

The Bed-Book of Happiness eBook

The Bed-Book of Happiness

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Page 1

THE BED-BOOK OF HAPPINESS

Theisse

[Sidenote: *Richter*]

In his seventy-second year his face is a thanksgiving for his former life, and a love-letter to all mankind.

Richter

[Sidenote: *Carlyle*]

We have heard that he was a man universally loved, as well as honoured ... a friendly, true, and high-minded man; copious in speech, which was full of grave, genuine humour; contented with simple people and simple pleasures; and himself of the simplest habits and wishes.

Broken studies

[Sidenote: *Richter*]

I deny myself my evening meal in my eagerness to work; but the interruptions by my children I cannot deny myself.

THE GREAT CONDE

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

The Great Conde passing through the city of Sens, which belonged to Burgundy, and of which he was the governor, took great pleasure in disconcerting the different companies who came to compliment him. The Abbe Boileau, brother of the poet, was commissioned to make a speech to the Prince at the head of the chapter. Conde wishing to disconcert the orator, advanced his head and large nose towards the Abbe, as if with the intention of hearing him more distinctly, but in reality to make him blunder if possible. The Abbe, who perceived his design, pretended to be greatly embarrassed, and thus began his speech: "My lord, your highness ought not to be surprised to see me tremble, when I appear before you at the head of a company of ecclesiastics; were I at the head of an army of thirty thousand men, I should tremble much more." The Prince was so charmed with this sally that he embraced the orator without suffering him to proceed. He asked his name; and when he found that he was brother to M. Despreaux, he redoubled his attentions, and invited him to dinner.

The Prince on another occasion thought himself offended by the Abbe de Voisenon; Voisenon, hearing of this, went to Court to exculpate himself. As soon as the Prince saw him he turned away from him. "Thank God!" said Voisenon, "I have been misinformed, sir; your highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy." "How do you see that, M. Abbe?" said his highness coldly over his shoulder. "Because, sir,"

answered the Abbe, “your highness never turns your back upon an enemy.” “My dear Abbe,” exclaimed the Prince and Field-Marshal, turning round and taking him by the hand, “it is quite impossible for any man to be angry with you.”

A CLASSICAL ASS

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

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The ass, though the dullest of all unlaughing animals, is reported to have once accomplished a great feat in the way of exciting laughter. Marcus Crassus, the grandfather of the hero of that name, who fell in the Parthian War, was a person of such immovable gravity of countenance that, in the whole course of his life, he was never known to laugh but once, and hence was surnamed Agelastus. Not all that the wittiest men of his time could say, nor aught that comedy or farce could produce on the stage, was ever known to call up more than a smile on his iron-bound countenance. Happening one day, however, to stray into the fields, he espied an ass browsing on thistles; and in this there appears to have been something so eminently ridiculous in those days that the man who never laughed before could not help laughing at it outright. It was but the burst of a moment; Agelastus immediately recovered himself, and never laughed again.

MEMORY

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

A player being reproached by Rich for having forgot some of the words in "The Beggar's Opera," on the fifty-third night of its performance, cried out, "What! do you think one can remember a thing for ever?"

"COME IN HERE" [Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

Burton, in his "Melancholy," quoting from Poggius, the Florentine, tells us of a physician in Milan who kept a house for the reception of lunatics, and, by way of cure, used to make his patients stand for a length of time in a pit of water, some up to the knees, some to the girdle, and others as high as the chin, *pro modo insaniae*, according as they were more or less affected. An inmate of this establishment, who happened, "by chance," to be pretty well recovered, was standing at the door of the house, and, seeing a gallant cavalier ride past with a hawk on his fist, and his spaniels after him, he must needs ask what all these preparations meant. The cavalier answered, "To kill game." "What may the game be worth which you kill in the course of a year?" rejoined the patient. "About five or ten crowns." "And what may your horse, dogs, and hawks stand you in?" "Four hundred crowns more." On hearing this, the patient with great earnestness of manner, bade the cavalier instantly begone, as he valued his life and welfare; "For," said he, "if our master come and find you here, he will put you into his pit up to the very chin."

A POPE INNOCENT

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

When King James I. visited Sir Thomas Pope, knt., in Oxfordshire, his lady had lately brought him a daughter, and the babe was presented to the King with a paper of verses in her hand; "Which," quoth Fuller, "as they pleased the King, I hope they will please the reader."



See, this little mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Or a triple crown did wear,
And yet she is a Pope.

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold,
She hardly is a se'nnight old,
And yet she is a Pope.

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No king her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her worse look than this;
Nor did she ever hope
To saint one with a rope,
And yet she is a Pope.

A female Pope you'll say, a second Joan!
No, sure she is Pope *Innocent*, or none!

A GOOD PARAPHRASE

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

On the eve of a battle an officer came to ask permission of the Marechal de Toiras to go and see his father, who was on his death-bed. "Go," said the general, "you honour your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land."

IRISH PRIEST

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

An Irish peasant complained to the Catholic priest of his parish that some person had stolen his best pig, and supplicated his reverence to help him to the discovery of the thief. The priest promised his best endeavours; and, his inquiries soon leading him to a correct enough guess as to the offender, he took the following amusing method of bringing the matter home to him. Next Sunday, after the service of the day, he called out with a loud voice, fixing his eyes on the suspected individual, "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig?" There was a long pause, and no answer; he did not expect that there would be any; and descended from the pulpit without saying a word more. A second Sunday arriving without the pig being restored in the interval, his reverence, again looking steadfastly at the stubborn purloiner and throwing a deep note of anger into the tone of his voice, repeated the question. "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig? I say, who stole *poor* Pat Doolan's pig?" Still there was no answer, and the question was left as before, to work its effect in secret on the conscience of the guilty individual. The hardihood of the offender, however, exceeded all the honest priest's calculations. A third Sunday arrived, and Pat Doolan was still without his pig. Some stronger measure now became necessary. After service was performed his reverence, dropping the question of "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig?" but still without directly accusing any one of the theft, reproachfully exclaimed, "Jimmie Doran! Jimmie Doran! you trate me with contimpt." Jimmie Doran hung down his head, and next morning the pig was found at the door of Pat Doolan's cabin.

A DIGRESSION

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]



The celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

FORTUNE-TELLER

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]



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A fortune-teller was arrested at his theatre of divination, *al fresco*, at the corner of the rue de Bussy in Paris, and carried before the tribunal of correctional police. "You know to read the future?" said the president, a man of great wit, but too fond of a joke for a magistrate. "In this case," said the judge, "you know the judgment we intend to pronounce." "Certainly." "Well, what will happen to you?" "Nothing." "You are sure of it?" "You will acquit me." "Acquit you!" "There is no doubt of it." "Why?" "Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune." The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was acquitted.

GASCONADES

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

A Gascon, passing one night through a churchyard, thought he saw a spectre drawing forth his sword. He called out aloud, "Aha! do you want to be killed a second time? I am your man."

Another hero of the same country used to say that he could not look into a mirror without being afraid of himself.

When Robespierre had been guillotined at Paris, a Gascon officer in the French army thus expressed the dread he had entertained of that tyrant: "As often as the name of Robespierre was mentioned to me, I used to take off my hat, in order to see if my head was in it."

TRIBUTE TO BEAUTY

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

As the late beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her countenance, and instantly exclaimed, "Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes!" It is said the duchess was so delighted with this compliment that she frequently afterwards checked the strain of adulation, which was so constantly offered to her charms, by saying, "Oh! after the dustman's compliment, all others are insipid."

BEGGING QUARTER

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

A French regiment at the battle of Spire had orders to give no quarter. A German officer, being taken, begged his life. The Frenchman replied, "Sir, you may ask me for any other favour; but, as for your life, it is impossible for me to grant it."

GASCON REPROVED

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

A descendant of a family in Gascony, celebrated for its flow of language and love of talking, and not for any deeds of glory, descanted before a numerous company upon the well-known bravery of his ancestors and relations. He then, to show that the race had not degenerated, *modestly* launched into a *faithful* description of his own battles, duels, and successes. He was once, he said, a passenger on board a French frigate during the war, and, falling in with an English squadron composed of three seventy-fours, fought with them for five hours, when luckily, the ship taking fire, he was blown up, with ten of his countrymen, and dropped into one of the seventy-fours, the crew of which laid down their arms and surrendered; while the two remaining men-of-war, struck with dismay at the sight of one of their ships in the possession of the enemy, crowded sails and ran away!

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Such were his *faithful* accounts, with which he would still have continued to annoy the company, had not one of his countrymen, more enlightened, frankly acknowledged the natural propensity which leads the inhabitants of Gascony to revel in imaginary scenes, resolved to awe him into silence, and thus addressed him: "All your exploits are mere commonplace, in comparison to those which I have achieved; and I will relate a single one that surpasses all yours."

The babbler opened his ears, no doubt secretly intending to appropriate this story to himself in future time, when none of the hearers should be present, and modestly owned, that all those he had mentioned were mere children's tricks, performed without any exertion, but that he had some in store which might shine unobscured by the side of the most brilliant deeds of ancient ages.

"One evening," said the other, "as I was returning to town from the country, I had to pass through a narrow lane, well known for being infested with highwaymen. My horse was in good order, my pistols loaded, and my broadsword hung at my side; I entered the lane without any apprehension. Scarcely had I reached the middle when a loud shout behind me made me turn my head, and I saw a man with a short gun running fast towards me. I was going to face him with my horse, when two men with large cudgels in their hands, rushing from the hedge, seized the reins, and threatened me with instant death. Undaunted, I took my two pistols; but, before I had time to fire, one was knocked out of my hand, the other went off, and one of the robbers fell. I then drew my sword, and, though bruised by the blows I had received, struck with all my might, and split the head of the other in two. Freed from my danger on their side, I attempted a second time to turn my horse." Here he paused a while; and our babbler, longing to know the end of this adventure, exclaimed, "And the third!" "Oh, the third!" answered the other; "he shot me dead."

ABSENT MAN

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

A celebrated living poet, occasionally a little absent in mind, was invited by a friend, whom he met in the street, to dine with him the next Sunday at a country lodging, which he had taken for the summer months. The address was, "near the *Green Man* at *Dulwich*"; which, not to put his inviter to the trouble of pencilling down, the *absent* man promised faithfully to remember. But when Sunday came, he, fully late enough, made his way to Greenwich, and began inquiring for the sign of the *Dull Man*! No such sign was to be found; and, after losing an hour, a person guessed that though there was no *Dull Man* at Greenwich, there was a *Green Man* at Dulwich, which the *absent* man might *possibly* mean! This remark connected the broken chain, and the poet was under the necessity of taking his chop by himself.

PRIDE

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

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A Spaniard rising from a fall, whereby his nose had suffered considerably, exclaimed, "Voto, a tal, esto es caminar por la turru!" (This comes of walking upon earth!)

WITTY COWARD

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

A French marquis having received several blows with a stick, which he never thought of resenting, a friend asked him, "How he could reconcile it with his honour to suffer them to pass without notice?" "Poh!" replied the marquis, "I never trouble my head with anything that passes behind my back."

VALUING BEAUTY

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

The Persian Ambassador, Mirza Aboul Hassan, while he resided in Paris was an object of so much curiosity that he could not go out without being surrounded by a multitude of gazers, and the ladies even ventured so far as to penetrate his hotel.

On returning one day from a ride, he found his apartments crowded with ladies, all elegantly dressed, but not all equally beautiful. Astonished at this unexpected assemblage, he inquired what these European odalisques could possibly want with him. The interpreter replied that they had come to look at his Excellency. The Ambassador was surprised to find himself an object of curiosity among a people who boast of having attained the acme of civilisation; and was not a little offended at conduct which, in Asia, would have been considered an unwarrantable breach of good-breeding; he accordingly revenged himself by the following little scheme.

The illustrious foreigner affected to be charmed with the ladies; he looked at them attentively alternately, pointing to them with his finger, and speaking with great earnestness to his interpreter, who, he was well aware, would be questioned by his fair visitants; and whom he therefore instructed in the part he was to act. Accordingly, the eldest of the ladies, who, in spite of her age, probably thought herself the prettiest of the whole party, and whose curiosity was particularly excited, after his Excellency had passed through the suite of rooms, coolly inquired what had been the object of his examination? "Madam," replied the interpreter, "I dare not inform you." "But I wish particularly to know, sir." "Indeed, madam, it is impossible!" "Nay, sir, this reserve is vexatious; I desire to know." "Oh! since you desire, madam, know then that his Excellency has been valuing you!" "Valuing us! how, sir?" "Yes, ladies, his Excellency, after the custom of his country, has been setting a price upon each of you!" "Well, that's whimsical enough; and how much may that lady be worth, according to his estimation?" "A thousand crowns." "And the other?" "Five hundred crowns." "And that young lady with fair hair?" "The same price." "And that lady who is painted?" "Fifty crowns." "And pray, sir, what may I be worth in the tariff of his Excellency's good graces?" "Oh, madam, you really must excuse me, I beg." "Come, come, no concealments." "The

Prince merely said as he passed you—” “Well, what did he say?” inquired the lady with great eagerness. “He said, madam, that he did not know the small coin of this country.”

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PRO ARIS ET FOCIS

[Sidenote: *Percy Anecdotes*]

At the establishment of volunteer corps, a certain corporation agreed to form a body, on condition that they should *not be obliged to quit the country*. The proposal was submitted to Mr. Pitt; who said he had no objection to the terms, if they would permit him to add, “*except, in case of invasion.*”

THE GENTLE READER

[Sidenote: *Anon.*]

No British Museum the fisherman needs:
He simply goes down to the river and reeds.

CLERGYMEN AND CHICKENS

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

Why, let me ask, should a hen lay an egg, which egg can become a chicken in about three weeks and a full-grown hen in less than a twelvemonth, while a clergyman and his wife lay no eggs, but give birth to a baby which will take three-and-twenty years before it can become another clergyman? Why should not chickens be born and clergymen be laid and hatched? Or why, at any rate, should not the clergyman be born full-grown and in Holy Orders, not to say already beneficed?

MELCHISEDEC

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

He was a really happy man. He was without father, without mother, and without descent. He was an incarnate bachelor. He was a born orphan.

EATING AND PROSELYTISING

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

All eating is a kind of proselytising—a kind of dogmatising—a maintaining that the eater’s way of looking at things is better than the eatee’s. We convert the food, or try to do so, to our own way of thinking, and, when it sticks to its own opinion and refuses to be converted, we say it disagrees with us. An animal that refuses to let another eat it has the courage of its convictions, and, if it gets eaten, dies a martyr to them....

It is good for the man that he should not be thwarted—that he should have his own way as far, and with as little difficulty, as possible. Cooking is good because it makes matters easier by unsettling the meat’s mind and preparing it for new ideas. All food must first be prepared for us by animals and plants, or we cannot assimilate it; and so thoughts are more easily assimilated that have been already digested by other minds. A man should avoid converse with things that have been stunted or starved, and should

not eat such meat as has been overdriven or underfed or afflicted with disease, nor should he touch fruit or vegetables that have not been well grown.

Sitting quiet after eating is akin to sitting still during divine service so as not to disturb the congregation. We are catechising and converting our proselytes, and there should be no row. As we get older we must digest more quietly still; our appetite is less, our gastric juices are no longer so eloquent, they have lost that cogent fluency which carried away all that came in contact with it. They have become sluggish and unconciliatory. This is what happens to any man when he suffers from an attack of indigestion.

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Or, indeed, any other sickness, is the inarticulate expression of the pain we feel on seeing a proselyte escape us just as we were on the point of converting it.

ASSIMILATION AND PERSECUTION

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

We cannot get rid of persecution; if we feel at all we must persecute something; the mere acts of feeding and growing are acts of persecution. Our aim should be to persecute nothing but such things as are absolutely incapable of resisting us. Man is the only animal that can remain on friendly terms with the victims he intends to eat until he eats them.

NIGHT-SHIRTS AND BABIES

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

On Hindhead, last Easter, we saw a family wash hung out to dry. There were papa's two great night-shirts and mamma's two lesser night-gowns, and then the children's smaller articles of clothing and mamma's drawers and the girls' drawers, all full swollen with a strong north-east wind. But mamma's night-gown was not so well pinned on, and, instead of being full of steady wind like the others, kept blowing up and down as though she were preaching wildly. We stood and laughed for ten minutes. The housewife came to the window and wondered at us, but we could not resist the pleasure of watching the absurdly life-like gestures which the night-gowns made. I should like a *Santa Famiglia* with clothes drying in the background.

A love-story might be told in a series of sketches of the clothes of two families hanging out to dry in adjacent gardens. Then a gentleman's night-shirt from one garden and a lady's night-gown from the other should be shown hanging in a third garden by themselves. By and by there should be added a little night-shirt.

A philosopher might be tempted, on seeing the little night-shirt, to suppose that the big night-shirts had made it. What we do is much the same, for the body of a baby is not much more made by the two old babies, after whose pattern it has cut itself out, than the little night-shirt is made by the big ones. The thing that makes either the little night-shirt or the little baby is something about which we know nothing whatever at all.

DOES MAMMA KNOW?

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

A father was telling his eldest daughter, aged about six, that she had a little sister, and was explaining to her how nice it all was. The child said it was delightful, and added:

"Does mamma know? Let's go and tell her."

CROESUS AND HIS KITCHEN-MAID

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

I want people to see either their cells as less parts of themselves than they do, or their servants as more.

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Croesus's kitchen-maid is part of him, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, for she eats what comes from his table, and, being fed of one flesh, are they not brother and sister to one another in virtue of community of nutriment, which is but a thinly veiled travesty of descent? When she eats peas with her knife, he does so too; there is not a bit of bread and butter she puts into her mouth, nor a lump of sugar she drops into her tea, but he knoweth it altogether, though he knows nothing whatever about it. She is en-Croesused and he en-scellery-maided so long as she remains linked to him by the golden chain which passes from his pocket to hers, and which is greatest of all unifiers.

True, neither party is aware of the connection at all as long as things go smoothly. Croesus no more knows the name of, or feels the existence of, his kitchen-maid than a peasant in health knows about his liver; nevertheless, he is awakened to a dim sense of an undefined something when he pays his grocer or his baker. She is more definitely aware of him than he of her, but it is by way of an overshadowing presence rather than a clear and intelligent comprehension. And though Croesus does not eat his kitchen-maid's meals otherwise than vicariously, still to eat vicariously is to eat: the meals so eaten by his kitchen-maid nourish the better ordering of the dinner which nourishes and engenders the better ordering of Croesus himself. He is fed, therefore, by the feeding of his kitchen-maid.

And so with sleep. When she goes to bed he, in part, does so too. When she gets up and lays the fire in the back kitchen he, in part, does so. He lays it through her and in her, though knowing no more what he is doing than we know when we digest, but still doing it as by what we call a reflex action. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and when the back-kitchen fire is lighted on Croesus's behalf it is Croesus who lights it, though he is all the time fast asleep in bed.

Sometimes things do not go smoothly. Suppose the kitchen-maid to be taken with fits just before dinner-time; there will be a reverberating echo of disturbance throughout the whole organisation of the palace. But the oftener she has fits, the more easily will the household know what it is all about when she is taken with them. On the first occasion Lady Croesus will send some one rushing down into the kitchen; there will, in fact, be a general flow of blood (i.e. household) to the part affected (that is to say, to the scullery-maid); the doctor will be sent for and all the rest of it. On each repetition of the fits the neighbouring organs, reverting to a more primary undifferentiated condition, will discharge duties for which they were not engaged, in a manner for which no one would have given them credit; and the disturbance will be less and less each time, till by and by, at the sound of the crockery smashing below, Lady Croesus will just look up to papa and say:

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“My dear, I am afraid Sarah has got another fit.”

And papa will say she will probably be better again soon, and will go on reading his newspaper.

In course of time the whole thing will come to be managed automatically downstairs without any references either to papa, the cerebrum, or to mamma, the cerebellum, or even to the *medulla oblongata*, the housekeeper. A precedent or routine will be established, after which everything will work quite smoothly.

But though papa and mamma are unconscious of the reflex action which has been going on within their organisation, the kitchen-maid and the cells in her immediate vicinity (that is to say, her fellow-servants) will know all about it. Perhaps the neighbours will think that nobody in the house knows, and that, because the master and mistress show no sign of disturbance, therefore there is no consciousness. They forget that the scullery-maid becomes more and more conscious of the fits if they grow upon her, as they probably will, and that Croesus and his lady do show more signs of consciousness, if they are watched closely, than can be detected on first inspection. There is not the same violent perturbation that there was on the previous occasions, but the tone of the palace is lowered. A dinner-party has to be put off; the cooking is more homogeneous and uncertain, it is less highly differentiated than when the scullery-maid was well; and there is a grumble when the doctor has to be paid, and also when the smashed crockery has to be replaced.

If Croesus discharges his kitchen-maid and gets another, it is as though he cut out a small piece of his finger and replaced it in due course by growth. But even the slightest cut may lead to blood-poisoning, and so even the dismissal of a kitchen-maid may be big with the fate of empires. Thus the cook—a valued servant—may take the kitchen-maid’s part and go too. The next cook may spoil the dinner and upset Croesus’s temper, and from this all manner of consequences may be evolved, even to the dethronement and death of the King himself. Nevertheless, as a general rule, an injury to such a low part of a great monarch’s organism as a kitchen-maid has no important results. It is only when we are attacked in such vital organs as the solicitor or the banker that we need be uneasy. A wound in the solicitor is a very serious thing, and many a man has died from failure of his bank’s action.

It is certain, as we have seen, that when the kitchen-maid lights the fire it is really Croesus who is lighting it, but it is less obvious that when Croesus goes to a ball the scullery-maid goes also. Still, this should be held in the same way as it should be also held that she eats vicariously when Croesus dines. For he must return from the ball and the dinner-parties, and this comes out in his requiring to keep a large establishment whereby the scullery-maid retains her place as part of his organism and is nourished and amused also.

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On the other hand, when Croesus dies it does not follow that the scullery-maid should die at the same time. She may grow a new Croesus, as Croesus, if the maid dies, will probably grow a new kitchen-maid; Croesus's son or successor may take over the kingdom and palace, and the kitchen-maid, beyond having to wash up a few extra plates and dishes at coronation time, will know little about the change. It is as though the establishment had had its hair cut and its beard trimmed; it is smartened up a little, but there is no other change. If, on the other hand, he goes bankrupt, or his kingdom is taken from him and his whole establishment is broken and dissipated at the auction-mart, then, even though not one of its component cells actually dies, the organism as a whole does so, and it is interesting to see that the lowest, least specialised, and least highly differentiated parts of the organism, such as the scullery-maid and the stable-boys, most readily find an entry into the life of some new system, while the more specialised and highly differentiated parts, such as the steward, the old housekeeper, and, still more so, the librarian or the chaplain, may never be able to attach themselves to any new combination, and may die in consequence. I heard once of a large builder who retired unexpectedly from business and broke up his establishment, to the actual death of several of his older employees.

So a bit of flesh, or even a finger, may be taken from one body and grafted on to another, but a leg cannot be grafted; if a leg is cut off it must die. It may, however, be maintained that the owner dies, too, even though he recovers, for a man who has lost a leg is not the man he was.

ADAM AND EVE

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

A little boy and a little girl were looking at a picture of Adam and Eve.

"Which is Adam and which is Eve?" said one.

"I do not know," said the other, "but I could tell if they had their clothes on."

FIRE

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

I was at one the other night, and heard a man say: "That corner stack is alight now quite nicely." People's sympathies seem generally to be with the fire so long as no one is in danger of being burned.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN ITS INFANCY

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

I heard a woman in a 'bus boring her lover about the electric light. She wanted to know this and that, and the poor lover was helpless. Then she said she wanted to know how



it was regulated. At last she settled down by saying that she knew it was in its infancy. The word “infancy” seemed to have a soothing effect upon her, for she said no more, but, leaning her head against her lover’s shoulder, composed herself to slumber.

NEW-LAID EGGS

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

When I take my Sunday walks in the country, I try to buy a few really new-laid eggs warm from the nest. At this time of the year (January) they are very hard to come by, and I have long since invented a sick wife who has implored me to get a few eggs laid not earlier than the self-same morning. Of late, as I am getting older, it has become my daughter, who has just had a little baby. This will generally draw a new-laid egg, if there is one about the place at all.

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At Harrow Weald it has always been my wife who for years has been a great sufferer and finds a really new-laid egg the one thing she can digest in the way of solid food. So I turned her on as movingly as I could not long since, and was at last sold some eggs that were no better than common shop-eggs, if so good. Next time I went I said my poor wife had been made seriously ill by them; it was no good trying to deceive her; she could tell a new-laid egg from a bad one as well as any woman in London, and she had such a high temper that it was very unpleasant for me when she found herself disappointed.

“Ah! sir,” said the landlady, “but you would not like to lose her.”

“Ma’am,” I replied, “I must not allow my thoughts to wander in that direction. But it’s no use bringing her stale eggs, anyhow.”

SNAPSHOTTING A BISHOP

[Sidenote: *Samuel Butler*]

I must some day write about how I hunted the late Bishop of Carlisle with my camera, hoping to shoot him when he was sea-sick crossing from Calais to Dover, and how St. Somebody protected him and said I might shoot him when he was well, but not when he was sea-sick. I should like to do it in the manner of the “Odyssey”:

... And the steward went round and laid them all on the sofas and benches, and he set a beautiful basin by each, variegated and adorned with flowers; but it contained no water for washing the hands, and Neptune sent great waves that washed over the eyelet-holes of the cabin. But when it was now the middle of the passage and a great roaring arose as of beasts in the Zoological Gardens, and they promised hecatombs to Neptune if he would still the raging of the waves....

At any rate I shot him and have him in my snap-shot book; but he was not sea-sick.

From the Note-Books of Samuel Butler.

GOETHE’S MOTHER

[Sidenote: *G.H. Lewes*]

That he was the loveliest baby ever seen, exciting admiration wherever nurse or mother carried him, and exhibiting, in swaddling clothes, the most wonderful intelligence, we need no biographer to tell us. Is it not said of every baby? But that he was in truth a wonderful child we have undeniable evidence, and of a kind less questionable than the statement of mothers and relatives. At three years old he could seldom be brought to play with little children, and only on the condition of their being pretty. One day, in a neighbour’s house, he suddenly began to cry and exclaim, “That black child must go



away! I can't bear him!" And he howled till he was carried home, where he was slowly pacified; the whole cause of his grief being the ugliness of the child.

A quick, merry little girl grew up by the boy's side. Four other children also came, but soon vanished. Cornelia was the only companion who survived, and for her his affection dated from the cradle. He brought his toys to her, wanted to feed her and attend on her, and was very jealous of all who approached her. "When she was taken from the cradle, over which he watched, his anger was scarcely to be quieted. He was altogether much more easily moved to anger than to tears." To the last his love for Cornelia was passionate.

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In old German towns, Frankfurt among them, the ground-floor consists of a great hall where the vehicles were housed. This floor opens in folding trap-doors, for the passage of wine-casks into the cellars below. In one corner of the hall there is a sort of lattice, opening by an iron or wooden grating upon the street. This is called the Geraems. Here the crockery in daily use was kept; here the servants peel their potatoes, and cut their carrots and turnips, preparatory to cooking; here also the housewife would sit with her sewing, or her knitting, giving an eye to what passed in the street (when anything did pass there) and an ear to a little neighbourly gossip. Such a place was, of course, a favourite with the children.

One fine afternoon, when the house was quiet, Master Wolfgang, with his cup in his hand, and nothing to do, finds himself in this Geraems, looking out into the silent street, and telegraphing to the young Ochsensteins who dwelt opposite. By way of doing something, he begins to fling the crockery into the street, delighted at the smashing music which it makes, and stimulated by the approbation of the brothers Ochsenstein, who chuckle at him from over the way. The plates and dishes are flying in this way, when his mother returns: she sees the mischief with a housewifely horror, melting into girlish sympathy, as she hears how heartily the little fellow laughs at his escapade, and how the neighbours laugh at him.

This genial, indulgent mother employed her faculty for story-telling to his and her own delight. "Air, fire, earth, and water I represented under the forms of princesses; and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favourites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with 'But, mother, the princess won't marry the nasty tailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the meanwhile think it out for himself, and so he often stimulated my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him that he had found out the *denouement*, then was he all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress! His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidante of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out, and as she repeated these to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, there was a little diplomatic secrecy between us, which we never disclosed. I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw, with glowing eyes, the fulfilment of his own conceptions, and listened with enthusiastic applause." What a charming glimpse of mother and son!

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She is one of the pleasantest figures in German literature, and one standing out with greater vividness than almost any other. Her simple, hearty, joyous, and affectionate nature endeared her to all. She was the delight of children, the favourite of poets and princes. To the last retaining her enthusiasm and simplicity, mingled with great shrewdness and knowledge of character, "Frau Aja," as they christened her, was at once grave and hearty, dignified and simple. She had read most of the best German and Italian authors, had picked up considerable desultory information, and had that "mother wit" which so often in women and poets seems to render culture superfluous, their rapid intuitions anticipating the tardy conclusions of experience. Her letters are full of spirit: not always strictly grammatical; not irreproachable in orthography; but vigorous and vivacious. After a lengthened interview with her, an enthusiast exclaimed, "Now do I understand how Goethe has become the man he is!" Wieland, Merck, Buerger, Madame de Stael, Karl August, and other great people sought her acquaintance. The Duchess Amalia corresponded with her as with an intimate friend; and her letters were welcomed eagerly at the Weimar Court. She was married at seventeen to a man for whom she had no love, and was only eighteen when the poet was born. This, instead of making her prematurely old, seems to have perpetuated her girlhood. "I and my Wolfgang," she said, "have always held fast to each other, because we were both young together." To him she transmitted her love of story-telling, her animal spirits, her love of everything which bore the stamp of distinctive individuality, and her love of seeing happy faces around her. "Order and quiet," she says in one of her charming letters to Freiherr von Stein, "are my principal characteristics. Hence I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, then I defy any one to surpass me in good humour." Her heartiness and tolerance are the causes, she thinks, why every one likes her. "I am fond of people, and *that* every one feels directly—young and old. I pass without pretension through the world, and that gratifies men. I never *bemoralise* any one—*always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles.* In this way I make myself happy and comfortable." Who does not recognise the son in those accents? The kindest of men inherited his loving, happy nature from the heartiest of women.

WHERE—AND OH! WHERE?

[Sidenote: *Henry S. Leigh*]

Where are the times when—miles away
From the din and the dust of cities—
Alexis left his lambs to play,
And wooed some shepherdess half the day
With pretty and plaintive ditties?

Where are the pastures daisy-strewn
And the flocks that lived in clover;
The Zephyrs that caught the pastoral tune

And carried away the notes as soon
As ever the notes were over?

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Where are the echoes that bore the strains
Each to his nearest neighbour;
And all the valleys and all the plains
Where all the nymphs and their love-sick swains
Made merry to pipe and tabor?

Where are they gone? They are gone to sleep
Where Fancy alone can find them;
But Arcady's times are like the sheep
That quitted the care of Little Bo-peep,
For they've left their tales behind them!

THE SECRETS OF THE HEART [Sidenote: *Austin Dobson*]

"Le coeur mene ou il va"

SCENE—A Chalet covered with honeysuckle

NINETTE NINON

NINETTE
This way—

NINON
No, this way—

NINETTE
This way, then.

(They enter the Chalet)
You are as changing, child,—as men.

NINON
But are they? Is it true, I mean?
Who said it?

NINETTE
Sister Seraphine.
She was so pious and so good,
With such sad eyes beneath her hood,
And such poor little feet,—all bare!
Her name was Eugenie la Fere.
She used to tell us,—moonlight nights,—
When I was at the Carmelites.



NINON

Ah, then it must be right. And yet,
Suppose for once—suppose, Ninette—

NINETTE

But what?

NINON

Suppose it were not so?
Suppose there *were* true men, you know!

NINETTE

And then?

NINON

Why, if that *could* occur,
What kind of men should you prefer?

NINETTE

What looks, you mean?

NINON

Looks, voice and all.

NINETTE

Well, as to that, he must be tall,
Or say, not “tall”—of middle size;
And next, he must have laughing eyes;
And a hook-nose,—with, underneath,
Oh! what a row of sparkling teeth!

NINON (*touching her cheek suspiciously*)

Has he a scar on this side?

NINETTE

Hush!

Some one is coming. No; a thrush:
I see it swinging there.

NINON

Go on.

NINETTE

Then he must fence (ah, look, 'tis gone!)
And dance like Monseigneur, and sing
“Love was a Shepherd,”—everything
That men do. Tell me yours, Ninon.



NINON

Shall I? Then mine has black, black hair ...
I mean, he *should* have; then an air
Half sad, half noble; features thin;
A little *royale* on the chin;
And such a pale, high brow. And then,
He is a prince of gentlemen;—
He, too, can ride and fence and write
Sonnets and madrigals, yet fight
No worse for that—

NINETTE

I know your man.

NINON

And I know yours. But you'll not tell,—
Swear it!

NINETTE

I swear upon this fan,—
My grandmother's!

NINON

And I, I swear
On this old turquoise *reliquaire*,—
My great-*great*-grandmother's!—
(*After a pause*)

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Ninette!
I feel so sad.

NINETTE
I too. But why?

NINON
Alas, I know not!

NINETTE (*with a sigh*)
Nor do I.

BRITISH FESTIVITIES
[Sidenote: *Mark Twain*]

Niagara Falls is a most enjoyable place of resort. The hotels are excellent, and the prices not at all exorbitant. The opportunities for fishing are not surpassed in the country; in fact, they are not even equalled elsewhere. Because, in other localities, certain places in the streams are much better than others; but at Niagara one place is just as good as another, for the reason that the fish do not bite anywhere, and so there is no use in your walking five miles to fish, when you can depend of being just as unsuccessful nearer home. The advantages of this state of things have never heretofore been properly placed before the public.

The weather is cool in summer, and the walks and drives are all pleasant, and none of them fatiguing. When you start out to “do” the Falls you first drive down about a mile, and pay a small sum for the privilege of looking down from a precipice into the narrowest part of the Niagara river. A railway “cut” through a hill would be as comely if it had an angry river tumbling and foaming through its bottom. You can descend a staircase here a hundred and fifty feet down, and stand at the edge of the water. After you have done it, you will wonder why you did it; but you will then be too late.

The guide will explain to you, in his blood-curdling way, how he saw the little steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, descend the fearful rapids—how first one paddle-box was out of sight behind the raging billows, and then the other, and at what point it was that her smoke-stack toppled overboard, and where her planking began to break and part asunder—and how she did finally live through the trip, after accomplishing the incredible feat of travelling seventeen miles in six minutes, or six miles in seventeen minutes, I have really forgotten which. But it was very extraordinary, anyhow. It is worth the price of admission to hear the guide tell the story nine times in succession to different parties, and never miss a word or alter a sentence or a gesture.

Then you drive over the Suspension Bridge, and divide your misery between the chances of smashing down two hundred feet into the river below and the chances of

having the railway train overhead smashing down on to you. Either possibility is discomforting taken by itself, but, mixed together, they amount in the aggregate to positive unhappiness.

On the Canada side you drive along the chasm between long ranks of photographers standing guard behind their cameras, ready to make an ostentatious frontispiece of you and your decaying ambulance, and your solemn crate with a hide on it, which you are expected to regard in the light of a horse, and a diminished and unimportant background of sublime Niagara; and a great many people *have* the ineffable effrontery or the native depravity to aid and abet this sort of crime.

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Any day, in the hands of these photographers, you may see stately pictures of papa and mamma, Johnny and Bub and Sis, or a couple of country cousins, all smiling hideously, and all disposed in studied and uncomfortable attitudes in their carriage, and all looming up in their grand and awe-inspiring imbecility before the snubbed and diminished presentment of that majestic presence, whose ministering spirits are the rainbows, whose voice is the thunder, whose awful front is veiled in clouds, who was monarch here dead and forgotten ages before this hackful of small reptiles was deemed temporarily necessary to fill a crack in the world's unnoted myriads, and will still be monarch here ages and decades of ages after they shall have gathered themselves to their blood relations, the other worms, and been mingled with the unremembering dust.

There is no actual harm in making Niagara a background whereon to display one's marvellous insignificance in a good strong light, but it requires a sort of superhuman self-complacency to enable one to do it.

When you have examined the stupendous Horseshoe Fall till you are satisfied you cannot improve on it, you return to America by the new Suspension Bridge, and follow up the bank to where they exhibit the Cave of the Winds.

Here I followed instructions, and divested myself of all my clothing and put on a waterproof jacket and overalls. This costume is picturesque, but not beautiful. A guide, similarly dressed, led the way down a flight of winding stairs, which wound and wound and still kept on winding long after the thing ceased to be a novelty, and then terminated long before it had begun to be a pleasure. We were then well down under the precipice, but still considerably above the level of the river.

We now began to creep along flimsy bridges of a single plank, our persons shielded from perdition by a crazy wooden railing, to which I clung with both hands—not because I was afraid, but because I wanted to. Presently the descent became steeper, and the bridge flimsier, and sprays from the American Fall began to rain down on us in fast-increasing sheets that soon became blinding, and after that our progress was mostly in the nature of groping. Now a furious wind began to rush out from behind the waterfall, which seemed determined to sweep us from the bridge, and scatter us on the rocks and among the torrents below. I remarked that I wanted to go home; but it was too late. We were almost under the monstrous wall of water thundering down from above, and speech was in vain in the midst of such a pitiless crash of sound.

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In another moment the guide disappeared behind the grand deluge, and, bewildered by the thunder, driven helplessly by the wind, and smitten by the arrowy tempest of rain, I followed. All was darkness. Such a mad, storming, roaring, and bellowing of warring wind and water never crazed my ears before. I bent my head, and seemed to receive the Atlantic on my back. The world seemed going to destruction. I could not see anything, the flood poured down so savagely. I raised my head, with open mouth, and the most of the American cataract went down my throat. If I had sprung a leak now, I had been lost. And at this moment I discovered that the bridge had ceased, and we must trust for a foothold to the slippery and precipitous rocks. I never was so scared before and survived it. But we got through at last, and emerged into the open day, where we could stand in front of the laced and frothy and seething world of descending water, and look at it. When I saw how much of it there was, and how fearfully in earnest it was, I was sorry I had gone behind it.

I said to the guide, "Son, did you know what kind of an infernal place this was before you brought me down here?"

"Yes."

This was sufficient. He had known all the horror of the place, and yet he brought me there! I regarded it as deliberate arson. I then destroyed him.

I managed to find my way back alone to the place from whence I had started on this foolish enterprise, and then hurried over to Canada, to avoid having to pay for the guide.

At the principal hotel I fell in with the Major of the 42nd Fusiliers, and a dozen other hearty and hospitable Englishmen, and they invited me to join them in celebrating the Queen's birthday. I said I would be delighted to do it. I said I liked all the Englishmen I had ever happened to be acquainted with, and that I, like all my countrymen, admired and honoured the Queen. But I said there was one insuperable drawback—I never drank anything strong upon any occasion whatever, and I did not see how I was going to do proper and ample justice to anybody's birthday with the thin and ungenerous beverages I was accustomed to.

The Major scratched his head, and thought over the matter at considerable length; but there seemed to be no way of mastering the difficulty, and he was too much of a gentleman to suggest even a temporary abandonment of my principles. But by-and-by he said:

"I have it. Drink soda-water. As long as you never do drink anything more nutritious, there isn't any impropriety in it."

And so it was settled. We met in a large parlour, handsomely decorated with flags and evergreens, and seated ourselves at a board well laden with creature comforts, both



solid and liquid. The toasts were happy, and the speeches were good, and we kept it up until long after midnight. I never enjoyed myself more in my life. I drank thirty-eight bottles of soda-water. But do you know that that is not a reliable article for a steady drink? It is too gassy. When I got up in the morning I was full of gas, and as tight as a balloon. I hadn't an article of clothing that I could wear, except my umbrella.

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After breakfast I found the Major making grand preparations again. I asked what it was for, and he said this was the Prince of Wales's birthday. It had to be celebrated that evening. We celebrated it. Much against my expectations, we had another splendid time. We kept it up till some time after midnight again. I was tired of soda, and so I changed off for lemonade. I drank several quarts. You may consider lemonade better for a steady drink than soda-water; but it isn't so. In the morning it had soured on my stomach. Biting anything was out of the question—it was equivalent to lockjaw. I was beginning to feel worn and sad too.

Shortly after luncheon, I found the Major in the midst of some more preparations. He said this was the Princess Alice's birthday. I concealed my grief.

"Who is the Princess Alice?" I asked.

"Daughter of her Majesty the Queen," the Major said.

I succumbed. That night we celebrated the Princess Alice's birthday. We kept it up as late as usual, and really I enjoyed it a good deal. But I could not stand lemonade. I drank a couple of kegs of ice-water.

In the morning I had toothache, and cramps, and chilblains, and my teeth were on edge from the lemonade, and I was still pretty gassy, I found the inexorable Major at it again.

"Who is this for?" I asked.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh," he said.

"Son of the Queen?"

"Yes."

"And this is his birthday—you haven't made any mistake?"

"No; the celebration comes off to-night."

I bowed before the new calamity. We celebrated the day. I drank part of a barrel of cider. Among the first objects that met my weary and jaundiced eye the next day was the Major at his interminable preparations again. My heart was broken, and I wept.

"Whom do we mourn this time?" I said.

"The Princess Beatrice, daughter of the Queen."

"Here, now," I said; "it is time to inquire into this thing. How long is the Queen's family likely to hold out? Who comes next on the list?"

“Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cambridge, the Princess Royal, Prince Arthur, Princess Mary of Teck, Prince Leopold, the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand-duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince ...”

“Hold! There’s a limit to human endurance. I am only mortal. What man dare do, I dare; but he who can celebrate this family in detail, and live to tell it, is less or more than man. If you have to go through this every year, it is a mercy I was born in America, for I haven’t constitution enough to be an Englishman. I shall have to withdraw from this enterprise. I am out of drinks. Out of drinks, and so many more to celebrate! Out of drinks, and only just on the outskirts of the family yet, as you may say! I am sorry enough to have to withdraw, but it is plain enough that it has to be done. I am full of gas, and my teeth are loose, and I am wrenched with cramps, and afflicted with scurvy, and toothache, measles, mumps, and lockjaw, and the cider last night has given me the cholera. Gentlemen, I mean well; but really I am not in a condition to celebrate the other birthdays. Give us a rest.”

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SIR JOHN WATERS

[Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

Amongst the distinguished men in the Peninsular War whom my memory brings occasionally before me, is the well-known and highly popular Quartermaster-General Sir John Waters, who was born at Margam, a Welsh village in Glamorganshire. He was one of those extraordinary persons that seem created by kind nature for particular purposes; and, without using the word in an offensive sense, he was the most admirable spy that was ever attached to an army. One would almost have thought that the Spanish War was entered upon and carried on in order to display his remarkable qualities. He could assume the character of Spaniards of every degree and station, so as to deceive the most acute of those whom he delighted to imitate. In the posada of the village he was hailed by the contrabandist or the muleteer as one of their own race; in the gay assemblies he was an accomplished hidalgo; at the bullfight the toreador received his congratulations as from one who had encountered the toro in the arena; in the church he would converse with the friar upon the number of Ave Marias and Paternosters which could lay a ghost, or tell him the history of every one who had perished by the flame of the Inquisition, relating his crime, whether carnal or anti-Catholic; and he could join in the *seguidilla* or in the *guaracha*.

But what rendered him more efficient than all was his wonderful power of observation and acute description, which made the information he gave so reliable and valuable to the Duke of Wellington. Nothing escaped him. When amidst a group of persons, he would minutely watch the movement, attitude, and expression of every individual that composed it; in the scenery by which he was surrounded he would carefully mark every object: not a tree, not a bush, not a large stone, escaped his observation; and it was said that in a cottage he noted every piece of crockery on the shelf, every domestic utensil, and even the number of knives and forks that were got ready for use at dinner.

His acquaintance with the Spanish language was marvellous; from the finest works of Calderon to the ballads in the patois of every province, he could quote, to the infinite delight of those with whom he associated. He could assume any character that he pleased: he could be the Castilian, haughty and reserved; the Asturian, stupid and plodding; the Catalanian, intriguing and cunning; the Andalusian, laughing and merry,—in short, he was all things to all men. Nor was he incapable of passing off, when occasion required, for a Frenchman; but, as he spoke the language with a strong German accent, he called himself an Alsatian. He maintained that character with the utmost nicety; and as there is a strong feeling of friendship, almost equal to that which exists in Scotland, amongst all those who are born in the departments of France bordering on the Rhine, and who maintain their Teutonic originality, he always found friends and supporters in every regiment in the French service.

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He was on one occasion entrusted with a very difficult mission by the Duke of Wellington, which he undertook effectually to perform, and to return on a particular day with the information that was required.

Great was the disappointment when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that, just after leaving the camp, he had been taken prisoner before he had time to exchange his uniform. Such, however, was the case; a troop of dragoons had intercepted him, and carried him off; and the commanding officer desired two soldiers to keep a strict watch over him and carry him to headquarters. He was, of course, disarmed, and, being placed on a horse, was, after a short time, galloped off by his guards. He slept one night under durance vile at a small inn, where he was allowed to remain in the kitchen; conversation flowed on very glibly, and, as he appeared a stupid Englishman, who could not understand a word of French or Spanish, he was allowed to listen, and thus obtained precisely the intelligence that he was in search of. The following morning, being again mounted, he overheard a conversation between his guards, who deliberately agreed to rob him, and to shoot him at a mill where they were to stop, and to report to their officer that they had been compelled to fire at him in consequence of his attempt to escape.

Shortly before they arrived at the mill, for fear that they might meet with some one who would insist on having a portion of the spoil, the dragoons took from their prisoner his watch and his purse, which he surrendered with a good grace. On their arrival at the mill they dismounted, and, in order to give some appearance of truth to their story, they went into the house, leaving their prisoner outside, in the hope that he would make some attempt to escape. In an instant Waters threw his cloak upon a neighbouring olive-bush, and mounted his cocked hat on the top. Some empty flour-sacks lay upon the ground, and a horse laden with well-filled flour-sacks stood at the door. Sir John contrived to enter one of the empty sacks and throw himself across the horse. When the soldiers came out of the house they fired their carbines at the supposed prisoner, and galloped off at the utmost speed.

A short time after the miller came out and mounted his steed; the general contrived to rid himself of the encumbrance of the sack, and sat up, riding behind the man, who, suddenly turning round, saw a ghost, as he believed, for the flour that still remained in the sack had completely whitened his fellow-traveller and given him a most unearthly appearance. The frightened miller was "putrified," as Mrs. Malaprop would say, at the sight, and a push from the white spectre brought the unfortunate man to the ground, when away rode the gallant quartermaster with his sacks of flour, which, at length bursting, made a ludicrous spectacle of man and horse.

On reaching the English camp, where Lord Wellington was anxiously deploring his fate, a sudden shout from the soldiers made his lordship turn round, when a figure, resembling the statue in "Don Juan," galloped up to him. The duke, affectionately shaking him by the hand, said:

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“Waters, you never yet deceived me; and, though you have come in a most questionable shape, I must congratulate you and myself.”

When this story was told at the Club, one of those listeners who always want something more called out, “Well, and what did Waters say?” to which Alvanley replied:

“Oh, Waters made a very *flowery* speech, like a well-bred man.”

LORD WESTMORELAND
[Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

When I was presented at the Court of Louis XVIII. Lord Westmoreland, the grandfather of the present lord, accompanied Sir Charles Stewart to the Tuileries. On our arrival in the room where the King was we formed ourselves into a circle, when the King good-naturedly inquired after Lady Westmoreland, from whom his lordship was divorced, and whether she was in Paris. Upon this the noble lord looked sullen, and refused to reply to the question put by the King. His Majesty, however, repeated it, when Lord Westmoreland hallooed out, in bad French, “Je ne sais pas, je ne sais pas, je ne sais pas.” Louis, rising, said, “Assez, milord; assez, milord.”

On one occasion, Lord Westmoreland, who was Lord Privy Seal, being asked what office he held, replied, “Le Chancelier est le grand sceau (sot); moi je suis le petit sceau d’Angle-terre.” On another occasion, he wished to say “I would if I could, but I can’t,” and rendered it, “Je voudrais si je coudrais, mais je ne cannais pas.”

COLONEL KELLY AND HIS BLACKING
[Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

Among the odd characters I have met with, I do not recollect any one more eccentric than the late Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, of the First Foot Guards, who was the vainest man I ever encountered. He was a thin, emaciated-looking dandy, but had all the bearing of a gentleman. He was haughty in the extreme, and very fond of dress; his boots were so well varnished that the polish now in use could not surpass Kelly’s blacking in brilliancy; his pantaloons were made of the finest leather, and his coats were inimitable; in short, his dress was considered perfect.

His sister held the place of housekeeper to the Custom-house, and when it was burnt down, Kelly was burnt with it, in endeavouring to save his favourite boots. When the news of his horrible death became known, all the dandies were anxious to secure the service of his valet, who possessed the mystery of the inimitable blacking. Brummell lost no time in discovering his place of residence, and asked what wages he required; the servant answered, his late master gave him L150 a year, but it was not enough for his talents, and he should require L200; upon which Brummell said, “Well, if you will make it guineas, I shall be happy to attend upon *you*.” The late Lord Plymouth

eventually secured this phoenix of valets at L200 a year, and bore away the sovereignty of boots.

JOHN KEMBLE

[Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

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John Kemble had the honour of giving the Prince of Wales some lessons in elocution. According to the vitiated pronunciation of the day, the Prince, instead of saying “oblige,” would say “obleege,” upon which Kemble, with much disgust depicted upon his countenance, said:

“Sir, may I beseech your Royal Highness to open your royal jaws, and say ‘oblige’?”

ROGERS AND LUTTRELL
[Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

I saw a good deal of the poet Rogers during his frequent visits to Paris; and often visited him in his apartments, which were always on the fourth or fifth story of the hotel or private house in which he lived. He was rich, and by no means avaricious, and chose those lofty chambers partly from a poetic wish to see the sun rise with greater brilliancy, and partly from a fancy that the exercise he was obliged to take in going up and down stairs would prove beneficial to his liver.

I could relate many unpublished anecdotes of Rogers, but they lose their piquancy when one attempts to narrate them. There was so much in his appearance, in that cadaverous, unchanging countenance, in the peculiar low, drawling voice, and rather tremulous accents in which he spoke. His intonations were very much those one fancies a ghost would use if forced by some magic spell to give utterance to sounds. The mild venom of every word was a remarkable trait in his conversation. One might have compared the old poet to one of those velvety caterpillars that crawl gently and quietly over the skin, but leave an irritating blister behind. To those, like myself, who were *sans* consequence, and with whom he feared no rivalry, he was very good-natured and amiable, and a most pleasant companion, with a fund of curious anecdote about everything and everybody. But woe betide those in great prosperity and renown; they had, like the Roman emperor, in Rogers the personification of the slave who bade them “remember they were mortal.”

At an evening party many years since at Lady Jersey's every one was praising the Duke of B——, who had just come in, and who had lately attained his majority. There was a perfect chorus of admiration to this effect: “Everything is in his favour—he has good looks, considerable abilities, and a hundred thousand a year.” Rogers, who had been carefully examining the “young ruler,” listened to these encomiums for some time in silence, and at last remarked, with an air of great exultation, and in his most venomous manner, “Thank God, he has got bad teeth!”

His well-known epigram on Mr. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley—

They say that Ward's no heart, but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it—

was provoked by a remark made at table by Mr. Ward. On Rogers observing that his carriage had broken down, and that he had been obliged to come in a hackney-coach, Mr. Ward grumbled out in a very audible whisper, "In a hearse, I should think," alluding to the poet's corpse-like appearance. This remark Rogers never forgave, and, I have no doubt, pored over his retaliatory impromptu, for he had no facility in composition. Sydney Smith used to say that, if Rogers was writing a dozen verses, the street was strewn with straw, the knocker tied up, and the answer to the tender inquiries of his anxious friends was, that Mr. Rogers was as well as could be expected.

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It used to be very amusing in London to see Rogers with his *fidus Achates*, Luttrell. They were inseparable, though rival wits, and constantly saying bitter things to each other. Luttrell was the natural son of Lord Carhampton, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and in his youth known as the famous Colonel Luttrell of Junius. I consider him to have been the most agreeable man I ever met. He was far more brilliant in conversation than Rogers; and his animated, bustling manner formed an agreeable contrast with the spiteful calmness of his corpse-like companion. He was extremely irritable, and even passionate; and in his moments of anger he would splutter and stutter like a maniac in his anxiety to give utterance to the flow of thoughts which crowded his mind, and, I might almost say, his mouth.

On one occasion the late Lady Holland took him a drive in her carriage over a rough road, and, as she was very nervous, she insisted on being driven at a foot's pace. This ordeal lasted some hours, and when he was at last released, poor Luttrell, perfectly exasperated, rushed into the nearest club-house, and exclaimed, clenching his teeth and hands, "The very funerals passed us!"

THE PIG-FACED LADY [Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

Among the many absurd reports and ridiculous stories current in former days, I know of none more absurd or more ridiculous than the general belief of everybody in London, during the winter of 1814, in the existence of a lady with a pig's face. This interesting specimen of porcine physiognomy was said to be the daughter of a great lady residing in Grosvenor Square.

It was rumoured that during the illuminations which took place to celebrate the peace, when a great crowd had assembled in Piccadilly and St. James's Street, and when carriages could not move on very rapidly, *horresco referens!* an enormous pig's snout had been seen protruding from a fashionable-looking bonnet in one of the landaus which were passing. The mob cried out, "The pig-faced lady! Stop the carriage—stop the carriage!" The coachman, wishing to save his bacon, whipped his horses, and drove through the crowd at a tremendous pace; but it was said that the coach had been seen to set down its monstrous load in Grosvenor Square.

Another report was also current. Sir William Elliot, a youthful baronet, calling one day to pay his respects to the great lady in Grosvenor Square, was ushered into a drawing-room, where he found a person fashionably dressed, who, on turning towards him, displayed a hideous pig's face. Sir William, a timid young gentleman, could not refrain from uttering a shout of horror, and rushed to the door in a manner the reverse of polite; when the infuriated lady or animal, uttering a series of grunts, rushed at the unfortunate baronet as he was retreating, and inflicted a severe wound on the back of his neck. This highly improbable story concluded by stating that Sir William's wound was a severe one, and had been dressed by Hawkins, the surgeon, in St. Audley Street.

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I am really almost ashamed to repeat this absurd story; but many persons now alive can remember the strong belief in the existence of the pig-faced lady which prevailed in the public mind at the time of which I speak. The shops were full of caricatures of the pig-faced lady, in a poke bonnet and large veil, with "A pig in a poke" written underneath the print. Another sketch represented Sir William Elliot's misadventure, and was entitled, "Beware the pig-styl!"

HOBY, THE BOOTMAKER, OF ST. JAMES'S STREET [Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

Hoby was not only the greatest and most fashionable bootmaker in London, but, in spite of the old adage, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, he employed his spare time with considerable success as a Methodist preacher at Islington. He was said to have in his employment three hundred workmen; and he was so great a man in his own estimation that he was apt to take rather an insolent tone with his customers. He was, however, tolerated as a sort of privileged person, and his impertinence was not only overlooked but was considered as rather a good joke. He was a pompous fellow, with a considerable vein of sarcastic humour.

I remember Horace Churchill (afterwards killed in India with the rank of major-general), who was then an ensign in the Guards, entering Hoby's shop in a great passion, saying that his boots were so ill made that he should never employ Hoby for the future. Hoby, putting on a pathetic cast of countenance, called to his shopman:

"John, close the shutters. It is all over with us. I must shut up shop; Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me."

Churchill's fury can be better imagined than described.

On another occasion the late Sir John Shelley came into Hoby's shop to complain that his top-boots had split in several places. Hoby quietly said:

"How did that happen, Sir John?"

"Why, in walking to my stables."

"Walking to your stables!" said Hoby, with a sneer. "I made the boots for riding, not walking."

Hoby was bootmaker to the Duke of Kent; and, as he was calling on H.R.H. to try on some boots, the news arrived that Lord Wellington had gained a great victory over the French army at Vittoria. The duke was kind enough to mention the glorious news to Hoby, who coolly said:

“If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself he never would have had his great and constant successes; for my boots and prayers bring his lordship out of all his difficulties.”

One may well say that there is nothing like leather; for Hoby died worth a hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

Hoby was bootmaker to George III., the Prince of Wales, the royal dukes, and many officers in the Army and Navy. His shop was situated at the top of St. James's Street, at the corner of Piccadilly, next to the Old Guards Club. He was bootmaker to the Duke of Wellington from his boyhood, and received innumerable orders in the duke's handwriting, both from the Peninsula and France, which he always religiously preserved. Hoby was the first man who drove about London in a tilbury. It was painted black, and drawn by a beautiful black cob. This vehicle was built by the inventor, Mr. Tilbury, whose manufactory was, fifty years back, in a street leading from South Audley Street into Park Street.

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HARRINGTON HOUSE AND LORD PETERSHAM

[Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

When our army returned to England in 1814 my young friend, Augustus Stanhope, took me one afternoon to Harrington House, in Stable-yard, St. James's, where I was introduced to Lord and Lady Harrington, and all the Stanhopes. On entering a long gallery, I found the whole family engaged in their sempiternal occupation of tea-drinking. Neither in Nankin, Pekin, nor Canton was the teapot more assiduously and constantly replenished than at this hospitable mansion. I was made free of the corporation, if I may use the phrase, by a cup being handed to me; and I must say that I never tasted any tea so good before or since.

As an example of the undeviating tea-table habits of the house of Harrington, General Lincoln Stanhope once told me that, after an absence of several years in India, he made his reappearance at Harrington House, and found the family, as he had left them on his departure, drinking tea in the long gallery. On his presenting himself, his father's only observation and speech of welcome to him was, "Hallo, Linky, my dear boy! delighted to see you. Have a cup of tea?"

LORD ALVANLEY

[Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

From the time of good Queen Bess, when the English language first began to assume somewhat of its present form, idiom, and mode of expression, to the day of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria, every age has had its punsters, humorists, and eloquent conversationalists; but I much doubt whether the year 1789 did not produce the greatest wit of modern times, in the person of William Lord Alvanley.

After receiving a very excellent and careful education, Alvanley entered the Coldstream Guards at an early age, and served with distinction at Copenhagen and in the Peninsula; but, being in possession of a large fortune, he left the Army, gave himself up entirely to the pursuit of pleasure, and became one of the principal dandies of the day. With the brilliant talents which he possessed, he might have attained to the highest eminence in any line of life he had embraced.

Not only was Alvanley considered the wittiest man of his day in England, but, during his residence in France, and tours through Russia and other countries, he was universally admitted to possess, not only great wit and humour, but *l'esprit francais* in its highest perfection; and no greater compliment could be paid him by foreigners than this. He was one of the rare examples (particularly rare in the days of the dandies, who were generally sour and spiteful) of a man combining brilliant wit and repartee with the most perfect good-nature. His manner, above all, was irresistible; and the slight lisp, which might have been considered as a blemish, only added piquancy and zest to his sayings.

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In appearance he was about the middle height, and well and strongly built, though he latterly became somewhat corpulent. He excelled in all manly exercises, was a hard rider to hounds, and was what those who do not belong to the upper ten thousand call “a good-plucked one.” His face had somewhat of the rotund form and smiling expression which characterises the jolly friars one meets with in Italy. His hair and eyes were dark, and he had a very small nose, to which, after deep potations, his copious pinches of snuff had some difficulty in finding their way, and were in consequence rather lavishly bestowed upon his florid cheek. He resided in Park Street, St. James’s, and his dinners there and at Melton were considered to be the best in England. He never invited more than eight people, and insisted upon having the somewhat expensive luxury of an apricot-tart on the sideboard the whole year round.

Alvanley was a good speaker; and, having made some allusion to O’Connell in rather strong terms in the House of Lords, the latter very coarsely and unjustly denounced him, in a speech he made in the House of Commons, as a bloated buffoon. Alvanley thereupon called out the Liberator, who would not meet him, but excused himself by saying, “There is blood already on this hand”—alluding to his fatal duel with D’Esterre.

Alvanley then threatened O’Connell with personal chastisement. Upon this, Morgan O’Connell, a very agreeable, gentlemanlike man, who had been in the Austrian service, and whom I knew well, said he would take his father’s place. A meeting was accordingly agreed upon at Wimbledon Common, Alvanley’s second was Colonel George Dawson Damer, and our late consul at Hamburgh, Colonel Hodges, acted for Morgan O’Connell. Several shots were fired without effect, and the seconds then interfered and put a stop to any further hostilities.

On their way home in a hackney-coach, Alvanley said, “What a clumsy fellow O’Connell must be, to miss such a fat fellow as I am! He ought to practise at a haystack to get his hand in.” When the carriage drove up to Alvanley’s door, he gave the coachman a sovereign. Jarvey was profuse in his thanks and said, “It’s a great deal for only having taken your lordship to Wimbledon.”

“No, my good man,” said Alvanley; “I give it you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back.”

Everybody knows the story of Gunter, the pastrycook. He was mounted on a runaway horse with the King’s hounds, and excused himself for riding against Alvanley by saying, “Oh my lord, I can’t hold him, he’s so hot!” “Ice him, Gunter—ice him!” was the consoling rejoinder.

In the hunting-field in a northern county, Sir Charles S——, whose married life was not a very happy one, wore one morning at the meet a wonderful greatcoat, with enormous horn buttons. Alvanley, riding up to him, and apparently looking at the buttons with great admiration, said, “A little attention of Lady S——’s, I presume, Sir Charles?”

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Alvanley had a delightful recklessness and *laissez aller* in everything. His manner of putting out his light at night was not a very pleasant one for his host for the time being. He always read in bed, and when he wanted to go to sleep he either extinguished his candle by throwing it on the floor in the middle of the room, and taking a shot at it with the pillow, or else quietly placed it, when still lighted, under the bolster. At Badminton, and other country houses, his habits in this respect were so well known that a servant was ordered to sit up in the passage to keep watch over him.

Alvanley's recklessness in money matters was almost incredible. His creditors having become at last very clamorous, that able and astute man of the world, Mr. Charles Greville, with the energetic and bustling kindness in mixing himself up in all his friends' affairs which still distinguishes him, had undertaken to settle those of Alvanley. After going through every item of the debts, matters looked more promising than Mr. Greville expected, and he took his leave. In the morning he received a note from Alvanley, to say that he had quite forgotten to take into account a debt of fifty-five thousand pounds.

SALLY LUNN

[Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

Some fifty years back, or thereabouts, Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire, lived in her charming villa in Pimlico, surrounded by a large and beautiful garden. It was here she used to entertain the *elite* of London society with magnificent *fetes*, *bal champetres*, and public breakfasts. After one of those *fetes*, I called one morning to pay my respects; and, on ringing the bell, the servant ushered me into the conservatory, where I found Lady Harrington, the celebrated cantatrice Mrs. Billington, and the Duke of Sussex, who was said to be very much *epris* with the English "Catalani," as she was called.

Mrs. Billington was extremely beautiful, though it was absurd to compare her to Catalani as a singer; but she was the favourite of the Duke of Sussex, which made her many friends. During my visit, chocolate and tea-cakes were served to our party, when Lady Harrington related a curious anecdote about those cakes. She said her friend Madame de Narbonne, during the emigration, determined not to live upon the bounty of foreigners, found means to amass money enough to enable her to open a shop in Chelsea, not far from the then fashionable balls of Ranelagh.

It had been the custom in France, before the Revolution, for young ladies in some noble families to learn the art of making preserves and pastry; accordingly, Madame de Narbonne commenced her operations under the auspices of some of her acquaintances; and all those who went to Ranelagh made a point of stopping and buying some of her cakes. Their fame spread like lightning throughout the West End, and orders were given to have them sent for breakfast and tea in many great houses in the neighbourhood of St. James's. Madame de Narbonne employed a Scotch maid-

servant to execute her orders. The name of this woman was “Sally Lunn,” and ever since a particular kind of tea-cake has gone by that name.

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Madame de Narbonne, not speaking English, replied to her customers (when they inquired the name of the *brioche*s), “bon.” Hence the etymology of “bun,” according to Lady Harrington; but I confess that I do not feel quite satisfied with her derivation.

“MONK” LEWIS [Sidenote: *Captain Gronow*]

“Monk” Lewis had a black servant, affectionately attached to his master; but so ridiculously did this servant repeat his master’s expressions, that he became the laughing-stock of all his master’s friends. Brummell used often to raise a hearty laugh at Carlton House by repeating witticisms which he pretended to have heard from Lewis’s servant; some of these were very stale; yet they were considered so good as to be repeated at the clubs, and greatly added to the reputation of the Beau as a teller of good things. “On one occasion,” said Brummell, “I called to inquire after a young lady who had sprained her ankle. Lewis, on being asked how she was, had said, in the black’s presence, ‘The doctor has seen her, put her legs straight, and the poor chicken is doing well.’ The servant, therefore, told me, with a mysterious and knowing look, ‘Oh, sir, the doctor has been here, she has laid eggs, and she and the chickens are doing well.’”

THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD

[Sidenote: *Hood*]

I sawe a Mayd sitte on a Bank,
Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond;
And whiles His flatteryng Vowes she drank,
Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond!

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,
For She was fayre and He was Kinde;
The Sunne went down before She wist
Another Sonne had sett behinde!

With angrie Hands and frownyng Browe,
That deemd Her owne the Urchine’s Sinne,
She pluckt Him out, but he was nowe
Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde
With Shrikes that Echo answered round—
O! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde
The Momente that her Care was drownd!

SHY NEIGHBOURHOODS

[Sidenote: *Charles Dickens*]

One of the pleasantest things I have lately met with, in a vagabond course of shy metropolitan neighbourhoods and small shops, is the fancy of a humble artist, as exemplified in two portraits representing Mr. Thomas Sayers, of Great Britain, and Mr. John Heenan, of the United States of America. These illustrious men are highly coloured in fighting trim and fighting attitude. To suggest the pastoral and meditative nature of their peaceful calling, Mr. Heenan is represented on emerald sward, with primroses and other modest flowers springing up under the heels of his half-boots; while Mr. Sayers is impelled to the administration of his favourite blow, the Auctioneer, by the silent eloquence of a village church. The humble homes of England, with their domestic virtues and honeysuckle porches, urge both heroes to go in and win; and the lark and other singing birds are observable in the upper air, ecstatically carolling their thanks to Heaven for a fight. On the whole, the associations entwined with the pugilistic art by this artist are much in the manner of Izaak Walton.

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But it is with the lower animals of back streets and by-ways that my present purpose rests. For human notes we may return to such neighbourhoods when leisure and opportunity serve.

Nothing in shy neighbourhoods perplexes my mind more than the bad company birds keep. Foreign birds often get into good society, but British birds are inseparable from low associates. There is a whole street of them in St. Giles's; and I always find them in poor and immoral neighbourhoods, convenient to the public-house and the pawnbroker's. They seem to lead people into drinking, and even the man who makes their cages usually gets into a chronic state of black eye. Why is this? Also, they will do things for people in short-skirted velveteen coats with bone buttons, or in sleeved waistcoats and fur caps, which they cannot be persuaded by the respectable orders of society to undertake. In a dirty court in Spitalfields, once, I found a goldfinch drawing his own water, and drawing as much of it as if he were in a consuming fever. That goldfinch lived at a bird-shop, and offered, in writing, to barter himself against old clothes, empty bottles, or even kitchen stuff. Surely a low thing and a depraved taste in any finch! I bought that goldfinch for money. He was sent home, and hung upon a nail over against my table. He lived outside a counterfeit dwelling-house, supposed (as I argued) to be a dyer's; otherwise it would have been impossible to account for his perch sticking out of the garret window. From the time of his appearance in my room, either he left off being thirsty—which was not in the bond—or he could not make up his mind to hear his little bucket drop back into his well when he let it go; a shock which in the best of times had made him tremble. He drew no water but by stealth and under the cloak of night. After an interval of futile and at length hopeless expectation, the merchant who had educated him was appealed to. The merchant was a bow-legged character, with a flat and cushiony nose, like the last new strawberry. He wore a fur cap and shorts, and was of the velveteen race, velveteeny. He sent word that he would "look round." He looked round, appeared in the doorway of the room, and slightly cocked up his evil eye at the goldfinch. Instantly a raging thirst beset that bird; when it was appeased, he still drew several unnecessary buckets of water; and finally, leaped about his perch and sharpened his bill as if he had been to the nearest wine-vaults and got drunk.

Donkeys, again. I know shy neighbourhoods where the donkey goes in at the street-door, and appears to live upstairs, for I have examined the back-yard from over the palings, and have been unable to make him out. Gentility, nobility, royalty, would appeal to that donkey in vain to do what he does for a costermonger. Feed him with oats at the highest price, put an infant prince and princess in a pair of panniers on his back, adjust his delicate trappings

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to a nicety, take him to the softest slopes at Windsor, and try what pace you can get out of him. Then starve him, harness him anyhow to a truck with a flat tray on it, and see him bowl from Whitechapel to Bayswater. There appears to be no particular private understanding between birds and donkeys, in a state of nature; but in the shy neighbourhood state you shall see them always in the same hands and always developing their very best energies for the very worst company. I have known a donkey—by sight; we were not on speaking terms—who lived over on the Surrey side of London Bridge, among the fastnesses of Jacob's Island and Dockhead. It was the habit of that animal, when his services were not in immediate requisition, to go out alone idling. I have met him a mile from his place of residence, loitering about the streets; and the expression of his countenance at such times was most degraded. He was attached to the establishment of an elderly lady who sold periwinkles, and he used to stand on Saturday nights with a cartful of those delicacies outside a gin-shop, pricking up his ears when a customer came to the cart, and too evidently deriving satisfaction from the knowledge that they got bad measure. His mistress was sometimes overtaken by inebriety. The last time I ever saw him (about five years ago) he was in circumstances of difficulty, caused by this failing. Having been left alone with the cart of periwinkles, and forgotten, he went off idling. He prowled among his usual low haunts for some time, gratifying his depraved tastes, until, not taking the cart into his calculations, he endeavoured to turn up a narrow alley, and became greatly involved. He was taken into custody by the police, and, the Green Yard of the district being near at hand, was backed into that place of durance. At that crisis I encountered him; the stubborn sense he evinced of being—not to compromise the expression—a blackguard, I never saw exceeded in the human subject. A flaring candle in a paper shade, stuck in among his periwinkles, showed him, with his ragged harness broken and his cart extensively shattered, twitching his mouth and shaking his hanging head, a picture of disgrace and obduracy. I have seen boys being taken to station-houses, who were as like him as his own brother.

The dogs of shy neighbourhoods I observe to avoid play, and to be conscious of poverty. They avoid work, too, if they can, of course; that is in the nature of all animals. I have the pleasure to know a dog in a back street in the neighbourhood of Walworth who has greatly distinguished himself in the minor drama, and who takes his portrait with him when he makes an engagement, for the illustration of the playbill. His portrait (which is not at all like him) represents him in the act of dragging to the earth a recreant Indian, who is supposed to have tomahawked, or essayed to tomahawk, a British officer. The design is pure poetry, for there is no such Indian in the piece, and no such incident. He is a dog

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of the Newfoundland breed, for whose honesty I would be bail to any amount; but whose intellectual qualities in association with dramatic fiction I cannot rate high. Indeed, he is too honest for the profession he has entered. Being at a town in Yorkshire last summer, and seeing him posted in the bill of the night, I attended the performance. His first scene was eminently successful; but, as it occupied a second in its representation (and five lines in the bill), it scarcely afforded ground for a cool and deliberate judgment of his powers. He had merely to bark, run on, and jump through an inn window, after a comic fugitive. The next scene of importance to the fable was a little marred in its interest by his over-anxiety; forasmuch as while his master (a belated soldier in a den of robbers on a tempestuous night) was feelingly lamenting the absence of his faithful dog, and laying great stress on the fact that he was thirty leagues away, the faithful dog was barking furiously in the prompter's box, and clearly choking himself against his collar. But it was in his greatest scene of all that his honesty got the better of him. He had to enter a dense and trackless forest, on the trail of the murderer, and there to fly at the murderer when he found him resting at the foot of a tree, with his victim bound ready for slaughter. It was a hot night, and he came into the forest from an altogether unexpected direction, in the sweetest temper, at a very deliberate trot, not in the least excited; trotted to the foot-lights with his tongue out; and there sat down, panting, and amiably surveying the audience, with his tail beating the boards, like a Dutch clock. Meanwhile the murderer, impatient to receive his doom, was audibly calling to him "Co-o-ome here!" while the victim, struggling with his bonds, assailed him with the most injurious expressions. It happened, through these means, that when he was in course of time persuaded to trot up and rend the murderer limb from limb, he made it (for dramatic purposes) a little too obvious that he worked out that awful retribution by licking butter off his blood-stained hands.

In a shy street behind Long Acre, two honest dogs live who perform in Punch's shows. I may venture to say that I am on terms of intimacy with both, and that I never saw either guilty of the falsehood of failing to look down at the man inside the show, during the whole performance. The difficulty other dogs have in satisfying their minds about these dogs appears to be never overcome by time. The same dogs must encounter them over and over again, as they trudge along in their off-minutes behind the legs of the show and beside the drum; but all dogs seem to suspect their frills and jackets, and to sniff at them as if they thought those articles of personal adornment an eruption—a something in the nature of mange, perhaps. From this Covent-garden window of mine I noticed a country dog only the other day, who had come up to Covent Garden Market under

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a cart, and had broken his cord, an end of which he still trailed along with him. He loitered about the corners of the four streets commanded by my window; and bad London dogs came up and told him lies that he didn't believe; and worse London dogs came up and made proposals to him to go and steal in the market, which his principles rejected; and the ways of the town confused him, and he crept aside and lay down in a doorway. He had scarcely got a wink of sleep, when up comes Punch with Toby. He was darting to Toby for consolation and advice, when he saw the frill, and stopped, in the middle of the street, appalled. The show was pitched, Toby retired behind the drapery, the audience formed, the drum and pipes struck up. My country dog remained immovable, intently staring at these strange appearances, until Toby opened the drama by appearing on his ledge, and to him entered Punch, who put a tobacco-pipe into Toby's mouth. At this spectacle the country dog threw up his head, gave one terrible howl, and fled due west.

We talk of men keeping dogs, but we might often talk more expressively of dogs keeping men. I know a bull-dog in a shy corner of Hammersmith who keeps a man. He keeps him up a yard, and makes him go to the public-houses and lay wagers on him, and obliges him to lean against posts and look at him, and forces him to neglect work for him, and keeps him under rigid coercion. I once knew a fancy terrier who kept a gentleman—a gentleman who had been brought up at Oxford, too. The dog kept the gentleman entirely for his glorification, and the gentleman never talked about anything but the terrier. This, however, was not in a shy neighbourhood, and is a digression consequently.

There are a great many dogs in shy neighbourhoods who keep boys. I have my eye on a mongrel in Somerstown who keeps three boys. He feigns that he can bring down sparrows and unburrow rats (he can do neither), and he takes the boys out on sporting pretences into all sorts of suburban fields. He has likewise made them believe that he possesses some mysterious knowledge of the art of fishing, and they consider themselves incompletely equipped for the Hampstead ponds, with a pickle-jar and wide-mouthed bottle, unless he is with them and barking tremendously. There is a dog residing in the Borough of Southwark who keeps a blind man. He may be seen most days, in Oxford Street, haling the blind man away on expeditions wholly un contemplated by, and unintelligible to, the man; wholly of the dog's conception and execution. Contrariwise, when the man has projects, the dog will sit down in a crowded thoroughfare and meditate. I saw him yesterday, wearing the money-tray like an easy collar, instead of offering it to the public, taking the man against his will, on the invitation of a disreputable cur, apparently to visit a dog at Harrow—he was so intent on that direction. The north wall of Burlington House Gardens, between the Arcade and the Albany, offers a shy spot for appointments

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among blind men at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. They sit (very uncomfortably) on a sloping stone there, and compare notes. Their dogs may always be observed, at the same time, openly disparaging the men they keep, to one another, and settling where they shall respectively take their men when they begin to move again. At a small butcher's in a shy neighbourhood (there is no reason for suppressing the name; it is by Notting Hill, and gives upon the district called the Potteries), I know a shaggy black-and-white dog who keeps a drover. He is a dog of an easy disposition, and too frequently allows this drover to get drunk. On these occasions it is the dog's custom to sit outside the public-house, keeping his eye on a few sheep, plainly casting up in his mind how many he began with when he left the market, and at what places he has left the rest. I have seen him perplexed by not being able to account to himself for certain particular sheep. A light has gradually broken on him, he has remembered at what butcher's he left them, and in a burst of grave satisfaction has caught a fly off his nose, and shown himself much relieved. If I could at any time have doubted the fact that it was he who kept the drover, and not the drover who kept him, it would have been abundantly proved by his way of taking undivided charge of the six sheep, when the drover came out besmeared with red ochre and beer, and gave him wrong directions, which he calmly disregarded. He has taken the sheep entirely into his own hands, has merely remarked with respectful firmness, "That instruction would place them under an omnibus; you had better confine your attention to yourself—you will want it all"; and has driven his charge away, with an intelligence of ears and tail, and a knowledge of business, that has left his lout of a man very, very far behind.

As the dogs of shy neighbourhoods usually betray a slinking consciousness of being in poor circumstances—for the most part manifested in an aspect of anxiety, an awkwardness in their play, and a misgiving that somebody is going to harness them to something, to pick up a living—so the cats of shy neighbourhoods exhibit a strong tendency to relapse into barbarism. Not only are they made selfishly ferocious by ruminating on the surplus population around them, and on the densely crowded state of all the avenues to cats'-meat; not only is there a moral and politico-economical haggardness in them, traceable to these reflections; but they evince a physical deterioration. Their linen is not clean, and is wretchedly got up; their black turns rusty, like old mourning; they wear very indifferent fur; and take to the shabbiest cotton velvet, instead of silk velvet. I am on terms of recognition with several small streets of cats, about the Obelisk in Saint George's Fields, and also in the vicinity of Clerkenwell Green, and also in the back settlements of Drury Lane. In appearance, they are very like the women among whom

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they live. They seem to turn out of their unwholesome beds into the street, without any preparation. They leave their young families to stagger about the gutters, unassisted, while they frouzily quarrel and swear and scratch and spit at street corners. In particular, I remark that when they are about to increase their families (an event of frequent recurrence) the resemblance is strongly expressed in a certain dusty dowdiness down-at-heel self-neglect, and general giving up of things. I cannot honestly report that I have ever seen a feline matron of this class washing her face when in an interesting condition.

Not to prolong these notes of uncommercial travel among the lower animals of shy neighbourhoods by dwelling at length upon the exasperated moodiness of the tom-cats and their resemblance in many respects to a man and a brother, I will come to a close with a word on the fowls of the same localities.

That anything born of an egg and invested with wings should have got to the pass that it hops contentedly down a ladder into a cellar, and calls *that* going home, is a circumstance so amazing as to leave one nothing more in this connexion to wonder at. Otherwise I might wonder at the completeness with which these fowls have become separated from all the birds of the air—have taken to grovelling in bricks and mortar and mud—have forgotten all about live trees and make roosting-places of shop-boards, barrows, oyster-tubs, bulk-heads, and door-scrapers. I wonder at nothing concerning them, and take them as they are. I accept as products of nature and things of course a reduced Bantam family of my acquaintance in the Hackney Road, who are incessantly at the pawnbroker's. I cannot say that they enjoy themselves, for they are of a melancholy temperament; but what enjoyment they are capable of they derive from crowding together in the pawnbroker's side-entry. Here, they are always to be found in a feeble flutter, as if they were newly come down in the world, and were afraid of being identified. I know a low fellow, originally of a good family from Dorking, who takes his whole establishment of wives, in single file, in at the door of the jug department of a disorderly tavern near the Haymarket, manoeuvres them among the company's legs, emerges with them at the Bottle Entrance, and so passes his life. Over Waterloo Bridge there is a shabby old speckled couple (they belong to the wooden French-bedstead, washingstand, and towel-horse-making trade) who are always trying to get in at the door of a chapel. Whether the old lady, under a delusion reminding one of Mrs. Southcott, has an idea of entrusting an egg to that particular denomination, or merely understands that she has no business in the building and is consequently frantic to enter it, I cannot determine; but she is constantly endeavouring to undermine the principal door; while her partner, who is infirm upon his legs, walks up and down, encouraging her and defying

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the Universe. But the family I have been best acquainted with, since the removal from this trying sphere of a Chinese circle at Brentford, reside in the densest part of Bethnal Green. Their abstraction from the objects among which they live, or rather their conviction that those objects have all come into existence in express subservience to fowls, has so enchanted me that I have made them the subject of many journeys at divers hours. After careful observation of the two lords and the ten ladies of whom this family consists, I have come to the conclusion that their opinions are represented by the leading lord and leading lady: the latter, as I judge, an aged personage, afflicted with a paucity of feathers and visibility of quill, that gives her the appearance of a bundle of office-pens. When a railway goods van that would crush an elephant comes round the corner, tearing over these fowls, they emerge unharmed from under the horses, perfectly satisfied that the whole rush was a passing property in the air, which may have left something to eat behind it. They look upon old shoes, wrecks of kettles and saucepans, and fragments of bonnets, as a kind of meteoric discharge, for fowls to peck at. Peg-tops and hoops they account, I think, as a sort of hail; shuttlecocks, as rain, or dew. Gaslight comes quite as natural to them as any other light; and I have more than a suspicion that, in the minds of the two lords, the early public-house at the corner has superseded the sun.

DRINKING SONG

[Sidenote: *J.K. Stephen*]

There are people, I know, to be found,
Who say and apparently think
That sorrow and care may be drowned
By a timely consumption of drink.

Does not man, these enthusiasts ask,
Most nearly approach the divine
When engaged in the soul-stirring task
Of filling his body with wine?

Have not beggars been frequently known,
When satisfied, soaked and replete,
To imagine their bench was a throne
And the civilised world at their feet?

Lord Byron has finely described
The remarkably soothing effect
Of liquor, profusely imbibed,
On a soul that is shattered and wrecked.



In short, if your body or mind
Or your soul or your purse come to grief,
You need only get drunk, and you'll find,
Complete and immediate relief.

For myself, I have managed to do
Without having recourse to this plan,
So I can't write a poem for you,
And you'd better get some one who can.

LETTERS OF T.E. BROWN

[Sidenote: *T.E. Brown*]

Thank you very much for the satire. Satire is an undoubted branch of poetry; but I do not affect it much. There is a strong, healthy, noble satire, the *saeva indignatio* of the Latin classics. But, short of that, satire seems only an element of discontent and unhappiness.

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I know the “pip,” the “black pigs” too, know them well; but they are quite beneath contempt; and nothing on earth would induce me to cross the bright blue of my serenity. I have a great notion of being the master of my own happiness, and not suffering it to be contingent on the manners and conduct of other people.

If a man slights me, he does me no harm; but if his conduct is detrimental to the general good, if he is unjust, a villain in high place, a seducer, a poison, a snare to the innocent, then have at him! though, *constitutionally* I had rather leave him alone.

The sum of happiness in the world is not too large. I would like, if possible, to increase it by the modest contribution of my own store. If so, I must guard it from all disturbance; and poetry enables me to do this, gives me a thousand springs of joy, in none of which there is one drop of bitterness—and thank God for that!

We are here in the I. of Wight, busy comparing it with the I. of Man, of course. It is really a beautiful island, not merely as regards richness of vegetation, an ornament that just now is not available, but also for its configuration. The “lay of the land,” the attitude, and gesture of the lines are admirable. The coast is dismally inferior to ours; glens are not to be seen, and streams are puny, but very clean. On the whole we give the preference to Mona, and that upon purely aesthetic, not patriotic, grounds.

I hope you are all well and thriving. Accept my best wishes for the New Year. Your satire discloses perhaps a slight biliary secretion—all satire, I fear, is bile. I hope I may impute it to Christmas festivities rather than to any permanent disorder!

P.S.—I return the verses, as I think you would like to keep them....

* * * * *

I did very well in the Isle of Man; had two good solitary walks, drank deep draughts of—don’t know how to describe it—that social brewage which I get nowhere else. Very likely other people get it in their own habitats. But it really does seem to me as if the whole island was quivering and trembling all over with *stories*—they are like leaves on a tree. The people are always telling them to one another, and any morning or evening you hear, whether you like it or not, innumerable anecdotes, sayings, tragedies, comedies—I wonder whether they lie fearfully. They are a marvellously *narrational* community. And you’ve not been there a day before all this closes round you with a quiet familiarity of “use and custom” which is most fascinating. Nothing else in the universe seems of any consequence.

And warly cares, and warly men,
May a’ gae tapsalteerie, O!

A week more and I should have become reabsorbed into this medium past recovery and past recognition....

I have been musing a good deal over my "Dooiney-molla"[1]: he is now taking shape, and looms rather large. I believe you will like him, and his fiery little groom. These good souls do well to visit my dreams: they are such a comfort; and, do you know, they positively do "go on" in my dreams. Here are two lines which came tripping at the window of my slumbers last night:

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1. "When the sun was jus' puttin' on his shoes" (morning),

for which I instantly seemed to discover a parallel—to wit:

"Sthreelin' oft his golden stockings" (the sun again, evening).

2. "Jus' rags tore off the Divil's ould shirt" (=witches' charms, or spells).

There will be a very good witch in this poem, I promise you: look out! ——[2] are sounding me about "The Doctor";... They would try to make it a popular book. The others tried to make it a drawing-room book, with the result that the few purchasers thereof hid it somewhere behind their book-shelves, and even there trembled for the morals of the housemaids....

* * * * *

We went into the church, and sat at a long service. The curate preached on Judas Iscariot; the vicar conducted a service in the churchyard. "Judas did this, Judas thought that"; then from the churchyard, in stentorian chorus, "Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! crown Him Lord of all." Thus, you see, there was an element of the comic; but how, how sad it was to me, how incomprehensible! Verily, I am left behind; I can't, after all these years, adjust myself to the dimensions of such a change. The people behaved better than they used to do in our time; but the numbers! the systematisation! the total absence of the native population! the show atmosphere! the "Walk up, gentlemen" style of thing! Over all this Vanity Fair the dear old bells rang out precisely as of old....

* * * * *

Yesterday, at the Kerroo-Kiel, I met a delightfully bright and witty man. He soon got to know who I was, and we had the most glorious talk. The mischief of it is that these worthies are only too glad to get into a *coosh* with you, and they would talk all day, leaving a spade, or forsaking plough and horses to lean over a hedge, leaning on something at any rate, and talking away. Their talk is bright, aimless, rambling, not without dives into the depths, and pokes into your personality, above all, *engouement* the most absolute, and desire of intercommunication the most insatiable. And you are up on the mountain-side at the farther limit of plough-range, and the wind whistles just the right sort of accompaniment to such talk.

I think I must have a sail here. But, do you know? the Manx seamen and fishermen tend to become self-conscious: the "strangers" are spoiling them. Not so the farmer; of course no one can make him understand that the visitors do him any good by raising the prices of his produce, so he cares very little about them, and in no way guides himself according to them or their fashions. So far as the outer world comes to him, it is

by the channel of the newspapers. He has all the boundless curiosity, the thirst for knowledge miscellaneous, pulpy, and piquant, which characterise those that dwell remote. When he gets hold of you he flies

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at you, hugs you, gets every blessed thing he can out of you. "Favourable specimen," you will say. That is true; but, as regards the independence and primitive state of mind, what I say applies to almost all. You see, you must get down beneath the gentleman or would-be gentleman-farmer, down to the man who never conceived the idea of ruffling it with gentlefolk. Also, you must not go down to the mere labourer. But they are desperate gossips—gossips not so much in matters local and insular, as in matters universal. The gossiping tone does proceed into the universal, does it not? The hilarity with which they will range the far horizons of thought is so childlike (you know how children are about that); a chatter that sparkles on the surface like their own *divers*, and then, with an "Aw bless me sowl," or "Aye, man, aye," down into the deepest soundings of the spirit....

* * * * *

A charming Hibernian called on me the other day. Portentous! alarming! He had been sent from Douglas by some evil-disposed friends of mine there, to consult me as the supreme authority on matters Manx. Now of this language I am, if not wholly, yet at least grammatically ignorant. He was a tall, stalwart fellow; black-bearded, not handsome, but with a tremendously Irish face, eyes of fire, nose of peremptory interrogation. Flourishing a wretched grammar in one hand, he proceeded rapidly to demonstrate its ineptness, and sternly to demand my explanation. As my weak-kneedness grew more painfully evident—

So scented the grim feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry—

he almost shouted with exultation. All the Manx scholars had completely failed—here was another. "Glory be to God! I'll smite him hip and thigh." He was a splendid Irishman, and, of course, kind and generous. He didn't spare me, *deconstructed* me utterly; but speedily constructed me upon new lines, and told me a lot about Celtic difficulties and how to overcome them. He spoke Irish like a bird, and, after about three-quarters of an hour, he rushed forth to catch the train, hairy, immense, with some wild wirrasthru of farewell. Imagine a very learned and linguistic Mulligan of Ballymulligan!...

* * * * *

O Wallaston, the delight of this leisure! I read, I write, I play. Good gracious! I shouldn't wonder if my music came to something yet. I have actually gone back to singing, a vice of my youth. Don't mention it at Clifton! I always think the sea the great challenger and promoter of song. Even the mountain is not the same thing. There may always be



some d——d fool or another behind a rock. But the sea is open, and you can tell when you are alone, and the dear old chap is so confidential: I will trust him with my secret.

How about Devon! was it good? Did you all bathe and “rux” yourselves well about in the brine? I have not done much in that way: the storms have been so furious—unkind of them, eh? Well, I fancy it is like the boisterous welcome of some great dog—at least I take it in that sense. And the old boy is so strong, and he doesn’t know, he thinks I am what I used to be. But I’m not: and every now and then he remembers that, and creeps to my feet so fawningly....

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[Sidenote: *T.E. Brown*]

At a great prayer-meeting requests were being made that divers souls, supposed to be in evil case, should be interceded for. One arose and asked the prayers of the meeting for a little town on the east coast of Scotland, which was “wholly given to idolatry.” Such was the expression. A little city, with many schools, also the seat of a University. Having thus mysteriously indicated the place, the excellent individual plainly felt that no mortal could possibly guess what place he meant; and, putting his hand over his mouth, he said to his friends on the platform, in a hoarse whisper distinctly heard over the entire hall, “St. Andrews!” Isn’t that consummate? Isn’t it Scotland?...

[Sidenote: *T.E. Brown*]

Walters did an extremely kind thing the other day. Two old things going about with an *entertainment* (!) of Recitations (really old, for I heard them “at it” thirty-five years ago), took a letter with them from me to Walters. It was the merest chance, I thought, but I suggested that just possibly Walters might give them an evening at the College. By Jove! sir, he did give them an evening, and gave them a substantial fee, and filled their poor trembling cup of Auld lang syne with joy and thanksgiving, and dismissed them with honour, almost reeling with the intoxication of so unwonted a success, the boys giving them a mighty three-times-three which shook the welkin, and stirred amazingly the pulsation of two hearts that have long desisted from the exercise of hope....

[Sidenote: *T.E. Brown*]

I heard one or two good stories at Braddan when I preached there (last Sunday). One was of a child at the Sunday-school. “What ought you to do on Sunday?” “Go to church.” “What ought you to do next?” “Go to chapel.” Was it not precisely the story for a vicar to tell? You feel the atmosphere—what?...

[Sidenote: *T.E. Brown*]

We sat down in some cottages. Some of the people were magnificent, throwing themselves upon you with such vigour of accent, such warmth and fun, and endless receptivity, bright, well pulled together, sonorous, that I nearly staggered under it—not chaff—good heavens! no—but would have been chaff, only it wasn’t, for they can’t chaff.

Kitty Kermode, *alias* Kinvig, was the best. She said a very sweet and profound thing (but I can’t phrase it as I ought) about the value of friendship, as compared with that of love. A little happy creature of some seventeen giggled in a dark corner, but I let her giggle; the old woman pierced me through and through. Oh *fortunati*—Oh indeed! And these dear things seemed to know that their lot was a happy one. *Quod faustum!* Unutterably precious to me is the woman, the native of the hills, almost my own age, or

a little younger, whose spirit is set upon the finest springs, and her sympathies have an almost masculine depth, and a length of reflection that wins your confidence and stays your sinking heart.

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The lady can't do it. This class, of what I suppose you would call peasant women (I won't have the word), seems made for the purpose of rectifying everything, and redressing the balance, inspiring us with that awe which the immediate presence of absolute womanhood creates in us. The plain, practical woman, with the outspoken throat and the eternal eyes. Oh, mince me, madam, mince me your pretty mincings! Deliberate your dainty reticences! Balbutient loveliness, avaunt! Here is a woman that talks like a bugle, and, in everything, sees God.

[Sidenote: *T.E. Brown*]

... The wreck of the *Drummond Castle* is much in my mind. What lovely creatures those French are! The women and children, carrying their poor drowned sisters! that little baby in its coffin decked with roses! Don't you yearn towards those dear souls? What are Agincourt and Waterloo in the presence of such sweetness? Well, I love them anyway, and shall brood over them and pray for them while I live....

[Sidenote: *T.E. Brown*]

I am generally rather a happy "sort" of man, but your letter makes me very happy. How kind you are! Up in the morning betimes to catch people still in their beds warm with a generous enthusiasm, to surprise their sympathies before they had "faded into the light of common day," and to collect all their "loving" words for me. That was a good and faithful act; and I am deeply grateful.

Yes, the man was right. I do love the poor wasters, and you are right, I have it from my father. He had a way of taking for granted, not only the innate virtue of these outcasts, but their unquestioned respectability. He, at least, never questioned it. The effect was twofold.

Some of the "weak brethren" felt uncomfortable at being met on those terms of equality. My father might have been practising on them the most dreadful irony; and they were "that shy" and confused. But it was not irony, not a bit of it; just a sense of respect, fine consideration for the poor "sowls," well—respect, that's it, respect for all human beings; *his* respect made *them* respectable. Wasn't it grand? To others my father was a perfect Port-y-shee.[3] To be in the same room with him was enough. To be conscious that he was there, that he didn't fight strange of them, that he never dreamt of "scowlin'" them, that they were treated as gentlemen. Oh the comfort, the gerjugh,[4] the interval of repose! Extraordinary, though, was it not? To think of a *Pazon* respecting men's vices even; not as vices, God forbid! but as parts of *them*, very likely all but inseparable from them; at any rate, *theirs*. Pitying with an eternal pity, but not exposing, not rebuking. My father would have considered he was "taking a liberty" if he had confronted the sinner with his sin. Doubtless he carried this too far. But don't suppose for a moment that the "weak brethren" thought he was conniving at their weakness. Not they—they

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saw the delicacy of his conduct. You don't think, do you, that these poor souls are incapable of appreciating *delicacy*? God only knows how far down into their depths of misery and degradation the sweetness of that delicacy descends. It haunts the drunkard's dreams, and breathes a breath of purity into the bosom of the abandoned. That is the power of a noble innocence, a *respect* for our fellow creatures—glib phrases, but how little understood and acted on! With my father it was quite natural.... He was a hot hater, though, I can tell you. He hated hypocrisy, he hated lying, and he hated presumption and pretentiousness. He loved sincerity, truth, and modesty. It seemed as if he felt sure that, with these virtues, the others could not fail to be present. Was he far wrong? Yet how many people would have thought him stern!

One dear old cousin of his comes to my mind. We called him U.T., that is Uncle Tom. He was not our uncle—we never had one—but the uncle of our predecessors at Kirk Braddan. And almost every Sunday evening he spent at the Vicarage—poor old thing! He was quite silent. One thing, though, he would say, as “regglar as clockwork.” My mother occasionally apologised for the evening being so exclusively musical (we were great singers). Whenever she did so, the reply was prompt from U.T.: “I’m passionately fond of music.” This, to us children, was highly ludicrous. Indeed, my mother was amused—she had no Manx blood in her—but my father accepted U.T.’s assurance with the utmost confidence. His chivalrous nature, more deeply tinged than hers with Celtic tenderness, or the very finest kind of Celtic make-believe (*Anglice*—humbug; oh those English!), had no difficulty in accepting U.T.’s “passionately.” *Passion* in U.T.! Well, to us it was a splendid joke. I sometimes wonder whether the vicar, too, at times, had lucid intervals of the bare, naked reality. He had a fine sense of humour, and he would have considered it a baseness to laugh at the poor thing, with its pretence of passion, trying to screen its forlornness. What U.T. felt was not the passion for music, but just the soothing, comforting sense of being at home with us, of being accepted as one of ourselves, of not being “scoulded,” of indisputable respectability, of being thought capable of “passion,” even so ethereal a passion as that of music. How blessed those hours must have been to U.T.! He sometimes missed them. But it never was my father’s fault. Was it U.T.’s? Well, we children had no idea that he drank. But now, of course, I know that when U.T. did not appear on a Sunday, he must have been “hard at it” on Saturday; and into the kingdom of heaven he must have taken the Sundays, not the Saturdays.

Forgive all this. But I have been so much touched with your taking up my reference to the dear old Vicar of Braddan that I could not help extending the portrait a little.

And for the backsliders, the “weak brethren, the outcasts—aw! let’s feel for the lek, and ‘keep a houl’ o’ their ban.”



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Do write again. You will do me so much good.

VISIONS

[Sidenote: *Calverley*]

In lone Glenartney's thickets lies crouched the lordly stag,
The dreaming terrier's tail forgets its customary wag;
And plodding ploughman's weary steps insensibly grow quicker,
As broadening casements light them on toward home, or home-brewed liquor.

It is, in brief, the evening—that pure and pleasant time
When stars break into splendour, and poets into rhyme;
When in the glass of Memory the forms of loved ones shine—
And when, of course, Miss Goodchild's is prominent in mine.

Miss Goodchild!—Julia Goodchild!—how graciously you smiled
Upon my childish passion once, yourself a fair-haired child:
When I was (no doubt) profiting by Dr. Crabb's instruction,
And sent those streaky lollipops home for your fairy suction!

"She wore" her natural "roses, the night when first we met"—
Her golden hair was gleaming 'neath the coercive net:
"Her brow was like the snawdrift," her step was like Queen Mab's,
And gone was instantly the heart of every boy at Crabb's.

The parlour boarder *chasseed* tow'rds her on graceful limb; The onyx deck'd his bosom
—but her smiles were not for him: With *me* she danced—till drowsily her eyes "began
to blink," And *I* brought raisin wine, and said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"

And evermore, when winter comes in his garb of snows,
And the returning schoolboy is told how fast he grows;
Shall I—with that soft hand in mine—enact ideal Lancers,
And dream I hear demure remarks, and make impassioned answers:—

I know that never, never may her love for me return—
At night I muse upon the fact with undisguised concern—
But ever shall I bless that day: I don't bless as a rule,
The days I spent at "Dr. Crabb's Preparatory School."

And yet we two *may* meet again—(be still, my throbbing heart!)—
Now rolling years have weaned us from jam and raspberry-tart.
One night I saw a vision—'twas when musk-roses bloom,
I stood—we stood—upon a rug, in a sumptuous dining-room:



One hand clasped hers—one easily reposed upon my hip—
And “Bless ye!” burst abruptly from Mr. Goodchild’s lip:
I raised my brimming eye, and saw in hers an answering gleam—
My heart beat wildly—and I woke, and lo! it was a dream.

“BOSWELL AND JOHNSON” [Sidenote: *Macaulay*]

The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere.

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We are not sure that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so strange a phenomenon as this book. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived, and he has beaten them all. He was, if we are to give any credit to his own account or to the united testimony of all who knew him, a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect. Johnson described him as a fellow who had missed his only chance of immortality by not having been alive when "The Dunciad" was written. Beauclerk used his name as a proverbial expression for a bore. He was the laughing-stock of the whole of that brilliant society which has owed to him the greater part of its fame. He was always laying himself at the feet of some eminent man, and begging to be spit upon and trampled upon. He was always earning some ridiculous nickname, and then "binding it as a crown unto him," not merely in metaphor, but literally. He exhibited himself at the Shakespeare Jubilee, to all the crowd which filled Stratford-on-Avon, with a placard round his hat bearing the inscription of "Corsican Boswell." In his Tour, he proclaimed to all the world that at Edinburgh he was known by the appellation of Paoli Boswell. Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London; so curious to know everybody who was talked about that, Tory and High Churchman as he was, he manoeuvred, we have been told, for an introduction to Tom Paine; so vain of the most childish distinctions that, when he had been to Court, he drove to the office where his book was printing without changing his clothes, and summoned all the printer's devils to admire his new ruffles and sword,—such was this man, and such he was content and proud to be. Everything which another man would have hidden, everything the publication of which would have made another man hang himself, was matter of gay and clamorous exultation to his weak and diseased mind. What silly things he said, what bitter retorts he provoked, how at one place he was troubled with evil presentiments which came to nothing, how at another place, on waking from a drunken doze, he read the prayer-book and took a hair of the dog that had bitten him, how he went to see men hanged and came away maudlin, how he added five hundred pounds to the fortune of one of his babies because she was not scared at Johnson's ugly face, how he was frightened out of his wits at sea, and how the sailors quieted him as they would have quieted a child, how tipsy he was at Lady Cork's one evening and how much his merriment annoyed the ladies, how impertinent he was to the Duchess of Argyle and with what stately contempt she put down his impertinence, how Colonel Macleod sneered to his face at his impudent obtrusiveness, how his father and the very wife of

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his bosom laughed and fretted at his fooleries—all these things he proclaimed to all the world, as if they had been subjects for pride and ostentatious rejoicings. All the caprices of his temper, all the illusions of his vanity, all his hypochondriac whimsies, all his castles in the air, he displayed with a cool self-complacency, a perfect unconsciousness that he was making a fool of himself, to which it is impossible to find a parallel in the whole history of mankind. He has used many people ill; but assuredly he has used nobody so ill as himself.

That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world is strange enough. But this is not all. Many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have left us valuable works. Goldsmith was very justly described by one of his contemporaries as an inspired idiot, and by another as a being

“Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.”

La Fontaine was in society a mere simpleton. His blunders would not come in amiss among the stories of Hierocles. But these men attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses. Boswell attained it by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. He was a slave, proud of his servitude, a Paul Pry, convinced that his own curiosity and garrulity were virtues, an unsafe companion who never scrupled to repay the most liberal hospitality by the basest violation of confidence, a man without delicacy, without shame, without sense enough to know when he was hurting the feelings of others, or when he was exposing himself to derision; and because he was all this, he has, in an important department of literature, immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, Alfieri, and his own idol Johnson.

Of the talents which ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers Boswell had absolutely none. There is not in all his books a single remark of his own on literature, politics, religion, or society which is not either commonplace or absurd. His dissertations on hereditary gentility, on the slave-trade, and on the entailing of landed estates, may serve as examples. To say that these passages are sophistical would be to pay them an extravagant compliment. They have no pretence to argument, or even to meaning. He has reported innumerable observations made by himself in the course of conversation. Of those observations we do not remember one which is above the intellectual capacity of a boy of fifteen. He has printed many of his own letters, and in these letters he is always ranting or twaddling. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting to him. He had,

indeed, a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but, because he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal.

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Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank, all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood....

From nature, he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilised beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but, when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyse. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally

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gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be *eo immitior, quia toleraverat*; that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief; but for the suffering which a harsh world inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity, for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache, with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road, or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, “foppish lamentations,” which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and sorrow. Goldsmith crying because *The Good-natured Man* had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might weep, he said, for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh. He was not much moved even by the spectacle of Lady Tavistock dying of a broken heart for the loss of her lord. Such grief he considered as a luxury reserved for the idle and the wealthy. A washerwoman, left a widow with nine small children, would not have sobbed herself to death.

A person who troubled himself so little about small or sentimental grievances was not likely to be very attentive to the feelings of others in the ordinary intercourse of society. He could not understand how a sarcasm or a reprimand could make any man really unhappy. “My dear doctor,” said he to Goldsmith, “what harm does it do to a man to call him Holofernes?” “Pooh, ma’am,” he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter, “who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?” Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live for fourpence halfpenny a day....

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Many of his sentiments on religious subjects are worthy of a liberal and enlarged mind. He could discern clearly enough the folly and meanness of all bigotry except his own. When he spoke of the scruples of the Puritans, he spoke like a person who had really obtained an insight into the divine philosophy of the New Testament, and who considered Christianity as a noble scheme of government, tending to promote the happiness and to elevate the moral nature of man. The horror which the sectaries felt for cards, Christmas ale, plum-porridge, mince-pies, and dancing bears excited his contempt. To the arguments urged by some very worthy people against showy dress he replied with admirable sense and spirit, "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one." Yet he was himself under the tyranny of scruples as unreasonable as those of Hudibras or Ralpho, and carried his zeal for ceremonies and for ecclesiastical dignities to lengths altogether inconsistent with reason or with Christian charity. He has gravely noted down in his diary that he once committed the sin of drinking coffee on Good Friday. In Scotland, he thought it was his duty to pass several months without joining in public worship, solely because the ministers of the kirk had not been ordained by bishops. His mode of estimating the piety of his neighbours was somewhat singular. "Campbell," said he, "is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat: this shows he has good principles." Spain and Sicily must surely contain many pious robbers and well-principled assassins. Johnson could easily see that a Roundhead who named all his children after Solomon's singers, and talked in the House of Commons about seeking the Lord, might be an unprincipled villain whose religious mummeries only aggravated his guilt; but a man who took off his hat when he passed a church episcopally consecrated must be a good man, a pious man, a man of good principles. Johnson could easily see that those persons who looked on a dance or a laced waistcoat as sinful deemed most ignobly of the attributes of God and of the ends of revelation; but with what a storm of invective he would have overwhelmed any man who had blamed him for celebrating the redemption of mankind with sugarless tea and butterless buns!...

Johnson, as Mr. Burke most justly observed, appears far greater in Boswell's books than in his own. His conversation appears to have been quite equal to his writings in matter, and far superior to them in manner. When he talked, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious.

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All his books are written in a learned language; in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse; in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love; in a language in which nobody ever thinks. It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the "Journey to the Hebrides" is the translation; and it is amusing to compare the two versions. "When we were taken upstairs," says he in one of his letters, "a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." This incident is recorded in the Journal as follows: "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge." Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. "*The Rehearsal*" he said, very unjustly, "has not wit enough to keep it sweet"; then, after a pause, "it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

Mannerism is pardonable, and is sometimes even agreeable, when the manner, though vicious, is natural. Few readers, for example, would be willing to part with the mannerism of Milton or of Burke. But a mannerism which does not sit easy on the mannerist, which has been adopted on principle, and which can be sustained only by constant effort, is always offensive. And such is the mannerism of Johnson.

The characteristic faults of his style are so familiar to all our readers, and have been so often burlesqued, that it is almost superfluous to point them out. It is well known that he made less use than any other eminent writer of those strong, plain words, Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French, of which the roots lie in the inmost depths of our language; and that he felt a vicious partiality for terms which, long after our own speech had been fixed, were borrowed from the Greek and Latin, and which, therefore, even when lawfully naturalised, must be considered as born aliens, not entitled to rank with the King's English. His constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets, till it became as stiff as the bust of an exquisite, his antithetical forms of expression, constantly employed even where there is no opposition in the ideas expressed, his big words wasted on little things, his hard inversions, so widely different from those graceful and easy inversions which give variety, spirit, and sweetness to the expression of our great old writers—all these peculiarities have been imitated by his admirers and parodied by his assailants till the public has become sick of the subject.

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Goldsmith said to him, very wittily and very justly, "If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." No man surely ever had so little talent for personation as Johnson. Whether he wrote in the character of a disappointed legacy-hunter or an empty town fop, of a crazy virtuoso or a flippant coquette, he wrote in the same pompous and unbending style. His speech, like Sir Piercy Shafton's Euphuistic eloquence, bewrayed him under every disguise. Euphelia and Rhodoclea talk as finely as Imlac the poet or Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia. The gay Cornelia describes her reception at the country-house of her relations in such terms as these: "I was surprised, after the civilities of my first reception, to find, instead of the leisure and tranquillity which a rural life always promises, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confused wilderness of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded, and every motion agitated." The gentle Tranquilla informs us that she "had not passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship and the joys of triumph; but had danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy and the congratulations of applause, had been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain, and had seen her regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love." Surely Sir John Falstaff himself did not wear his petticoats with a worse grace. The reader may well cry out, with honest Sir Hugh Evans, "I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler."

We had something more to say; but our article is already too long, and we must close it. We would fain part in good-humour from the hero, from the biographer, and even from the editor, who, ill as he has performed his task, has at least this claim to our gratitude, that he has induced us to read Boswell's book again. As we close it, the club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live for ever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke and the tall, thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk and the beaming smile of Garrick; Gibbon tapping his snuff-box and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up—the gigantic body, the huge, massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the "Why, sir!" and the "What then, sir?" and the "No, sir!" and the "You don't see your way through the question, sir!"

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What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion! To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity! To be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries! That kind of fame which is commonly the most transient is, in his case, the most durable. The reputation of those writings which he probably expected to be immortal is every day fading, while those peculiarities of manner and that careless table-talk the memory of which, he probably thought, would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.

THE SUPPER

[Sidenote: *Sterne*]

A shoe coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket. As the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaise in good earnest, and, seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of everything about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn, and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of everything which could make plenty in a French peasant's house; and, on the other side, was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house, so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could; and, for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-bearded man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup, a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table, and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast; 'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room; so I sat down at once, like a son of the family; and, to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and, taking up the loaf, cut myself a

hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

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Was it this? or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet; and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour.

If the supper was to my taste, the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE

[Sidenote: *Sterne*]

When supper was over the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance. The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran off together into a back apartment to tie up their hair, and the young men to the door to wash their faces and change their *sabots*; and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin. The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The old man had, some fifty years ago, been no mean performer upon the *vielle*; and at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sang now and then a little to the tune, then intermitted and joined her old man again, as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movements wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause of the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld religion mixing in the dance; but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; “believing,” he said, “that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay”—

“Or a learned prelate either,” said I.

HINTS FOR AN HISTORICAL PLAY; TO BE CALLED WILLIAM RUFUS; OR, THE RED ROVER

[Sidenote: *Ingoldsby*]

Act 1

Walter Tyrrel, the son of a Norman papa,
Has, somehow or other, a Saxon mama:
Though humble, yet far above mere vulgar loons,
He’s a sort of a sub in the Rufus dragoons;



Has travelled, but comes home abruptly, the rather
That some unknown rascal has murder'd his father;
And scarce has he picked out, and stuck in his quiver,
The arrow that pierced the old gentleman's liver,
When he finds, as misfortunes come rarely alone,
That his sweetheart has bolted—with whom is not known.
But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady
At court with her character grown rather shady:
This gives him the "blues," and impairs the delight
He'd have otherwise felt when they dub him a Knight
For giving a runaway stallion a check,
And preventing his breaking King Rufus's neck.



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Act 2

Sir Walter has dress'd himself up like a Ghost,
And frightens a soldier away from his post;
Then, discarding his helmet, he pulls his cloak higher,
Draws it over his ears and pretends he's a Friar.
This gains him access to his sweetheart, Miss Faucit;
But, the King coming in, he hides up in her closet;
Where, oddly enough, among some of her things,
He discovers some arrows he's sure are the King's,
Of the very same pattern with that which he found
Sticking into his father when dead on the ground!
Forgetting his funk, he bursts open the door,
Bounces into the drawing-room, stamps on the floor,
With an oath on his tongue, and revenge in his eye,
And blows up King William the Second sky-high;
Swears, storms, shakes his fist, and exhibits such airs,
That his Majesty bids his men kick him downstairs.

Act 3

King Rufus is cross when he comes to reflect,
That, as King, he's been treated with gross disrespect;
So he pens a short note to a holy physician,
And gives him a rather unholy commission,
Viz., to mix up some arsenic and ale in a cup,
Which the chances are Tyrrel may find and drink up.
Sure enough, on the very next morning, Sir Walter
Perceives, in his walks, this same cup on the altar.
As he feels rather thirsty, he's just about drinking,
When Miss Faucit, in tears, comes in running like winking;
He pauses, of course, and, as she's thirsty too,
Says, very politely, "Miss, I after you!"
The young lady curtsies, and, being so dry,
Raises somehow her fair little finger so high,
That there's not a drop left him to "wet t'other eye";
While the dose is so strong, to his grief and surprise,
She merely says, "Thankee, Sir Walter," and dies.
At that moment the King, who is riding to cover,
Pops in *en passant* on the desperate lover,
Who has vow'd, not five minutes before, to transfix him—
So he does—he just pulls out his arrow and sticks him.
From the strength of his arm, and the force of his blows,
The Red-bearded Rover falls flat on his nose;



And Sir Walter, thus having concluded the quarrel,
Walks down to the footlights, and draws this fine moral:
“Ladies and gentlemen, lead sober lives:
Don’t meddle with other folks’ sweethearts or wives!—
When you go out a-sporting take care of your gun,
And—never shoot elderly people in fun!”

IN A VISITOR’S BOOK

[Sidenote: *J.K. Stephen.*]

Within the bounds of this Hotel,
Which bears the name of Pen-y-Gwryd,
A black and yellow hound doth dwell,
By which my friend and I were worried.

Our object is not to imply
That he assaulted, bit, or tore us;
In fact he never ventured nigh
Except when food was set before us.



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But when the scent of ham and eggs
Announced the breakage of our fast,
He came and twined about our legs,
And interrupted our repast.

We drove him from us through the door;
He reappeared; we tried the casement;
He seemed to rise out of the floor,
And importuned us as before,
To our unspeakable amazement.

But timely succour Fortune brought us;
One word of Welsh we chanced to know,
And that a fellow-guest had taught us;
It meant "Unpleasant creature, go!"

Stranger! If you should chance to meet him,
Oh do not pull, or kick, or push,
Or execrate, or bribe, or beat him,
But make a sound resembling "Cwsh"!

LETTERS OF FITZ

[Sidenote: *Edward FitzGerald*]

Mazzinghi tells me that November weather breeds blue devils—so that there is a French proverb, "In October de Englishman shoot de pheasant; in November he shoot himself." This, I suppose, is the case with me: so away with November, as soon as may be....

Have you got in your "Christian Poet" a poem by Sir H. Wotton—"How happy is he born or taught, that serveth not another's will"? It is very beautiful, and fit for a Paradise of any kind. Here are some lines from old Lily, which your ear will put in the proper metre. It gives a fine description of a fellow walking in spring, and looking here and there, and pricking up his ears, as different birds sing: "What bird so sings, but doth so wail? Oh! 'tis the ravished nightingale: 'Jug, jug, jug, jug, terue,' she cries, and still her woes at midnight rise. Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear? It is the lark so shrill and clear: against heaven's gate he claps his wings, the morn not waking till he sings. Hark, too, with what a pretty note poor Robin Redbreast tunes his throat: Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing, 'Cuckoo' to welcome in the spring: 'Cuckoo' to welcome in the spring." This is very English, and pleasant, I think: and so I hope you will. I could have sent you many a more sentimental thing, but nothing better. I admit nothing into my Paradise, but such as breathe content, and virtue....

The Church, like the Ark of Noah, is worth saving: not for the sake of the unclean beasts that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality, that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without....

[Sidenote: *Edward FitzGerald*]

Some one from this house is going to London: and I will try and write you some lines now in half an hour before dinner. 'I am going out for the evening to my old lady, who teaches me the names of the stars, and other chaste information. You see, Master John Allen, that if I do not come to London (and I have no thought of going yet) and you will not write, there is likely to be an end of our communication: not, by the way, that I am never to go to London again;

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but not just yet. Here I live with tolerable content: perhaps with as much as most people arrive at, and what if one were properly grateful one would perhaps call perfect happiness. Here is a glorious sunshiny day: all the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus, lying at full length on a bench in the garden, a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this, Nero, and the delicacy of spring, all very human however. Then at half-past one lunch on Cambridge cream cheese: then a ride over hill and dale: then spudding up some weeds from the grass: and then, coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in Epicurean ease; but this happens to be a jolly day: one isn't always well, or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it....

Give my love to Thackeray from your upper window across the street.

... I am living (did I tell you this before?) at a little cottage close by the lawn gates, where I have my books, a barrel of beer, which I tap myself (can you tap a barrel of beer?), and an old woman to do for me. I have also just concocted two gallons of tar-water under the directions of Bishop Berkeley: it is to be bottled off this very day after a careful skimming, and then drunk by those who can and will. It is to be tried first on my old woman; if she survives, I am to begin; and it will then gradually spread into the parish, through England, Europe, *etc.*, "as the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake."

... Does the thought ever strike you, when looking at pictures in a house, that you are to run and jump at one, and go right through it into some scene-behind-scene world on the other side, as harlequins do? A steady portrait especially invites one to do so: the quietude of it ironically tempts one to outrage it. One feels it would close again over the panel, like water, as if nothing had happened. That portrait of Spedding, for instance, which Laurence has given me: not swords, nor cannon, nor all the bulls of Bashan butting at it could, I feel sure, discompose that venerable forehead. No wonder that no hair can grow at such an altitude; no wonder his view of Bacon's virtue is so rarefied that the common consciences of men cannot endure it. Thackeray and I occasionally amuse ourselves with the idea of Spedding's forehead. We find it somehow or other in all things, just peering out of all things: you see it in a milestone, Thackeray says. He also draws the forehead rising with a sober light over Mont Blanc, and reflected in the Lake of Geneva. We have great laughing over this. The forehead is at present in Pembrokeshire, I believe; or Glamorganshire; or Monmouthshire: it is hard to say which. It has gone to spend its Christmas there....

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[Sidenote: *Edward FitzGerald*]

I wish you would write me ten lines to say how you are. You are, I suppose, at Cambridge, and I am buried (with all my fine parts, what a shame!) here; so that I hear of nobody—except that Spedding and I abuse each other about Shakespeare occasionally, a subject on which you must know that he has lost his conscience, if he ever had any. For what did Dr. Allen ... say when he felt Spedding's head? Why, that all his bumps were so tempered that there was no merit in his sobriety—then what would have been the use of a Conscience to him? Q.E.D.

Since I saw you, I have entered into a decidedly agricultural course of conduct: read books about composts, *etc.* I walk about in the fields also where the people are at work, and the more dirt accumulates on my shoes, the more I think I know. Is not this all funny? Gibbon might elegantly compare my retirement from the cares and splendours of the world to that of Diocletian. Have you read Thackeray's little book—"The Second Funeral of Napoleon"? If not, pray do; and buy it, and ask others to buy it, as each copy sold puts 7-1/2d. in T.'s pocket, which is very empty just now, I take it. I think this book is the best thing he has done. What an account there is of the Emperor Nicholas in Kemble's last Review! The last sentence of it (which can be by no other man in Europe but Jack himself) has been meat and drink to me for a fortnight. The electric eel at the Adelaide Gallery is nothing to it. Then Edgeworth fires away about the Odes of Pindar, and Donne is very aesthetic about Mr. Hallam's book. What is the meaning of "exegetical"? Till I know that, how can I understand the Review?

Pray remember me kindly to Blakesley, Heath, and such other potentates as I knew in the days before they "assumed the purple." I am reading Gibbon, and see nothing but this d——d colour before my eyes. It changes occasionally to bright yellow, which is (is it?) the Imperial colour in China, and also the antithesis to purple (*vide* Coleridge and Eastlake's "Goethe")—even as the Eastern and Western Dynasties are antithetical, and yet, by the law of extremes, potentially the same (*vide* Coleridge, *etc.*). Is this aesthetic? Is this exegetical? How glad I shall be if you can assure me that it is! But, nonsense apart and begged pardon for, pray write me a line to say how you are, directing to this pretty place. "The soil is in general a moist and retentive clay, with a subsoil or pan of an adhesive silicious brick formation; adapted to the growth of wheat, beans, and clover—requiring, however, a summer fallow (as is generally stipulated in the lease) every fourth year, *etc.*" This is not an unpleasing style on agricultural subjects—nor an uncommon one....

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You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings—the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones; walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China-roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. We have had such a spring (bating the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak-trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see! I believe that Leslie's "Life of Constable" (a very charming book) has given me a fresh love of spring. Constable loved it above all seasons: he hated autumn. When Sir G. Beaumont, who was of the old classical taste, asked him if he did not find it difficult to place *his brown tree* in his pictures, "Not at all," said C, "I never put one in at all." And when Sir George was crying up the tone of the old masters' landscapes, and quoting an *old violin* as the proper tone of colour for a picture, Constable got up, took an old Cremona, and laid it down on the sunshiny grass. You would like the book. In defiance of all this, I have hung my room with pictures, like very old fiddles indeed; but I agree with Sir George and Constable both. I like pictures that are not like nature. I can have nature better than any picture by looking out of my window. Yet I respect the man who tries to paint up to the freshness of earth and sky. Constable did not wholly achieve what he tried at: and perhaps the old masters chose a soberer scale of things as more within the compass of lead paint. To paint dew with lead!...

* * * * *

It is now the 8th of December; it has blown a most desperate east wind, all razors; a wind like one of those knives one sees at shops in London, with 365 blades all drawn and pointed. The wheat is all sown; the fallows cannot be ploughed. What are all the poor folks to do during the winter? And they persist in having the same enormous families they used to do; a woman came to me two days ago who had seventeen children! What farmers are to employ all these? What landlord can find room for them? The law of Generation must be repealed....

DEAR CARLYLE,
[Sidenote: *Edward FitzGerald*]

I should sometimes write to you if I had anything worth telling, or worth putting you to the trouble of answering me. About twice in a year, however, I do not mind asking you one thing which is easily answered, how you and Mrs. Carlyle are? And yet, perhaps, it is not so easy for you to tell me so much about yourself: for your "well-being" comprises a good deal! That you are not carried off by the cholera I take for granted, since else I should have seen in the papers some controversy with Doctor Wordsworth as to whether you were to be buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Wilberforce perhaps! Besides, a short note from Thackeray a few weeks ago told me you had been

to see him. I conclude also from this that you have not been a summer excursion of any distance.

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I address from the Rectory (*Vicarage* it ought to be) of Crabbe, the “Radiator,” whose mind is now greatly exercised with Dr. Whewell’s “Plurality of Worlds.” Crabbe, who is a good deal in the secrets of Providence, admires the work beyond measure, but most indignantly rejects the doctrine as unworthy of God. I have not read the book, contented to hear Crabbe’s commentaries. I have been staying with him off and on for two months, and, as I say, give his address because any letter thither directed will find me sooner or later in my little wanderings. I am at present staying with a farmer in a very pleasant house near Woodbridge, inhabiting such a room as even you, I think, would sleep composedly in; my host a taciturn, cautious, honest, active man whom I have known all my life. He and his wife, a capital housewife, and his son, who would carry me on his shoulders to Ipswich, and a maid-servant, who, as she curtsies of a morning, lets fall the teapot, *etc.*, constitute the household. Farming greatly prospers, farming materials fetching an exorbitant price at the Michaelmas auctions—all in defiance of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who got returned for Suffolk on the strength of denouncing Corn Law Repeal as the ruin of the country. He has bought a fine house near Ipswich, with great gilded gates before it, and, by dint of good dinners and soft sawder, finally draws the country gentry to him....

Please to look at the September Number of Fraser’s Magazine, where there are some prose translations of Hafiz by Cowell which may interest you a little. I think Cowell (as he is apt to do) gives Hafiz rather too much credit for a mystical wine-cup, and cup-bearer; I mean, taking him on the whole. The few odes he quotes have certainly a deep and pious feeling, such as the Man of Mirth will feel at times: none perhaps more strongly.

Some one by chance read out to me the other day at the seaside your account of poor old Naseby village from “Cromwell,” quoted in Knight’s “Half-Hours,” *etc.* It is now twelve years ago, at this very season, I was ransacking for you; you promising to come down, and never coming. I hope very much you are soon going to give us something: else Jerrold and Tupper carry all before them.

TO “LYDIA LANGUISH” [Sidenote: *Austin Dobson*]

“Il me faut des emotions”—*Blanche Amory*

You ask me, Lydia, “whether I,
If you refuse my suit, shall die.”
(Now pray don’t let this hurt you!)
Although the time be out of joint,
I should not think a bodkin’s point
The sole resource of virtue;
Nor shall I, though your mood endure,
Attempt a final Water-cure
Except against my wishes;



For I respectfully decline
To dignify the Serpentine,
And make *hors-d'oeuvres* for fishes;
But if you ask me whether I
Composedly can go,
Without a look, without a sigh,
Why, then I answer—No.

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"You are assured," you sadly say
(If in this most considerate way
To treat my suit your will is),
That I shall "quickly find as fair
Some new Neaera's tangled hair—
Some easier Amaryllis."
I cannot promise to be cold
If smiles are kind as yours of old
On lips of later beauties;
Nor can I, if I would, forget
The homage that is Nature's debt,
While man has social duties;
But if you ask shall I prefer
To you I honour so,
A somewhat visionary Her,
I answer truly—No.

You fear, you frankly add, "to find
In me too late the altered mind
That altering Time estranges."
To this I make response that we
(As physiologists agree)
Must have septennial changes;
This is a thing beyond control,
And it were best upon the whole
To try and find out whether
We could not, by some means, arrange
This not-to-be-avoided change
So as to change together:
But had you asked me to allow
That you could ever grow
Less amiable than you are now,—
Emphatically—No.

But—to be serious—if you care
To know how I shall really bear
This much-discussed rejection,
I answer you. As feeling men
Behave, in best romances, when
You outrage their affection;—
With that gesticulatory woe,
By which, as melodramas show,
Despair is indicated;
Enforced by all the liquid grief



Which hugest pocket-handkerchief
Has ever simulated;
And when, arrived so far, you say
In tragic accents, "Go,"
Then, Lydia, then ... I still shall stay,
And firmly answer—No.

MARK'S BABY [Sidenote: *Mark Twain*]

"Mark, one day, was found at home, in his library, dandling upon his knee, with every appearance of fond 'parientness,' the young Twain—so young as not yet to be able to 'walk upright and make bargains.' Mrs. Twain, on showing the visitor into the sanctum, and finding her spouse thus engaged, said:

"Now, Mark, you *know* you love that baby—don't you?"

"Well," replied Mark, in his slow, drawling kind of way, 'I—can't—exactly—say—I—love it,—*but—I—respect—it!*'"

THE WISDOM OF G.K.C.

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

Jesus Christ made wine, not a medicine, but a sacrament. But Omar makes it, not a sacrament, but a medicine. He feasts because life is not joyful; he revels because he is not glad. "Drink," he says, "for you know not whence you come nor why. Drink, for you know not when you go nor where. Drink, because the stars are cruel and the world as idle as a humming-top. Drink, because there is nothing worth trusting, nothing worth fighting for. Drink, because all things are lapsed in a base equality and an evil peace." So he stands offering us the cup in his hands. And in the high altar

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of Christianity stands another figure in whose hand also is the cup of the vine. "Drink," he says, "for the whole world is as red as this wine with the crimson of the love and wrath of God. Drink, for the trumpets are blowing for battle, and this is the stirrup-cup. Drink, for this is My blood of the New Testament that is shed for you. Drink, for I know whence you come and why. Drink, for I know when you go and where."—"Heretics."

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

Everything is military in the sense that everything depends upon obedience. There is no perfectly epicurean corner; there is no perfectly irresponsible place. Everywhere men have made the way for us with sweat and submission. We may fling ourselves into a hammock in a fit of divine carelessness; but we are glad that the net-maker did not make the net in a fit of divine carelessness. We may jump upon a child's rocking-horse for a joke; but we are glad that the carpenter did not leave the legs of it unglued for a joke.—"Heretics."

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

The only way of catching a train I have ever discovered is to miss the train before.—
"Tremendous Trifles."

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

In a hollow of the grey-green hills of rainy Ireland lived an old, old woman, whose uncle was always Cambridge at the Boat-race. But in her grey-green hollows, she knew nothing of this; she didn't know that there was a Boat-race. Also she did not know that she had an uncle. She had heard of nobody at all, except of George the First, of whom she had heard (I know not why), and in whose historical memory she put her simple trust. And by and by, in God's good time, it was discovered that this uncle of hers was really not her uncle, and they came and told her so. She smiled through her tears, and said only, "Virtue is its own reward."—"The Napoleon of Notting Hill."

In a world without humour, the only thing to do is to eat. And how perfect an exception! How can these people strike dignified attitudes, and pretend that things matter, when the total ludicrousness of life is proved by the very method by which it is supported? A man strikes the lyre, and says, "Life is real, life is earnest," and then goes into a room and stuffs alien substances into a hole in his head.—"The Napoleon of Notting Hill."

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

A man must be orthodox upon most things, or he will never even have time to preach his own heresy.—"George Bernard Shaw."

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

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Only in our romantic country do you have the romantic thing called weather—beautiful and changeable as a woman. The great English landscape painters (neglected now, like everything that is English) have this salient distinction, that the weather is not the atmosphere of their pictures; it is the subject of their pictures. They paint portraits of the weather. The weather sat to Constable; the weather posed for Turner—and the deuce of a pose it was. In the English painters the climate is the hero; in the case of Turner a swaggering and fighting hero, melodramatic but magnificent. The tall and terrible protagonist robed in rain, thunder, and sunlight fills the whole canvas and the whole foreground. Rich colours actually look more luminous on a grey day, because they are seen against a dark background, and seem to be burning with a lustre of their own. Against a dim sky all flowers look like fireworks. There is something strange about them at once vivid and secret, like flowers traced in fire in the grim garden of a witch. A bright blue sky is necessarily the high-light in the picture, and its brightness kills all the bright blue flowers. But on a grey day the larkspur looks like fallen heaven; the red daisies are really the lost red eyes of day, and the sunflower is the vice-regent of the sun. Lastly, there is this value about the colour that men call colourless: that it suggests in some way the mixed and troubled average of existence, especially in its quality of strife and expectation and promise. Grey is a colour that always seems on the eve of changing to some other colour; of brightening into blue, or blanching into white, or breaking into green or gold. So we may be perpetually reminded of the indefinite hope that is in doubt itself; and when there is grey weather on our hills or grey hair on our heads perhaps they may still remind us of the morning.—“Daily News.”

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

Silence is the unbearable repartee.—“Charles Dickens.”

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

For those who study the great art of lying in bed there is one emphatic caution to be added. Even for those who cannot do their work in bed (as, for example, the professional harpooners of whales), it is obvious that the indulgence must be very occasional. But that is not the caution I mean. The caution is this: if you do lie in bed, be sure you do it without any reason or justification at all. I do not speak, of course, of the seriously sick. But if a healthy man lies in bed, let him do it without a rag of excuse; then he will get up a healthy man. If he does it for some secondary hygienic reason, if he has some scientific explanation, he may get up a hypochondriac.—“Tremendous Trifles.”

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

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His soul will never starve for exploits or excitements who is wise enough to be made a fool of. He will make himself happy in the traps that have been laid for him; he will roll in their nets and sleep. All doors will fly open to him who has a mildness more defiant than mere courage. The whole is unerringly expressed in one fortunate phrase—he will be always “taken in.” To be taken in everywhere is to see the inside of everything. It is the hospitality of circumstance. With torches and trumpets, like a guest, the greenhorn is taken in by Life. And the sceptic is cast out by it.—“Charles Dickens.”

[Sidenote: *G.K. Chesterton*]

I have often been haunted with a fancy that the creeds of men might be paralleled and represented in their beverages. Wine might stand for genuine Catholicism, and ale for genuine Protestantism; for these at least are real religions, with comfort and strength in them. Clean cold Agnosticism would be clean cold water—an excellent thing if you can get it. Most modern ethical and idealistic movements might be well represented by soda-water—which is a fuss about nothing. Mr. Bernard Shaw’s philosophy is exactly like black coffee—it awakens, but it does not really inspire. Modern hygienic materialism is very like cocoa; it would be impossible to express one’s contempt for it in stronger terms than that.—“William Blake.”

* * * * *

To the quietest human being, seated in the quietest house, there will sometimes come a sudden and unmeaning hunger for the possibilities or impossibilities of things; he will abruptly wonder whether the teapot may not suddenly begin to pour out honey or seawater, the clock to point to all hours of the day at once, the candle to burn green or crimson, the door to open upon a lake or a potato-field instead of a London street. Upon any one who feels this nameless anarchism there rests for the time being the spirit of pantomime. Of the clown who cuts the policeman in two it may be said (with no darker meaning) that he realises one of our visions.—“The Defendant.”

“THE VULGAR TONGUE” [Sidenote: *Dean Hole*]

First, of abuses. I protest against those sensational adjectives, which are so commonly misapplied—against the union of grand and noble words with subjects of a minute and trivial nature. It is as though a huge locomotive engine were brought out to draw a child’s perambulator, or as though an Armstrong gun were loaded and levelled to exterminate a tom-tit.

I heard a tourist say the other day that, when he was at Black Gang Chine, in the Isle of Wight, he had seen the *most magnificent*—what do you think? A sunset, a man-of-war, a thunderstorm? Nothing of the kind. He had seen the most *magnificent prawns* he ever ate in his life.

And when I asked another young gentleman, who was speaking of “*the most tremendous screw* ever made in the world,” to which of our great ironclads he referred, he smiled upon me with a benign and courteous pity, as he said that he “was alluding to a screw into the middle pocket, which he had recently seen during a game at billiards between Cook and the younger Roberts.”

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When you hear one lady informing another that she had just seen simply the most *exquisite*, the most *lovely*, the most *perfect* thing in existence, is she referring to something wonderful in nature, or to something beautiful in art, or can it be only a bonnet? Has she just come home from the glaciers of Switzerland, the lakes of Italy, the mountains of Connemara, or the castles of the Rhine, or can it be that she has been no farther than Marshall and Snelgrove's shop?

Then there's that awful "*awful!*" Why, if a thousandth part of things which are commonly affirmed to be awful were awful, we should go about with our faces blanched, like his who drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, our teeth chattering, and our hair on end. Everything is *aweful*—awefully good or awefully bad.

Only last week I handed a plate to a young lady at luncheon, and, looking sweetly upon me, as though I had brought a reprieve from the gallows, she sighed, "Oh thanks! how *awfully* kind!"

And years ago, I went with John Leech to admire Robson in *The Porter's Knot*, and when that pathetic little drama was over, and the actor had stirred our souls with pity, an undergraduate in the stalls before us turned to his companion, as the curtain fell, and said, tremulously, with an emotion which did him honour, although his diction was queer, "Awefully jolly! awefully jolly!"

Yes, it amuses, but it pains us more, this reckless abuse and confusion of words, because it tends to lower the dignity and to pervert the meaning of our language; it dishonours the best member that we have. If we use the most startling and impressive words which we can find, when we do not really require them, when the crisis comes in which they are appropriate, they seem feeble and commonplace. We are as persons who, wearing their best clothes daily, are but dingy guests at a feast.

Then comes retribution. They who cry "Wolf!" whenever they see a leveret are not believed when Lupus comes. They who suffer "excruciating agony" whenever a thorn pricks, can say no more under exquisite pain, and their familiar words are powerless to evoke the sympathy which they have repelled so long. They are more likely to receive the severe rebuke administered by a gruff old gentleman to his maudlin, moribund neighbour, who was ever exaggerating his ailments, and who, upon his doleful declaration that "between three and four o'clock that morning he had been at Death's door!" was abruptly but anxiously asked—"Oh, why didn't you go in?"

I protest, in the next place, against the use of long, large words for the gratification of that conceit or covetousness which seeks to obtain, from mere grandiloquence, reputations and rewards to which it is not entitled. Being a gardener, I like to call a spade as spelt; and if any one terms it an horticultural implement, or a mattock, I do not expect him to dig much. I have used the monosyllable "shop," and I will not recall it, though a thousand pairs of gleaming scissors were pointed at my breast, and I was told

by an angry army of apprentices to talk shop no more—the word was vulgar, or rather obsolete, superseded by the more graceful terms of mart, emporium, warehouse, repository, bazaar, and lounge.

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Plain folk, who sold drugs when I was a boy, were not ashamed to be called druggists, but now they are pharmaceutical chymists, and analytical Homoeopathists; and one is tempted to quote Canning's paraphrase, which he made when Dr. Addington had been complimenting the country party, "I do remember an apothecary, gulling of simples." Persons who cut hair were known as hair-cutters, and they who attended to the feet were called corn-cutters; but now the former are artists in hair, and the latter are chiropodists.

No long time ago I consulted with an intelligent tradesman as to the best way of protecting from frost a long line of standard rose-trees, growing near a wall in my garden, and shortly afterwards I received from him the drawing of a clever design, with a letter informing me that he had now the pleasure of submitting to my inspection his idea of a *Cheimoboethus*. When I rallied from my swoon, and was staggering towards my lexicon, I remembered that, as [Greek: cheimon] was the Greek for winter, and [Greek: boathos] for a friend in need, the word was not without appropriate meaning; but I never took heart to order the invention, because I felt convinced that, if I were to inform my gardener that we were going to have a *Cheimoboethus*, he would say that he would rather leave.

A bird-stuffer is now a plumassier and taxidermist; and when I asked a waiter the meaning of "Phusitechnicon," which I read over a shop opposite his hotel, he told me it meant old china. And he bowed respectfully, as one who knew how to treat a great scholar, when he met him, as I remarked gravely, "Ah yes, I see: no doubt from *phusi*—the ancients, and *technicon*—cups and saucers."

Nor can I leave these long Greek words without noticing another objectionable abuse of them, whereby, upon the principle that "what in the captain's but a choleric word, is in the soldier flat blasphemy," a distinction is made between vice in the rich and vice in the poor, and that which in the latter is obstinate depravity, to be handled only by the police, becomes in the former a pitiable weakness or an irresistible impulse to be gently nursed by the physician. If a poor man steals, he is a desperate thief; but if a rich man fancies that which does not belong to him he is a Kleptomaniac, and "the spoons will be returned." If a poor man is addicted to alcohol he is a drunken sot; but if a rich man is oft intoxicated, he is afflicted with Dipsomania! Interesting patient! I should like to prescribe for him. I feel sure I could do him good with my medicines—the crank and water-gruel!

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Leaving him at it, I pass on to another mania, which rather provokes amusement than anger—the mania to be called “Esquire.” Forty years ago, the title was restricted to those who carried arms. The armiger, no longer toiling after his knight with heavy helmet and shield, bore his own arms, as he drove along, proudly and pleasantly upon his carriage door. People who became rich, and found themselves shut out from “genteel society” because they had only letters upon their spoons, instead of birds and beasts, arms with daggers, and legs with spurs, were delighted to discover, on application at the Heralds’ Office, that one of their ancestors had undoubtedly exercised the functions of a groom in the establishment of William the Conqueror, and that they were consequently entitled to bear upon their arms a stable-bucket *azure*, between two horses current, and to wear as their crest a curry-comb in base argent, between two wisps of hay proper, they and their descendants, according to the law of arms. But the luxury was expensive: a lump sum to the Heralds, and two pound two to the King’s taxes; and so, as time went on, men of large ambition, but of limited means, began to crave for some more economical process by which they might become esquires. They met together, and they solved the difficulty. They conferred the title upon each other, and they charged no fee. And now the postal authorities will tell you that the number of the “esquires” not carrying arms, not having so much as a leg to stand on (in the matter of legal claims), is something “awful!” But the process is so charmingly cheap and easy that we may expect a further development. Why should we not all be baronets? Why should we not raise ourselves, every man of us, on his own private hoist, to the Peerage?

We have all been ladies and gentlemen so long that a little nobility, with its attendant titles, cannot fail to make a pleasant change. Bessie Black, who cleans the fire-irons, has for some years been Miss Cinderella, with a chignon and a lover on Sundays; and Bill, who weeds in the garden, is Mr. Groundsell with a betting-book and a bad cigar. A quotation from the newspapers will exemplify the comprehensiveness of those terms “ladies and gentlemen,” which had once such definite and narrow restrictions. A witness, giving evidence at a trial, says: “When I see that gentleman in the hand-cuffs a-shinning and a-punching that lady with the black eye, I says to my missus, ‘Them’s ways,’ I says, ‘as I don’t hold to’; and she makes answer to me, ‘You better hadn’t.’”

Let me not be misunderstood to mean that none are ladies and gentlemen who do not eat with silver forks, or that all persons that go about in carriages deserve those gracious names. I have met with persons calling themselves gentlemen, who evidently thought it manly and high-spirited to swear at their servants, and who were incapable of appreciating any anecdote which was not profane or coarse; and I have met, as

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all who go amongst the poor have met, men who well deserved that noble epithet in cottages and corduroy. Who has not seen illustrious snobs in satin, and sweet, modest gentlewomen in homely print and serge? A gentleman! There's no title shouted at a reception so grand in my idea as this; and yet, methinks, that any man may win and wear it who is brave, and truthful, and generous, and pure, and kind—who is, in one word, a Christian!

Some people think to make themselves gentlemen by tampering with their patronymics, and by altering their family name. Brown has added an e to his; and greedy Green, though he had two already, has followed his example; and White spells his with a y; and Bob Smith calls his son and heir Augustus Charlemagne Sacheverel Smythe; and Tailor calls himself Tayleure. And one day Tailor went out a-hunting, and he worried a whipper-in, who had plenty of work on his hands, with a series of silly questions, until, upon his asking the name of a hound, he received an answer which put an end to the discourse: "Well, sir," said the Whip, "we used to call him Towler; but things has got so fine and fashionable we calls him *Tow-leure*."

Passing from abuse to disuse, I would not refer to words which are gradually becoming obsolete, but which some of us, partly from admiration of the words themselves, and partly from old associations, would not willingly let die. Beginning alphabetically, the adjective *ask* is one of those grand old English monosyllables which convey the sense in the sound. It speaks to you of a day in March, when the wind is in the east, and all the clouds are of a dull slate colour, and the roads are white, and the hedges black, and the fallows are dry and hard as bricks, and a bitter, searching, piercing wind whistles at your sealskins and Ulsters, your Lindseys and Jerseys, your foot-warmers and muffatees, and you feel, with Miggs, "as though water were flowing aperiently down your back," and sit shuddering—dithering (there's another word rarely used, but with a sufficient amount of chilliness in it to ice a bottle of champagne) "dithering in the *ask*, ungenial day."

Then I like *abear* (the penultimate a pronounced as e)—"I can't abeer him"; *addled*—"Bill's addled noat a three week"; *agate*—"I see you've agate on't"; *among-hands*—"Tom schemed to do it among-hands"; *all along of*—"It was all along of them 'osses"; *etc.*

Of B's there is a swarm: *beleddy* (a corruption, as most men know, of "by our lady"), and I can only notice a few of the Queens. *Botch* is a word which, though found in Shakespeare and Dryden, and other authors, is rarely used by us; and yet, methinks, in these days, when the great object seems to be to get quantity in place of quality, and to make as much display as we can at the price—when so much is done by contract, and there is, in consequence, strong temptation to daub with untempered mortar, to use green timber, to put in bad material where it will not be seen, the verb *to botch* is only too appropriate to all such scampish proceedings.

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And what do you think of *bofen-yed*? I once heard a farmer, shouting from the garden fence, with the vocal powers of a Boanerges, to a labourer at work about a quarter of a mile away, “Yer gret bofen-yed, can ter ear noat?” (*Anglice*, “You ox-headed lout, are you stone deaf?”); and more frequently the terms, *pudding-yed* and *noggen-yed* have been addressed in my hearing to obtuse and stupid folk. The former requires no comment, and an explanation of the latter—*noggen*, hard, rough, coarse—may be found in Johnson. “Nay, I did na say thee wor a noggen-yed; I said Lawyer said thee were a noggen-yed,” was a poor apology, once spoken in Lancashire. And there also, in time-honoured Lancaster, was made the following illustrative speech. A conceited young barrister, with a *nez retrousse* and a new wig, had been bullying for some time a rough, honest Lancashire lad, who was giving evidence in a trial, and at last the lawyer, thinking that he saw his opportunity, turned sharply upon the witness and said, “Why, fellow, only a short time ago you stated so and so.” To which came the indignant answer, “Why, yer powder-yedded monkey, I never said noat o’ sort; I appeal to th’ company!”

I have a loving faith in children. Mixing with them daily—in church, in school, and at their play—I think that I know something about them; and I maintain that a disagreeable child is a sorrowful exception to the rule, and the result of mismanagement and foolish indulgences on the part of parents and teachers. But when this abnormal nuisance is found, a peevish, fretful child—a child who is always wanting to taste, a child who ignores the admirable purposes for which pocket-handkerchiefs were designed, such an *enfant terrible* as he who told the kindly mother, offering to bring her ‘Gustus to join him in his play, that “if you bring your ‘Gustus here I shall make a slit in him with my new knife, and let out his sawdust”—when, I repeat, we come in contact with such an obnoxious precocity as this, what word can describe him so satisfactorily as the monosyllable—*brat*?

More detestable, because more powerful to do hurt, and with less excuse for doing it, is *the Blab*; the unctuous, tattling Blab, who creeps to your side with words softer than butter, but having war in his heart; he “always thought that Sam Smith was such a friend of yours, and” (hardly waiting for your “So he is”) “was surprised and rather disgusted by his remarks at the Club last Thursday.” And then he tells you something which, for a moment, and until principle prevails over passion, suggests the removal by violence of several of Sam’s teeth, and he leaves you distressed and distrustful, until you discover, as you most probably will, that there has been cruel misrepresentation. Ah, if poor Jeannette’s desire were realised, and they who make the quarrels were the only men to fight, how nice it would be to sit upon an eminence and watch the Battle of the Blabs!

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There was a battle once on a small scale, the only rational duel ever fought, in which a brace of Blabs were sweetly discomfited. They had succeeded in separating “very friends,” and had arranged a hostile meeting; but, through the intervention of better men, and without their cognisance, the principals entered into explanation, and, finding that they had been misled, mutually agreed to fire at the seconds, who had made the mischief. One Blab received a bullet in the calf of his leg, and the other a *ping* close to his whiskers; and then the combatants said that their honour was satisfied, and the party broke up.

Some years ago there lived in our village an individual who was known to us as *Brawnging* Bill. Does not the epithet describe the man? As you pronounce it, does not William’s photograph present itself to your mental eye? A large, obese, idle *hulk* of a man (fine old Saxon word, that *hulc*!) lounging about with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth; a man who talks at the top of his voice, and laughs the loud laugh which tells the vacant mind, and lies with such volubility that you would think truth was a fool. Eloquent, didactic, imperious was he in the taproom and by the blacksmith’s forge, in the quoit-yard and in the alley of skittles, and yet, whene’er his tongue led him into trouble, and there was whisper of peril to that fat form of his, at the first utterance of a threat, the first sign of aggressive anger, there was a dissolving view of our Brawnging Bill.

From B to C.—Whenever the fairer sex enter Parliament (breathes there a man with ears so deaf as to doubt their powers of parlance?) and we have a House of Ladies as well as a House of Lords, I anticipate that among the first measures introduced will be a coercive Bill for Regulating in the Clay Districts the scraping, wiping, and cleaning of men’s boots on their return from the garden or the field. A sore provocation it must surely be to those who love order and brightness to find slabs of dirt upon their new oil-cloth, Indian mats, and bright encaustic tiles. Justly may the gentlest spirit *chunter* and complain while the guilty husband, from his dressing-room hard by, vainly essays to evade his shame by a quotation—“Would my darling have me come bootless home—home without boots, and in wet weather, too?” Better to give the real, the only excuse, and say that the soil is so—no, not adhesive, not sticky, not tenacious, but, to use a word ten thousand times more expressive than these, so *clarty*.

And do you not remember (on we go, voyaging among the C’s,) a time, a happy time, before you knew what digestion meant, when you delighted to *cranch* the unripe gooseberry, until you heard the *clomp* of the paternal tread on the *causey*, and crouched lest you should *catch it*, hid to escape a hiding; and how, nevertheless, swift retribution followed upon the track of crime, and you suffered those internal pains, which were vulgarly known as *colly-wobbles*, and were *coddled*, in consequence, upon your mother’s knee?

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Going on to D—Dickens, in a description of a street row, represents one of the lady disputants as saying to her adversary, “You go home, and, when you are quite sober, mend your stockings”; and he adds that these allusions, not only to her intemperate habits but to the state of her wardrobe, were so exasperating to the accused party that she proceeded to comply, not with the suggestion of her accuser, but with the request of the bystanders, and to “pitch in” with considerable alacrity. Assuming that her hose was as reported, let us hope that she had the worst of the combat, for there is something in the idea of a *dowdy* which is hateful to the manly mind. How life-like the portrait which the word paints for us! a coarse, fat female, her dingy cap, with its faded ribbons, awry upon her unkempt hair; eyes hookless, holes buttonless, upon her shabby gown; a boot-lace trailing on the ground. When we clergy visit Mrs. Dowdy’s home, or the residence of her sister, Mrs. Slattern, and find that, though it is towards evening, they have not tidied either self or house, we know why the children are unhealthy and untaught, and why the husband prefers the warmth and cleanliness of “The Manor Arms” to his own miserable hut. As a house-keeper, Mrs. Dowdy could only “please the pigs”; and this reminds me what an apt word we have in *dunky* for a rotund, obese, little porket. I do not find the latter in Johnson, but *dowdy* in Shakespeare, and *slattern* is from the Swedish.

No word suggests itself as I stand at E’s, and I therefore proceed with a sonata in F, composed, not by Beethoven, but by a horse-breaker, with certain amplifications of my own: “The young horse was in famous *fettle*, and *framed* splendidly over the *flakes*; but he seemed all of a *flabber-gaster* when he caught sight of the water, put himself into a regular *fandango*, and the more I *flanked* him the more he *funked*, till in he went with a *flop*.”

I come now to a gem of purest ray serene. To me the monosyllable *gorp* is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Take a youth, who has passed his life as an underling on some secluded farm, to an exhibition of wax figures, gorgeously attired, rolling their eyes and lifting up their arms to slow music, and you shall see him *gorp*. Or go with that young man to a display of fireworks, and when the first asteroid rocket sends out its glowing stars you shall see that wide-mouthed, wobbling agriculturist so *gorp* as to make it almost impossible for the descending stick to go anywhere save down his throat.

But we are all of us naturally fond of gorp. We abstain in our sensitive days, because somebody said it was vulgar; but, as we grow older and wiser, and that bell-wether Fashion tinkles vainly in our ears, we flatten our happy noses upon the shop-windows once again, and thoroughly enjoy our *gorp*.

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At Oxford, I remember, it was considered very low indeed to gorp. In fact, we did not allow ourselves to be astonished at anything, unless it was the audacity of tradespeople with reference to the payment of their little bills. Wherefore I the more honour the conduct and courage of a college friend who, honest himself, and as free from humbug as any man I know, was bored, especially in London, by the society of an affected coxcomb, who persisted in attaching himself whenever they met, giving himself all sorts of silly airs, enlarging upon his intimacy with titled folks, and asserting himself to be, like Mrs. Jarley's show, the delight of the nobility and gentry of the day. "Gradually," said my friend to me, "I discovered a process by which I might execute a deed of separation. First, I rattled my stick against the area railings, and I saw him wince; then I whistled an Ethiopian serenade, and 'o'er his face a tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced'; but when I set my hat well on the back of my head, and *gorped* with open mouth at six legs of pork in a butcher's shop, he fled, and I saw him no more."

Thus did my friend successfully assume the lineaments of a *gawk*, and the deportment of a *gorby*, that he might evade the oppressive attentions of a companion given to *gawster*. The enemy whom he so adroitly dispersed bore a strong family likeness to a fraternal nuisance, whom we recently inspected, being, in fact, a new edition, on toned paper and elegantly bound, of the braggart, "Brawnging Bill," and exhibiting the same feeble powers of resistance when his silly conceits were thwarted. Honest men, hoping reformation, rejoice to see him slink away, rejoice to see the *gawsterer* subdued, as when Theodore Hook rushed across Fleet Street to one, who was walking as proudly down it as though the Bank of England was his counting-house and St. Paul's his private Chapel, and, almost breathless with admiring awe, gasped his anxious question—"O sir, O pray sir, may I ask, sir—are you anybody in particular?" Certainly it is either a great amusement or a great irritation (as the weather, or disposition, or digestion may influence), to meet with persons in parks, promenades, esplanades, and spas who ostensibly expect you to look at them in an ecstasy of wonder, as though they were a sunset on Mont Blanc or the Balaklava Charge.

Only in three exceptional cases is it permissible, as I think, to *gawster*. I like to see a drum-major, with my grandmother's carriage-muff on his head, and a baton in his hand as long as a bean-rod, swaggering at the head of his regiment, as though he had only to knock at the gates of a besieged city and the governor would instantly send the keys. Secondly, I was disappointed the other day at the stolid behaviour of a sheep, who went on grazing with a sublime indifference when a peacock, having marched some distance for the purpose, wheeled round within a yard of his nose, displaying his brilliant charms

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in vain; and all the eyes of Argus seemed to pale their ineffectual fire, as when Mercury, with his delightful music, in accordance with the command of Jupiter, and with Lempriere's dictionary, made them wink in a delicious drowse. And, thirdly, in the case of a game bantam, once my property, who flew up every morning to the top of a tall pump, and challenged Nottinghamshire to fight, I could not but admire the gawstering spirit, because he so thoroughly meant all that he said, and would have gladly matched himself against a mad elephant, or would have crowed defiance, midway between the rails, as the express rushed on at speed.

But in other animals I would pitilessly suppress proclivities to gawster. I would ask power from Parliament to whip, when mild persuasion failed, the precocious prig, "neither man nor boy," who struts about on Sundays, scoffing at religion, and polluting the air with bad tobacco and worse talk; and I would authorise the police to supervise, and to send home at their discretion, those small giggling girls who, having lost the shame which is a glory and a grace, and coveting every adornment but one, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, are seen in our streets, with nearly half a year's wage upon their backs, and the change on their faces—in brass.

To gawster, in fine, is a sure indication of moral and physical debility. He who gawsters is like a show, which has enormous pictures and clanging cymbals, and gongs, and drums, and an obese showman, in his shirt-sleeves, lying through a speaking-trumpet at the top of his voice, *outside*, and little more than a three-headed puppy, or a seven-legged lamb (not in vigorous life, as shown upon the canvas, but in glass and spirits of wine) *within*. When, for example, you hear a man gawster about his horsemanship, you may be sure that he will never be first over a fence, unless it be some wee obstacle, which you could almost arrange on a rocking-horse, and then he will rush wildly at it, as though he had made up his mind to die; or, if his boasting be of cricket, you may expect next morning to see him miss the first easy catch which comes.

I need hardly ask whether you have known, my reader, what it is to feel yourself *glopped*, as when in boyhood (if feminine, please ask your brother), you had just finished your first pipe of the herb called shag, and on your face a tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced, as represented in that marvellous sketch by John Leech, "Old Bagshawe under the influence of tobacco"; when you went forth with your mother for an innings, as you hoped, at the confectioner's, and a second ditto at the toyshop, and saw her ringing the dentist's bell; when you had carefully adjusted that cracker to Mr. Nabal's knocker, and were lighting the lucifer within the quiet seclusion of your cap, and suddenly the knuckles of Mr. Nabal's left pressed rudely on your nape, and the thumb and finger of his right essayed to meet each other through the lobe of your ear; when your dearest friend, in the strictest confidence, and having sworn you to secrecy, showed you a lock of gleaming hair, given to him by the girl whom you adored.

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And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

Or when, in after-years, unequally mated, you groaned, with Parolles, under the subjection of a stronger will, “a man that’s married is a man that’s marred”; and it might be said of you, as once it was said by a labourer of one of his neighbours (so have I read in a book about roses, a charming volume, which should be on every table), “Bill has been and married his mestur, and she has *glopped* him a goodish bit.”

I remember an occasion when a gawsterer was glopped sorely. There was an ancient mansion, wainscoted and floored with shining oak, *glib*—I have not heard that apposite, terse little monosyllable since I went *slurring* with the village boys—glib as glass; and in that ancient mansion there was a banquet; and to that banquet came, with other guests, “a fop in a gay coat,” a coxcomb wearing the bright vestment of the hunter, albeit in the hour of chase he only hunted gates and gaps; and upon the white satin lining of his “pink” there was a tiny button-hole bouquet, such as Mab might have held with her fairy fingers at the time of her coronation; and in collar, if in nothing else, he resembled the immortal Shakespeare; and his bosom was broad and snowy as the swan’s; and his pumps were glossy as the raven’s wing; and he was going dinnerward, with a winsome damsel on his arm and a complacent smile of self-conceit upon his countenance, when the smooth soles of these new and shining shoes suddenly performed a rapid evolution, as though they were skates upon ice; and there was a little shriek from the winsome damsel in particular, and a large “Oh!” from the procession in general, and a flash of horizontal scarlet, as when a soldier falls in battle; and then the bruised and bewildered dandy picked himself up, as best he could, to perform a part for which his qualifications were small—the personification of a man who had a relish for pain; and I sympathised with, though I did not love him—not so much because his feelings, as because his raiment was torn, and he, who was generally the most lively and locomotive of all, was now depressed and sedentary, like the lover of Constance, brooding upon his silent grief, as on its nest the dove, while we remained at the dinner-table, and finally backing out of the drawing-room at an early hour, as though our hostess were the queen.

And his involuntary gymnastics remind me, as I pass on to that “terrible thoroughbred” letter H (I have heard men speak of others who ignored it in conversation as though they must be capable of any crime), of a stout old lady in the manufacturing districts, whose husband had been very successful in business, and had purchased a fine old country residence from some dilapidated squire. She was complaining to a visitor of the difficulty which she had in walking upon the polished floors. “First I sluther,” she said, “and then I hutch; and then I sluther, and then I hutch; and the more I hutch the more I sluther.”

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Only one other specimen (for I must hurry on helter-skelter and harum-scarum) from words beginning with H—to be, or cause others to be, on the *hig*, that is, to go about, or cause others to go about, in a fume, angrily excited, menacing revenge. “Betty,” I asked one of my parishioners, “why do you make these ill-natured, irritating speeches to your next-door neighbour?” “Oh, bless yer,” was the reply I received, “I only said ’em just to set old Sally on the *hig*.” She knew that not to many was it given to hear resignedly the bitter word, that not to many was given in its reality the resignation affected by another of my old women, who (one of those wretched combinations of religion and rancour, “who think they’re pious when they’re only bilious”) accosted me with the startling intelligence—“Oh, Mestur ’Ole, I’ve got another lift towards ’eaven. Bowcocks” (tenants of the cottage adjoining her own), “Bowcocks has been telling more lies; blessed are the parsecuted!” Better open war than this dismal affectation of peace! Better to confess ourselves *hity-tity*, and to raise a *hullabaloo*, than such *humbug* as this!

I, the egotist, has for once nothing to say; but J recalls to me an extract from a conversation which took place during one of my parochial visitations.

Pastor.—“Did I not see old Nanny Smith talking with you at your door just now?”

Parishioner.—“Oh yes, she wor’ here not three minutes sin’, and *jabbering*, as usual, like a clamm’d [famished] jay in a wood; but when she see your reverence coming up th’ lane, th’ old lass wor’ gone in a *jiffey*.”

K makes no suggestions, and L but few. “I’ll *lay*,” has no reference to eggs or to a recumbent posture, but implies a wager. Some years ago, I was riding to the meet, and came up inaudibly, upon the wayside grass, with two grooms on their masters’ hunters, peering over their pummels at a mounted horse in the distance before them and anxiously discussing his identity. Just as I was passing the disputants, the one turned to the other and said, “I shall *lay* yer three threepenny gins to one as it’s Colonel’s rat-tailed ’oss.”

Lig is still commonly used for “lie.” “Our Bob has ligabed sin’ Monday.” “The moon wor *ligging* behind a cloud, so they couldn’t see keepers coming.” To *lorp* is to move awkwardly or idly, and the word suggests a noble line for the alliterative poet:

Lo, lazy lubbers loutish, lorp and loll.

In the days of my boyhood I was perplexed conjecturing by what process of the rustic mind moles had changed their names into *Mouldi-warps*; but I have since discovered that in this instance, as in countless others, the bucolic brain was not so mollified by beans and bacon as some would have us believe. The *mould*—and very fine mould it is—is *warped*, turned up by the mole; and this reminds me of a mole-catcher, whose principles were warped also, and whose occupation was gone awhile in our parts, when it was discovered that he carried a collection of dead moles about with him, with which,

the morning after his traps had been set, he made a grand display on some contiguous hedge, inducing his employer fondly to imagine that his enemies (as he thought of them) had been all destroyed in a night.

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Flying onwards—for this is a very fugitive piece—I would ask admiration for the adjective *muggy*, as exquisitely descriptive of weather, not uncommon in this climate, where a fog gives one the idea, suggested by Dickens, that nature is brewing on an extensive scale outside, and there's dampness everywhere, taking the curl from ringlet and whisker, and causing our adhesive envelopes to fasten themselves on our writing-table, as though practising the duties of their post.

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day—
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue.
No road, no street, no t'other side the way—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No ... vember!

I love, though not as licensed victuallers love, the little monosyllable *nip*. What a nimble agility, what a motive power, in that curt, imperative word!—the pistol-shot which starts the boat-race, the brief, shrill whistle which starts the train. “Just nip off your horse and pull out that stake.” “You nipped out o’ the army,” said a snob to a friend of mine, who had retired some years before the Crimean invasion, and who, in his magisterial capacity, had offended the snob; “you know’d t’ war wor’ a-coming; you nipped out, you didn’t relish them Rooshan baggonets a-prodding and a-pricking. You nipped out o’ th’ army; you know’d t’ war wor’ coming. Good morning. I think you were right.”

When the wind bloweth in from the Orient, or when our discretion has collapsed before a lobster salad (that claw looked so innocently pink, and that lettuce so crisp and green!) then is poor human nature but too prone to be querulous; we disagree, like the lobster, with our fellow creatures; we are peevishly disposed to *nag*. “My mestur has been a good husband to me,” said one of the matrons of my flock, “but he can chime in nasty when he wants to *nag*.”

Times of refinement are probably at hand when, under the sacred influence of School Boards, the rural tongue shall cease to substitute the word *no-at* for nought, or nothing. I am not sorry that when that epoch comes I shall no longer be attached to this machine. I cling to those expressions, which I have heard from childhood: “He’s like a *no-at*.” “He’s up to *no-at*.” One day, years ago, we waited for the train at, not Coventry, but Ratcliffe-on-Trent, and while we waited a weary workman, with his bag of tools on his back, came and sat on the bench beside. Presently we were joined by a third person in the garrulous phase of inebriety, and he pestered the tired artisan with his *boshand gibberish* (two words which should have been introduced at an earlier period of my history) until he provoked the righteous expostulation,

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“Oh, don’t bother me; you’re drunk.” Then, with an air of outraged dignity, and with a stern solemnity, which, if he had not wobbled in his gait and stammered in his utterance, might have suggested the idea that he had just been appointed Professor of Philosophy for the Midland Districts, he delivered an oration: “Now just you listen to me. Do you suppose as a Mighty Power ’ud mak the barley to grow, and the ‘ops to grow, and then put it into the minds of other parties to mak’ ’em foment, and me not meant to drink ’em? why, you know *no-at!*” Whereupon the apt rejoinder: “I know this—that a Mighty Power never meant the barley to grow, nor the hops to grow, for you to take and turn yoursen into a be-ast.”

Nobbut is still common in these parts, in abbreviation of “nothing but.” I congratulated an invalid parishioner on the presence of the doctor, and he said dolefully, “Oh yes, sir; thank yer, sir—but it’s *nobbut* th’ ’prentice.”

My limits do not allow me to mind my L’s and Q’s and R’s, or I might have enlarged upon such words as *palaver*, and *pawling*, and *peart*, and *prod*, and *_romper_*, and *ramshackle*, and *rawm*; and I can only dwell upon one selection from the S’s, of which there is a long Sigmatismus, such as *snag* (“Billy and Sally’s always at *snags*”), and *scuft*, and *scrawl* (“he wor’ just a glass over the scrawl,” *i.e.* the line of sobriety), and *scrawm*, and *slape*, and *snigger*, and *slive* (“I see that *shack a-sliving_* and a *_skulking about*”), and *slare*, and *_slawmy_*, and *sneck*, and *snoozle*, and *spank*, and *stodge*, and *stunt*, and *swish*.

The word which I would illustrate is *skimpy*. It signifies something mean and defective; and in the following history, told to me by a clerical friend, it refers to an attenuated and bony female. When a curate in a remote country parish, he took a raw village lad into his service, to train him for some better place; and, when his education was sufficiently advanced, and he had made some progress in the art of writing, he was permitted to accompany his master to a large dinner-party given by a neighbouring squire. Next morning he communicated his experiences to the housekeeper, and she treacherously repeated them to my friend. “‘Oh,’ he said, ‘it just wor’ grand. Me and t’other gentlemen in livery we stood i’ th’ ’all, and they flung open folding-doors, and out comes the quality tu and tu, harm i’ harm, all a-talking and a-grinning, and as smart as ninepence. I wor’ quite surprised at mestur. He come out last of all, with a *skimpy* old woman. I should say she wor’ sisty off, and there were squire’s daughter, looking as bewtifle as bewtifle, and dressed up as gay as waxwork. I never made no mistake, except giving one gentleman mustard wrong side, and just a drop or so o’ gravy down a hunbeknown



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young lady's back.” I have reached the length of my tether, and will go no longer a-*tweing* after words, lest I put my readers in a *tiff*, and leave them in a *tantrum*. I will *yark* off. Said an underkeeper who had just shot at a snipe: “It *yarked* up and screeted, and I nipped round and blazed; but I caught my toe on a bit of a tussock, and so, consarn it, I missed.” Let me hope that I have not so completely failed in my aim, while firing my small shot against certain abuses and disuses connected with The Vulgar Tongue.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD WITH HIS SON [Sidenote: *Calverley*]

O what harper could worthily harp it,
Mine Edward! this wide-stretching wold
(Look out *wold*) with its wonderful carpet
Of emerald, purple, and gold?
Look well at it—also look sharp, it
Is getting so cold.

The purple is heather (*erica*);
The yellow, gorse—call'd sometimes “whin.”
Cruel boys on its pickles might spike a
Green beetle as if on a pin,
You may roll in it, if you would like a
Few holes in your skin.

You wouldn't? Then think of how kind you
Should be to the insects who crave
Your compassion—and then, look behind you
At yon barley-ears! Don't they look brave
As they undulate (*undulate*, mind you,
From *unda*, a wave).

The noise of those sheep-bells, how faint it
Sounds here—(on account of our height)!
And this hillock itself—who could paint it,
With its changes of shadow and light?
Is it not—(never, Eddy, say “ain't it”)—
A marvellous sight?

Then yon desolate eerie morasses,
The haunts of the snipe and the hern—
(I shall question the two upper classes
On *aquatiles* when we return)—



Why, I see on them absolute masses
Of *felix*, or fern.

How it interests e'en a beginner
(Or *tiro*) like dear little Ned!
Is he listening? As I am a sinner,
He's asleep—he is wagging his head.
Wake up! I'll go home to my dinner,
And you to your bed.

The boundless ineffable prairie;
The splendour of mountain and lake,
With their hues that seem ever to vary;
The mighty pine-forests which shake
In the wind, and in which the unwary
May tread on a snake;

And this wold, with its heathery garment,
Are themes undeniably great.
But—although there is not any harm in't—
It's perhaps little good to dilate
On their charms to a dull little varmint
Of seven or eight.

TARTARIN DE TARASCON

[Sidenote: *Daudet*]

At the time of which I am speaking, Tartarin of Tarascon was not the Tartarin that he is to-day, the great Tartarin of Tarascon, so popular throughout the South of France. However—even then—he was already king of Tarascon.

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Let me tell you whence this kingship.

You must know, first, that every one there is a huntsman, from the greatest to the smallest.

So, every Sunday morning, Tarascon takes arms and leaves the walls, game-bag on the back, gun on the shoulder, with a commotion of dogs, ferrets, trumpets, and hunting-horns. It is a superb sight. Unfortunately, game is wanting, absolutely wanting.

However stupid animals may be, in the end they had become wary.

For five leagues round Tarascon warrens are empty, nests deserted. Not a thrush, not a quail, not the least little rabbit, not the smallest leveret.

And yet these pretty Tarascon hillocks are very tempting, perfumed with myrtle, lavender, and rosemary; and these fine muscat grapes, swollen with sweetness, which grow by the side of the Rhone, extremely appetising too—yes, but there is Tarascon behind, and in the little world of fur and feather Tarascon has an evil fame. The birds of passage themselves have marked it with a big cross on their maps of the route, and when the wild-ducks, descending towards Camargue in long triangles, see the steeples of the town in the distance, the leader screams at the top of his lungs, “There is Tarascon!—There is Tarascon!” and the whole flight turns.

In short, as far as game is concerned, only one old rogue of a hare remains, who has escaped by some miracle from the September massacres of the Tarasconners, and who insists on living there. In Tarascon this hare is well known. They have given him a name. He is called “The Express.” It is known that his form is in M. Bompard’s ground—which, by the way, has doubled and even trebled its price—but so far no one has been able to get at it.

At the present moment there are one or two desperate fellows who have set their hearts upon him.

The others have made up their minds that it is hopeless, and “The Express” has become a sort of local superstition, although the Tarasconners are not very superstitious and eat swallows in a salmi when they can get them.

“But,” you object, “if game is so rare in Tarascon, what do the Tarascon sportsmen do every Sunday?”

What do they do?

Well, bless me! they go out into the open country two or three leagues from the town. They gather into little groups of six or seven, stretch themselves tranquilly in the shadow of an old wall, an olive-tree, take out of their game-bags a great piece of beef seasoned

with *daube*, some uncooked onions, a large sausage, some anchovies, and begin an interminable luncheon, moistened by one of those nice little Rhone wines which make a man laugh and sing.

After that, when one has laid in a good stock of provisions, one rises, whistles the dogs, loads the guns, and the chase begins. That is to say, each gentleman takes his cap, flings it into the air with all his might, and fires at it.

He who puts most shots into his cap is proclaimed king of the hunt, and returns in the evening to Tarascon in triumph, with his peppered cap on the end of his gun, amidst yappings and fanfares.

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Needless to say, there is a great trade of caps in the town. There are even hatters who sell caps torn and full of holes for the use of the clumsy. But hardly any one but Bezuquet, the chemist, buys them. It is dishonouring!

As a cap-hunter, Tartarin of Tarascon has no equal. Every Sunday morning he starts with a new cap; every Sunday evening he returns with a rag. At the little house with the baobab-tree the greenhouses were full of the glorious trophies. For this reason all the Tarasconners recognised him as their master, and as Tartarin knew the code of a sportsman through and through, had read all the treatises, all the manuals of every conceivable hunt, from the pursuit of caps to the pursuit of Bengal tigers, these gentlemen made him their great sporting justicier, and appointed him arbitrator in all their discussions.

Every day, from three to four, at Costecalde's the gunsmith, a fat man was to be seen, very grave, with a pipe between his teeth, sitting in a chair covered with green leather, in the middle of a shop full of cap-hunters, all standing and wrangling. It was Tartarin of Tarascon administering justice, Nimrod added to Solomon.

CONCERNING CHARLES LAMB

PERSONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE SEEN

[Sidenote: *William Hazlitt*]

... "There is one person," said a shrill, querulous voice, "I would rather see than all these—Don Quixote!"

"Come, come!" said Hunt; "I thought we should have no heroes, real or fabulous. What say you, Mr. Lamb? Are you for eking out your shadowy list with such names as Alexander, Julius Caesar, Tamerlane, or Genghis Khan?"

"Excuse me," said Lamb; "on the subject of characters in active life, plotters and disturbers of the world, I have a crotchet of my own, which I beg leave to reserve."

"No, no! come out with your worthies!"

"What do you think of Guy Fawkes and Judas Iscariot?"

Hunt turned an eye upon him like a wild Indian, but cordial and full of smothered glee. "Your most exquisite reason!" was echoed on all sides; and all thought that Lamb had now fairly entangled himself.

"Why, I cannot but think," retorted he of the wistful countenance, "that Guy Fawkes, that poor, fluttering, annual scarecrow of straw and rags, is an ill-used gentleman. I would give something to see him sitting pale and emaciated, surrounded by his matches and



his barrels of gunpowder, and expecting the moment that was to transport him to Paradise for his heroic self-devotion; but if I say any more, there is that fellow Godwin will make something of it. And as to Judas Iscariot, my reason is different. I would fain see the face of him who, having dipped his hand in the same dish with the Son of Man, could afterwards betray Him. I have no conception of such a thing; nor have I ever seen any picture (not even Leonardo's very fine one) that gave me the least idea of it."

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"You have said enough, Mr. Lamb, to justify your choice."

"Oh! ever right, Menenius—ever right!"

"There is only one person I can ever think of after this," continued Lamb; but without mentioning a name that once put on a semblance of mortality. "If Shakespeare was to come into the room, we should all rise up to meet him; but if that person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of his garment."

HAYDON'S IMMORTAL NIGHT

[Sidenote: *B.R. Haydon*]

On December 28th the immortal dinner came off in my painting-room, with Jerusalem towering up behind us as a background. Wordsworth was in fine cue, and we had a glorious set-to—on Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Virgil. Lamb got exceedingly merry and exquisitely witty; and his fun in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear's passion. He made a speech and voted me absent, and made them drink my health. "Now," said Lamb, "you old lake poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?" We all defended Wordsworth, and affirmed there was a state of mind when Voltaire would be dull. "Well," said Lamb, "here's Voltaire—the Messiah of the French nation, and a very proper one too."

He then, in a strain of humour beyond description, abused me for putting Newton's head into my picture—"a fellow," said he, "who believed nothing unless it was as clear as the three sides of a triangle." And then he and Keats agreed he had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to the prismatic colours. It was impossible to resist him, and we all drank "Newton's health, and confusion to mathematics." It was delightful to see the good-humour of Wordsworth in giving in to all our frolics without affectation, and laughing as heartily as the best of us.

By this time other friends joined, amongst them poor Ritchie, who was going to penetrate by Fezzan to Timbuctoo. I introduced him to all as "a gentleman going to Africa." Lamb seemed to take no notice; but all of a sudden he roared out, "Which is the gentleman we are going to lose?" We then drank the victim's health, in which Ritchie joined.

In the morning of this delightful day, a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on me. He said he knew my friends, had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet. I thought it a liberty; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come.

When we retired to tea we found the comptroller. Introducing him to Wordsworth, I forgot to say who he was. After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up and said to Wordsworth, "Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?" Keats looked at me, Wordsworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, "Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?" "No, sir; I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not." "Oh," said Lamb, "then you are a silly fellow." "Charles! my dear Charles!" said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire.

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After an awful pause the comptroller said, "Don't you think Newton a great genius?" I could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, "Who is this?" Lamb got up, and, taking a candle, said, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the comptroller he chaunted:

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his breeches on."

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, "I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth." "With me, sir?" said Wordsworth, "not that I remember." "Don't you, sir? I am a comptroller of stamps." There was a dead silence—the comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While we were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sung out:

"Hey diddle fiddle,
The cat and the fiddle."

"My dear Charles!" said Wordsworth—

"Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John"—

chaunted Lamb, and then, rising, exclaimed, "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs." Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting-room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the comptroller was irreconcilable. We soothed and smiled and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man, we parted all in good-humour, and no ill effects followed.

All the while, until Monkhouse succeeded, we could hear Lamb struggling in the painting-room and calling at intervals, "Who is that fellow? Allow me to see his organs once more."

It was indeed an immortal evening. Wordsworth's fine intonation as he quoted Milton and Virgil, Keats's eager, inspired look, Lamb's quaint sparkle of lambent humour, so speeded the stream of conversation that in my life I never passed a more delightful time. All our fun was within bounds. Not a word passed that an apostle might not have listened to. It was a night worthy of the Elizabethan age.

"SIXPENNY JOKES" [Sidenote: *Charles Lamb*]

There is no *virtue* like *necessity*, says the proverb. If that be true, what a quantity of *virtue* there must be among the lower orders of people in this country!

* * * * *

A *bench* of Justices certainly gives us an idea of something *wooden*. Shakespeare, in his *Seven Ages*, represents a Justice as made up with saws.

* * * * *

Locke compares the mind of a new-born infant to a sheet of white paper not yet written on. It must be confessed that, whoever wrote upon Mr. A——n's mind has left *large margins*.

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TO HIS BROTHER

[Sidenote: *Keats*]

The thought of your little girl puts me in mind of a thing I heard Mr. Lamb say. A child in arms was passing by his chair towards the mother in the nurse's arms. Lamb took hold of the long-clothes, saying, "Where, God bless me, where does it leave off?"

LAMB'S TASK

[Sidenote: *Charles Lamb*]

In those days every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, but, above all, *dress*, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.

A fashion of *flesh-*, or rather *pink*-coloured hose for the ladies, luckily coming in at this juncture, when we were on our probation for the place of Chief Jester to S——'s paper, established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced a "capital hand." Oh the conceits which we varied upon *red* in all its prismatic differences! from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea to the flaming costume of the lady that has her sitting upon "many waters." Then there was the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something "not quite proper," while, like a skilful posture-maker, balancing betwixt decorums and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which a hair's-breadth deviation is destruction; hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where "both seem either"; a hazy uncertain delicacy; Autolycus-like in the play, still putting off his expectant auditory with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man!" But, above all, that conceit arrided us most at that time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where, allusively to the flight of Astrae—*ultima Coelestum terras reliquit*—we pronounced—in reference to the stockings still—that *Modesty taking her final leave of Mortals, her last blush was visible in her ascent to the Heavens by the tract of the glowing instep*. This might be called the crowning conceit; and was esteemed tolerable writing in those days.

But the fashion of jokes, with all other things, passes away; as did the transient mode which had so favoured us. The ankles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to reassume their whiteness, and left us scarce a leg to stand upon. Other female whims followed, but none, methought, so pregnant, so invitatory of shrewd conceits, and more than single meanings.

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Somebody has said that, to swallow six cross-buns daily consecutively for a fortnight would surfeit the stoutest digestion. But to have to furnish as many jokes daily, and that not for a fortnight, but for a long twelvemonth, as we were constrained to do, was a little harder execution. “Man goeth forth to his work until the evening”—from a reasonable hour in the morning, we presume it was meant. Now, as our main occupation took us up from eight till five every day in the City; and as our evening hours, at that time of life, had generally to do with anything rather than business, it follows that the only time we could spare for this manufactory of jokes—our supplementary livelihood, that supplied us in every want beyond mere bread and cheese—was exactly that part of the day which (as we have heard of No Man’s Land) may be fitly denominated No Man’s Time; that is, no time in which a man ought to be up, and awake, in. To speak more plainly, it is that time, of an hour, or an hour and a half’s duration, in which a man whose occasions call him up so preposterously has to wait for his breakfast.

Oh those headaches at dawn of day, when at five, or half-past five in summer, and not much later in the dark seasons, we were compelled to rise, having been perhaps not above four hours in bed—(for we were no go-to-beds with the lamb, though we anticipated the lark oftentimes in her rising—we liked a parting up at midnight, as all young men did before these effeminate times, and to have our friends about us—we were not constellated under Aquarius, that watery sign, and therefore incapable of Bacchus, cold washy, bloodless—we were none of your Basilian water-sponges, nor had taken our degrees at Mount Ague—we were right toping Capulets, jolly companions, we and they),—but to have to get up, as we said before, curtailed of half our fair sleep, fasting, with only a dim vista of refreshing Bohea in the distance—to be necessitated to rouse ourselves at the detestable rap of an hag of a domestic, who seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in her announcement that it was “time to rise”; and whose chappy knuckles we have often yearned to amputate, and string them up at our chamber-door, to be a terror to all such unreasonable rest-breakers in future—

“Facil” and sweet, as Virgil sings, had been the “descending” of the over-night, balmy the first sinking of the heavy head upon the pillow; but to get up, as he goes on to say

Revocare gradus, superasque evadere ad auras

—and to get up, moreover, to make jokes with malice prepended—there was the “labour,” there the “work.”

No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like to that, our slavery. No fractious operants ever turned out for half the tyranny which this necessity exercised upon us. Half a dozen jests in a day (bating Sundays too), why, it seems nothing! We make twice the number every day in our lives as a matter of course, and claim no Sabbatical exemptions. But then they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them—when the mountain must go to Mahomet—

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Reader, try it for once, only for one short twelvemonth.

It was not every week that a fashion of pink stockings came up; but mostly, instead of it, some rugged, untractable subject; some topic impossible to be contorted into the risible; some feature, upon which no smile could play; some flint, from which no process of ingenuity could procure a distillation. There they lay; there your appointed tale of brick-making was set before you, which you must finish, with or without straw, as it happened. The craving Dragon—*the Public*—like him in Bel's temple—must be fed; it expected its daily rations; and Daniel, and ourselves, to do us justice, did the best we could on this side bursting him.

MISS PATE

[Sidenote: *M.M. Betham*]

A Miss Pate (when he heard of her, he asked if she was any relation to Mr. John *Head*, of Ipswich) was at a party, and he said, on hearing her name, "Miss Pate I hate." "You are the first person who ever told me so, however," said she. "Oh! I mean nothing by it. If it had been Miss Dove, I should have said, Miss Dove I love, or Miss Pike I like." ... Another, who was very much marked with the small-pox, looked as if the devil had ridden roughshod over her face. I saw him talking to her afterwards with great apparent interest, and noticed it, saying, "I thought he had not liked her." His reply was, "I like her internals very well."

THE LOST ORNAMENT

[Sidenote: *Washington Allston*]

Lamb was present when a naval officer was giving an account of an action which he had been in, and, to illustrate the carelessness and disregard of life at such times, said that a sailor had both his legs shot off, and as his shipmates were carrying him below, another shot came and took off his arms; they, thinking he was pretty much used up, though life was still in him, threw him out of a port. "Shame, d——d shame," stuttered our Lamb, "he m-m-might have l-lived to have been an a-a-ornament to Society!"

YOUR HAT, SIR

[Sidenote: *Crabb Robinson*]

I dined at Lamb's, and then walked with him to Highgate, self-invited. There we found a large party. Mr. and Mrs. Green, the Aderses, Irving, Collins, R.A., a Mr. Taylor, a young man of talents in the Colonial Office, Basil Montagu, a Mr. Chance, and one or two others. It was a *rich* evening. Coleridge talked his best, and it appeared better because he and Irving supported the same doctrines. His superiority was striking. The idea dwelt on was the higher character of the internal evidence of Christianity, as addressed to our immediate consciousness of our own wants and the necessity of a religion and a revelation. In a style not to me clear or intelligible, Irving and Coleridge both

declaimed. The *advocatus diaboli* for the evening was Mr. Taylor, who, in a way very creditable to his manners as a gentleman, but with little more than verbal cleverness, and an ordinary logic, and the confidence of a young man who has no suspicion of his own deficiencies, affirmed that those evidences which the Christian thinks he finds in his internal convictions, the Mahometan also thinks he has; and he affirmed that Mahomet had improved the condition of mankind. Lamb asked him whether he came in a turban or a hat.

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ELIA'S TAIL

[Sidenote: *J.B.*]

When I first knew Charles Lamb, I ventured, one evening, to say something that I intended should pass for wit. "Ha! very well; very well, indeed!" said he. "Ben Jonson has said worse things" (I brightened up, but he went stammering on to the end of the sentence)—"and—and—and *better!*" A pinch of snuff concluded this compliment, which put a stop to my wit for the evening. I related the thing to Hazlitt, afterwards, who laughed. "Aye," said he, "you are never sure of him till he gets to the end. His jokes would be the sharpest things in the world, but that they are blunted by his good-nature. He wants malice—which is a pity." "But," said I, "his words at first seemed so—" "Oh! as for that," replied Hazlitt, "his sayings are generally like women's letters: all the pith is in the postscript."

CHARLES AND HIS SISTER

[Sidenote: *Mrs. Balmano*]

Miss Lamb, although many years older than her brother, by no means looked so, but presented the pleasant appearance of a mild, rather stout, and comely maiden lady of middle age. Dressed with quaker-like simplicity in dove-coloured silk, with a transparent kerchief of snow-white muslin folded across her bosom, she at once prepossessed the beholder in her favour by an aspect of serenity and peace. Her manners were very quiet and gentle, and her voice low. She smiled frequently, but seldom laughed, partaking of the courtesies and hospitalities of her merry host and hostess with all the cheerfulness and grace of a most mild and kindly nature.

Her behaviour to her brother was like that of an admiring disciple; her eyes seldom absent from his face. Even when apparently engrossed in conversation with others, she would, by supplying some word for which he was at a loss, even when talking in a distant part of the room, show how closely her mind waited upon his. Mr. Lamb was in high spirits, sauntering about the room, with his hands crossed behind his back, conversing by fits and starts with those most familiarly known to him, but evidently mentally acknowledging Miss Kelly to be the *rara avis* of his thoughts, by the great attention he paid to every word she uttered. Truly pleasant it must have been to her, even though accustomed to see people listen breathless with admiration while she spoke, to find her words have so much charm for such a man as Charles Lamb.

He appeared to enjoy himself greatly, much to the gratification of Mrs. Hood, who often interchanged happy glances with Miss Lamb, who nodded approvingly. He spoke much—with emphasis and hurry of words, sorely impeded by the stammering utterance which in him was not unattractive. Miss Kelly (charming, natural Miss Kelly, who has drawn from her audiences more heart-felt tears and smiles than perhaps any other English actress), with quiet good-humour listened and laughed at the witty sallies of her host and his gifted friend, seeming as little an actress

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as it is possible to conceive. Once, however, when some allusion was made to a comic scene in a new play then just brought out, wherein she had performed to the life the character of a low-bred lady's-maid passing herself off as her mistress, Miss Kelly arose, and with a kind of resistless ardour repeated a few sentences so inimitably that everybody laughed as much as if the real lady's-maid, and not the actress, had been before them; while she who had so well personated the part quietly resumed her seat without the least sign of merriment, as grave as possible. Most striking had been the transition from the calm, lady-like person, to the gay, loquacious soubrette; and not less so the sudden extinction of vivacity and resumption of well-bred decorum. This little scene for a few moments charmed everybody out of themselves, and gave a new impetus to conversation....

Mr. Lamb oddly walked all round the table, looking closely at any dish that struck his fancy before he would decide where to sit, telling Mrs. Hood that he should by that means know how to select some dish that was difficult to carve, and take the trouble off her hands; accordingly, having jested in this manner, he placed himself with great deliberation before a lobster-salad, observing *that* was the thing. On her asking him to take some roast fowl, he assented. "What part shall I help you to, Mr. Lamb?" "Back," said he quickly; "I always prefer the back." My husband laid down his knife and fork, and, looking upwards, exclaimed: "By heavens! I could not have believed it, if anybody else had sworn it." "Believed what?" said kind Mrs. Hood, anxiously, colouring to the temples, and fancying there was something amiss in the piece he had been helped to. "Believe what? why, madam, that Charles Lamb was a backbiter?" Hood gave one of his short, quick laughs, gone almost ere it had come, whilst Lamb went off into a loud fit of mirth, exclaiming: "Now, that's devilish good! I'll sup with you to-morrow night." This eccentric flight made everybody very merry, and amidst a most amusing mixture of wit and humour, sense and nonsense, we feasted merrily, amidst jocose health-drinking, sentiments, speeches, and songs.

Mr. Hood, with inexpressible gravity in the upper part of his face and his mouth twitching with smiles, sang his own comic song, "If you go to France, be sure you learn the lingo," his pensive manner and feeble voice making it doubly ludicrous. Mr. Lamb, on being pressed to sing, excused himself in his own peculiar manner, but offered to pronounce a Latin eulogium instead. This was accepted, and he accordingly stammered forth a string of Latin words; among which, as the name of Mrs. Hood frequently occurred, we ladies thought it was in praise of her. The delivery of his speech occupied about five minutes. On inquiring of a gentleman who sat next to me whether Mr. Lamb was praising Mrs. Hood, he informed me that it was by no means the case, the eulogium being on the lobster-salad!

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IN A COACH

[Sidenote: *Charles Lamb*]

The incidents of our journey were trifling, but you bade me tell them. We had, then, in the coach a rather talkative gentleman, but very civil, all the way, and took up a servant-maid at Stamford, going to a sick mistress.... The *former* engaged me in a discourse for full twenty miles on the probable advantages of Steam Carriages, which, being merely problematical, I bore my part in with some credit, in spite of my totally un-engineer-like faculties. But when, somewhere about Stanstead, he put an unfortunate question to me as to the “probability of its turning out a good turnip season,” and when I, who am still less of an agriculturist than a steam-philosopher, not knowing a turnip from a potato-ground, innocently made answer that I believed it depended very much upon boiled legs of mutton, my unlucky reply set Miss Isola a-laughing to a degree that disturbed her tranquillity for the only moment in our journey. I am afraid my credit sank very low with my other fellow-traveller, who had thought he had met with a *well-informed passenger*, which is an accident so desirable in a stage coach. We were rather less communicative, but still friendly, the rest of the way.

KING DAVID AND THE GARDENER

[Sidenote: *Anon.*]

Vrom readin' Scripture well Oi knows
Pzalmist 'e had na rest vrom voes;
Vor po-or ole Dave gre-at pits they'd delve,
An' then, dam loons, vail in theirselve.
This iz ma readin' ov the Book,
An' to ma self do mak' me look;
Wi' dew respeck, Oi veel loike him,
Tho' later born, and deal more slim.

Vor ev'ry day, wi' buzz an' hum,
Into ma garden voes do come;
The waspies starm ma gabled wall
An' into t' trenches t' grub do crawl.
The blackbird, sparrer, tit, an' thrush
Do commandeer each curran' bush,
While slugs off lettuce take their smack,
And maggots turn the celery black.

Wi' greenfly zlimin' roun' ma roses,
An' earwigs pokin' be-astly noses
In dahlias vit vor virst at Show,
Oi ha' ma troubles, as yew may know;
But Dave did circumwent the Devil,



An' wi' ma insecks Oi get level,
Lard! wi' what piety Oi tend 'em,
An' wi' ma boot rejoicin' end 'em!

Zo, maister gets his dish o' peas,
An' mum her roses, if yew please,
But, lawks, they little knaw, Oi 'speck,
What Oi've laid out in intelleck;
But Dave got little praise vrom man,
An' as Oi ta-ake ma wat'rin'-can,
Oi zays, zays Oi, next world wull show
Who wuz tip-tappers here below.

THE CALAIS NIGHT-BOAT
[Sidenote: *Charles Dickens*]

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It is an unsettled question with me whether I shall leave Calais something handsome in my will, or whether I shall leave it my malediction. I hate it so much, and yet I am always so very glad to see it, that I am in a state of constant indecision on this subject. When I first made acquaintance with Calais it was as a maundering young wretch in a clammy perspiration and dripping saline particles, who was conscious of no extremities but the one great extremity, sea-sickness—who was a mere bilious torso, with a mislaid headache somewhere in its stomach—who had been put into a horrible swing in Dover Harbour, and had tumbled giddily out of it on the French coast, or the Isle of Man, or anywhere. Times have changed, and now I enter Calais self-reliant and rational. I know where it is beforehand, I keep a look-out for it, I recognise its landmarks when I see any of them, I am acquainted with its ways, and I know—and I can bear—its worst behaviour.

Malignant Calais! Low-lying alligator, evading the eye-sight and discouraging hope! Dodging flat streak, now on this bow, now on that, now anywhere, now everywhere, now nowhere! In vain Cape Grinez, coming frankly forth into the sea, exhorts the failing to be stout of heart and stomach; sneaking Calais, prone behind its bar, invites emetically to despair. Even when it can no longer quite conceal itself in its muddy dock, it has an evil way of falling off, has Calais, which is more hopeless than its invisibility. The pier is all but on the bowsprit and you think you are there—roll, roar, wash!—Calais has retired miles inland, and Dover has burst out to look for it. It has a last dip and slide in its character, has Calais, to be specially commended to the infernal gods. Thrice accursed be that garrison-town, when it dives under the boat's keel, and comes up a league or two to the right, with the packet shivering and spluttering and staring about for it!

Not but what I have my animosities towards Dover. I particularly detest Dover for the self-complacency with which it goes to bed. It always goes to bed (when I am going to Calais) with a more brilliant display of lamp and candle than any other town. Mr. and Mrs. Birmingham, host and hostess of the Lord Warden Hotel, are my much-esteemed friends, but they are too conceited about the comforts of that establishment when the Night Mail is starting. I know it is a good house to stay at, and I don't want the fact insisted upon in all its warm bright windows at such an hour. I know the Warden is a stationary edifice that never rolls or pitches, and I object to its big outline seeming to insist upon that circumstance, and, as it were, to come over me with it, when I am reeling on the deck of the boat. Beshrew the Warden likewise for obstructing that corner, and making the wind so angry as it rushes round. Shall I not know that it blows quite soon enough, without the officious Warden's interference?

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As I wait here on board the night-packet, for the South-Eastern train to come down with the mail, Dover appears to me to be illuminated for some intensely aggravating festivity in my personal dishonour. All its noises smack of taunting praises of the land, and dispraises of the gloomy sea, and of me for going on it. The drums upon the heights have gone to bed, or I know they would rattle taunts against me for having my unsteady footing on this slippery deck. The many gas-eyes of the Marine Parade twinkle in an offensive manner, as if with derision. The distant dogs of Dover bark at me in my misshapen wrappers, as if I were Richard the Third.

A screech, a bell, and two red eyes come gliding down the Admiralty Pier with a smoothness of motion rendered more smooth by the heaving of the boat. The sea makes noises against the pier, as if several hippopotami were lapping at it, and were prevented by circumstances over which they have no control from drinking peaceably. We, the boat, become violently agitated—rumble, hum, scream, roar—and establish an immense family washing-day at each paddle-box. Bright patches break out in the train as the doors of the post-office vans are opened, and instantly stooping figures with sacks upon their backs begin to be beheld among the piles, descending as it would seem in ghostly procession to Davy Jones's Locker. The passengers come on board; a few shadowy Frenchmen, with hatboxes shaped like the stoppers of gigantic case-bottles; a few shadowy Germans in immense fur coats and boots; a few shadowy Englishmen prepared for the worst and pretending not to expect it. I cannot disguise from my uncommercial mind the miserable fact that we are a body of outcasts; that the attendants on us are as scant in number as may serve to get rid of us with the least possible delay; that there are no night-loungers interested in us; that the unwilling lamps shiver and shudder at us; that the sole object is to commit us to the deep and abandon us. Lo, the two red eyes glaring in increasing distance, and then the very train itself has gone to bed before we are off! What is the moral support derived by some sea-going amateurs from an umbrella? Why do certain voyagers across the Channel always put up that article, and hold it up with a grim and fierce tenacity? A fellow-creature near me—whom I only know to be a fellow-creature because of his umbrella: without which he might be a dark bit of cliff, pier, or bulkhead—clutches that instrument with a desperate grasp that will not relax until he lands at Calais. Is there an analogy, in certain constitutions, between keeping an umbrella up and keeping the spirits up? A hawser thrown on board with a flop replies, "Stand by!" "Stand by, below!" "Half a turn ahead!" "Half a turn ahead!" "Half speed!" "Half speed!" "Port!" "Port!" "Steady!" "Steady!" "Go on!" "Go on!"

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A stout wooden wedge driven in at my right temple and out at my left, a floating deposit of lukewarm oil in my throat, and a compression of the bridge of my nose in a blunt pair of pincers—these are the personal sensations by which I know we are off, and by which I shall continue to know it until I am on the soil of France. My symptoms have scarcely established themselves comfortably, when two or three skating shadows that have been trying to walk or stand, get flung together, and other two or three shadows in tarpaulin slide with them into corners and cover them up. Then the South Foreland lights begin to hiccup at us in a way that bodes no good.

It is at about this period that my detestation of Calais knows no bounds. Inwardly I resolve afresh that I never will forgive that hateful town. I have done so before, many times, but that is past. Let me register a vow. Implacable animosity to Calais everm—that was an awkward sea, and the funnel seems of my opinion, for it gives a complaining roar.

The wind blows stiffly from the nor'-east, the sea runs high, we ship a deal of water, the night is dark and cold, and the shapeless passengers lie about in melancholy bundles, as if they were sorted out for the laundress; but, for my own uncommercial part, I cannot pretend that I am much inconvenienced by any of these things. A general howling, whistling, flopping, gurgling, and scooping, I am aware of, and a general knocking about of Nature; but the impressions I receive are very vague. In a sweet, faint temper, something like the smell of damaged oranges, I think I should feel languidly benevolent if I had time. I have not time, because I am under a curious compulsion to occupy myself with Irish melodies. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," is the particular melody to which I find myself devoted. I sing it to myself in the most charming manner and with the greatest expression. Now and then I raise my head (I am sitting on the hardest of wet seats, in the most uncomfortable of wet attitudes, but I don't mind it) and notice that I am a whirling shuttle-cock between a fiery battledore of a lighthouse on the French coast and a fiery battledore of a lighthouse on the English coast; but I don't notice it particularly, except to feel envenomed in my hatred of Calais. Then I go on again, "Rich and rare were the ge-ems she-e-e-e wore, And a bright gold ring on her wa-and she bo-ore, But O her beauty was fa-a-a-r beyond"—I am particularly proud of my execution here, when I become aware of another awkward shock from the sea, and another protest from the funnel, and a fellow-creature at the paddle-box more audibly indisposed than I think he need be—"Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand, But O her beauty was fa-a-a-a-r beyond"—another awkward one here, and the fellow creature with the umbrella down and picked up—"Her spa-a-arkling ge-ems, or her Port! port! steady! steady! snow-white fellow-creature at the paddle-box very selfishly audible, bump roar wash white wand."

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As my execution of the Irish melodies partakes of my imperfect perceptions of what is going on around me, so what is going on around me becomes something else than what it is. The stokers open the furnace-doors below, to feed the fires, and I am again on the box of the old Exeter Telegraph fast coach, and that is the light of the for-ever-extinguished coach-lamps, and the gleam on the hatches and paddle-boxes is *their* gleam on cottages and haystacks, and the monotonous noise of the engines is the steady jingle of the splendid team. Anon, the intermittent funnel-roar of protest at every violent roll becomes the regular blast of the high-pressure engine, and I recognise the exceedingly explosive steamer in which I ascended the Mississippi when the American Civil War was not, and when only its causes were. A fragment of mast on which the light of a lantern falls, an end of rope, and a jerking block or so become suggestive of Franconi's Circus in Paris, where I shall be this very night mayhap (for it must be morning now), and they dance to the selfsame time and tune as the trained steed, Black Raven. What may be the speciality of these waves as they come rushing on I cannot desert the pressing demands made upon me by the gems she wore, to inquire, but they are charged with something about Robinson Crusoe, and I think it was in Yarmouth Roads that he first went a-seafaring and near foundering (what a terrific sound that word had for me when I was a boy!) in his first gale of wind. Still, through all this, I must ask her (who was she, I wonder!) for the fiftieth time, and without ever stopping, Does she not fear to stray, so lone and lovely through this bleak way, And are Erin's sons so good or so cold, As not to be tempted by more fellow-creatures at the paddle-box or gold? Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm, No son of Erin will offer me harm, For though they love fellow creatures with umbrella down again and golden store, Sir Knight, they—what a tremendous one!—love honour and virtue more: For though they love stewards with a bull's-eye bright, they'll trouble you for your ticket, sir—rough passage to-night!

I freely admit it to be a miserable piece of human weakness and inconsistency, but I no sooner become conscious of those last words from the steward than I begin to soften towards Calais. Whereas I have been vindictively wishing that those Calais burghers who came out of their town by a short cut into the History of England, with those fatal ropes round their necks by which they have since been towed into so many cartoons, had all been hanged on the spot, I now begin to regard them as highly respectable and virtuous tradesmen. Looking about me, I see the light of Cape Grinez well astern of the boat on the davits to leeward, and the light of Calais Harbour undeniably at its old tricks, but still ahead and shining. Sentiments of forgiveness of Calais, not to say of attachment to Calais, begin to expand my bosom. I have weak notions that I will stay there a day or two on my way back. A faded and recumbent stranger, pausing in a profound reverie over the rim of a basin, asked me what kind of place Calais is? I tell him (Heaven forgive me!) a very agreeable place indeed—rather hilly than otherwise.

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So strangely goes the time, and on the whole so quickly—though still I seem to have been on board a week—that I am bumped, rolled, gurgled, washed, and pitched into Calais Harbour before her maiden smile has finally lighted her through the Green Isle. When blest for ever is she who relied On entering Calais at the top of the tide. For we have not to land to-night down among those slimy timbers—covered with green hair as if it were the mermaid's favourite combing-place—where one crawls to the surface of the jetty, like a stranded shrimp; but we go steaming up the harbour to the Railway-station Quay. And, as we go, the sea washes in and out among the piles and planks with dead, heavy beats and in quite a furious manner (whereof we are proud), and the lamps shake in the wind, and the bells of Calais striking One seem to send their vibrations struggling against troubled air, as we have come struggling against troubled water. And now, in the sudden relief and wiping of faces, everybody on board seems to have had a prodigious double-tooth out, and to be this very instant free of the dentist's hands. And now we all know for the first time how wet and cold we are, and how salt we are; and now I love Calais with my heart of hearts!

“Hotel Dessin!” (but in this one case it is not a vocal cry; it is but a bright lustre in the eyes of the cheery representative of that best of inns). “Hotel Meurice!” “Hotel de France!” “Hotel de Calais!” “The Royal Hotel, sir, Anglaishe ’ouse!” “You going to Parry, sir?” “Your baggage, registair free, sir?” Bless ye, my Touters; bless ye, my commissionaires; bless ye, my hungry-eyed mysteries in caps of military form, who are always here, day or night, fair weather or foul, seeking inscrutable jobs which I never see you get! Bless ye, my Custom-house officers in green and grey; permit me to grasp the welcome hands that descend into my travelling-bag, one on each side, and meet at the bottom to give my change of linen a peculiar shake-up, as if it were a measure of chaff or grain! I have nothing to declare, Monsieur le Douanier, except that, when I cease to breathe, Calais will be found written on my heart. No article liable to local duty have I with me, Monsieur l’Officier de l’Octroi, unless the overflowing of a breast devoted to your charming town should be in that wise chargeable. Ah! see at the gangway by the twinkling lantern my dearest brother and friend, he once of the Passport Office, he who collects the names! May he be for ever changeless in his buttoned black boat-surtout, with his note-book in his hand, and his tall black hat surmounting his round, smiling, patient face! Let us embrace, my dearest brother. I am yours *a tout jamais*—for the whole of ever.

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Calais up and doing at the railway-station, and Calais down and dreaming in its bed; Calais with something of “an ancient and fish-like smell” about it, and Calais blown and sea-washed pure; Calais represented at the Buffet by savoury roast fowls, hot coffee, cognac, and Bordeaux; and Calais represented everywhere by flitting persons with a monomania for changing money—though I never shall be able to understand, in my present state of existence, how they live by it; but I suppose I should, if I understood the currency question; Calais *en gros* and Calais *en detail*, forgive one who has deeply wronged you,—I was not fully aware of it on the other side, but I meant Dover.

Ding, ding! To the carriages, gentlemen the travellers. Ascend then, gentlemen the travellers, for Hazebroucke, Lille, Douai, Bruxelles, Arras, Amiens, and Paris! I, humble representative of the uncommercial interest, ascend with the rest. The train is light to-night, and I share my compartment with but two fellow-travellers; one, a compatriot in an obsolete cravat, who thinks it a quite unaccountable thing that they don't keep “London time” on a French railway, and who is made angry by my modestly suggesting the possibility of Paris time being more in their way; the other, a young priest, with a very small bird in a very small cage, who feeds the small bird with a quill, and then puts him up in the network above his head, where he advances twittering to his front wires, and seems to address me in an electioneering manner. The compatriot (who crossed in the boat, and whom I judge to be some person of distinction, as he was shut up, like a stately species of rabbit, in a private hutch on deck) and the young priest (who joined us at Calais) are soon asleep, and then the bird and I have it all to ourselves....

LETTERS

[Sidenote: *Walter Bagehot*]

The complete letter-writer is now an unknown animal. In the last century, when communications were difficult, and epistles rare, there were a great many valuable people who devoted a good deal of time to writing elaborate letters. You wrote letters to a man whom you knew nineteen years and a half ago, and told him what you had for dinner, and what your second cousin said, and how the crops got on. Every detail of life was described and dwelt on, and improved. The art of writing, at least of writing easily, was comparatively rare, which kept the number of such compositions within narrow limits. Sir Walter Scott says he knew a man who remembered that the London post-bag once came to Edinburgh with only one letter in it. One can fancy the solemn, conscientious elaborateness with which a person would write, with the notion that his letter would have a whole coach and a whole bag to itself, and travel two hundred miles alone, the exclusive object of a red guard's care. The only thing like it now—the deferential minuteness with which one public office writes to another, conscious that the letter will travel on her Majesty's service three doors down the passage—sinks by comparison into cursory brevity.

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No administrative reform will be able to bring even the official mind of these days into the grave inch-an-hour conscientiousness with which a confidential correspondent of a century ago related the growth of apples, the manufacture of jams, the appearance of flirtations, and other such-like things. All the ordinary incidents of an easy life were made the most of; a party was epistolary capital, a race a mine of wealth. So deeply sentimental was this intercourse that it was much argued whether the affections were created for the sake of ink, or ink for the sake of the affections. Thus it continued for many years, and the fruits thereof are written in the volumes of family papers, which daily appear, are prized as “materials for the historian,” and consigned, as the case may be, to posterity or oblivion. All this has now passed away. Mr. Rowland Hill is entitled to the credit, not only of introducing stamps, but also of destroying letters.

THE TRAGEDY

[Sidenote: *Ingoldsby*]

Quaeque ipse miserrima vidi.—*Virgil*

Catherine of Cleves was a Lady of rank,
She had lands and fine houses, and cash in the bank;
She had jewels and rings, And a thousand smart things;
Was lovely and young, With a rather sharp tongue,
And she wedded a Noble of high degree
With the star of the order of *St. Esprit*;
But the Duke de Guise Was, by many degrees,
Her senior, and not very easy to please;
He'd a sneer on his lip, and a scowl with his eye,
And a frown on his brow,—and he look'd like a Guy,—
So she took to intriguing With Monsieur St. Megrin,
A young man of fashion, and figure, and worth,
But with no great pretensions to fortune or birth;
He would sing, fence, and dance
With the best man in France,
And took his rappee with genteel *nonchalance*;
He smiled, and he flattered, and flirted with ease,
And was very superior to Monseigneur de Guise.
Now Monsieur St. Megrin was curious to know
If the lady approved of his passion or no;
So without more ado, He put on his *surtout*,
And went to a man with a beard like a Jew,
One Signor Ruggieri, A cunning man near, he
Could conjure, tell fortunes, and calculate tides,
Perform tricks on the cards, and Heaven knows what besides,
Bring back a stray'd cow, silver ladle, or spoon,
And was thought to be thick with the Man in the Moon.



The Sage took his stand With his wand in his hand,
Drew a circle, then gave the dread word of command,
Saying solemnly—“*Presto!—Hey, quick!—Cock-a-lorum!*”
When the Duchess immediately popp’d up before ’em.

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Just then a conjunction of Venus and Mars,
Or something peculiar above in the stars,
Attracted the notice of Signor Ruggieri,
Who “bolted,” and left him alone with his deary.—
Monsieur St. Megrin went down on his knees,
And the Duchess shed tears large as marrow-fat peas,
When,—fancy the shock,—a loud double-knock,
Made the lady cry, “Get up, you fool!—there’s De Guise!”—
’Twas his Grace, sure enough; So Monsieur, looking bluff,
Strutted by, with his hat on, and fingering his ruff,
While, unseen by either, away flew the dame
Through the opposite key-hole, the same way she came;
But, alack! and alas! A mishap came to pass,
In her hurry she, somehow or other, let fall
A new silk *bandana* she’d worn as a shawl;
She used it for drying Her bright eyes while crying,
Ane blowing her nose, as her beau talk’d of dying!

Now the Duke, who had seen it so lately adorn her,
And he knew the great C with the Crown in the corner,
The instant he spied it, smoked something amiss,
And said, with some energy, “D—— it! what’s this?”
He went home in a fume, And bounced into her room,
Crying, “So, Ma’am, I find I’ve some cause to be jealous!
Look here!—here’s a proof you run after the fellows!
—Now take up that pen,—if it’s bad choose a better,—
And write, as I dictate, this moment a letter
To Monsieur—you know who!” The lady look’d blue;
But replied with much firmness—“Hang me if I do!”
De Guise grasped her wrist With his great bony fist,
And pinched it, and gave it so painful a twist,
That his hard gauntlet the flesh went an inch in,—
She did not mind death, but she could not stand pinching;
So she sat down and wrote This polite little note:—

“Dear Mister St. Megrin, The Chiefs of the League in
Our house mean to dine This evening at nine;
I shall, soon after ten, Slip away from the men,
And you’ll find me upstairs in the drawing-room then;
Come up the back way, or those impudent thieves
Of servants will see you; Yours
CATHERINE OF CLEVES.”



She directed and sealed it, all pale as a ghost,
And De Guise put it into the Twopenny Post.
St. Megrin had almost jumped out of his skin
For joy that day when the post came in;
He read the note through Then began it anew,
And thought it almost too good news to be true.—
He clapp'd on his hat, And a hood over that,
With a cloak to disguise him, and make him look fat;
So great his impatience, from half after Four,
He was waiting till Ten at De Guise's backdoor.
When he heard the great clock of St. Genevieve chime,
He ran up the back staircase six steps at a time,
He had scarce made his bow, He hardly knew how,
When alas! and alack! There was no getting back,
For the drawing-room door was bang'd to with a whack;—

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In vain he applied To the handle and tried,
Somebody or other had locked it outside!
And the Duchess in agony mourn'd her mishap:
"We are caught like a couple of rats in a trap."

Now the Duchess's page, About twelve years of age,
For so little a boy was remarkably sage;
And, just in the nick, to their joy and amazement,
Popp'd the gas-lighter's ladder close under the casement.
But all would not do,—Though St. Megrin got through
The window,—below stood De Guise and his crew.
And though never man was more brave than St. Megrin,
Yet fighting a score is extremely fatiguing;
He thrust *carte* and *tierce* Uncommonly fierce,
But not Beelzebub's self could their cuirasses pierce:
While his doublet and hose, Being holiday clothes,
Were soon cut through and through from his knees to his nose.
Still an old crooked sixpence the Conjuror gave him,
From pistol and sword was sufficient to save him,
But, when beat on his knees, That confounded De Guise
Came behind with the "fogle" that caused all this breeze,
Whipp'd it tight round his neck, and, when backward he'd jerk'd him,
The rest of the rascals jump'd on him and Burked him.
The poor little page, too, himself got no quarter, but
Was served the same way, And was found the next day
With his heels in the air, and his head in the water-butt;

Catherine of Cleves Roar'd "Murder!" and "Thieves!"
From the window above While they murder'd her love;
Till, finding the rogues had accomplish'd his slaughter,
She drank Prussic acid without any water,
And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter!

CHATTER OF A DILETTANTE [Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

The people are good-humoured here and easy; and, what makes me pleased with them, they are pleased with me. One loves to find people who care for one, when they can have no view in it.

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]



As to “Hosier’s Ghost,” I think it very easy, and consequently pretty; but, from the ease, should never have guessed it Glover’s. I delight in your, “the patriots cry it up, and the courtiers cry it down, and the hawkers cry it up and down.”

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

There is a little book coming out that will amuse you. It is a new edition of Isaac Walton’s “Complete Angler,” full of anecdotes and historic notes. It is published by Mr. Hawkins, a very worthy gentleman in my neighbourhood, but who, I could wish, did not think angling so very *innocent* an amusement. We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport—sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer at his house t’other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for, in the middle of conversation, he rose and opened the window to

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let out a moth. I told him I did not know that the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection to me, that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the Bear Garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon these two Universities. Adieu!

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

Can we easily leave the remains of such a year as this? It is still all gold. I have not dined or gone to bed by a fire till the day before yesterday. Instead of the glorious and ever-memorable year 1759, as the newspapers call it, I call it this ever-warm and victorious year. We have not had more conquest than fine weather; one would think we had plundered East and West Indies of sunshine. Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories. I believe it will require ten votes of the House of Commons before people will believe it is the Duke of Newcastle that has done this, and not Mr. Pitt. One thing is very fatiguing—all the world is made knights or generals. Adieu! I don't know a word of news less than the conquest of America. Adieu! yours ever.

P.S.—You shall hear from me again if we take Mexico or China before Christmas.

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

You are so thoughtless about your dress that I cannot help giving you a little warning against your return. Remember, everybody that comes from abroad is *cense* to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first reappearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with a master of a Dutch smack, Offley will be upon the watch, will conclude you took your pattern from M. de Bareil, and in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see I speak very disinterestedly; for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of hat I don't wear.

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

Lord Frederick Cavendish is returned from France. He confirms and adds to the amiable accounts we have received of the Duc d'Aiguillon's behaviour to our prisoners. You yourself, the pattern of attentions and tenderness, could not refine on what he has done both in good-nature and good-breeding: he even forbid any ringing of bells or rejoicings wherever they passed—but how your representative blood will curdle when you hear of the absurdity of one of your countrymen: the night after the massacre at St. Cas, the Duc d'Aiguillon gave a magnificent supper of eighty covers to our prisoners—a

Colonel Lambert got up at the bottom of the table, and, asking for a bumper, called out to the Duc, "My Lord Duke, here's the Roy de Franse!" You must put all the English you can crowd into the accent. *My Lord Duke* was so confounded at this preposterous compliment, which it was impossible for him to return, that he absolutely sank back into his chair and could not utter a syllable: our own people did not seem to feel more.

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[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

Well! and so you think we are undone!—not at all; if folly and extravagance are symptoms of a nation's being at the height of their glory, as after-observers pretend that they are forerunners of its ruin, we never were in a more flourishing situation. My Lord Rockingham and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London. Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are you not convinced that this race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Heliogabalus? And don't you pity the poor Asiatics and Italians who comforted themselves, on their resurrection, with their being geese and turkeys?

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

Here's another symptom of our glory! The Irish Speaker, Mr. Ponsonby, has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket*. George Selwyn, seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table, said, "How easily the Speaker passes the money-bills!"

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

You would be more diverted with a Mrs. Holman, whose passion is keeping an assembly, and inviting literally everybody to it. She goes to the drawing-room to watch for sneezes; whips out a curtsy, and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and to desire your company next Thursday.

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

For my own part, I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was on fire—I am but a passenger! If I were not so indolent, I think I should rather put in practice the late Duchess of Bolton's geographical resolution of going to China, when Whiston told her the world would be burnt in three years. Have you any philosophy? Tell me what you think.

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

If it was not too long to transcribe, I would send you an entertaining petition of the periwig-makers to the King, in which they complain that men will wear their own hair. Should one almost wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate that since the peace their trade decays, and that there is no demand for wooden legs? *Apropos* my Lady Hertford's friend, Lady Harriot Vernon, has quarrelled with me for smiling at the enormous head-gear of her daughter, Lady Grosvenor. She came one night to Northumberland House with such display of friz that it literally spread beyond her shoulders. I happened to say it looked as if her parents had stinted her in hair before marriage, and that she had determined to indulge her fancy now. This, among ten



thousand things said by all the world, was reported to Lady Harriot, and has occasioned my disgrace. As she never found fault with anybody herself, I excuse her. You will be less surprised to hear that the Duchess of Queensberry has not yet done dressing herself marvellously: she was at Court on Sunday in a gown and petticoat of red flannel.

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[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

You perceive that I have been presented. The Queen took great notice of me; none of the rest said a syllable. You are let into the King's bedchamber just as he has put on his shirt; he dresses and talks good-humouredly to a few, glares at strangers, goes to mass, to dinner, and a-hunting. The good old Queen, who is like Lady Primrose in the face, is at her dressing-table, attended by two or three old ladies, who are languishing to be in Abraham's bosom, as the only man's bosom to whom they can hope for admittance.

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

Old age is no such uncomfortable thing, if one gives oneself up to it with a good grace, and don't drag it about

To midnight dances and the public show.

If one stays quietly in one's own house in the country, and cares for nothing but oneself, scolds one's servants, condemns everything that is new, and recollects how charming a thousand things were formerly that were very disagreeable, one gets over the winters very well, and the summers get over themselves.

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

As I was writing this, my servants called me away to see a balloon; I suppose Blanchard's, that was to be let off from Chelsea this morning. I saw it from the common field before the window of my round tower. It appeared about a third of the size of the moon, or less, when setting, something above the tops of the trees on the level horizon. It was then descending; and, after rising and declining a little, it sunk slowly behind the trees, I should think about or beyond Sunbury, at five minutes after one. But you know I am a very inexact guesser at measures and distances, and may be mistaken in many miles; and you know how little I have attended to these *airgonauts*: only t'other night I diverted myself with a sort of meditation on future *airgonation*, supposing that it will not only be perfected, but will depose navigation. I did not finish it, because I am not skilled, like the gentleman that used to write political ship-news, in that style which I wanted to perfect my essay; but in the prelude I observed how ignorant the ancients were in supposing Icarus melted the wax of his wings by too near access to the sun, whereas he would have been frozen to death before he made the first post on that road. Next, I discovered an alliance between Bishop Wilkin's art of flying and his plan of universal language; the latter of which he no doubt calculated to prevent the want of an interpreter when he should arrive at the moon.

But I chiefly amused myself with ideas of the change that would be made in the world by the substitution of balloons to ships. I supposed our seaports to become *deserted*

villages; and Salisbury Plain, Newmarket Heath (another canvass for alteration of ideas), and all downs (but *the* Downs) arising into dockyards for aerial vessels. Such a field would be ample in furnishing new speculations. But to come to my ship-news:

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"The good balloon Daedalus, Captain Wingate, will fly in a few days for China; he will stop at the top of the Monument to take in passengers.

"Arrived on Brand-sands, the Vulture, Captain Nabob; the Tortoiseshell, from Lapland; the Pet-en-l'air, from Versailles; the Dreadnought, from Mount Etna, Sir W. Hamilton, commander; the Tympany, Montgolfier; and the Mine-A-in-a-bandbox, from the Cape of Good Hope. Foundered in a hurricane, the Bird of Paradise, from Mount Ararat. The Bubble, Sheldon, took fire, and was burnt to her gallery; and the Phoenix is to be cut down to a second-rate."

In those days Old Sarum will again be a town and have houses in it. There will be fights in the air with wind-guns and bows and arrows; and there will be prodigious increase of land for tillage, especially in France, by breaking up all public roads as useless.

[Sidenote: *Horace Walpole*]

One of the Duke of Marlborough's generals, dining with the Lord Mayor, an Alderman who sat next to him said, "Sir, yours must be a very laborious profession." "No," replied the general, "we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves."

HIS MARRIAGE

[Sidenote: *William Cobbett*]

When I first saw my wife she was *thirteen years old*.^[5] I was within a month of *twenty-one*.^[6] She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in the company of others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that, I had always said, should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of *conduct* ... which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. "That's the girl for me," said I, when we had got out of hearing.

One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston at the time of the election (in 1826) to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise when I told him that those tall young men whom he saw around me were

the *sons* of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick at day-break in the morning!

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From the day that I first spoke to her I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man, more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of *a hundred miles* up the river of St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment! The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that, when she got to that gay place Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous people, not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like, besides, that she should continue to *work hard*. I had saved *a hundred and fifty* guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. *I sent her all my money* before she sailed, and wrote to her to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people, and, at any rate, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I should get plenty more before I came home.

As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad *two years longer* than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now[7]) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt too, I am afraid! At the end of *four years*, however, home I came, landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward FitzGerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a *servant of all work* (and hard work it was) *at five pounds a year*, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!

LIFE AT BOTLEY

[Sidenote: *William Cobbett*]

But, to do the things I did, you must love *home* yourself. To rear up children, in this manner, you must *live with them*; you must make them, too, *feel* by your conduct, that you *prefer* this to any other mode of passing your time. All men cannot lead this sort of life, but many may; and all much more than many do. My occupation, to be sure, was chiefly carried on *at home*; but I had always enough to do. I never spent an idle week, or even day, in my whole life. Yet I found time to talk with them, to walk, or ride, about *with them*; and, when forced to go from home, always took one or more with me. You must be good-tempered, too, with them; they must like *your* company better than any other person's; they must not wish you away, not fear your coming back, not look upon your departure as a *holiday*....

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When I went from home, all followed me to the outer gate, and looked after me, till the carriage, or horse, was out of sight. At the time appointed for my return, all were prepared to meet me; and, if it were late at night, they sat up as long as they were able to keep their eyes open. This love of parents, and this constant pleasure *at home* made them not even think of seeking pleasure abroad; and they, thus, were kept from vicious playmates and early corruption.

This is the age, too, to teach children to be *trustworthy*, and to be *merciful* and *humane*. We lived *in a garden* of about two acres, partly kitchen-garden with walls, partly shrubbery and trees, and partly grass. There were the *peaches*, as tempting as any that ever grew, and yet as safe from fingers as if no child were ever in the garden. It was not necessary to forbid. The blackbirds, the thrushes, the white-throats, and even that very shy bird the goldfinch had their nests and bred up their young ones in great abundance, all about this little spot, constantly the play-place of six children; and one of the latter had its nest and brought up its young ones in a *raspberry-bush*, within two yards of a walk, and at the time that we were gathering the ripe raspberries. We give *dogs*, and justly, great credit for sagacity and memory; but the following two most curious instances, which I should not venture to state, if there were not so many witnesses to the facts, in my neighbours at Botley, as well as in my own family, will show, that *birds* are not, in this respect, inferior to the canine race. All country people know that the skylark is a very shy bird; that its abode is the open fields; that it settles on the ground only; that it seeks safety in the wideness of space; that it avoids enclosures, and is never seen in gardens. A part of our ground was a grass-plot of about *forty rods*, or a quarter of an acre, which, one year, was left to be mowed for hay. A pair of larks, coming out of the fields into the midst of a pretty populous village, chose to make their nest in the middle of this little spot and at not more than about *thirty-five yards* from one of the doors of the house, in which there were about twelve persons living, and six of these children, who had constant access to all parts of the ground. There we saw the cock rising up and singing, then taking his turn upon the eggs; and by and by we observed him cease to sing, and saw them both *constantly engaged in bringing food to the young ones*. No unintelligible hint to fathers and mothers of the human race, who have, before marriage, taken delight in *music*. But the time came for *mowing the grass*! I waited a good many days for the brood to get away, but at last I determined on the day; and if the larks were there still, to leave a patch of grass standing around them. In order not to keep them in dread longer than necessary, I brought

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three able mowers, who would cut the whole in about an hour; and, as the plat was nearly circular, set them to mow *round*, beginning at the outside. And now for sagacity indeed! The moment the men began to whet their scythes, the two old larks began to flutter over the nest, and to make a great clamour. When the men began to mow, they flew round and round, stooping so low, when near the men, as almost to touch their bodies, making a great chattering at the same time; but, before the men had got round with the second swath, they flew to the nest, and away they went, young ones and all, across the river, at the foot of the ground, and settled in the long grass in my neighbour's orchard.

The other instance relates to a house-marten. It is well known that these birds build their nests under the eaves of inhabited houses, and sometimes under those of door-porches; but we had one that built its nest *in the house*, and upon the top of a common door-case, the door of which opened into a room out of the main passage into the house. Perceiving that the marten had begun to build its nest here, we kept the front door open in the day-time, but were obliged to fasten it at night. It went on, had eggs, young ones, and the young ones flew. I used to open the door in the morning early, and then the birds carried on their affairs till night. The next year the marten came again, and had *another brood in the same place*. It found its *old nest*; and, having repaired it, and put it in order, went on again in the former way; and it would, I dare say, have continued to come to the end of its life, if we had remained there so long, notwithstanding there were six healthy children in the house making just as much noise as they pleased.

HIS CHILDREN

[Sidenote: *William Cobbett*]

We wanted no stimulants of this sort [he is referring to social dissipation, romances, and playhouses] to *keep up our spirits*; our various pleasing pursuits were quite sufficient for that; and the *book-learning* came amongst the rest of the pleasures, to which it was, in some sort, necessary. I remember that, one year, I raised a prodigious crop of fine *melons*, under hand-glasses; and I learned how to do it from a gardening-*book*; or, at least, that book was necessary to remind me of the details. Having passed part of an evening in talking to the boys about getting this crop, "Come," said I, "now let us *read the book*." Then the book came forth, and to work we went, following very strictly the precepts of the book. I read the thing but once, but the eldest boy read it, perhaps, twenty times over; and explained all about the matter to the others. Why, here was a *motive*! Then he had to tell the garden labourer *what to do* to the melons. Now, I will engage, that more was really *learned* by this single *lesson*, than would have been learned by spending, at this son's age, a year at school; and he *happy* and *delighted* all the while. When any dispute arose among them about hunting or shooting, or any other of their pursuits, they, by degrees, found out the way of settling it by reference to some

book; and, when any difficulty occurred as to the meaning, they referred to me, who, if at home, *always instantly attended to them* in these matters.

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They began writing by taking words out of *printed books*: finding out which letter was which, by asking me, or asking those who knew the letters one from the other; and, by imitating bits of my writing, it is surprising how soon they began to write a hand like mine, very small, very faint-stroked, and nearly plain as print. The first use that any of them made of the pen, was to *write to me*, though in the same house with them. They began doing this in mere *scratches*, before they knew how to make any one letter; and, as I was always folding up letters and directing them, so were they; and they were *sure* to receive a *prompt answer*, with most *encouraging* compliments. All the meddling and teasing of friends, and, what was more serious, the pressing prayers of their anxious mother, about sending them to *school*, I withstood without the slightest effect on my resolutions. As to friends, preferring my own judgment to theirs, I did not care much; but an expression of anxiety, implying a doubt of the soundness of my own judgment, coming, perhaps twenty times a day, from her whose care they were as well as mine, was not a matter to smile at, and very great trouble did it give me. My answer at last was, as to the boys, I want them to be *like me*; and as to the girls “in whose hands can they be so safe as in *yours*? Therefore my resolution is taken; *go to school they shall not*.”

Nothing is much more annoying than the *intermeddling of friends* in a case like this. The wife appeals to *them*, and “*good breeding*,” that is to say *nonsense*, is sure to put them on *her side*. Then they, particularly the *women*, when describing the *surprising progress* made by their *own sons* at school, used, if one of mine were present, to turn to him, and ask to what school *he went*, and what *he was learning*? I leave any one to judge of *his* opinion of her; and whether *he* would like her the better for that! “Bless me, so tall, and *not learned* anything yet!” “Oh, yes, he has,” I used to say; “he has learned to ride, and hunt, and shoot, and fish, and look after cattle and sheep, and to work in the garden, and to feed his dogs, and to go from village to village in the dark.” This was the way I used to manage with troublesome customers of this sort. And how glad the children used to be, when they got clear of such criticising people! And how grateful they felt to me for the *protection* which they saw that I gave them against that state of restraint, of which other people’s boys complained! Go whither they might, they found no place so pleasant as home, and no soul that came near them affording them so many means of gratification as they received from me.

THE CAP THAT FITS [Sidenote: *Austin Dobson*]

“Qui seme epines n’aille dechaux”

SCENE—A Salon with blue and white panels. Outside, persons pass and repass upon a terrace.



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HORTENSE. ARMANDE. MONSIEUR LOYAL

HORTENSE (*behind her fan*)
Not young, I think.

ARMANDE (*raising her eye-glass*)
And faded, too!—
Quite faded! Monsieur, what say you?

M. LOYAL
Nay,—I defer to you. In truth,
To me she seems all grace and youth.

HORTENSE
Graceful? You think it? What, with hands
That hang like this? (*with a gesture*).

ARMANDE
And how she stands!

M. LOYAL
Nay,—I am wrong again. I thought
Her air delightfully untaught!

HORTENSE
But you amuse me—

M. LOYAL
Still her dress,—
Her dress at least, you *must* confess—

ARMANDE
Is odious simply! Jacotot
Did not supply that lace, I know;
And where, I ask, has mortal seen
A hat unfeathered?

HORTENSE
Edged with green!!

M. LOYAL
The words remind me. Let me say
A Fable that I heard to-day.
Have I permission?



BOTH (*with enthusiasm*)
Monsieur, pray!

M. LOYAL

"Myrtilla (lest a scandal rise
The lady's name I thus disguise),
Dying of ennui, once decided—
Much on resource herself she prided—
To choose a hat. Forthwith she flies
On that momentous enterprise.
Whether to Petit or Logros,
I know not: only this I know;—
Headdresses then, of any fashion,
Bore names of quality, or passion.
Myrtilla tried them, almost all:
'Prudence,' she felt, was somewhat small;
'Retirement' seemed the eyes to hide;
'Content,' at once, she cast aside.
'Simplicity,'—'twas out of place;
'Devotion' for an older face;
Briefly, selection smaller grew,
'Vexatious! odious!'—none would do!
Then, on a sudden, she espied
One that she thought she had not tried:
Becoming, rather,—'edged with green,'—
Roses in yellow, thorns between.
'Quick! Bring me that!' 'Tis brought. 'Complete,
Superb, enchanting, tasteful, neat,'
In all the tones. 'And this you call—?'
"'Ill-Nature," Madame. It fits all."

HORTENSE

A thousand thanks! So naively turned!

ARMANDE

So useful too ... to those concerned!
'Tis yours?

M. LOYAL

Ah no,—some cynic wits;
And called (I think)—
(*Placing his hat upon his breast*),
"The Cap that Fits."

ENIGMA

[Sidenote: *Mark Twain*]

Not wishing to be outdone in literary enterprise by those magazines which have attractions especially designed for the pleasing of the fancy and the strengthening of the intellect of youth, we have contrived and builded the following enigma, at great expense of time and labour:

I am a word of 13 letters.

My 7, 9, 4, 4 is a village in Europe.

My 7, 14, 5, 7 is a kind of dog.

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My 11, 13, 13, 9, 2, 7, 2, 3, 6, 1, 13 is a peculiar kind of stuff.

My 2, 6, 12, 8, 9, 4 is the name of a great general of ancient times (have spelt it to best of ability, though may have missed the bull's-eye on a letter or two, but not enough to signify).

My 3, 11, 1, 9, 15, 2, 2, 6, 2, 9, 13, 2, 6, 15, 4, 11, 2, 3, 5, 1, 10, 4, 8 is the middle name of a Russian philosopher, up whose full cognomen fame is slowly but surely climbing.

My 7, 11, 4, 12, 3, 1, 1, 9 is an obscure but very proper kind of bug.

My whole is—but perhaps a reasonable amount of diligence and ingenuity will reveal that.

We take a just pride in offering the customary gold pen or cheap sewing-machine for correct solutions of the above.

THE HAPPINESS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE

[Sidenote: *Religio Medici*]

In my solitary and retired imagination (Neque enim cum porticus, aut me lectulus accipit, desum mihi) I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate Him and His Attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, His Wisdom and Eternity; with the one I recreate, with the other I confound, my understanding; for who can speak of Eternity without a soloecism, or think thereof without an Extasie? Time we may comprehend; 'tis but five days elder than ourselves, and hath the same Horoscope with the World; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, to give such an infinite start forwards as to conceive an end in an essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other, it puts my Reason to *St. Paul's* Sanctuary: my Philosophy dares not say the angels can do it; God hath not made a Creature that can comprehend Him; 'tis a privilege of His own nature....

[Sidenote: *Religio Medici*]

Art is the perfection of Nature: were the World now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a Chaos: Nature hath made one World, and Art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the Art of God.

[Sidenote: *Religio Medici*]

There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the Elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun. Nature tells me I am the Image of God, as well as Scripture: he that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any: *Ruat coelum, Fiat voluntas tua*, salveth all; so that whatsoever



happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what should providence add more? Surely this is it we call Happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams, than in our waked senses; without this I were unhappy: for my awaked judgment discontents

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me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this World, and that the conceits of this life are as near dreams to those of the next, as the Phantasms of the night, to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the Fancies of our sleeps. At my Nativity, my Ascendant was the watery sign of *Scorpius*; I was born in the Planetary hour of *Saturn*, and I think I have a piece of that Leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof: were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I chuse for my devotions: but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls, a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed.

[Sidenote: *Religio Medici*]

He is rich, who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness. *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord*; there is more Rhetorick in that one sentence, than in a Library of Sermons; and indeed if those Sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an Epitome. Upon this motive only I cannot behold a Beggar without relieving his Necessities with my Purse, or his Soul with my Prayers; those *scenical* and accidental *differences* between us, cannot make me forget that common and untought part of us both; there is under these *Cantoës* and miserable outsides, these mutilate and semi-bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose Genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as fair a way to Salvation as our selves.

“PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE” [Sidenote: *Hood*]

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat*-tat:
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.



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The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go:
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing!—
“The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring.”

THE HAPPY DEAN

[Sidenote: *Dean Hole*]

My dear Hall,—I don't like the writing of this letter. I feel as I felt in childhood when they were measuring out the castor-oil in a spoon; or when, in boyhood, it was suggested “that kind Mr. Crackjaw should *just look* at my teeth.”

But the gulp and the “scrawnsh” must come.

My Master, the Archbishop, wishes me to speak at the Annual Meeting of the Church Defence Society in London, on the 9th of July, and as this is his first invitation to duty since I became his Chaplain, I cannot plead pleasure as an excuse.

Regarding the Fete des Roses at Larchwood, as the *most joyful holiday* of my year, from my first entrance into that pleasant home until you chaperon me to the Omnibus at the gate of the Show-ground, I need not enlarge on my disappointment. The less said the better.

When Dido found AEneas did not come,
She mourned in silence, and was Di do dum.

Roses are improving here, but they will be very late. May you add to the victories which your zeal and care have so well deserved. Shall you be at Sheffield? If so, you might return with me and have a quiet day's talk and ramble. With kindest regards and most obnoxious regrets, I remain yours most sincerely,

* * * * *

When the Church Conference was held at Newcastle, Hole told a story of a young curate who was preaching in a strange church from which the rector was away. He preached a very short sermon, and in the vestry afterwards the churchwarden remarked upon its shortness, and the curate told him that a pup at his lodgings got into his room and ate half his sermon, whereupon the churchwarden said: “I should be much obliged if you could get our rector one of the breed.” Reading this story, Mr. Boulton wrote to ask Hole if he could say what happened to the dog after eating the sermon, and the reply was:

Dear Sir,—You will be pleased to hear that when the dog had inwardly digested the sermon which he had torn, he turned over a new leaf. He had been sullen and morose; he became “a very jolly dog.” He had been selfish and exclusive in his manger; he



generously gave it up to an aged poodle. He had been noisy and vulgar; he became a quiet, gentlemanly dog; he never growled again; and when he was bitten he always requested the cur who had torn his flesh to be so good, as a particular favour, to bite him again. He has established a Reformatory in the Isle of Dogs for perverse puppies, and an Infirmary for Mangy Mastiffs in Houndsditch. He has won twenty-six medals from the Humane Society for rescuing children who have fallen into the canal. He spends six days of the week in conducting his brothers and sisters, who have lost their ways, to the Dog's Home, and it is a most touching sight to see him leading the blind to church from morning to night on Sundays.

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[Sidenote: *Dean Hole*]

My dear Lord Bishop,—I have a strong suspicion that the inundation of the Nave at Rochester was a knavish conspiracy of the Tee-totallers to submerge the Cathedral during the absence of the Dean. The vergers have had Water-on-the-Brain, but Messrs. Bishop and Sons from London have assured Mr. Luard Selby that there is no organic disease.

I have regarded it as my duty, in anticipation of your lordship's visit to North Wales on Wednesday next, to see that all due preparations are made to receive you. I have been to —, and found that the new chancel is making satisfactory progress. The new altar frontal is beautiful, the tea and bread and butter at the Rectory are excellent, the roses in the garden are making extra efforts, the school-mistress is in good health, the mountains are drawn up in saluting order, the mines are smoking peacefully, there will be cold lamb at the luncheon, weather permitting, and all frivolous persons will be banished to England, including yours ever.

THE ANSWER OF LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

[Sidenote: *Henry S. Leigh*]

The Lady Clara V. de V.
Presents her very best regards
To that misguided Alfred T.
(With one of her enamell'd cards).
Though uninclin'd to give offence,
The Lady Clara begs to hint
That Master Alfred's common sense
Deserts him utterly in print.

The Lady Clara can but say,
That always from the very first
She snubb'd in her decisive way
The hopes that silly Alfred nurs'd.
The fondest words that ever fell
From Lady Clara, when they met,
Were, "How d'ye do? I hope you're well!"
Or else, "The weather's very wet."

Her Ladyship needs no advice
How time and money should be spent,
And can't pursue at any price
The plan that Alfred T. has sent.
She does not in the least object
To let the "foolish yeoman" go,

But wishes—let him recollect—
That he should move to Jericho.

THE WOODCRAFT OF JONSON
[Sidenote: *Ben Johnson*]

Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favouring and fill our sails; or meats, that they be nourishing; for these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not. It is true, some men may receive a courtesy and not know it; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of diseases by accident; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water; another whipped out of a fever; but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win my cause; but he meant it not to me as a courtesy. I 'scaped pirates by being ship-wracked; was the wrack a benefit therefore? No; the doing of courtesies aright is the mixing of the respects for his own sake and for mine. He that doeth them merely for his own sake is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them; he hath his horse well dressed for Smithfield.

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[Sidenote: *Ben Johnson*]

Many might go to heaven with half the labour they go to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way; but “The devil take all!” quoth he that was choked i’ the mill-dam, with his four last words in his mouth.

[Sidenote: *Ben Johnson*]

A good man will avoid the spot of any sin. The very aspersion is grievous, which makes him choose his way in his life as he would in his journey. The ill man rides through all confidently; he is coated and booted for it. The oftener he offends, the more openly, and the fouler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty, like a riding-coat, the more it is worn is the less cared for. It is good enough for the dirt still, and the ways he travels in.

[Sidenote: *Ben Johnson*]

Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himself to the law of Nature is not only without the sense but the fear of poverty. O, but to strike blind the people with our wealth and pomp is the thing! What a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within; to contemplate nothing but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble, and precious! We serve our avarice, and, not content with the good of the earth that is offered us, we search and dig for the evil that is hidden. God offered us those things, and placed them at hand, and near us, that He knew were profitable for us, but the hurtful He laid deep and hid. Yet do we seek only the things whereby we may perish, and bring them forth, when God and Nature hath buried them. We covet superfluous things, when it were more honour for us if we could condemn necessary. What need hath Nature of silver dishes, multitudes of waiters, delicate pages, perfumed napkins? She requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can we think no wealth enough but such a state for which a man may be brought into a praemunire, begged, proscribed, or poisoned? O! if a man could restrain the fury of his gullet and groin, and think how many fires, how many kitchens, cooks, pastures, and ploughed lands; what orchards, stews, ponds and parks, coops and garners, he could spare; what velvets, tissues, embroideries, laces, he could lack; and then how short and uncertain his life is; he were in a better way to happiness than to live the emperor of these delights, and be the dictator of fashions. But we make ourselves slaves to our pleasures, and we serve fame and ambition, which is an equal slavery.

[Sidenote: *Ben Johnson*]

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, “Would he had blotted out a thousand,” which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour,



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for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. "Sufflaminandus erat," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, "Caesar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Caesar did never wrong but with just cause"; and such-like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

[Sidenote: *Ben Johnson*]

Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage. And therefore the reputation of honesty must first be gotten; which cannot be but by living well. A good life is a main argument.

MOTHERHOOD

[Sidenote: *Calverley*]

She laid it where the sunbeams fall
Unscann'd upon the broken wall,
Without a tear, without a groan,
She laid it near a mighty stone
Which some rude swain had haply cast
Thither in sport, long ages past,
And Time with mosses had o'erlaid,
And fenced with many a tall grass-blade,
And all about bid roses bloom
And violets shed their soft perfume.
There, in its cool and quiet bed,
She set her burden down and fled:
Nor flung, all eager to escape,
One glance upon the perfect shape
That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,
But motionless and soundless there.

No human eye had mark'd her pass
Across the linden-shadow'd grass
Ere yet the minster clock chimed seven:
Only the innocent birds of heaven—
The magpie, and the rook whose nest



Swings as the elm-tree waves his crest—
And the lithe cricket, and the hoar
And huge-limb'd hound that guards the door,
Look'd on when, as a summer wind
That, passing, leaves no trace behind,
All unapparell'd, barefoot all,
She ran to that old ruin'd wall,
To leave upon the chill dank earth
(For ah! she never knew its worth)
'Mid hemlock rank, and fern, and ling,
And dews of night, that precious thing!

And there it might have lain forlorn
From morn till eve, from eve to morn:
But that, by some wild impulse led,
The mother, ere she turn'd and fled,
One moment stood erect and high;
Then pour'd into the silent sky
A cry so jubilant, so strange,
That Alice—as she strove to range
Her rebel ringlets at her glass—
Sprang up and gazed across the grass;
Shook back those curls so fair to see,
Clapp'd her soft hands in childish glee;
And shriek'd—her sweet face all aglow,
Her very limbs with rapture shaking—
“My hen has laid an egg, I know;
And only hear the noise she's making!”

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THE JUMPING FROG
[Sidenote: *Mark Twain*]

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W. Smiley*, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat, and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood, named *Leonidas W. Smiley*—*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, a young minister of the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner, and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley* in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but, anyway, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway that suited the other man would suit him—anyway,

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just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it. If there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds sitting on a fence he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here—and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico, but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangedest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand, just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was upon him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which

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was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been saw'd off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too? He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and came down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, “Flies, Dan'l, flies!” and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any mor'n any frog might do.

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You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. An' when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

“What might it be that you’ve got in that box?”

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, “It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain’t—it’s only just a frog.”

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, “H’m—so ’tis. Well, what’s *he* good for?”

“Well,” Smiley says, easy and careless, “he’s good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.”

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, “Well, I don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

“Maybe you don’t,” Smiley says. “Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don’t understand ’em; maybe you’ve had experience, and maybe you ain’t only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I’ve got *my* opinion, and I’ll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.”

And the feller studies a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, “Well, I’m only a stranger here, and I ain’t got no frog; but if I had a frog, I’d bet you.”

And then Smiley says, “That’s all right—that’s all right—if you’ll hold my box a minute, I’ll go and get you a frog.” And so the feller took the box and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley’s, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to the chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the

swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and gave him to this feller, and says:

“Now, if you’re ready, set him alongside of Dan’l, with his forepaws just even with Dan’l, and I’ll give the word.” Then he says, “One—two—three—jump!” and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan’l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan’t no use—he couldn’t budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn’t no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn’t have no idea what the matter was, of course.

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The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, / don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of his neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pounds!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.) And, turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, and so I started away.

At the door I met the social Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered good-naturedly, and, bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

THE CHARMING FRENCHMAN

BOSSUET

[Sidenote: *Sainte-Beuve*]

As for the happiness itself, of which he would give us a just idea, the purely spiritual and internal happiness of the soul in the other life, he sums it up in an expression which concludes a happy development of the subject, and he defines it: *Reason always attentive and always contented*. Take reason in its liveliest and most luminous sense, the pure flame disengaged from the senses.

ROUSSEAU

[Sidenote: *Sainte-Beuve*]

It is from him that the sentiment of nature is reckoned among us, in the eighteenth century. It is from him also that is dated, in our literature, *the sentiment of domestic life; of that homely, poor, quiet, hidden life, in which are accumulated so many treasures of virtue and affection*. Amid certain details, in bad taste, in which he speaks of robbery and of eatables, how one pardons him on account of that old song of childhood, of which he knows only the air and some words stitched together, but which he always wished to recover, and which he never recalls, old as he is, without a soothing charm!

JOUBERT

[Sidenote: *Sainte-Beuve*]

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Taste, for him, is the literary conscience of the soul....

M. Joubert was, in his day, the most delicate and the most original type of that class of honest people which the old society alone produced,—spectators, listeners who had neither ambition nor envy, who were curious, at leisure, attentive, and disinterested, who took an interest in everything, the true amateurs of beautiful things. “To converse and to know—it was in this, above all things, that consisted, according to Plato, the happiness of private life.” This class of connoisseurs and of amateurs, so fitted to enlighten and to restrain talent, has almost disappeared in France since every one there has followed a profession. “We should always,” said M. Joubert, “have a corner of the head open and free, that we may have a place for the opinions of our friends, where we may lodge them provisionally. It is really insupportable to converse with men who have, in their brains, only compartments which are wholly occupied, and into which nothing external can enter. Let us have *hospitable hearts and minds*.”

* * * * *

Life is a duty; we must make a pleasure of it, so far as we can, as of all other duties. If the care of cherishing it is the only one with which it pleases Heaven to charge us, we must acquit ourselves gaily and with the best possible grace, and poke that sacred fire, while warming ourselves by it all we can, till the word comes to us: That will do.

MME D'HOUDETOT
[Sidenote: *Sainte-Beuve*]

In the years to which we refer—that is, the years immediately preceding 1800—there were gathered in the salon of this charming old lady the remnants both of fashionable and philosophical society—never, indeed, entirely exiled thence. It may be said of Mme d'Houdetot that her ideal existence was always bounded by that Montmorency valley where the ardent devotion of Jean Jacques has engraved her memory, as it were, in immortal characters. There, again and again, her idyllic spring-time renewed its bloom, and the freshness of her impressions continued unimpaired until her dying day. She even remained in the country during the Reign of Terror, her retreat being respected, and her relatives flocking about her; and “I can readily believe,” writes Mme de Remusat, in a charming portrait of her venerable friend, “that she retains, of those frightful days, merely the memory of the increased tenderness and consideration which they procured for her.”

MME DE REMUSAT
[Sidenote: *Sainte-Beuve*]

O mothers, gather your children about you early. Dare to say, when they come into the world, that your youth is passing into theirs. O mothers, be mothers, and you will be wise and happy!

DIDEROT

[Sidenote: *Sainte-Beuve*]

If the *Encyclopedia* was in Diderot's time considered his principal social work, his principal glory in the eyes of the men of to-day consists in his having been the first to create the emotional and eloquent style of criticism. It is through this that he has become immortal, through this that he will be for ever dear to us journalists of every sort and condition. Let us bow down to him as our father, and as the founder of this style of criticism.

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Before Diderot's time, the French style of criticism had been, firstly, as offered by Bayle, of a precise, inquiring, and subtle tone. Fenelon represented criticism as an elegant and delicate art, while Rollin exhibited its most useful and honest side. From a due sense of decency, I refrain from mentioning the names of Freron and Des Fontaines. But nowhere yet had criticism acquired anything like vividness, fertility, and penetration; it had not yet found its soul. Diderot was the first to find it. Naturally inclined to look over defects, and to admire good qualities, "I am more affected," he remarked, "by the charms of virtue than the deformity of vice; I quietly turn away from the wicked and *fly forward to meet the good*. If there happens to be a beautiful spot in a book, a character, a picture, or a statue, it is there that I let my eyes rest; I can only see this beautiful spot, I can only remember it, while the rest I nearly forget. What do I become when everything is beautiful!" This inclination to welcome everything with enthusiasm—this sort of universal admiration—undoubtedly had its danger. It is said of him that he was singularly happy "in never having encountered a wicked man nor a bad book." For, even if the book were bad, he would unconsciously impute to the author some of his own ideas. Like the alchemist, he found gold in the melting-pot, from the fact he had placed it there himself. However, it is to him that all honour is due for having introduced among us the fertile criticism of *beauties*, which he substituted for that of *defects*. Chateaubriand himself, in that portion of the *Genius of Christianity* in which he eloquently discourses on literary criticism, only follows the path opened by Diderot....

"A pleasure that I enjoy alone affects me but slightly, and is of short duration. It is for my friends as well as myself that I read, that I reflect, that I write, that I meditate, that I listen, that I look, that I feel. In their absence I am still devoted to them; I am continually thinking of their happiness. If I am struck with a beautiful line, they must know it. If I meet with a fine passage, I promise myself to impart it to them. If I have before my eyes some enchanting spectacle, I unconsciously plan a description of it for their benefit. I have consecrated to them the use of all my senses and faculties; and it is perhaps for this reason that everything becomes somewhat enriched in my imagination and exaggerated in my discourse. Nevertheless, the ungrateful creatures sometimes reproach me."

LA BRUYERE

[Sidenote: *Sainte-Beuve*]

That philosopher, always accessible, even in the deepest studies, who tells you to come in, for you bring him something more precious than gold or silver, *if it is the opportunity of obliging you*.

SABBATH BELLS

[Sidenote: *Anon.*]

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Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!
The church bells they du ring,
Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!
An' seems they bells du zing:
"O merry be! O merry be!
The work it all be done,
Zee, peas and broccoli du graw
Tremenjus in the zun;
An' hot it is, an' calm it is,
Bees buzz an' cattle doze;
Zo, laze about, an' talk about,
All in your Zunday clo's."
Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding_!

Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!
The church bells merry ring,
Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding!
An,' dang it! doan't they zing?—
"O rest awhile! O rest awhile!
Vor 'tis amazin' sweet
To watch the white-heart cabbages
All bustin' in the heat;
Zo, zit about, an' stand about,
Beside ov Early Rose,
An' puff a pipe, an' think ov things,
All in your Zunday clo's."
Ding—ding-a-ding! Ding—ding-a-ding_!

Dong! Dong! Dong!
There's a shadow on the marn,
Dong! Dong! Dong!
The one larst bell du warn:
"O fulish mun! O fulish mun!
Life be no more than grass,
It glitters in the shinin' zun—
Until the Reaper pass!
An', hark! I call 'ee up to prayer,
Wi' passen, clerk, an' schule,
Come up along, an' take thee seat
Thou ole pig-headed fule!"

Dong! Dong! Dong!

UNCLE TOBY AND THE FLY

[Sidenote: *Sterne*]

My uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—I have told you in a former chapter, “that he was a man of courage”:—And will add here, that where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—for he felt this insult of my father’s as feelingly as a man could do;—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him; my uncle *Toby* had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go—says he, one day at dinner, to an over-grown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I’ll not hurt thee, says my uncle *Toby*, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I’ll not hurt a hair of thy head;—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

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I was but ten years old when this happened: but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation;—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it;—or, in what degree, or by what secret magick,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not;—this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle *Toby* has never since been worn out of my mind: And tho' I would not depreciate what the study of the *Literae humaniores*, at the University, have done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental expression.

HOBSON'S CHOICE

[Sidenote: *William Hazlitt*]

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but, out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

A friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty to think, feel, do, just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation—

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd—

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a postchaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my

feet, a winding road[8] before me and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges

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headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasures," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff o' the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better, then, keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's that he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time. So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said; but, in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb-show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for this synthetical method on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomise them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean-field

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crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud, which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation; and, on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered), is a task to which few are competent. We must “give it an understanding, but no tongue.” My old friend Coleridge, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale a summer’s day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. “He talked far above singing.” If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had “that fine madness in them which our first poets had”; and, if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:

Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o’ergrown with woodbines, caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eye
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey’d him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountains with her brother’s light,
To kiss her sweetest.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot: I must have time to collect myself.

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In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for table-talk. Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey, and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to “take one’s ease at one’s inn”! These eventful moments in our lives’ history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea—

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate—

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed on cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen (getting ready for the gentlemen in the parlour). *Procul, O procul este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter.

A GARDEN IDYLL

[Sidenote: *Austin Dobson*]

A LADY A POET

THE LADY

Sir Poet, ere you crossed the lawn
 (If it was wrong to watch you, pardon),
Behind this weeping birch withdrawn,
 I watched you saunter round the garden.
I saw you bend beside the phlox,
 Pluck, as you passed, a sprig of myrtle,
Review my well-ranged hollyhocks
 Smile at the fountain’s slender spurtle;

You paused beneath the cherry-tree,
 Where my marauder thrush was singing,



Peered at the bee-hives curiously,
And narrowly escaped a stinging;
And then—you see, I watched—you passed
Down the espalier walk that reaches
Out to the western wall, and last,
Dropped on the seat before the peaches.

What was your thought? You waited long.
Sublime or graceful,—grave,—satiric?
A Morris Greek-and-Gothic song?
A tender Tennysonian lyric?
Tell me. That garden-seat shall be,
So long as speech renown disperses,
Illustrious as the spot where he—
The gifted Blank—composed his verses.



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THE POET

[Sidenote: *Austin Dobson*]

Madam,—whose uncensorious eye
Grows gracious over certain pages,
Wherein the Jester's maxims lie,
It may be, thicker than the Sage's—
I hear but to obey, and could
Mere wish of mine the pleasure do you,
Some verse as whimsical as Hood,—
As gay as Praed,—should answer to you.

But, though the common voice proclaims
Our only serious vocation
Confined to giving nothings names
And dreams a "local habitation";
Believe me, there are tuneless days,
When neither marble, brass, nor vellum,
Would profit much by any lays
That haunt the poet's cerebellum.

More empty things, I fear, than rhymes,
More idle things than songs, absorb it;
The "finely frenzied" eye, at times,
Reposes mildly in its orbit;
And—painful truth—at times, to him,
Whose jog-trot thought is nowise restive,
"A primrose by a river's brim"
Is absolutely unsuggestive.

The fickle Muse! As ladies will,
She sometimes wearies of her wooer;
A goddess, yet a woman still,
She flies the more that we pursue her;
In short, with worst as well as best,
Five months in six, your hapless poet
Is just as prosy as the rest,
But cannot comfortably show it.

You thought, no doubt, the garden scent
Brings back some brief-winged bright sensation
Of love that came and love that went,—
Some fragrance of a lost flirtation,
Born when the cuckoo changes song,



Dead ere the apple's red is on it,
That should have been an epic long,
Yet scarcely served to fill a sonnet.

Or else you thought,—the murmuring noon
He turns it to a lyric sweeter,
With birds that gossip in the tune,
And windy bough-swing in the metre;
Or else the zigzag fruit-tree arms
Recall some dream of harp-prest bosoms,
Round singing mouths, and chanted charms,
And mediaeval orchard blossoms,—

Quite *a la mode*. Alas for prose!—
My vagrant fancies only rambled
Back to the red-walled Rectory close,
Where first my graceless boyhood gambolled,
Climbed on the dial, teased the fish,
And chased the kitten round the beeches,
Till widening instincts made me wish
For certain slowly ripening peaches.

Three peaches. Not the Graces three
Had more equality of beauty:
I would not look, yet went to see;
I wrestled with Desire and Duty;
I felt the pangs of those who feel
The laws of Property beset them;
The conflict made my reason reel,
And, half-abstractedly, I ate them;—

Or two of them. Forthwith Despair—
More keen that one of these was rotten—
Moved me to seek some forest lair
Where I might hide and dwell forgotten,
Attired in skins, by berries stained,
Absolved from brushes and ablution;—
But, ere my sylvan haunt was gained,
Fate gave me up to execution.



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I saw it all but now. The grin
That gnarled old Gardener Sandy's features;
My father, scholar-like and thin,
Unroused, the tenderest of creatures;
I saw—ah me !—I saw again
My dear and deprecating mother;
And then, remembering the cane,
Regretted—that *I'd left the other.*

MACAULAY'S WIT

[Sidenote: *Macaulay*]

I have not the Chancellor's encyclopedic mind. He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He *half* knows everything, from the cedar to the hyssop.

The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little.

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen.

His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar.

... Lady Millar, who kept a vase wherein fools were wont to put bad verses, and Jerningham, who wrote verses fit to be put into the vase of Lady Millar.

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were to hate your neighbour and to love your neighbour's wife.

CRANFORD

[Sidenote: *Mrs. Gaskell*]

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighbouring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the



said flowers through the railings; for rushing at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maid-servants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress, the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is so in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

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The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the head; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, “What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?” And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, “What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?” The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen at Cranford—and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it “a stick in petticoats.” It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady—the survivor of all—could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount:

“Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear” (fifteen miles, in a gentleman’s carriage); “they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve—from twelve to three are our calling-hours.”

Then, after they had called:

“It is the third day; I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour.”

“But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?”

“You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation.”

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolk of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart

under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all

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deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the once little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant," and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour-grapeism which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighbouring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry.... We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked

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to or from a party, it was because the night was so fine, or the air so refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My old friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the captain and his daughters, only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and, with his manly frankness, had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter of an hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

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Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the captain heartily. She set to work, and by and by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark grey flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in grey flannel in London?

Captain Brown had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, where he had lived with his two daughters. He must have been upwards of sixty at the time of the first visit I paid to Cranford after I had left it as a residence. But he had a wiry, well-trained, elastic figure, a stiff military throw-back of his head, and a springing step, which made him appear much younger than he was. His eldest daughter looked almost as old as himself, and betrayed the fact that his real was more than his apparent age. Miss Brown must have been forty; she had a sickly, pained, careworn expression on her face, and looked as if the gaiety of youth had long faded out of sight. Even when young she must have been plain and hard-featured. Miss Jessie Brown was ten years younger than her sister, and twenty shades prettier. Her face was round and dimpled. Miss Jenkyns once said, in a passion against Captain Brown (the cause of which I will tell you presently), that “she thought it was time for Miss Jessie to leave off her dimples, and not always to be trying to look like a child.” It was true there was something childlike in her face; and there will be, I think, till she dies, though she should live to a hundred. Her eyes were large, blue, wondering eyes, looking straight at you; her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and dewy; she wore her hair, too, in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. I do not know whether she was pretty or not; but I liked her face, and so did everybody, and I do not think she could help her dimples. She had something of her father’s jauntiness of gait and manner; and any female observer might detect a slight difference in the attire of the two sisters—that of Miss Jessie being about two pounds per annum more expensive than Miss Brown’s. Two pounds was a large sum in Captain Brown’s annual disbursements.

Such was the impression made upon me by the Brown family when I first saw them all together in Cranford Church. The captain I had met before—on the occasion of the smoky chimney, which he had cured by some simple alteration in the flue. In church, he held his double eye-glass to his eyes during the Morning Hymn, and then lifted up his head erect and sang out loud and joyfully. He made the responses louder than the clerk—an old man with a piping, feeble voice, who, I think, felt aggrieved at the captain’s sonorous bass, and quavered higher and higher in consequence.

On coming out of church the brisk captain paid the most gallant attention to his two daughters. He nodded and smiled to his acquaintances; but he shook hands with none until he had helped Miss Brown to unfurl her umbrella, had relieved her of her prayer-book, and had waited patiently till she, with trembling, nervous hands, had taken up her gown to walk through the wet roads.

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I wondered what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced, in former days, that there was no gentleman to be attended to, and to find conversation for, at the card-parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the snugness of the evenings; and, in our love for gentility, and distaste of mankind, we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be “vulgar”; so that when I found my friend and hostess, Miss Jenkyns, was going to have a party in my honour, and that Captain and the Miss Browns were invited, I wondered much what could be the course of the evening. Card-tables, with green-baize tops were set out by daylight, just as usual; it was the third week in November, so the evening closed in about four. Candles, and clean packs of cards were arranged in each table. The fire was made up; the neat maid-servant had received her last directions; and there we stood, dressed in our best, each with a candle-lighter in our hands, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came. Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived, we sat down to “Preference,” I being the unlucky fourth. The next four comers were put down immediately to another table; and presently the tea-trays, which I had seen set out in the storeroom as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card-table. The china was delicate eggshell; the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing; but the eatables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in; and I could see that, somehow or other, the captain was a favourite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man’s place in the room; attended to every one’s wants, lessened the pretty maid-servant’s labour by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for threepenny points with as grave an interest as if they had been pounds; and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter—for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards; but she talked to the sitters-out, who, before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang, too, to an old cracked piano, which I think had been a spinet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang “Jock of Hazeldean” a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so.

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It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this; for I had seen that, a little before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (apropos of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough—for the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at the card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece! But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed the next morning) *would* repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her identical Shetland wool required, "through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of any one in Edinboro'." It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths, and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music; so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, talking over tricks; but by and by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of *The Pickwick Papers*?" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model." This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

“As you please,” said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the “swarry” which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. I did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said, with mild dignity:

“Fetch me *Rasselas*, my dear, out of the book-room.”

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When I brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown—

“Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favourite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson.”

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched, majestic voice; and when she had ended, she said, “I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction.” The captain screwed his lips out, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

“I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers.”

“How was the *Rambler* published, ma’am?” asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

“Dr. Johnson’s style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters—I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favourite.”

“I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing,” said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the Captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she “seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure” her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown’s last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, “I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz.”

It is said—I won’t vouch for the fact—that Captain Brown was heard to say, *sotto voce*, “D——n Dr. Johnson!” If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he showed by going to stand near Miss Jenkyns’s arm-chair, and endeavouring to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable. The next day she made the remark I have mentioned about Miss Jessie’s dimples.

SALLY SIMPKIN’S LAMENT; OR JOHN JONES’S KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE [Sidenote: Hood]

“Oh! what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.



"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trousers blue?
Oh, Jones, my dear!—Oh dear! my Jones,
What is become of you?"

"Oh! Sally dear, it is too true,—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own,
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.



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"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effectuated in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me.

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights,
To haunt, as people say;
My ghost *can't* walk, for oh! my legs
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think, when I am swimming round,
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a half
Without a quarter's notice.

"One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed:
Oh! Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

"But now adieu—a long adieu!
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle."

TABLE-TALK OF JOHN SELDEN [Sidenote: *John Selden*]

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

* * * * *

'Tis sometimes unreasonable to look after respect and reverence, either from a man's own servant, or other inferiors. A great lord and a gentleman talking together, there came a boy by, leading a calf with both his hands: says the lord to the gentleman, "You shall see me make the boy let go his calf"; with that he came towards him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat, but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, "Sirrah," says he, "do you not know me, that you use no reverence?" "Yes," says the boy, "if your Lordship will hold my calf, I will put off my hat."

* * * * *

King James said to the fly, "Have I three kingdoms, and thou must needs fly into my eye?"

HOW MARK WAS SOLD

[Sidenote: *Mark Twain*]

It is seldom pleasant to tell on one's self, but sometimes it is a sort of relief to a man to make a sad confession. I wish to unburden my mind now, and yet I almost believe that I am moved to do it more because I long to bring censure upon another man than because I desire to pour balm upon my wounded heart. (I don't know what balm is, but I believe it is the correct expression to use in this connection—never having seen any balm.) You may remember that I lectured in Newark lately for the young gentlemen of the Clayonian Society? I did, at any rate. During the afternoon of that day I was talking with one of the young gentlemen just referred to, and he said he had an uncle who, from some cause or other, seemed to have grown permanently bereft of all emotion. And, with tears in his eyes, this young man said, "Oh, if I could only see him laugh once more! Oh, if I could only see him weep!" I was touched. I could never withstand distress.

I said: "Bring him to my lecture. I'll start him for you."

"Oh, if you could but do it! If you could but do it, all our family would bless you for ever more, for he is so very dear to us. Oh my benefactor, can you make him laugh? can you bring soothing tears to those parched orbs?"

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I was profoundly moved. I said: "My son, bring the old party round. I have got some jokes in that lecture that will make him laugh if there is any laugh in him; and, if they miss fire, I have got some others that will make him cry or kill him, one or the other." Then the young man blessed me, and wept on my neck, and went after his uncle. He placed him in full view, in the second row of benches that night, and I began on him. I tried him with mild jokes, then with severe ones; I dosed him with bad jokes, and riddled him with good ones; I fired old, stale jokes into him, and peppered him fore and aft with red-hot new ones; I warmed up to my work, and assaulted him on the right and left, in front and behind; I fumed and sweated and charged and ranted till I was hoarse and sick, and frantic and furious; but I never moved him once—I never started a smile or a tear! Never a ghost of a smile, and never a suspicion of moisture! I was astounded. I closed the lecture at last with one despairing shriek—with one wild burst of humour, and hurled a joke of supernatural atrocity full at him!

Then I sat down bewildered and exhausted.

The president of the society came up and bathed my head with cold water, and said: "What made you carry on so towards the last?"

I said I was trying to make that confounded old fool laugh, in the second row.

And he said: "Well, you were wasting your time, because he is deaf and dumb, and as blind as a badger!"

Now, was that any way for that old man's nephew to impose on a stranger and orphan like me? I simply ask you, as a man and a brother, if that was any way for him to do?

NEW-MADE HONOUR

[Sidenote: *Ingoldsby*]

(Imitated from Martial)

A Friend I met, some half hour since—
"Good-morning, Jack!" quoth I;
The new-made Knight, like any Prince,
Frowned, nodded, and passed by;
When up came Jem—"Sir John, your Slave!"
"Ah, James; we dine at eight—
Fail not"—(low bows the supple knave)—
"Don't make my lady wait."
The King can do no wrong? As I'm a sinner,
He's spoilt an honest tradesman and my dinner.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

[Sidenote: *Anon.*]

With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

[Sidenote: *Wellesley (altered)*]

Nicias, a doctor and musician,
Lies under very foul suspicion.
He sings, and without any shame
He murders all the finest music:
Does he prescribe? our fate's the same,
If he shall e'er find me or you sick.

[Sidenote: *Anon.*]

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

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[Sidenote: *Merivale*]

Dick cannot blow his nose when'er he pleases,
His nose so long is, and his arm so short,
Nor ever cries, God bless me! when he sneezes—
He cannot hear so distant a report.

OLD LONDON SPORTS [Sidenote: *Stow*]

"Every year also at Shrove Tuesday, that we may begin with children's sports, seeing we all have been children, the schoolboys do bring cocks of the game to their master, and all the forenoon they delight themselves in cock-fighting; after dinner, all the youths go into the fields to play at the ball.

"The scholars of every school have their ball, or baton, in their hands; the ancient and wealthy men of the city come forth on horseback to see the sport of the young men and to take part of the pleasure in beholding their agility. Every Friday in Lent a fresh company of young men comes into the field on horseback, and the best horseman conducteth the rest. Then march forth the citizens' sons, and other young men, with disarmed lances and shields; and there they practise feats of war. Many courtiers likewise, when the king lieth near, and attendants of noblemen, do repair to these exercises; and, while the hope of victory doth inflame their minds, do show good proof how serviceable they would be in martial affairs.

"In Easter holidays they fight battles on the water; a shield is hung upon a pole, fixed in the midst of the stream, a boat is prepared without oars, to be carried by violence of the water, and in the fore part thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance; if so be he breaketh his lance against the shield, and doth not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed; if so be, without breaking his lance, he runneth strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water, for the boat is violently forced with the tide; but on each side of the shield ride two boats, furnished with young men, which recover him that falleth as soon as they may. Upon the bridge, wharfs, and houses, by the river's side stand great numbers to see and laugh thereat...

"When the great fen, or moor, which watereth the walls of the city on the north side, is frozen, many young men play upon the ice; some, striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly; others make themselves seats of ice, as great as millstones; one sits down, many hand in hand to draw him, and one slipping on a sudden, all fall together; some tie bones to their feet and under their heels, and, shoving themselves by a little picked staff, do slide as swiftly as a bird flieth in the air, or an arrow out of a crossbow. Sometime two run together with poles, and, hitting one the other, either one or both do fall, not without hurt; some break their arms, some their legs, but youth desirous of glory in this sort exerciseth itself against the time of war. Many of the citizens do delight themselves in hawks and hounds; for they have liberty of hunting in Middlesex,

Hertfordshire, all Chiltern, and in Kent to the water of Cray.” Thus far Fitzstephen of sports.

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These, or the like exercises, have been continued till our time, namely, in stage-plays, whereof ye may read in anno 1391, a play by the parish clerks of London at the Skinner's Well besides Smithfield, which continued three days together, the king, queen, and nobles of the realm being present. And of another, in the year 1409, which lasted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world, whereat was present most part of the nobility and gentry of England. Of late time, in place of those stage-plays, hath been used comedies, tragedies, interludes, and histories, both true and feigned; for the acting whereof certain public places, as the Theatre, the Curtain, *etc.*, have been erected. Also cocks of the game are yet cherished by divers men for their pleasures, much money being laid on their heads, when they fight in pits, whereof some be costly made for that purpose. The ball is used by noblemen and gentlemen in tennis-courts, and by people of meaner sort in the open fields and streets.

The marching forth of citizens' sons, and other young men on horseback, with disarmed lances and shields, there to practise feats of war, man against man, hath long since been left off, but in their stead they have used, on horseback, to run at a dead mark, called a quintain; for note whereof I read, that in the year of Christ 1253, the 38th of Henry III., the youthful citizens, for an exercise of their activity, set forth a game to run at the quintain; and whoever did best should have a peacock, which they had prepared as a prize. Certain of the king's servants, because the court lay then at Westminster, came, as it were, in spite of the citizens, to that game, and, giving reproachful names to the Londoners, which for the dignity of the city, and ancient privilege which they ought to have enjoyed, were called barons, the said Londoners, not able to bear so to be misused, fell upon the king's servants, and beat them shrewdly, so that, upon complaint to the king, he fined the citizens to pay a thousand marks. This exercise of running at the quintain was practised by the youthful citizens as well in summer as in winter, namely, in the feast of Christmas, I have seen a quintain set upon Cornhill, by the Leadenhall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports have run, and made great pastime; for he that hit not the broad end of the quintain was of all men laughed to scorn, and he that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his neck with a bag full of sand hung on the other end. I have also in the summer season seen some upon the river of Thames rowed in wherries with staves in their hands, flat at the fore end, running one against another, and for the most part, one or both overthrown and well ducked.

On the holy days in summer the youths of this city have in the field exercised themselves in leaping, dancing, shooting, wrestling, casting of the stone or ball, *etc.*

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And for defence and use of the weapon, there is a special profession of men that teach it. Ye may read in mine Annals how that in the year 1222 the citizens kept games of defence, and wrestlings, near unto the hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Field, where they challenged and had the mastery of the men in the suburbs, and other commoners, *etc.* Also, in the year 1453, of a tumult made against the mayor at the wrestling besides Clerke's Well, *etc.* Which is sufficient to prove that of old time the exercising of wrestling, and such like, hath been much more used than of later years. The youths of this city also have used on holy days after evening prayer, at their masters' doors, to exercise their wasters and bucklers; and the maidens, one of them playing on a timbrel, in sight of their masters and dames, to dance for garlands hung athwart the streets; which open pastimes in my youth being now suppressed, worse practices within doors are to be feared. As for the baiting of bulls and bears, they are to this day much frequented, namely, in Bear gardens, on the Bank's side, wherein be prepared scaffolds for beholders to stand upon. Sliding upon the ice is now but children's play; but in hawking and hunting many grave citizens at this present have great delight, and do rather want leisure than good-will to follow it.

Of triumphant shows made by the citizens of London, ye may read, in the year 1236, the 20th of Henry III., Andrew Bockwell then being mayor, how Eleanor, daughter to Reymond, Earl of Provence, riding through the city towards Westminster, there to be crowned Queen of England, the city was adorned with silks, and in the night with lamps, cressets, and other lights without number, besides many pageants and strange devices there presented; the citizens also rode to meet the king and queen, clothed in long garments embroidered about, with gold and silks of divers colours, their horses gallantly trapped to the number of three hundred and sixty, every man bearing a cup of gold or silver in his hand, and the king's trumpeters sounding before them. These citizens did minister wine, as bottlers, which is their service, at their coronation. More, in the year 1293, for victory obtained by Edward I., against the Scots, every citizen, according to their several trade, made their several show, but especially the fishmongers, which in a solemn procession passed through the city, having, amongst other pageants and shows, four sturgeons gilt, carried on four horses; then four salmons of silver on four horses; and after them six and forty armed knights riding on horses, made like lucas of the sea; and then one representing St. Magnus, because it was upon St. Magnus's day, with a thousand horsemen, *etc.*

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One other show, in the year 1377, was made by the citizens for disport of the young prince, Richard, son of the Black Prince, in the feast of Christmas, in this manner: On the Sunday before Candlemas, in the night, one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised, and well horsed, in a mummary, with sound of trumpets, sack-butts, cornets, shalmes, and other minstrels, and innumerable torchlights of wax, rode from Newgate, through Cheap, over the bridge, through Southwark, and so to Kennington beside Lambhith, where the young prince remained with his mother and the Duke of Lancaster his uncle, the Earls of Cambridge, Hertford, Warwick, and Suffolk, with divers other lords. In the first rank did ride forty-eight in the likeness and habit of esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats and gowns of say or sandal, with comely visors on their faces; after them came riding forty-eight knights in the same livery of colour and stuff; then followed one richly arrayed like an emperor; and, after him some distance, one stately attired like a pope, whom followed twenty-four cardinals, and after them eight or ten with black visors, not amiable, as if they had been legates from some foreign princes. These maskers, after they had entered Kennington, alighted from their horses, and entered the hall on foot; which done, the prince, his mother, and the lords came out of the chamber into the hall, whom the said mummers did salute, showing by a pair of dice upon the table their desire to play with the prince, which they so handled that the prince did always win when he cast them. Then the mummers set to the prince three jewels, one after another, which were a bowl of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the prince won at three casts. Then they set to the prince's mother, the duke, the earls, and other lords, to every one a ring of gold, which they did also win. After which they were feasted, and the music sounded, the prince and lords danced on the one part with the mummers, which did also dance; which jollity being ended, they were again made to drink, and then departed in order as they came.

The like was in Henry IV., in the 2nd of his reign, he then keeping his Christmas at Eltham, twelve aldermen of London and their sons rode in a mumming, and had great thanks.

Thus much for sportful shows in triumphs may suffice. Now for sports and pastimes yearly used.

First, in the feast of Christmas, there was in the king's house, wheresoever he was lodged, a lord of misrule, or master of merry disports, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. Amongst the which the mayor of London, and either of the sheriffs, had their several lords of misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders. These lords beginning their rule on Alhollon eve, continued the same till the morrow after the Feast of the Purification, commonly called Candlemas day. In all which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, nails, and points, in every house, more for pastime than for gain.

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Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holm, ivy, bays, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished; amongst the which I read, in the year 1444, that by tempest of thunder and lightning, on the 1st of February, at night, Paule's Steeple was fired, but with great labour quenched; and towards the morning of Candlemas Day, at the Leadenhall in Cornhill, a standard of tree being set up in midst of the pavement, fast in the ground, nailed full of holm and ivy, for disport of Christmas to the people, was torn up, and cast down by the malignant spirit (as was thought), and the stones of the pavement all about were cast in the streets, and into divers houses, so that the people were sore aghast of the great tempests.

In the week before Easter, had ye great shows made for the fetching in of a twisted tree, or with, as they termed it, out of the woods into the king's house; and the like into every man's house of honour or worship.

In the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds, praising God in their kind; and for example hereof, Edward Hall hath noted, that King Henry VIII., as in the 3rd of his reign, and divers other years, so namely, in the 7th of his reign, on May-day in the morning, with Queen Katherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode a-maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, where, as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, with green hoods, and bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred; one being their chieftain, was called Robin Hood, who required the king and his company to stay and see his men shoot; whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the two hundred archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled again they likewise shot again; their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the king, queen, and their company.

Moreover, this Robin Hood desired the king and queen, with their retinue, to enter the greenwood where, in harbours made of boughs, and decked with flowers, they were set and served plentifully with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men, to their great contentment, and had other pageants and pastimes, as ye may read in my said author.

I find also, that in the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several mayings, and did fetch in Maypoles, with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris-dancers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long; and toward the evening they had stage-plays, and bonfires in the streets.

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LETTER FROM AN INDIAN GENTLEMAN TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND

Dear Sir,

Since from a long time ago I had hope of a favour of you, but (ah! ah!) was disappointed for this. I take this opportunity to enquire your health that how you are in these days. It may not be out of place to state that I and my two sons are enjoying, but my misfortunes has never ceased by day and night to embarras me and torture, and I am plunged in utmost degredation of sorrow to no purpose. At present a law suit is hurled on me by that unworthy and unnatural or I should rather say that prodigious blackguard man viz my brother who is son of my father and mother, and (ah! ah!) how mortifying it is indeed to a person of my temperature of meekness.

Had my late lamented and disceased father had even the least scintillation that how his patrimony would involve me in his mechanitions he would sooner have never died than wish my brother to share it and his revered bones are now perhaps turning to behold my misfortunate circumstances. But I must beg leaf to refrain this matter further to complain to you.

I had heard that your eldest male issue had attended some examination papers in Allahabad. Kindly inform that for what department he is constrained and prone to pass and sat for.

If my younger son who is an ambilitous fellow and having read up to F.A. could obtain some trifling job such as a honest penny turner I would be greatly gratified for I have now no hope of success of him in the revenue department. His abilities are superior on the whole and he would without fail characterise any appointment with honesty. If you could ensure his jobbery I am well self satisfied of his success.

Think him as your own issue and have kindness upon him. What more can I request to you than this? His yeares are now entring to 24 and goverment has fixed 25 yeares for his service so please do needfull in a quick march time instantly on his behalf. I will be much thankfull to you for this.

I had not been to shooting lately owing to an iron thorn penetrated into my foot which made impossible to walk, but my shikari make some prey latterly of some herin and murghabi birds which I failed to send you on account of hotness of atmosphere which would make it rotton. Hence you should excuse my fault. But I will be with all my heart if your sons will come to prey here. I will myself accompany and shoot him too. At this season many herins are plentiful and one noise from raifel or gun will bring down many dead ones.



My elephant also will ride them in the jungles and give shikar to them as there are lipperds concealed in the thicket adjacent near the river. I have shooted a lippard latterly and his carcase I have sent to the chamar to make it very nicely without a bad smell coming. If you will wish for its carcase then I can send after the bad smell has been excluded from the carcase.

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There is also a janwar called wild bores here which is ferocious and dangerous sorts to shoot with gun but I can arrange for them also as they are highly destructivrou to corns of poor peoples and are worthy for killing because they devast the fields too much by their carnivorous fooding. I have also four nice horses for riding which I can let your sons use for the hunting purpose. They are well accustomed to the bum-bum-budam of guns and are mild and un-shy.

Also please inform to your sons that do not bring any fooding for my hunble kitchen will supply their all things for eating, also fruits and etcetera for filling the belly of them.

I have specially provided 5 or 6 big and strong cock fowles and their females for boiling on the day they will honour my poor house and some biscuits and sodda waters and whisky. I have also some syrop of home made which is strong and very delicshous. If your sons are like you and not taking whisky then I can substitute another unintoxicating liquid for that. Kindly inform on what day they will arrive at my poor house that I may arrange their coming comfortably from railway station for the 10 miles to my poor house.

If you can come so much better but send your sons by all means.

With respects,

I am,

Yours sincerely.

A BABU LETTER

SIR,

Last night while perambulating city in search of evenings zephyrs I came to learn of the demise of Babu ... of your Honour's office who leaves widow and sorrowing children who will feed their bellies the Devil knows how. I submit myself to your Honour's approval and patronage for the vacancy. For my qualifications I am damnably well up in precise-writing (Note. He means precis writing) and am much addicted to the swearing of European oaths. I am no believing old and rotten superstition of ancient forefathers, but am iconoclast smashing idols to detriment of damn scoundrels. If I should be successful for the post, I and my wife and children will fall on our bended knees, as in duty bound, and offer up prayers for your Honour, your Honour's lady, and your posthumous children to follow up hereafter.

Your most obedient servant.

"LOVE, WITH A WITNESS!"

[Sidenote: *Hood*]



He has shaved off his whiskers and blackened his brows,
Wears a patch and a wig of false hair—
But it's him—oh, it's him !—we exchanged lover's vows
When I lived up in Cavendish Square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,
And his voice was as soft as a flute—
Like a Lord or a Marquis he looked, when he came
To make love in his master's best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,
I shall never forget what he told—
How he loved me beyond the rich women of earth,
With their jewels and silver and gold!

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When he kissed me, and bade me adieu with a sigh,
By the light of the sweetest of moons,
Oh, how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
To my Misses's teapot and spoons!

MR TESTATOR

[Sidenote: *Charles Dickens*]

Mr. Testator took a set of chambers in Lyons Inn when he had but very scanty furniture for his bedroom, and none for his sitting-room. He had lived some wintry months in this condition, and had found it very bare and cold. One night, past midnight, when he sat writing and still had writing to do that must be done before he went to bed, he found himself out of coals. He had coals downstairs, but had never been to his cellar; however, the cellar-key was on his mantelshelf, and if he went down and opened the cellar it fitted, he might fairly assume the coals in that cellar to be his. As to his laundress, she lived among the coal-wagons and Thames watermen—for there were Thames watermen at that time—in some unknown rat-hole by the river, down lanes and alleys on the other side of the Strand. As to any other person to meet him or obstruct him, Lyons Inn was dreaming, drunk, maudlin, moody, betting, brooding over bill-discounting or renewing—asleep or awake, minding its own affairs. Mr. Testator took his coal-scuttle in one hand, his candle and key in the other, and descended to the dimmest underground dens of Lyons Inn, where the late vehicles in the streets became thunderous and all the water-pipes in the neighbourhood seemed to have Macbeth's Amen sticking in their throats, and to be trying to get it out. After groping here and there among low doors to no purpose, Mr. Testator at length came to a door with a rusty padlock which his key fitted. Getting the door open with much trouble, and looking in, he found no coals, but a confused pile of furniture. Alarmed by this intrusion on another man's property, he locked the door again, found his own cellar, filled his scuttle, and returned upstairs.

But the furniture he had seen ran on castors across and across Mr. Testator's mind incessantly, when, in the chill hour of five in the morning, he got to bed. He particularly wanted a table to write at, and a table expressly made to be written at had been the piece of furniture in the foreground of the heap. When his laundress emerged from her burrow in the morning to make his kettle boil, he artfully led up to the subject of cellars and furniture; but the two ideas had evidently no connection in her mind. When she left him, and he sat at his breakfast, thinking about the furniture, he recalled the rusty state of the padlock, and inferred that the furniture must have been stored in the cellar for a long time—was perhaps forgotten—owner dead perhaps? After thinking it over a few days, in the course of which he could pump nothing out of Lyons Inn about the furniture, he became desperate, and resolved to borrow that table. He did so, that night. He had not had the table long, when he determined

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to borrow an easy-chair; he had not had that long, when he made up his mind to borrow a bookcase; then, a couch; then, a carpet and rug. By that time, he felt he was “in furniture stepped in so far,” as that it could be no worse to borrow it all. Consequently, he borrowed it all, and locked up the cellar for good. He had always locked it, after every visit. He had carried up every separate article in the dead of night, and, at the best, had felt as wicked as a Resurrection Man. Every article was blue and furry when brought into his rooms, and he had had, in a murderous and guilty sort of way, to polish it up while London slept.

Mr. Testator lived in his furnished chambers two or three years, or more, and gradually lulled himself into the opinion that the furniture was his own. This was his convenient state of mind when, late one night, a step came up the stairs, and a hand passed over his door feeling for his knocker, and then one deep and solemn rap was rapped that might have been a spring in Mr. Testator’s easy-chair to shoot him out of it; so promptly was it attended with that effect.

With a candle in his hand, Mr. Testator went to the door, and found there a very pale and very tall man; a man who stooped; a man with very high shoulders, a very narrow chest, and a very red nose; a shabby-genteel man. He was wrapped in a long threadbare black coat, fastened up the front with more pins than buttons, and under his arm he squeezed an umbrella without a handle, as if he were playing bagpipes. He said, “I beg your pardon, but can you tell me—” and stopped; his eyes resting on some object within the chambers.

“Can I tell you what?” asked Mr. Testator, noting his stoppage with quick alarm.

“I ask your pardon,” said the stranger, “but—this is not the inquiry I was going to make—*do* I see in there, any small article of property belonging to *me*?”

Mr. Testator was beginning to stammer that he was not aware—when the visitor slipped past him into the chambers. There, in a goblin way which froze Mr. Testator to the marrow, he examined, first, the writing-table, and said, “Mine”; then, the easy-chair, and said, “Mine”; then, the bookcase, and said, “Mine”; then, turned up a corner of the carpet, and said “Mine!”—in a word, inspected every item of furniture from the cellar, in succession, and said, “Mine!” Towards the end of this investigation Mr. Testator perceived that he was sodden with liquor, and that the liquor was gin. He was not unsteady with gin, either in his speech or carriage; but he was stiff with gin in both particulars.

Mr. Testator was in a dreadful state, for (according to his making out of the story) the possible consequences of what he had done in recklessness and hardihood, flashed

upon him in their fulness for the first time. When they had stood gazing at one another for a little while, he tremulously began:

“Sir, I am conscious that the fullest explanation, compensation, and restitution, are your due. They shall be yours. Allow me to entreat that, without temper, without even natural irritation on your part, we may have a little—”

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"Drop of something to drink," interrupted the stranger. "I am agreeable."

Mr. Testator had intended to say, "a little quiet conversation," but with great relief of mind adopted the amendment. He produced a decanter of gin, and was bustling about for hot water and sugar, when he found that his visitor had already drunk half of the decanter's contents. With hot water and sugar the visitor drank the remainder before he had been an hour in the chambers by the chimes of the church of St. Mary in the Strand; and during the process he frequently whispered to himself, "Mine!"

The gin gone, and Mr. Testator wondering what was to follow it, the visitor rose and said, with increased stiffness, "At what hour of the morning, sir, will it be convenient?" Mr. Testator hazarded, "At ten?" "Sir," said the visitor, "at ten to the moment, I shall be here." He then contemplated Mr. Testator somewhat at leisure, and said, "God bless you! How is your wife?" Mr. Testator (who never had a wife) replied with much feeling, "Deeply anxious, poor soul, but otherwise well." The visitor thereupon turned and went away, and fell twice in going downstairs. From that hour he was never heard of. Whether he was a ghost, or a spectral illusion of conscience, or a drunken man, who had no business there, or the drunken rightful owner of the furniture, with a transitory gleam of memory; whether he got safe home, or had no home to get to; whether he died of liquor on the way, or lived in liquor ever afterwards; he never was heard of more.

A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH

[Sidenote: *Mark Twain*]

Distressing Accident.—Last evening, about six o'clock, as Mr. William Schuyler, an old and respectable citizen of South Park, was leaving his residence to go down town, as has been his usual custom for many years, with the exception only of a short interval in the spring of 1850, during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly placing himself directly in its wake and throwing up his hands and shouting, which if he had done so even a single moment sooner, must inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough to himself as it was, and rendered more melancholy and distressing by reason of the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the sad occurrence, notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be reconnoitring in another direction when incidents occur, not being vivacious and on the look out, as a general thing, but even the reverse, as her own mother is said to have stated, who is no more, being a Christian woman and without guile, as it were, or property, in consequence of the fire of 1849, which destroyed every single thing she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all take warning by this solemn occurrence, and let us endeavour so to conduct ourselves that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our hearts, and say with earnestness and sincerity that, from this day forth, we will beware of the intoxicating bowl.



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"FOREVER" [Sidenote: *Calverley*]

Forever; 'tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deem'd it two:
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

Forever! What abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frenzy, what
Despair! For ever (printed so)
Did not.

It looks, ah me! how trite and tame!
It fails to sadden or appal
Or solace—it is not the same
At all.

O thou to whom it first occur'd
To solder the disjoin'd, and dower
Thy native language with a word
Of power:

We bless thee! Whether far or near
Thy dwelling, whether dark or fair
Thy kingly brow, is neither here
Nor there.

But in men's hearts shall be thy throne
While the great pulse of England beats,
Thou coiner of a word unknown
To Keats!

And nevermore must printer do
As men did long ago; but run
"For" into "ever," bidding two
Be one.

Forever! passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour
It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar.

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deem'd it two:



Nor am I confident they err'd;
Are you?

OPEN AIR

[Sidenote: *Thoreau*]

My spirits infallibly rise in proportion to the outward dreariness. Give me the ocean, the desert or the wilderness! In the desert, pure air and solitude compensate for want of moisture and fertility. The traveller Burton says of it: "Your *morale* improves; you become frank and cordial, hospitable and single-minded.... In the desert, spirituous liquors excite only disgust. There is a keen enjoyment in a mere animal existence." They who have been travelling long on the steppes of Tartary say: "On re-entering cultivated lands, the agitation, perplexity, and turmoil of civilisation oppressed and suffocated us; the air seemed to fail us, and we felt every moment as if about to die of asphyxia." When I would recreate myself, I seek the darkest wood, the thickest and most interminable, and, to the citizen, most dismal swamp. I enter a swamp as a sacred place—a *sanctum sanctorum*. There is the strength, the marrow of Nature. The wild-wood covers the virgin mould—and the same soil is good for men and for trees. A man's health requires as many acres of meadow to his prospect as his farm does loads of muck. There are the strong meats on which he feeds. A town is saved, not more by the righteous men in it than by the woods and swamps that surround it. A township where one primitive forest waves above while another primitive forest rots below—such a town is fitted to raise not only corn and potatoes, but poets and philosophers for the coming ages. In such a soil grew Homer and Confucius and the rest, and out of such a wilderness comes the Reformer eating locusts and wild honey.

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“MARY POWELL” [Sidenote: *Anonymous*]

Journall

Forest Hill, *May 1st, 1643.*

Seventeenth Birthday. A gypsie Woman at the Gate would fame have tolde my Fortune; but *Mother* chased her away, saying she had doubtless harboured in some of the low Houses in *Oxford*, and mighte bring us the Plague. Could have cried for Vexation; she had promised to tell me the Colour of my Husband's Eyes; but *Mother* says she believes I shall never have one, I am soe sillie. *Father* gave me a gold Piece. Dear *Mother* is chafed, methinks, touching this Debt of five hundred Pounds, which *Father* says he knows not how to pay. Indeed, he sayd, overnichte, his whole personal Estate amounts to but five hundred Pounds, his Timber and Wood to four hundred more, or thereabouts; and the Tithes and Messuages of *Whateley* are no great Matter, being mortgaged for about as much more, and he hath lent Sights of Money to them that won't pay, so 'tis hard to be thus prest. Poor *Father*! 'twas good of him to give me this gold Piece.

May 2nd.—Cousin *Rose* married to Master *Roger Agnew*. Present, *Father*, *Mother*, and *Brother* of *Rose*; *Father*, *Mother*, *Dick*, *Bob*, *Harry*, and I; Squire *Paice* and his Daughter *Audrey*; an olde Aunt of Master *Roger*'s, and one of his Cousins, a stiffe-backed Man with large Eares, and such a long Nose! Cousin *Rose* looked bewtifulle—pitie so faire a Girl should marry so olde a Man—'tis thoughte he wants not manie Years of fifty.

May 7th.—New misfortunes in the Poultrie Yarde. Poor *Mother*'s Loyalty cannot stand the Demands for her best Chickens, Ducklings, &c, for the Use of his Majesty's Officers since the King hath beene in *Oxford*. She accuseth my *Father* of having beene wonne over by a few faire Speeches to be more of a Royalist than his natural Temper inclineth him to; which, of course, he will not admit.

May 8th.—Whole Day taken up in a Visit to *Rose*, now a Week married, and growne quite matronlie already. We reached *Sheepscote* about an Hour before Noone. A long, broade, strait Walke of green Turf, planted with Holly-oaks, Sunflowers, &c, and some earlier flowers alreadie in Bloom, led up to the rusticall Porch of a truly farm-like House, with low gable Roofs, a long lattice Window on either Side the Doore, and three Casements above. Such, and no more, is *Rose*'s House! But she is happy, for she came running forthe, soe soone as she hearde *Clover*'s Feet, and helped me from my Saddle all smiling, tho' she had not expected to see us. We had Curds and Creams; and she wished it were the Time of Strawberries, for she sayd they had large Beds; and then my *Father* and the Boys went forthe to looke for Master *Agnew*. Then *Rose* took me up to her Chamber, singing as she went; and the long, low Room was sweet with flowers. Sayd I, “*Rose*, to be Mistress of this pretty Cottage, t'were hardlie amisse to marry a man as old as Master *Roger*.” “Olde!” quoth she, “deare *Moll*, you must not

deeme him olde; why, he is but forty-two; and am not I twenty-three?" She lookt soe earneste and hurte, that I coulde not but falle a laughing.

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May 9th.—*Mother* gone to *Sandford*. She hopes to get Uncle *John* to lend *Father* this Money. *Father* says she may try. 'Tis harde to discourage her with an ironicalle Smile, when she is doing all she can, and more than manie Women woulde, to help *Father* in his Difficultie; but suche, she sayth somewhat bitterlie, is the lot of our Sex. She bade *Father* mind that she had brought him three thousand Pounds, and askt what had come of them. Answered; helped to fille the Mouths of nine healthy Children, and stop the Mouth of an easie Husband; soe, with a Kiss, made it up. I have the Keys, and am left Mistress of alle, to my greate Contentment; but the Children clamour for Sweetmeats, and *Father* sayth, "Remember, *Moll*, Discretion is the better Part of Valour."

After *Mother* had left, went into the Paddock, to feed the Colts with Bread; and while they were putting their Noses into *Robin's* Pockets, *Dick* brought out the two Ponies, and set me on one of them, and we had a mad Scamper through the Meadows and down the Lanes; I leading. Just at the Turne of *Holford's Close*, came shorte upon a Gentleman walking under the Hedge, clad in a sober, genteel Suit, and of most beautifulle Countenance, with Hair like a Woman's, of a lovely pale brown, long and silky, falling over his Shoulders. I nearlie went over him, for *Clover's* hard Forehead knocked against his Chest; but he stooode it like a Rock; and lookinge first at me and then at *Dick*, he smiled and spoke to my Brother, who seemed to know him, and turned about and walked by us, sometimes stroking *Clover's* shaggy Mane. I felte a little ashamed; for *Dick* had sett me on the Poney just as I was, my Gown somewhat too shorte for riding: however, I drewe up my Feet and let *Clover* nibble a little Grasse, and then got rounde to the neare Side, our new Companion stille between us. He offered me some wild Flowers, and askt me theire Names; and when I tolde them, he sayd I knew more than he did, though he accounted himselfe a prettie fayre Botaniste: and we went on thus, talking of the Herbs and Simples in the Hedges; and I sayd how prettie some of theire Names were, and that, methought, though Adam had named alle the Animals in Paradise, perhaps Eve had named all the Flowers. He lookt earnestlie at me, on this and muttered "Prettie." Then *Dick* askt of him News from *London*, and he spoke, methought, reservedlie; ever and anon turning his bright, thoughtfule Eyes on me. At length, we parted at the Turn of the Lane.

I askt *Dick* who he was, and he told me he was one Mr. *John Milton*.

A SONNET

[Sidenote: *J.K. Stephen*]



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Two voices are there: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep:
And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes,
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:
At other times—good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A.B.C.
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

EPIGRAMS

[Sidenote: *Matthew Prior*]

To John I ow'd great obligation;
But John, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

Yes, every poet is a fool:
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

DR. JOHNSON AT COURT

[Sidenote: *Boswell*]

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's House. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms, and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place—so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly,

the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said that he was at leisure, and would go to him: upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the King." Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.

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His Majesty began by observing that he understood he came sometimes to the library: and then mentioned his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ Church library was the largest he answered, "All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Aye," said the King, "that is the public library."

His Majesty inquired if he was then writing anything. He answered he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The king, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from anybody." Johnson said he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," said the king, "if you had not written so well." Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "no man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a king to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shown a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness than Johnson did in this instance....

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm, manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the king withdrew, Johnson showed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the king as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

At Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where a circle of Johnson's friends was collected round him to hear his account of this memorable conversation, Dr. Joseph Warton, in his frank and lively manner, was very active in pressing him to mention the particulars. "Come now, sir, this is an interesting matter; do favour us with it." Johnson, with great good humour, complied.

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He told them, "I found his Majesty wished I should talk, and I made it my business to talk. I find it does a man good to be talked to by his sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion—" Here some question interrupted him, which is to be regretted, as he certainly would have pointed out and illustrated many circumstances of advantage, from being in a situation where the powers of the mind are at once excited to vigorous exertion and tempered by reverential awe.

LANDORISMS

[Sidenote: *Landor*]

From you, lanthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

* * * * *

Metellus is a lover: one whose ear
(I have been told) is duller than his sight.
The day of his departure had drawn near;
And (meeting her beloved over-night)
Softly and tenderly Corinna sigh'd:
"Won't you be quite as happy now without me?"
Metellus, in his innocence replied,
"Corinna! O Corinna! can you doubt me?"

* * * * *

One leg across his wide arm-chair,
Sat Singleton, and read Voltaire;
And when (as well he might) he hit
Upon a splendid piece of wit,
He cried: "I do declare now, this
Upon the whole is not amiss."
And spent a good half-hour to show
By metaphysics why 'twas so.

* * * * *

"Why do I smile?" To hear you say,
"One month, and then the shortest day!"
The shortest, whate'er month it be,
Is the bright day you pass with me.



* * * * *

Each year bears something from us as it flies,
We only blow it farther with our sighs.

WIT AND LAUGHTER

[Sidenote: *Hazlitt*]

There is nothing more ridiculous than laughter without a cause, nor anything more troublesome than what are called laughing people. A professed laugher is as contemptible and tiresome a character as a professed wit: the one is always contriving something to laugh at, the other is always laughing at nothing. An excess of levity is as impertinent as an excess of gravity. A character of this sort is well personified by Spenser, in the "Damsel of the Idle Lake":

Who did assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light.

Any one must be mainly ignorant, or thoughtless, who is surprised at everything he sees; or wonderfully conceited, who expects everything to conform to his standard of propriety. Clowns and idiots laugh on all occasions; and the common failing of wishing to be thought satirical often runs through whole families in country places, to the great annoyance of their neighbours. To be struck with incongruity in whatever comes before us does not argue great comprehension



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or refinement of perception, but rather a looseness and flippancy of mind and temper, which prevents the individual from connecting any two ideas steadily or consistently together. It is owing to a natural crudity and precipitateness of the imagination, which assimilates nothing properly to itself. People who are always laughing, at length laugh on the wrong side of their faces; for they cannot get others to laugh with them. In like manner, an affectation of wit by degrees hardens the heart, and spoils good company and good manners. A perpetual succession of good things puts an end to common conversation. There is no answer to a jest, but another; and even where the ball can be kept up in this way without ceasing, it tires the patience of the bystanders, and runs the speakers out of breath. Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.

LOVE IN WINTER

[Sidenote: *Austin Dobson*]

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

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

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

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

MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS

[Sidenote: *Mark Twain*]

I have received from the publishers, New York, a neatly-printed page of questions, with blanks for answers, and am requested to fill those blanks. These questions are so arranged as to ferret out the most secret points of a man's nature without his ever noticing what the idea is until it is all done, and his "character" gone for ever. A number of these sheets are bound together and called a Mental Photograph Album. Nothing could induce me to fill those blanks but the asseveration of my pastor, that it will benefit my race by enabling young people to see what I am, and giving them an opportunity to become like somebody else. This overcomes my scruples. I have but little character, but what I have I am willing to part with for the public good. I do not boast of this character, further than that I built it up by myself, at odd hours, during the last thirty years, and without other educational aid than I was able to pick up in the ordinary schools and colleges. I have filled the blanks as follows:



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What is your favourite...

Colour?—Anything but dun.

Tree?—Any that bears forbidden fruit.

Hour in the Day?—The leisure hour.

Perfume?—Cent, per cent.

Style of Beauty?—The Subscriber's.

Names, Male and Female?—*M'aimez* (Maimie) for a female, and Tacus and Marius for males.

Painters?—Sign-painters.

Poet?—Robert Browning, when he has a lucid interval.

Poetess?—Timothy Titcomb.

Prose Author?—Noah Webster, LL.D.

Characters in Romance?—The Napoleon Family.

In History?—King Herod.

Book to take up for an hour?—Rothschild's pocket-book.

If not yourself, who would you rather be?—The Wandering Jew, with a nice annuity.

What is your idea of happiness?—Finding the buttons all on.

Your idea of Misery?—Breaking an egg in your pocket.

What is your *bete noire*?—(What is my which?)

What do you most dread?—Exposure.

What do you believe to be your Distinguishing Characteristic?—Hunger.

What is the Sublimest Passion of which human nature is capable?—Loving your sweetheart's enemies.

What are the Sweetest Words in the world?—"Not Guilty."



What is your Aim in Life?—To endeavour to be absent when my time comes.

What is your Motto?—Be virtuous, and you will be eccentric.

ANGLING CHEER

[Sidenote: *Izaak Walton*]

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country-fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty; but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged

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her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well! this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext, till she also chid and vext herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches; and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for He there says: "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And, "Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven: but in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vext when he sees others possess of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

APPLES

[Sidenote: *Byron*]

When Newton saw an apple fall, he found
In that slight startle from his contemplation—
'Tis *said* (for I'll not answer above ground
For any sage's creed or calculation)—
A mode of proving that the earth turn'd round
In a most natural whirl, call'd "gravitation";
And this is the sole mortal who could grapple,
Since Adam, with a fall, or with an apple.

A LITTLE MORAL ADVICE

[Sidenote: *Sydney Smith*]

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It is surprising to see for what foolish causes men hang themselves. The most silly repulse, the most trifling ruffle of temper, or derangement of stomach, anything seems to justify an appeal to the razor or the cord. I have a contempt for persons who destroy themselves. Live on, and look evil in the face; walk up to it, and you will find it less than you imagined, and often you will not find it at all; for it will recede as you advance. Any fool may be a suicide. When you are in a melancholy fit, first suspect the body, appeal to rhubarb and calomel, and send for the apothecary; a little bit of gristle sticking in the wrong place, an untimely consumption of custard, excessive gooseberries, often cover the mind with clouds and bring on the most distressing views of human life.

I start up at two o'clock in the morning, after my first sleep, in an agony of terror, and feel all the weight of life upon my soul. It is impossible that I can bring up such a family of children; my sons and daughters will be beggars! I shall live to see those whom I love exposed to the scorn and contumely of the world!—But stop, thou child of sorrow, and humble imitator of Job, and tell me on what you dined. Was not there soup and salmon, and then a plate of beef, and then duck, blanc-mange, cream cheese, diluted with beer, claret, champagne, hock, tea, coffee, and noyeau? And after all this you talk of the *mind* and the evils of life! These kinds of cases do not need meditation, but magnesia. Take short views of life. What am I to do in these times with such a family of children? So I argued, and lived dejected and with little hope; but the difficulty vanished as life went on. An uncle died, and left me some money; an aunt died, and left me more; my daughter married well; I had two or three appointments, and before life was half over became a prosperous man. And so will you. Every one has uncles and aunts who are mortal; friends start up out of the earth; time brings a thousand chances in your favour; legacies fall from the clouds. Nothing so absurd as to sit down and wring your hands because all the good which may happen to you in twenty years has not taken place at this precise moment.

The greatest happiness which can happen to any one is to cultivate a love of reading. Study is often dull because it is improperly managed. I make no apology for speaking of myself, for as I write anonymously nobody knows who I am, and if I did not, very few would be the wiser—but every man speaks more firmly when he speaks from his own experience. I read four books at a time; some classical book perhaps on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. The “History of France,” we will say, on the evenings of the same days. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Mosheim, or Lardner, and in the evening of those days, Reynolds’s Lectures or Burns’s Travels. Then I have always a standing book of poetry, and a novel to read when I am in the humour to read nothing else. Then I translate some French into English one day, and re-translate it the next; so that I have seven or eight pursuits going on at the same time, and this produces the cheerfulness of diversity, and avoids that gloom which proceeds from hanging a long while over a single book. I do not recommend this as a receipt for becoming a learned man, but for becoming a cheerful one.

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Nothing contributes more certainly to the animal spirits than benevolence. Servants and common people are always about you; make moderate attempts to please everybody, and the effort will insensibly lead you to a more happy state of mind. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you will feel it. The pleasure you give by kindness of manner returns to you, and often with compound interest. The receipt for cheerfulness is not to have one motive only in the day for living, but a number of little motives; a man who, from the time he rises till bedtime, conducts himself like a gentleman, who throws some little condescension into his manner to superiors, and who is always contriving to soften the distance between himself and the poor and ignorant, is always improving his animal spirits, and adding to his happiness.

I recommend lights as a great improver of animal spirits. How is it possible to be happy with two mould candles ill snuffed? You may be virtuous, and wise, and good, but two candles will not do for animal spirits. Every night the room in which I sit is lighted up like a town after a great naval victory, and in this cereous galaxy, and with a blazing fire, it is scarcely possible to be low-spirited; a thousand pleasing images spring up in the mind, and I can see the little blue demons scampering off like parish boys pursued by the beadle.

MRS. PARTINGTON

[Sidenote: *Sydney Smith*]

As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of Reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the seawater, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady—you will beat—Mrs. Partington.

HOW MARK EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER

[Sidenote: *Mark Twain*]

I did not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

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The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage-way, and I heard one or two of them say, "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say, "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and, while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said, "Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No; I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles, and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it: 'Turnips should never be pulled; it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.' Now, what do you think of that?—for I really suppose you wrote it?"

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree—"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

“Oh, they don’t, don’t they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine.”

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Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But, not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted motionless with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately tip-toeing toward me till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and, after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said:

"There, you wrote that. Read it to me—quick! Relieve me. I suffer."

I read as follows: and, as the sentences fell from my lips, I could see the relief come, I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"Concerning the Pumpkin.—This berry is a favourite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit-cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade tree is a failure.

"Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn—"

The excited listener sprang toward me to shake hands, and said:

"There, there—that will do. I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning, I said to myself, I never, never believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so

strict, but now I believe I *am* crazy; and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew

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it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along, and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it *is* certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him, sure, as I went back. Good-bye, sir, good-bye; you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. *Good-bye.*"

I felt a little uncomfortable about the crippings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them. But these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in! (I thought to myself, Now if you had gone to Egypt, as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.)

The editor was looking sad and perplexed and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and those two young farmers had made, and then said: "This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured—and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity;—but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might, after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the polecat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter! Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *a/ways* lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, heaven and earth, friend! if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honour than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut as an article of commerce is steadily gaining in favour is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go.

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I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of ‘Landscape Gardening.’ I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh! why didn’t you *tell* me you didn’t know anything about agriculture?”

“*Tell* you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower? It’s the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man’s having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip! Who write the dramatic critiques for the second-rate papers? Why, a parcel of promoted shoemakers and apprentice apothecaries, who know just as much about good acting as I do about good farming, and no more. Who review the books? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance? Parties who have had the largest opportunities for knowing nothing about it. Who criticise the Indian campaigns? Gentlemen who do not know a war-whoop from a wigwam, and who never have had to run a footrace with a tomahawk, or pluck arrows out of the several members of their families to build the evening camp-fire with. Who write the temperance appeals, and clamour about the flowing bowl? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you—yam? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, yellow-coloured novel line, sensation-drama line, city-editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poorhouse. *You* try to tell *me* anything about the newspaper business! Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omaha, and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher the salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had but been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract as far as I was permitted to do it.... I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had had two more weeks I’d have done it. And I’d have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a water-melon tree from a peach-vine to save his life. *You* are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. Adios.”

I then left.

A TUR’BLE CHAP
[Sidenote: *Anon.*]

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If all t' kisses as Oi ha' tuke
Wuz zet down vair an' square inter buke,
Lard! Lard! 'twud make t' greaaet volk say:
"What a tur'ble chap is ole Joe Gay!"
Vor it du zet ma brain a-swimmin'
Tu think o' all t' *hundered* wimmin
As Oi ha' busshed 'hind hedge an' door
Zince vust Oi cuddled dree or vour.

Polly Potter, Trixie Trotter, Gertie Gillard, Zairy Zlee,
Zusan Zettle, Connie Kettle, Daisy Doble, La'ra Lee,
Hesther Holley, Jinny Jolly, Nelly Northam, Vanny Vail,
Ivery maid in Coompton Regis—dang it, whoy,
Oi've busshed 'em all!

When Oi vust went to Zunday skule,
Passen's darter, on greaaet high stule,
Taakes me oop on 'ur lady knee,
An' kissed ov Oi, zo Oi kissed ov she!
An', arter skule, zure-ly, Oi vollers
T' little blushin' vemale scholars
All round t' orchards, an' under stacks,
Oi busshed t' lot, an' yew can ax—

Polly Potter, Trixie Trotter, Gertie Gillard, Zairy Zlee,
Zusan Zettle, Connie Kettle, Daisy Doble, La'ra Lee,
Hesther Holley, Jinny Jolly, Nelly Northam, Vanny Vall,
Ivery gal in Coompton Regis—ax the lot, Oi've kissed 'em all!

Thur's not a lane vur moiles around
But hassen heerd ma kisses zound,
Nor dru t' parish will 'ee vind
A door Oi hanna kissed behind;
An' now, wid crutch, an' back bent double,
T' rheumatiz doaden't gie naw trouble,
Vor all t' ould grannies handy-boi
Iz mazed, vair mazed, on cuddlin' Oi!

Pore-house Potter, toothless Trotter, gouty Gillard, splea-foot Zlee,
Zilly Zettle, cock-eyed Kettle, deaf ould Doble, limpin' Lee,
Husky Holley, jaundy Jolly, Nanny Northam, vractious Vall,
All t' ould gals in Coompton Regis, bless their hearts, Oi love 'em all!

MR. BROOKFIELD IN HIS YOUTH

[Sidenote: *W.H. Brookfield*]

My Dear Venables,

Notwithstanding the proverbial irregularity of the English mails and the infamous practice of Government in embezzling all private letters for the King's private reading, yours of the 17th eluded observation at the post office so as to reach me; and was as acceptable as, considering the wearisome frequency of your communications lately, could possibly be expected.

My last was a scrawl from Althorp—where we spent six weeks. That there are 60,000 volumes you know. I read them all, excepting a pamphlet in a *patois* of the Sanscrit, written by a learned, but, I regret to add, profane Hindoo Sectarian, the blasphemous drift of which was to prove that Bramah's locks were not all patent.

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We went to town to the fiddling[9] which it was the pill[10] of the day to cry down. I was much gratified by the show and altogether. I sate by the Duke of Wellington, who was good enough to go out to fetch me a pot of porter. When "See the Conquering Hero comes" was sung in *Judas Maccabeus*, all eyes were turned upon me. I rose and bowed—but did not think the place was suited for any more marked acknowledgment. The King sang the Coronation Anthem exceedingly well, and Princess Victoria whistled the "Dead March" in *Saul* with, perhaps, rather less than her usual effect. But the *chef d'oeuvre* was confessed by all to be Macaulay in "The Praise of God and of the Second Day." I rose a wiser, and, I think, a sadder man.

Bishop of Worcester spent two days here last week. He begged me with tears in his eyes to be Bishop instead of him. I took a night to consider of it and to examine into my fitness for such a charge—but in the morning gave answer with the elaborateness which the occasion demanded that I would see him ... first.

THE AUTHOR OF "ALICE"
[Sidenote: *Lewis Carroll*]

DEAR SENIOR CENSOR,—In a desultory conversation on a point connected with the dinner at our high table, you incidentally remarked to me that lobster-sauce, "though a necessary adjunct to turbot, was not entirely wholesome."

It is entirely unwholesome. I never ask for it without reluctance; I never take a second spoonful without a feeling of apprehension on the subject of a possible nightmare. This naturally brings me to the subject of Mathematics, and of the accommodation provided by the University for carrying on the calculations necessary in that important branch of Science.

As Members of Convocation are called upon (whether personally, or, as is less exasperating, by letter) to consider the offer of the Clarendon Trustees, as well as every other subject of human or inhuman, interest, capable of consideration, it has occurred to me to suggest for your consideration how desirable roofed buildings are for carrying on mathematical calculations; in fact, the variable character of the weather in Oxford renders it highly inexpedient to attempt much occupation, of a sedentary nature, in the open air.

Again, it is often impossible for students to carry on accurate mathematical calculations in close contiguity to one another, owing to their mutual conversation; consequently these processes require different rooms in which irrepressible conversationalists, who are found to occur in every branch of Society, might be carefully and permanently fixed.

It may be sufficient, for the present, to enumerate the following requisites—others might be added as funds permit:

A. A very large room for calculating Greatest Common Measure. To this a small one might be attached for Least Common Multiple: this, however, might be dispensed with.

B. A piece of open ground for keeping Roots and practising their extraction: it would be advisable to keep Square Roots by themselves, as their corners are apt to damage others.

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C. A room for reducing Fractions to their Lowest Terms. This should be provided with a cellar for keeping the Lowest Terms when found, which might also be available to the general body of Undergraduates, for the purpose of “keeping Terms.”

D. A large room which might be darkened, and fitted up with a magic-lantern, for the purpose of exhibiting circulating Decimals in the act of circulation. This might also contain cupboards, fitted with glass doors, for keeping the various Scales of Notation.

E. A narrow strip of ground, railed off and carefully levelled for investigating the properties of Asymptotes, and testing practically whether Parallel Lines meet or not: for this purpose it should reach, to use the expressive language of Euclid, “ever so far.”

This last process of “continually producing the lines,” may require centuries or more; but such a period, though long in the life of an individual, is as nothing in the life of the University.

As Photography is now very much employed in recording human expression, and might possibly be adapted to Algebraical Expressions, a small photographic room would be desirable, both for general use and for representing the various phenomena of Gravity, Disturbance of Equilibrium, Resolution, etc., which affect the features during severe mathematical operations.

May I trust that you will give your immediate attention to this most important subject?

Believe me,
Sincerely yours,
MATHEMATICUS....

[Sidenote: *Miss E.G. Thomson*]

It was at the end of December, 1878, that a letter, written in a singularly legible and rather boyish-looking hand, came to me from Christ Church, Oxford, signed “C.L. Dodgson.” The writer said that he had come across some fairy designs of mine, and he should like to see some more of my work. By the same post came a letter from my London publisher (who had supplied my address) telling me that the “Rev. C.L. Dodgson” was “Lewis Carroll.”

“Alice in Wonderland” had long been one of my pet books, and, as one regards a favourite author as almost a personal friend, I felt less restraint than one usually feels in writing to a stranger, though I carefully concealed my knowledge of his identity, as he had not chosen to reveal it.

This was the beginning of a frequent and delightful correspondence, and, as I confessed to a great love for fairy lore of every description, he asked me if I would accept a child’s fairytale book he had written, called “Alice in Wonderland.” I replied that



I knew it nearly all off by heart, but that I should greatly prize a copy given to me by himself. By return came "Alice," and "Through the Looking-glass," bound most luxuriously in white calf and gold. And this is the grateful and kindly note that came with them: "I am now sending you 'Alice,' and the 'Looking-glass' as well. There is an incompleteness about giving only one,

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and besides, the one you bought was probably in red, and would not match these. If you are at all in doubt as to what to do with the (now) superfluous copy, let me suggest your giving it to some poor sick child. I have been distributing copies to all the hospitals and convalescent homes I can hear of, where there are sick children capable of reading them, and though, of course, one takes some pleasure in the popularity of the books elsewhere, it is not nearly so pleasant a thought to me as that they may be a comfort and relief to children in hours of pain and weariness. Still, no recipient *can* be more appropriate than one who seems to have been in fairyland herself, and to have seen, like the 'weary mariners' of old—

"Between the green brink and the running foam
White limbs unrobed to a crystal air,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold."

"Do you ever come to London?" he asked in another letter; "if so, will you allow me to call upon you?"

Early in the summer I came up to study, and I sent him word that I was in town. One night, coming into my room after a long day spent at the British Museum, in the half-light I saw a card lying on the table: "Rev. C.L. Dodgson." Bitter, indeed, was my disappointment at having missed him, but, just as I was laying it sadly down, I spied a small T.O. in the corner. On the back I read that he couldn't get up to my rooms early or late enough to find me, so would I arrange to meet him at some museum or gallery the day but one following? I fixed the South Kensington Museum, by the "Schliemann" collection, at twelve o'clock.

A little before twelve I was at the rendezvous, and then the humour of the situation suddenly struck me, that I had not the ghost of an idea what *he* was like, nor would *he* have any better chance of discovering *me*! The room was fairly full of all sorts and conditions, as usual, and I glanced at each masculine figure in turn, only to reject it as a possibility of the one I sought. Just as the big clock had clanged out twelve, I heard the high, vivacious voices and laughter of children sounding down the corridor.

At that moment a gentleman entered, two little girls clinging to his hands, and, as I caught sight of the tall, slim figure, with the cleanshaven, delicate, refined face, I said to myself, "*That's* Lewis Carroll." He stood for a moment, head erect, glancing swiftly over the room, then, bending down, whispered something to one of the children; she, after a moment's pause, pointed straight at me.

Dropping their hands, he came forward, and, with that winning smile of his that utterly banished the oppressive sense of the Oxford don, said simply, "I am Mr. Dodgson; I was

to meet you, I think?" To which I as frankly smiled, and said, "How did you know me so soon?"

"My little friend found you. I told her I had come to meet a young lady who knew fairies, and she fixed on you at once. But *I* knew you before she spoke."

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The Gentleman, January 29, 1898.

AFTER MR. MASEFIELD

[Sidenote: *Anon.*]

From '41 to '51
I was an almost model son.

From '51 to '62
I wished to, but I didn't do.

From '62 to '67
I took the shortest cut to heaven.

From '67 to '79
I only drank one glass of wine.

From '79 to '84
I felt that I could do with more.

From '84 to '96
I found how hard it is to mix.

From '96 to Nineteen-odd
Quod:

MISS STIPP OF PLOVER'S COURT

[Sidenote: *H.B.*]

In a neighbourhood of narrow streets and tunnelling alleys, where there are few lamps and the policemen go two and two, where all day long you see fierce-eyed women hooded with shawls coming out of greasy street-doors with jugs in their hands, and where all day long sullen men stand at the dark entry to court and alley with pipes in their mouths and their hands in their pockets, and where the little children "awfully reverse our Saviour's words, and are not of the Kingdom of Heaven, but of the Kingdom of Hell"—in this dark, dangerous riverside neighbourhood, with its foul odours and its filthy gutters, lives one of the most defenceless women who ever came into human existence.

I knock at a door in Plover's Court, and a half-dressed, half-starved, and wholly dirty child, with no boots to her feet, opens to me; and when this miserable heir of the ages, after she has stared at me like a famished animal, learns that I wish to see Miss Stipp, she bids me "go up." The narrow passage is hung with two lines of washing; and, pushing through the avenue formed by these dank garments, I catch sight in the stone-paved kitchen beyond of a big-headed, whitewashed-looking infant sprawling on the

floor collecting soap-suds, and a woman in the midst of voluminous steam working her arms about in a dripping wash tub.

The stairs up which I make my difficult way are strung with washing as far as the first bend. The dampness of the atmosphere has converted the dust and grime on banisters, wall, and stairs into a muddy dew. The little doll's-house of a place reeks with the suffocating odour of gas, fried fish, onions, and steam. In one of the two rooms on the first floor, the door of which stands open, I see—and myself am seen, not to say scowled at, by a couple of pipe-smoking navvies, three or four ragged children, and a little rabbit of a flat-chested woman whose complexion and the colour of her garments bear a striking resemblance to moleskin, and whose thin hair is twisted up in front and held comfortably in its place by a single steel curling-pin which seems to occupy the whole breadth of her forehead.

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My rap on the panel of the other door is soon answered by a shrill, cracked voice like the sputtering of a cheap phonograph, and opening the flimsy door I find myself in a tiny topsy-turvy chamber, with all its furniture dragged out of place, a pail of water in the centre of the floor, a piece of scrubbing-soap on the table, and an unwrung house-flannel soaking on the seat of a wooden chair. There is a nice, old-fashioned, round-fronted chest-of-drawers with brass handles in the room, but the most striking detail of its equipment is a stumpy and amazingly abrupt bedstead against the wall, which is just big enough for a big doll. The bedclothes of this eerie little cot are thrown back, and in the centre of the rumpled mattress, in the hollow made by my heroine's recumbent form, curled up in a sublime indifference to the puffing and blowing of its mistress on the hearth, lies a shabby, emaciated, and disgusting cat.

At first I suppose Miss Stipp—Miss Emma Jane Stipp—who is polishing the grate, to be *kneeling* on the hearthstone; but when a bird-like claw is stretched out to me, and the shrill, cracked voice says, "I'm dirty, but hearty; sit down and enjoy yourself," I observe that the little dwarf is actually *standing* on the hearthstone, although her big head does not come within several inches of the mantelpiece. Indeed, with her twisted feet crossed over one another, so that the left foot appears to be kicking and worrying the right foot, in order to take its place, and the right foot, which turns upward, appears to be trying to creep away from its enemy, as though it wanted to crawl up that enemy's leg to laugh at it from the mocking vantage of its own knee—the little old lady walks up and down on the hearthstone, her hand blacking and polishing the grate as she goes, just as you may see another lady walking up and down and taking the air on her doorstep.

* * * * *

The little dwarf is familiar to hundreds of Londoners. Always nursing the wall, and using a miniature crooked stick exactly like a question-mark, she hobbles through the streets like a half-human beetle, until she reaches some such place as the approach to a railway station, where she finds it profitable to stand as though in great pain, rolling sheep's eyes at the hurrying crowd. And many of those tenderhearted gentlemen and kind old ladies, and dear little overdressed children returning from a visit to Old Drury or the Tower of London, who have slipped a penny or a sixpenny-bit into the claw of the dwarf, must often have asked themselves at the time what manner of woman she is, and bothered themselves to imagine how on earth she lives. The old creature—for she is over seventy—is counted in statistics among the proud population of this Seat of Empire, and she is as much subject to the cosmic laws and as much a member of the human family as the tallest and most swaggering Lifeguards-man who ever had "Cook's Son!" shouted at him by irreverent urchin.

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How she views the universe from her altitude of a yard, or a yard and three inches; what her attitude is to God and man, and how life goes with the old veteran after seventy odd years of its buffeting—these were some of the mysteries which I brought with me into her back room by the riverside for their unveiling by Miss Emma Stipp herself.

* * * * *

“I’m late this mornin’, I am,” she says, in her shrill fashion, standing right against the fire like a demon that no flame can consume, and vigorously rubbing at the grate with her black-lead brush. “The cause is *’im*,” she continues, turning to point the brush at the cat sleeping on her bed, after she has rubbed the red tip of her long nose with a portion of her knuckles and a portion of the brush. “Oh, he’s a villain, a dreadful villain he is,” she cries, with exasperation, returning to her work; “he worries my life out, he do, the ’orrid varmint. Last night he didn’t come home, he didn’t. I set up for him, but he didn’t come. ‘Oh,’ I says, ‘if you’re keepin’ low company again,’ I says, ‘you can stop out all night,’ I says, ‘for I’ll sit up for you no longer; so there, my ugly beauty.’ And then in the middle of the night I wake up, I do, feeling that cold, and sneezin’ and snuffin’, and irritatin’ I was from top to toe; and blest if Master Tom hadn’t got upon the window-sill, bust open that there piece of brown paper I had pasted over the broken pane, I had, and let hisself in Yankee-doodle fashion, and left me to perish with the cold.”

Her lined and wrinkled face, when she turns it to us, is not without the vestiges of attraction. The head, with its grey hair parted down the centre, is well-shaped; the forlorn-looking eyes are a pale-blue, like faded forget-me-nots; the thin, flexible nose, which is always moist, and the long, firm chin incline towards the formation known as the nut-cracker. But for her abbreviated trunk, and those few pathetic inches of twisted leg—chiefly feet—she might have passed for a matronly-looking and rather handsome old harridan, half Scotch and half Irish.

“What with the cat,” she says, and then, letting her voice run up to a screech, she proceeds furiously, “and that devil of a woman downstairs! Oh! she’s a wicked woman, she is, a *wicked* woman, a *very* wicked woman; she’s got some of my things because I’m behind-hand in my rent, and she says she won’t give them up; but she *shall*. I’ll see that she do. Ah! I’ll have the law on her—the nasty, swearing, beastly—Oh! she’s a *wicked* woman.”

* * * * *

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Think of the majesty of the English law which enables this pathetic yard of twisted womanhood to hold her own in a foul court against “a wicked woman” with arms like a bluejacket! But Miss Stipps is used to fighting her own battles. When children yell after her, “Old Goody Witch!” she swings about and takes her stick to them, pouring out such a flow of imprecation upon their young heads that they run away in a panic of alarm. Moreover, I have it on reliable authority that when Miss Stipps steps over the way with her jug for a pint of porter, she is in the habit, after reaching up her arm to receive the jug back from the barman, of telling the young man pretty sharply that she isn’t buying froth, and that she’ll trouble him to do a blow at the jug and to give another pull to his tap, which won’t hurt him, it won’t, as he ain’t yet the proprietor of the place, and not likely to be, neither, if he treats poor ladies in sich a vulgar and Sheeny fashion.

I beg Miss Stipp to desist from her labour of dabbing the grate with streaky spots of black-lead, and implore her to take a seat and indulge herself for an easy hour in anecdotal reminiscences. Miss Stipp yields to my blandishments—that is to say, she backs against a little cobbler’s stool, a stool which the Baby Bear in that immortal legend of “The Three Bears” would have found several sizes too small for it, and appears to slope half an inch to the rear. By the action of crossing her hands in her lap, and by the society smile on her face as she turns her dewy nose in my direction, I gather, though I should never have discovered it for myself, that Miss Stipp is seated.

We are now in for a thoroughly comfortable and intimate conversation. The cat is fast asleep. The spinster’s mantelpiece, which is decorated with pictorial advertisements of such highly inappropriate commodities as baby’s food and tobacco, wears an aspect which I am content to regard as social. And the cupboard beside the fireplace, although the bottom floor is used as a coal-cellar, suggests, with its crowded shelves of dishes, egg-cups, plates, biscuit-boxes, and paper bags, that we are in for a little friendly banquet, which, if not good enough for his Grace of Canterbury, might yet have inspired him of Assisi to ask a blessing.

* * * * *

“Well, you must know,” says Miss Stipp, looking at the fire, and nodding her head as she speaks, “that I am one of ten, that I was born in Blackfriars—born in Blackfriars, I was—and that all the boys died, and that only me, who was born a cripple—born a cripple, I was—and my two sisters ever grew up to be a comfort to my poor mother. What father was, if ever he was anythin’ at all, I *don’t* know; and if I ever did know I think it was somethin’ connected in some roundabout fashion, it was, with drains. But he died early, and that was an end of *him*. My poor mother, she was a laundress—a beautiful laundress

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she was, a very beautiful laundress—and she used to do for a gentleman who was a dissentin' minister—a dissentin' minister he was—and most particular about his linen, and lived in the big square just by the church at the corner, number five; and I've knowed my poor mother fret herself almost to death, she would, if one of them little blisters ever come up on the gentleman's shirt-fronts. And I used to help my poor mother, I did, by carryin' the gentleman's linen to number five in the big square, and that was the fust job I ever did for my poor mother, and proud she was, and proud I was, too, that I could be sich a help to her.

“We was poorer than 'most anybody in Blackfriars, where we lived, and a terribly poor neighbourhood it were—terribly poor; and so one of my sisters got married, she did, and a wonderfully big family she had, but most of 'em died sharp, so *that* was all right, excep' that the berryin' cost a tidy bit of money, it did. Then my other sister went out to service in Brixton. I useter go there one day a week—Toosday it was—to clean the silver and the soup tureens, and they give me a shillin', they did, I useter help sister in the kitchen—not a cook I wasn't, you must understand, but I useter help with the vegetables and the dishin'-up, and they give me a shillin'. It was a very nice house; a nice house, and no mistake about it. The lady had married a gardener—a gentleman's gardener, he was; and there was a carpet all over the dining-room floor—a nice carpet, a Brussels carpet, an ol' Brussels carpet; and she kep' a parrot—oh, a nasty, spiteful parrot, it was—I useter hate it, I did, the nasty, squawlin' beast; and it was more to her than any baby; and I useter clean the silver and the soup tureens, and do the vegetables and dish-up, Toosdays it was; and they give me a shillin'.

“All by meself I useter go, there and back, and one night”—she lifts her claws and gurgles at the memory, with a slow smile creepin' gradually through all the wrinkles on her face—“Oh, didn't I give my poor mother a fright, and no mistake about it! It was one of them nasty, stinkin' cold, freezin' nights; the streets like ice, they was, and the 'bus horses couldn't get along nohow, for all they was roughed; and it was past eleven o'clock, it was—yes, past eleven o'clock, it was—before ever I got home; and there was my poor mother standing at the door of the alms-house where we was livin' in Blackfriars—my poor mother and me—and cryin' and wringin' her hands and makin' a to-do, she was, thinking as how she had lost me altogether.

* * * * *

“Then my poor mother died,” says Miss Stipp sadly, drawing her hand across the end of her nose. “I forgit the year, but it was the fust year that ever there come a August Bank Holiday. And she died on that day, my poor mother did. Yuss, she died on that day. She didn't seem like dyin' at all that there mornin', she didn't. She eat a beautiful dinner,

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a bit of boiled meat—I forgit whether it was beef or mutton—mutton, I think it was, but anyway boiled meat; and she eat a beautiful dinner, my poor mother did—boiled meat, greens, and pertaters; and she eat a nice tea—well, nothin’ partickler in the way of a tea, but a *comfortable* tea; and when I came home, ‘Oh Emma Jane,’ she says, ‘I wish I hadn’t never let you go to church this day; for this here,’ she says, ‘is my very last day on earth,’ she says, ‘and I’m goin’,’ she says, ‘to your father in heaven, to take care of *him*, and I shall have to leave *you* all alone,’ she says, ‘to look after yourself; and I’m most afeard,’ my poor mother said, ‘what’ll become of you,’ she says; ‘and don’t forgit,’ she says, ‘to say your prayers, and go reggeler to the Communion, and always be good and obedient, and don’t git doin’ no vile sin, and please God we’ll all meet in heaven,’ she says, ‘and be more happy,’ she says, ‘nor what we have ever been here in Blackfriars.’ And it was August Bank Holiday, the first August Bank Holiday that ever was; and it was a beautiful day, lovely weather it was, and my poor mother had a fit, and never was quite the same; and she died.”

Miss Stipp fetches a sigh, and shakes her head at the fire. She has been living in the past, watching with the mind’s eye her poor mother fade slowly into eternity on that beautiful August day—the little almshouse bedroom flooded, let us hope, with golden light, for all it was in Blackfriars. She comes to herself with a little jerk, turns her head slowly round to us, and smiles one of her poor, pathetic, half-entreating smiles which make her seem like another Maggie.

And, strange to relate, Miss Stipp was confirmed in St. George’s Church, on whose muddled steps Little Dorrit, Little Mother, sat in far-off days with the big head of poor Maggie on her lap. “It was beautiful, beautiful it was, that there Confirmation,” says Miss Stipp. “The bishop, he put his hands on my head, just there he did, put ‘em on, and I was kneelin’ at his feet, and he said the words, whatever they was, and I felt his hands pressin’ on my hair; of course, I had done it werry nice for the occasion; and I was quite a public character; yuss! and many’s the time I’ve been up to St. George’s Church since those days and fancied to myself that I was actin’ the part again.”

* * * * *

Upon the death of her mother the orphan went to live with her married sister, whose large family was always reducing itself by the most surprising feats in infant mortality. She helped in the house. She earned her keep by doing little things for the dying babies, and interviewing the undertaker and bargaining for special terms, seeing what a good customer her sister was, when those poor babies were dead. But that great source of crisis in the households of the poor—the mother-in-law—came to live in the Herodian household, and Emma Jane had such a warm time of it with this old Tartar of a woman that she determined to “get out of it” as soon as possible.

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“So I had a letter wrote,” she says, getting up to scrub the hearthstone, a feat she performs without kneeling, for the merest forward tilt of her body brings her hands upon the floor. “Yuss, I had a letter wrote, for I’m not much of a writer myself, I ain’t—a letter wrote to my other sister what was out in service in the country, down Brockley way, and then I went to live with her.”

“In the house where she was a servant?” I inquire.

“Yuss. That was it. I went to live with her. I was like a little servant. Blacked the boots, peeled the pertaters, washed the dishes, cleaned the grates, scrubbed the door-step, polished here, polished there, helped to dish up, and they give me two shillin’s a week. I was like a little servant.”

I remind her of her promise to forgo work and to be a little social, and, after another rub or two, she wrings out the sopping cloth, lets it drop on the hearthstone, and then, backing once more to the stool, leans back and smiles at me, with her wet hands folded in her lap.

* * * * *

“The fam’ly where my sister lived in the country,” she says, taking up her tale, “was a large family—five or six sons there was—sich nice fellers they were! But—ain’t it strange?—I never see any think on ’em now though they come reggeler to London Bridge every day of their lives, they do. They was Roman Cawtholic—boys and girls alike; but, for all that, they was good-livin’ people, and they was religious in their own way. And one day a week comes the priest, and that day me and my sister wasn’t allowed to enter the dinin’-room all the mornin’, where the breakfast things was and where the priest was what he useter call confessin’ the young ladies of their sins and givin’ ’em what he called absolution, summat like that, for all they’d been doin’ wrong since last time. Oh my! You never knew such goings on, not in England, you didn’t. But mind, they was good-livin’ people. They was Cawtholics, and they give me two shillin’s a week; and I was like a little servant. Kind, good, religious people they was; and the beetles and the crickets in the house was somethink beastly. Oh, I do hate they nasty stinkin’ things; *hate* ’em I do! And they had a garden, a beautiful garden, and it was full of flowers it was, but I don’t remember the names of them, excep’ that I know it was full of flowers—all the colours you can think of—and that garden was a god to them poor Cawtholics, it really was. The boys worked in it before they went to the City, and the young ladies messed about with it all day; and then they all went chipping and choppin’ in it of a evenin’, and me and my sister wasn’t hardly allowed to look at the flowers, we wasn’t, for it was like a god to them.”

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Her sister's health began to fail. The housework of the large family became too much for her, and the brave maid-of-all-work, accompanied by Emma Jane, was obliged to return to London. They sought the advice of that dissenting minister whose shirt-fronts, if ever they showed a blister, had been so frightful a terror to Emma Jane's poor mother. By the great kindness of this good man—his wisdom is not my concern—the invalid maid-of-all-work and the indefatigable dwarf who had been like a little servant, and who has already confessed to us that she is not much of a writer herself—were established in Blackfriars as schoolmistresses!

"We hired a little room—in Green-street, it was—me and my sister, and we had a few little scholars—oh, yuss, and a tidy lot of good-sized boys and girls, besides the little 'uns—and they paid us 6d., 4d., and 2d. a week, or whatever they liked; and we done werry well with that school, and always taught religion and the catechism; and I might have been continuin' of it now if that nasty, pokin', competitionin' Board School hadn't come along, which it finished our little lot—pretty sharp it did—and left us starvin'."

The sister, shortly after this terrific crisis in their affairs, was carried into the hospital, and, after three months of terrible pain, which she bore like a martyr, went to join in heavenly places the "poor mother" and the father who had been in some elusive fashion connected with sublunary drains.

"And after that," says Miss Stipp, getting up and resting her hands on the pail of dirty water, and looking down into it as if she saw the faces of her poor mother, her sister, and all the dead babies of the other sister shining up at her from the muddy bottom, "I came on the parish, and I've been on it ever since, and nice kind gentlemen they are, and I couldn't be treated better."

"People are kind to you?" I inquire.

"Very kind to me they are," she answers. "I often get a shillin' given to me in the street, and the other evenin' a lady in the Boro'—nicely dressed, she was, in black—asked me if I wouldn't like a New Testament, and I said, 'Yuss, I would,' and she give me one; and I told her that I was converted, not when I was born, but when I was confirmed in St. George's Church; and the bishop gave us a beautiful address he did, and I felt werry much better when he laid his hands on my head, and after he give us the blessin'. If my hands wasn't so black, I'd show you the cards and things. I've kep 'em ever since—yuss. I've still got 'The Vow Performed,' or whatever it is called. The wicked woman downstairs, she hasn't taken *that*. Oh, a wicked woman she is, a very wicked woman; but I'll have the law on her. Ah!"

* * * * *

I ask her if—what with the cat and the woman downstairs, and all her relatives in heaven—she does not sometimes sigh for the next world.

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"I'll be ready when my time comes," she replies confidently, and with rather a sly grin, "but I'm werry well content to stay where I am till I'm called, I am. I don't complain of nothink, I don't, excep' this beastly winder-pane which lets the draught in somethink cruel, it does, enough it is to blow me out of bed; and that awful devil of a woman downstairs; and the crossin' at the Elephant and Castle, which tries my nerves dreadful it does, and oughter be put a stop to, for it ain't safe for nobody, let alone a cripple. Then there's the children," she cries fiercely. "Oh, they are dreadful! You never heard sich language. Foul-mouthed!—oh, it's awful; I never did in all my life hear sich disgustin' language. And they tease me dreadful, they do, and call after me, and follow me into shops, and throw muck at me, the dirty little blasphemins' devils."

She tells me, in conclusion, of a milliner's shop where she goes for oddments, and where the young ladies sometimes give her a bit of trimming for her bonnet. Her last action is to drop the scrubbing-brush into the pail of water, to reach out an arm, and grab with one of her claws a piece of dirty black ribbon, sticking like an old book-marker from under a pile of rubbish beside the hearth, and then to pull at the string till presently there drops upon the floor a small and battered black bonnet with another string trailing behind it in the heap of rubbish.

"There!" says Miss Stipp, holding up the fusty old bonnet, "with a bit of black velvet," she continues, studying the flat bonnet with critical eyes, "and a nob of jet, and a ostrich feather stuck into it somewhere about there, or there perhaps, it will last me many a long day yet, and always look nice and fashionable when I go for my walks about London Bridge of a evenin'."

She is still holding the bonnet when I stoop down to take my leave. The beautiful address of the bishop who confirmed her so many years ago in Little Dorrit's church is not, my life for it, half so urgent and absorbing a matter for Miss Stipp as the latest fashion.

MUSIC [Sidenote: *Samuel Johnson*]

"Upon hearing a celebrated performer go through a hard composition, and hearing it remarked that it was very difficult, Dr. Johnson said, 'I would it had been impossible.'"

NEATNESS IN EXCESS [Sidenote: *Samuel Johnson*]

"I asked Mr. Johnson if he ever disputed with his wife. 'Perpetually,' said he; 'my wife had a particular reverence for cleanliness, and desired the praise of neatness in her dress and furniture, as many ladies do, till they become troublesome to their best friends, slaves to their own besoms, and only sigh for the hour of sweeping their husbands out of the house as dirt and useless lumber. A clean floor is so comfortable, she would say sometimes by way of twitting; till at last I told her that I thought we had had talk enough about the floor, we would now have a touch at the ceiling.' I asked him

if he ever huffed his wife about his dinner. 'So often,' replied he, 'that at last she called to me and said, "Nay, hold, Mr. Johnson, and do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few minutes you will protest not eatable."'"



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A YOUNG LADY'S "NEEDS" [Sidenote: *Samuel Johnson*]

"During a visit of Miss Brown's to Streatham, Dr. Johnson was inquiring of her several things that she could not answer; and, as he held her so cheap in regard to books, he began to question her concerning domestic affairs,—puddings, pies, plain work, and so forth. Miss Brown, not at all more able to give a good account of herself in these articles than in the others, began all her answers with 'Why, sir, one need not be obliged to do so,—or so,' whatever was the thing in question. When he had finished his interrogatories, and she had finished her 'need nots,' he ended the discourse with saying, 'As to your needs, my dear, they are so very many that you would be frightened yourself if you knew half of them.'"

"IRENE" [Sidenote: *Samuel Johnson*]

"I was told," wrote Sir Walter Scott, "that a gentleman called Pot, or some such name, was introduced to Johnson as a particular admirer of his. The doctor growled and took no further notice. "He admires in especial your *Irene* as the finest tragedy of modern times;" to which the Doctor replied: "If Pot says so, Pot Lies!" and relapsed into his reverie.

ODE TO PEACE

[Sidenote: *Hood*]

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT

O Peace! oh come with me and dwell—
But stop, for there's the bell.
O peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
On Wednesday, when there's very few
In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.
O Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
Hush! there's a carriage.
O Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
The five Miss Woods.
O Peace! thou art the goddess I adore—
There come some more.
O Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—
That's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.

O Peace!—
Knocks will not cease.



O Peace! thou wert for human comfort planned—
That's Weippert's band.
O Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches—
I hear the sound of coaches.
O Peace! O Peace!—another carriage stops—
It's early for the Blenkinsops.

O Peace! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have showed up Lady Squander;
And now I've seen her up the stair,
O Peace!—but here comes Captain Hare.
O Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm, and quiet, and unbroken—
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind.
O Peace! serene in worldly shyness—
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

O Peace! if you do not disdain
To dwell amongst the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own,
Where tumult never makes an entry—
Susan, what business have you in my pantry?

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O Peace!—but there is Major Monk,
At variance with his wife. O Peace!—
And that great German, Van der Trunk,
And that great talker, Miss Apreece.
O Peace! so dear to poets' quills—
They're just beginning their quadrilles.
O Peace! our greatest renovator—
I wonder where I put my waiter.
O Peace!—but here my ode I'll cease!
I have no peace to write of Peace.

LETTERS FROM THACKERAY
[Sidenote: *Thackeray*]

Tuesday, November 1848.

GOOD-NIGHT, MY DEAR MADAM,

Since I came home from dining with Mr. Morier, I have been writing a letter to Mr. T. Carlyle and thinking about other things as well as the letter all the time; and I have read over a letter I received to-day which apologizes for everything and whereof the tremulous author ceaselessly doubts and misgives. Who knows whether she is not converted by Joseph Bullar by this time. She is a sister of mine, and her name is God bless her.

Wednesday.—I was at work until seven o'clock; not to very much purpose, but executing with great labour and hardship the day's work. Then I went to dine with Dr. Hall, the crack doctor here, a literate man, a traveller, and otherwise a kind bigwig. After dinner we went to hear Mr. Sortain lecture, of whom you may perhaps have heard me speak, as a great, remarkable orator and preacher of the Lady Huntingdon Connexion. (The paper is so greasy that I am forced to try several pens and manners of handwriting, but none will do.) We had a fine lecture, with brilliant Irish metaphors and outbursts of rhetoric, addressed to an assembly of mechanics, shopboys, and young women, who could not, and perhaps had best not, understand that flashy speaker. It was about the origin of nations he spoke, one of those big themes on which a man may talk eternally and with a never-ending outpouring of words; and he talked magnificently, about the Arabs for the most part, and tried to prove that because the Arabs acknowledged their descent from Ishmael, or Esau, therefore the Old Testament history was true. But the Arabs may have had Esau for a father and yet the bears may not have eaten up the little children for quizzing Elisha's bald head. As I was writing to Carlyle last night (I haven't sent the letter as usual, and shall not most likely), Saint Stephen was pelted to death by Old Testaments, and our Lord was killed like a felon by the law, which He came to repeal. I was thinking about Joseph Bullar's doctrine after I went to bed, founded on what I cannot but think a blasphemous asceticism, which has

obtained in the world ever so long, and which is disposed to curse, hate, and undervalue the world altogether. Why should we? What we see here of this world is but an expression of God's will, so to speak—a beautiful earth and sky and sea—beautiful affections and sorrows, wonderful changes and developments of creations, suns rising, stars shining, birds singing, clouds and shadows

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changing and fading, people loving each other, smiling and crying, the multiplied phenomena of Nature, multiplied in fact and fancy, in Art and Science, in every way that a man's intellect or education or imagination can be brought to bear.—And who is to say that we are to ignore all this, or not value them and love them, because there is another unknown world yet to come? Why, that unknown future world is but a manifestation of God Almighty's Will, and a development of Nature, neither more nor less than this in which we are, and an angel glorified or a sparrow on a gutter are equally parts of His creation. The light upon all the saints in heaven is just as much and no more God's work, as the sun which shall shine to-morrow upon this infinitesimal speck of creation, and under which I shall read, please God, a letter from my kindest Lady and friend. About my future state I don't know; I leave it in the disposal of the awful Father—but for to-day I thank God that I can love you, and that you yonder and others besides are thinking of me with a tender regard. Hallelujah may be greater in degree than this, but not in kind, and countless ages of stars may be blazing infinitely, but you and I have a right to rejoice and believe in our little part and to trust in to-day as in to-morrow. God bless my dear lady and her husband. I hope you are asleep now, and I must go too, for the candles are just winking out.

Thursday.—I am glad to see among the new inspectors, in the Gazette in this morning's papers, my old acquaintance Longueville Jones, an excellent, worthy, lively, accomplished fellow, whom I like the better because he flung up his fellow and tutorship at Cambridge in order to marry on nothing a year. He worked in Galignani's newspaper for ten francs a day, very cheerfully, ten years ago, since when he has been a schoolmaster, taken pupils, or bid for them, and battled manfully with fortune. William will be sure to like him, I think, he is so honest and cheerful. I have sent off my letters to Lady Ashburton this morning, ending with some pretty phrases about poor old C.B., whose fate affects me very much, so much that I feel as if I were making my will and getting ready to march too. Well, ma'am, I have as good a right to presentiments as you have, and to sickly fancies and despondencies; but I should like to see before I die, and think of it daily more and more, the commencement of Jesus Christ's Christianity in the world, where I am sure people may be made a hundred times happier than by its present forms, Judaism, asceticism, Bullarism. I wonder will He come again and tell it us? We are taught to be ashamed of our best feelings all our life. I don't want to blubber upon everybody's shoulders; but to have a good will for all, and a strong, very strong regard for a few, which I shall not be ashamed to own to them.... It is near upon three o'clock, and I am getting rather anxious about the post from Southampton via London. Why, if it doesn't come in, you won't get any letter to-morrow, no, nothing—and I made so sure. Well, I will try and go to work, it is only one more little drop. God bless you, dear lady.

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Friday.—I have had a good morning's work, and at two o'clock comes your letter; dear friend, thank you. What a coward I was! I will go and walk and be happy for an hour, it is a grand frosty sunshine. To-morrow morning early back to London.

* * * * *

Madam's letter made a very agreeable appearance upon the breakfast-table this morning when I entered that apartment at eleven o'clock. I don't know how I managed to sleep so much, but such was the fact—after a fine broiling hot day's utter idleness, part of which was spent on a sofa, a little in the Tuillery gardens, where I made a sketch that's not a masterpiece, but p'raps Madam will like to see it: and the evening very merrily with the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Journal des Debats*, and Jules Janin at a jolly little restaurateur's at the Champs Elysees at the sign of the Petit Moulin Rouge. We had a private room and drank small wine very gaily, looking out into a garden full of green arbours, in almost every one of which were gentlemen and ladies in couples come to dine *au frais*, and afterwards to go and dance at the neighbouring dancing garden of Mabilie. Fiddlers and singers came and performed for us: and who knows I should have gone to Mabilie too, but there came down a tremendous thunderstorm, with flashes of lightning to illuminate it, which sent the little couples out of the arbours, and put out all the lights of Mabilie. The day before I passed with my aunt and cousins, who are not so pretty as some members of the family, but are dear good people, with a fine sense of fun, and we were very happy until the arrival of two newly married snobs, whose happiness disgusted me and drove me home early to find three acquaintances smoking in the moonlight at the hotel door, who came up and passed the night in my rooms. No, I forgot, I went to the play first; but only for an hour—I couldn't stand more than an hour of the farce, which made me laugh while it lasted, but left a profound black melancholy behind it. Janin said last night that life was the greatest of pleasures to him; that every morning, when he woke, he was thankful to be alive; that he was always entirely happy, and had never known any such thing as blue devils, or repentance, or satiety. I had great fun giving him authentic accounts of London. I told him that to see the people boxing in the streets was a constant source of amusement to us; that in November you saw every lamp-post on London Bridge with a man hanging from it who had committed suicide—and he believed everything. Did you ever read any of the works of Janin?—No? well, he has been for twenty years famous in France, and he on his side has never heard of the works of Titmarsh, nor has anybody else here, and that's a comfort. I have got very nice rooms, but they cost ten francs a day: and I began in a dignified manner with a *domestique de place*, but sent him away after two days: for the idea that he was in the anteroom

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ceaselessly with nothing to do made my life in my own room intolerable, and now I actually take my own letters to the post. I went to the exhibition: it was full of portraits of the most hideous women, with inconceivable spots on their faces, of which I think I've told you my horror, and scarcely six decent pictures in the whole enormous collection; but I had never been in the Tuilleries before, and it was curious to go through the vast dingy rooms by which such a number of dynasties have come in and gone out—Louis XVI., Napoleon, Charles X., Louis Philippe, have all marched in state up the staircase with the gilt balustrades, and come tumbling down again presently.—Well, I won't give you an historical disquisition in the Titmarsh manner upon this, but reserve it for *Punch*—for whom on Thursday an article that I think is quite unexampled for dullness even in that journal, and that beats the dullest Jerrold. What a jaunty, off-hand, satiric rogue I am to be sure—and a gay young dog! I took a very great liking and admiration for Clough. He is a real poet, and a simple, affectionate creature. Last year we went to Blenheim—from Oxford (it was after a stay at Cl——ved——n C——rt, the seat of Sir C—— E——n B——t), and I liked him for sitting down in the inn yard and beginning to teach a child to read off a bit of *Punch*, which was lying on the ground. Subsequently he sent me his poems, which were rough but contain the real, genuine, sacred flame I think. He is very learned: he has evidently been crossed in love: he gave up his fellowship and university prospects on religious scruples. He is one of those thinking men who, I dare say, will begin to speak out before many years are over, and protest against Gothic Christianity—that is, I think he is. Did you read in F. Newman's book? There speaks a very pious, loving, humble soul I think, with an ascetical continence too—and a beautiful love and reverence. I'm a publican and sinner, but I believe those men are on the true track.

* * * * *

And is W. Bullar going to work upon you with his "simple mysticism"? I don't know about the unseen world; the use of the seen world is the right thing I'm sure!—it is just as much God's world and creation as the Kingdom of Heaven with all the angels. How will you make yourself most happy in it? How secure at least the greatest amount of happiness compatible with your condition? by despising to-day, and looking up cloudward? Pish. Let us turn God's to-day to its best use, as well as any other part of the time He gives us. When I am on a cloud a-singing, or a pot boiling—I will do my best, and, if you are ill, you can have consolations; if you have disappointments, you can invent fresh sources of hope and pleasure. I'm glad you saw the Crowes, and that they gave you pleasure;—and that noble poetry of Alfred's gives you pleasure (I'm happy to say, ma'am, I've said the very same thing in prose that you

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like—the very same words almost). The bounties of the Father I believe to be countless and inexhaustible for most of us here in life; Love the greatest. Art (which is an exquisite and admiring sense of nature) the next.— By Jove! I'll admire, if I can, the wing of a cock-sparrow as much as the pinion of an archangel; and adore God, the Father of the earth, first; waiting for the completion of my senses, and the fulfilment of His intentions towards me afterwards, when this scene closes over us. So, when Bullar turns up his eye to the ceiling, I'll look straight at your dear, kind face and thank God for knowing that, my dear; and, though my nose is a broken pitcher, yet, Lo and behold, there's a well gushing over with kindness in my heart where my dear lady may come and drink. God bless you,—and William and little Magdalene.

ODOURS AND MOUSTACHES

[Sidenote: *Montaigne*]

The simplest and merely natural smells are most pleasing unto me; which care ought chiefly to concerne women. In the verie heart of Barbarie, the Scithian women, after they have washed themselves, did sprinkle, dawbe, and powder all their bodies and faces over with a certain odoriferous drug that groweth in their countrie: which dust and dawbing being taken away, when they come neere men, or their husbands, they remaine verie cleane, and with a verie sweet savouring perfume. What odour soever it be, it is strange to see what hold it will take on me, and how apt my skin is to receive it. He that complaineth against nature, that she hath not created man with a fit instrument, to carrie sweet smells fast-tied to his nose, is much to blame; for they carrie themselves. As for me in particular, my mostachoes, which are verie thick, serve me for that purpose. Let me but approach my gloves or my hand kercher to them, their smell will sticke upon them a whole day. They manifest the place I come from. The close-smacking, sweetnesse-moving, love-alluring, and greedy-smirking kisses of youth, were heretofore wont to sticke on them many houres after; yet I am little subject to those popular diseases that are taken by conversation and bred by the contagion of the ayre: And I have escaped those of my time of which there hath beene many and severall kinds, both in the Townes, about me, and in our Armie: We read of Socrates that during the time of many plagues and relapses of the pestilence, which so often infested the Citie of Athens, he never forsooke or went out of the Towne: yet was he the only man that was never infected, or that felt any sickness.

FROM THE BALLAD A-LA-MODE [Sidenote: *Austin Dobson*]

“Ah, Phillis! cruel Phillis!
(I heard a shepherd say)
You hold me with your eyes, and yet
You bid me—Go my way!”



“Ah, Colin! foolish Colin!
(The maiden answered so)
If that be all, the ill is small,
I close them—You may go!”

But when her eyes she opened
(Although the sun it shone),
She found the shepherd had not stirred—
“Because the light was gone!”

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Ah, Cupid! wanton Cupid!
'Twas ever thus your way:
When maids would bid you ply your wings,
You find excuse to stay!

DREAMTHORP

[Sidenote: *Alexander Smith*]

I do not think that Mr. Buckle could have written his “History of Civilisation” in Dreamthorp, because in it books, conversation, and the other appurtenances of intellectual life are not to be procured. I am acquainted with birds, and the building of nests—with wildflowers, and the seasons in which they blow,—but with the big world far away, with what men and women are thinking, and doing, and saying, I am acquainted only through the *Times*, and the occasional magazine or review, sent by friends whom I have not looked upon for years, but by whom, it seems, I am not yet forgotten. The village has but few intellectual wants, and the intellectual supply is strictly measured by the demand. Still, there is something. Down in the village, and opposite the curiously carved fountain, is a schoolroom which can accommodate a couple of hundred people on a pinch. There are our public meetings held. Musical entertainments have been given there by a single performer. In that schoolroom last winter an American biologist terrified the villagers, and, to their simple understandings, mingled up the next world with this. Now and again some rare bird of an itinerant lecturer covers dead walls with posters, yellow and blue, and to that schoolroom we flock to hear him. His rounded periods the eloquent gentleman devolves amidst a respectful silence. His audience do not understand him, but they see that the clergyman does, and the doctor does; and so they are content, and look as attentive and wise as possible. Then, in connection with the schoolroom, there is a public library, where books are exchanged once a month. This library is a kind of Greenwich Hospital for disabled novels and romances. Each of these books has been in the wars; some are unquestionably antiques. The tears of three generations have fallen upon their dusky pages. The heroes and the heroines are of another age than ours. Sir Charles Grandison is standing with his hat under his arm. Tom Jones plops from the tree into the water, to the infinite distress of Sophia. Moses comes home from market with his stock of shagreen spectacles. Lovers, warriors, and villains,—as dead to the present generation of readers as Cambyses,—are weeping, fighting, and intriguing. These books, tattered and torn as they are, are read with delight to-day. The viands are celestial, if set forth on a dingy table-cloth. The gaps and chasms which occur in pathetic or perilous chapters are felt to be personal calamities. It is with a certain feeling of tenderness that I look upon these books; I think of the dead fingers that have turned over the leaves, of the dead eyes that have travelled along the lines. An old novel has a history of its own. When fresh and new, and before it had breathed its

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secret, it lay on my lady's table. She killed the weary day with it, and when night came it was placed beneath her pillow. At the sea-side a couple of foolish heads have bent over it, hands have touched and tingled, and it has heard vows and protestations as passionate as any its pages contained. Coming down in the world, Cinderella in the kitchen has blubbered over it by the light of a surreptitious candle, conceiving herself the while the magnificent Georgiana, and Lord Mordaunt, Georgiana's lover, the pot-boy round the corner. Tied up with many a dingy brother, the auctioneer knocks the bundle down to the bidder of a few pence, and it finds its way to the quiet cove of some village library, where with some difficulty—as if from want of teeth—and with numerous interruptions—as if from lack of memory—it tells its old stories, and wakes tears, and blushes, and laughter as of yore. Thus it spends its age, and in a few years it will become unintelligible, and then, in the dust-bin, like poor human mortals in the grave, it will rest from all its labours. It is impossible to estimate the benefit which such books have conferred. How often have they loosed the chain of circumstances! What unfamiliar tears—what unfamiliar laughter they have caused! What chivalry and tenderness they have infused into rustic lovers! Of what weary hours they have cheated and beguiled their readers! The big, solemn history-books are in excellent preservation; the story-books are defaced and frayed, and their out-of-elbows condition is their pride, and the best justification of their existence.

In this pleasant summer weather I hold my audience in my garden rather than in my house. In all my interviews the sun is a third party. Every village has its Fool, and of course Dreamthorp is not without one. Him I get to run my messages for me, and he occasionally turns my garden borders with a neat hand enough. He and I hold frequent converse, and people here, I have been told, think we have certain points of sympathy. Although this is not meant for a compliment, I take it for one. The poor, faithful creature's brain has strange visitors: now 'tis fun, now wisdom, and now something which seems in the queerest way a compound of both. He lives in a kind of twilight which observes objects, and his remarks seem to come from another world than that in which ordinary people live. He is the only original person of my acquaintance; his views of life are his own, and form a singular commentary on those generally accepted. He is dull enough at times, poor fellow; but anon he startles you with something, and you think he must have wandered out of Shakespeare's plays into this out-of-the-way place. Up from the village now and then comes to visit me the tall, gaunt, atrabilious confectioner, who has a hankering after Red-republicanism, and the destruction of Queen, Lords, and Commons. Guy Fawkes is, I believe, the only martyr in his calendar. The sourest-tempered man, I think, that ever engaged

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in the manufacture of sweetmeats. I wonder that the oddity of the thing never strikes himself. To be at all consistent, he should put poison in his lozenges, and become the Herod of the village innocents. One of his many eccentricities is a love for flowers, and he visits me often to have a look at my greenhouse and my borders. I listen to his truculent and revolutionary speeches, and take my revenge by sending the gloomy egotist away with a nosegay in his hand, and a gay-coloured flower stuck in a button-hole. He goes quite unconscious of my floral satire.

The village clergyman and the village doctor are great friends of mine; they come to visit me often, and smoke a pipe with me in my garden. The twain love and respect each other, but they regard the world from different points of view, and I am now and again made witness of a good-humoured passage of arms. The clergyman is old, unmarried, and a humorist. His sallies and his gentle eccentricities seldom provoke laughter, but they are continually awakening the pleasantest smiles. Perhaps what he has seen of the world, its sins, its sorrows, its death-beds, its widows and orphans, has tamed his spirit, and put a tenderness into his wit. I do not think I have ever encountered a man who so adorns his sacred profession. His pious, devout nature produces sermons just as naturally as my apple-trees produce apples. He is a tree that flowers every Sunday. Very beautiful is his reverence for the Book, his trust in it; through long acquaintance, its ideas have come to colour his entire thought, and you come upon its phrases in his ordinary speech. He is more himself in the pulpit than anywhere else, and you get nearer him in his sermons than you do sitting with him at his tea-table, or walking with him on the country roads. He does not feel confined in his orthodoxy; in it he is free as a bird in the air. The doctor is, I conceive, as good a Christian as the clergyman, but he is impatient of pale or limit; he never comes to a fence without feeling a desire to get over it. He is a great hunter of insects, and he thinks that the wings of his butterflies might yield very excellent texts; he is fond of geology, and cannot, especially when he is in the company of the clergyman, resist the temptation of hurling a fossil at Moses. He wears his scepticism as a coquette wears her ribbons—to annoy if he cannot subdue—and, when his purpose is served, he puts his scepticism aside—as the coquette puts her ribbons. Great arguments arise between them, and the doctor loses his field through his loss of temper, which, however, he regains before any harm is done. For the worthy man is irascible withal, and opposition draws fire from him.

TWO OLD GENTLEMEN

[Sidenote: *H.B.*]

Old Joe, who has been a pirate, a buffalo-hunter, a soldier, a pastrycook, and a seller of bootlaces, collar-studs, and tie-clips in the London gutters, sits paralysed in his grandfather chair, which has a thin pad strung to the back and a flattened cushion on the seat, and declares, vainly trying to keep his tongue inside his mouth, and with his whole body shaken by paralysis, that he is happy and jolly.

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"Happy and jolly," roars Joe, struggling with his frightful stammer. "It 'tain't no good bein' nuffin kelse. Why, I've been dead and pretty near buried. In Charing-crost 'orspital; yerse! I heard 'em say, 'He's a gonner,' and I couldn't give 'em the lie. I come to, wrapped up like a mummy, and hollered so as they pretty near 'opped out of their skins! Ho, I've had a terrible life! Run over by a horse and van. Knocked all to pieces. Been to the bottom of the sea! Many a time. But here I am, happy and jolly. What's the odds?" He goes off into such a fit of laughter that the chair is shaken and he himself nearly suffocated by a cough like an earthquake.

He looks extremely like one of those lay figures employed by ventriloquists. He is a thin, flat, pasteboard-looking old fellow; his trousers hang over the edge of his chair apparently empty of legs, and his shirt and open waistcoat (he never wears a coat) are pressed flat against the high back of the chair, apparently empty of trunk. His body and his features are for ever on the jerk. His shoulders twitch. He is for ever laughing and gurgling. He is for ever struggling to say something important, ending in a great spluttering stammer and a roar of tremendous laughter.

For all he is eighty-two years of age, his hair is yet thick, and the blackness of it is of too stubborn an order ever to go more than iron-grey. He has glassy eyes, puffed and bagged with flesh; heavy black eyebrows half-way up his sloping forehead; a heavy black moustache under his strong nose; a tongue several sizes too large for his mouth; and under the mouth a chin which recedes so sharply that it becomes neck before you are really aware that it is chin. He reminds us a little, as he sits there laughing and chuckling, of early caricatures of Sir Redvers Buller.

Opposite Old Joe sits Mr. Wells, a little old white-haired gentleman, very spruce and tidy, with neatly clipped moustache and neatly pointed beard, and peering little cloudy eyes which are sightless.

* * * * *

The two old gentlemen, as they are called, live together in a tiny two-roomed house in a narrow flagged court which is generally strung with washing. The low-roofed kitchen is their sitting-room, and its smoky-panelled walls are decorated only with church almanacs and a few faded photographs.

The room is beautifully clean, and so is the bedroom above, where the two pensioners sleep in neat little beds. Out of the money allowed them by a neighbouring church—some nine shillings a week between the two—they pay a woman five shillings a week "to do for them." As for themselves, they smoke their pipes in front of the fire, and laugh to find themselves, after much rough work on the high seas, so happy and jolly at the end of their days.

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"It wasn't always as clean as this, you must understand," says Mr. Wells confidentially, his sightless eyes blinking with amusement. "When we first come here the place was simply swarming; swarming it was—you know, *gentlemen in the overcoats* we call 'em down here. And the amusing thing was—there, I did laugh!—Joe could see 'em but couldn't catch 'em, and I, who might have caught 'em, couldn't see 'em." He leans over to Joe and shouts, "I was telling the genneman about the bugs when we first came here!" And Joe lifts his eyebrows, rubs his shoulder against his chair, and laughs, and says with his pipe in his mouth, "Ess, sir!" making a pantomimic gesture supposed to represent the slaughter of vermin.

Little Mr. Wells has a great and fundamental pride in the fact that he is "eight year younger nor what Joe is." He tells you this interesting fact more than once, speaking in his wonted low tone of voice, reaching out with his pipe between his fingers to touch you lightly with his elbow, and always concluding with the appeal, "You wouldn't think so, would you?" And then, as the pipe goes back to his mouth, "Well, it is so," he says, and nods his head at the fire. And Old Joe, who doesn't care a brass farden, or a bone button for that matter, whether he is eighty-two or one hundred and eighty-two, has his point of pride in the certain conviction that if only he had the use of his legs he would be as strong now as ever he was.

* * * * *

Now, old Joe, for all he is paralysed, has the use of his eyes, whereas Mr. Wells, who can and does shuffle about pretty freely on his feet, has not got the use of his.

Joe's sight is a great blessing to him; he can read. He has a sturdy taste in literature, and will stand none of your milk-and-water stuff. He likes fighting, plenty of that: and Red Indians, and duels, and murders, and shipwrecks, and fires, and sudden deaths. He requires of his author that he keep his mind steeped perpetually in blood and thunder. You will always find that Old Joe is sitting on a penny novelette, open at the place, and but little crumpled or creased from the impress of his skeleton of a body. He is a great reader, one of the greatest readers in London; and, perhaps, to no man in all the world more than to Joe has literature brought so complete an escape from the pressing demands of self-consciousness and the inconvenient emphasis of personality.

It is at this point that we reach, by the reader's leave, the psychological interest of this our simple story. For the problem presents itself to Mr. Wells, as well as to me, whether all this violent reading has not created in Joe's mind the impression of a Joe who never was on sea or land. In other words: in the tale which Joe tells of his own life, is any part of it fact, or is it not all a figment of his brain, the creation of his bloody-minded authors? Joe himself believes every word of it; Joe believes he was the Joe he tells you about, and his face grows purple, and his glassy eyes dart fire out of their baggy flesh, if you insinuate never so delicately that one of his stories is in the very smallest detail just a little difficult of belief.

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Mr. Wells never contradicts Joe; but every now and then (forgetting that Joe can see) he shakes a sceptic head, and, leaning towards you, whispers (forgetting that Joe can only hear when you shout at him) that you must be pleased to remember that “*that’s* what he thinks he done; and no doubt he *thinks* that it was so; and it may be it was, and I should never think of contradicting, not no man; but I has my own opinion in the matter. *I don’t* think it was so. I think he’s half dreaming and half telling a tale. That’s what *I* think.”

“But,” you inquire, “is it not true that Joe was once a pirate?”

“Oh, yes,” he cries at once, smiling proudly; “Oh, yes. Joe was a pirate right enough. What, haven’t you heard him tell how they boarded a Spanish ship, and cut the throats and broke the heads of the swarthy crew? Oh, you ought to hear him tell that. It’s as good as a play.” And here he leans forward, and calls across to chuckling and gurgling Joe. “Joe! Tell the genneman how you boarded that Spanish ship, and cut the throats of them there swarthy Spaniards.”

* * * * *

At this Old Joe seems to be smitten with a sudden frenzy. I have never seen anything like it. After a preliminary canter in the laughing line he suddenly makes taut his body; his eyes bulge from his head; his face becomes crimson and his nose blue; then, with his mouth open, while he hisses like a steam-saw and roars like a bull and sends the most extraordinary imitation of throat-cutting spluttering wetly from his distended lips, he waves his right arm madly and frantically in the air, makes imaginary stabs in front of him, draws imaginary knives across his throat, and brings down the butt ends of imaginary carbines on the supposititious heads of the swarthy crew unkindly resurrected to be slain again.

It is plain that the poor old paralysed fellow is lost to the Present. He is back in the Past—or in one of his novelettes; and in front of him, begging for mercy, as he slits their throats, or cracks open their skulls, are, indeed, hundreds of real and living men. His acting is superb. It is only made comical by the hanging legs, the fixture of the body to the seat of the chair, and the furious spluttering of his frenzied mouth.

When he has quite finished, thoroughly exhausted, he leans back in his chair, sticks his pipe into his face, strikes a match with his shaking hands, and covers his laughing face in a wreath of tobacco-smoke.

“Arst him,” whispers Mr. Wells, “how many he killed? Go on; you arst him.”

* * * * *

So you lean across to Old Joe, who shoots forward to meet your lips half-way with his left ear, and you calmly, and without dread or horror, ask the gurgling and chuckling veteran how many men he has killed.

As soon as he has caught your question he bursts out laughing, flings himself suddenly back, and exclaims, with a splutter: "How many ha' I killed? How many? I couldn't say. Too many on 'em. Hundreds! Hundreds! Hundreds of 'em!" Back goes the pipe, and, wreathed in proud smiles, his shoulders twitching, his hands never still for a moment, he sits square back in his chair and looks at you proudly, as much as to say:

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“Ain’t I a devil of a feller? Ain’t I a monster? Ho, I’ve had a terrible life. You just arst me another!”

Well, I know not how true is the story told by Old Joe of his own wickedness.

But, however this may be—and it is not the province of Old Joe’s humble historian to speculate—let us be content with the picture of these two old pensioners from the high seas, living together in the evening of their days in a narrow court in a London slum, the one paralysed and the other blind; the one a most brilliant and imaginative story-teller, the other a most cautious, modest, tentative, and genial critic. And let us sit between their two chairs for a moment and listen to the moving story of Old Joe, believing it with all the simplicity, if not with all the stupefied, admiration of the little slum children who gaze at the pirate when his chair is moved out into the court that he may warm his old bones in the sun.

[In brackets, let me say that I have come upon Old Joe literally posing in the court as a most ferocious pirate before an audience of toddling infants not more than four years of age.]

Eighty-two years ago Old Joe, surnamed Ridley, was born in the neighbourhood of the Barbican. He remembers how murderers and highwaymen used to come and hide in the court where he was born, “because, don’t you see, the police daren’t come where we was living.” He went to a school in Charterhouse-square. “Charterhouse School,” he says. But Mr. Wells nudges us with his pipe hand. “That’s a mistake,” he says. “There wasn’t never no *school* in Charterhouse Square, in those days. But never mind; let him go on. Only you must make allowance, you know.”

His father was a carman who could drink porter by the two-gallon, and had an arm like a leg of mutton. But this great, lusty carman found himself ruled with a rod of iron by the little spitfire he took for his second wife. She managed the carman, and she managed his brats of children. She particularly managed Joe because he particularly disliked being managed.

* * * * *

So it came about that Joe found the streets pleasanter than his home, and took to slouching about with his hands in his pockets, feeling hungry and sometimes a little concerned, perhaps, as to what was to become of him. One day, as he was wasting time at a street-corner in Aldersgate, there came up to him a broad-shouldered, sandy-haired man in a blue reefer suit, who showed all his teeth when he smiled and whose voice had a sharp rattle in it like a bag full of gold coins. This noticeable man hailed Joe as a fine fellow, and asked the fine fellow whether he wouldn’t step with him into a convenient tavern and wet his whistle with a glass of the best brandy.



The broad-shouldered, easy-smiling gentleman in the reefer suit told Joe, over a glass of brandy in the sanded-floor parlour of a neat tavern, that he was a rich man, with a hobby on which he spent a great deal of money. "It's a hobby of mine," he said, laughing, "to put down the slave-trade. I don't like it, and so I put it down. Now, a fine young likely fellow, such as you, is just the man I want for my ship. How would you like to go sailing the lovely seas catching slave-dealers, and giving them what-for with the best steel and gunpowder that money can buy?"

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Joe said he could put up with it if the money was all right. And, being assured that the money was more than all right, he agreed to go down to Plymouth with a party of the gentleman's friends and try his hand for a year or two at laying pirates by the heel.

But when our Joe got out to sea and awoke from a terrible bout of intoxication on the schooner sailed by the gentleman with a hobby, he discovered that, instead of being on the ocean to catch pirates, he was there as a pirate himself. The boy had run away from home to make a fortune catching wicked men; he now found that his bread and butter depended upon his ability in cracking the heads of perfectly honest men. Some of the new hands wanted to be put back when the situation was explained to them, but Joe was among those who felt respect for the villainous seamen on board (the ship carried 130 men, he says,) who declared that they had as lief be pirates as catch pirates, and it was no odds to them what flag they sailed under or for what purpose.

"On board," splutters Joe, striking another match, "there was a turr'ble fellow—Jack Armstrong—six foot five in socks, strong's a lion, brave's a tiger. He and me use to fight—every day, pretty near. Bang! crack! g-r-r-r-r! I used to beat him—easy! I was turr'bly strong. Make's nose bleed—bung's eyes up—split's lips. Ess! And there was a mulatto aboard. Metsi-metsi-metsi-can, he was."

"He means Mexican," whispers Mr. Wells behind his hand. "That's what Joe means. A Mexican." And then he gets up from his chair and shouts into Joe's ear, "You mean a Mex-i-can, Joe."

"Ess; a Metsican," splutters Joe, getting purple in the face under the impression of a contradiction. "That's what I said—Metsican. Used to call him Black Peter. I've seen him eat rattlesnake. Swallow him clean down. Like this, he would—*Gollop!*" Here Mr. Wells goes off into a quiet chuckle of scepticism, one finger crooked over his pipe-stem, his sightless eyes blinking at the coals. "Great big bull of a feller. 'Normous chest. Legs o' granite. Used ter fight wi' bar o' iron. Ho! Ho! Weighed half a hunded. Tremenjus weapon! If he hit you, you know—*dash!*—out go your brains. Ho! ho! He was fond o' me. If I saw him sulky, or anythin', up I'd go, an' 'What's matter?' I'd say. Peter'd say, 'So-a-so.' 'Oh blow,' I'd say, and walk off. He looked up to me. R'spected me. Peter was always behind me in action. Always. Never let me be killed. Never! *Bang! Crack!* Brain any man who come near me. Fond o' me."

Joe, we gather, was fourteen years at sea without ever coming home. He was a pirate in the China seas for years. He was in the Baltic during the Crimea. He has been to the bottom of the sea two or three times. He has fought hand-to-hand with many a shark. He has been shipwrecked a score of times. The experience of St. Paul in a good cause hardly exceeds for suffering the experience of Old Joe in a bad one. For six days and seven nights he and seven others were tossed about the sea without food in a row-boat. Two of the men died, and were eaten by the rest, with the exception of Joe, who could not stomach cannibalism for all he was such a terrible fellow. Then they

were picked up by the famous *Alabama*, and Joe fought in the great American War of North *versus* South.

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"I was put in prison," he says, with a roar of laughter. "Two years. In Allybammer. Two years in dungeon. In the Harbour there. Allybammer Harbour."

"Alabama, he means," whispers Mr. Wells. "You've heard of Alabama, I dare say? Somewhere in Ameriky, isn't it? Ah! Well, that's what Joe means—Alabama."

"Two years!" laughed Joe; and then, with a great roar of delight, he adds, "Went off my nut! In dungeon. Clean off my nut!"

"What Joe means," whispers Mr. Wells, slowly and dogmatically, "is that, while he was in prison in Alabama Harbour, he lost his reason: 'Off his nut' is slang for losing his reason. Now, I dare say that that is true. I shouldn't be surprised if it was."

"Then I went Canada," bellows Joe, striking a fresh match. "Buff'lo hunter! Ho! Ho! Fought the Injuns. Red Injuns. Killed hundreds. *Slish! C-r-r-r-r! Bang! Dash! Gurr!r!* Hundreds. Red Injuns! I killed hundreds myself. Ho! Ho! I dashed their brains out. Ho! Ho! Injuns. Red Injuns!"

It is some time before he grows really calm after illustrating with tremendous energy his ferocity against the poor Red Indians. Even Mr. Wells grows enthusiastic, and, sucking his pipe-stem, chuckles proudly over Joe's enormous valour.

But what a fall it is when Joe resumes his life. From being a pirate, a fighter, and a buffalo-hunter, he becomes—think of it!—a pastrycook. He leaves the magnificent society of Jack Armstrong, and Black Peter, and Red Indians, to mix with the commonplace citizens of London—as a pastrycook! He makes buns. He makes sponge cakes. Think of it—he makes jam-puffs!

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But romance could not leave Joe, even while he toiled before a London oven.

There was a fire on the premises, and Joe did astonishing things. After being rescued he walked calmly back, through sheets of fire, to fetch the cash-box from the parlour. "Never afraid of anythin'—fire, water, gunpowder, sword, arrows—nothin'! No fear. Always brave. Ho! Ho! Brave's lion."

"Tell the genneman," shouted Mr. Wells, "what became of the shop."

"Ho, business failed," roars Joe. "Pastry-cook I was. Came down—*smash!* Lost everythin'. Every penny! Ho! Ho! But what's odds? Happy and jolly! Nothin' wrong. I'm a'right. What's odds?"

"Your old missus is dead, ain't she, Joe?" shouts Mr. Wells.

“Ess,” answers Joe cheerfully. “Gone. Dead.” He points towards the floor with a twitching finger, and stabs downward. “Dead. Years ago. Gone.”

“And what about your boy?” asks Mr. Wells.

“No good,” roars Joe, in half a rage. “He’s no good. No good ’t all. Brought him up like genneman. No good.” He laughs again, shakes himself in his chair, and strikes another match.

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"He was selling things in the street when the clergyman found him," says Mr. Wells behind his pipe. "Had a little tray strapped on to his shoulders, and two sticks to keep him standing. Collar-studs, tie-clips, bootlaces, matches—you know. You've often seen trays like that, I dare say. Well, that was what Joe was doing when the clergyman found him. Not this clergyman, you understand. The one before, Father Vivian. He's now a bishop. Out somewhere in Africa. That's his photograph on the wall over there. He sent us a picture-postcard the other day. Little black woolly-headed baby with no clothes on! I haven't seen it myself, because my eyes are bad; but they all laugh at it, and I dare say it's funny enough. A nice man Father Vivian was. A genneman. He's a bishop now, but he don't forget his old friends, do he?"

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And as we listen to the blind man we wonder what his story is, and we learn that he was born in Trinity Lane, Upper Thames Street, in the days when poor people did live on that side of the water, and that he was engaged at an early age in tide work. "Coal trade," he says, quietly. "Seaham to London. The *Isabella* brig. Four or five years I had of that. Then I was off to Russia in the *Prince George*. Then I did the trade between England and America. Then I was on a brig working the west coast of Africa. After that I came home and married. My wife lived in Fivefoot Lane. Her father was a carpenter. She was a good woman. She's dead now. We buried a sight of little 'uns. I can't tell you how many. There was a son, Harry: we buried him; a girl, 'Liza: we buried her; and a boy, Frank: we buried him; but I can't tell you how many little 'uns. Buried a lot, we did. Three children living now. Doing fair, they are; pretty fair. As times go, you know. I dare say they're happy enough."

After all these years of seafaring Mr. Wells worked on Brewer's Quay for eleven years, and after that took a spell of work in City warehouses. He "entered the Fur Trade." He did good work and earned good money; but after a bit he got what he describes as "a bit of a blight" in the eyes. He went to Moorfields hospital and underwent an operation. The darkness didn't lift. The twilight in which he lived deepened. He had to give up respectable work, and took to selling toys in the street. Then, one day, he was knocked down by a cab, and was carried to hospital, where by good fortune he fell in with Father Vivian. Father Vivian—whose name is blessed to this day in I know not how many slum homes—happened to want a companion for Joe, and Mr. Wells was pressed into the service. The blind man came to take care of the paralytic, and here they now are in the little two-roomed slum cottage, smoking their pipes in the blackened kitchen, and declaring that they have never been so well off in their lives before.

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His Majesty the King has no more loyal and affectionate subjects. A friend of mine carried the two old gentlemen off to a Coronation dinner. They had a hundred things to complain of concerning the way in which the plates were whisked off before they had even got the savour of the dish in their nostrils; but when it came to singing “God save the King” they roared and cheered and shouted and cheered again, and cried till the tears ran down their faces. And now, among their possessions, there is nothing of which they are more proud than the gorgeous card telling how the King and Queen of England requested the favour of their society to a banquet. It is splendid to see these two old sea-dogs in their kitchen fingering that card and smiling over it with a pride not to be matched in all the world outside.

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I have never heard them complain. They are old friends of mine. I have smoked many a pipe in their kitchen; but never yet did I hear murmur or complaint from their lips. Never once. They are most beautifully happy. They are radiant in their happiness. I do not believe there is a room in the world in which laughter is more constant and more spontaneous than in the little low-roofed black kitchen where the paralytic old pirate and the blind old seaman smoke their pipes and chuckle over the things they have done, the sights they have seen, and the storms they have weathered.

Opposite to the two old gentlemen lives a great friend of theirs, a maker of rag-dolls—a grey-headed, bent-back old veteran named Mr. Kight. I happened to be calling on the two old gentlemen on the Fifth of November last year, and, entering the kitchen, and while shaking hands with Joe (who always roars with laughter when he clutches your hand, and shakes it backwards and forwards as if he meant never to let it go) little Mr. Wells came fumbling to my side, laughing and chuckling, evidently with important news.

“You know it’s the Fifth of November,” he said, nudging me with the elbow of the hand which held his pipe. “You know that, don’t you? Everybody knows that. Well, I’ve been telling Old Joe that he ought to let me and Mr. Kight shove a couple o’ broom-sticks under his Grandfer Chair and carry him out into the streets. He’d make a lovely Guy, wouldn’t he?”

Mr. Wells joined a treble of laughter to the continuous bass of Joe’s gurgle, and then, stooping forward: “Joe,” he shouted, “I’m telling the genneman you ought to let me and Kight take you out in your chair for a Guy Fawkes.”

At this Old Joe’s mouth opened wider than ever, his face became purple, and he pretended very hard indeed to laugh with a relish. But the jest hurt him. I saw, what Mr. Wells could not see, the hurt look in his old eyes, and, leaning to his ear, I shouted, “You’d have all the girls running after you, Joe! You’re too handsome for a Guy. They’d run you off to church and marry you as sure as a gun.”



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"Ess!" he cried, delighted. "Ess! 'Zactly." And then, after a frightful effort to master his stammer, his face the colour of claret, his eyes buried in their flesh, his old body twitching violently, he burst out with the boast: "I was d——d handsome feller. Once. Ess! Handsome's paint. Ho! Ho! Girls mad about me!"

Happiness was restored. We drew our chairs nearer to the fire, filled our pipes, and laughed away the winter afternoon in the best of good spirits.

"We've got nothing to complain of," says Mr. Wells. "Everybody is kind to us. We've got our health, thank God! We've got a roof over our heads. We've got food in the locker. We've generally got a bit of terbaccer somewhere about the place. And we've done with the sea." After a pause, he adds, "When the Call comes, we shall be here to answer it. Early or late, we shall be ready; me and Old Joe."

Once more he leans across to the pirate. "I'm telling the genneman," he shouted; "that we've nothing to complain about, that when the Call comes we shall be ready."

"Ess!" shouts Old Joe cheerfully, with his pipe in the air. "Always ready! That's me. Always ready. But, don't want to die. Not yet. No! No fear. Why should I! Happy and jolly I am. Happy and jolly!" And once more he throws himself back with twitching shoulders, the chin fallen, the eyes scarcely visible in their bags of flesh, and laughs till the tears come.

"He's wunnerful hearty for eighty-two," says Mr. Wells quietly.

HITS AND MISSES

[Sidenote: *Anon.*]

Shop-windows shivered in the frames
Do advertise the women's aims.

THE BROKEN WINDOW

[Sidenote: *Anon.*]

Till Venus saw a Suffragette
Cried she, "But women should regret
A broken glass!" But then, next minute,
"Poor thing! she saw her image in it!"

WIT ON OCCASION

Lamb said that the greatest pleasure in life was to do good in secret and be found out by accident.

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"I suppose" said Lamb, "that Johnson was thinking of Shakespeare making Hector talk about Aristotle when he says,

And panting Time toils after him in vain_."

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A clergyman who had several livings was under discussion. "Why, such fellows look at a cure of souls like a cure of herrings—so much per hundred."

"Ah, but the herring cures fulfil their contract," said Jerrold.

He called clerical pluralists_ polypi, parsons with many stomachs and no hearts.

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A young prince had just been born and they were firing royal salutes to celebrate the occasion. A bystander exclaimed, "How they do powder these babies!"

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In a pompous speech of self-defence the orator wound up by declaring himself the guardian of his own honour. "What a sinecure!" murmured his opponent.

"How do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" cried the gushing mother.

"Boi-boi-boiled," answered the stammering old bachelor.

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Foote used to say that the Irish take us in and the Scots turn us out.

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A stout duellist once said to his diminutive antagonist, "It is a perfectly unequal contest. It is almost impossible to hit any one of your size, or to miss any one of mine."

"I agree," said his opponent. "And I will chalk my size on your body. We will not count the shots that go out of the ring."

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"Ah," said Curran, noticing an Irish friend walking along absent-mindedly with his tongue out, "he is evidently trying to catch the English accent."

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Sydney Smith was asked his opinion of Newton's portrait of Tom Moore. "Couldn't you," he asked the painter, "put more hostility to the Established Church into the face?"

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An intemperate duke asked Foote how he should go to a masquerade. "Go sober," said Foote.

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"I'm afraid the salad is gritty," apologised the host.

"Gritty!" mumbled the guest, "it's a gravel path with a few weeds in it_."

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"I never read a book before reviewing it" said Sydney Smith to a friend. "It is so apt to prejudice one."

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Bentley, the publisher, said to Jerrold, "I thought of calling my magazine The Wits' Miscellany, but I have decided on Bentley's Miscellany."

"My dear fellow," said Jerrold, "why go to the other extreme?"

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"What a magnificent-looking man!" said Goldsmith of a stranger; "he ought to be a Lord Chancellor."

He was, in fact, a rich baker.

"Not Chancellor," whispered a friend; "only Master of the Rolls_."

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Coleridge was dreaming of the time when he was a minister. "Ah, Charles, you never heard me preach." "My dear fellow," cried Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else."

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Sydney Smith said that the whole of his life had been spent like a razor—in hot water or a scrape.

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As a means of bragging of his acquaintance, a man was remarking to the company that, although he had often dined at the Duke of Devonshire's, there had never been any fish. "Is it not extraordinary?" he asked. Jerrold said, "Hardly. They ate it all upstairs."

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A jealous general was abusing Wolfe to the King.

"The man is mad," he declared bitterly.

George sighed. "I wish," he said, "that I could persuade him to bite all my generals." _

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A rich man, formerly a cheesemonger, was discussing the Poor Law with Lamb, and boasted that he had got rid of all the sentimental stuff called the milk of human kindness.

"Yes," said Lamb sadly, "you turned it into cheese long ago_."

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Jerrold said of some one who sent his wife effusive letters but not a farthing of money, that he was full of "unremitting kindness."

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A Turkish proverb says, "The devil tempts the busy man, but the idle man tempts the devil."

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Gladstone once asked, "In what country except ours would (as I know to have happened) a Parish Ball have been got up in order to supply funds for a Parish Hearse?"

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"They're rising in Connaught," shouted a scaremonger, dashing into Chesterfield's room. Quietly he drew out his watch. "Nine o'clock," he said gently. "They ought to be."

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"He is one of those people," said Jerrold of a mistaken philanthropist, "who would vote for a supply of tooth-picks in a time of famine"; and of another—"He would hold an umbrella over a duck while it was raining."

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“Hark at Boswell,” muttered Wilkes, “telling every one how he has had his handkerchief picked from his pocket—it’s merely brag, to show us he had one.”

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“Do you approve of clergymen riding?” Sydney Smith was asked. “Well, it depends,” he replied thoughtfully; “yes, if they turn their toes out.”

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“The testator meant to keep a life interest in the estate himself,” remarked the judge, who was trying a will case.

“Surely, my lord,” said the barrister, “you are taking the will for the deed.”

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Sydney Smith said of an obstinate man, “You might as well try to poultice the humps off a camel’s back.”

A MASTER WITH BRAINS

[Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]



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At Bideford, died the only master I ever had who had any brains. When I was fourteen or fifteen he taught me to place my knowledge as it came, to have its proportion. He so kept me to the drawing of maps that the earth has ever since lain beneath me as if I could see it all from a great height, and he so taught me history that I see it now as a panorama, from the first days. In his time I could draw the coasts of all the world in very fair proportion, without looking at a map, and I think I could do it now, though not so well as then, perhaps; and always afterwards, if ever I heard or saw or read up a thing, I knew in what little pocket of the mind to put it. Right up to the end of Oxford days no one could compare with him. His name was Abraham Thompson, a doctor of divinity he was; black hair grew on the back of his hands which I used to marvel at, he was very handsome and dark. Funny little boys are—how they watch. He could be very angry and caned furiously; at times I caught it. I think he grew poor in his last years and had the school at Bideford. I never heard about him at the end. I worshipped him when I was little, and we used to look at each other in class. I wonder what he thought when he looked; I used to think Abraham of Ur of the Chaldees was like him, and I am sure if he had bought a piece of land to bury his Sarah in, he would have been just as courteous as the first Abraham. I was always sorry that he was called Thompson, for I like lovely names—should have liked one myself and a handsome form—yes, I should. So that was Thompson. I have thought how far more needful with a lad is one year with a man of intellect than ten years of useless teaching. He taught us few facts, but spent all the time drilling us that we might know what to do with them when they came. Abraham Kerr Thompson, that was his name. I wonder if any one remembers him. A strange thing he would do, unlike any other I ever heard of; he would call up the class, and open any book and make the head boy read out a chance sentence, and then he would set to work with every word—how it grew and came to mean this or that. With the flattest sentence in the world he would take us to ocean waters and the marshes of Babylon and the hills of Caucasus and wilds of Tartary and the constellations and abysses of space. Yes, no one ever taught me anything but he only—I hope he made a good end. But how long ago it all was! It is forty-five years since I saw him.

A SPLENDID ADVENTURER

[Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]

When I was fifteen or sixteen he (Newman) taught me so much I do mind—things that will never be out of me. In an age of sofas and cushions he taught me to be indifferent to comfort, and in an age of materialism he taught me to venture all on the unseen, and this so early that it was well in me when life began, and I was equipped before I went to Oxford with a real good panoply, and it has never failed me. So if this world cannot tempt me with

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money or luxury—and it can't—or anything it has in its trumpery treasure-house, it is most of all because he said it in a way that touched me, not scolding nor forbidding, nor much leading—walking with me a step in front. So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped, and who put all this world's life in one splendid venture, which he knew as well as you or I might fail, but with a glorious scorn of everything that was not his dream.

RED LION MARY

[Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]

The life in Red Lion Square was a very happy one in its freedom. Red Lion Mary's originality all but equalled that of the young men, and she understood them and their ways thoroughly. Their rough and ready hospitality was seconded by her with unfailing good temper; she cheerfully spread mattresses on the floor for friends who stayed there, and when the mattresses came to an end it was said that she built up beds with boots and portmanteaus. Cleanliness, beyond the limits of the tub, was impossible in Red Lion Square, and hers was not a nature to dash itself against impossibilities, so the subject was pretty much ignored, but she was ready to fulfil any mission or do anything for them at a moment's notice, which was much more important. Never did she dishonour their bills.

"Mary!" cried Edward one evening when ordering breakfast over-night for Rossetti, who was staying with them, "let us have quarts of hot coffee, pyramids of toast, and multitudinous quantities of milk"; which to her meant all he intended. "Dear Mary," wrote Rossetti, "please go and smash a brute in Red Lion passage to-morrow. He had to send a big book, a scrapbook, to Master Crabb, 34, Westbourne Place, Eaton Square, and he hasn't done it. I don't know his name, but his shop is dirty and full of account books. This book was ordered ten days ago, and was to have been sent home the next day *and was paid for*—so sit on him hard to-morrow and dig a fork into his eye, as I can't come that way to murder him myself." From these hints she knew exactly what to say.

Her memory was excellent and sense of humour keen, so that some of the commissions on which she was sent gave her great enjoyment—as one day when Edward told her to take a cab and go to Mr. Watts at Little Holland House, and ask him for the loan of "whatever draperies and any other old things he could spare," and Mr. Watts, amused at the form of the request, sent her back with a parcel of draperies and an old pair of brown trousers, bidding her tell Mr. Jones those were the only "old things" he could spare. This delighted Edward, and he detained Mary while he took down his "Vasari" and read to her of the old Italian painter who had his breeches made of leather because they wore out so quickly; and then he professed to be grateful for Mr. Watts' gift, and said he would have the brown trousers made to fit him.

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Mary wrote a good hand and spelled well, and would sit down and write with gravity such a note as the following, dictated to her by Edward. “Mr. Bogie Jones’ compts. to Mr. Price and begs to inform him he expects to be down for Commemoration and that he hopes to meet him, clean, well shaved, and with a contrite heart.” Morris’ quick temper annoyed her, but she once prettily said, “Though he was so short-tempered, I seemed so necessary to him at all times, and felt myself his man Friday.”

ELEPHANT

[Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]

My reading aloud to him began soon after our marriage, with Plutarch’s “Lives”—an old folio edition. Holland’s translation of Pliny’s “Natural History” was also a treasure for the purpose, and the “Arabian Nights” were ever fresh. The description of “Mrs. Gamp’s apartment in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn,” was read over and over again until I, but not he, was wearied for a time. These were all classics admitting of no criticism, but some books were illuminated by commentary. For instance, the frequent comparison of Goethe with Shakespeare which G.H. Lewes makes in his “Life of Goethe” grew tiresome to the hearer, who quietly asked me to read the word Elephant instead of Shakespeare next time it occurred, and the change proved refreshing. But there was a kind of book that he reserved for himself and never liked any one to read to him—“The Broad Stone of Honour” and “Mores Catholici” are instances: they were kept in his own room, close to his hand, and often dipped into in wakeful nights or early mornings.

“Sillyish books both,” he once said, “but I can’t help it, I like them.” And no wonder, for his youth lay enclosed in them.

MY FACES [Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]

“Of course my faces have no expression in the sense in which people use the word. How should they have any? They are not portraits of people in paroxysms—paroxysms of terror, hatred, benevolence, desire, avarice, veneration, and all the ‘passions’ and emotions that Le Brun and that kind of person find so *magnifique* in Raphael’s later work—mostly painted by his pupils and assistants, by the way. It is Winckelmann, isn’t it, who says that when you come to the age of expression in Greek art you have come to the age of decadence? I don’t remember how or where it is said, but of course it is true—can’t be otherwise in the nature of things.”

“Portraiture,” he also said, “may be great art. There is a sense, indeed, in which it is perhaps the greatest art of any. Any portraiture involves expression. Quite true, but expression of what? Of a passion, an emotion, a mood? Certainly not. Paint a man or woman with the damned ‘pleasing expression,’ or even the ‘charmingly spontaneous’ so dear to the ‘photographic artist,’ and you see at once that the thing is a mask, as silly as the old tragic and comic mask. The only expression allowable in great portraiture is the expression of character and moral quality, not of anything temporary, fleeting,

accidental. Apart from portraiture you don't want even so much, or very seldom: in fact you only want types, symbols, suggestions. The moment you give what people call expression, you destroy the typical character of heads and degrade them into portraits which stand for nothing."

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FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS

[Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]

The different stages of his children's lives were of profound interest to him, and as they grew up they found in him an elder brother as well as a father. As soon as Margaret was old enough she began to share and then almost entirely to take my post as reader-aloud in the studio. Beside many other books she went through the whole of Thackeray twice in this way; Dickens was my special province. She and Edward had their own world of fun, and for her he invented a "little language," besides the most unheard-of names. I remember hearing him and Millais once talk to each other about their daughters, each boasting that he was the most devoted father. "Ah, but *you* don't take your daughter's breakfast up to her in bed," said Edward, certain that the prize belonged to him. Millais' triumphant "Yes, I do!" left them only equal.

"ANNA KARENINA" [Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]

"Don't lend me any sad stories—no, not if they are masterpieces. I cannot afford to be made unhappy, and I suspect that book 'Anna Karenina'—I suspect it is Russian, and if it is I know what to expect, and I couldn't bear it. There would be a beautiful woman in it—all that is best in a woman, and she would be miserable and love some trumpery frip (as they do) and die of finding out she had been a fool—and it would be beautifully written and full of nature and just like life, and I couldn't bear it. These books are written for the hard-hearted, to melt them into a softer mood for once before they congeal again—as much music is written—not for poets but for stockjobbers, to wring iron tears from them for once; that is the use of sorrowful art, to penetrate the thick hide of the obtuse, and I have grown to be a coward about pain. I should like that Anna so much and be so sorry for her and wish I had been the man instead of that thing she would have—and it wouldn't be happy. Look! tells me it ends well and that the two lovers marry and are happy ever afterwards, and I'll read it gratefully—and I shall wait your answer."

TWO TRIALS

[Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]

Whilst the Commission was sitting he went once or twice with Sir George Lewis to the Law Courts and closely listened and watched, sitting where he could see the face of Mr. Parnell clearly. "Charles Stewart Parnell," he once said, "God only knows what he really was, but I saw him in court and watched him the day long: he was like Christ."

Of the miserable Pigott, the perjured witness against Parnell, he wrote: "And I have grown philosophical—it came of seeing Pigott in the witness-box, who looked like half the dreary men one meets, and I don't see why the rest of the Pigotts shouldn't be found out too. So it made me reflect on crime and its connection with being found out and made me philosophical and depressed."

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But on another day his mind turned to a more cheerful exercise: “Legal testimony doesn’t affect me at all, and I want people tried for their faces—so I spent the time in court settling things all my own way, and I tried the Judges first and acquitted one, so that he sits in court without a blemish on his character; and one I admitted to mercy, and of the other have postponed the trial for further evidence: and then I tried the counsel on both sides, and one of them I am sorry to say will have to be hanged for his face.”

THE FOUR HISTORIANS

[Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]

On hearing some one quote Carlyle’s contempt for invented stories and his saying that facts were better worth writing of, Edward exclaimed: “‘Frederick the Great’s’ a romance; ‘Monte Cristo’ is real history, and so is ‘The Three Musketeers.’” And another time he said: “Ah, the historians are so few. There’s Dumas, there’s Scott, there’s Thackeray, and there’s Dickens, and no more—after you have said them, there’s an end.”

SWINBURNE AND PADEREWSKI [Sidenote: *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*]

“There’s a beautiful fellow in London named Paderewski—and I want to have a face like him and look like him, and I can’t—there’s trouble. He looks so like Swinburne looked at twenty that I could cry over past things, and has his ways too—the pretty ways of him—courteous little tricks and low bows and a hand that clings in shaking hands, and a face very like Swinburne’s, only in better drawing, but the expression the same, and little turns and looks and jerks so like the thing I remember that it makes me fairly jump. I asked to draw from him, and Henschel brought him and played on the organ and sang while I drew—which was good for the emotions but bad for the drawing. And knowing people say he is a great master in his art, which might well be, for he looks glorious. I praised Allah for making him and felt myself a poor thing for several hours. Have got over it now.”

THE VIVACIOUS VIVIER

[Sidenote: *H. Sutherland-Edwards*]

I “breakfasted” again and again with Adolphe Sax, and had always the same fare—“un bifteck et des oeufs sur le plat.” ...

On one occasion Vivier turned up. He was the natural enemy of Sax, for Sax, by his system of keys, brought effective horn-playing within the reach of ordinary performers, which lessened the immense superiority of Vivier over horn-players in general. Vivier, however, was troubled by no considerations of that kind. The Saxhorn, moreover, did not possess the timbre of the horn.

I had already met this remarkable engineer, musician, diplomatist and professor of mystification, in London, when he was complaining with facetious bitterness that Mr. Frederic Gye had not sent him a box for one of Angiolina Bosio's touching performances of "La Traviata."

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He had written to the manager explaining that he was ready to shed tears, and that he possessed a pocket handkerchief, but wanted something more. “J’ai un mouchoir, mais pas de loge,” he said. Yet his letter was left without a reply. After waiting a day or two, and still receiving no answer, Vivier engaged the dirtiest crossing-sweeper he could find, made him put on a little extra mud, and sent him with a letter to Mr. Gye demanding “the return of his correspondence.” The courteous manager of the Royal Italian Opera could scarcely have known that, besides being one of the finest musicians and quite the finest horn player of his day, Eugene Vivier was the most charming of men, and the spoiled child of nearly every Court in Europe. Speaking to me once of the Emperor Napoleon, he said, in answer to a question I had put to him as to Napoleon III’s characteristics: “He is the most gentlemanly Emperor I know.”

“What can I do for you?” said this gentlemanly Emperor one day, when Vivier had gone to see him at the Tuileries.

“Come out on the balcony with me, sire,” replied the genial cynic. “Some of my creditors are sure to be passing, and it will do me good to be seen in conversation with your Majesty.”

Besides speaking to him familiarly within view of his creditors, the Emperor Napoleon III conferred on Vivier several well-paid sinecures. He appointed him “Inspector of Mines,” which, from conscientious motives, knowing very little of mining, Vivier never inspected; and he was once accused by a facetious journal of having received the post of “Librarian to the Forest of Fontainebleau,” with its multitudinous leaves.

There were only two other Emperors at that time in Europe, and to one of them, the Emperor of Austria, Vivier was sent on a certain occasion with despatches—not, I fancy, in the character of Vely Pacha’s secretary, the only quasi-diplomatic post he held, but partly to facilitate his travelling, and partly, it may be, for some private political reason. Instead of being delayed, questioned, and searched at the frontier, as generally happened in those days—the days before 1859—Vivier was treated by the Custom House officials, and by the police, with all possible respect; and journeying as an honoured personage—an emissary from the Emperor of the French—he in due time reached Vienna, where, hastening to the palace, he made known the object of his visit. It seems quite possible that the despatches carried by Vivier may have possessed particular importance, and that Napoleon III had motives of his own for not forwarding them through the ordinary diplomatic channels. Vivier had, in any case, been instructed to deliver them to the Emperor in person—one of those Emperors whom he numbered among his private acquaintances.

A Court Chamberlain had hurried out to receive the distinguished messenger, ready after a due interchange of compliments to usher him into the Imperial presence.

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"Your Excellency!" began the Chamberlain, in the most obsequious manner.

"I am not an Excellency!" replied Vivier.

"General, then—Monsieur le General?"

"I am not a General!"

"Colonel, perhaps, and aide-de-camp to his Imperial Majesty?"

"I am not in the army. I have no official rank—no rank of any kind whatever."

"Good heavens! then what are you?" exclaimed the Chamberlain, indignant with himself for having treated as high-born and high-placed one who was apparently a mere nobody.

"I am a musician," said Vivier.

Bounding with rage, the Court functionary made an unbecoming gesture, such as Mephistopheles, according to the stage directions, should make in one of the passages of Goethe's *Faust*.

"Very well, my friend," said Vivier to himself, "I will tell the Emperor of your rude behaviour; I will get you rapped on the knuckles" ("Je t'en ferai donner sur les doigts"); and the uncourtly courtier was, in fact, severely reprimanded.

At St. Petersburg Vivier took such liberties with the Emperor Nicholas that, if half the stories of that monarch were true, the imprudent Frenchman would have been arrested, knouted, and sent to Siberia.

He had just brought to perfection the art of blowing soap bubbles. The whole secret of his process consisted, as he once informed me, in mixing with the soap-suds a little gum. Using a solution of soap and gum, he was able to produce bubbles of such size and solidity that they floated in the air for an almost indefinite time, like so many small balloons. In order to entertain the St. Petersburg public, Vivier would, in the most benevolent manner, take his seat at an open window, and blow his gigantic and many-coloured bubbles, until these prodigies of aerostation had attracted a multitude of lookers-on. The delighted crowd applauded with enthusiasm. Vivier rose from his seat and bowed. Then the applause was renewed, and Vivier blew larger and brighter bubbles than before.

One evening, or rather afternoon, the rays of the setting sun were illuminating a number of iridescent balloons floating high above the point where the Nevsky Prospect runs into the Admiralty Square, when the Emperor Nicholas drove past, or tried to do so—for his progress was interrupted at every step by the density of the crowd.

“What is the meaning of all this?” asked the Emperor Nicholas.

“It is M. Vivier blowing his soap bubbles,” replied the aide-de-camp in attendance.

“What! Vivier, the French musician, who played the horn so wonderfully the other night at the Winter Palace, and afterwards entertained us so much with his conversation?”

“The same, sire.”

“Go to him, then, and tell him that I should be glad if he would choose some other time for his soap-bubble performances. How wonderful they are!”

The aide-de-camp forced his way through the crowd, went upstairs to Vivier's apartments, and told him that the Emperor desired him not to give his exhibition of soap bubbles at half-past three in the afternoon, that being the time when his Majesty usually went for a drive.

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Vivier took out a pocket-book, consulted it carefully, and, turning to the aide-de-camp, said with the utmost gravity, "That is the only hour I have disengaged."

Vivier, meanwhile, had had his joke; and his exhibition of soap bubbles, or rather of gum-and-soap balloons, was now discontinued.

The horn-playing performance to which the Emperor Nicholas had made reference was marked by one strange, marvellous, almost inexplicable peculiarity. The player sounded on his instrument, simultaneously, a chord of four notes. To produce at the same time four different notes from one and the same tube seems, and must be, an impossibility. But Vivier did it, and the fact was certified to by Meyerbeer, Auber, Halevy, Adolphe Adam, and other musicians of eminence.

The only possible explanation of the matter is that Vivier executed a very rapid arpeggio, so that the four notes which apparently were heard together were, in fact, heard one after the other. The effect, however, was not that of an arpeggio, but of a chord of four different notes played simultaneously on four different instruments.

Both for home and for out-of-doors use the mystifications practised by Vivier were as numerous as they were varied. In an omnibus, when some grave old lady had just risen from her seat, Vivier would assume an expression of the utmost astonishment, and suddenly take from the place where she had been sitting an egg, which meanwhile he had been concealing up his sleeve.

Or, asked to pass a coin to the conductor, he would gravely put it into his pocket. A well-dressed, well-bred gentleman, of charming manners, could scarcely be suspected of any intention to misappropriate a two-sous piece. But it interested Vivier to see what, in the circumstances, the lawful owner of the coin would do. On one occasion Vivier, in an omnibus, alarmed his fellow passengers by pretending to be mad. He indulged in the wildest gesticulations, and then, as if in despair, drew a pistol from his pocket. The conductor was called upon by acclamation to interfere, and Vivier was on the point of being disarmed when suddenly he broke the pistol in two, handed half to the conductor and began to eat the other half himself. It was made of chocolate!

Vivier could not bear to see people in a hurry. According to him, there was nothing in life worth hurrying for; and living on the Boulevard just opposite the Rue Vivienne, he was much annoyed at seeing so many persons hastening, towards six o'clock, to the post office on the Place de la Bourse. He determined to pay them out, and for that purpose bought a calf, which he took up to his apartments at night and exhibited the next afternoon at a few minutes before six o'clock, in the balcony of his second floor. In spite of their eagerness to catch the post, many persons could not help stopping to look at the calf. Soon a crowd collected, and messengers stayed their steps in order to gaze at the unwonted apparition. Six o'clock struck, and soon after a number of men who had missed the post returned in an irritated condition, and, stopping before Vivier's

house, shook their fists at him. Vivier went down to them, and asked the meaning of this insolence.



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"We were not shaking our fists at you," replied the angered ones, "but at that calf."

"Ah! you know him then?" returned Vivier. "I was not aware of it."

In time Vivier's calf became the subject of a legend, according to which the animal (still in Vivier's apartments) grew to be an ox, and so annoyed the neighbours by his lowing that; the proprietor of the house insisted on its being sent away. Vivier told him to come; and take it, when it was found that the calf of other days had grown to such a size that it was impossible to get it downstairs.

MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE BONNARD: A CONFESSION

[Sidenote: *Anatole France, translated by Lafcadio Hearn*]

I can see once more, with astonishing vividness, a certain doll which, when I was eight years old, used to be displayed in the window of an ugly little shop of the Rue de la Seine. I was very proud of being a boy; I despised little girls; and I longed impatiently for the day (which, alas! has come) when a strong white beard should bristle on my chin. I played at being a soldier; and, under the pretext of obtaining forage for my rocking-horse, I used to make sad havoc among the plants my poor mother used to keep on her window-sill. Manly amusements those, I should say! and nevertheless, I was consumed with longing for a doll. Characters like Hercules have such weaknesses occasionally. Was the one I had fallen in love with at all beautiful? No. I can see her now. She had a splotch of vermilion on either cheek, short soft arms, horrible wooden hands, and long sprawling legs. Her flowered petticoat was fastened at the waist with two pins. It was a decidedly vulgar doll—smelt of the faubourg. I remember perfectly well that, even child as I was then, before I had put on my first pair of trousers, I was quite conscious in my own way that this doll lacked grace and style—that she was gross, that she was coarse. But I loved her in spite of that; I loved her just for that; I loved her only; I wanted her. My soldiers and my drums had become as nothing in my eyes. I ceased to stick sprigs of heliotrope and veronica into the mouth of my rocking-horse. That doll was all the world to me. I invented ruses worthy of a savage to oblige Virginie, my nurse, to take me by the little shop in the Rue de la Seine. I would press my nose against the window until my nurse had to take my arm and drag me away. "Monsieur Sylvestre, it is late, and your mamma will scold you." Monsieur Sylvestre in those days made very little of either scoldings or whippings. But his nurse lifted him up like a feather, and Monsieur Sylvestre yielded to force. In after years, with age, he degenerated, and sometimes yielded to fear. But at that time he used to fear nothing.

I was unhappy. An unreasoning but irresistible shame prevented me from telling my mother about the object of my love. Thence all my sufferings. For many days that doll, incessantly present in fancy, danced before my eyes, stared at me fixedly, opened her arms to me, assuming in my imagination a sort of life which made her appear at once mysterious and weird, and thereby all the more charming and desirable.

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Finally, one day—a day I shall never forget—my nurse took me to see my uncle, Captain Victor, who had invited me to breakfast. I admired my uncle a great deal, as much because he had fired the last French cartridge at Waterloo as because he used to make with his own hands, at my mother's table, certain *chapons-a-l'ail*, which he afterwards put into the chicory-salad. I thought that was very fine! My Uncle Victor also inspired me with much respect by his frogged coat, and still more by his way of turning the whole house upside down from the moment he came into it. Even now I cannot tell just how he managed it, but I can affirm that whenever my Uncle Victor found himself in any assembly of twenty persons, it was impossible to see or to hear anybody but him. My excellent father, I have reason to believe, never shared my admiration for Uncle Victor, who used to sicken him with his pipe, gave him great thumps on the back by way of friendliness, and accused him of lacking energy. My mother, though always showing a sister's indulgence to the captain, sometimes advised him to fondle the brandy bottle a little less frequently. But I had no part either in these repugnances or these reproaches, and Uncle Victor inspired me with the purest enthusiasm. It was therefore with a feeling of pride that I entered into the little lodging-house where he lived, in the Rue Guenegaud. The entire breakfast, served on a small table close to the fireplace, consisted of pork-meats and confectionery.

The Captain stuffed me with cakes and pure wine. He told me of numberless injustices to which he had been a victim. He complained particularly of the Bourbons; and as he neglected to tell me who the Bourbons were, I got the idea—I can't tell how—that the Bourbons were horse-dealers established at Waterloo. The Captain, who never interrupted his talk except for the purpose of pouring out wine, furthermore made charges against a number of *morveux*, of *jeanfesses*, and “good-for-nothings” whom I did not know anything about, but whom I hated from the bottom of my heart. At dessert, I thought I heard the Captain say my father was a man who could be led anywhere by the nose; but I am not quite sure that I understood him. I had a buzzing in my ears; and it seemed to me that the table was dancing.

My uncle put on his frogged coat, took his *chapeau tromblon*, and we descended to the street, which seemed to me singularly changed. It looked to me as if I had not been in it before for ever so long a time. Nevertheless, when we came to the Rue de la Seine, the idea of my doll suddenly returned to my mind, and excited me in an extraordinary way. My head was on fire. I resolved upon a desperate expedient. We were passing before the window. She was there, behind the glass—with her red cheeks, and her flowered petticoat, and her long legs.

“Uncle,” I said, with a great effort, “will you buy that doll for me?”

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And I waited.

“Buy a doll for a boy—*sacre bleu!*” cried my uncle, in a voice of thunder. “Do you wish to dishonour yourself? And it is that old Mag there that you want! Well, I must compliment you, my young fellow! If you grow up with such tastes as that, you will never have any pleasure in life; and your comrades will call you a precious ninny. If you asked me for a sword or a gun, my boy, I would buy them for you with the last silver crown of my pension. But to buy a doll for you—a thousand thunders!—to disgrace you! Never in the world! Why, if I were even to see you playing with a puppet rigged out like that, monsieur, my sister’s son, I would disown you for my nephew!”

On hearing these words, I felt my heart so wrung that nothing but pride—a diabolic pride—kept me from crying.

My uncle, suddenly calming down, returned to his ideas about the Bourbons; but I, still smarting from the blow of his indignation, felt an unspeakable shame. My resolve was quickly made. I promised myself never to disgrace myself—I firmly and for ever renounced that red-cheeked doll.

I felt that day, for the first time, the austere sweetness of sacrifice.

Captain, though it be true that all your life you swore like a pagan, smoked like a beadle, and drank like a bell-ringer, be your memory nevertheless honoured—not merely because you were a brave soldier, but also because you revealed to your little nephew in petticoats the sentiment of heroism! Pride and laziness had made you almost insupportable, O my Uncle Victor!—but a great heart used to beat under those frogs upon your coat. You always used to wear, I now remember, a rose in your button-hole. That rose which you allowed, as I now have reason to believe, the shop-girls to pluck for you—that, large, open-hearted flower, scattering its petals to all the winds, was the symbol of your glorious youth. You despised neither absinthe nor tobacco; but you despised life. Neither delicacy nor common sense could have been learned from you, captain; but you taught me, even at an age when my nurse had to wipe my nose, a lesson of honour and self-abnegation that I will never forget.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

[Sidenote: *Dean Swift*]

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

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The latter part of a wise man’s life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

* * * * *

When a true genius appeareth in the world you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

* * * * *

Although men are accused of not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of.

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If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, *etc.*, beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

* * * * *

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

* * * * *

“He who does not provide for his own house,” St. Paul says, “is worse than an infidel.” And I think, he who provides only for his own house is just equal with an infidel.

* * * * *

An idle reason lessens the value of the good ones you gave before.

* * * * *

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me.

* * * * *

Very few men, properly speaking, *live* at present, but are providing to live another time.

* * * * *

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

* * * * *

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

GOETHE IN HIS OLD AGE
[Sidenote: *W.M. Thackeray*]

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law’s tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hour after hour there, and night after night, with the pleasantest talk and music.

We read over endless novels and poems in French, English, and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find (in 1855) that they were remembered and some even kept to the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

He remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance took his fancy there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues and medals.

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Of course, I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little antechamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique carts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his button-hole. He kept his hands behind his back just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very clear, bright, and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and remember comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called "Melmoth the Wanderer," which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in their awful splendour. I fancy Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

Vidi tantum. I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan*; once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed, too.

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. *Fraser's Magazine* had recently come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for a while in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. Rogers, which, as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. "They would make me look like that," he said; though, in truth, I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy*-looking than the grand old Goethe.

Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of Art and Letters. The theatre, though possessing no extraordinary actors, was still connected with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel*. At Court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple, and polished.... In the respect paid by this court to the Patriarch of Letters, there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and the sovereign. With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

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LITTLE BILLEE

[Sidenote: *W.M. Thackeray*]

Air—"Il y avait un petit navire"

There were three sailors of Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"Oh, Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chimie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps, "There's land I see.

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."



So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-Three.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

[Sidenote: *Hilaire Belloc*]

When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country,
They stand along the sea:
And it's there walking in the high woods,
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy,
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England,
I saw them for a day:
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and grey;
From their castle walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring,
When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet
She blesses us with surprise.



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I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend:
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me,
Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If ever I become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

ARAB LOVE-SONG

[Sidenote: *Francis Thompson*]

The hunched camels of the night[11]
Trouble the bright
And silver waters of the moon.
The Maiden of the Morn will soon
Through Heaven stray and sing,
Star gathering.



Now while the dark about our loves is strewn,
Light of my dark, blood of my heart, O come!
And night will catch her breath up, and be dumb.

Leave thy father, leave thy mother
And thy brother;
Leave the black tents of thy tribe apart!
Am I not thy father and thy brother,
And thy mother?
And thou—what needest with thy tribe's black tents
Who hast the red pavilion of my heart?

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

[Sidenote: *Wilfrid Maynell*]

As high up in a house as a nest
In a tree,
They have gone for the night to their rest,
The Babes three.

One will say, when they wake, with arms crossed,
"Jesus blest!"
One will cry "Mother mine"—and be lost
In that breast.

"Ta-ra-ra," then the littlest maid saith,
Two and gay;
And loud laughs with the last of her breath,
"Boom-de-ay!"

What they say, in their nests, these dear birds,
Is all even:
For their speech, be whatever their words,
Is of Heaven.

THEIR BEST

[Sidenote: *Wilfrid Maynell*]

She is a very simple maid—
Nicknamed a "tweeny";
The cook's and housemaid's riven aid,
Christ-named Irene.
And when, in lower regions, she
Hears hurled request,
She laughs or cries: "Oh, right you be,
I'll do my best."



Her very best, be very sure!
She holds it fast—
Religion undefiled and pure.
And, at the last,
When Life, from this sad house of her,
Flits like a guest,
She'll curtsy to the Judge: "O Sir,
I did my best."



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The Judge, for sure, will bow His head;
And, round the throne,
Angels will know to God they've led
His very own.
This sentence then shall gently fall:
"Irene, you
Have done your best: and that is all
Even God can do."

MAGNIFICENT ENDS

[Sidenote: *Disraeli in "Vivian Grey"*]

In the plenitude of his ambition he stopped one day to enquire in what manner he could obtain his magnificent ends: "The Bar—pooh! law and bad jokes till we are forty; and then with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet. Besides, to succeed as an advocate, I must be a great lawyer, and to be a great lawyer, I must give up my chance of being a great man. The Services in war time are only fit for desperadoes (and that truly am I); but, in peace, are fit only for fools. The Church is more rational. Let me see: I should certainly like to act Wolsey, but the thousand and one chances against me! and truly I feel *my* destiny should not be on a chance. Were I the son of a millionaire, or a noble, I might have *all*. Curse on my lot! that the want of a few rascal counters, and the possession of a little rascal blood should mar my fortunes!"

GENIUS, WHEN YOUNG [Sidenote: *Disraeli in "Coningsby"*]

"Nay," said the stranger; "for life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Old Age a regret. Do not suppose," he added smiling, "that I hold that youth is genius; all that I say is that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five, the greatest battle of modern time; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauretania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Conde and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus—look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died, at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive; but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not: I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a Cardinal at fifteen, and, according to Guicciardini, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Aragon himself. He was Pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest

province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven, the greatest of Frenchmen.

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"Ah, that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He, too, died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Well then, there were Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men left off cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and Attorney-General at twenty-four. And Acquaviva; Acquaviva was General of the Jesuits, ruled every Cabinet in Europe, and colonised America before he was thirty-seven. What a career!" exclaimed the stranger; rising from his chair and walking up and down the room; "the secret sway of Europe! That was indeed a position! But it is needless to multiply instances! The history of Heroes is the history of Youth."

GUARDIAN ANGELS [Sidenote: *Disraeli in "Tancred"*]

"What should I be without my debts?" he would sometimes exclaim; "dear companions of my life that never desert me! All my knowledge of human nature is owing to them: it is in managing my affairs that I have sounded the depths of the human heart, recognised all the combinations of human character, developed my own powers and mastered the resources of others. What expedient in negotiation is unknown to me? What degree of endurance have I not calculated? What play of the countenance have I not observed? Yes, among my creditors I have disciplined that diplomatic ability that shall some day confound and control Cabinets. Oh, my debts, I feel your presence like that of guardian angels! If I be lazy, you prick me to action; if elate, you subdue me to reflection; and thus it is that you alone can secure that continuous yet controlled energy which conquers mankind."

AN EVENING IN SPAIN

[Sidenote: *Disraeli to his Mother (1830)*]

After dinner you take your siesta. I generally sleep for two hours. I think this practice conducive to health. Old people, however, are apt to carry it to excess. By the time I have risen and arranged my toilette it is time to steal out, and call upon any agreeable family whose Tertullia you may choose to honour, which you do, after the first time, uninvited, and with them you take your tea or chocolate. This is often *al fresco*, under the piazza or colonnade of the *patio*. Here you while away the time until it is cool enough for the *alameda* or public walk. At Cadiz, and even at Seville, up the Guadalquivir, you are sure of a delightful breeze from the water. The sea-breeze comes like a spirit. The effect is quite magical. As you are lolling in listless languor in the hot and perfumed air, an invisible guest comes dancing into the party and touches them all with an enchanted wand. All start, all smile. It has come; it is the sea-breeze. There is much discussion whether it is as strong, or whether weaker, than the night before. The ladies furl their fans and seize their mantillas,

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the cavaliers stretch their legs and give signs of life. All rise. I offer my arm to Dolores or Florentina (is not this familiarity strange?), and in ten minutes you are in the *alameda*. What a change? All is now life and liveliness. Such bowing, such kissing, such fluttering of fans, such gentle criticism of gentle friends! But the fan is the most wonderful part of the whole scene. A Spanish lady with her fan might shame the tactics of a troop of horse. Now she unfurls it with the slow pomp and conscious elegance of a peacock. Now she flutters it with all the languor of a listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Now in the midst of a very tornado, she closes it with a whirl which makes you start, pop! In the midst of your confusion Dolores taps you on the elbow; you turn round to listen, and Florentina pokes you in your side. Magical instrument! You know that it speaks a particular language, and gallantry requires no other mode to express its most subtle conceits or its most unreasonable demands than this slight, delicate organ. But remember, while you read, that here, as in England, it is not confined to your delightful sex. I also have my fan, which makes my cane extremely jealous. If you think I have grown extraordinarily effeminate, learn that in this scorching clime the soldier will not mount guard without one. Night wears on, we sit, we take a *panal*, which is as quick work as snapdragon, and far more elegant; again we stroll. Midnight clears the public walks, but few Spanish families retire till two. A solitary bachelor like myself still wanders, or still lounges on a bench in the *warm* moonlight. The last guitar dies away, the cathedral clock wakes up your reverie, you too seek your couch, and amid a gentle, sweet flow of loveliness, and light, and music, and fresh air, thus dies a day in Spain. Adieu, my dearest mother. A thousand loves to all.

A MALTESE SENSATION

[Sidenote: *Disraeli to his Father (1830)*]

I had no need of letters of introduction here, and have already “troops of friends.” The fact is, in our original steam-packet there were some agreeable fellows, officers, whom I believe I never mentioned to you. They have been long expecting your worship’s offspring, and have gained great fame in repeating his third-rate stories at second hand; so in consequence of these messengers I am received with branches of palm. Here the youngers do nothing but play rackets, billiards, and cards, race and smoke. To govern men, you must either excel them in their accomplishments, or despise them. Clay does one, I do the other, and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even better than wit. Yesterday, at the racket court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball entered, and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day!



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HIS FUTURE WIFE

[Sidenote: *Disraeli to his Sister (1832)*]

The soiree last night at Bulwer's was really brilliant, much more so than the first. There were a great many dames of distinction, and no blues. I should, perhaps, except Sappho, who was quite changed; she had thrown off Greco-Bromptonian costume and was perfectly *à la Française* and really looked pretty. At the end of the evening I addressed a few words to her, of the value of which she seemed sensible. I was introduced, "by particular desire," to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me that she liked "silent, melancholy men." I answered that "I had no doubt of it."

KNOWSLEY OR THE PARTHENON

[Sidenote: *Disraeli to Mrs. Brydges Willyams (1862)*]

They say the Greeks, resolved to have an English King, in consequence of the refusal of Prince Alfred to be their monarch, intend to elect Lord Stanley. If he accepts the charge, I shall lose a powerful friend and colleague. It is a dazzling adventure for the House of Stanley, but they are not an imaginative race, and I fancy they will prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon, and Lancashire to the Attic plains. It is a privilege to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events. What an error to consider it a utilitarian age! It is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down, and crowns are offered like a fairy tale; and the most powerful people in the world, male and female, a few years ago were adventurers, exiles, and demireps.

JENNY KISSED ME

[Sidenote: *Leigh Hunt*]

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

A WAR MEDLEY

THE WAR, WEEK BY WEEK

[Sidenote: *Walter Emanuel in "Punch"*]

August 12-October 7

The foresight of the British Public in refusing to subscribe the large amount of money asked of them for the Olympic Sports in Berlin is now apparent.

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Wilhelm II is said to be extremely annoyed in his capacity as a British Admiral that he is not being kept fully informed as to the movements of our Fleet.

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The coming generation would certainly seem to be all right. Even children are taking part in the fray. The Boy Scouts are helping manfully here, and at Liege the Germans, we are told, used nippers for cutting wire entanglements.

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The London Museum is open again. The Curator, we understand, would be glad to add to his collection of curiosities any Londoner who is still in favour of a small Navy.

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“Cambridge public-houses,” we read, “are to close at 9 p.m.” Such dons as are still up for the Long Vacation are said to be taking it gamely in spite of the inconvenience of accustoming themselves to the new regulation.

Reports still continue to come in as to the outbursts of rage which took place in Germany when the news of our participation in the War reached that country. Seeing that we had merely been asked to allow our friends to be robbed and murdered, our interference is looked upon as peculiarly gratuitous.

There would seem to be no end to the social horrors of the War. The Teuton journal, *Manufakturist*, is now prophesying that one of its results will be the substitution of German for French fashions.

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According to the *Evening News* three elephants have been requisitioned from the Zoo at the White City by the military authorities. In Berlin, no doubt, this will be taken to signify that our heavy cavalry mounts are giving out.

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A somewhat illiterate correspondent writes to say that he considers that the French ought to have allowed the Mad Dog to retain Looneyville.

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The German papers publish the statement that a Breslau merchant has offered 30,000 marks to the German soldier who, weapon in hand, shall be the first to place his feet on British soil. By a characteristic piece of sharp practice the reward, it will be noted, is offered to the man personally and would not be payable to his next-of-kin.

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It is reported that the Kaiser is proceeding to East Prussia to assume the chief command there. In Petrograd the news is only credited by extreme optimists.

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Mr. Lloyd George's statement that “The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of modern Europe” has, we hear, had a curious and satisfactory sequel. Large numbers of adepts in the art of pig-sticking are joining the Sportsman's Battalion, which is now in process of formation.

* * * * *

A regrettable mistake is reported from South London. A thoroughly patriotic man was sat upon by a Cockney crowd for declaring that the Kaiser was a Nero.

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The Germans have had a bright, new idea, and are calling us a nation of shop-keepers. Certainly we have been fairly successful so far in repelling their counter-attacks.

THE K.A. BOYS

[Sidenote: *Jessie Pope in the "Daily Mail"*]

Dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—
Kitchener's Army on the march
Through Marylebone and Marble Arch,
Men in motley, so to speak,
Been in training about a week,
Swinging easy, toe and heel,
Game and gay, and keen as steel.

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Dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—
Norfolk jackets, city suits,
Some in shoes and some in boots;
Clerk and sportsman, tough and nut,
Reach-me-downs, and Bond-street cut;
Typical kit of every kind,
To show the life they've left behind.

Dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—
Marching by at an easy pace,
The great adventure in every face,
Raw if you like, but full of grit,
Snatching the chance to do their bit.
Oh, I want to cheer and I want to cry
When Kitchener's Boys go marching by.

A SCOTSWOMAN IN FRANCE

[Sidenote: *From the "Times," Sept. 24, 1914*]

A valued contributor writes: "Would you like this new Scotch reel, inspired by the pipes of the bonny Highlanders, who for a week made a little Scotland of Melun? On Wednesday, the 2nd, I was in the town and saw the good women rush from the streets into their houses, crying in dreadful voices, 'Les Allemands!' And there, by the old church, round the corner, came the Highlanders! I stood still on the pavement and sang 'Scots wha hae' at the top of my old cracked voice, and they, appreciating the welcome, and excusing the minstrelsy, waved their hands to me. The Staff was here, the Flying Corps, three regiments, English and Scottish—such brave, bright, orderly, kind young men. On September 6 the cannon sounded very near. I went into the street and said to a demure, douce young Highlander, 'Do ye think the Germans are coming?' And he replied, 'I've been hearing, Matam, that the Chermans will hafe been hafing a pit of a set-pack.' It was in this modest manner that I heard of the victory of the Marne."

A NEW SCOTCH REEL

[Sidenote: *From the "Times" Sept. 24, 1914*]

Dance, since ye're dancing, William,
Dance up and doon,
Set to your partners, William,
We'll play the tune!
See, make a bow to Paris,
Here's Antwerp-toon;
Off to the Gulf of Riga,
Back to Verdun—



Ay, but I'm thinking, laddie,
Ye'll use your shoon!

Dance, since ye're dancing, William,
Dance up and doon,
Set to your partners, William,
We'll play the tune!
What! Wad ye stop the pipers?
Nay, 'tis ower-soon!
Dance, since ye're dancing, William,
Dance, ye puir loon!
Dance till ye're dizzy, William,
Dance till ye swoon!
Dance till ye're dead, my laddie!
We play the tune!

DESPATCHES

[Sidenote: *"Touchstone" in the "Daily Mail"*]

Swift as a bullet out of a gun
He passed me by with an inch to spare,
Raising a dust-cloud thick and dun
While the stench of lubricant filled the air.
I must admit that I did not like
The undergrad on his motor-bike.

I have seen him, too, at the wayside inn,
A strapping lad scarce out of his teens,
Grimy, but wearing a cheerful grin;
A young enthusiast, full of beans,
While his conversation was little better
Than pure magneto and carburetter.

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Now he has got the chance of his life,
The chance of earning glorious scars,
And I picture him scouring a land of strife,
Crouching over his handle-bars,
His open exhaust, with its roar and stench,
Like a Maxim gun in a British trench.

Lad, when we met in that country lane
Neither foresaw the days to come,
But I know that if ever we meet again
My heart will throb to your engine's hum,
And to-day, as I read, I catch my breath
At the thought of your ride through the hail of death!

But to you it is just a glorious lark;
Scorn of danger is still your creed.
As you open her out and advance your spark
And humour the throttle to get more speed,
Life has only one end for you,
To carry your priceless message through!

BURGOMASTER MAX

[Sidenote: *H.B.*]

Our children will sing with delight for all time
Of the Briton, the French, and the Russian,
But most of the man who with humour sublime
Pulled the goose-stepping leg of the Prussian.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

[Sidenote: *C.E.B. in the "Evening News"*]

This so-remarkable letter on-a-battlefield-up-picked the real feeling of the British private soldier demonstrates. Its publication by the Berlin Official News Bureau is authorised. The words parenthesised are of some obscurity, but apparently are exclamations of a disgustful kind.

Our sojers they was weepin'
The night we went away
For some one whispered we was off
The Germans for to slay.
To shoot them cultured Bosches
Would make a Briton shrink



And so our 'earts was sad to go
(I *don't* think).

An' when we met them blighters
Of course we turned and ran,
An' Tubby French 'e shouted out
"All save theirselves as can";
An' when the big Jack Johnsons banged
We didn't cheer and larf
An' pump the Bosches full o' lead
(No, not 'arf).

An' w'en our foes retreated
We knowed we couldn't win
For they was out, that artful like,
To lure us to Berlin.
But touch that 'ome of culture?
We'd rather far be shot;
We simply worship Kaiser Bill
(P'raps, p'raps not).

FALL IN!

[Sidenote: *H.B.*]

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack
When the girls line up the street,
Shouting their love to the lads come back
From the foe they rushed to beat?
Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky
And grin till your cheeks are red?
But what will you lack when your mates go by
With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look
When your children yet to be
Clamour to learn of the part you took
In the War that kept men free?
Will you say it was naught to you if France
Stood up to her foe or bunked?
But where will you look when they give the glance
That tells you they know you funkcd?



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How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare
In the far-off winter night,
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair
And your neighbours talk of the fight?
Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,
Your old head shamed and bent?
Or say—I was not with the first to go,
But I went, thank God, I went!

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call
For men who are brave and strong?
Is it naught to you if your country fall,
And Right is smashed by Wrong?
Is it football still and the picture show,
The pub and the betting odds,
When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow
And England's call is God's?

DIES IRAE

[Sidenote: *Owen Seaman in "Punch"*]

To the German Kaiser

Amazing Monarch! who at various times,
Posing as Europe's self-appointed saviour,
Afforded copy for our ribald rhymes
By your behaviour;

We nursed no malice; nay, we thanked you much,
Because your head-piece, swollen like a tumour,
Lent to a dullish world the needed touch
Of saving humour.

What with your wardrobes stuffed with warrior gear,
Your gander-step parades, your prancing Prussians,
Your menaces that shocked the deafened sphere
With rude concussions;

Your fist that turned the pinkest rivals pale
Alike with sceptre, chisel, pen or palette,
And could at any moment, gloved in mail,
Smite like a mallet;



Master of all the Arts, and, what was more,
Lord of the limelight-blaze that let us know it—
You seemed a gift designed on purpose for
The flippant poet.

Time passed and put to these old jests an end;
Into our open hearts you found admission,
Ate of our bread and pledged us like a friend
Above suspicion.

You shared our griefs with seeming-gentle eyes;
You moved among us, cousinly entreated,
Still hiding, under that fair outward guise,
A heart that cheated.

And now the mask is down, and forth you stand
Known for a King whose word is no great matter,
A traitor proved, for every honest hand
To strike and shatter.

This was the “Day” foretold by yours and you
In whispers here, and there with beery clamours—
You and your rat-hole spies and blustering crew
Of loud Potsdamers.

And lo, there dawns another, swift and stern,
When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice’ token
Breaker of God’s own Peace, you shall in turn
Yourself be broken.

FOR THE RED CROSS

[Sidenote: *Owen Seaman in “Punch”*]

Ye that have gentle hearts and fain
To succour men in need,
There is no voice could ask in vain
With such a cause to plead—
The cause of those that in your care,
Who know the debt to honour due,
Confide the wounds they proudly wear,
The wounds they took for you.

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Out of the shock of shattering spears,
Of screaming shell and shard,
Snatched from the smoke that blinds and sears
They come with bodies scarred,
And count the hours that idly toll,
Restless until their hurts be healed,
And they may fare, made strong and whole,
To face another field.

And yonder where the battle's waves
Broke yesterday o'erhead,
Where now the swift and shallow graves
Cover our English dead,
Think how your sisters play their part,
Who serve as in a holy shrine,
Tender of hand and brave of heart,
Under the Red Cross sign.

Ah, by that symbol, worshipped still,
Of life-blood sacrificed,
That lonely Cross on Calvary's hill
Red with the wounds of Christ;
By that free gift to none denied,
Let Pity pierce you like a sword,
And Love go out to open wide
The gate of life restored.

The Red Cross Society is in need of help. Gifts should be addressed to Lord Rothschild at Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote 1: "Dooiney-molla—man-praiser—the friend who backs the suitor."]

[Footnote 2: Certain publishers.]

[Footnote 3: Port of Peace.]

[Footnote 4: Solace.]

[Footnote 5: She was born at Chatham on March 28th, 1774.]

[Footnote 6: Probably he was nearly twenty-four.]

[Footnote 7: Written in 1829.]

[Footnote 8: "The Epicure!" said R.L.S.]

[Footnote 9: A musical festival which took place in Westminster Abbey.]

[Footnote 10: "To pill" was a cant expression used a good deal by "the set," meaning, apparently, to talk, either pompously or trivially.]

[Footnote 11: The cloud-shapes often observed by travellers in the East.]