest admixture of Truth : the monster's only companion was 'Solitude' : but 'Solitude' was dressed in white muslin : and was sitting upon his knee !”

I interested Lord Lytton by telling him that the book which the late Emperor of the French read the night before rendering himself to his enemies was 'The Last of the Barons.' It was found lying on the table by his bedside on the morning after the surrender of Sedan.

He was also amused by my relating what occurred in the great Salt City. Brigham Young attended, with his numerous wives, a performance of 'The Lady of Lyons' : he sat quietly without a word during the greater part of the time : but when the agony was piled up he rose ; and, followed by his spouses, left the theatre ; exclaiming “I won't stand such a damned row being made about one woman.”

Staying at Cadenabbia on the Lake of Como in September 1891, I sent to London for a copy of 'The Lady of Lyons.' I had long made up my mind that the beautiful description given to 'Pauline' by the pretended 'Prince of Como'

was the Villa Balbianello, built on a rock which runs out at a right angle to the North shore of the Lake. Accompanied by some friends I read aloud the lines beginning

‘A Palace lifting to eternal Summer
Its marble walls.’

A melancholy circumstance is connected with this spot. On the Temple, placed on the height of the rock, ‘rising to eternal summer,’ are the arms of the Arconate Viscontis : the Eagle of the former ; and, a most ancient emblem, the Serpent of the latter : the Race is now extinct : the last Marquess having left no offspring. Unlike many Italian families he was wealthy : and left a fortune of about ten thousand pounds sterling a-year. Since I first visited the Villa, many years ago, a palisading of stone, costing as the gardener informed me, about two pounds per yard, has been added, along the edge of the vertical rock which descends into the lake : this is much to be deplored : the work, composed of Eagles and Serpents, is much too heavy : and, both from within and without, interferes seriously with the effect. The original light iron rails, which could not be perceived from the Lake,

gave a far more beautiful outline than the present.

A BROTHER-OFFICER of my father's in the 7th Hussars Captain Green inherited a considerable fortune from a curious cause. Being in his own pew in a Church in London he observed an elderly gentleman at some little distance, leaning in an attitude of fatigue: he left his pew, and intimated to the gentleman that he could give him a seat: the stranger thanked him; and accepted the courtesy: some years afterwards he bequeathed to Captain Green the whole of his fortune. The common version of the story was that they never met in the meantime: this was not the case: the acquaintance which began in this manner ripened: an intimacy followed, with the result named. It was humorously suggested that the Motto of the gentleman, who had been so rewarded for an act of disinterested kindness, should be 'Proh pudor': in one sense only appropriate.

Another case of inheritance worthy of record. Lady ——. ——. daughter of the Marquess of A., she would have been a very ugly man, received the following note from a firm of solicitors.

‘Madam ; By the will of our late client Mr ——. it is our duty to announce to your ladyship the very large bequeathment made to you therein. We shall be glad to be put into communication with those who may act for you in the matter. We have also the honour to enclose a sealed note found among our client’s papers.’

The note was to this effect.

‘Madam ; My reason for bequeathing to you the whole of my fortune is that you are the sole being who has for many years afforded happiness to a very miserable existence. The only enjoyment which I have had for a considerable time has been when I have been enabled, night after night, to regard your incomparable beauty when sitting in your box at His Majesty’s Theatre.’

Lady ——. read this note with considerable astonishment : she did not hesitate however to accept the fortune.

The solution of the mystery was simple. Observing an extremely beautiful woman, a daughter of Lord Forester, who married General Anson, her sisters being Lady Chesterfield, and Lady Bradford, in a box at the opera, the gentleman in question said to his neighbour in the

Stalls "Who is that lady with her elbow on the cushion of her box?" he did not use the term 'beautiful' or the error would probably not have occurred: his neighbour looking up, and observing that Mrs Anson who was sitting back to back with Lady —— had her elbow also on the cushion, gave her name instead of that of the beauty. Mrs Anson claimed half; but did not obtain it.

ONE OF THE CLEVEREST TRICKS that I have known was perpetrated by a woman calling herself Madame H. She had a floor in a good house in Paris: she advertised a magic lotion which would restore hair to bald heads; and return grey hair to its natural colour. Thousands of French men and women visited her: and it was even said that she was consulted by an illustrious person from this country. The lotion which she sold was a strong stimulant, composed principally of ammonia. Not only had Madame H. a woman of forty, a most luxuriant crop of hair, reaching nearly to her heels; but a woman, ostensibly her mother, with a face like a dried apple, who might have been from her looks one hundred years old, also had a beautiful crop of glossy hair. I

well remember Madame H. eyeing me with suspicion : her trick, like many tricks, was very simple when known. 'Each particular hair' was tied on to one above it : so that any desirable length might be obtained.

ONE OF THE STORIES of an earlier generation than my own related to two singularly handsome Irish ladies ; of most ancient family. These ladies, both of whom made good marriages, one of them noble, the other Royal, were riding in Rotten-Row soon after their first arrival in London. Mr Danby Calcraft, connected I believe with the Dorsetshire family, then a smart young man about town, and possessing a most enviable confidence in his own power of fascination, observing these ladies on several consecutive days taking the air, followed by an ancient retainer, whose splendid livery did not hide the fact that he was an Hibernian Celt, accosted the servant ; and, having ascertained from him their name, on the next afternoon confided to him what was in those days called a 'billet-doux ;' accompanied by a sovereign, in the quality of what my old steward in North Devon used to call a 'do sure.' Dining a day or two later at Crockford's Club he, in a manner that

certainly has passed away these many years, half hinted to his friends that he had got hold of what was I believe called a 'good thing': and that he was anticipating every minute a reply to his surreptitious communication. One or two of his listeners, bent on mischief, waited at the foot of the stairs: obtaining the note, they brought it to M^r Calcraft; and insisted upon being permitted to read it. The contents were as follows: 'The Misses S. present their compliments: they will be pleased to receive M^r Danby Calcraft at 9 o'clock this evening: and hope that he will do them the honour to take tea with them.' The following words were at the top of the second page of the note: written in another hand. "Capt R. S. of the ——— Regiment of Lancers hopes to have the honour of kicking M^r Danby Calcraft downstairs, should he favour his sisters with his presence this evening."

I BELIEVE that some of our most popular melodies come from an extreme antiquity. Their origin may even extend so far back as the Greeks. We have a very striking instance of this in the well known air "Marlbrook:" this had nothing whatever to do with the Duke of

Marlborough, beyond being revived at the time of his surpassing victories in the past century.

‘ Marlbrook s’en va-t-en guerre :
Ne sçait quand reviendra ’

is not modern French : the lines and melody date from the days of the early Crusades. The original words at that time were ‘ Mambron ’ etc. Mambron was a celebrated Troubadour of the Middle Ages. The melody was brought from the East by the Crusaders. I was interested to read that the only tune which excited the natives of the Soudan, when lately played by our Regimental Bands, was this. The writer did not attempt to account for it : no doubt it has continued to charm in the East ; as in the West.

Being at the Théâtre Français when the ‘ Marriage of Figaro ’ of Beaumarchais was played, I heard a stout, but symmetrical, young lady sing, in the character of the Page, the song

‘ Mon coursier hors d’haleine ’

to this air.

A very pretty Arab tune was brought back by

the French army after their capture of Algiers ; it had the run of Europe. The French words written to it are worthy of the beautiful simplicity of the air : they begin

‘ Le ruisseau qui murmure
Sur le gazon frais.’

IT SURPRISES me that anyone can have the slightest doubt as to the reasoning powers of Animals: they seem to me to reason, so far as their knowledge goes, with admirable accuracy.

The Dog who sees his master a hundred times go out after putting on his hat argues with perfect logic that whenever he puts on his hat he will go out. To his mind the hundred times is universal : and his thoughts produce an accurate syllogism.

‘ All putting on of hats show intention to go out :

My master is putting on his hat :

Therefore my master has an intention to go out.’

Or again,

‘ All ringings of bells are things followed by the entry of a servant :

This is the ringing of a bell :

Therefore it will be followed by the entry of a servant.' These are syllogisms 'in Barbara.'

I find it difficult to argue calmly on the subject : and I am afraid a conversation on it has occasionally ended by my saying "You have completely convinced me, Sir, or Madam, that there is one animal that cannot reason."

IN THE YEAR 1889 I passed through Brussels, stopping, as before, for a few days at the Hotel de Suède. A few minutes before I left the Hotel, to continue my journey into Germany, an incident occurred worthy of the graphic power of Sterne. It was simple : but the reader shall have it.

I had paid my bill : and was writing a note in the corridor of the Hotel, opening to the street, when a stranger approached my table. He appeared about forty-five : was above the common height : his shoulders were broad : his hair, somewhat scanty, was of a sandy hue : his eyes small, blue, and intelligent : the outlines of his form were manly. He addressed me : "Sir you are acquainted with Brussels?" "I am." "Do you find a difficulty in making yourself understood." "Not in the least." "You speak French?" "I do." "I don't : and I find great

difficulty. You are from London?" "I am."
"London, Sir, is a fine city." "So we think." "I was there four days." I said "I think you have crossed the Atlantic." "I have, Sir." He produced a card. I do not give his name : but will say that it is one not unconnected with English History : the card stated that its owner was a horse-dealer on a large scale : and in the corner was significantly added 'Attorney-at-Law.' With feelings that can be understood by any parent, I seized the opportunity of asking him if he had visited 'the Ball-room' discovered by myself the year before : he replied that he had. I said that I hoped that they had received him with courtesy. We spoke for a few minutes on the incidents of the Ball : the stranger then said "Sir, do you know Willis?" I replied "You mean N. P. Willis." "I do Sir." I said that I had read his Poems : and immediately quoted one in which at sunset the child says to her father 'God has made a Star!' I thought this quick on my part : and felt sure that the stalwart, well-bred, and sharp-witted man before me would appreciate that quickness. He added "Do you know, Sir, that Willis wrote some lines on the subject of that Ball?" I answered that I did not : and that I was surprised : for I believed

that I had read all that he had written. "Yes, Sir," said he "he wrote some very fine lines : and I hope when you get home you will read them." I said "I certainly shall : How do they begin ?"

" 'There was a sound of revelry by night
In Brussels Capital.' "

I believe that I did not turn pale : I know that I leant against the table : but no wink betrayed the terrible emotion which shook my frame. How I got into the droschki waiting at the porte cochère I shall never know. The stalwart stranger advanced : he wrung my hand : his last words were "You will not forget Willis !" I replied "No ! and I shall not forget you" ! Nor shall I to my dying hour.

Since my discovery in eighteen hundred and eighty-eight of the room in which the Ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond on the night of the sixteenth of June 1815 took place, I have, in passing through Brussels on my road to Germany, twice visited the old Rue de la Blanchisserie. M^r Van Ginderachter, the tenant at the time when I found the room, has since died : and I was anxious for some time lest the old street which debouches upon a fashionable

Boulevard, should be pulled down : and this most interesting relic be destroyed. I was however glad to find on my last visit, in August 1891, that there is no chance of this being done. The new proprietor is a man of wealth ; and the immortal ball-room has returned to its original purpose that of ' a coachbuilder's dépôt.' Some repairs were being made : and a few carriages had already been moved into the building by the new tenant. I found the door of communication between the ball-room and the garden in the rear of the Duke of Richmond's house : this door had been rendered useless by the building of the lofty wall, which I have described elsewhere, when the Duke's house was embodied in the large Hospital. I found also, on the other side of this wall, in the garden or yard, the passage which approached the door from the side of the Duke's house : and between which and the door the lofty wall now intervenes. This passage is paved, and palisaded, as at the time of the Duke's occupation : and the Lady Superintendent of the Hospital again assured me that no stone had been moved since the Duke left the house in the summer of 1815.

On my second visit I was permitted to enter

the Hospital : and I am sure, after most carefully examining the room in it which had been suggested as the ball-room, that, so far from being capable of holding two hundred and twenty persons, the number of the guests present at the Ball, named in the list given to me by Lady de Ros, the room could not have held sixty soldiers standing in close column. The parquet flooring, the windows, the ceiling, and the doors, all show clearly that this room never could at any period have been a 'coachmaker's dépôt,' the term used by Lady de Ros ; nor a 'sort of old barn at the back of behind,' the description given of it by her brother, Lord William Lennox. It was, no doubt, one of the ordinary sitting-rooms, turned into a school-room for the benefit of the Duke's daughters.

This small room is now the Refectory of the Hospital-Sisters. The walls bear a pathetic record of the past. Each Lady Superior has been painted : but after death ;

'Before Decay's effacing fingers

Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers,'

that is the Beauty of Age, and Holiness.

The idea that the work-shop giving to the street, could have been the Ball-room is quite out

of the question. This was never 'a coach-maker's dépôt': and the brick floor would render dancing impossible. The Duke of Richmond, who hired the room for one night, would certainly not have gone to the expense of putting down flooring, while a room with an excellent floor, which seventy years have not worn out, was close at hand.

'The Pavilion' was the name given to the Duke's Villa by Mr Van Ginderachter's family, who became the tenants some time after the Ball took place. Simon was the name of the coach-builder.

When Lord Byron spoke of the 'high Hall' which Lady de Ros told me was 'all nonsense,' he had been shown, as were other travellers, a large room in the Hôtel de Ville, in which balls were frequently given in 1815: and which precisely answers his description.

Mr Van Ginderachter's original ignorance on the subject I found to be easily explained, on looking into the facts. The Ball took place, as we know, in June 1815. Up to the publication of the Third Canto of Childe Harold no fame attached to the Ball: and the ownership having changed, the new tenant, if he read the highflown account of the 'windowed niche' etc. did not

recognize in his homely brewery the scene of this most interesting event.

Had the poetic description been written earlier, attention would no doubt have been at once drawn to this room : but, appearing, as it did, after the coach-maker's house had changed hands the 'high hall' of the Hôtel de Ville, with its 'windowed niches' were naturally associated with Lord Byron : and those who earned money by showing the spacious, and dignified, room had a direct interest in not putting the real truth before travellers.

On my visit to the Field of Waterloo in 1888, I made some careful observations which I have not yet recorded. By the permission of the proprietor I had placed a small stone in the wall of the orchard at Hougomont, in the South West corner of which my cousin, Captain Thomas Craufurd of the Third Guards was killed. The angle is now filled by a small kitchen-garden. The Coldstream Guards occupied the orchard : a detachment of the Third Guards, commanded by Captain Craufurd, was on their right flank. The present loop-holes were not made on the day of Waterloo : they have existed from the Middle

Ages, when Hougomont, properly Gomont, was a fortified farm-house : not an uncommon case at that time.

When I first visited Waterloo many years ago a second row of perforations existed above the present : the wall has since been lowered : a platform being erected, so as to permit two lines of fire to be carried on, above, and below.

I am very glad to say that the present proprietor, a man of wealth, high character, and good taste is most, careful of the buildings : and will take every precaution against their injury. For many years Hougomont was sadly neglected : inhabited by caretakers ; with no superintendence.

Those who speak carelessly, and without enquiry, of the Duke's position, should examine, as I did, its strength in the rear of his centre. The farm of Mont Saint Jean, detached from the village, is in itself a fortress ; although not so strong now as at the time of the Battle. The Village, where the roads from Charleroi and Mons converge, could be held by a small, but determined, force for a long time : behind this again was the vast Forest of Soignies. When the Duke was asked what he would have done if his line had been forced, he quietly

replied "There was always the wood to retire into." From Napoleon's remark at Saint Helena one might have supposed the Forest of Soignies was a jungle, affording no retreat: it was on the contrary a fortress of Nature: the Duke could have held his own in it most unquestionably until the Prussians came up: which, sooner or later, they were sure to do.

I purchased from the little inn at Waterloo the table on which the Duke wrote his despatch on the evening of the Battle, giving an account in plain, practical, and modest, terms of the greatest conflict the World has known. I have it now in my chambers. I would not have purchased, nor removed it from the Inn, had I not felt sure that other hands would do so.

On the door of the room in which the Duke slept on the nights of the 17th and 18th of June 1815, I placed a small brass plate recording the fact: the adjacent room, to which Sir Alexander Gordon was conveyed from the field when mortally wounded, bears also an inscription. The Duke slept some part of the night in the first room: but the groans of his Aide de Camp distressed him so much that he mounted his horse in the early dawn; and rode alone into

Brussels. This I know from one to whom the Duke mentioned the fact. Sir Alexander was by the Duke's desire moved into the bedroom which he had left : he there expired.

Of the thousands who have visited the valley of Waterloo, it is not a plain, few have seen Plancenoit. This village lies about three quarters of a mile due east of 'La Belle Alliance' : it is approached by one of the many sunken lanes or 'hollow-roads,' which are to be found in this part of the country.

The idea that the Prussians arrived at a dangerous crisis is not borne out by facts. German historians not unnaturally claim credit for the great assistance given to us by that brave race.

While diminishing the importance of the Prussian attack, which had been carefully calculated by the Duke of Wellington beforehand, British historians have as a rule not done justice to the prowess of the Prussian Army. I strongly urge anyone who takes an interest in this great scene to visit Plancenoit : and examine the position of the two forces. A French corps d'armée occupied the little village, which formed at that time the key of Napoleon's right flank. I have avoided illustrations ; and I do so now. Let

the reader suppose a horse-shoe placed in a square. The horse-shoe represents the churchyard of Plancenot : within it is the church : the present church having replaced the old one of the time of the Battle. Within this horse-shoe was a dense mass of French troops. The low wall of the churchyard formed a breast-work : reaching nearly to the middle height of a man ; it afforded some protection from horizontal fire. At the eastern angles of the square two lanes enter it : the heads of the Prussian columns, advancing simultaneously by these lanes, exposed to an almost obliterating fire from the French troops in the churchyard, suffered most severely. As Prussian reinforcements arrived, the latter occupied the houses forming the eastern side of the square. From the windows and roof they poured into the mass of Frenchmen in the churchyard a terrible fire. An attempt was made by the Prussians to enter the Square by the North Eastern angle ; and to pass to the right of the churchyard : this was prevented by a house having caught fire on the north side of the churchyard ; rendering the lane impassable. Reinforcements of Prussians continued to arrive : and eventually the mass was sufficient to 'turn' the village of Plancenot ; and to advance

against the right flank of Napoleon's main army. The French corps d'armée which had held Plancenoit so bravely was terribly reduced: rallying round their colours the gallant Frenchmen succeeded, in spite of desperate odds, in reaching the head-quarters of Napoleon. Nothing could exceed the devotion of this small body of Frenchmen: seven thousand Prussians, left upon the field after a fight of two hours, proved how desperate had been the combat: and how great the credit which our cousins, and allies, deserved on that day.

I visited the farm of La Haye Sainte: the belief that this farm could not be approached from the British line of battle is erroneous. The principal entrance to the farm on the road to Charleroi could not be used; it being swept by the fire of the French guns: it was believed that no ammunition could have been carried to the rear of the building; and that thus the noble Hanoverian corps, which held the place, was sacrificed. This was not the case. From the formation of the ground a determined body could, in the pauses of the fight, have carried ammunition to the besieged garrison: and no doubt did so. The fatal error was that sufficient German ammunition had not been provided:

the bullets of the British rifles were useless to the unfortunate men who had fired their last cartridges.

Two fatal mistakes had been made on the previous evening : the mules carrying entrenching tools had been lost : and still more fatal, the large door of the western side of the barn had been burned to make fires for the starving soldiery. This was where the French finally broke in. On the door leading to the kitchen of the house can be seen the marks of the bullets fired across the yard from the point where the French first succeeded in entering it. The present owner is the grandson of the proprietors at the time of the Battle. The farmer told me that his grandmother had ingeniously hidden herself in a heap of apples : and remained unnoticed by the French soldiers.

I had the impression that Napoleon had ridden near to the head of the column of the Imperial Guard in their last advance against the British line ; that he had accompanied them in their march through the long valley which separated the armies ; and had only reined in his horse, when, turning to the right, the column endeavoured to storm the British acclivity. This was not the case. The spot where he halted is

close to the road to Charleroi; a cavity, the remains of an old quarry or gravel-pit, is the exact spot.

In none of the plans, nor pictures, of Waterloo, however accurately drawn, is the depth of the valley which ran between the armies perceptible. The 'Plain of Waterloo' is spoken of: taking an extent of some miles it may be called a plain: but the actual valley,

'Small Theatre for such a Tragedy,'

is very deep. The French Cavalry made repeated, and brave, advances, which excited the admiration of the Duke, as the conduct of our Infantry did that of Napoleon: they charged up a steep hill. The British squares, being more or less sheltered by the rising ground, had from Officers placed on the ridge, means of knowing when the French Cavalry were advancing: and prepared accordingly.

The expression of the Duke "They have spoiled my battle-field," although perfectly true, has given an erroneous impression of what actually took place. In order to build a pretentious mound in honour of the Prince of Orange's wound a considerable quantity of earth was removed: but this was entirely taken from

the east of the Charleroi Road ; where the left of the British line was placed. To look at it now, the Duke's left seems quite indefensible : but at the time of the Battle a deep hollow-road existed in front of the squares of Infantry which held that part of the line. Ignorant of the existence of this hollow-road, a large number of French Cavalry perished : coming upon it in masses, the front line had no means to stop ; and were hurled to destruction by those who followed them. This part of the field has been completely changed : but the ridge on the west of the Charleroi Road, between it and the little Inn at the foot of the mound, is precisely as on the day of battle. I took trouble to ascertain this beyond all question.

Much criticism has been passed upon the Lion, placed on the top of the mound : and the fact of his tail being between his legs has naturally suggested sarcastic remarks. It has been believed that when the French army traversed the field of Waterloo, when marching to take possession of the Citadel at Antwerp in 1832, which the Dutch General refused to surrender, the soldiers disfigured the Belgian Lion, by knocking out his teeth ; and other injuries. This was not so : the teeth are distinctly visible : but a some-

what significant allusion was made by the pious, and Bible-reading French soldiers, to the 'Lion of Peace' eating grass : they stuffed his mouth — with brambles, which still remain. Most severe orders were issued by the General-Officer commanding the French army not to interfere with the statue in any way ; threatening extreme punishment if these orders should be disobeyed. The history of the Lion's tail can be explained. The Lion, which is not wanting in merit as a work of Art, was copied from the two Spanish lions placed over the pediment of the old Spanish Church at Waterloo. Spain at that period claiming the Sovereignty of both hemispheres, each lion has his fore-paw on a globe. In the case of all three, the Spanish lions and the Belgian, the tail has been curved between the legs.

The Inn, the 'Hotel de la Poste,' for fifty years after the campaign of 1815, was closed. It had ceased to be a posting-place : and the proprietor, a private gentleman, a recluse, seldom opened the shutters. A few weeks before my visit in 1889, the buildings had again been opened as an Inn. I sent to the present proprietor in 1890, a signboard, painted on mahogany wood, eight feet by four, bearing the full coat-of-arms of the first Duke of Wellington : on a

flying scroll above the arms are the words 'Duc de Wellington,' on another scroll below 'Prince de Waterloo : ' this was the Duke's headquarters.

In building a dancing-room lately at the rear of the Inn a skeleton was found about two feet from the surface of the yard. This was evidently long anterior to the date of the Battle : it has the appearance of having been interred at least three hundred years. In making an alteration of the rooms on the first floor an old sword of a decidedly Spanish character was found, hidden between the joists : probably the two relics were connected with some crime. The skeleton, and the sword, are shown : and many interesting relics of the great battle.

The proprietor, M. Pieterhons, presented to me the old Spanish weather-cock, which was taken down at the alterations.

Reading lately a criticism on Waterloo, I was surprised to find repeated the old question, Why did the Duke leave 18,000 men, detached from his right flank, after the battle had begun? The writer, a distinguished authority, evidently ignored the twenty-five thousand Imperial Guards, who remained the whole day, out of shot, far in the rear of Napoleon's army : there was but one reason for this Division not marching

round the Duke's right flank ; that reason was the 18,000 men detached by the Duke.

I have received the following note anent the ball-room from The Rev^d Teignmouth Shore, Canon of Worcester :

Worcester : Jan. 1893.

Dear Sir William,—It may interest you to know that when at Brussels in August last year I visited the Waterloo Ball-room. I found the Duke of Richmond's house, unchanged : and passing from the Rue des Cendres round the corner into the Rue de la Blanchisserie entered the Ball-room, so well described to me by Lord William Lennox, who was present, as a 'sort of old barn at the back of behind' ; the room exactly answers his description. The scene of the Ball has now reverted to its old condition of 'a coach-maker's dépôt' : a hole has been cut in the first floor, to raise carriages from the workshop below ; instead of the old inclined plane.

Yours sincerely,

T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

I have been several times asked whether the Duke saw Blucher on the morning of the Battle of Waterloo : I feel sure, at the present time, that he did not. I believe that the idea

originated in some words which he used when receiving the Judges of Assize at Strathfieldsaye. The Duke is reported to have said "I told Marshal Blucher on the morning of the battle": he meant the Battle of Quatre Bras, the 16th of June: on which morning he undoubtedly saw Blucher: and on leaving Sir Henry Hardinge, of the Prussian staff, said "Blucher will get a damned good licking this afternoon": as he did.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON was asked whether he considered personal beauty in a man of much use to him: he replied "My looks were once of great use to me." He then related the following story: it reached me through the Duke's brother-in-law the late Dean Pakenham: it was, I was told, a favourite story of the Duke's; if not his most favourite story.

After the Army passed from Spain into France, and occupied the low plains at the Northern foot of the Pyrenees, the Duke directed Lord Hill to take up a position at a short distance from the main body; across one of the many streams in that locality. The water was very low, and easily fordable at the time; but during the night a very heavy rain

came on; the next day the stream was nine or ten feet deep; and Lord Hill, with only a few thousand men, was in dangerous proximity to Marshal Soult's whole army.

Nothing was heard of Lord Hill during the whole day: his position evidently had not been discovered by the French. On the following morning the Duke became anxious: he determined to cross over himself to ascertain the state of affairs: a small boat was procured; the Duke got into it; and remained standing: the stream was very narrow, but deep: the boat touched the opposite bank, close to where an Irish sentry was posted: the man challenged the party, who could not give the countersign; on which Pat levelled his musket to fire at them: looking along the barrel, he recognised the Commander-in-Chief, just as his Grace stepped on shore: he immediately brought his musket to the salute; and with the greatest good humour called out "God bless your craegid (crooked) nose! I'd sooner see it than tin thousand min."

The Duke used to finish his story by adding "I protest that that is the greatest personal compliment ever paid me in the whole course of my life."

I HAD FROM an American lady of great beauty, known as "The Destroying Angel," a term which I thought worth remembering. Describing a man whose temperament had cooled, she said "Son cœur est glacé, à cause d'être frappé."

I SAW GARIBALDI once : it was in London. I met him by chance near Langham Church : he was in an open carriage, surrounded by a small mob of shouting men ; upon whom he looked down with undisguised contempt. His appearance was very different from what I had anticipated from his portraits, which give one an impression that he was a very coarse, and common man. Garibaldi, on the contrary, had a very refined face, delicate features, and a very well-bred expression.

When first in possession of Naples, coming out of a house, around which a vast multitude had collected, the mob called upon him to make a speech : he shook his head : at last one man, more energetic than the rest, pushed forward, and said " Signore, due parole !" Garibaldi instantly raised the fore-finger of his right hand ; and replied ' Una ' : the Unity of Italy. When he was dressing one morning, knocks were heard at his bed-room door : he was

informed that three of the Neapolitan Nobility had come to wait upon him. Garibaldi said through the door "I have no time!" they then said that they had only come to have the honour of kissing his hand : his reply was "Mi bacia niente."

Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy told me that the night before the approach of Garibaldi to Naples, he, then commanding the British Fleet, received at about midnight a message from the French Admiral, whose Fleet was also in the Bay of Naples, that he had reason to believe that a serious outbreak would take place in Naples before morning : and suggesting that a strong corps of British marines should be landed at once. The British Admiral however smelt a rat : and believing that this was a trick on the part of the French to compromise the British Government by making it appear that Naples had been handed over to Garibaldi by the British troops, he detained the messenger ; and sent an Officer ashore, upon whose judgment he could rely, to enquire into the real state of things : the Officer returned, saying that everything was perfectly tranquil. Sir Rodney requested the French Officer to return, with his compliments, and to tell his Admiral

that he did not think it necessary to take the step suggested.

He told me that, on the new Government being established in Naples, he was requested to state in writing what immediate improvements he could point out : he at once wrote down 'Abolish the systematic begging of South Italy : and, if possible, put an end to the atrocious cruelties perpetrated by the Neapolitans upon dumb animals.'

I HAVE SPOKEN in the beginning of this work of W. E. Lendrick. He met with an interesting person in his travels : sitting in a railway carriage opposite to an elderly gentleman with a peculiar, long, and drooping, moustache, after some conversation the latter informed him that he was Marshal Haynau : he spoke very freely, and good-humouredly of his adventure in London : which showed certainly philosophical forbearance. Marshal Haynau, as many may remember, was charged with having flogged a lady, who was taken in a town besieged by him. The account which he gave of the transaction to Lendrick was this.

It is known that Haynau being shown over a well-known brewery establishment in London

was taken to a spot where it was intended to drop upon him a heavy weight of hay, which would have crushed him to death. The arrangement however, and not the hay, fell through : he was then set upon by the brewer's men with their cart-whips ; and had he not escaped to a house by the Thames ; and from thence in a boat, he would have been flogged to death by them. This chivalrous punishment, so worthy of a country in which wife-beating does not exist, no doubt produced a lasting impression on the memory of the Marshal. While the siege by the Austrian troops of a town was taking place, Marshal Haynau was at a considerable distance, I believe one hundred miles : he was however nominally in command of the besieging army. A woman, if the creature be fit to be called a woman, of some social position, sought out, and hired, a number of females : she sent them into the camp of the besiegers. They were carefully selected by her with a view to spreading the most horrible disease known to humanity. In this they succeeded. When the town was taken this vile wretch was subjected undoubtedly to flogging. Marshal Haynau was in no way connected with it : neither directly nor indirectly : he at once, on hearing the fact,

ordered that those who had done this should be tried by court martial : they were so tried ; and were punished by him.

THESE LINES were written by Bhartri Hari, a Hindoo Poet, in the Sixth Century A.D. and translated by Monier Williams in his 'Indian Wisdom' :

' Now for a little while a child : and now
An amorous youth : then for a season turned
Into the wealthy householder : then stripped
Of all his riches ; with decrepit limbs,
And wrinkled frame, man creeps towards the end
Of life's erratic course : and like an Actor
Passes behind Death's curtain, out of view.'

MANY SPECULATIONS have been made for two hundred years as to the name universally given to Charles the Second, 'Old Rowley': that this was the name of a famous race-horse etc. Before the origin of the name occurred to me, I had observed the peculiar, frog-like features of 'The Merry Monarch.' I have no doubt that the name of 'Old Rowley' came from this. 'Rowley' being the cant term for a frog.

THE IDEA that the 'Beefeaters,' invented by Henry the Seventh, not by Henry the Eighth,

derived their name from the 'buffet' still lingers. I have no doubt that the origin of their name was from the spear-head in the shape of an ox's tongue, 'Lingue de Bœuf,' which they have always carried: the 'Gentlemen Pensioners' carrying a battle-axe.

Men of large dimensions were placed in the 'Yeoman Guard' by Henry the Eighth; who wished, by having fat men about him, to diminish his own bulk.

'The Great Harry' was not a Ship of Henry the Eighth; its name was derived from the thin, and pedantic, Henry the Seventh.

THE POETICAL follows a being who is a Poet in soul. There are few things in the history of Poets more interesting, or more remarkable, than the death of the author of 'The Shipwreck,' taking place on the very spot where he described his ideal catastrophe. Campbell alludes to this beautifully in the 'Pleasures of Hope.' The gloriously picturesque scene of the Southern promontory of Greece was the fit theatre for the last appearance of a genuine poet.

THE EXTREME varieties of sensation as regards temperament, which all who are sensitive, no

matter how strong they may be, are conscious of, are attributable, I should say, not so much to atmospheric influence, although that plays a great part in the enjoyment, such as it is, of Life, as from the great chemical action constantly going on in that vast ocean of molten matter that exists beneath our feet. A thin film of crust forms the outer surface of the earth : and while, no doubt, the pressure, increased or diminished, of the atmosphere upon the vessels of the body makes a constant change in our sensations, the electric storms which must be perpetually agitating, and traversing, the mass of hot fluid, eight thousand miles deep, compared to which the surface-oceans of the earth are but a few drops of water, affect us much more.

OF 'BLUE RUIN,' the cant term applied to gin, I have seen a fearful example. I doubt whether many physicians or surgeons have seen one so complete. I was walking back in the very early morning after the last ball given at Northumberland House ; the site of which is now Northumberland Avenue ; when passing Cockspur Street, I happened to look down a passage which is barred from the pavement by an iron gate ; I saw in the bright light of the rising sun

a woman of about fifty : she was clothed in black rags : her face was of a bright blue : not the dark, slatey, blue produced by taking nitrate of silver, but an intensely bright, corn-flower, blue : as if her face had been completely painted with cobalt : her eyes were somewhat bleared.

A COUPLET which has always jarred upon my ear ; a blemish in the flowing melody of Pope ; is
 'Worth makes the Man : the want of it the fellow :
 The rest is nought but leather, and prunella.'

The Poet's memory has been much wronged by this unworthy line. The name of the dark blue, and most unbecoming, material for women's shoes is not 'prunella' but 'prunello' : no doubt this was the word that Pope used. 'Prunello' will be found in old dictionaries as the correct name for the material.

THE WORD 'DANDY,' which has endured about a century, has not, so far as I know, hitherto been defined in relation to its origin. I have among my Caricatures of the end of the last Century several in which the smart man of the period is depicted in a bright yellow coat : I believe that the term 'Dandy' was given to those gentlemen from the brilliant yellow of their

'dandelion' coats : the shade depicted is so nearly as possible the tint of that familiar flower.

TWO OF THE MOST ARTISTIC POETS that the world has seen have avoided any definition, or even description, of Love. In Gray the subject is just alluded to in a trivial manner : and even in Collins' 'Ode to the Passions' the master-passion of all is dismissed in a single line,

'True Love that scarce his passion tells.'

Both felt that to attempt to describe the indescribable would involve failure.

LANDSEER spoke to me of "eyes put in with dirty fingers" : meaning the dark shade which occasionally surrounds beautiful eyes.

DID VESPUCCI give his name to America? or did America give her name to Vespucci? I strongly incline to the latter. I believe that Vespucci's name was 'Alberigo' : and that 'Amerigo' was adopted later. The name 'Alberigo' is much more frequently used in works relating to him than 'Amerigo.'

I KNEW KAVANAGH who carried the message from besieged Lucknow to Lord Clyde : I was

present when the Queen decorated him with the 'Victoria Cross ;' he being the first civilian who received it.

I dined, as an honorary member of the Mess, with my old Regiment, the First Life Guards, quartered at Windsor. Kavanagh was there : it being the evening before his investiture. He was a quiet, unassuming, man ; with rather a large head, reddish hair and whiskers ; and slightly bald : perfectly without affectation : a natural gentleman.

No allusion at dinner was made to the subject. At dessert Captain H. W. now Lord L. whispered to me " We ought to have his story out of him." I asked him for it : he gave us in very simple, and unaffected, words the marvellous narrative of his carrying the message of salvation from the hopelessly besieged garrison of Lucknow to the head-quarters of Lord Clyde. He was obliged for a distance nearly equal to that from London to Richmond to pass through three lines of the enemies' camp ; with a full knowledge that any suspicion from his appearance would consign him at once to a death of nameless torture. He said that his left hand grasped a pistol the whole time in his trousers' pocket ; so that had his right arm been

seized, as it would be, he could have blown out his brains in a moment. He said that he talked with the mutineers ; entered into their stories, and jokes ; passing through them unsuspected : that on one occasion he believed that his fate was sealed : it was in consequence of a native woman in a village who raised an alarm, believing him to be a mutineer. He described modestly his mixed feelings when he entered Lord Clyde's tent, and waited whilst his message of such incalculable importance was delivered : he described in a touching manner how he hoped that his name would go down in History with that of the heroes of antiquity: and at the same time how the relaxation of the extreme nervous tension which had existed for many hours produced a flood of tears.

The next morning we walked on the flank of the Regiment to the Castle : the Queen appeared at the principal entrance of the inner quadrangle ; and invested Kavanagh with the Victoria Cross with her own hand. The two Regiments then marched past the Queen : the Foot-Guards Band playing for the first time Handel's grand march from his opera of 'Scipio.'

Kavanagh asked me more than once as to what he should do in relation to the actual decoration : he said that he was a civilian ; that

he never under any circumstances wore uniform : and that he knew of no means whatever by which the decoration could be displayed : this was a difficult question to decide : ultimately he clasped it to his watch chain.

I think that it is to be regretted that there is no insistance that those whom the Sovereign has decorated should wear their decorations, whether in plain clothes or in uniform : it seems to me that the practice of seldom wearing them indicates that they are not valued : it is only of late years that the practice of non-use has crept in : it would, I should say, have a very good effect if a more or less peremptory order were given on the subject.

Kavanagh at a later period expressed a wish to me that he could be Knighted. I told him that as regards the Victoria Cross it was out of the question ; as the same honour would have to be conferred upon the others who had received it. I recommended him, on his return to resume his judicial duties in India, to write a book, and call it 'A Digest of Indian Law, Existent, and Obsolete' : to give it so much publicity as possible ; and then to suggest the propriety of his being Knighted. I told him that the Government would no doubt be glad of an ex-

cuse for rewarding a civilian for such pre-eminent, and boundlessly important, services: that his best method was to find a plausible excuse for their so doing.

He did not obtain the just object of his ambition.

I could add an interesting anecdote of an occasion on which I persuaded him to see 'The Dead Heart' played: that is Watts Phillips's drama; not that lately produced: but I will reserve this for a volume which I hope to write of my dramatic recollections.

OF ALL THE GROTESQUE BEINGS that I have seen off, and I think I may say on, the stage Charles Duke of Brunswick was the most remarkable. I have never seen any human being who had any resemblance to him: his face painted a deep red; his eyelashes and eyebrows dyed: a massive head of hair of an intense blue black: and a thick beard of the same tint, he hardly looked like a human being. I well remember as a child looking at him with a mixed feeling of amusement, and awe. I believe that he liked to inspire this sentiment: certainly his 'make up' was elaborate: and must have had some purpose.

He drove a C-spring cabriolet : his horse was a good one ; with a redundancy of plate on the harness. I do not remember ever to have seen him walking, nor riding : he attended Drury Lane Theatre every night ; and occupied the proscenium box on a level with the stage on the prompter's side. He was accompanied invariably by a lady, whose revolting ugliness did not redeem her character from well-founded suspicion. Finding, I assume, that the nightly performance of the same Play or Pantomime, and probably the company of the same lady, monotonous, his Highness armed himself with 'The Times' newspaper : which he perused during the greater part of the evening.

As regards his diamonds, they were displayed in profusion on his evening dress ; his shirt-studs, his wrist-studs, and, bigger than all, his waistcoat-buttons were all of a size incredible to anyone who had not actually seen them : they were the Crown jewels, which at his expulsion from his dominions he put into his pockets.

It seemed at first impossible to conceive for what purpose such a being was created : but the ends of Providence were at last discerned. At the period of the Duke's residence in London a scurrilous newspaper, conducted by a man of

infamous character, named 'The Satirist' existed. This paper, week after week for months, and years contained the foulest attacks upon the Duke of Brunswick.

In the year 1838, a fearful murder took place of a woman in the Waterloo-Bridge Road : Her name was Eliza Grimwood : she was murdered in a horrible manner by someone who had accompanied her to her home. 'The Satirist' good-humouredly proclaimed to the world that the man, who was believed to be a foreigner, was no less a person than his Highness Charles the late reigning Duke of Brunswick. The Duke upon this proceeded : and brought seventy simultaneous actions against the owner of the newspaper : this put an end to it.

I was looking lately at his statue at Geneva : as is well known, he intended to bequeath his vast private fortune to the unfortunate Prince Imperial of France : in consequence I believe of the Emperor Napoleon the Third being the only crowned head of Europe who recognised him after the expulsion from his throne. When, however, the Emperor came to grief, his Highness's views appear to have changed : he left his fortune to the Republic of Geneva, probably from a resentful feeling as to the treatment which he had received from his brother monarchs.

The monument, copied from a well known Italian work, is good : but the ornamental iron-work, which is very elaborate, will, I should fear, soon decay ; the climate of Geneva being very different from that of Verona. The statue of the Duke, as a young man, gives no idea whatever of him : having been found too heavy for the monument, it is placed in a somewhat ridiculous position at the foot of it. It was sad to think that such a caricature of manhood should be the son and grandson of two such fine soldiers as the previous Dukes of Brunswick.

There is an illustration depicting the Count, in Hood's great poem ' Miss Kielmansegge, and her precious Leg.' Evidently a portrait of His Highness.

A CURIOUS PHASE in the nature of animals came to my knowledge at the Zoological Gardens. A man employed there as keeper, who had been selected in some measure from his great attachment to animals, met with ferocious treatment on the part of every one to which he had to attend. Their anger was not exhibited at first ; but after a time they all turned upon him : and he could not be permitted to continue his work.

It was suspected that while outwardly treating them with kindness he must have taken opportunities of hurting, or annoying, them when no one was present. This the man denied most strenuously : and his general demeanour appeared to contradict such an idea. It was suggested by the managers of the Society that he should be secretly watched : this was done : the result was most remarkable : the person employed to watch the keeper must have been a man of exceptional powers of observation. In a fortnight he reported that he had discovered beyond all doubt the reason of the hatred which the animals bore towards this particular keeper. I give my readers credit for intelligence : but I doubt if one, after much thought, would hit upon the real reason. It was this : the man never spoke to the animals : and thus made his presence intolerable.

OF ALL the ballads written by Canon Barham the one which I like best is 'Gervase Matcham.' The change from the sad to the absurd, from Pathos to Humour, is not very difficult to a master-hand : but the change from broad fun to exquisite pathos requires very exceptional genius. The Poet turns to deep tragedy in the words . . .

‘It was in such an hour as this !
On such a wild and wintry day.’

Gervase Matcham was a non-commissioned officer who murdered a drummer-boy on the road to Huntingdon, not on Salisbury plain. Matcham was the last man hanged in chains. His body was exposed on the scene of the murder near to Alconbury, the residence of my relation the late James Rust M.P. for Huntingdonshire.

A POET who flourished for a time, was Letitia Landon ; who wrote over the initials L.E.L. She was the author of a novel ‘Ethel Churchill’ : her end was that of her heroine. L.E.L. contributed verses to magazines ; and achieved a certain renown ; becoming part of the literary clique of her day. Her Poems are romantic : I believe that her appearance was the contrary. L.E.L. married Mr Maclean, the Governor of Cape-Coast Castle, on the dreary Western shore of Africa. The following account of her death, the circumstances of which have been much disputed, I had from the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, who occupied the same melancholy Governorship. He had the facts from an old

servant, who still lived in the Castle. Some little time after her arrival she observed that her husband occasionally absented himself at night: these absences became more and more frequent; and distressed her very much. At length she asked the man if he knew where his master went to: he avoided an answer: but some days later on being hard pressed he admitted that his master went into the town, so called, at night. A few more days elapsed: two more absences occurred: it was the practice of the servant to carry up her breakfast; and to leave it on the table outside her bedroom door. Finding an hour or two after he had left the breakfast that she had not carried it into her room, he knocked: receiving no answer he endeavoured to open the door: he could not do so: after several efforts he saw that the obstacle was the dead body of his mistress; who had died by poison administered by her own hand; the corpse was lying across the doorway on the inside.

THE IMMEDIATE cause of the death of Pitt,

‘The Pilot who weathered the storm,’

who lived to know Trafalgar, but died of the disappointment of Austerlitz, not seeing the

renewed glories about to blaze over his country, has not been related in the various histories of his life. I visited lately the house on Putney Heath, the scene of his revelries with Lord Melville; and of his duel: 'Bowling-Green House.' It has been enlarged: but is still a very humble abode. The room in which he expired exists: and the little room below, in which his 'potations pottle-deep' were indulged in.

Not long before his death, finding himself much enfeebled, Pitt sent for a Physician whom he had not previously consulted: he said to him "You know, as everyone knows, that I have all my life been in the habit of drinking a great deal of port wine. I was told, when eighteen, that without it I could not live: I have lived upon it for many years." The Physician after examination said "That is not the evil." Pitt asked What, then, was the cause of his failing powers. The Physician replied "For the next three days live precisely as you have lived during the past month: then I will tell you." The great Minister acted as wished: the Physician observed that while writing his despatches daily, he had at his left hand a tumbler of weak port wine and water: and that at intervals of two minutes and a half he took one sip. He at once said "That

is your death." Pitt replied "I can't live without it": his fate was sealed. No nervous system could endure such perpetual stimulation.

I possess a coin which I consider of priceless value: it was given to me by my excellent friend, the Right Honourable Colonel North; the father of the present Lord North; who married a Baroness in her own right. Lady North was the daughter of the Countess of Guilford; whose mother was married to Mr Coutts the Banker; the executor of Pitt. The coin was found with one other in his clothes after his death: and was presented by Mr Coutts to his wife: by her to her daughter Lady Guilford: by her to her daughter Baroness North: her husband, son of Sir Charles Doyle, who took the name of North on his marriage, kindly presented it to me. It is a seven shilling gold piece of 1798. The other coin Colonel North presented to the present Earl Stanhope; the son of Pitt's biographer. These, the last money in possession of the mighty Minister, who wielded for years the destiny of the Empire: controlled countless millions: and died poor: will always have an interest.

THE POSITION of Alfred Count D'Orsay, a hand-

some young foreigner in London, was almost, if not quite, unique. The Regent, and Brummell had long passed away, when this very smart, and refined Frenchman appeared on the scene. This was long before my day : I knew him only when he was advanced in life. I remember that he was present at the party of his sister, the Duchess de Gramont, where I met Thackeray. Count D'Orsay was very intimate with him. I have mentioned in 'Disraeli and his Day' a pathetic incident relating to Thackeray's visit to Gore House ; where Count D'Orsay so long resided : I do not therefore repeat it. I also described Count D'Orsay's first meeting with Lady Blessington.

I may add here that his portrait of the 1st Duke of Wellington in evening dress is a gross caricature : it has no resemblance whatever to the Hero : it gives him the horrible appearance of an old 'çi-devant jeune homme' : there exists no good likeness of him in old age.

I OBTAINED when last in Parliament a very interesting return ; that of all the Members of the House of Commons from its origin. I endeavoured to obtain this some years before : but was told that I could only have it from sixteen

hundred and ninety five. I persevered however ; and, seizing the right moment, I obtained the complete return from the earliest period to the present. It should live with Domesday Book.

I received the cordial thanks of Canon, now Bishop, Stubbs of Christ Church, for this most valuable historical return. He used it in his History.

PRINCE BISMARCK in a speech made at Vienna in June 1892 said "Politics are an Art : not a Science." Surely Politics are an Art, the result of profound Science ; plus Observation, and Experience.

TWO SCENES in Shakspeare I have always regretted. I think that he transgresses in both the limits of Art in different ways : they are to me most painful even to read. The Scene between Arthur and Hubert in 'King John' : and that between Glo'ster and Lady Anne in Richard the Third. I can hardly suppose that such a scene as the latter can be true to nature. I hope that it is unnatural. Has the idea suggested itself that this scene was put in by the Poet to gratify Elizabeth, by a reflection on her cousin,

and rival, Mary of Scotland, as to her marriage to the Duke of Orkney?

THE DERIVATION of Edinburgh has puzzled many. The old name was, as we know, 'Dun Edin': which means 'the sloping hill'; a precise description of the mound upon which the Castle is placed. 'Edinburgh' being a modern alteration from 'Dun Edin.'

UP TO A FEW YEARS ago one cause of our safety was that the French could not embark in the old harbour at Calais above thirty thousand men during one tide. Lately the harbour accommodation at Calais has been enormously increased: I trust that adequate arrangements have been made to prevent a sudden visit from our allies.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER was, I believe, consulted as to the colour of the ribbon suspending the Crimean Medal. His reason for selecting light blue with a yellow margin was that they formed, with the brick-dust red of an Infantry private-soldier's coat, the 'primary colours': or what were then said to be 'primary colours':

green having been added lately. The effect was disappointing, for this reason : there was not sufficient of the blue, and yellow, to balance the red.

In the uniform of the Pope's Swiss Guard, the proportion of the colours was most carefully drawn to a hair's breadth by Michael Angelo. In this dress the blue stripes were originally the correct, and beautiful, 'azure' of Heraldry. I suppose that economy introduced the dark blue; the effect is not so good.

AMONG the many cruel marks of non-appreciation of the noble nature of the Dog is the vile slander that the poor creature fawns upon a man who beats him. There is a horrid proverb

'A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them the better they be.'

As to the first, and the last, I know nothing : but certainly the poor dog is foully wronged. His so-called fawning is the sign of his ardent wish to be reconciled to his master : he forgets the physical pain in the deeper anguish of having lost his master's affection : and shows this in the only way possible to him.

ONE OF THE INCIDENTS which I recall at Eton was this. The boys were set a Holiday Task : we had the option of turning Pope's 'Messiah' or Milton's 'Hymn to the Nativity' into hexameters or alcaics respectively. On our return after the holidays we were called in the usual way to the upper-school : and the Head Master, Doctor Hawtrey, produced a sheet on which were written, as he said, "Very good verses : the best exercise I have ever perused." They were ostensibly the work of 'H. *minor*.' Now this youth, though subsequently distinguished as a soldier, had not at that time shown the slightest proficiency in versification : nor indeed in Latin nor Greek. The lines were read out : and everyone who knew the supposed author expressed surprise that he should have so suddenly developed such unquestionable talent. A week later the mystery was solved : we were again sent for : and Doctor Hawtrey, 'the best exercise that he had ever perused' in his hand, with a subdued, and subtle, irony in his voice, addressed us : he said "I call your attention again to the exercise which I hold in my hand : the assumed author of which is H. *minor*. I told you last week that I had never read better verses : that opinion

I have not changed : but I have sent for you to tell you that the author of these lines, an admirable translation of Pope's Poem of 'The Messiah,' is not H. *minor* but Dr Johnson." This indicated that Doctor Hawtrey was no bad judge : and I am afraid some may have admired the adroitness with which H. *minor* had simply copied out Dr Johnson's verses : and handed them in as his own.

WITHIN a few months of the opening of the first of the large hotels in Paris, the Hôtel du Louvre, the scene of the murder earlier narrated, a practical joke was perpetrated by the two brothers of an Irish Viscount, which, though thoroughly reprehensible, must have caused amusement. These young gentlemen saturated with the Humour, in which their countrymen are not often wanting, passed the night in removing from outside the doors of the respective apartments all the boots and shoes, male and female, which had been there deposited for the purpose of cleaning. By the morning no boots were at the doors where they had been placed the night before. The Hotel held many hundred suites of rooms : to the dismay of the

owners no appropriate boots were found at dawn. There was but one thing to be done : and that was done. With the practical French mind it was ordered that all the five hundred or more pairs of boots should be brought down to the central hall of the vast building. I would have given much to have witnessed the search ; I might say the bootless search, but this would be a pun quite unworthy of my intellect : to have seen at least five hundred persons surrounding the 'Birs Nimroud' of boots and shoes would have been truly delightful. The gouty old gentleman, and the lovely-footed damsel ; all standing shoeless ; and gazing, in earnest despair, upon the heterogeneous mass, would, I confess, have charmed me. I believe that the perpetrators were never detected : one rose to eminence as a Dramatist, an authority on Stage Costume, and in other ways.

I HAVE WRITTEN in 'Disraeli and his Day' of my old friend Duprè, for so many years Disraeli's colleague in the representation of Buckinghamshire. The following is dramatic : and therefore I relate it. When Duprè was an Officer in the First Life Guards there was another, whose initial I will give alone, C. From all accounts

C. was by no means a type that should have entered that Regiment. One day, after parade, having said something of which Duprè highly disapproved, he said to him "I don't think C. that you are at all fit for this Regiment. You should associate with Standen, and Ben Caunt;" the latter being the prize-fighter of the day. Had C. resented this in the usual manner he would have been quite justified: but he did not. He sent a note to Captain Standen, a most honourable and athletic Officer in the Foot-Guards, also quartered at Windsor; in which he said "A brother officer of mine, M^r C. says that *you* are only fit to associate with Ben Caunt": Captain Standen immediately sent a friend to ask Duprè what he meant by such language: Duprè explained at once: and apologised. On that day there was an Officer's Ride in the riding-school: after that most disagreeable function was over, and the Colonel had withdrawn, Duprè said "Gentlemen, I must ask you to halt for a moment." Pointing to C. he said "As you know, that is M^r C. I tell him before you all that he is a blackguard: and that he will find me on Dorney Common in twenty minutes." This left no choice. Accordingly the Officers of the First Life Guards, and of the Guards, drove

in various vehicles to Dorney Common : a somewhat desolate plain, which all those who have visited Eton on the Fourth of June are well acquainted with.

Previous to the discharge Duprè quoted the stanza from 'Don Juan,'

'It has a strange, quick, jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol : when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person ; twelve yards off, or so.'

Shots were exchanged. Duprè, who was extremely short-sighted, placing his glass in his right eye, said "Haven't I hit the black-guard?" The duel terminated in this bloodless manner.

Another scene occurred on Dorney Common in my Eton days of which I still think with pleasure. Walking with a friend, higher in the school than myself, we passed the swing-gate of the road which leads from Eton to the Common. Some fiend suggested to me to introduce the subject of blindness : and I repeated the theory which I had heard that no one can walk one hundred yards in a right line when deprived of his sight : in fact that the natural motion of all

created beings is rotatory. My motive, I fear, for introducing the subject was that I observed on the immediate right of the gate by which we entered a broad, and very deep, ditch containing the drainage of Eton ; it was of that dreadful black, coated with grey, never to be observed except when formed of matter of the foulest description. My friend, who was by no means wanting in intelligence, stoutly maintained that it was perfectly possible to walk a considerable distance in a straight line although blindfolded. Accordingly I blindfolded him : and I say here that what follows redounded to his sense of Honour, and perfect Good Faith : it was obvious that he could see nothing. He walked forward for about thirty yards : then gradually, and slowly, and cautiously, turned towards the right : he then again turned to the right : and it was with feelings that it is impossible to describe, that I saw him carefully, and deliberately, walk into this horrible abyss of filth.

NOT LONG before the death of the late Lord Ferrers I paid him a visit at Staunton Harold. This was the scene of a remarkable tragedy, in the middle of the last century : the Lord Ferrers

of that day appears to have been a man who had almost if not quite stepped over the borders of lunacy: he had an uncontrollable temper: separated from his wife, pecuniary quarrels arose in relation to the payment of her allowance. An unfortunate steward incurred his wrath on this subject: Lord Ferrers killed him with his own hand. The house is interesting in itself. I did not, from delicacy, allude to the subject: on the day before my departure Lord Ferrers himself spoke of it: and asked me which room I believed to be the scene of the occurrence. He told me that the one in which we were sitting was supposed to be by some the room, because a portion of the boards had been planed to remove the blood: I pointed out to him that the boards had been planed in order — to enable the green baize swing-door to open: he told me that another room below was also pointed out; that he conceived that this was merely for the convenience of the servants; it being near the front-door of the house. My recollection of the narrative of the murder was so clear that I believed that I could point out the room to him. The affair had happened in an apartment near the kitchen: the kitchen-maid heard the steward say "Oh!

my Lord, spare an old man !” Lord Ferrers took me to a room in the offices on the ground-floor : it was the still-room : pointing to the fireplace he said that a few weeks before he had had the lath-and-plaster wall removed : and that he had found some cinders in the fireplace ; which had evidently been walled over without delay. Going into the kitchen, which was the next room but one, on the other side of the porte cochère, I asked him to use the words of the steward : this he did : I could hear them distinctly : I have no doubt that it was in this room that the horrible tragedy occurred.

The means of the capture of Lord Ferrers were peculiar. He stood a siege in his own house : the populace of the neighbouring village came out against him : he was a powerful man ; and very determined. While parleying with the crowd, a blacksmith went round the house ; and, stealing up to him behind, jumped on his back : his capture was then easy. That he committed the murder there can be no dispute : but the compelling a prisoner to prove at the bar of the House of Lords that he was insane seems hardly within the limits of Justice. Lord Ferrers wore his wedding suit on the day of his execution : attributing all his misfortunes to his

marriage. He was the first person hanged by the new drop: that is by the part of the platform on which he was standing being suddenly lowered.

The Lord Ferrers whom I visited was the intended victim of a most fraudulent, and peculiar, attempt. An action was brought against him for breach of promise of marriage by a girl whom he told me he had never seen but once at a distance at Church. The story is too long to insert here.

Lord Ferrers told me a tale proving the exquisitely sensitive nature of the British Female. He was Patron of a Ball at Derby. Arriving with Lady Ferrers early, he found that there were not more than half-a-dozen persons present: he observed two, who had the outward appearance of lady's-maids. Thinking it his duty as Steward to open the Ball, he asked one of them if she would honour him by a waltz: she bowed: he then proceeded in the usual manner to place his right arm delicately round her waist: the lady, with a look such as that with which Lucretia must have regarded Tarquin, started back: and screaming "Stand off!!" gave him a scowl which he told me would haunt him to his death-bed.

PASSING THROUGH AVIGNON in September 1891, I found an old lady who had witnessed the murder of Marshal Brune in 1815. The Marshal was believed to have been one of the murderers of the Princesse de Lamballe : it was said that for this reason Napoleon had never given him social rank. Stopping at the Inn nearly opposite to the present Hotel, the unfortunate Marshal had started to walk ; leaving his carriage to follow : he remembered that there was a letter which he had forgotten to write ; and returned. While standing at the chimney-piece of the room, writing his letter, a mob from the town invaded the staircase : their leader, opening the door, fired his gun ; and killed the Marshal on the spot. The old lady described seeing his body thrown from the window into the court-yard : it was picked up : and, after horrible mutilation, was thrown into the Rhone. I have never seen anything more vivacious, nor more wizened, than this old party. The one thing of which she seemed proud was that she had seen the Great Exhibition in Paris of 1891.

I VISITED for the first time, a few years ago, the great marvel of British Antiquity, Stonehenge.

I drove from Salisbury across the downs : this approach impresses the wanderer more than that through Amesbury.

You first get a sight of Stonehenge from a long distance : this stimulates the imagination : by the other approach you come upon it suddenly. I spent some hours amid the large masses of stone. I had read, as others have, accounts of their origin : but I went there entirely without prejudice, or preconceived ideas. I examined the work carefully : and after much consideration I came to this conclusion : a theory which has not, I believe, been suggested before.

I conceive that the outer circle of upright stones, which is unquestionably of an earlier period of workmanship than the inner, formed a Temple dedicated to the worship of the Sun. There can be little doubt that the original Worship, the natural Worship, of human beings, when they began to worship anything, was this : the first supreme idea was an Entity, of the existence of which they were certain : the conception of which was impossible : this Entity being best represented by the term 'I am.' Next to this inconceivable being were the two great ideas, boundless Space, and bound-

less Time : the existence of both being absolutely certain : their nonexistence impossible of conception : neither of which the human mind can grasp. In the next grade followed the two great principles of Good and Evil : the existence of both of which there was overwhelming evidence. The Sun was worshipped universally : not as the Creator ; but as the first, and by far the most important, of created things : as the great secondary agent ; without which this Globe, and all upon it, could not maintain vitality.

At no period of the World's existence could the intelligent portion of Mankind have believed that they were created by the Sun : they bowed down to the Sun as the representative of the incomprehensible creative being.

This was, I have no doubt, the earliest Universal Religion of Mankind. What followed in the shape of Dissent seems to me equally clear : the innovation was the worship of the Procreative Power. This we find represented in the remains of every nation on the Earth by some emblem of Procreation. This second religion was, probably, among its High Priests of a pure kind. It obviously was liable to abuse : and the popularity which caused it to spread over the

face of the Globe, of which we have abundant, clear, signs, arose in a great measure from the self-indulgence which it permitted ; if it did not suggest.

No country exists on the Globe at the present day in which the types, and emblems, of this second worship are not to be found : in the most deserted parts of the Earth, and in the most civilised, the relics of this ancient but corrupt religion are found. The caves of India, the obelisks of Egypt ; the monoliths of Scotland ; the Round Towers of Ireland and of Central Africa ; are all indications of the same creed.

In Stonehenge you have a complete indication of both religions. The outer walls, if they may be so called, of rude, but powerful, workmanship formed the Temple of the original Religion. Their exquisitely accurate position as regards the rising Sun ; the Circle, emblem of Eternity, as well as of the Sun, all point to this.

As we form, or did form many hundred years ago, our vast Temples, our beautiful Cathedrals, as indications of our reverence to the Divinity whom we worship, so these far distant races, far more distant than is supposed, indicated their worship by conveying these huge masses of stone from incredible distances.

Assuming that the outer circle formed a Temple for the worship of the Sun, I feel sure that the *ellipse* of stones placed within the outer circle, of far larger dimensions, and far more accurately cut than the stones of which the outer circle is composed, was the Temple of the Yonic worship, which superseded the earlier, and purer, form of Religion : one small, upright, stone strongly indicates this. It is at present threatened by a sloping monolith.

FROM BOYHOOD to the present day I have always been a most enthusiastic admirer of Campbell. I might have been introduced to him : he was on intimate terms with the family of Horace Smith, one of the Authors of 'Rejected Addresses' : but my admiration was so great that I feared disenchantment. After his death I became acquainted with Dr Beattie, who wrote his life : he told me that my discriminative admiration would have pleased Campbell ; and regretted that I had never known him. I gave him my reasons : Dr Beattie in the course of conversation on my mentioning my knowledge that he had attended Campbell at his last moments : replied "Yes ! Sir William ; I have had the melancholy honour of attending the

death-beds of two great Poets ; Campbell and Rogers." From that moment I took no further interest in D^r Beattie : the idea of naming two such men in the same year shocked me. Sunlight with Moonlight ! Some years after this, I noticed in a book that Campbell was in the habit of attending in the clerk's office in Northumberland Street whence were issued the tickets for the 'Polish Ball' ; a generous institution founded by Lord Dudley Stuart in aid of the Polish exiles after their last attempted revolution. I perfectly remember going to the little dingy den in question : after the very Polish clerk had written out my ticket, an elderly gentleman in a greyish yellow wig, sitting with his back to the window, placed the ticket in my hands. This was Campbell : his so doing was reckoned an attraction to those who took an interest in Poland, or in Poetry.

I can recall his features perfectly : they were not different from the frontispiece to his works ; except that the wig, instead of being glossy and black, was of the colour I have described : his nose thin, and delicate. I regret now not having become acquainted with him : it was entirely for the reason given. So long as books continue to be published, his proposal at the

Literary Fund Dinner to drink the health of the first Napoleon, solely because "he shot a publisher" will live. I remember Thackeray, of whom more hereafter, saying "Tom Campbell was a very lucky fellow : there had been no Poet since Cowper. I assume that he meant English Poet, for Campbell showed no trace of his birth in his Poems.

It surprises me that no one has observed the resemblance between Campbell's well-known lines

'The Sunset of Life gives me mystical lore :
And coming events cast their shadows before,'

and Schiller's in 'The Death of Wallenstein'

'As the Sun

Ere it is risen sometimes paints his image
In the atmosphere, so often do the Spirits
Of Great Events stride on before the Events :
And in Today already walks Tomorrow.'

A fine passage poorly translated by Coleridge.

The first Lord Lytton admired 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' as the best of Campbell's Poems. I do not agree with him. I took much trouble to ascertain, when in that part of the Highlands, from which I am proud to say my family has

sprung, if there was such a place as 'Ullin?'; having been quite unable to find it in any map. The Member for the County, bearing the classic name of 'Cameron of Lochiel,' had never heard of the place: along the North Western coast no one could give me the least information: I came to the conclusion that 'Ullin' has no existence. Not only is there the Poem of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter'; but in Campbell's glorious verses known as 'Lochiel's Warning' he speaks of the Chief of the Camerons as 'Glen Ullin.'

'See! through the fast flashing lightnings of War
Whose steed to the Desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine oh Glen Ullin!'

The solution of the mystery is, I believe, this: Campbell only once visited that most beautiful part of Scotland. Passing up the Crinan Canal, he came to the scene, the ruined house and garden of his fathers at Kernan, which inspired some of his most exquisite lines;

'In the silence of twilight's contemplative hour.'

On the same voyage he passed not far from a small lake called 'Loch Aline': I have little doubt that, asking its name, the pronunciation

of 'Aline' by the sailor would be very much like 'Ullin.' I can hear him saying "Wal, it's ca'd Loch Allin." It being a well-sounding word, Campbell adopted it : it would be impossible for the head of the 'Lochiels' not to know of its existence, did it exist. 'Ulva's Isle,' named in 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' is well known.

Near the Southern portion of this romantic coast lies the island of Colonsay, whose name inspired Leyden, one of our truest Scots Poets, to write the exquisite lines of 'The Mermaid.' The very soul of Music breathes in this beautiful Poem.

Sir Walter Scott was in his best vein when he immortalised the name of this unhappy Poet, who died at Java. Describing 'Colonsay,' he says

'Scenes sung by him who sings no more :
Whose bright and brief career is o'er :
And mute his mournful strains :
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
Who loved the light of song to pour :
A dismal, and a distant, shore
Holds Leyden's cold remains.'

Lawyers, as a rule, choose Poetical titles. 'Lyndhurst' and 'St. Leonards' are cases in

point : I think 'Colonsay,' borne for some years by an old, and valued, friend of mine, surpasses all.

I KNEW GEORGE CRUIKSHANK in his later days well. He designed and engraved for me ten works in illustration of a private edition of Poems called 'Coila's Whispers.' At the time he was nearly eighty years old : they show not the slightest diminution of power. He was a man of extraordinary vigour of body, and of imagination : several times he walked from his house in Camden Town to my chambers in St James's Street, without the slightest appearance of fatigue : he would not sit down : after remaining about half an hour he would walk back : at seventy-five years of age he developed into the Colonel of a Battalion of Volunteers.

I had not known him half an hour before I observed a fact, the truth of which he admitted. I said "Mr Cruikshank, I have admired your works from childhood ; but it never occurred to me till now that you are a Highlander" : he smiled ; and said "You are quite right, Sir William, my grandfather fought at Culloden." I did not add, what I feel almost equally sure of, that he was a Jew. His good-

natured friends said that 'Fagin in the condemned cell' was a portrait of himself: the resemblance though not exact, was perceptible. The peculiarity which I noticed in him, which I never saw equalled, except in Madame Sarah Bernhardt, was the limpidity of his eye. His worn, and somewhat haggard, face was lighted up by the most brilliant crystalline optics. He asked me which I thought the best of all his works. I replied "Sir Rowland Trenchard, in 'Jack Sheppard,' hanging from the banisters, over the well; while Jonathan Wild is smashing his fingers with a bludgeon." I ventured to add "It has a great quality, Mr Cruikshank, which I should like to see oftener in your works." "What is that?" "Simplicity: your mind is too prolific." He smiled; and said "Yes, I am fond of drawing a crowd." "You are the only man who can draw a crowd; but I have that love for simplicity in Art that I wish that you had done more simple designs." I then quoted to him some of his illustrations to Grimm's stories: and to Ainsworth's 'Tower of London' as excellent. Cruikshank was a marvel of creative power: his Sylphs, and Policemen are perfect.

Looking at my collection of 'Gilrays,' the most

numerous I believe of the original plates that exists, he said. "Ah ! that man could draw : I never could. I found, when I was a boy, that I could earn money by my work. I never was made to learn : and of course I cannot draw : Gilray could."

Another peculiarity of George Cruikshank was that he had no sense of Female Beauty. In the whole of his works not one pretty face can be found : nor one that even approaches the limits of Beauty. Whether we take 'Rose Mayly' in 'Oliver Twist,' or the Bride in his great picture of the Phases of Drunkenness, now in the National Gallery, he tried his best ; but completely failed.

It seems strange that a man with the strong sense of Humour that enabled him to produce such an endless variety of designs, should not have been conscious when he made an involuntary caricature.

Cruikshank deserved great credit in one respect : up to a particular date, about 1840, the Caricatures published in London were frequently disgraced by hints, and inuendoes, that would prevent, or ought to prevent, their examination by women. Cruikshank said to me "I am sorry to say that my early works were not free from the

serious defect, which you name. One day while I was drawing a design, my wife came into the room : I immediately covered it with a sheet of paper : it then occurred to me that I was doing wrong : and from that moment I never designed anything that was coarse."

I showed him some work that he had done at the time of the first Napoleon's retreat from Russia, in 1812 : it seemed marvellous to me that the design which he had brought to me for my own work, a Sundial on which sprites are dancing in the moonlight, illustrating the words

' Mocking the Moon's mistaken time,'

should show increased power.

I have inserted the unpublished plate of the following Lyric as the frontispiece of the large-paper copies of this work.

TWENTY YEARS.

' BEAR her my Cross of Honour, Friend ;
Brave Friend ! that I am leaving now ;

NOTE.—MARIE ANTOINETTE was beheaded at 9 a.m. on the 16th of October, 1793 ; the Battle of

My dying words by thee I send :
I feel the death-drops on my brow.

Bear to my far-off home the tale ;
Ay ! tell it in my mother's ear,
That 'mid our soldiers' faces pale,
Though pale my own, I mocked at Fear.

Paint her the rush ; the charging shout ;
The bugles' sound ; the banners rent ;
The shot-storm : then the deadly rout :
My shattered limbs : this blood-stained tent.

Then bid her mind that lovely morn,
When, twenty years ago, a child
'Mid those dark faces I was borne ;
Those faces haggard, fierce, and wild.

Ay, Twenty Years, just on this day,
She led me where a scaffold rose :
There stood, in the red morning's ray
A Woman, 'mid ten thousand foes.

LEIPSIC, in which 40,000 Frenchmen fell, and which was the overthrow of French power, began by three guns fired on the right of the Allied Line, as the clock of the Cathedral struck 9, on the 16th of October, 1813.

She spoke not ; but she looked around ;
She looked on that foul, seething mass :
She shrank not at their curses' sound,
But bid the headsman let her pass.

She looked so calm : I see her now,
Pure, pale, and gentle in her grace :
But Pride sat on her broad, white brow ;
And deep Revenge was in her face.

One distant Cloud was in the sky ;
She gazed at it ; 'twas small and red :
The thought of Vengeance lit her eye :
Her death-debt FRANCE to-day has paid.

My mother high her kerchief waved,
As round the fierce crowd danced ; and one
Its loan for a few moments craved :
The blood streamed in the morning sun.

He ran beneath the dripping planks,
Then sprinkled far and wide the gore :
Returned the handkerchief with thanks ;
“We know what the dead AUSTRIAN swore ;

“She often told us that her blood
“Would on us and our children be ;
“So it is now !” Quite close I stood ;
As 'twere this morn, the man I see ;

Just here, where I will bear till death
 My Cross—she will not have forgot—
 There fell—tell her 'tis my last breath—
 On my left breast a round red spot.'

I HAVE AVOIDED in this work all allusion to Politics: the future of our Country is a dark problem to the wisest: the condition of the labour-market; the increased facilities of communication over the face of the Globe; the spread of so-called Education; and other causes, make it very difficult to discern even the immediate future. That the British language will dominate the rest there can be little doubt: will that race be divided, as at present, into two nations? or will it be subdivided into many? Will the interests of Eastern and Western America continue identical? will their vast populations remain within their limits? Will our enormous territory in North America continue under the Sovereignty of the Crown of Great Britain? will the vast island of Australia, larger than Europe, become an Empire in itself? In our own island shall we be an America without elbow-room? will our recently acquired dominions in Africa become in their turn vast

colonies? These questions are simple ; interesting ; and unanswerable.

That our future depends upon ourselves is too trite to repeat : Shall we be ourselves ? will the Class that has lately acquired Power continue to hold that most glorious inheritance, which another Race, another Class, have placed in their hands ? With them the future rests : and, ages hence, the Historian will be bound to compare the comparative greatness of Britain in her varying political epochs.

DINING with Colonel I. he, knowing that I loved Poetry, and was familiar with our British bards, ancient, and modern, produced some lines which he had found among his deceased mother's papers : he read them to me ; asking if I thought it likely that his mother had written them. I at once said "Certainly not." I showed the lines to every person of importance in political life, who was likely to be acquainted with the subject. Happening to meet Mrs Norton, herself a Poet, one of the three clever, and well-known, Sheridans, I asked her if any woman had written this line :

'See the stabbed Villiers ! and the banished
Hyde !'

She at once said "No." She could not say who the author was. I did not question Disraeli, for the subject might have been disagreeable. They are very good : and for that reason I give them.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD CASTLEREAGH.

'Who would be mighty? who would climb to
power?

Since still so dark the Statesman's closing hour :
See Wolsey, dying mid the wrecks of Pride :
See the stabbed Villiers ! and the banished
Hyde !

Childless, and friendless, Burke from life retires :
Mid fear, want, anguish Sheridan expires :
Ah ! to that favouring Senate dost thou go,
Alas ! unconscious of the coming blow ;
Too straightly, swiftly, flies the assassin's ball ;
In blood thou liest, unhappy Perceval !
Blood too, poor Romilly, must trace the line
That tells thy fate ; that tells poor Whitbread !
thine.

So perished they who went before : and now,
Once mighty Stewart ! where and what art thou ?'

I have omitted allusions to Chatham, and to his son ; which are not equal to the other lines.

My own belief is that they were written by Canning : I know no one of the period but him capable of writing them : the terms on which he had been with Lord Castlereagh would prevent his attaching his name to them. I have given some account of the facts relating to Lord Castlereagh's end in 'Words on Wellington' : I did not mention what Sir Hamilton Seymour, his private secretary, told me : he said that shortly before the terrible suicide of Lord Castlereagh, who had become Marquess of Londonderry on his father's death, he used the expression "My back is broke by work" ; and that from that time he appeared to have the belief that his back was physically broken.

Sir Hamilton also told me a story, which I must say requires at least a grain of salt. Crossing the river Adige, in North Italy, he observed a cat floating in the stream. Sir Hamilton, according to his own account, turned to Lord Castlereagh, and said

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would' ;
Like the poor cat in the Adige."

THE FIRST WORK by Thackeray which I read was when at school at Brighton : it appeared in George Cruikshank's 'Comic Almanack' : the

story was 'The Fatal Boots.' No name was appended to it: I well recollect my great admiration for the story; long before I heard of Thackeray. He told me that George Cruikshank paid him forty pounds for it: he quietly added, "I could now get four hundred."

There are some lines in Cruikshank's later periodical, 'The Omnibus,' for which he gave Thackeray one sovereign. It was mentioned publicly by Thackeray, that he had applied to the Author of 'Pickwick' to be allowed to illustrate his work.

The illustrations of 'Vanity Fair,' so far as the full-page engravings go, are deplorably bad: not only do they represent the persons described in a dress that was not worn, but the drawing is indifferently; and the designs feeble. Thackeray's 'vignettes,' initial letters, and wood-cuts, are, on the contrary, of exquisite merit. One has always charmed me: it is of children sitting, reading a book of Ancestry, while the ancient swords suspended on the wall over their heads signify the ancestral diseases, and sorrows, which they will probably inherit. In all the editions of 'Vanity Fair' except the first, the omission of an illustration obscures the meaning of the text. In the

original edition 'Becky Sharp' is delineated pouring poison into her husband's glass by his bedside : underneath, in allusion to the private theatricals in an earlier part of the book, is engraved 'Becky's second appearance in the character of Clytemnestra' : the picture tells the story : the text only hints at it.

Thackeray said to me in Paris that the best French literary authorities had told him that the character of Becky Sharp was so common in France that it would have excited no sensation there. He also told me, with evident, and deserved satisfaction, that they were lecturing in the principal Colleges in Paris on 'Vanity Fair' as the most perfect English of the period.

Thackeray's resentment towards the trade of publishers was deeply rooted. I believe that sixteen publishers refused him the pittance required to print his immortal work, 'Vanity Fair.' Not one of them was capable intellectually of appreciating it.

He pours out the vials of his wrath upon them in 'Pendennis' : painting them to the world as the most stupid, the most selfish, and the most vulgar, class of tradesmen. This appears to me to be not worthy of his dignity. To trample upon them when they came in his way,

after their contemptuous treatment of his Genius, might have been right : he steps from the path of real Dignity, when, in his lofty position, he lavishes his sarcasm on beings unworthy of his Satire. ‘*Aquila non captat muscas,*’ particularly such dirty flies as he paints them.

Calling on a publisher, Thackeray waited with a friend, who told me the story : the carpet of the drawing-room was of a gaudy design of red and white : on the host appearing, the Author of ‘*Vanity Fair*’ said “We have been admiring your carpet : it is most appropriate ! You wade in the blood and brains of Authors.”

I remember in Germany saying to Thackeray “It must be a fine thing to be a successful Author.” He grimly replied “You had better break stones on a road.”

I went with him, soon after our first acquaintance, to the Théâtre Français. Regnier, the great Actor, was playing. The applause in that cultivated audience was vociferous. I turned to Thackeray, and said “That must be nice : you get the money at the moment you want it” : he answered sadly “Quite right ! better than writing ever so many books.”

One practice I discussed with Thackeray : that of repeating the same characters and names

in successive works. Balzac does this : but with bad effect : Balzac was a much more voluminous writer : and this may account for the necessity of his so doing : in Thackeray I feel sure that it was a mistake. I remember his lightly sketching a character in a projected book to me ; I inadvertently said "Like Warrington." I observed a slight spasm in his face. On reflection I was sorry that I had said this ; I felt that it suggested an impression in my mind that his powers of invention might be failing : this was not the case.

Thackeray told me that he intended to write three great novels, in which Simon Lord Fraser of Lovat, beheaded in 1747, was to be the central figure : I deeply regret that he did not live to accomplish this work. I am not surprised that so dramatic a character as Lord Lovat's charmed him : he would have revelled in the intrigues carried on in that curious epoch of our national history.

Dining with him in Young Street, Kensington, and sitting at some distance from him at table, he said to me "I am everlastingly indebted to you" : I expressed my pleasure to hear this ; and asked "Why?" "You taught me to love

‘Rockingham.’” At this moment I observed a lady sitting opposite to me raise her eyes from her plate : and I saw, without a glance, that she and Thackeray had read the book together. ‘Rockingham’ was a novel which I had read alternately with a chapter of ‘Vanity Fair’ : a work of an extremely romantic character ; written, in English, by Count Jarnac. Count Jarnac was appointed, in succession to the Count of Saint Aulaire, French Ambassador to the Queen on the very day on which Louis Philippe abdicated his throne. He married a sister of Lord Foley. Count Jarnac lived long enough to survive the Republic, the Life-Presidency, and the Empire ; and was reappointed Ambassador to her Britannic Majesty. There is a resemblance between this novel and one read to me when a boy ; which I still love, ‘Cyril Thornton.’

On the same evening Thackeray courteously conducted me to the door. He said “A few nights ago Mrs Crowe,” the author of the first, and admirable, sensational Novel ‘Susan Hopley,’ “was here. I took her to her fly : there were two more waiting : she turned to me ; and in a voice of deep enthusiasm said, pointing to the flies, ‘Mr Thackeray, this is a great success ! a great Social Success’ ! !”

I read 'Vanity Fair' not in numbers, but after the volume was complete. I was at Beaufort Castle, Lord Lovat's house, near Inverness. Never can I forget that epoch. I allowed myself to read one chapter only each day : the food was too rich, and nourishing, to digest more : nothing I have read since has at all approached the sensation which that glorious work gave me. I was twenty-two at the time : it may be thought that for a young man beginning life, with fairly brilliant prospects, the tone, and character, of the book would not have harped his thoughts : — such was not the case with myself : not a line from beginning to end but what impressed me with its vigorous truth. I had never seen the Author : but I was convinced that no one ever wrote in any language who had a more passionate love for the foundation of all greatness, moral, and intellectual, Truth, than the writer. So far from his exquisitely powerful descriptions of human nature being in the slightest degree tainted with the venom of Envy, of Jealousy, or of Malice, I conceived his to be one of the gentlest natures that ever lived : covering, as they deserve, Falseness, Hypocrisy, Sham, Affectation, and all disgusting vices with well merited obloquy. Cynicism is a misnomer in his case : —

there is nothing of the sneerer in his views : if he paints human nature as it is, it is from his passionate love of Truth in Art : shines through this great quality his disappointment at not finding it approach the ideal perfection conceived by his noble and generous intellect.

I well remember saying as I closed the volume, "There are but two books fit to place on the shelf with this : the Bible ; and Shakspere."

In the winter following I went to an evening party given by Lady Powerscourt, now the Dowager Lady Londonderry. Returning with my mother, Miss C. now Lady D., who was with us, mentioned that Thackeray had been at the party. I positively endeavoured to persuade my mother to go back again : an act never perpetrated in the history of Society.

Some time later I was named to him in Paris by Miss Eliza Smith, the talented daughter of Horace Smith, one of the immortal Authors of 'Rejected Addresses' : a most amiable, clever, and charming person, of whose friendship I am still glad to be able to boast. At a small after-dinner party in the Rue Ville l'Evêque given by the Duke and Duchess de Gramont Thackeray good-naturedly came up to me. I subsequently dined with him at a Restaurant in the Palais

Royal : and I met him at breakfast at the house of the marine painter M. Gudin, near the Arc de l'Etoile. I must honestly say that I was woefully disappointed in Thackeray, as regards his powers of conversation. I saw him on this occasion, and at other times, under circumstances in which he had every opportunity, and inducement, to speak well. In no society in which I saw him, in spite of every wish, and effort, to discern what was original, and worth remembering, could I find anything to repay the interest which I took in him. Perfectly kind ; utterly without affectation ; amused, and somewhat interested by my enthusiasm, I listened in vain for the oracular words which I had fondly hoped would come from his mouth. On one occasion Count D'Orsay, with whom he had been intimate for many years, and other distinguished Frenchmen ; he was a perfect master of the language ; were present : but no spark was emitted : nor indeed up to the time of his death, on the occasions when I was thrown with him, was there a sentence that rose much above commonplace. I do not think that a word passed from his lips that I cannot recall.

I remember at the dinner in Paris of which I

have spoken that I asked him if it were true that he had said that all men were 'Georges': alluding to the commonplace character in 'Vanity Fair.' He said "Yes: or would like to be; I have said so; and I think so." I ventured to suggest that he was in error: that though the character of 'George' was a common one, he must have met with far higher types. I frequently observed that he had a way of uttering somewhat shallow cynicisms; far below the grand generalisations which appear in his works: this saying as to 'George Osborne' is a specimen. It appeared to me as if he thought that the person with whom he was talking expected him to say cynical things: that his interlocutor would be disappointed if he did not. I formed the opinion after long observation; and think, that though he had an extraordinary power of reading human nature in the mass, he had hardly any power of reading the individual. I have seen this in others; Whyte Melville for instance: but I was extremely struck with it in Thackeray. That he could not discriminate: that he had a general idea of young men, middle aged men, and old men: a generic, not a specific power.

One of the first things that he said to me at

the Duchess de Gramont's was, "You are in the Life Guards." "Yes ; in the First." "Are they clever enough for you ?" "Quite." A few years later I asked him to dine with the Mess of my Regiment ; then quartered in the Regent's Park. Fortunately there was a small party : and still more fortunately all who were present were good specimens of an exceptionally intelligent set of Officers. Both the Regimental Field-officers were happily absent : they would have terribly reduced the average of intellect. Major Biddulph subsequently 'Master of the Household' and 'Privy Purse' to the Queen, was there ; and Captain Lord William Beresford ; the finest type of man intellectually, and physically that I have ever met with. The conversation turned upon Ireland : Thackeray gave his views : they were courteously, but most admirably, controverted by Lord William. No Officer knew that Thackeray was coming but myself ; the party was a chance one. Lord William Beresford showed him not only that he knew more about Ireland than he did, but that Thackeray's own work, the 'Irish Sketch Book,' was better known to Lord William than to its Author. Nothing could be more polite than the way in which the conversation was carried

on. I was not surprised at the effect produced upon the great Author. When he came up to my room to put on his cloak, he exclaimed "I am astonished ! I am bewildered ! I will never write another word against soldiers." I said "My dear Thackeray, you have described men about whom you know little, or nothing : you have painted the British Officer with about as much truth as if you were to paint me, a North Devon M.P. with the features of 'Squire Western.' Now you see what Officers really are." He bluntly answered "Well I will never do it again : trust me."

* A somewhat amusing incident occurred at the mess-room of St James's Palace. A daily dinner is provided for the Gold Stick, the Silver Stick, the Adjutant in Brigade-Waiting, three Officers of the Life Guards, five Officers of the Guards : all being on duty on the day. The first three places are habitually given up to invited guests ; one of whom was Thackeray. Soon after dinner had begun, the senior Officer said "Mr Thackeray, let me present to you your neighbour, Captain Crawley of the Life Guards." Thackeray put on a very black look ; murmured something : and reserved his conversation for the other Officers. Before leaving

the Palace he said to his host that he by no means objected to a joke ; he was a joker himself ; but he thought that there was a time and place for all things. The Officer's name was Crawley : not in the least like 'Rawdon' : I regret to hear of his death lately at Brighton.

I found Thackeray at the Hotel at Folkestone having tea with his daughters : one of the young ladies said "Do you know, Sir William, what has happened to Papa?" "No." "A young lady has fallen in love with him." "Can you be surprised?" "But you don't know how old she is." "I don't." "Just six." Thackeray put on a face of intense grief : and said "It is a very sad business : the less said about it the better !" This is the only occasion which I can recall where he imitated an expression of a feeling ; or showed anything approaching comic dramatic power.

Like most men of great minds he was occasionally playful. I give an instance of his playfulness. I dined with him at the old 'Beef-Steak Club,' at six o'clock, in a room at the back of the Lyceum Theatre : then owned by Mr Arnold. Never can I forget that dinner : morsels of beef-steak, about a mouthful and a half each, were brought from the fire in an

adjoining room : the folding doors being open, and the fire visible. Each morsel, instead of diminishing your appetite, increased it : the term 'tickling the palate' was illustrated. We adjourned from dinner to M^r Arnold's box, in the Lyceum, a proscenium box on the level of the Stage. The piece was a burlesque ; what the French call a 'Pièce aux Jambes.' The box held half-a-dozen. Thackeray and myself were in the rear. Miss L. T. who was, and still is particularly well endowed with the necessary adjuncts of burlesque, was leaning against the proscenium, and displaying a splendid pair of legs, tightly fitted in elastic red silk. Thackeray gazed upon them ; and said, without pause, "Surely, surely ; is this to hold the mirror up to Nature ? to show Virtue her own image, Scorn her own feature ? will any gentleman in front oblige me by pinching those legs ?"

The only portrait like Thackeray is that by Laurence. I have examined carefully all the likenesses, painted, engraved, and in sculpture ; I am unable to see any resemblance to him in the others. They give a dead, inanimate, look, which he never had. His eyes were exceedingly bright under his spectacles : his flesh had a soft look, with colour : not I

should say over healthy: rather wanting in substance.

The history of his sad disfigurement is simple. At the Charter-House School he had a fight with a boy of the name of Venables: the latter, whom I knew, outlived Thackeray. He was a successful writer in the 'Saturday Review' and other periodicals: and was known in the literary world by a name which was decidedly profane. It was Venables who broke Thackeray's nose. The 'Dame,' or what in Eton we would call the 'Dame,' ran out of the house: and upbraided him for "spoiling the best-looking boy in the school." I have a letter from Mr Venables' brother completely confirming the fact. Thackeray must have had a cherubic countenance in his very early days. His accident suggested his nom de plume 'Michael Angelo.'

He came into a fortune, I believe, of about fifteen hundred a year: which by bad investments was nearly all lost: there is no doubt that at one time he suffered the pangs of real poverty. His writings early brought him in a pittance: but no one in the history of literature ever sprang to the top by such a sudden leap as he; when 'Vanity Fair' dawned upon the world. Trudging from publisher to publisher;

unable to find one who could appreciate his brilliant Genius, what sufferings he must have undergone : to be conscious that, once his great work published, every intellectual being would fall at his feet : at the same time to see no prospect of a chance of enabling his glory to shine upon mankind.

I have never been able to understand in what originated the feeling of dislike, and contempt, which he had, or affected to have, for the present Dynasty : that is to say in the late generation. Poor George the Fourth he never ceased to molest : and with complete injustice : for, whatever may have been that Monarch's shortcomings, he certainly was not a fool ; nor an ignoramus. He was quite the contrary : he could not only 'play the fiddle like an angel,' but he could hold his own with the first intellects of his day, political, literary, and social. As for saying he was 'a waistcoat, and nothing more,' it is absolute nonsense. His good taste alone, a most exceptional quality, would place him mentally high : for Taste is Genius. I have an idea that, when he lived in his small house in Young Street, Kensington, he may have appealed for patronage to the Duke of Sussex, who lived close by, in Kensington Palace ; who was for

many years a sort of Mæcenas to struggling Authors ; and that he appealed in vain. This is a mere conjecture, for which I have no foundation whatever.

His lectures were interesting : not very well delivered : although audible ; and full of matter. The feeling of many whom he saw there ; and who were, like myself, enthusiasts for him, was one of regret with regard to the tone which he adopted ; particularly in relation to the great men of Literature whom he held up to scorn.

One individual, whom I knew, M^r A. who was believed to have been painted as 'Foker' ; I must inform the ladies that 'Phoca' in Latin means a sea-calf ; is known to have repaid him in some measure by saying "Thackeray, I have been to your lectures : and I thought them good : but they were not perfect." "Why not ?" "You'd get on much better if you had a pianner." This Thackeray did not like.

The individual whom in 'Punch,' and elsewhere, he everlastingly jibed at I knew well : the famous 'Jeames of Buckley Square.' His name was Foster. He was a curious being, of exceptional intelligence, and in his peculiar *métier* of great capacity. He was the fashionable reporter of the 'Morning Post.' How Thackeray

became acquainted with him I do not know : but I assume that he saw in him a character of which he could make a good deal : and he certainly did make a good deal. Thackeray affected to believe that the voluminous reports of fashionable balls, which at that time filled the columns of the 'Morning Post' were contributed by a footman ; whom he idealised as 'Jeames.' The present generation would be surprised at the space occupied in that newspaper by the records of fashionable entertainments then inserted in its columns. One name never appeared by any accident in the 'Morning Post' ; and that name was 'Thackeray.' Thackeray, who occasionally condescended to associate with Duchesses and Marchionesses, was surprised at this omission : with the simplicity of his nature, he walked up to the table in the entrance-hall of a great house, at which Mr Foster was recording the brilliant array that passed before him, the greatest of the land ; and said to the reporter "My name is Thackeray." Without looking up, the individual said "Yes : and mine is 'Jeames.'" Thackeray's name never appeared to Jeames's last hour.

Mr Foster was a gentleman capable of being affronted, as he showed in the following case.

A lady, whom I knew well, who gave by far the most brilliant breakfasts in the neighbourhood of London, said to me "I cannot understand why my parties are never inserted in the 'Morning Post.'" I soon got out the fact that this lady had quite misapprehended Mr Foster's character: and had, at some time or another, quarrelled with him. My answer was "You give the best breakfasts in London: on the whole you are better off in not having the list of your guests published. Nobody knows what you have told me: the world will suppose that all who are worth having come to your house: and that you do not think it worth while that anybody else should know." The lady did not take this philosophical view: mentioning the subject to her husband, he at once said "I will trump the fellow completely: I know the proprietor of the 'Morning Post': he was long in the House of Commons with me: I will ask him: and then we will see how matters go with the reporter." Accordingly the gentleman in question, and his wife, both charming people, were invited: they came: but this masterly manœuvre produced no effect whatever: nor up to the last did any notice of the lady's parties appear in the fashionable newspaper. The cause of Mr Foster's

power was this : he was the only man in London who knew 'everybody that was anybody' by sight. It would be perfectly out of the question for the servants of the household, or for anyone who had not his long experience to discern, as they passed rapidly, the individuals whose names were to be taken down. None would submit to be questioned : and the announcements on the stairs, within the house, would of course be very imperfectly heard by anyone performing this particular duty. He was an absolute autocrat in this respect : and neither a great lady in Society, nor the proprietor of the newspaper for which he worked, had any power over him. In one case he showed decided resentment. An individual wrote to remonstrate at the mis-spelling of his name : whereupon Mr Foster deliberately introduced him at a number of parties as 'Mr Muggins !' which was certainly not correct.

Mr Foster for many years before his death was the manager of Barclay's Brewery : a post requiring more than ordinary intelligence, and probity.

The only occasion on which I saw Thackeray, I cannot say laugh, but display in his countenance the signs of inward merriment ; was when I told him this story. A few years previously a

lady's house caught fire in Bolton Row, Mayfair : of this establishment 'Fame whispered light tales.' It was a hot summer's afternoon : a large crowd assembled. Nearly opposite to Mrs C.'s house resided two ladies of great historical name : the intimate friends of Horace Walpole, they associated on equal terms with Johnson, Byron, Disraeli, and Thackeray : their names will never perish in the literary history of their country : in youth exquisitely beautiful, they retained the irresistible charms of manner, and intelligence, in extreme old age : fond of society, they periodically welcomed their friends, old and young. I speak of the Miss Berrys, the constant subjects of the eulogies of Horace Walpole ; and the admired of the other illustrious persons whom I have named. On this particular afternoon, it was in the midst of the season, a brilliant party had gathered in their hospitable drawing-room ; among whom were the young, and dazzling débutantes of the season. Naturally to these young minds the fire had an attraction : they assembled on the balcony. The mob looked on at the fire, and became, somehow or other, aware of rumours in relation to Mrs C. : jokes were bandied about amongst them : after waiting some time ; there being no hope of anyone

being burned in the house ; the mob became listless ; and, as often follows, mischievous. The Miss Berrys had mixed with their young friends on the balcony as spectators of the fire : the mob turned round, dazzled in some measure by the radiant beauty which they saw before them. An evil spirit among them, with a total misapprehension of the gentle hospitality of the once lovely Berrys, I might say 'two Berries on one stalk,' but assume that this was said one hundred and fifty years ago, bawled out at the top of his voice "Ah ! you old devils ! it will be your turn next" ! Thackeray looked radiantly delighted : he walked up and down the room ; saying "Pore old things ! pore old creatures !"

Dining with Thackeray, he told me that he considered 'Tom Jones' as by far the finest Romance ever written. He added "If you had to write for your bread, you would know that the fable is unapproachable."

When Thackeray was Editor of 'The Cornhill Magazine,' a friend, who told me the story, wrote a short Poem : and sent it to him, with the following note in a disguised hand. 'A widow, the mother of an only son, has had for some weeks past the sad task of watching by his death-bed :

it was announced to her by the Physician a few days ago that her boy's life could not be prolonged beyond a month. She knows that the object nearest to his dying heart is that some verses which she encloses, and which she believes to be not without merit, should appear in 'The Cornhill Magazine.' If Mr Thackeray's kind, and gentle, nature will oblige her, he will have the satisfaction of feeling that he has given a short happiness to the poor boy, who will not long outlive its publication !' My friend met Thackeray the next day in Piccadilly : he said at once "I've got your verses ; I will put them in."

I asked Thackeray which of all his writings he *liked* the best : he answered at once 'George de Barnwell,' the quiz of 'Eugene Aram,' Lord Lytton's Novel. I have mentioned the grudge which he owed, or thought he owed, to Lord Lytton ; the cause of which I do not know. He told me that he thought the *best* thing that he had written was the Surgeon's Song in 'Harry Rollicker,' and that he had written it when on board an Austrian Lloyd's Steamer ; very seasick.

What Genius ever received a more genuine proof of admiration than Thackeray ; in the following incident.

X When Dr Russell, so long the 'Times' correspondent, was coming in a boat to the ship which was to bear him from America to England, the sea was extremely rough: the boat with great difficulty reached the ship. Turning to a gentleman sitting beside him, an American General, Dr Russell said "I fear, Sir, that we shall have a rough passage": the Officer replied "I am not going to Europe." "Then will you permit me to ask what induces you to come out in such tremendous weather in an open boat." "I have one motive, Sir, which I think sufficient. I shall know for the rest of my life that I have spoken to one who has conversed with Thackeray." General Garnett was killed not long afterwards, in an action at Wheeling in Western Virginia. He served in the Southern army.

Thackeray has been severely criticised for his so-called Cynicism: it has been said, not without point, that in some cases he wounds the Idealism of those who do their best to believe in human nature. In a well-known passage where he suggests to the bridegroom that the lovely creature on his left hand is not all that he supposes, he certainly jars the imagination. He whispers to the man who, whatever be the real qualifications of his Bride, has admittedly made some sacrifice,

his liberty, to obtain her, "You think that you have won a spotless being: An object deserving your worship: don't believe it! See I slightly raise that snow-white robe of Innocence: you will observe one foot, at least, is cloven! Don't imagine that you are fortunate enough to be her first love: you are nothing of the sort: you know absolutely nothing of her antecedents: think what your own have been!" This I hold not to be a fitting adjunct to a Romance; however passionate may be the Author's love of Truth. No nature more than Thackeray's would feel acutely, desperately, a hint such as this. My impression, principally derived from his writings, is that Thackeray's heart was one that would have died, had he worshipped, and been disenchanted. His love of Truth, which shows itself in every line of his writings, fought against his Idealism. The difficult question arises, Which is right? should you paint Woman as the more than angelic being, which the imagination of a real man pictures her? or shall she be poor old Wordsworth's domestic drudge; the

'Creature; not too bright, nor good'?

Shall she be the type of all that is intelligent;

all that is refined ; all that is worthy of worship ? or a being, commonplace, illogical, with a dull moral sense ? These questions are more for the Philosopher, and the Moral Analyst, than for — him who in a Romance addresses the sentient portion of mankind. That parents are often stupidly, if not wilfully blind to what is going on under their eyes, even more than husbands 'suspecting in the wrong place,' is the sad experience of most observers : but the expression of this knowledge should be reserved for works of an educational character. In these works the truth is not half spoken : a false delicacy prevents this : and the very early origination of evil is the result. An Author who appeals to a vast, and general public, like Thackeray, should feel that impairing the ideal conception of Woman is like suggesting scepticism to a female mind : whatever the doubts may be of a thinker on the most serious subject of all ; however devoted may be his love of Truth ; and his fearlessness in seeking it ; nothing justifies the suggestion of scepticism. The same applies to the suggestions of doubt in relation to the character of Woman in the abstract. Why deprive mankind of its healthy illusions ? the few drops

‘that in our cup are thrown ;
To make the nauseous draught of Life go down.’

On the French Stage everything has been laughed at but one : Marriage and its complications are the eternal subject of Comedy, and of Romance : but up to the present time in the Drama, and until lately in French literature, one character was always sacred ; that of the young girl ; or as they call her ‘The Ingénue.’ No jokes were permitted, no suggestions were allowed, in relation to this ideal being. In this the French showed their Taste ; and their Judgment.

We admire the exquisite skill with which the dissection of the human body has been performed ; and the marvellous knowledge, and curative power which have resulted therefrom : we should be sorry to see the human body cut up on the stage of a crowded theatre ; or in the public street : the same sense may be applied to the moral analysis of the human heart.

In Balzac we know what to expect : we walk into his operating-theatre knowingly.

Of Thackeray’s good nature I give an instance. He delighted, as I have said, in his

'Harry Rollicker or the 'Onety-onth'; particularly in the Surgeon's Song: he told me that he had avoided quizzing Lever about his bad French: he knew that that would annoy him. He makes fine fun of Lever's jumble of military terms; as he deserved. I knew Lever on my first trip abroad: my Christmas holidays were spent at Brussels: he attended my brother as a Doctor. He was a thin, slight, pale, man: intelligent, and talkative. He subsequently received a Consular appointment.

The dominant idea which Thackeray wished to present to the public of his idiosyncrasy was that depicted in his vignettes of himself: the poor jester, with a flat, and melancholy, face; holding the grinning mask in his hand: no doubt this accurately represented the tone of his mind; which, like that of every man of Genius, was melancholy. Nothing can be more touching than the suggestiveness of the little picture on the original yellow covers: the sad, and humble, humorist; signifying his own pathetic fate.

At one of the great Exhibitions Thackeray had in his hand some critical work on the Art Gallery by Tom Taylor, for many years editor of 'Punch.' He said to me "Tom Taylor has been

writing so long about pictures, that at last he positively begins to understand something about them."

Did his long, and heroically endured, sufferings dim, or brighten, his powers?

The last occasion on which I had a conversation with Thackeray was dining at his own house: I took with me my copy of the first edition of 'Vanity Fair'; which I had had bound in red 'morocco extra.' I showed it to him after dinner: he took it to the chimney-piece, where there were lights; turned it round and round; opened it; looked at the top, and the sides, and the back, with the delight in his countenance of a child with a new toy. He seemed to consider the 'morocco extra' a compliment. I told him that I had brought it with a view to my own immortality: and I asked him to write something in it, which future generations might read, and admire: he said he would be pleased to do so. Later in the evening I said "You will not forget": with a look of dismay he replied "You don't want me to do it now!" "Certainly not: but pray do not forget."

I never saw him again: at his death I found my book, carefully locked up; but blank.

Riding past Stafford House on a December afternoon I met Swinton, the Painter ; he told me that he had just heard of Thackeray's death. Soon after entering Rotten Row I met Alfred Wigan, the Actor : I told him the sad news : we went together to Thackeray's house in Kensington ; and asked the servant if it were true : he looked very pale ; and said "Yes." I asked him what was the cause of his master's death : he replied "I don't know Sir : the gentlemen are now examining his body. I have just taken up the kitchen scales." I asked "What for?" "I believe they wish to weigh his brains." I turned to Wigan and said "What a subject for a 'Roundabout Paper.'" I wrote the following lines.

W. M. T.

The fog is dank in Rotten Row ;
 The sun a disc of dingy red :
 "How are you?" "How-d'ye do?" "No news
 "Is there?" "Yes, THACKERAY is dead !"
 A breathless gallop to his door :
 The footman for a moment pales ;
 "They're searching for the cause of death
 "Upstairs ; I'VE TAKEN UP THE SCALES."

Ironic Fate ! fell humour thine !

The brain, but yesterday that glowed
And glittered in the air of Wit,

Has left its fifty years' abode :

A world his penstrokes watched yestreen ;

Last night a film of tissue fails ;

“ How many ounces weighs his brain ? ”

And then, “ I'VE TAKEN UP THE SCALES.”

Oh deeply cutting workman dead !

Oh mighty mind gone from our gaze !

Oh childlike heart ! oh priest of Truth !

Sky-piercing marble let us raise !

Oh Judgment giving King ! while Truth

To poise the rolling World avails,

Say from thy tomb, “ With giant's grasp,

“ Of men I'VE TAKEN UP THE SCALES.”

When, millions of dead æons gone,

Thy glorious spirit shall arise :

And listen to the thunder-peals :

And watch the lightnings of the skies :

Then, when the Spheres their Music cease :

While Silence o'er all Space prevails ;

Hear, undismayed, the Eternal Voice

Pronounce “ I'VE TAKEN UP THE SCALES ! ”

I have received confirmation from the two
eminent surgeons who were present of these

facts : one of them told me that deterioration of the brain had been going on ; otherwise the actual weight, large as it was, if I remember rightly fifty-three ounces and a half, would have been considerably greater.

I attended Thackeray's funeral at Kensal Green : it was a wet morning : the clay was very soft. I observed particularly that there were no feathers on the hearse. My readers will remember his jibes at 'feathers extra' in the undertaker's bill. The pale footman walked on the right of the carriage-door. It was a somewhat scrambling affair.

Dickens stood, in a dramatic attitude, at the top of the heap of clay that had been dug from the grave ; his arms crossed on his breast.

I walked away with John Leech, who soon after followed the Great Master ; and talked with him on the balance of human happiness, or rather unhappiness, in which balance I am a believer. The difference of Sensibility keeps the scales nearly even.

Leech's death was quickened if not brought about by his sensitiveness to noise. The philosopher Schopenhauer says that a man's intellect may be measured by his endurance of noise : he adds that he never knew a man with

a barking dog in his back garden who was not a fool. I regret that my experience at that time did not enable me to advise Leech, with whom I had had some Parliamentary correspondence relating to grinding organs, to take up his abode in 'Albany': where there is perfect silence; not a wheel-barrow being admitted: where street cries do not penetrate; and where an excellent set of Chambers, B², are to be let; on application to the lodge-porter.

I KNEW Sir Augustus Clifford well: and had a very high opinion of him.

The position which he filled for many years as Serjeant-at-Arms of the Queen's Household, lent by her Majesty to the House of Lords, was one requiring great personal dignity. This Sir Augustus had in a greater degree than anyone I have seen. It is no easy thing to advance at a slow pace up the centre of a highly sarcastic body such as the House of Commons; to announce the formal 'desire' of the Sovereign that her faithful Commons should attend: then, having delivered the message at the table of the House, to walk backwards to the door: to do this without exciting a smile is not the gift of an ordinary man.

I stayed with Sir Augustus occasionally in his beautiful Villa near Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. The pride of his life was to show his great accumulations of newspaper-cuttings, narrating every important event which had occurred in his lifetime. The Coronations of two Sovereigns ; the great Functions of State ; the openings of Parliament ; all important debates ; and many other topics, were all carefully bound, and shelved ; they would have afforded, as he took delight in saying, wonderful materials for the future historian.

I heard of Sir Augustus's death when at Rome ; and having an intuitive anxiety in relation to these valuable records, I wrote to Mr Harvey of 4 Saint James's Street to make enquiries as regards the possibility of obtaining them : thinking that they would probably be bequeathed to some National Office. What was my horror when I received the reply that they had already been distributed by his family among the London workhouses !

Sir Augustus gave me a most interesting volume, privately printed, recording memoirs of Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire.

Living in the Parliament House, he had frequently for his guests the Statesmen of each

epoch. He told me that on one occasion Lord Melbourne, at the time Prime Minister, was dining with him : several of his colleagues, and prominent members of the Opposition, were present. Talking familiarly, a member of his party said to Lord Melbourne "Now, Melbourne, you have been for some time the dispenser of the honours of the Crown : do you consider that on the whole Mankind is venal, or not?" Lord Melbourne replied "No : but damned vain !"

Lord Lytton told me that after Lord Grey's fall six of the most prominent Whigs in both Houses were dining together. After dinner they agreed that each should write down the name of the future Whig Prime Minister, assuming that sooner or later they would again be in Office. Everyone wrote a name down, except Lord Durham : who paused for some time. They all believed that he intended to write his own name : he wrote 'Lord Melbourne' : on examination he was found to be the only one who had named him.

SOME YEARS ago I met at Baden Baden, Sir Bouchier and Lady Wrey. They were the

owners of a large Place near Barnstaple in North Devon, which I then represented in Parliament. I used to dine with them occasionally at the various table d'hôtes; and observed usually in their company a very little, old, man, of peculiar appearance. He was not above five feet high; wore a single-breasted green 'surtout,' of a fashion long gone by; a white hat with long nap, almost rejected now even by post-boys; and a white neck-cloth. His face was clean-shaven; and very wizened. He had a rather kind expression: his features betrayed traces of suffering. He called himself Mr Grey. The next year I again met him at Baden, in the company of Sir Bouchier and Lady Wrey. I said to Sir Bouchier one day "Who is that old man who dines with you? He is very agreeable, and knows a great deal of London." Sir Bouchier replied "You mean Little Grey? I assure you, Sir William, I know no more than you do. My lady and I met him here some years ago. He is, as you say, full of conversation: tells very amusing stories; and has lived in the best London society, beyond all doubt; but who he is, I know no more than the Man in the Moon." For a man to pretend to know the London world, such as it was about 1825-35;

to speak familiarly of the principal members of the Society of that day ; not to make mistakes ; and yet to have no place in the Society of the present day seemed to me marvellous. A few years elapsed : one hot Summer's day I was standing in Christie's Auction-Rooms in King Street, just inside the swing-doors. Who should come in but 'little Grey,' as Sir Bouchier Wrey always called him. He seemed genuinely glad to see me. I said "Here you are at last ; I thought I should never see you in London." He replied "Business has brought me here." I was really glad to meet him once more. I delight in 'raconteurs' ; there are so few good ones ; and so we chatted together for some minutes. The room was very full. While talking to the little man, Cecil, afterwards Lord, Forester, at the time Colonel of the Blues, whom I knew intimately, came through the doors behind us. He nodded to me ; and turned round. He looked at 'little Grey' most attentively from top to toe. He then made a peculiar movement of the chin upwards, as a man does when he mentally says 'Who would have thought it?' That he recognised 'little Grey' I am as certain of as I am of my own existence. I saw Colonel Forester that evening in the House of Commons ;

I said to him "Who was that little man you saw me speaking to at Christie's?" "I did not see you." "I beg your pardon; you saw me; and spoke to me; you said 'Good morning,' when I was talking to a little man close to the door." He coolly replied "I did not see you." He did see me: and he knew who 'little Grey' was. The little man must long have been dead now: I have come to the conclusion that he was neither more nor less than Mr Grey Bennet, a Member of the House of Commons, who had disappeared under peculiar circumstances many years earlier. His knowledge of London Society, and the fact of Sir Bouchier always speaking of him as 'little Grey' coincided with the expression used in one of Theodore Hook's squibs anent Queen Caroline. He says, alluding to her visitors,

' And little Grey Bennet
Went there in a dennet,
On Saturday sennight
To Brandenburg House.'

His silence anent his own former position would thus be accounted for: Ernest Marquess of Ailesbury, of whom I have spoken in 'Disraeli and his Day,' told me that he was at Baden

Baden when Mr Grey Bennet came there, on his banishment: no doubt the wretched man believed that his contemporaries were dead, when he returned for a short time to England.

STAYING at the seat of the first Earl of Ravensworth, Eslington, in Northumberland, the Count de Paris, the Duke d'Aumale, Sir Hamilton Seymour, once Ambassador at S^t Petersburg, the late Sir Matthew White Ridley and myself being the guests besides the family, we made some excursions across the Till, the fatal river of Flodden-Field.

On the day before the arrival of the illustrious guests, the ladies insisted upon visiting the village of Whittingham, for the everlasting purpose of 'shopping.' Not feeling much interest in their purchases, I stayed at the door of the one general shop: a lad in the dress of a plough-boy took up a position, and commenced staring at myself: presently others arrived: and in a very short time nearly the whole population, whose eyes were all centred upon myself, gathered round. The shopping being over, we reentered Lord Ravensworth's brake; and moved off, followed by the crowd at a respectful distance. It occurred to me that the excitement

was not caused altogether by myself; that the innocent villagers of Whittingham supposed, that they had to do with a Royal Prince. I communicated this idea to the rest of the party: then came 'a case of conscience.' Should we gratify these poor people by affecting the character which they gave us? a distinct act of deception; one which would gratify them for the rest of their lives: or should we obey the rigid principles of severe Morality; and sit perfectly still? I forget which way I voted: but it ended in Sir Matthew White Ridley and myself rising; with consummate dignity removing our hats; and making three low bows to the multitude: the air rang with their cheers: and they returned to their respective homes, happy in the belief that for once in their lives they had gazed upon two members of the illustrious, and historical, House of Bourbon.

On the next day the real Princes arrived: and on the following we paid a most interesting visit to Chillingham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville: it is situated in a wild park; almost surrounded by forest. The building is not very lofty: but the tint of the stone, and the general configuration are most picturesque. Wandering about in several herds we saw the famous wild

cattle of Chillingham. They are of a very small breed ; of a dingy white colour ; and are at a particular season of the year extremely ferocious. They appeared to us, like most cattle, partly afraid, and partly curious. The Castle, and the circumstance of our visit, were like enchantment. Lord Tankerville was in Scotland : and not a soul was to be seen near the building. We rang the bell ; and found a crowd of servants in gorgeous liveries in the hall : we were ushered into a long gallery ; where a magnificent repast was provided by the orders of the absent host : everything that could be conceived that was pleasant to eat and drink was there : all had been thought of : nothing was wanting to true hospitality.

I remember remarking in the gallery a portrait of Lord Wem ; better known as the notorious Judge Jeffries ; a good figure, and a very handsome face : one cannot help hoping that the atrocious cruelties of his judicial campaign in the West were brought on, not so much by an evil disposition, as by the agonies of the terrible nephritic disorder from which he was suffering at the time.

After luncheon we saw one of the greatest curiosities that Nature has ever shown. A block

of solid stone of the sort of which the castle is built was there : it was a cube of about three feet : near the centre was a hole of about three inches in diameter ; discovered in the vertical sawing of the mass : the top, bottom, and sides, of this hole were granulated : from this cavity, in the centre of the block, was taken a live toad, at the time of some addition to the Castle. Of this signed testimony was left.

Lord Tankerville tells me that some Latin lines on the toad, written by a Bishop, will endure : for no one of his guests has at any time been able to construe them.

I had several interesting walks with the Duke d'Aumale : and heard his opinion on the Emperor of the French, and on many other matters in France. One evening, when singing 'The Harp that once through 'Tara's Halls' the Duke asked me to repeat the last lines

'So Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives !'

These lines seemed to produce a great effect upon him.

Both Princes made themselves very pleasant :

and showed themselves men of very exceptional cultivation.

I HAVE often thought that an Epic Poem might be written upon the career of an Eton Boy. I give a fragment, suggestive of the style. I assume that from the 'Royal Foundation by King Henry the Sixth' there has never been a schooltime in which there was not a 'Smith *minor*' at Eton.

The Flogging.

From SMITH *Minor*.

AN ETON EPIC.

I now and then look in at the Old Bailey,
That is, the 'Court of Justice' of that name ;
Where lovely ladies flaunt their bonnets gaily ;
And use their spy-glass ; think not I would
blame :
I've watched the Prisoner eye the Judges palely,
When Mr Harker loudly does proclaim
'Silence' * : and then the Arraign-Clerk asks
him why
In hideous irony he should not die.

* On anyone who has heard this functionary request at Public Dinners, " Silence, Gentlemen, for

But still to me more terrible appears
 That cold politeness ; careless ; almost gay ;
 When the Præpostor * 'mid the benches peers,

'is Royal 'ighness !" "Silence for your Chairman" "This is a Bumpar toast !" "Pray charge your glasses !" it must produce a startling effect, when in a voice solemn, but still incurably humorous, he exclaims, as I remember in Palmer's case, "Silence in the Court ! while my Lord Chief Justice passes sentence of Death upon the Prisoner."

* Some explanation of the duties of this office may be interesting : as the 'ultimum supplicium' may pass away, like other sensible institutions, a short account may not be misplaced here. I will give an ordinary case. M^r Tomkyns, 'M^r' being the prefix given to the sons of Peers, is observed by the Master-in-School to be peculiarly attentive to his book, during the construing of one of the most beautiful passages in Ovid. M^r Tomkyns not having, according to the Master's experience, any very strongly developed taste for classic learning, this studiousness induces the Master to 'call him up' to construe. A slight spasm crosses the face of M^r Tomkyns : and, rising, he presents a ghastly picture of detected imposture : the book in which he has been affecting to follow the bard, being a Greek Grammar ; outwardly resembling an Ovid : an unanswerable case. The Master, taking a slip of

Then says, in heartless accents, 'Smith's to stay.'

Back to the door, 'mid grinning ranks, he steers :
While all Smith's friends, with kindly purpose,
say

paper held perpendicularly, shows M^r Tomkyns his fate. "This is the second time M^r Tomkyns ! I shall complain of you" : whereupon the slip of paper, with something written on it, is delivered to the Præpostor, who takes it to the Head Master. That august person says "Tell M^r Tomkyns to stay : and tell the sixth form Præpostor." When School is over at 'Eleven and three quarters' M^r Tomkyns repairs to 'The Library,' which he finds empty, or crowded, according to the interest of the executions about to take place. He may have the satisfaction of seeing friends flogged first: when his turn arrives his name is mildly pronounced by the Head Master. M^r Tomkyns then murmurs excuses : which are listened to ; but which produce no effect. The Sixth-form Præpostor hands to the Head Master a birch rod something over four feet long : with fourteen inches left flexible ; the rest tied tightly together. The number of cuts for the above offence would not be above five : but for greater cases, such as bullying, I have known fourteen cuts administered. The opinion of those who have been best qualified to judge has pronounced the fifth to be the most

“Don't mind old fellow !” (*They don't drink the cup*)

While some advise him, “Keep your pecker up !”

painful ; in case of a pause between each cut the torture is greatly increased. Two Lower-boy Collegers stand behind the Block, for the purpose of restraining any boy whose nerves may get the better of his determination to bear all unflinchingly : they are very rarely called upon to act.

The term ‘Præpostor’ must not be confused with that of ‘Præpositus’ or ‘Provost’ ; whose functions are slightly different.

‘LIVES OF THE PRÆPOSTORS’ should be written : for example :

THE REV^d RICHARD OKES, D.D. Provost of King's College Cambridge :

‘There can be no doubt that this eminent person filled, when at Eton, the Office of Præpostor of the ‘Upper Remove Remove.’

‘Travelling in North Wales he remonstrated with the Innkeeper on the enormity of his charge : and on M^r Jones retorting that during the crowded season the price of lodging and board was arbitrary, D^r Okes replied “I presume, M^r Jones, that you take your ethics from the Eton Greek Grammar : ‘Iones in auctis temporibus geminatione uti solent.’”

The following is by the same hand :

When the turbulence of 1848 drove Ludwig from his Capital, and the charms of Lola Montes ;

‘ Ah ! who can tell save he whose soul has tried ’
The dreadful torments * that too soon ensue ?
The black Præpostor stands the Block † beside :
The Executioner of sable hue :
The lacerating weapon may be spied,
With which they lash, and lash, till all is blue :
The deed is done : and now I draw the veil,
As he his trousers, over his sad tale.

I am sorry to hear that the simple, prompt, and effectual punishment of the rod is becoming less frequent at Eton : I never heard two opinions

‘ Thus spake Bavaria’s classic King ;
When forced to cut and run ;
“ Secure my place ! pack everything !
,ολωλα, I’m undone.” ’

* There has always been a school of free-thinkers on the subject of flogging : Sceptics who doubt the suffering caused by the external application of Birch : but I have found this opinion entirely limited to those who have never experienced it.

† This differs from the Block, preserved in the Tower, on which Lords Balmerino, and Fraser, placed their necks : it is formed of two steps of massive oak. The present Block dates from the epoch of Henry, third Marquess of Waterford ; who removed the old one in the dead of night.

among the boys regarding its merit. I hear that now some disgrace attaches to it! If for some disgraceful offence, yes!

‘C’est le Crime fait la Honte ; et non pas
l’Echafaud’

surely is good sense.

THE FIRST TIME that Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan, was in action he was on his relation, the Duke of Wellington’s, Staff. After being for some time exposed to a heavy fire, observing the battle, the Duke turned to him, and said “Well Fitzroy, how do you feel?” His answer was “Better than I expected.”

At Inkerman a friend, who was close to him during the whole battle, told me that he could discern no sign of anxiety in Lord Raglan’s face, except at one moment; that when the French line reached the top of the slope, and became exposed to the Russian fire: General Cathcart, and General Strangways, my father’s most intimate friends, were killed on that day; the latter by Lord Raglan’s side.

DISRAELI, when Prime Minister, attending a wedding-breakfast, was accosted by a gentleman

sitting opposite to him with the words "You don't remember me Lord Beaconsfield : I remember when you and I were sitting on high stools in ——'s office." Disraeli, who was eating a salad at the time, took no notice of this remark. Presently the individual continued, "I suppose, my Lord, you have forgotten all about those days." Disraeli, who was devouring his salad 'like a second Nebuchadnezzar,' looked at his interrogator : and in a deep voice said "You, Sir, appear to have forgotten something : to whom you are speaking !"

WHEN THE PRESENT 'GRAND HOTEL' in Paris, with its vulgar name, was built, it was called the 'Hôtel de la Paix,' from the Rue de la Paix close by : every piece of plate, crockery, and linen, in the hotel were marked 'H. P.' It was then discovered that another 'Hôtel de la Paix' existed, and the proprietor of the latter judiciously demanded a large expiation for using the name of his establishment. The mind of all France was exercised to think of a good name beginning with 'P.' In this the mind of France completely failed ; and the proprietors were reduced to the degradation of keeping everything marked 'H. P.' and calling their

caravanserai 'The Grand Hotel.' I happened to hear of this ; and within five minutes invented a name which I think will stand criticism, namely the 'Hôtel des Paladins.' This was the period of the Empire ; the name would have recalled the great traditions of Charlemagne ; being larger than any other hotel, the name suggested greatness : the 'Paladins' were the great 'Princes of the Palace' : it was a well-sounding word : and above all it began with a 'P.'

THE PLANETS, such at least as were known to the ancients, represent the different great powers which rule Mankind. Mercury Intellect ; Venus Love ; Mars Physical Force ; Jupiter Sovereignty ; Saturn Time.

The fact that bodies cool in a ratio to their bulk can lead us farther than we have gone : I believe that the 'ripeness' of the Planets follows this rule. The Moon, the smallest, is over-ripe ; a frozen cinder : next, Mercury may be slightly so : Mars is probably more mature than our globe, Venus is nearest in ripeness to us, say within a few millions of years : Saturn and Jupiter are obviously unripe : the former being in a plastic, the latter in a fluid, condition : the visible, dense, clouds emanating from this vast

molten mass are whirled round with extreme velocity.

I BELIEVE that the extreme, and exaggerated facility for making a marriage in Scotland, had its origin in the extraordinary acuteness of the Scottish People : Lawmakers felt that if any difficulty or delay were enforced, no marriage would take place : it was necessary therefore, with the view of perpetuating population, to entrap the wily Scot into marriage, before he knew what he was doing. I merely put this forward for Philosophers to theorise upon : making them a humble present of the suggestion.

I HAVE WRITTEN in 'Disraeli and his Day' of Bethel, at one time Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. He occasionally said a good thing. Leaving a country hotel, where he had been staying for some days, he said to a friend "I came down here for Change ; and Rest. I found that the waiter kept the change : and the landlord the rest."

In the prolonged debates which we had on the subject of the Divorce Bill, I remember his defining the breaking of the Seventh Commandment as "In Woman an aberration of the Heart ; in Man a surprise of the senses."

THE LOVE of individual liberty and its security are probably on the whole greater in this Empire than elsewhere : there is an institution however, which, with some modifications, we might, I think, borrow from our neighbours in France. It is no doubt open to abuse : and, if you believe French novelists, this abuse is not unfrequent. Loving Liberty, as I do passionately, I cannot help believing that in a modified form its adoption might be of advantage in this free country. I allude to the 'Family Council.' This is, as most readers are aware, a power given to immediate relations to interfere by law in a case where the actual possessor of a property is obviously in the practice of dispersing it in a reckless, and profitless, manner. Should a man become a drunkard, or a spend-thrift, and transgress the ordinary bounds of extravagance, a Council of his immediate relatives is held : and pecuniary restraint is put upon him. It would be invidious to mention names : it would not be difficult to do so in many cases that have occurred during this century : and earlier. At the present day nothing would be easier than to name cases where fine ancestral estates are prevented coming into the hands of those who would cherish and preserve them ; because the freeholder is dividing

and scattering them in all directions : having made himself a prey to the money-lender, he has shown a total disregard to the interests of those who succeed him. It is worthy of consideration whether a system in some degree resembling that existing in France might not be of use. It should be guarded most warily, and most carefully, by the necessity of a *primâ facie* case being laid before the Lord Chancellor of the day : should he consider the case worthy of investigation, he should appoint two Assessors : one an eminent member of the legal profession ; the other a civilian : they should observe, and report to him on the conduct of 'The Family Council' : and, should the decision of 'The Family Council' be consistent with the Lord Chancellor's ideas of what is right, and just, I believe that no practical abuse would exist. Recent legislation, enabling the life-tenant to alienate property in a manner which a few years ago would not have been dreamed of, adds to the argument in favour of the establishment of some such Tribunal.

THE FOURTEENTH Marquess of Winchester I knew well from my childhood : he visited my father's house in Dorsetshire, when I was six years old. I was unable to observe the slightest

alteration in his appearance, up to his death at eighty-six. Short, curly, red, hair ; a singularly well proportioned figure ; small hands ; and remarkably well shaped feet ; deep chest ; bright complexion ; good features ; and blue eyes ; he retained all the best qualities of a fine physical appearance to the last. No one could call him handsome : but he had great dignity : he looked the premier Marquess. He was over six feet in height. Lord Winchester held the high Hereditary Office of carrying in the presence of the Sovereign, on State Occasions, the 'Cap of Maintenance.' This is a crimson velvet cap turned up with ermine : and is held on the point of a baton ; the base of the baton resting upon the hip of the bearer : who holds it in his right hand. He is the only great Official who, in the Parliament House, when the Sovereign attends to open or prorogue Parliament, does not descend to the door to meet him or her.

His ancestor was the executor of the will of Henry the Eighth.

The last Royalist house which surrendered in the Great Rebellion was Basing House, in Hampshire, belonging to the Marquess of Winchester of that day. Here all the art-

treasures of England had been collected ; in the hope of preserving them. It was a vast, castellated, mansion ; and required a long siege. I asked Lord Winchester if he had ever come across any relics taken from his ancestral home : he said never : with one exception : the back-plate of a fireplace which he showed me bearing the three swords pointing downwards : the badge of his family. I think that he felt his position : in having such a grand historical title, with a fortune by no means adequate. The property of the Dukes of Bolton descended to the family of the Duke of Cleveland : not to him.

He told me that on one occasion when George the Fourth had been staying with his father, the latter gave him a bottle of a liqueur of which Prince Regent was particularly fond : and told him to ride across country to a particular turn-pike ; and present it to the Prince : which he did.

At one time the Marquessate of Winchester was the only one in existence : I have an engraving of a State Trial in Westminster Hall, in which there are no Dukes : 'The Marquess' is placed alone ; on the right of the Earls.

Lord Winchester told me that his pulse had never been higher than forty per minute : he

added that the pulse of Napoleon, and of Alexander the Great were the same : he may, however, have been mistaken as regards the former ; for in O'Meara's book he describes the Emperor's pulse as sixty. A slow pulse is, to some extent, indicative of a long life.

THE FOUR SUITS of a pack of cards I conceive to represent four powers : The Spades Industry ; the Clubs Force ; the Diamonds Wealth ; the Hearts the Human Passions.

I BELIEVE that the drugs of marvellous power, whose uses we are but beginning to discern, will hereafter be all found mighty curative agents : at present there are but two specifics, Mercury and Quinine : what a reproach to Science ! I believe that not only Mineral and Vegetable Poisons, so called, will be tamed, but that the deadliest of all, Animal Poisons, will have their use. Why should the disease of a cow have nearly exterminated a deadly evil ? May not a cognate disease in a sow possibly subdue another awful scourge ?

HAVE the lovers of Shakspeare ever asked or answered this question ? The stage direction towards the end of that most beautiful scene

between Hamlet and his father's Spirit, is 'Cock crows.' Can it be possible that, at any period since the immortal William's work was first produced, an imitation of a cock crowing was given? can there have been a time when it would not have produced a roar of laughter? The very notion of 'cock-a-doodle-doo' coming immediately upon the pathetic utterances of the phantom is quite beyond my belief. The Ghost was Shakspeare's favourite part: it is a plausible theory that he chose this in order to enable himself to look early after the cash which had been taken at the door.

RECENT DISCOVERIES have stripped the history of the so-called discovery of America of much of its romance: they have added to our appreciation of the logical good sense of Columbus. The finding of Brazil-nuts, and other products of a tropical climate, upon the coast of Iceland, would produce in any intelligent mind the belief that there were lands across the ocean, to the West.

Hogarth has perpetuated the blunder anent 'Columbus and the egg.' Breaking an egg is not setting it on end; which was the problem of Columbus: he shook it, so that, the yolk blending with the white, the focus of the ellipse

became the centre of gravity: an egg will thus stand upright.

A REMARKABLE historical fact has not been accounted for by Physicians. Julius Cæsar, Wellington, Napoleon, and the Arch-Duke Charles of Austria, four of the greatest Generals the World has known, were all subject to epileptic fits.

ENDLESS disputes have been held in relation to the Collar of S.S. I presume to suggest that they are intended to indicate the word 'Sanctissimus,' abbreviated.

AMONG the many stories told of what were called 'the great days' of Holland House there is one that has always in some degree redeemed the character of a person, who seems, from all accounts, to have been extremely disagreeable; and to have committed, in her own house, whenever the humour seized her, verbal outrages upon her guests. I allude to Lady Holland: not of course to Lord Coventry's daughter. It was agreed that all the company present, including several men and women of exceptional intellect, should, each, write down secretly what in their

opinion they would create a being, in order to be perfectly miserable. The papers were handed to the hostess who read them out : most forms of ultra misery being suggested. After the reading, Lady Holland was asked as to what the being should be of her creation : she gave it ; and at once obtained the prize ; 'A handsome Duke.' Her philosophical mind showed her that a man born into a world where he has nothing to gain would soon find life a burden to him : if she had added the word 'learned,' the nadir of Despair would have been reached.

HAS THERE ever been so beautiful an aggregation of verses from the Bible as the words of Handel's immortal Oratorio 'The Messiah' ? It adds to the fame of this glorious composer that every word for his great work was selected by himself.

SPACE AND TIME must, we know, be infinite : though the human mind cannot grasp the idea. I believe Matter to be infinite : and make a present of this sublime thought to the Philosophy of the future.

I BELIEVE that Photography was known to the Ancient Egyptians : and that the visions of the

dead, called up by the Wizards of that highly intellectual race, were produced by these means. With the aid of an instrument, which we moderns call a 'magic-lantern,' great effects could be produced: a knowledge of the action of the 'lens' would probably be known to a race, whose study of the Star that gives light and life to our Planet was so constant, and so accurate. We have never achieved, notwithstanding the prodigious march of Science, the power of constructing a figure from which the rays of the rising Sun can produce a sound: this we know that the Egyptians did: surely it is not impossible to conceive that they must have noticed the intensely powerful action of the Sun's light upon various substances. That the knowledge of magnifying with the lens was known to very remote nations we have proofs. On the extended stones, with figures cut in relief, now in the Museum at Paris situated on the Trocadero heights, I noticed a long row of figures, each holding in the hand a 'homunculus'; an object not perceptible, except through a very powerful magnifying glass. This ancient race must have possessed the means of magnifying such extremely minute objects: and I quite believe that by a combination of Photography and power-

ful magnifiers portraits could be projected on to dense smoke : as has been done in modern days. Samuel, for instance, in the conspicuous position which he had held as Judge of Israel may have been represented in this manner to Saul : although the Scripture does not say that his phantom appeared to Saul : but that the Witch of Endor said that it appeared to her.

IT WAS a fine suggestion, when John Sobieski, the Pole, drove back the Turks from Vienna, 'A man was sent from God, whose name was John.' Returning from Naples on the birthday of Pope Pius the Ninth, I saw the same words in lamps at Terracina. No doubt it has been used since : but the first idea was grand.

The popular belief that the Turk was repulsed by the sudden arrival of the Polish Army is a mistake : the complete rout of the Turkish Army was the result of Sobieski's quiet observation. He noticed, on one hot afternoon, that the Commander-in-Chief had his coffee brought to him : he instantly made up his mind that the Turks were not ready : and attacking them, drove the infidels from their position : and thus prevented their taking possession of the rest of Europe.

PAYING A VISIT to my deceased friend Neville Grenville, for many years in Parliament, at Butleigh, Somerset, he drew my attention to the names written over the many bedrooms in his hospitable house : there was one however over which I noticed no inscription : he explained to me that it was not a bedroom : and asked me for a motto. I gave "Your own : 'Templa quam Dilecta !'"

THE FIFTH MARQUESS OF HERTFORD, when Lord Chamberlain, told me that when a young man he held the Office of 'Groom of the Robes' ; and that it was his duty to be present, as such, when William the Fourth read his speech to the Houses of Parliament. While the King was reading, a cloud obscured the sun : and the House of Lords became very dark. When he had finished reading the speech which the Chancellor had handed to him, the King said "My Lords, I have read to you the speech placed in my hands by my Ministers——" At this moment the Lord Chancellor stepped forward : placing his hands together in a gesture of prayer, and almost kneeling, he said "I implore your Majesty"—evidently believing that the King was about to add something of his own :

the Sovereign took but little notice : and added " I may have read the latter part imperfectly : I have sent for a light : and will read that part again."

COLONEL DEBRAC, a most distinguished Officer, who served in the Armies of France and of Britain, whose portrait wearing the Crosses of the Bath and of the Legion of Honour was in the great Paris Exhibition of 1889, was an admirer of Mademoiselle Mars. Driving in the Forest of Fontainebleau, they passed a Villa, built in the florid style of Francis the First : he asked the great actress if that were not the style of house in which she would like to live? she replied " Yes : if it were on the banks of the Seine." This was in June : when she returned in September to Paris from a tour, the house, stone by stone, had been re-erected on the banks of the Seine. It may now be seen near to the studio of my late friend, Gustave Doré.

OF ALL the lyrics composed in ancient and modern days not one has been translated into so many languages as Haines Bayly's pathetic song ' Alice Gray.' There is hardly a language or dialect in which these verses have not been reproduced.

Another of his songs will live ; ' I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower !' this, played slowly, is the Russian National Hymn.

OF ALL the losses sustained by this century one of the greatest was the death of that most brilliant composer, Bellini. The man who gave us ' Norma,' ' I Puritani' and ' La Sonnambula'; who thrilled several generations with his exquisite melodies, not such only as one ought to love, but music that one does love, would, one might have hoped, have produced still more brilliant results. Sir Julius Benedict, the composer of the ' Brides of Venice,' and other Operas, whom I knew well, told me that he was intimate with Bellini : that he dined with him on a Wednesday; and engaged himself to dine again, on the Sunday : on that day he found him in his coffin : and he had no doubt that he had been murdered.

In an interesting conversation, which I had with Sir Julius, coming in the train from Brighton, I ventured the theory that in all the most effective Songs the Words were written to the Music ; of course by some person with an exquisite ear : giving as brilliant instances Moore's words to the Irish, and other, Melodies : the melodies

being simplified by Moore ; and spoiled by Stephenson ; who stripped them of their simplicity ; making them difficult, and complicated. I urged Sir Julius to bring out another edition with simpler accompaniments. I think he would have done so, if there had not been some difficulty about the copyright. As a further illustration of my theory I mentioned his own beautiful song in the ' Brides of Venice '

' By the sad sea waves
I listen while they moan
A lament o'er graves
Of Hope and Pleasure gone.'

I said that I was quite sure that in this the words were written to the Music : this he denied ; adding most courteously " I ought to know : for I composed the song." I said that I knew this ; but still ventured respectfully, but positively to differ. Before we reached London he said " I have been thinking : you are quite right : the original words were ' In the fair Spring time ' : they were not approved : after the Opera was produced Chorley wrote the words that you admire so much."

It seemed difficult to believe, although it was certainly the fact, that a man who looked like a

red-haired gorilla could have written such exquisite verse.

I HAD always been a great admirer of 'Barry Cornwall,' whose real name was Procter. I asked Thackeray at one time to introduce me to him : he said "You will be disappointed : he is a poor, toothless, old creature."

I remember quoting to Thackeray the lines, which Procter wrote in a song set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm.

'The waves were white ; and red the morn ;
 In the noisy hour when I was born :
 —The Whale he whistled : the Porpoise rolled :
 And the Dolphin bared his back of gold :
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the Ocean Child !'

and added that I felt sure that the man who wrote them had never been to sea. Thackeray said "You are quite right : I doubt his ever having gone as far as Margate." I said "So I should suppose from the final lines ;

'I've led, though change of toil, and strife,
 For fifty summers a sailor's life ;
 With wealth galore ; and power to range :
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change :

And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded, Sea !”

Moore says ‘What an impostor Genius is !’ He is quite wrong : a man of Genius can paint from the Imagination with the accuracy which an inferior mortal cannot from the life. Procter wrote other beautiful Poems : his lines ‘The Admiral’ on the Death of Lord Collingwood, kept on the West India Station until his health failed ; and who perished on his homeward voyage, is an example.

Thackeray dedicated ‘Vanity Fair’ to Procter.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET, née Sheridan, visiting a large linen-draper’s shop, having purchased some goods, enquired whether they were forth-coming. The principal asked her “Was it a gentleman with large whiskers who waited upon you, Madam ?” She replied “No ; it was a nobleman with a bald head.”

NUMEROUS THEORIES, and endless disputes, have existed, and exist, in relation to the derivation of the word, ‘Humbug.’ In a country in which the article flourishes in greater perfection than anywhere else, it is remarkable that no one

hitherto has been able to hit upon a tolerable derivation. Allusions to 'Hamburg,' and to Irish coin etc. I look upon as valueless. My belief is that its derivation is simple : and that it is from two Italian words signifying precisely 'Humbug' : that is 'Uomo bugiardo,' 'a deceitful man.' A great number of English words are derived from the Italian : 'alert' from 'all'erta' : 'populace' from 'populaccio' : 'rubbish' from 'robiccia' : other examples can be found.

THE PECULIAR DRESS, invented by the greatest 'Clown' that ever lived, had probably reference to his own heraldic colours. The Arms of the Grimaldis, as may be seen at Monaco, are 'lozengy, argent and gules.' It is the oldest known coat. I believe that the great Joseph Grimaldi took his vermilion and white from his own family tinctures.

UP TO THE TIME of the abdication of James the Second, a bright blue, the 'Azure' of heraldry, was the colour used in the Royal Arms, and for the Garter Ribbon.

James continued to bestow the Garter after his abdication and exile : to differentiate this, the dark blue was adopted by William III. For

the same reason probably, a similar change was made in the Royal Arms ; which then quartered 'France' as well as 'Ireland.' In the early Naval pictures the Royal Standard bears the beautiful turquoise blue : scarlet being borne only in the Royal Arms : in all other Coats, the Hamilton for instance, 'gules,' the colour of the throat, i.e. crimson, is borne : in the Royal Arms vermilion : the scarlet and turquoise blue formed a beautiful combination.

In the Royal Arms of Scotland

'The ruddy Lion ramped in gold'

is crimson.

At the recent Jubilee four fifths of the Royal flags hoisted in London were incorrect : the first and fourth quarters being crimson.

It would be an interesting heraldic monument of the long reign of the Queen to restore the turquoise blue to the Royal Arms. In ordinary flags the dark blue is used probably for economy : but with the Royal Arms the scarlet and gold with the turquoise blue would again make an exquisitely beautiful ensign.

The turquoise blue, once the Ribbon of the Order of the Garter, was instituted by Queen Elizabeth : but the painters took liberties with

the shades. The Saint Patrick Ribbon was originally of a very pale blue, an Irish-Sky blue: later it was altered to the present Italian-Sky blue.

IN THE YEAR 183— an English Clergyman Mr de C—— was taking his frugal meal in a Restaurant in Paris: stooping to pick up his napkin, he inadvertently tilted the chair of some one sitting behind him. This individual affected to be affronted: rose: and approaching the clergyman's table uttered some words of very foul insult. Like the priest in the 'Simple Story,' he thought it right to forget for twenty-four hours that he was in Orders: and replied to the bully in a way that he thought right. A duel was arranged; and the English Clergyman confided to his friend that he had no knowledge of the use of any weapon: the friend took him to a 'Master-of-Fence': the latter said to him at once "You have a right to the choice of arms: choose Cavalry broad-swords with the points squared." These were weapons recognised in duels: as, being pointless, they reduced the chances of being killed. "What time will your duel take place?" "At ten o'clock tomorrow morning." "Come to me at nine." The next

morning Mr de C—— visited the fencing master : and received instructions from him ; with the addition that he was not to inform even his own Second of what advice had been given him. When on the field Mr de C—— ‘struck an attitude’ : holding his sword vertically behind him, the weapon pointing downwards. Everyone laughed, including his own Second : his opponent held his sword horizontally across his brow, in what is called a ‘hanging’ or ‘Highland’ guard, to protect his head. Mr de C—— instantly whirled his sword with his full strength : and, diverting the edge from the right line in which it was expected to fall, lopped off the bully’s sword-arm below the elbow.

ROGERS the Poet’s stable-servant, who was in the habit of driving him in his gig, gave warning. Rogers asked the man what was his reason : he hesitated : but, on his master insisting, said “Well, Sir, the fact is you are so damned dull in the buggy.”

Rogers’ carriage, which I have frequently seen at Brighton, carried out, probably without intention, the idea of his being already dead. It was of a very dark colour : instead of opening in the ordinary manner, the whole of the panel at

the back of the carriage opened, hearselike, downwards: the Poet having ascended an inclined plane into the interior, the back was closed.

I had no acquaintance with Rogers: on the only occasion on which I met him, he appeared to me to have a good deal of impudence. I was calling upon the mother of an intimate friend of mine; a lady with whom I was very slightly acquainted. 'Mr Rogers' was announced: he said "I find your Ladyship tête-à-tête with a remarkably handsome young gentleman: I think I had better retire." The lady said, very good-humouredly "Sir William Fraser is a friend of D's"; mentioning her son: I soon after left the room.

Notwithstanding this compliment, I cannot put the Author of 'The Pleasures of Memory' high up on Parnassus: Lord Byron's opinion of him has shaken my belief in his Lordship's power of criticism.

Rogers, like Cowper, will always, as a Poet, please a certain class of minds: he will live longer in his 'Table-talk.'

THE SPLENDID INTELLECT of Lord Nelson, his sublime consciousness of Right, and his un-

flinching determination to act from the dictates of his own wise conscience, exposed him, as it must expose all such men, to the carping obloquy of inferior minds : conveyed as it often is in the form of hypocritical eulogium. An absurd slander, veiled under the form of Praise, has been told of him : at Copenhagen we have heard frequently of his ' noble insubordination ' his ' sublime disregard of orders ' etc. etc. An Officer calling his attention to the signal of the Commander-in-Chief, to whom he was subordinate, to bring his ship out of action, it is related that he said " I shall put my glass to my blind eye " : this has been received with the eulogistic sneers of shallow people. It was a wise, and well-known, practice in the Navy, when an Officer was dispatched on a difficult, and possibly desperate, duty, to hoist the signal of recall ; so that, should he find it necessary to return, no blame could be attached to him : the orders of the Commander-in-Chief being absolute. At the same time it was perfectly understood among brave, and wise, men, that the signal was only to be conditionally obeyed. One more proof of how extremely dangerous it is to cut jokes amongst dull, and envious, persons. The wise Greek philosopher, when lecturing his disciples

humorously, suddenly exclaimed "We must be serious ! here comes a fool !"

In the case of Julius Cæsar, when the Senate placed in his hands a golden crown of laurel, a situation that, with his ambitious views, was somewhat embarrassing, the Emperor said, while placing it on his brow, "It will serve to hide my baldness." So, Childhood has been taught for two thousand years that 'Julius Cæsar was a very vain man' ! Napoleon the Third points this out in the introduction to his rather dull history of the first, and greatest, Roman Emperor.

HAPPENING to meet my old and excellent friend, Field-Marshal Sir William Gomm at the Parade of the Guards on the Queen's birthday in 1873, he took me to his house, in Spring Gardens, and was good enough to write out for me the following lines written by himself 'On visiting Dryden's schoolboy's seat in Westminster School : and finding his name carved, as schoolboys wont to carve, on the worm-eaten Desk in front :'

'Lo ! where the Bard in boyhood's frolic hour
 'Hath carved with pen-knife point a rayless name ;
 'Ere long, to brighten every Muse's bower ;
 'And shine immortal on the rolls of Fame.'

Sir William Gomm was a fine type of the cultivated soldier. I asked him on one occasion what was the happiest moment of his life ; I felt sure that he had made up his mind. He replied at once " Yes : when I was at Westminster I had to translate some lines of ' Virgil.' This was my translation

' Straight at the word, divine Æneas rose :
' And thus renewed the tale of Ilion's woes.'

" The head-master said ' Very good : better than Dryden.' That was the happiest moment of my life."

Sir William Gomm was Commander-in-chief in India ; Colonel of the Second Regiment of Guards : and Constable of the Tower of London.

ONE OF THE FINEST TYPES of Soldier that I have known ; combining determination, courtesy, and sagacity, was Sir Willoughby Cotton ; cousin to my Colonel, Lord Combermere. It was Sir Willoughby's duty to convey Dost Mahommed as a prisoner from Afghanistan : he told me that on the evening of the first day on which the column halted, Dost Mahommed dined alone with him : after dinner Sir Willoughby, addressing

him, said "Sir, your Highness's person is of the greatest importance, as you know, to the British Government. I feel quite sure that you, Sir, will not dream of an imprudent effort to obtain your liberty : it is my duty to tell you that, should your friends be so ill-advised as to attempt anything of the sort, I shall consider it my duty to have you put to death at once." Dost Mahommed bowed ; and replied with perfect courtesy "I should do the same myself." On the next evening after dinner, when they were again alone, the Indian Prince, addressing Sir Willoughby, said that he had felt great annoyance in consequence of some of the Officers of the Column looking at his wives : the British Commander-in-Chief replied that he was extremely sorry ; but that it was very difficult indeed, in dealing with a number of young Officers, to prevent an intrusion of the sort. Dost Mahommed immediately answered "I will undertake to say that they do not dare to look at your wives." "I told him," said Sir Willoughby, "that they did not : and for a good reason ; that I had no wife : never shall I forget the look that he gave me : it will haunt me for ever." I hastened to assure him that Lady Augusta was my 'légitime' : but that she was in London.

Thackeray occasionally depicted Sir Willoughby: true that he oscillated between 'White's' and 'Boodle's' on many a sunny afternoon with 'lacquered boots': not without an eye to a pretty girl: but he was a brave and most sagacious soldier: and, as I told Thackeray, more able to read him than vice versâ.

I have a sketch of him walking with L^t Col. Alexander Craufurd, my cousin: they married sisters.

DURING ONE of many visits to that charming spot, Interlachen, a spot dear to me in the recollection of working for my Oxford degree, I was about to dine at the Hotel —. Entering the table d'hôte room, I sat down: there was but one other guest present; a short man with an exceptionally large head. The waiter, after the manner of his kind, said "You cannot sit there, Sir": having of course no reason, except the brutal love of power of the 'servum pecus.' The large-headed stranger said very courteously "There is a place here; if you like to take it." I sat down by him: and said "What is the reason for which single men are treated with such brutal outrage in hotels? a Bachelor wants very little: much less than a family."

The large-headed stranger at once replied "The reason is this : the single man does not require much : but what he does require he insists upon having good : he has not acquired that fatal habit of giving way in trifles, which so rapidly, and effectually deteriorates a married man's character." I felt in a moment this is the being for whom I have sought all my life : this is the real 'kindred spirit.' I thought of Moore's lines

'Yes ! there are looks, and tones, that dart
A sudden sunshine through the heart :
As though the soul that moment caught
A something it through life had sought.'

I have, I hope, improved Moore.

Who could he be? I took the first opportunity of examining carefully the 'Fremden-Blatt.' After going through some pages, I instantly put my finger upon a name : it was that of one whose book I had read when I was at Oxford. A man who can enchant you by his style on a subject which you detest is no ordinary mortal : you cannot forget him. The individual of whom I write was Wren Hoskyns, subsequently for a short time member for Herefordshire. The book which had fascinated me at

Christ Church was 'Talpa : or the Chronicles of a Clay Farm.' There is a pretty vignette in it by George Cruikshank ; some labourers looking at a Mole : and saying ' We shall learn another, and a greater, lesson of him some day.' Wren Hoskyns suggests the broad theory that as man's work is vertical ; horses horizontal : the action of steam is rotatory : and that we shall never get out of the earth what she ought to render, and could produce, until we reduce the surface to the consistency of a newly made mole-heap. I recommend everyone, whether they care for Agriculture, or not, to read that book. Unless I am mistaken, it will, like ' Bubbles from the Brunnen,' a work nearly contemporary, live ; from its exquisite purity of style, and admirable good sense. Having discovered who the interesting stranger was, I cultivated his acquaintance so much as I could during a brief stay at Interlachen.

One remark must have pleased him. I told him not only of my admiration for his book ; but that I had gone dinnerless to hear him read a lecture in the large room of the 'Society of Arts' in the Adelphi : and, as a proof of the impression that it made upon me, I reminded him that the Prince Consort, who took, on that occasion only, the Chair, called his book 'The

Chronicle of a Clay Farm' ; whereas the title was 'Chronicles of a Clay Farm.' He replied "You are quite right : the Prince did so : but it was because, when I first brought the book out, I used the singular."

I remember his asking me if I had ever contemplated the possibility of there being no 'Country' left : Great Britain being all 'Town.

Dining on another occasion at an Hotel at Interlachen, I sat next to a French gentleman with the highest shirt-collars that I ever saw ; not excepting Mr Gladstone's. He, and his companions, were evidently men of ability : we had very pleasant conversation. It was in French : after speaking of the British House of Commons, I expressed my great wish to hear some of the first Orators of the French Chamber. I intended to say 'such as Garnier Pages ;' but I was not sure as to the pronunciation of the latter word : and I said Jules Favre. When the gentleman with the shirt-collars had left the room, one of his friends said "You don't know who that was." I said "Not in the least." "It is M. Garnier Pages." I shall always regret that his name did not come to my lips.

M. Garnier Pages told me that he had for some years avoided all unnecessary exertion,

physical, and mental : that he should economise his strength by being carried over the Wengern Alp in a 'chaise à porteurs.'

Among the humours of the 'Fremden-blatt' at Interlachen I remember Baron Huddleston pointing out to me the Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, described as 'Sir Alvandez Cacbun.'

I travelled with these two eminent Judges once in the Pyrenees, in the coupé of a Diligence. We had great fun, all the way : I am afraid that I remarked at our first stage, Peyrrhorade, that we had already reached the peroration of our journey.

One of the saddest sights that I have seen was at Interlachen. I was standing on the steps of an Hotel, watching the return of the travellers covered with dust, and more or less way-worn. I noticed that, whenever a carriage drove up in the evening, a large dog trotted up to it, wagging his tail, and looking at the travellers. This he did five or six days in succession : no one seemed to notice him : each time he retired to his corner ; and waited. The interpretation of this was most melancholy. I asked a servant ; and he said " Oh ! that is the dog belonging to Mr Dutton, who was killed

accidentally on the 'Jungfrau' in the early part of the summer : the dog is always waiting for his master ; he examines every carriage that arrives."

A somewhat similar scene occurred some years ago in the Regent's Park : a poor dog had been told by his master, who was skating, to wait for him at a particular place. The master was drowned : but nothing could induce the dog to move from the bank. After a long time my mother, who had taken trouble about it, contrived to provide for the dog.

A similar case of devotion is well known in Edinburgh : where a monument has been erected to Fidelity.

AS CHAIRMAN of a Committee composed of the Clergymen of London, at the beginning of the movement for erecting the buildings for the 'working classes,' many years before the Peabody bequest was made, I became acquainted with the Rev^d Mr Buck, Chaplain of the Queen's Bench Prison. He asked me if I would like to see the prison : on going there I discerned among those playing at fives, and racquets, the faces of several whom I remembered seeing formerly in Pall Mall.

The most interesting object, however, was a man to whom Mr. Buck introduced me : he had been for forty years in the prison : his name was Miller : his story, which was perfectly authentic, was this :

When a young man he had been put into prison for a debt by what was called 'a mesne process.' A man had wronged his sister : and, in order to get him out of the way, had sworn a debt against him. Had he acknowledged this debt he could at any time have left the prison : but he refused to do so. He was a very tall, and exceptionally fine-looking man ; his appearance showed, as the Chaplain told me, that he was of most sober habits. The first half of his imprisonment had been in the gaol at Winchester : and he had supported, and occupied, himself by cabinet-making ; his original trade. A damp cell produced acute rheumatism in both hands : and so far crippled him for life. Notwithstanding the absence of occupation, he had never indulged in drink : he was a model prisoner. Allowed during certain hours of the day to come to the South side of the prison, where the Sun occasionally shone, his cell was on the North, the cold side : in this he passed the greater part of the twenty-four hours. He

seemed to me to be a man of considerable intelligence : and a Philosopher, who bore his fate as a man should. I asked Mr Buck what would please Miller most : he replied " Snuff." I accordingly got some of the best ' Prince's Mixture ' that could be bought : and sent him a quantity.

This prison was pulled down : previous to the demolition I received a letter from Mr Buck, who I may here say was a most exemplary, painstaking, and excellent Clergyman in every way, asking me to call upon Miller. I found that the object was for me to induce him to confess the debt. Of course I did nothing of the sort. I said " You have held out, Miller, for forty years : they must turn you out of the prison now : I strongly advise you not to give in." He thanked me for the advice : and said it was unnecessary ; he had not the slightest intention of doing so. I obtained some money for him by subscription : to which of course I added : and placed it in the hands of his relations, as trustees. I found subsequently that their great difficulty was to prevent him giving money away : that any beggar who came to him was sure to be relieved. The imprisonment appeared to have had no bad effect upon

his general health. He lived at his home for some years.

THE DERIVATION of the thoroughly anglicised term 'toad-eater' comes from the time of the arrival in England of Henry the Eighth's first wife. It was used by Queen Katherine to the young ladies who came in her suite. 'Todita' meaning a 'little factotum'; a diminution of 'El todo' 'the whole.' This term was easily transferred to the courtiers generally; and has borne a false significance to the present day.

IN THE ENDLESS CONTROVERSIES which have taken place during the era of Christianity it surprises me that no one has pointed out what appears to me to be the obvious intention of a particular verse, of vast importance, relating the Order of Creation. Surely the words 'And the Evening and the Morning were the first day' point distinctly to an Epoch; not to a natural day. The repeated expression is so peculiar, that it seems extraordinary that no one has remarked it. The natural wording would be 'the Morning and Evening': whereas 'Evening and Morning' were intended to have another significance.

PAYING A VISIT to my relations at Rokeby, I made an interesting excursion, accompanied by Mr Mitchell Innes of Aytoun Castle, Berwickshire, the father-in-law of the late Mr Robert Morritt, the owner of Rokeby, to 'Dotheboys Hall,' Bowes.

The scene of this immortal school is a village lying on the bleak borders of Stanemore, 'the Moor of Stones,' which stretches from near Barnard Castle across Britain to the hills of Westmoreland.

Dickens had heard of the schools ; and was determined to visit them. He was accompanied by Hablot Browne, who, as 'Phiz,' illustrated so many of his works : most unfortunately for the victim, he met, half way up the village, a man named Shaw ; the principal schoolmaster of the place. I have these particulars from those who live in the immediate neighbourhood ; and who knew all the real facts. Shaw had lost an eye : and limped : he and his wife kept a school : but nothing could be said against them, except the fact that they did keep a school. The pupils were very much of the type described by Dickens : poor waifs, and strays ; the children of quasi-respectable parents ; who thought this an easy method of keeping out of the way offspring

whose existence was troublesome ; and might be compromising.

I pause here to relate two experiences : in the first case, my stepfather having purchased a valuable horse in Yorkshire, the animal was brought to London by a young man, who after delivering it at Sir Ralph Howard's stables, called at our house in Belgrave Square. He was asked where he came from : and what was his history : he said "My Lady, I cannot tell you : I know absolutely nothing about myself." His appearance was well-bred. "All I know is that I was left at school when a child : but to this moment I have never known who my parents were. I have been able fortunately to earn my bread : beyond that I can tell you nothing."

The second case is dramatic : The Rev^d Mr Wharton, pronounced 'Warton' in that district, one Sunday afternoon was walking on Stanemore, not far from Bowes : he met two boys, whose intelligent appearance interested him : he stopped them : and asked whence they came : they said that they were at school at Mr Shaw's : he then said "What is your name?" they told him. "Who sent you here?" "Grandmother's husband." "Who is he?" "Mr Gregory." "Who is Mr Gregory?" "I don't know Sir : I believe

he owns a newspaper." This was enough for 'Billy Warton': he got out of the boys so much as he could: went to London: and discovered without difficulty Mr Gregory, the proprietor, and editor, of an infamous newspaper: he placed the matter in the hands of a sharp-witted lawyer: and between them they soon ascertained that the proprietor and editor of 'The Satirist' had cajoled an old lady, possessed of funds, into marriage: had got possession of the property which should have passed to the children: sent them off to 'Dotheboys Hall': and was reveling in their wealth, such as it was. Proceedings were taken against Mr Gregory, of the most trenchant character. Vials of Obscenity were meanwhile poured upon the Reverend gentleman; of which vials he took no notice whatever: he pursued his plan: extricated the money from the clutches of this wretch: restored it to the boys: and was happy enough to reduce the slanderer to the poverty in which he died.

I have said that Shaw and his wife were not blamed by the neighbours: their annual income was very small; they did their best. The 'brimstone and treacle,' of which so much was said, the chronic medicine of the school, inspired, as I perfectly remember envy on the

part of the boys at 'The House of Lords' at Brighton. To compare for a moment the mixture of tasteless sulphur and luscious treacle with the diabolical combination of senna and aloes which we had occasionally to swallow would be absurd. We were entirely unable to pity the boys ; at any rate for this part of their discipline.

Dickens had heard of two real cases of ophthalmia in the school the year previous. Mr and Mrs Shaw did all they could, so far as their money went, to have the two boys who were so afflicted properly attended : a Doctor was sent for from Barnard Castle ; who tried every method of cure.

The real delinquent was the proprietor of a rival school at the South end of the village : Shaw's house is on the North ; a substantial house covered, when I saw it, with fruit trees planted 'en espalier.' The bad school was on the right, as you enter from Greta Bridge. Mr Mitchell Innes and myself rang the bell at the gate : a woman of comely appearance, of about thirty came out. I use the term comely advisedly ; although she had the somewhat startling peculiarity of possessing only one tooth : this however was well placed, in the centre of her

upper jaw. Leaving Mr Mitchell Innes to attend to this lady, I circumvented the building ; and by climbing over one or two walls got into the premises. I was sorry to find later that my countryman had declared to the proprietress of the house that I was an ' Inspector of Schools ' : and that I considered it my duty to examine carefully all the school-houses, past and present, in Yorkshire. Previous to entering the house, I discovered the remains of what had been, I have no doubt, Mr Squeers's workshops. I mounted the stairs until I found the dormitory, which Dickens describes in such painful colours : looking up to the beams of the roof, I well recollected the effect upon me, as a child. It was this house that really deserved the malediction which Dickens brought upon the unfortunate couple ; who were of course utterly ruined by his work : originating, as I have described in the unlucky fact of Shaw being a picturesque object ; and his meeting Dickens's illustrator at the moment when the highly sensational description was being worked out.

Speaking to the old sexton of the little Church, of which more presently, I said that I could not help pitying these wretched people : thus held up to execration and ignominy : and destroyed ;

the belief being that Mrs Shaw went mad from the fearful abuse poured upon them from all parts of the civilized world. The sexton said "Yes sir : but it was time that them schools was abolished." No doubt that he was right : their abolition would not have come without a blast of indignation such as was aroused by Dickens's great work.

I have known those who knew 'Smike' : he was a poor youth, whose brain was slightly affected : he lingered on at Shaw's school : and every evening of his life, no matter what the season, or the weather, walked to a height not far from Barnard Castle : and waited there until the Curfew, which still tolls, was heard : then went home.

The Church at Bowes is the central object in a ballad of the last century which has achieved an exaggerated fame. Written by Mallock, whose Scottish name he prudently changed into 'Mallet,' 'The Bowes Tragedy' has lived one hundred and fifty years : and will always interest. It is the simple, but true tale, of a girl who visited her dying lover ; leaving with him an orange : before reaching her home she heard from the Church tower 'the passing bell' ; indicating his death : she fell ; and expired on the spot.

WITH THE SCENE of one of Sir Walter Scott's Poems I am familiar ; Rokeby, on the border of Durham. The nephew of Jown Bacon Sawrey Morritt, the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, married my mother's half-sister the daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot of Chaddesden, the second husband of my grandmother, Mrs. Craufurd. I can well remember this most delightful old gentleman, when he visited Sir Robert Wilmot at Brighton, at the time of my aunt's marriage : he was a tall, and very bulky, man : the admirable mental activity, which he preserved in age, was not extended to his body : his nephew was constantly occupied in preventing the accidents which his intellectual uncle's elephantine movements tended to produce. He seldom entered a Brighton Fly, that peculiar machine, whose interior to this day has a smell of its own, without pushing his venerable head through the opposite window, unless let down by the attentions of his devoted nephew, and heir. Where Mr Morritt was really great was at the dinner-table : there his brilliant powers as a raconteur showed themselves in full force. I remember, in my boyhood, the enchantment of listening to one endowed with this most splendid of gifts. No form of Art requires such a combination of

qualities as that of the raconteur. He must have Humour : he must have Memory : he must have Wit, and clearness of Thought : a consummate knowledge of Language : the power of Condensation ; and Tact : he must be able to weigh each word ; and utter it in its proper place : be brief, but explicit : he must shun obscurity, and prolixity ; and should be able to leave on the minds of his hearers a delightful mental exhilaration. Nothing is more terrible, nothing is more sad, than the mangling of a good story ; or to hear its relator stumbling over it, with unappreciative clumsiness. It is deeply to be regretted that a man with such exceptional powers as Mr Morritt did not record his experiences : they would be invaluable. Of ample wealth ; living in a stately Italian villa in a fine park, the gates of which open on the great North Road, it was his practice to invite all the men of literary or social distinction of his day to pass a few nights at his house, on their way between the capitals of Scotland and of England. Hardly anyone who had risen to eminence in the State but was, sooner or later, a guest of Mr Morritt. Sir Walter Scott's visits were frequent. Not only did he make the beautiful demesne, with the grand torrent-rivers the Greta

and the Tees, the subject of his Poem, but he introduced the two daughters of his host, as 'Minna,' and 'Brenda,' in his romance 'The Pirate.'

One married her cousin Henry, in the Royal Artillery, brother of the late possessors of Rokeby. The other remained till her death in 'single blessedness.' When Sir Walter Scott's Poem appeared it was humourously suggested, I think by Lord Byron, that the Whigs ought to start their Poet from London : to write a Poem about each Gentleman's House as he came along.

One of Mr Morritt's stories gives a lesson on circumstantial evidence. On the right-hand side of the road from the house of Rokeby to Barnard Castle, in a field by the side of the hedge was found the body of a girl with its throat cut : near to the body was a gap ; and a path leading across the fields. The girl was known to be keeping company with a young man of Barnard Castle : a careful examination showed that the marks of boots in the path were of those which the young man had worn on the day of the murder : he had sufficient Yorkshire good sense to tell the truth : he admitted that he had passed through the gap very soon after the time of the murder ; but added that he had

never seen the girl's body ; and of course that he was perfectly innocent of the crime. Mr Morrith, and others, who believed his story, interested themselves to obtain a good Counsel for him at his trial : he was acquitted. Not long afterwards a tramp, who had been apprehended, and convicted of some other crime, confessed that he had murdered the girl ; whom he had met in the road : and had dragged her body through the hedge ; and partly concealed it a few yards distant from the path.

Another story of a different character was told of Mr Morrith : I had it from his nephew. On either side of the gate leading from Rokeby Park to Barnard Castle still exist Sphinxes of artistic pretensions : I had noticed them before I heard this story. A gentleman staying in the house had walked to explore the Abbey of Eglestone : in the evening, at a dinner party of some sixteen persons, this gentleman was at some distance from Mr Morrith : the hospitable host enquired of him if he had enjoyed his walk : he replied that he had : and that on his return he was particularly struck with the artistic merit of the Sphinxes at the gate. Mr Morrith, who had taken great trouble with this work, was obviously pleased : and complimented his guest

upon his appreciation : the latter then said " I suppose, M^r Morrith, that you don't often meet with a Sphinx now." M^r Morrith opened his somewhat prominent eyes, and said " What " ! the guest guilelessly continued " I suppose Sphinxes are very rare in these days " : there was but one possible reply ; that from M^r Morrith, given in a stentorian tone, " You damned fool " !

A considerable collection of antique busts was made by M^r Morrith ; and placed in the hall, which, on the Italian principle, forms the basement of the house : the building being sacrificed to the drawing-room above, of two stories. I have tried to ascertain if he left any literary remains : the only trace I could find was some feeble translations of Metastasio.

M^r Morrith was a member of our learned ' Society of Dilettanti ' ; a life-sized portrait of him, wearing the robes of Grand Master, painted by Sir Martin Archer Shee, is in our possession. It is a poor likeness ; and gives no idea of the great intelligence of the original. M^r Morrith was succeeded by his elder nephew William ; who had no children : a man of remarkable humour and quickness ; and a very pleasant companion : almost the only case I have known of a man of readiness and power of mind who

turned to no occupation : he cared nothing for Politics : I never saw him read a book. His principal amusement was driving a four-horse coach. He was fond of Society : and apparently satisfied, to have no pursuit in life. His younger brother, Robert, was a man more cultivated ; and had less assumption : his courtesy to his guests, when he became possessed of the property, was far above that of his elder brother ; who certainly did not shine in this respect.

THERE is no member of the Carlton Club with whom I have had more frequent conversations than with Lord Lucan, the Officer who commanded the Cavalry in the Crimea ; the most remarkable man, without exception, for continuance of vitality at a great age whom I have known. He lived to be 89 : I could find no trace of senility in him to the last : bright intelligence, great vivacity in discourse, long experience of the world ; and having played a more or less conspicuous part in it. Lord Lucan served with the Russian army in the Turkish War of 1828 : and had always paid great attention to military affairs. He told me his opinion of the Russian army : not of the

date of his service with them : but at a later period : he said "The Infantry are good : the Artillery fair : the Cavalry abominable." In the last conversation which I had with him he said that he would do his best to fulfil my hope that we should be able to say in the First Life Guards that we had had only three Colonels-in-Chief in one hundred years. This very high appointment is never given except to an Officer who has reached the head of his profession, a Field Marshal or full General. It is a circumstance quite unparalleled that, had Lord Lucan lived to 1892, he would have completed the century. The previous Colonels were General the Earl of Harrington appointed 1792 : Field Marshal Viscount Combermere : and Field Marshal the Earl of Lucan. The last words he said to me are worthy of record : Speaking no doubt of some years past, he said "Remember my words ! I have served, as you know, with other Armies beside our own. I have considered them most carefully in every respect. I tell you this ; there is no one so careless as to his ordinary duties as the British Officer ; there is no one so ignorant of them : but in the field there is nothing like him ! There is no comparison whatever between the British

Officer in action and that of any other soldier in the world." Lord Lucan was pleasant enough as a companion ; but not one whom I should like to have served under : in argument his temper seemed to get the better of him : I should say that it was naturally a violent one. He said to me one day "You and I agree about a great many things : as to some we differ : now we won't argue : you think one thing ; I think another : those subjects we will not discuss."

Lord Lucan said to me "Very few members of this Club know my relationship to the Duke of Norfolk : I doubt if any one but yourself knows that I was his brother."

The circumstances that led to this relationship are interesting : Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, one of the two daughters, and heiresses, of the last Earl of Fauconberg, fell in love with Captain Bingham, the father of Lord Lucan. At the same time, or soon after, a proposal of marriage was made for the young lady to her father by Mr Howard, afterwards 12th Duke of Norfolk. She informed Captain Bingham of this : and expressed her fear that she might have to yield to her father's orders. After some time had elapsed, Captain Bingham pressed for a positive

answer ; and suggested an elopement : it was finally agreed that, if Lady Elizabeth would consent to this, she was to send a message to Captain Bingham through her sister on a particular evening ; when arrangements would be made. Lord Fauconberg got scent of this : and being at the Opera with his daughters prevented any communication between them. Captain Bingham believed that he was rejected for M^r Howard : and retired from the scene. Lady Elizabeth married M^r Howard, by whom she had the 13th Duke of Norfolk. After four years Lady Elizabeth left her husband with Captain Bingham ; whom she ultimately married ; and by him was the mother of Lord Lucan.

Driving at Rome with M^r Spencer Cowper, I alluded to the beautiful speech made in this divorce case by Erskine, afterwards Lord Chancellor ; and began the quotation which he introduced. Spencer Cowper immediately gave it in full. It is this,

‘ I tell thee, Howard !

Such hearts as ours were never paired above :
 Ill-suited to each other ; joined not matched :

Mark but the frame and temper of our mind !

Let no man after me a woman wed
Whose heart he knows he has not : though
 she bring
A mine of gold ; a kingdom ; for her dowry.
For, let her seem, like the Night's shadowy
 Queen,
Cold, and contemplative ; he cannot trust her :
She may, she will, bring Shame and Sorrow
 on him :
The worst of sorrows ! and the worst of
 shames !'

I asked him if he supposed any one else in Rome, or elsewhere, could have quoted the lines ; "No ;" and added how remarkable it was that the two men who could remember the lines should be brought together.

It is said that this was the only case in which Erskine, in a matter of Divorce, pleaded for the defendant : he asked the jury why they delayed their verdict ; the answer he is said to have received was, that they were considering whether they should not give his client, the defendant, damages.

I remember Lord Lucan saying that "so long as the British Constitution was a sham it was the finest thing in the world," and, possibly a

quotation, that "in Man Desire brings Affection : in Woman Affection brings Desire."

He succeeded in settling, in a manner, the difficult question of admitting Jews to Parliament : this had been objected to by the House of Lords, having been approved by a Resolution of the House of Commons. Lord Lucan carried a Bill permitting each House to settle the question of admitting its own Members. His energy was so great that up to the last year of his life, after a few days absence from the Club he would say carelessly "I had to go to Castlebar (in the West of Ireland) to look after my farms" : thinking nothing of this long, and bitter, journey during the depth of Winter.

Staying at Lord Denbigh's seat in Warwickshire, I found in the library the minutes, taken verbatim, of the trial of Lord George Germaine for non-compliance with orders at the Battle of Minden ; the details of which are very interesting. They give the fact of the unfortunate soldiers of the Infantry, at four in the morning 'powdering their clubs,' that is the large pig-tails which they were obliged to wear at that period ; and which were not abolished until the troops landed in Portugal for the Peninsular War. Lord George Germaine's conduct was this : in

the arrangement of battle the Infantry were on the left ; the Cavalry, under his command, on the right : between them was a small coppice or wood : an order was given by the Commander-in-Chief, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, for the Infantry to advance : this was very early in the day, soon after the battle had begun : at the same time he sent orders to the Commander of the Cavalry, Lord George Germaine, to move to his left ; and to follow the Infantry in their attack. Instead of moving, to speak technically, by 'fours' or 'divisions' he wheeled his line to the left ; and then to the right. By this time the battle had been won : and the support of the Cavalry was useless. Lord George was tried for saying to the Prince's Aide de Camp "Go back ; and ask what he means : I do not understand the order." Two of the Officers who gave evidence against Lord George became subsequently distinguished men : Lord Ligonier, and Lord Granby. He was 'dismissed from the service of His Majesty' ; he subsequently killed a man in a duel ; and became Secretary of State, and a Peer. I mentioned this subject to Lord Lucan in a conversation anent Balaclava : he said to me "I asked ——" naming a distinguished gentleman, "whether when I received

Lord Raglan's order, which I could not understand in the position in which I was, I could have sent back to know what he meant: the answer which I got was "the Duke of Wellington might have done it." He asked me where the book was to be found: I told him. Lord Lucan said afterwards that he had read the Trial with great interest.

When the Panorama of the Balaclava charge was shown in London, I walked with Lord Lucan to see it: he said but little: I should of course have liked to have asked him several questions: but did not presume to do so: he pointed out a valley on the left, looking to the North; and said that he had placed Lord Cardigan there with strict orders not to leave the valley: he asked me if I did not think that Lord Cardigan ought, when affairs changed their aspect, to have disobeyed his orders: and thereby have gained a success. I told him that I could not possibly give an answer. The rules relating to Cavalry, and the immediate action of that particular arm, require, of course, very rapid, but very good judgment. I observed that the distances in the picture were too great: the Russian army in perspective being too far off: on the extreme right were what I assumed to be lines of mud banks: Lord Lucan assured

me that those were Russian Infantry : the Redans deserted by the Turks, which were the cause of the misfortune that happened, were well painted. It is now clear that what puzzled the world for so long originated entirely with Captain Nolan.

Staying at Lord William Powlett's, later Duke William of Cleveland, Downham, we drove to Norwich : and there heard the disastrous news of the fall of so many brave men in a purposeless advance. I happened to have Captain Nolan's book on Cavalry with me : and almost by intuition said "This is Nolan's doing." The order in the first instance, written by General Airey, was obviously faulty. In the position in which the head-quarters Staff were, the Redans deserted by the Turks could be seen plainly : but from the position of Lord Lucan in the valley below, they could not. General Airey's order in pencil was for the 'Cavalry to advance ; and to endeavour to prevent the enemy taking away the guns' i.e. in the deserted Redans : This was clear enough to Captain Nolan when he left the heights : but was totally incomprehensible to Lord Lucan. It is to be regretted that he did not ask for an explanation : but he no doubt considered from the wording of the message that the advance must be immediate : he ordered

the Light Cavalry commanded by Lord Cardigan to advance over the acclivity. Captain Nolan, instead of returning at once, as was his duty, to the Commander-in-Chief, headed the advance : his last words were distinctly insubordinate. He shouted to Lord Cardigan "Now my Lord ! bring up your left shoulders," meaning that the column was to wheel to the right ; and to take possession of the empty forts. At that moment he was killed : and the advance was continued up to the line of the enemy, a considerable distance ; their Artillery, which were in position, having ample time to fire repeated discharges into the advancing Cavalry : and the bravest of the brave fell. All arose from want of discipline on the part of the person sent with a specific message.

Lord Lucan himself was depicted in the panorama : he remarked to me "He has given me a damned bad horse I observe" !

Had the Government had any real belief that War was coming they never could have appointed two men, brothers-in-law, who were not on speaking terms with each other.

Lord Lucan wrote to his agent at Castlebar anent a circumstance very interesting to me. It is well known that when the French landed, and captured Castlebar, one Regiment alone did its

duty: 'Fraser's Highlanders.' In Maxwell's 'History of Ireland' there is a picture by George Cruikshank, a Highlander by descent, of a sentry of that Regiment who remains at his post in the empty street: the man fired five shots into the advancing column of French; and was butchered when they came up to him. I obtained from Lord Lucan's agent in Ireland the names of the five men who were slain on the capture of the town: but I am sorry that the individual sentry, whose story is perfectly authentic, cannot be distinguished among them. The monument in the Church-yard at Castlebar may still be seen: and is, according to Lord Lucan's agent, in good preservation.

I have given in 'Words on Wellington' Lord Lucan's opinion of the relations of George IV. and Lady Conyngham.

LORD CARDIGAN coming back to England from the Crimea, and being made a hero, of course excited the animosity of all the idle, and stupid, people who delight in disparagement. Everyone abused him for not being killed; whereas, as a matter of fact, he went considerably beyond his orders in charging into the Russian battery. His duty, as commanding the Light Cavalry

Brigade, was to wheel to right, so soon as the front line was engaged : to watch, and direct, the operation : when he would no doubt have been captured according to the rules of War. Instead of that he galloped ahead of the front line, straight in between the Russian guns. Not having worn his best uniform before, he was described to me as looking 'like a sovereign among a lot of bad halfpence.' As he gave the word to advance, he said to his Staff "Here goes the last of the Cardigans"; no doubt that day was the culmination of his hopes, and aspirations.

Lord Cardigan's life was a curious one. His ambition was to be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and a Knight of the Garter. He was very rich ; had good connections ; good looks ; a pleasant manner, when he chose ; and a great belief in himself : but, notwithstanding his Ambition, he did not set the right way to work. He went into the Army late ; and passed the best years of his life as the 'great man' in country-quarters, Dublin, Brighton, etc. and in galloping about at the head of a very smart Regiment of Dragoons. Having very strict ideas of military discipline, and a good deal of the autocrat in his nature, he got into several difficulties. When in them, I believe he always behaved well, and in the case of the

most conspicuous one, that of the 'black bottle,' he was very much misrepresented. He had a very just, and natural, objection to the exhibition of undecanted wine on the mess-table of his Regiment ; but there was no foundation for the statement that the particular 'black bottle' appeared in his presence : he was away, on leave of absence. He had given an order, through the Adjutant, that wine produced on the mess-table was always to be decanted.

As regards another affair which occurred at Brighton ; a young lady deliberately, and of malice aforethought, brought it about. She, with apparent innocence, observed to Lord Cardigan, being at a Ball at his house in Brunswick Square, "I do not see Captain —— here." Lord Cardigan replied "No ; and you are not likely to do so." This the young lady told Captain —— : and thus forced a quarrel upon these two Officers.

Lord Cardigan's trial by his Peers, for a duel with Captain Tucket took place in the House of Lords ; not, as usual, in Westminster Hall. Lord Cardigan's wish was to appear at the trial in full uniform ; and he offered, I believe, to pay the whole of the expenses, which would have been considerable, for fitting up Westminster Hall, if the trial should take place there. I conjecture

that the point upon which he escaped conviction, namely that the Captain Harvey Tucket named in the indictment was not necessarily the Captain Harvey Phipps Tucket, who handed his card to the miller on Wimbledon Common, was conclusive. I can hardly imagine the astute lawyers employed in the case making such an error: it would have put the Government in a very embarrassing position had Lord Cardigan been found guilty.

Lord Campbell, then the prosecuting counsel, said in the course of his speech that the shooting a man in a duel did not involve 'any moral delinquency.' I heard that Lord Cardigan very nearly killed Captain Tucket; the bullet passing close to him.

The appointment of the brothers-in-law, Lord Lucan, and Lord Cardigan, to command the Cavalry was most imprudent; the latter being Major-General, under the former as Lieutenant-General. It was notorious that they had been on ill terms with each other for many years: they were both men of hot temper; they were sure to come into collision so soon as action took place. Knowing them both well, I am surprised that they could carry on even the ordinary duties of the Service without quarrel-

ling : each having a large fortune, each used to having his own way : both knowing a good deal of their duties as Cavalry Commanders.

I was amused to find a passage, relating to these Commanders, which indicates that long before the outbreak of the Crimean War they had given the authorities every means of knowing their respective feelings. On one occasion the Duke of Wellington threw down on the table a mass of correspondence ; exclaiming “ Lord Lucan, and Lord Cardigan, again ! These two Lords would require a Commander-in-Chief to themselves ! ”

A LONG winter's night resulted in the following inscription, proposed to be placed on the monument of Doctor Hawtrey, in the College Chapel at Eton, erected mainly by my exertions :
' Edward Craven Hawtrey, D.D. Born . . .
Died for nineteen years Headmaster ;
for nine years Provost.

' An exquisite Scholar ; and refined Critic ; a Man of the World in the best sense of the term ; he loved and served this place with the enthusiastic devotion of a thoroughly practical mind.

‘Teaching successfully, that Truthfulness is the basis of all Religion ; and of all Manliness ; he made proverbial the honour of an Eton boy.’

I took this to the House of Commons : and showed it to such Cabinet Ministers as I could find. They approved. I sent it to Provost Goodford : and the ‘poor little postboy,’ as we used to call him, returned a very dry answer that he could not admit any epitaph that was not in Latin. I replied that Doctor Hawtrey, with his good sense, and knowledge of mankind, and boykind, would have preferred an English inscription, to be read by thousands of Eton boys, from generation to generation, to a Latin one, like that of ‘Ricardus Allestree,’ at one time Provost, whose long epitaph had been seen by every Eton boy, and not ‘construed’ by one. Provost Goodford was, however, positive on the point : and of course I yielded.

A difference among the authorities of Eton, with which I was in no way concerned, caused a delay for some time of the final completion of the monument.

GEORGE THE FOURTH’S supposed marriage to M^{rs}

Fitzherbert, when Prince of Wales, has been a topic of much discussion, and historical research. I can throw considerable light upon this subject. The Rev^d Johnes Knight has been thought almost universally to have been the clergyman who married the Prince to his innamorata : the lady 'fair, fat, and forty.'

Staying at the house of Sir John Shelley, Maresfield, in Sussex, I met Mr Johnes Knight, the father of Lady Shelley. At that time, and for many years previously, he had the Rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire : a preferment once held by Young, Author of that great, but neglected, Poem the 'Night Thoughts.' Mr Johnes Knight, when I knew him, was nearly one hundred years old : he did not quite reach the century at his death. His memory was excellent : a question was asked as to the derivation of the word 'Rhedycina,' the name of a mare which had recently won 'The Oaks.' Mr Johnes Knight at once said "That is the classic name for Oxford" : and he quoted the line

'Illa dies aderit, quum tu, Rhedycina, sub astris
Edita, cum centum turribus, ipsa rues'

from a Prize Poem.

The following is the account which he kindly gave me : “ I was living at some little distance from London, when I received a letter from the Prince of Wales, asking me to call upon him at Bushey House, near Hampton Court. I went there : but found that the Prince had left. Coming to London I met at the — Coffee-House Colonel Lake, afterwards the distinguished General, Lord Lake. I told him that the Prince had sent for me : and asked if he could conjecture the cause.” I may say here that Mr Johnes Knight had known George the Fourth since the latter was a child in frocks. “ Colonel Lake said at once ‘ I will tell you what the Prince wants to see you about : he will ask you to marry him to Mrs Fitzherbert.’ I replied at once ‘ I shall not dream of such a thing’ ! Colonel Lake said ‘ Beware ! if you go to see him he will persuade you : you know how persuasive he can be.’ I answered ‘ He will not persuade me to do what I know to be wrong ; and unlawful.’ I shook his hand ; and said ‘ You may trust me.’ Early next morning I saw the Prince, who wore his dressing-gown : he told me at once his object in asking me to call upon him : he described in the most impassioned language the incurable devotion which he felt

for the lady : he said that he could not survive, if I refused his request : and, opening his shirt, he showed me the mark of an unquestionable wound on his breast : adding that he had already once attempted suicide ; that he would make the act certain the next time. You have no idea ” said Mr Johnes Knight turning to me “ what were his powers of persuasion : he could when he chose be the most delightful of men ; indeed irresistible : this is my only excuse : I yielded ; and left him with a promise that I would do what he wished. Thinking it over during the day and the ensuing night, I remembered not only my words to Colonel Lake, but the promise which I had made to him. I decided at once what to do. I wrote to the Prince ; and placed my situation exactly before him. I told him that there was nothing consistent with Honour that I would not do to please even his caprice ; much less his serious wish ; but that, having given my word to an honourable man, I could not retain self-respect if I complied with his Royal Highness’s ardent desire. I received in reply a letter which added to my good opinion of a man who, though in some respects weak, was not ill-intentioned : it was most kind ; most cordial :

it freed me at once, and absolutely, from my promise to himself: he expressed an earnest hope for a continuance of my friendship: and added that my conduct raised me if possible in the eyes of my future Sovereign." Mr Johnes Knight added to this narration his firm conviction that the marriage did take place so far as the ceremony was concerned: that it was illegal by the Act of Parliament there can of course be no doubt: but I cannot help believing that, had it not been for the melancholy death of the Princess Charlotte and her offspring, this previous marriage might have formed the pretence for a serious political, and perhaps revolutionary, movement.

When William the Fourth made his first visit as King to Brighton he at once called upon Mrs Fitzherbert, whose house on the Steyne is now the 'Old Club': the King offered to her a Peerage, or the right to wear the Royal Livery: She wisely chose the latter: I remember her servants in scarlet and blue.

Mrs Fitzherbert's adopted daughter was Mrs Dawson Damer, the mother of the late Lord Portarlington: she inherited the large House in Tilney Street, Park Lane. This lady told me that,

entering a Dorchester Ball-room, and asked her name unexpectedly, she forgot it !

THE MOST PERFECT expression of pure Love, in which an essential is Dignity, Shakspeare gives in Desdemona's words

‘I saw Othello's visage in his mind.’

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL conception of Honour that has been given Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Juliet. The vile nurse, wishing to cure Juliet of her love, makes base insinuations against Romeo. What can be more exquisite than her reply ?

‘Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish ! He was not born to shame :
Upon his brow Shame is ashamed to sit :
For there, as on a throne, sits Honour crowned ;
Sole Monarch of the universal Earth.’

THE MOST ROMANTIC passage in Shakspeare I conceive to be when Romeo is advised by the priest to quit Verona ; and to see the world. Romeo replies

“ There is no World without Verona's walls ! ”

The grandest, in the Scene in which Macbeth meets the Witches for the second time.

‘Ye murderous, black, and midnight hags !
What is’t ye do?’

‘A deed without a name!’

CURES are occasionally found by those outside the Medical Profession : in the Winter of 1891-2 I found that the eating a thick slice of Pine Apple, from the Azores, completely removed — Heartburn, and its attendant discomfords : I have continued the practice after meals ; and have been completely free : the Pine Apple should be somewhat over-ripe.

IN THE YEAR before the Indian Mutiny I was staying at the Hotel du Louvre in Paris : two young ladies were there the sisters of General Sir T. S.

An Asiatic was at the Hotel, whom I had observed in London ; in respectable, but not brilliant society. The young ladies speaking of him one day, I remarked that, I could see that he was not a gentleman in his own country : and added “He would cut your throats so soon as look at you.” Within a year this man, who was Azimoollah Khan, at the time I speak of the

Envoy to Europe of the Nana Sahib, instigated and carried out the massacre at Cawnpore : proving that my diagnosis was not inaccurate.

A circumstance occurred at the time of the Mutiny, which will I trust be of no immediate interest to any female reader of this book. On the news arriving of the capture of Bithoor, the stronghold of the Nana, I was consulted by a friend as to what he should do under these circumstances : he said, without of course hinting at names, that a large number of letters from English ladies had been found in the Fort : some of them he was sure were written by a relative of his own : and he asked what I would advise. I told him to go at once to the Secretary of State for India ; to tell him what he had told me : and to express a hope that he would send out orders at once that all documents of every sort found in Bithoor should be impounded ; and sent home to himself. I heard no more : I believe that this was done. One unmarried lady, whom I knew, was observed to have increased her jewels at the time of Azimoollah's visit to England : whether any of the letters were hers I do not know.

The admission of Foreigners for 'a Season,' when the London 'Season' existed, was not

difficult, if well recommended : nothing however was more difficult, I may say impossible, than for any Foreigner, male or female, however distinguished in their own country, to obtain a permanent footing in London Society. For one year they were thoroughly welcome : and perhaps made more of than in any society in Europe : but it was at no time possible for a foreigner to establish himself, nor herself, as a permanent element of the society of London. Some, charmed with their first reception, wished to remain : like the old gentleman who said on his visit to ' Ranelagh ' in the last century that it was so nice that he thought he would come and live there.

The murderer of whom I have spoken never for a moment penetrated into any but third class society.

I WAS FORTUNATE enough to obtain a few years ago the original manuscript of Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard': I mention, merely for the sake of an historical record, that an American sent over to bid 200 pounds for it : I obtained it for 220. It would have been to the lasting shame of Britain to allow such a priceless treasure to cross the Atlantic.

When a boy at Eton I made a pilgrimage each year to the Churchyard where Gray is entombed : no record of him exists there : he was buried in his mother's grave : the well-intentioned, but vulgar, monument in Stoke Poges Park, close by, is unworthy of the beauty of his consummate Art, and exquisite Refinement.

Mentioning lately, on visiting Eton on the 4th of June, that I had always considered that the Churchyard of the little village of Upton near Slough was a far more picturesque spot than that of Stoke Poges, a gentleman living in the neighbourhood informed me that it had been suggested as the real scene. Lord Harewood has a small house near. The Churchyard of Stoke Poges has no stream, and no elms ; some Philistine, before my Eton days, cut through it a broad straight path, which sorely diminishes its beauty. Probably Gray generalised his description : and, as a true Artist, did not select any particular Churchyard for his deathless lyric.

No one ever took such pains with his work as Gray : no one was ever so amply rewarded. His Odes are grand : I know nothing to surpass them in their peculiar characteristics. The

Elegy will not outlive Homer : it can but perish with the Iliad and the Odyssey.

I have a copy of Gray's Odes published by Bentley, with illustrations ; none of them of merit. It has written on the fly-leaf in Gray's own handwriting 'The Progress of Poetry.' I have also a charming book in several volumes the 'Encyclopædia of London,' with marginal notes by Gray.

Considerable alterations exist in the versions of the Elegy : mine is the copy bequeathed by the Poet to his biographer, Mason. I have had a few copies printed, not published ; the alterations, and suggestions being in a line above the text, as in the Manuscript. All his alterations are improvements.

It has been regretted that Gray wrote so little : in this, as in everything else, he showed himself the true artist. To make a reader, or a listener, wish for more is surely the great triumph of the Poet, and of the Orator.

Among a vast collection of caricatures, and character-portraits I have, I believe, every engraving of the Poet ; and a curious water-colour of him, when resident at Cambridge, by Rowlandson.

One stanza of the 'Elegy' which suggested

itself to Gray, which he ultimately wisely omitted, I find no trace of in my Manuscript ; nor in the completed version. The first line is

‘ Some village Lais, with all conquering charms.’

In the first line of the Elegy it has been suggested that the effect would be finer if the punctuation were altered : I think that it would : at the same time, Gray’s taste was so exquisite, that I would trust his judgment. It has been said that

‘ The curfew tolls : the knell of parting day ’ :

would be finer than as Gray left it : it gives a pause to thought : he probably knew best. No one but a true Poet would have used the word ‘ lisp ’ in the beautiful description of the peasant’s evening, imitated from Lucretius

‘ No children run to lisp their sire’s return ’

is perfect.

I HAVE in this and other works alluded to the Parliament-House : I cannot pass by a Serjeant-at-Arms, who for many years was lent to us by the Sovereign : Captain Gossett ; so frequently

depicted in 'Punch' in the form of a beetle. His duty was done to the perfect content of the House of Commons.

Like every great man he was subject occasionally to the strokes of Fate.

Early in the Parliament of 1874, a Division was called. The House clears out into the respective lobbies: the door is locked; and everyone 'present when the question is put' is obliged to vote: some Members have endeavoured, and successfully, to conceal themselves in localities not possessing too much dignity; however any Member found is compelled to vote 'Aye' or 'No' whether he likes it or not.

On this particular occasion, when the House was cleared, two individuals were found still sitting on the long bench immediately in front of the little cross-bench of the Serjeant-at-Arms. The 'Tellers,' that is the Members who have to count in the Division, went up to them; and told them that they must vote: the individuals replied that they did not understand what was meant: this somewhat startling ignorance induced the 'Tellers' on both sides to consult: one of them went up to the two persons, and asked them if they were Members of the

House : they replied with perfect frankness "Oh no ! certainly not." "Then how did you get in here ?" "We were told by the policeman in the centre lobby to go straight on : we came straight on." "Have you been sitting here long ?" "Oh yes ! for some time ; listening to the debate." These individuals were accordingly detained : and their case brought privately before the Speaker. It appeared that they had received orders from the Deputy-Assistant Serjeant, who had no authority whatever to admit anybody to the House : they were, however, spared, in consequence of their crass ignorance : the doorkeeper was, I believe, dismissed for admitting them.

The dignity of the House of Commons is preserved by Members not being required to give their names. From the moment of their taking their seat the doorkeepers are bound to know them by sight : and they have a right to enter the House without giving any name.

A few years after this untoward event, in the same Parliament, in the midst of a somewhat dry debate Mr Gladstone was speaking : he being in Opposition. Sir Walter Barttelot, a revered Member of the House, whose recent

death all deplored, was sitting in his usual place at the end of the third bench, behind the Government, next to the transverse gangway. A gentleman of about his own time of life, leaning across the passage, said "Sir, will you permit me to ask you who is the elderly person now addressing the House?" Sir Walter Barttelot gazed at him with horror, and amazement; and said with curt courtesy "What do you say?" "I beg your pardon Sir; but I do not know the old gentleman." At this the Sussex blood of the Barttelot's was roused: "Sir! are you a Member of the House?" "Oh no! Sir." "Then what on earth are you doing here?" "Well I was under the Gallery: I could not hear very well; so I stepped over." Sir Walter Barttelot's face assumed an expression of judicial severity: but he mixed kindness with judgment: he said to the wretched man "Don't move: listen attentively to what I am going to say: you have incurred fearful penalties by doing what you have done: and if the Speaker had happened to receive a number of petitions while you were here you would have to pay five hundred pounds for every time he said 'Is it your pleasure that this Petition do lie on the table?'" The stranger turned very pale. "Now"

said Sir Walter "attend to me : get up quietly the moment I have done speaking to you : walk behind me ; and go out at the little door that you see not far from my left shoulder : go down the division-lobby to the door of the House ; and don't stop for a moment until you get to your abode : never under any circumstances divulge the horrible offence which you have committed !" the individual feebly thanked him : with tremulous knees rose to his feet ; and vanished. A few minutes afterwards Sir Walter with some humour related the incident to me. I walked down the House : having given the stranger ample time to escape ; going up to Captain Gossett, who was in a half slumbering state, endeavouring to appear to be listening to Mr Gladstone, I said "Well, Gossett, the old game has begun again !" he looked at me ; and said in a half nervous way "What do you mean, Sir William?" "Here's the good old game of letting strangers into the House begun again. I believe that half these men are not members !": he repeated severely "What do you mean?" I told him the facts. Rapidly replacing his left foot in the shoe, which from sundry gouty symptoms he generally discarded ; and clutching his sword ; he dashed out

of the House : what happened I do not know : I was reminded of the wise saying ‘ Beware the passion of a quiet man ! ’ Dear old Gossett was a very quiet man : but the expression of his countenance, while I was relating the story above told, would have made a demon shudder.

One of our Serjeant-at-Arms hated Disraeli most cordially : a sentiment reciprocated by contempt.

When the time arrived at which, after long service, this Serjeant-at-Arms resigned his office, I was extremely curious to hear what Disraeli would say on the occasion : it was his duty as Leader of the House, to propose a successor to his enemy. I listened attentively to his words. After some preliminaries he said, “ To fulfil the important office of Serjeant-at-Arms permitted by her Majesty to do our behests, requires no ordinary qualities : one who fills this important function should possess knowledge of the rules, and practice, of this House ; a dignified presence ; a rapid intelligence ; suavity of demeanour ; and the manners of a courteous, high-bred, gentleman. These qualities we seldom find united.” Disraeli uttered no words even insinuating that the qualities which he had enumerated were in any degree possessed by the

individual who had just resigned the office ; although to a careless listener he seemed to do so : nothing could be more adroit ; nothing more profoundly sarcastic, than his language.

I was not a Member of the House at the time when the Bradlaugh difficulty occurred : I can conceive a most amusing scene when the small, but determined, 'Beetle' endeavoured by physical force to remove the athletic soldier, formerly a private in the Dragoon Guards.

Captain Gossett suffered from a complaint not unfrequent in Parliamentary life, the gout. In his Court-dress of black cloth, with black silk stockings, buckled shoes, and cut steel sword his appearance was not undignified : not unfrequently he removed one foot from his Court-shoe : the idea suggested itself, but I repelled the temptation, to surreptitiously remove the shoe ; and then force a division : to move to 'report progress' : it would have tried even Captain Gossett's powers to limp shoeless, with dignity on the sharp edged cocoanut fibre matting with which the floor is covered ; in order to replace the Mace on the table of the House.

On one occasion I felt it my duty to speak privately, but seriously, to the Speaker on a matter concerning the dignity of the House of

Commons : the purport of my words was "I am sorry, Sir, to have to tell you that a Member of the House has been demeaning himself for some time in a manner which has become quite intolerable." "Who is he? what has he done?" "Mr M. is in the constant habit of spitting immediately opposite to some of the most meritorious Members of the House ; those who sit below the gangway on the Government side : he has done this repeatedly this evening : I have reason to believe that your attention will be called to it publicly." The Speaker, Brand, looked somewhat scared. I went on : "My object, Sir, in speaking to you is to avoid a scandal which would ring through the civilised world." The Speaker paused : and then with great solemnity said "It appears to me to be the duty of the Serjeant-at-Arms to interfere." "I will not ask you, Sir, to give me official authority to speak to Captain Gossett : but may I be permitted to express your views to him privately?" "Certainly," said the Speaker. Accordingly I went at once to Captain Gossett : the offender was sitting immediately in front of him, flanked on his left by my valued, and excellent, friend Mr Locke, Member for Southwark : having delivered my unofficial message

to the Serjeant-at-Arms, he seemed to be bewildered by the difficulty of the position : he said that he did not know what he could do. "There he is," said I, "spitting again : it is horrible." "There I quite agree" said Gossett. "Well what will you do?" "I think, Sir William, you had better speak to Mr Locke, who is sitting next him ; and ask him to give a hint." Accordingly I took post at the side of Mr Locke ; I poked him in the ribs with my elbow : to which action he replied by a low grunt : I then said "You may wake up. I am not Mr^s Locke" : he opened his eyes slowly ; and said "What is it, Sir William?" "Well, here is your intimate friend disgusting us opposite by spitting." "What am I to do?" "We want you to give him a hint not to spit." "Want me?" "Yes : is not he your friend?" "Damn the fellow ! I don't know him." "Well, he sits next to you." "I can't help that : if you like I'll get up, and insult him at once, publicly ; but I'm damned if I speak to him." I carried this somewhat unsuccessful result back to the Speaker : and discreetly retired. I feel no doubt that he conveyed some intimation to the offender ; for we saw no more spitting.

I made however a terrible discovery anent

this matter : looking through a very old book relating a debate in the reign of Charles the Second, I found these words, 'At this there was much coughing, and spitting'; so that if M^r M. had been sufficiently erudite to find, and quote this, he would have had me at a disadvantage.

THE CURIOUS IDEA that Lord S^t Alban's, erroneously called Lord Bacon, wrote Shakspeare's Plays originated long ago : I have little doubt for this reason. Shakspeare copied Bacon: both make Aristotle say that the study of Moral Philosophy is not desirable for Youth : whereas he said that the study of Political Philosophy was not desirable.

BERNAL OSBORNE has been alluded to, and his good things quoted, in 'Disraeli and his Day' : this is not bad. M^r — an Irish Lawyer when sober could hit hard, and speak well ; when under the influence of wine he could not hit hard, nor straight. One evening he quoted Pope's trite, and misinterpreted line

'A little Learning is a dangerous thing.'

Bernal Osborne instantly called across the House 'Go on !' the orator stopped : he again said

‘Go on’: and after a pause added ‘Drink deep!’

IN THE CONVERSATION between Hotspur and Glendower in ‘Henry the Fourth,’ the question is asked “What mean these meteors?” In the text it alludes to Bardolph’s nose : I believe that there is an allusion to the heraldic badges of ‘Glendower,’ which are meteors. Something was omitted by the copyist listening : the allusion not being understood, the double meaning was lost.

SHAKSPERE’S terrible practice of making puns in the most serious situations has not been commented on. Walking a few years ago in Pall Mall with Lord de T., a lover of Shakspeare, I quoted the fearful pun made by Lady Macbeth, which adds horror to the most terrible scene in any Drama. Shakspeare makes Lady Macbeth say

“I’ll *gild* the faces of the grooms withal :
For it must seem their *guilt*.”

Lord de T. staggered against the railings outside a shop. It was a hot day : I felt apprehensions for his life : after a time he feebly asked me if I could point out any other case : he could

not believe in such horror. I at once replied, from 'Macbeth,'

'Bring forth men children only !
For thy undaunted *mettle* should compose
Nothing but *males*.'

There are many similar 'conceits,' quite unworthy of Shakspeare's great name :

'Or, that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His *canon* 'gainst self-slaughter !'

does not even reach the dignity of a pun.

'My tables ; *meet* it is, I set it down' :

I could quote other sad cases.

The rhyming tags, with which he allows an actor to go off, are very poor. It has been said that he was obliged to insert them, to give a third-rate player the means of leaving the stage with effect : the wretched groundlings were pleased with the rhyme ; and he was obliged to write down to them. The rhymes may be forgiven ; the puns never.

The language of Macbeth immediately after the murder of Duncan has been criticised : and the fine sequence of similes has been said not to be the natural language of a man immediately after his crime. I believe that the brain under

a powerful stimulus conceives images that would not pass through it when calm : and that Macbeth's grand utterances

'Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of Care,' and so on, are by no means out of place.

I hope to write my recollections of the British Drama, and its Actors : but I will not omit here a question put to me by Miss O'Neill, the great successor of Mrs Siddons ; and in some parts her equal. Lady Becher asked me what I thought the finest thing in any drama that had ever been acted. I replied "A scene in which you never played : the scene after the murder in Macbeth." "Quite right ! there is nothing like it in the world." I shall have more to say of this great Actress in a subsequent work : she had long left the stage, when I knew her.

THE MARVELLOUS, and terrible, fact, known to all Physicians, of young women, brought up with the greatest care, absolutely screened from all knowledge of evil, using in moments of delirium language of the most revolting kind, is indicated in Ophelia's wanderings.

As a matter of taste and effect, Shakspeare would have done better to have omitted the

scenes, painful enough in themselves ; but rendered distressing by the indecencies which Ophelia utters.

A GREAT DEAL has been said about Shakspeare bequeathing his second-best bed to his widow. I suspect that there was not much love lost between Shakspeare and his spouse ; she being a woman of twenty-eight at the time of their marriage ; while he was a mere boy. Of this, however, we know but little : I believe that the practice of bequeathing the second-best bed to the widow was the common custom of England at that time ; and that Shakspeare in making his will, in which there was nothing remarkable, simply followed the ordinary practice : the best, or family bed would as of course descend to the heir male.

THE IDEA that the Nations of remote epochs in the World's history worshipped dogs, cats, elephants, tortoises, and other animals, seems to me preposterous : the images of these animals were worshipped as types of the qualities, which ought to exist in human beings ; which have at no time been commonly found ; the Elephant of Sagacity, and Physical Strength ; the Tortoise of the power of bearing, that is Fortitude. It

would be eminently absurd to place an Elephant upon a Tortoise, and to make it an Idol. The People of the remote past did nothing of the sort: they worshipped Sagacity based upon Fortitude. What nobler combination could be invented? The Dog was not worshipped as a dog: his image was worshipped as the type of Fidelity, Intelligence, and Courage. The Cat possibly of Domesticity. Is there one quality in which some animal does not excel Man? It was the Worship of the Ideal.

AS REGARDS Disraeli's prompting Mr Gladstone across the table "Your last word was Revolution," another has been suggested as correct: my authority was Sir Thomas Erskine May, for many years the principal Clerk of the House of Commons, who was seated at the table of the House immediately between the two Statesmen: he told the story more than once: and was absolutely certain of the particular word. No doubt a similar incident occurred at another time: on the occasion to which I referred in 'Disraeli and his Day,' the word used by Disraeli was 'Revolution,' and no other.

THE FOLLOWING charade will exercise the in-

genuity of my readers. 'If you saw my first doing my second you would third my whole.

VISITING my principal vassal Forbes of Culloden at Culloden House, he showed me in the basement a bar of iron forming part of the kitchen fireplace where occurred an incident of the battle. A Highlander, who had been severely wounded in the fight, walked into the kitchen; applied the remaining stump of his arm, which was bleeding, to the bar, at the time almost red hot; and, taking a bannock from the table, left — without a remark.

The house at Culloden is not that occupied at the time of the battle: the basement however is unchanged. The large four-post bedstead, on which prince Charles Edward slept the night before the ruin of his cause, is in the house.

Though spoken of invariably as 'The Battle of Culloden' the action did not take place at Culloden. The two Baronies of which I am 'Superior,' that is 'Lord of the Manor,' 'Leanach' and 'Balvraid,' are the field of battle. A road was, some years ago, cut immediately through the centre of the Highland position: the 'Fraser cairn' lies to the right of the road: the burial places of the other Clans are

marked by stones : this was done by the late Forbes of Culloden : who also raised a cairn of considerable size to the memory of those who fell in a loyal cause. I suggested to him that this inscription would not be unworthy

‘The Spartans at Thermopylæ died for their Country, and their Homes : the Highlanders at Culloden for a Person, and a Principle.’

A CURIOUS FATE awaited the grand State Carriage in which Simon Lord Lovat, beheaded 1747, was conveyed to London. His body, having been buried for a short time in St Peter’s Chapel in the Tower, the Government fearing that its carrying back to the Highlands might cause disturbance, was, not long after, carried to his ancestral burying-place, Kirkhill, in the same carriage. The skeleton of this vehicle, which still exists, shows it to have been one of exceptional dignity, and luxury. It descended through his sons Simon, and Archibald, to the grandson of the latter, Fraser of Abertarf. He consigned it to the care of a farmer near Gortuleg ; the house where Lord Lovat met the unfortunate Prince after the disaster of Culloden. This farmer appears to have had an eye more for

pence than patriotism : he not only showed the carriage for hire ; but he allowed the visitors, no doubt for a consideration, to remove bit by bit the whole of the exterior casing. On the death of Abertarf at a great age a few years ago, the question arose as to what could be done with this skeleton of a 'white elephant.' Situated in a district far remote from a railway, the collective sagacity of the principal members of the Fraser family failed to provide an ultimate habitat for the vehicle. I accepted a wheel ; for the purpose of having it made into paper-knives, and other memorials of the sort. It is very much to be regretted that care was not taken of what would have been a very interesting relic.

THE MODERN PRACTICE of quartering troops when at home in Camps, although having some advantages, is detrimental to the practice of recruiting. To be quartered in a dull Camp is a very different thing to the British soldier to being in a cheerful town. Without pampering or spoiling soldiers in the slightest degree, care should be taken that their life be made so happy as possible. The Officers have the means of being away when not on duty ; which the men, of course, have not. If sent to Camp for a few

weeks in the summer months to be taught, or reminded of, their duties, it is well enough : but that a Regiment, which is never long at home, should remain in some bleak or barren locality during the long, dreary, months of a British winter, seems most undesirable. All these things tell : as we have not compulsory service, every effort should be made to make the soldier's life enviable to civilians.

I HAVE WRITTEN of Sir James Graham in "Disraeli and His Day" as having said on his death-bed that he would be known as the man who opened the letters in the post. It is but fair to add that this was done by him when Home Secretary on the insistance of Lord Aberdeen, then Foreign Minister.

I BELIEVE that the origin of the Cholera is at the meeting with the sea of the great rivers Ganges, and Brahmapootra. Both these mighty streams have for several thousand miles been the receptacles of putridity in every shape : human bodies, and decayed vegetation of all sorts, have been poured into them : and this foul mixture has been exposed to the corrupting rays of the Sun in its full power. From the

enormous mass of bilge-water, the combination of the putrid river-water and the salt of the ocean, spring the germs which are carried over the surface of the Earth. In a particular condition of the atmosphere of varied localities these germs are developed: and, entering the human body when it has not vigour to resist them, produce the fearful results which we witness year after year.

I ASKED THACKERAY who appreciated his books the more, Men or Women? He replied at once "Women, and clever men." I said that I should have thought that the converse would be the case.

LOUIS PHILIPPE told Mr Laurence Peel, soon after landing in England, that the constant caricatures in 'Punch' had done him much mischief with the French people. Charles Fox, the great Whig of past times, declared that Gilray, the great Caricaturist of his day, and one of the best draughtsmen that ever lived; had done him more harm in his career than all the speeches of Pitt and the other Orators opposed to him.

Among the many marvels of Disraeli's career,

his winning the stakes in spite of the perpetual ridicule thrown upon him is not the least remarkable.

WE FREQUENTLY MEET with the quotation

‘Welcome the coming, Speed the parting, guest.’

Surely the ordinary interpretation is quite erroneous. I believe ‘speed’ to be the abbreviation of the term ‘God speed you.’ If you welcome a guest honestly why should you wish to be rid of him?

IN ‘WORDS ON WELLINGTON’ I have mentioned the fact that the Duke carried a sword in each of his umbrellas. Since the publication of that volume I have seen one of these armed umbrellas hanging on the wall at ‘The Tussaud Exhibition.’

THE LATE LORD ABINGDON drove a party on his coach to Osterley, Lord Jersey’s Palace near Brentford. He related to me in the afternoon some stories of his day at Eton. He was an excellent mimic : he indulged the company by an imitation of cows, and cattle, whom he induced us to believe were in the upper bedrooms of the house. I got him at last however alone ; I asked him if

it were true that he had 'called Absence' in the character of Dr Keate at a dame's house when he was an Eton boy : he said that the story was not completely true : that he had made up as Dr Keate in a three-cornered hat and gown, at 'lock-up' : and, imitating his voice, had got half-way through the list ; when some boy sharper than the rest called out from the crowd, "Norreys ! your tutor wants you" : "Then I knew the game was up : but walking back at 9, it was in July, I met my tutor's housekeeper on the other side of the street. I beckoned to her ; and, imitating Keate's manner, I gave her an awful lecture : told her that I was shocked, and distressed, at seeing a woman of her age, and character, abroad at that hour of night : that it was most sad to think that she, at her time of life, had wandered from the paths of Virtue. I implored her by the memory of her mother to go home at once : and to pray that she might be delivered from future temptation, etc. etc. The poor old thing," he said, "staggered home in an almost unconscious condition."

He also told me the following. The boys on going one morning to 'six o'clock lesson' found that the door of Dr Keate, the Headmaster's

house had been painted a blood colour in the night : and some irreverent allusions to the Doctor had been added. No one could make out who was the culprit : a meeting of the College, that is of the Provost and Fellows, was held : evidence was taken ; but none pointed directly to the offender. At last, on the constable of the College being sent for, he implored that everyone but members of the tribunal should leave the room : this was complied with : he was then told that he *must* speak the truth. With ‘bated breath, and whispering humbleness’ he implored the College not to compel him to do so. The Provost however, who was a determined man, told the unfortunate constable that he and the Fellows insisted on the absolute and complete truth being told. The wretched executive then said “Gentlemen if I must tell you the truth, I must.” All opened their eyes : but opened them much wider when he faltered out “The painting was done by Dr Keate himself. I seed him.” He then described that in the very early dawn he had seen Dr Keate in his cassock, and Geneva gown, wearing the three-cornered hat which the Headmaster then wore, deliberately painting his own door a brilliant scarlet. He described the pail, and the very

brush, which the Headmaster had used. A dreadful feeling sprang up in the breasts of the assembled College that Dr Keate must have gone mad. Whether they sent for him, and cross-questioned him I do not know. The simple interpretation was that Lord Abingdon had simulated the appearance of the venerable pedagogue; probably in requital for innumerable floggings; and had duped the constable, and any other casual passer by.

For many years there was considerable confusion between two individuals who strongly resembled each other in style, and somewhat in face: Lord Abingdon, and Mr Peacocke; the latter was in Parliament for some years: they were both of the same type; precisely what the French call 'Cidevant jeunes hommes.' Lord Abingdon told me that, so constantly was he spoken to as 'Peacocke,' he found it the less trouble to accept the position, and to answer as if the appellant had not made a mistake. When asked after the health of Mrs Peacocke, he invariably said that she was very well, and the children etc.

For some reason Mr Peacocke changed his name to 'Sandford': a fact of which Lord Abingdon was completely ignorant.

Being at Brighton for the Goodwood races, he was standing with some friends outside the Albion Hotel, when a man, bearing the outward appearance of a gentleman, came up to him ; and said "How is Mrs Sandford ?" "I glared at him" : he said, "and replied, I admit with extreme ferocity, 'How the Devil should I know? I know nothing of Mrs Sandford nor of any person of the sort that you are seeking !'" Sandford bore most heroically the terrible sufferings which ended in his death.

I recall a story which 'my Tutor' delighted to repeat. The present Earl of Mexborough, described by the Public Orator of Cambridge as 'Etonæ amantissimus,' visited Eton many years after he had left : he walked through the School-yard, and wandered about the playing-fields, unmoved : but when he entered 'the boys' door' of his quondam Tutor, Cookesley's, he burst into tears ; exclaiming amid his sobs "The same dear old smells !"

I HAVE MANY vivid recollections of the Emperor Napoleon III. which I hope to relate in a future work.

I HAVE VISITED several scenes where Lord

Byron resided ; and know some facts that have not hitherto been made public.

I HOPE AT some time to record my theatrical reminiscences : and to include in them what I know of that great actor, Charles Dickens.

EARLY IN this volume I related a conversation with Lord Lytton on the subject of Sir Walter Scott. The novel which he considered to be his best, which I had already written down, was 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' In this Sir Walter owed everything to fact : the tragedy occurred not on Lammermuir in East Lothian, but at Lord Stair's house in Wigtonshire.

I WISHED to obtain some illustrations of Poems which I had written from the hand of Gustave Doré : George Cruikshank having executed for me several of his best works. An introduction to him was sent to me by Monsieur de Neuckerque, the Minister of the "Beaux Arts" under the Emperor:

Doré told me that Dante was his favourite Poet. Of Milton he said that he failed to find graphic Genius : adding that the Fall of Satan was fine.

Of Shakspeare he said that he could illustrate every line. It is to be regretted that he had not time to carry out this intention.

I have known few men whose death I regret more. Numerous as were his works, his Genius showed no sign of exhaustion. I hoped that he had made some progress with Shakspeare. Had he only, as I once suggested to him, done a few scenes from Macbeth, they would probably have transcended all his previous works. I can imagine nothing more likely to inspire him than the scenes between Macbeth and the 'murderous, black, and midnight, hags.' The wild heath; the cauldron; the spectres; the lightning; above all the unearthly sentiments uttered by the sexless phantoms, and all the glorious dramatic accessories, which the mighty William introduced with such consummate art, would have entered into his very Soul. No Artist has been able to give real effect to the ghosts of the Royal Hamlet, and the blood-bespattered Banquo. Doré would have done this.

On his second visit to London I took him in the afternoon to Bridgewater House; the only collection, I believe, in the world which contains no doubtful picture. Repairs were going on in the large gallery: on entering a small room down-

stairs, which Lady Ellesmere most kindly permitted us to visit, Doré observed "It is not everyone who has in her boudoir three chef-d'œuvres of Raphael."

I do not remember that he made many remarks as to the pictures: nor should I say that he had a very keen appreciation of the Great Masters of painting.

Utterly without Vanity, he observed narrowly what might seem to be want of Respect. Leaving Bridgewater House we happened to meet Sir Emmerson Tennant, who induced us to visit a house containing a number of good modern pictures. On entering the drawing-room, we found it empty: but I noticed the uttermost corner of a black silk dress vanishing through a doorway at the farther end. As we left the house Doré remarked "I see what your English Society is: the Duchess," meaning Lady Ellesmere, "received me as if I were a Prince: the bourgeoisie fled on my approach." I hastened to explain to him that this was not at all from want of deference, but from 'sheer Ignorance' of 'savoir faire.'

Like all generous and noble minds, incapable of baseness himself, he seemed always most reluctant to believe in it in others.

I never, in the course of a long acquaintance, heard him speak disparagingly of his brother artists; nor indeed of anyone; but I have heard him not unfrequently say, with deep feeling, how acutely he appreciated the Envy, Jealousy, and Hatred, which his success had provoked for him.

He often told me that the very men whom he assisted in their early careers had, almost to a man, turned upon him; now that he was high on the ladder of Fame: and he assured me that those with whom, when he was poor, he shared his first earnings, and was delighted to share them, were now his bitterest enemies.

I quoted, as trite, and false, the line

‘*Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos*’

adding “what a fool the man was who wrote that”; an opinion shared by other successful men besides Gustave Doré.

Nothing could be more fearfully graphic than Doré’s illustrations of ‘*Hidden London*.’ One scene, *A Female Preacher in a Penny Lodging*, is terrible in its power. He spoke to me with awe of what he had seen.

London, sublime as it is in its Vastness, did not rouse his Genius. Besides the mistake of

giving Norman arches to London Bridge, and others, he seemed no more able to catch the Spirit of the British race than did Gavarni many years ago.

I showed him what I consider the most picturesque point of view from which to see London; looking East from the riverside, near the Gate of Lambeth Palace: the tide being full at the time. He appeared to be very much struck with it: this view he introduced in his work.

He usually came over at the time of the Prince and Princess of Wales's parties, then given at Chiswick. He was always most cordially welcomed by the Prince and Princess.

Driving from Chiswick through Hammer-smith, à propos of some passing beauty, I asked him if he was not extremely struck by the numberless lovely faces to be seen in London. He replied "Yes": and after a pause, "it makes me very sad"; "*Cela me fait bien triste*"; echoing unknowingly Lord Byron's words

‘Sweet lips that make us sigh
That we have seen them.’

Doré consulted me about a twelve-month before the ‘Doré Gallery’ was established in Bond

Street as to a proposal which had been made to him. I strongly advised him to have no partnership : and make no joint speculation of any sort. I told him that I believed that he would find persons with capital sufficient to start a Gallery in a good position : and that, on condition of his engaging to supply them with one or two sensational oil paintings in each year, they would pay him a very handsome sum for the exhibition of his works, and the use of his name.

He followed this advice : and I know that he was pleased with the result.

Doré accompanied me to the House of Commons. This seemed to impress him more than anything that he saw. Taking him under the Gallery, he seemed quite absorbed by the spectacle. The House was very full : and while we sat there Disraeli, and several of the best speakers, addressed the House. Gustave Doré's summing up was, "Very Sensible : very Practical : very unwholesome," "*très malsain.*" After showing him the House of Lords ; the Library of the Commons ; the Terrace ; and other parts of the building, I asked if the Speaker would permit me to show Doré his own house. He most courteously sent

his train-bearer with the request that Monsieur Doré would allow the Speaker to present himself to him. As Mr Denison's knowledge of French was very scanty, and as Doré could speak no word of English, their conversation was not of importance: indeed Doré was mystified as to who the very important personage in the black cut-away coat, silk stockings, buckled shoes etc. could be: and stood before him in very much the same attitude as I have seen Eton boys when arguing with Dr Hawtrey as to the propriety of their being flogged. I explained to him, on leaving the Speaker's house, that the individual he had seen in the full bottomed wig, gown etc. in the Chair was the same person to whom he had been introduced: and that, on occasion, the House of Commons got on pretty well without a Speaker; under the auspices of the Chairman of Committees.

He made one amusing mistake while listening to a Debate in the House of Commons. Some orator being loudly cheered he turned to me and said "I suppose this is from your German origin." I asked him what he meant. He replied "I observe that when the members approve they say 'Ja' 'Ja.'" I hastened to

explain to him that there was nothing German in the exclamation : that it was simply 'écoutez.'

I noticed then, and at other times, the Surprise, and Delight, with which he appreciated the honour that was done him in this country. He said to me more than once "This is a dream. I shall go away ; so that I may not be awakened." Indeed the cordial, and genuine Welcome, and Respect, which he met with in London Society would have quickened the pulse of a person much less sensitive than Doré.

'The World's regard, that sooths, though half untrue'

was certainly lavished upon him ; and did not diminish, up to the time of his death.

Having mentioned to the late Dean Stanley of Westminster that Gustave Doré was anxious to see the Abbey, principally for its architectural effects, the Dean most kindly invited him and myself to visit the Abbey at night : and caused this glorious building to be illuminated for the purpose. The Dean was most courteous ; and carefully showed every object of interest. Doré appeared to be occupied in observing the effects of light upon the arches, columns, and roof : but I did not notice that this unrivalled depository

of Britain's greatness interested him beyond the precincts of his Art. Even the headless monument of 'Him who fought at Agincourt' did not appear to attract him.

Gustave Doré's head was most remarkable. His face partook of the femininity, not effeminateness, which not unfrequently accompanies Genius. His character was most manly. I never remember to have seen anyone the shape of whose head was like his. The very peculiar breadth, not of his face but of his head, giving it almost a pegtop shape, I have only observed in the busts of the Roman Emperors. His expression was full of Vivacity : he had a singularly pleasant smile : and, above all, the freshness of look and manner, which indicates an unexhausted, and inexhaustible mind. I never saw him laugh.

Whenever I passed through Paris I paid a visit to his studio, on the North bank of the Seine. I always found him alone : seldom at work : and pleased to have a chat. I never saw a model ; nor did I ask how he obtained them. His studio was enormous : I think the loftiest domestic room that I have been in. His residence, where I first saw him, was on the South side of the river : in or near the Faubourg.

St. Germain. He gave me the impression of a mind haunted, as are all men of Genius, with the spirit of Melancholy. At the same time I do not think that he had fathomed the depths of Sentiment. I remember on one occasion saying to him that Marriage could never be desirable for a man of Genius ; that Idealization, the accompaniment of Genius, must always bring sad, and lasting disappointment : that neither the wife, nor, what is more important, the children, could ever come up to the Ideal : and that Worship, if, a rare case, it should be paid to Genius by a man's own family, would not be discriminated, nor valued by him amidst the more enthusiastic clamours of mankind. This belief Doré could not comprehend. He shrugged his shoulders : and stated that he did not feel inclined to be married : he seemed never to have taken a sentimental view of a matter of business.

The last work upon which I observed him employed was a colossal Vase, covered with infantine figures which he was preparing for the Paris Exhibition. In this he showed wonderful and varied power : indeed while watching him everyone felt that with him to conceive was to execute. One wishes that his Genius had led

him nearer to Simplicity. . . . Wherever he was Simple he was Great. . . . Whether depicting the colossal temples of the glorious Antiquity of Egypt, or the exquisitely graceful form of 'The Lost Lenore' carried across the silent river by Death, he left an impression on the imagination not to be effaced.

He accompanied me to the Tower. The hundred tragedies acted within its walls did not touch his mind at all: I confess that I was disappointed that a scene of such boundless interest in the great Drama of History did not seem to impress him. He examined most carefully the mediæval weapons, and armour. I have always wondered when and where he could have accumulated the numberless minutiae of the Middle Ages shown in his works. I never saw any articles of the sort in his studio.

I drew his attention to a mask suspended to the wall of the Horse Armoury. Of this mask a most stupid description is still given by the Warders; a blunder of two hundred years still continues. The mask is labelled, and shown, as having belonged to Will Somers, Henry the Eighth's jester. It is painted grotesquely; has two long horns; and is made of metal. The real history, and meaning of the mask, are much

more interesting. It had nothing to do with Will Somers: nor any other jester. It was placed on wretched creatures, who proved the sincerity of their religious convictions by submitting to be burned at the stake: the object of its grotesqueness being to prevent the poor victim's contortions exciting the compassion of the lookers-on. A similar mask, which I purchased at Lord Londesborough's sale, has a whistle added to the mouth: so that the screams of agony were made the source of merriment: a truly diabolical contrivance:

'Quantum Religio potuit suadere malorum!'

I suggested to Doré that this was not unlike the manner in which Genius is treated by mankind. He replied after a pause "that is quite true": after we had left the White Tower he repeated the words more than once.

Although graceful figures with calm faces appear in his works, there seems always to be some imperfection in his Ideal. A female figure floating vertically through the air as in 'Francesca' and 'Lenore' was apparently a not unloved object with him: and he may have prudently avoided giving an admittedly complete conception of a Woman's form.

His extreme love of the Horrible was, I think, inartistic. We were told two thousand years ago by a man, who was a Gentleman, and an Artist, that Medea must not kill her children on the stage : I conceive that a work that distresses the mind more than what is necessary to arouse our sympathy 'o'ersteps the modesty of Nature.' The two most painful pictures I have seen are that in the well-known 'Wiertz Gallery' at Brussels of a mother lifting her child, already dead, from its burning cradle, while the basket, containing a toy which she has brought for it, lies on the ground, and Gustave Doré's oil painting of a woman lying on the stone bench of London Bridge at night, with her child clinging to her.

Doré seemed proud of his real success in painting the wild upper valleys of the Scottish Highlands. The difficult perspective of the boulders appeared easy to him. His greens I thought too vivid.

Doré was invited to accompany the Empress to Egypt : a tour that he would have immortalized. I do not know his reasons for not accepting the offer : I think that he subsequently regretted them.

On one occasion when he visited my house

I observed him for some minutes contemplating the print by that most brilliant artist de Louthembourg, Garrick's great scene-painter : the subject being 'The Last Day of the Rising of the Deluge' : de Louthembourg depicts the Serpent on the topmost crag of the highest mountain : the stormy waves rising round him : a prudent position taken up by the 'subtlest of all beasts.' Doré had never seen this print before. I reminded him of his own treatment of the same subject ; a tigress standing on the loftiest rock, bearing her cub in her mouth : a curious characteristic of two minds : the one giving Subtlety, the other Maternal Love, as the most enduring qualities left in the world.

Doré was fond of visiting the Zoological Gardens. I was there with him frequently. I remember his taking me a long walk to find the Lynx ; whose countenance did not disappoint him, and whom I have no doubt he produced in some work. He said "Look at his eyes ! what a face !"

Like most men in a conspicuous position, Doré was occasionally exposed to Impertinence, intentional, or unintentional : he must have suffered not unfrequently, as did that greatest of British actors that I have seen, the ever-to-be-

lamented Robert Keeley. Being in an omnibus Keeley heard someone say in a stage whisper "That's Keeley." The little man turned fiercely round : "Well suppose it is Keeley : what does it matter?" On coming out of Lord's Cricket Ground with Doré a man came up, shook him vehemently by the hand, and said "Well Doré, how are you? Glad to see you in London again." I never saw disgust more plainly written on the human countenance. Doré turned to me, as the man walked away, and said "That man does not know me a bit : I am absolutely certain of that." A few minutes afterwards we passed the same individual on horseback. Doré remarked "There's that man again. He is riding for his health. He hates it. Did you ever see such a seat?"

That his works will live I have no doubt. His thorough Originality will ensure this.

Doré's Genius displayed itself in infinite Imagination, a boundless Variety of Types ; Humour ; and occasional Pathos : but the Sublime he had not.

'The Wandering Jew' ; the 'Contes Drolatiques' of Balzac ; and the 'Fairy Tales,' contain his most characteristic, and finest work.

He asked me which I admired most of all his

works and I replied 'The Return of Hop o' my Thumb;' there is a light shed upon the group of children from the window: also, the scene of the Ogre's children in bed, with bones on the bed cover. There is a marvellous design in the 'Contes Drolatiques,' where the lover being split in half from behind by the injured husband's sword, his heart springs out towards his mistress.

Of the numerous caricatures which he did in early life few show much Humour. His ideal Briton, with straight red hair, and obtrusive upper teeth, is absolutely unreal: when he came to England he was ashamed to have drawn such dull nonsense.

Every scene in 'The Wandering Jew' is marvellous. Whenever he introduces wildness, and desolation in scenery, he is successful. The wood on the Eastern slope of the Wengern Alp, which he repeats in several of his works, a wood utterly stripped of leaves, and bark, appeals most vividly to the Imagination. Lord Byron writes of the same wood in his tour in the Oberland: and compares its desolation to himself, and his family.

Doré was, like all men of real superiority, utterly devoid of Affectation: not wanting in

Dignity, and Self-Respect, there was not a trace of pretension about him. You felt in his company that you were in the society of a perfect Gentleman ; utterly incapable of saying, or doing, anything that a well-bred man would object to.

As regards the great object of his ambition, the purpose of his life, to be a high-class painter in oils, I cannot but think that his own opinion, and that of his best friends, was correct ; that it was beyond him. Like Haydon, and Wiertz, though far their superior, he stopped short of Greatness : and was unable to reach that Ideal which is not of this world : which only the greatest of painters have approached.

Not only was he unable to speak one sentence in English ; but he had no knowledge whatever of English literature.

I suggested to him two subjects as suitable, to his style ; Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' ; and the far more sublime Poem by Campbell 'The Last Man.' I translated for him the lines.

'The skeletons of Nations were
 Around that lonely man.
 Some had expired in fight : the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands :

By Plague and Famine some !
Earth's Cities had no Sound, nor Tread :
And Ships were drifting with the Dead
To shores where all was dumb !'

He had heard of neither of these immortal works. Some years later he illustrated the former.

It always surprised me that a man of such capacity had never taken the trouble to learn English ; and thus receive in his imagination the most sublime pictures, from our Poets, that have ever visited the human mind.

I was fortunate in obtaining from him three beautiful illustrations. I do not know of anyone else for whom he has worked.

Having paid a visit with the late Major Whyte-Melville the novelist to Holman Hunt's picture 'Isabella and the Pot of Basil,' I expressed my surprise that neither the Artist, nor Keats could find a better, nor a more original subject than that used by Boccaccio five hundred years ago : I said that I would endeavour to produce, and that Whyte-Melville should have by the next morning's post, a more original subject, a more horrible, and a more probable. I hope that I accomplished this : it will show Doré's

marvellous facility. I fortunately met him on the next afternoon near Buckingham Palace. I told him that I had just achieved a subject worthy of his pencil ; something after his own heart ; adding that the leading incident in the narrative was that a man boils his wife. The great little man brightened up at once ; and, turning round, accompanied me to his room at the Grosvenor Hotel. He took a block of wood about six inches by four, and with the ink that was on the table, and a small pot of some white material, he at once executed a most beautiful design.

The illustration which he did for me, the rapidity of which I have described, was of the twentieth stanza of the following Poem.

“DE LUNATICO.”

‘SIT, Doctor ; wheel yon elbow chair,—

No, not too near, and hear my tale :

Fit hour is this ; above the hills

Night, weary night, begins to pale.

Yes, hear the madman’s tale ; and know

My grisly secret ; not again

Shall the hot, soul-tormenting sun

Scorch with his cruel beams my brain.

Few hours, and this sad heart will stop
Its feverish beating ; and repose,
Rest, longed for rest, will come at last,
And Life's long dreary chapter close.

My heart beats slowly ; open wide
Yon window ; oh ! the morning air
Drives through my languid brain the blood,
And for a moment quells Despair.

You've not forgot, though years have passed,
The day when that poor girl was found,
There, near that elm-tree, in the lake,—
Here you can see the place,—dead,
drowned :

My steward's daughter ; she seemed pure,
And merry as the bird in spring ;
And radiant as yon glistening world ;
But in her eyes, there lay the sting :

Yes, and they stung away my sense,
My thoughts, my hopes, and now my life ;
I loved,—oh ! fearful word !—I loved,
And she became—off, fiends !—my wife.

Then hell was loose :—oh ! I am calm—
I will not rave—my secret bride
Was—spare me, Devils ! spare my shame !
Oh ! cease your victim to deride.

They viewed her body, white and cold :
I kissed her lips—one clinging kiss ;
Oh ! God forgive her : as I turned,
Behind me serpents seemed to hiss.

“ *Felo de se* ” the fools declared ;
A cross-road burial was decreed ;
I slew the girl ; and yet I heard,
Unmoved, the babblers blame her deed.

But fiends then first became my guests ;
They hovered round my bed, and board ;
They lurked behind the Summer leaves ;
They hid where Winter’s pine-trees roared.

There was a laugh that never ceased,
A hideous laugh—there, can’t you hear ?
I hear it now, close to the hearth,
It taunts my pride, it jars my ear.

And then I knew that I grew wild,
That I should be a madman soon :
I felt it in the noonday’s glare,
And in the fulness of the Moon.

I knew that men would watch my steps,
That freedom would be scanty given ;
I was not sure but I should change
For one dark room the light of Heaven.

But no one yet my acts controuled :
I stole, in one long Winter's night,
Alone, amid the rain and cold,
Without a spade, without a light :

I found the cross-road, and I kneeled,
And tearing with my hands the ground,
My hands that bled, I worked and worked
Until her stake-pierced corpse I found :

I bore it to yon desert farm ;
I did not look into her eyes ;
I cast her in the cauldron's pool ;
The grave-worms must have missed their prize :

I burned her flesh : high, high it flamed,
Against the sky, that lurid blaze :
I joined her bones with cunning skill :
Yes, now you understand the craze

That made the madman pray, and tell
That this bare room contained his love ;
Observe, I move the massive bed,
You see in shade a dim alcove.

Ah ! little dreamed ye of my joy,
The madman's joy, when in the night
I brought my beauty from her cell,
And placed her in the Moon's full light.

What was't to me her taper limbs
 Were now white bones? Her fleshless face
 Still seemed to smile, and in the shade
 Each rosy dimple I could trace.

But 'mid my joy the sting remained,
 For, from their sockets white and bare,
 The eyes still shone, or seemed to shine,
 The eyes that stung me to Despair.

Well, Doctor, you have heard my tale :
 I'm dying ; yes, I feel it here :
 Peace comes at last ; long sought for rest :
 I die without a friend, a tear.

Humour the madman's latest whim ;
 Place in my charnel home her bones :
 Write on my grave, in deep-cut words,
 This soul felt legend—"LOVE ATONES."

Another illustration which he did for me is one of his finest works : it resembles Rembrandt in his grandest manner. As regards two subjects I was enabled to show him the Poems in French : they having been translated, and published in 'Beautés de la Poésie Anglaise,' in very good company, by the Chevalier de Chatelain.

I will conclude this brief record of one for whom I had great admiration as an artist, and

as a man, with a quotation from a well-known writer, which appeared in a very well known newspaper. When I read it I did not at first recollect its origin ;

‘Of the many private tributes to Doré’s worth which have reached me, none have touched me more than one from a distinguished Englishman who had known Doré for years ; and whose concluding words I may venture to quote without violating les bienséances. *‘He was an excellent type of Frenchman ; the best I have known : with broad views on various subjects : and a born gentleman.’*

The character of Gustave Doré could scarcely be more tersely, nor more truly summed up.’

Reading these lines, methought that I had seen the words before : in a few minutes I remembered that they were contained in a private note addressed by me to the writer of the paragraph.

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DISRAELI AND HIS DAY

By SIR WILLIAM FRASER, BARONET

M.A. OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;

AUTHOR OF 'WORDS ON WELLINGTON.'

Published by **KEGAN PAUL & Co., 1, Paternoster Square,**

London, E.C. 500 pages. 8vo. Price 9s.

THE TIMES.

The interest in Disraeli will be abundantly quickened, and not frequently gratified, by the publication of Sir William Fraser's work 'Disraeli and His Day.' Sir William Fraser has already shown in his 'Words on Wellington' that he possesses a retentive memory; he has taken an active part in politics, and Parliamentary life; he is a shrewd observer; a keen, but not unkindly, critic; and he was intimate enough with Disraeli to be able occasionally to penetrate the mask which that remarkable man habitually wore. He tells many good stories of many great, and notable, people; and gives a vivid portrait of his principal character; his book is eminently readable, and eminently interesting. We subjoin two anecdotes, not as the best in the book, which abounds in good ones, but as a fair specimen of what the reader may expect from page to page.

THE MORNING POST.

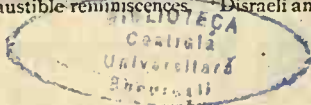
The reader will not turn many pages without finding something interesting or entertaining. Sir William Fraser's book contains much excellent reading; and will be of considerable value to many future writers; seeing how numerous are the eminent personages of the past of whom characteristic anecdotes are narrated.

THE EVENING STANDARD.

Sir William Fraser won his spurs with his entertaining 'Words on Wellington'; he has now followed up, and surpassed, that success. We should say it was a book to dip into at odd moments; if we had not found it was a difficult one to put down; you may open it at hazard, pretty sure to light upon something good.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Sir William Fraser, whose 'Words on Wellington' will be well remembered, has put us all under a fresh debt by another charming volume of his apparently inexhaustible reminiscences, 'Disraeli and His Day'



is a veritable mine of good things. The conventional praise that "there is not a dull page in the book" would do Sir William less than justice; for he is so avaricious of giving us good things that there is scarcely a page which has not two, three or four of them. It is a book which everybody will read; and which nobody who begins can fail to read through.

Fascinating and amusing as is Sir William Fraser's book, the impression which it leaves when one tries to sum up his presentation of his hero is one of sadness.

THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

In 'Words on Wellington' Sir William Fraser proved himself to be one of the best raconteurs of his generation: his new book will at once confirm and enhance that enviable reputation. Sir William has known all the famous men and women; and more, is full of sayings about them, their ways, their sayings, and their whims. Disraeli he knew especially well: and unless he has kept a journal (he has not) he is to be envied the prodigious memory which has enabled him to put together this delightful budget of good stories. To say that the book does not contain a dull page would be a reviewer's commonplace; we prefer to say what is much more cogent, that it does not contain a pointless anecdote. From two or three hints which he drops Sir William Fraser leads us to expect another book, in which there will be a good deal about Napoleon III. It cannot come too soon, since we know now that any volume from Sir William Fraser will be calculated not merely to make life better worth living, but add to the gaieties of the dinner table.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The chief book of the week is Sir William Fraser's 'Disraeli and His Day.'

Perhaps the most interesting of Sir William Fraser's notes are those on the Reform Bill of 1867.

VANITY FAIR.

An interesting and amusing volume of anecdotes, 'without form,' but very far from 'void': it simply teems with good things; all about the great man, and his contemporaries. A peculiarly agreeable book too; for it is plainly inspired by an honest hero-worship. A keen sense of Honour, a chivalrous regard for the Truth, and championship of the weak, refined instincts, which appreciated to the full the blent subtleties, and sublimities, of the nature of Benjamin Disraeli, have combined to make this book a worthy tribute to the great lost leader. To many the loyalty of the writer, and his intense, and more than generous, appreciation of his hero's mental, and personal, qualities seem to lend a special charm to the book; which is in itself sufficiently full of good things. None will rise from the perusal of its thousand and one characteristic stories without an increased admiration, and affection, for the great Statesman. Sir William gives countless instances of Benjamin Disraeli's Wit, Eloquence, Sarcasm, Invective; all the gleaming weapons in his armoury of words. Mentally, morally, and strictly personally, there will be found much in this volume which is new to the majority.

The book contains a host of good stories about other politicians, and contemporaries of Lord Beaconsfield. Sir William Fraser plainly possesses an opinion of the collective value of the House of Commons, to which only his own words can do justice.

THE SPEAKER.

Sir William Fraser has just published a very interesting book; and one well worth reading: in the front of the picture we have the mysterious outlines, the strange personality, struggling between the bizarre and the romantic of "The Jew" as big George Bentinck was ever accustomed to nominate the Leader. Sir William Fraser's Disraeli is a very different figure from Sir Stafford Northcote's, that well-intentioned and guileless being.

His best sayings have men's weakness for their text. Sir William's book gives many excellent examples: one laughs throughout. A great many other people are made to cross Sir William Fraser's stage: his notes on them are lively, intelligent, and original.

THE SUNDAY SUN.

The authorship of the "Letters of Runnymede" is put beyond doubt in Sir William Fraser's book.

The space I have given to this book (four columns) will be a proof that I consider it interesting and important. It is a commendable, welcome, and most readable, addition to the literature on the most romantic figure in England's parliamentary history.

PALL MALL BUDGET.

The book of the week has undoubtedly been Sir William Fraser's Book: it is good news that the Author has another book in preparation. Sir William Fraser, whose stores of anecdotes are inexhaustible, mentions that he never made a note:

SPECTATOR.

Sir William Fraser has compiled a very entertaining volume concerning Disraeli.

Nothing can be more entertaining than Sir William Fraser's account of his own mock duel with Mr. Whalley, or his story of the manner in which Disraeli got the adjournment of the House, moved in order to get a lady, whom he did not wish to see, out of the Lobby, where she was waiting to interview him.

THE IRISH TIMES.

The book of this week which will awake the widest interest is Sir William Fraser's "Disraeli and His Day": and mainly for its anecdotal richness. The Author has admirably recorded what his retentive memory has preserved: he does it with charm, skill, and good nature: a greater tenderness of appreciation of a strangely sensitive, and curiously complex, character will be effected from perusal of this welcome volume.

LAG
TAS
TOOS

THE DAILY NEWS.

One keeps on reading page after page with interest. We are undoubtedly indebted to Sir William Fraser for a good deal that the world has not heard before. The volume is all the better for the freedom and frankness of his criticisms; the world will listen for a long time to any one who can tell it things about Disraeli.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

The latest portrait of Lord Beaconsfield is given in Sir William Fraser's new and pleasant book. The book is like one of those lucky bags, in which there are all prizes and no blanks; you have only to dip into it to get something good.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Sir William Fraser gives very interesting views of Disraeli as he knew him: we know the man a little better after having read the book; he becomes more human; and has after all more in common with the generality of men than he seemed to have.

ERA.

A book which will probably become historical is Sir William Fraser's wonderful collection of anecdotes of Disraeli and his time.

THE SCOTSMAN.

Sir William Fraser's 'Words on Wellington' have prepared the public to expect a treat from the collection of stories which he has now produced about 'Disraeli and His Day': nor will they be disappointed. The value and interest of the collection, taken as a whole, are very considerable: many are good stories, and deserve record simply as such, but the point of all is that they illustrate some trait of character, some habit, or other physical or mental peculiarity, of their subject. The anecdotes are not limited to Disraeli: Palmerston, Peel, and many other notabilities, have a good share of attention.

NATIONAL OBSERVER.

To possess the capacity to venerate and to criticise at one and the same time is to approve yourself at once intelligent and honest. Sir William Fraser is both; and as he has also the trick of story-telling at his fingers' ends, to spend an hour with him is as pleasant a piece of fortune as we know.

You do not review a string of stories: you read it, and—in this case, at least—you bid everybody go and do likewise. Sir William raises twenty points in his hero's character and career that are worth examination and discussion; and of some of these you may take notice, or you may not, as your humour will. There are occasions not a few when Sir William is convincing enough. He was an enthusiastic parliamenteer; and his pictures of the Commons are always in his happiest vein.

Thus Sir William in the last sentence of what we hope and trust is not destined to be his last book.

