

RETROSPECT OF A LONG LIFE:

FROM 1815 TO 1883.

Samuel Carter BY
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A MAN OF LETTERS BY PROFESSION.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"Great men have been among us—hands that penned, and tongues that uttered, wisdom."—WORDSWORTH.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN this "Retrospect of a Long Life," I submit to my readers the history of a career that has been full and varied, as well as long. I have lived in eventful times : rather, perhaps, as an observer than an actor. I am like the waiter who, at a well-furnished table, will take better note of the guests than he who is numbered among them. I have matter to record that would have been passed by unheeded of those who enjoyed seats of honor at the feast.

I write almost entirely from memory—I have kept no journal of any kind ; the undestroyed letters that remain to me are few ; and for dates I shall generally have to refer to publications of the period I am dealing with. These pages will therefore be, in all strictness, "Recollections."

At no period of my life, until one comparatively recent, did I foresee a time when, by writing of the events I had witnessed and the people I have known, I could produce a work that might be of benefit to the world. If I think otherwise now, it is because the conviction has been, in a measure, forced upon me ; and should the reader derive either pleasure or profit from the perusal of these pages, he will owe it to the suggestion and liberality of Mr. Appleton, of New York.

At the beginning of my task, I am warned by a knowledge of numerous failures in the forms of "Reminiscences," "Memoirs," and "Autobiographies"—"Diaries" more especially—of the errors into which writers of such works are so liable to fall. Few books of the kind have appeared in the years over which my experience extends, that would not have been considerably improved by being materially

abridged. "Forewarned is forearmed." I shall strive not to class my own volumes among these over-burdened leviathans.

If anybody accuse me of egotism, he will do me injustice. Certainly, the pronoun of the first person will predominate in these pages: its employment can not be avoided; for though the work is in no sense an Autobiography, these, as the reader will, I hope, bear in mind, are *my* recollections, and there must necessarily be much concerning myself. I shall, however, labor rather to keep in the background than to thrust myself forward—retiring out of sight whenever my narrative permits. None the less, I shall in every instance write as I think. I earnestly hope that in avoiding arrogance I shall eschew affectation and pretense.

What the critics will say of my book I can not foretell; nor have I the anxiety regarding the matter that might beset a younger man. I have arrived at that period of life when indifference takes the place of hope; and do not write with a view to "golden opinions" when I say that, though I have, I think, reviewed the works of fifty thousand persons—authors and artists—I have ever striven to "do my spiriting gently," to be considerately generous rather than severely just; bearing constantly in mind that "ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss"—to have had always pleasure in giving pleasure, and pain in giving pain.

I have no intention to introduce or interpolate political matter. No doubt my Conservative principles will occasionally sway the pros and cons; but I shall study to avoid advocacy of any creed—religious or political; there are "fighters" enough, on either side, to render it unnecessary that I should descend into the arena.

It will be obvious that I do not mean to repeat in this Retrospect what I have published in the "Book of Memories";* but several great men and women have left earth since it was written: of them I shall give such notices as I can call to mind, and refer, though to a limited extent, to others of the band of immortals I have known, altering the manner as well as the matter, and largely abridging; for in the one case my Recollections were Memoirs; as I give them now, they are for the most part sketches, yet not, as I think, less interesting to the general reader.

* "The Book of Memories" of great men and women of the age, from personal acquaintance, published originally in the *Art Journal* and enlarged as a volume in 1867.

In composing the chapters that will follow, I shall strive to bear constantly in mind that I am writing principally for the grandchildren of the men and women who flourished when I began life. Without such stimulus, indeed, I should shrink from my task—deterred by the thought that much of what I have to relate will, to my contemporaries, appear commonplace. To their sons' sons, however, I may, I trust, be able to communicate much that may interest, enlighten, and instruct. The Retrospect extends over more than sixty years; and a dispassionate survey makes me pronounce it rather encouraging than depressing. My life has been, on the whole, a happy life; active, busy, and I dare add, useful. I shall not be visited by any very stinging self-reproach, as the years and incidents of a long life pass in review before me, and forms and faces of old familiar friends rise up at the mystic call of memory.

No doubt I shall wish to make my readers think well of me: no doubt that feeling will largely guide me in all I write; but it will, I trust, be far from self-laudation and self-glorification—sins that would be instantly detected, to be followed by condemnation—from which a mind, but lightly influenced by right, would instinctively shrink. But, as I have said, I shall write as I feel; and trust for ultimate judgment to a belief that I have earnestly desired to be useful in my generation, to say what may encourage and stimulate to ways of honorable labor, duty to God and justice to man. Let me hope, at the outset of my work, I may not be guilty of presumption, and that no such verdict will have been pronounced against me at its close.

In a word, I shall regard myself here more as an editor than an author, desirous to cull, digest, and arrange all I can find, or think of, that can interest readers, so making the Past a teacher of the Future.



RETROSPECT OF A LONG LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS, OF THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN.

I WAS born in the year 1800; thus, when joy-bells rang for the victory at Trafalgar, I was a child of five years old; when glad tidings came of the crowning triumph at Waterloo, a boy of fifteen; and when George III died, I was a young man. I have reported in the old House of Commons such "giants" as Canning and Brougham; George Stephenson opened his first line of railway some years after I became associated with the Press; and the Reform Bill of 1832 found me on the threshold of what is commonly considered middle age. I have seen many changes: I trust my readers will permit me to pause, before entering on my Personal Recollections, to talk about some of them. Old Time and I have been so long acquainted that it does not seem presumptuous to hope there may be matter of interest in details concerning work I have seen him do.

Beginning at one of the lowest rungs of Memory's ladder, I carry my readers back to a time when the TINDER-BOX was a household god. The "Tinder-Box" was the precursor of the lucifer match that can be lit in an instant; and, when quiescent, is inclosed in a case so pretty that it may be accepted as a graceful gift. Fifty years ago the tinder-box was as indispensable as was, and is, the tea-kettle that still sings on the hob—of the kitchen.

As an old acquaintance, the tinder-box is worth describing. It was, more or less, coarsely ornamental, and of varied forms. Ordinarily, it was an oblong wooden box some six or eight inches long and three or four in width, and was divided into two parts by a partition. In one of these was fitted a loose lid with a central knob, to drop in as a "damper" on the tinder; and in the other were kept the flint, steel, and bunches of brimstone matches. The "tinder" was scorched or half-burned linen rag. The flint and steel being struck together, emitted sparks, and then, as soon as a spark had fallen upon and ignited the tinder, the brimstone end of a "match"

was applied to it, and lit. The matches were thin slips of deal, five or six inches long and perhaps a quarter of an inch wide, cut to a point at each end, and dipped in melted brimstone; they were hawked about the country by itinerant venders. The fumes of the sulphur emitted a scent by no means pleasant to the olfactory nerves; in fact, the stench was strong enough to find its way from the kitchen to the attic of a lofty mansion! From the match thus ignited, a candle was lit—of mutton-fat usually, of “molds” where greater cost could be afforded. There were never candles on the table without the snuffer-tray and snuffers. It is almost as necessary to describe the snuffers as the tinder-box, for they are nearly as much of the past; when match-girls were members of a large profession instead of subjects for artists who would picture the olden time.

I can imagine Messrs. Bryant & May looking down with scorn on the ancient tinder-box, and Mr. Child on that invariable helper and consoler of the sick-room, in cottages or hospitals—the little “farthing rushlight,” comparing their achievements with the dips and molds, ancestors of the gas-burners of the present and the electric light—of the future.

I well remember the LINK BOYS—and have seen them attendants at gay parties—waiting to light the guests home. The link was formed of thread wisps, and carried by the “boys” to light the way for either carriages or pedestrians; on arrival it was quenched by its own extinguisher, generally placed on the railings near the hall door. A few of them are still left in our grand old squares of London; and in Russell Street, Bath, where I lately lodged, two yet remain as relics of ancient grandeur in the venerable city of King Bladud.

In those days LIGHTING BY GAS was a novelty that was making its way into public favor slowly and against a furious storm of opposition, and through the unsafe, miserably lit streets of London tottered at night feeble old creatures with staves and lanterns who were by a fiction styled “watchmen,” but whom the public knew best as “Charlies.” They came mostly from the workhouse, and their shelter between sunset and sunrise was a narrow rickety sentry-box, to overturn which, with its aged and decrepit occupant, was a favorite sport of all the “bloods” in town. Lamp-lighting was a profession, but the streets were so “dark with light,” that on the opposite side, if the street were at all broad, you could not tell whether it was a man or a woman who was passing.

Familiar to me in my youth were the old OIL LAMPS, those makers of darkness visible in our thoroughfares which the now sovereign king, Gas, has displaced. It is strange but true that one of the most bitter opponents to the introduction of gas was Sir Walter Scott, who denounced the “pestilential innovation” in a public speech. But the northern wizard speedily recognized the magic of the new light-

giver, and, changing with the times, took a prominent part in the formation of a gas company—causing Abbotsford to be lit with “the dangerous and deleterious air.”

Talking of Light, imagine a dreamer sixty years ago declaring that he would take the sun into his service, and by its aid procure a portrait of any person, or view of any locality, so accurate as to be sure of invariable recognition. He would have been looked upon as mentally aberrated, and his project classed with a scheme to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, and cast them upon a bed of roses. I was the fifth person in England whose outer semblance was taken by the process of Daguerre. It is now nothing more than a thin plate of metal on which a few marks are barely discernible. Photographs on paper followed not long afterward. In 1847, Fox Talbot, whose name designated the process known as “Talbotype,” gave me seven thousand impressions to introduce into *The Art Journal*. I have been examining some of these lately; they are faded and gone—pieces of slurred paper, nothing more. All know what photographs, not only of persons but of things, are now. They are permanent. There is hardly a place in the world that is not thus made familiar to our eyes; scarce a person of note whose features are not as well known to us as are those of our most intimate friends; the poorest artisan may delight his household by a few pence expended with an itinerant photographer! Photography is surely one of the marvels—not to say miracles—of the age, the interest and value of which it would be impossible to exaggerate.

POLICE GUARDIANS.—For the detection of crime and the capture of criminals, the Metropolis had its “Bow Street runners,” described in some of the earlier works of Dickens. I have had many a chat with Townsend, the most notorious thief-taker of his time, who had often received a pat on the shoulder from his “friend” the Prince of Wales. Townsend was a short, smart, active little man, who wore a flaxen bob-wig—his like may be seen at Madame Tussaud’s. He had passed his best days when I knew him. What stories he might have told! I wonder if in our well-trained “Constabulary” there are half a dozen half as good at exposing or detecting crime—or preventing it; as one of them expressed it to me, “taking off the fuse before the shell explodes.”

MAIL-COACHES.—The King’s lieges traveled mostly in mail-coaches, the guards of which carried arms, for, though the days of highwaymen were nearly over, those of footpads yet flourished, and robbing a coach was not wholly a crime of the past.*

* I was traveling in Ireland (it must have been about the year 1818) between Cork and Skibbereen, when I witnessed a stoppage of the mail to rob it. The

But if mail-coach traveling had its drawbacks, it had some pleasures that a railway journey lacks. True, the inside passenger had to pass hour after hour in a miserably cramped position ; if he managed to sleep, he was very likely to be awakened by some jolt that pitched him into an opposite passenger's arms.* The outsides were, of course, exposed to all elemental ills. But how pleasant were the fresh morning air, the jovial toot-toot of the guard's horn, and the exhilarating gallop of the horses ; how grateful the stoppages for meals—above all, for breakfast—at primitive and picturesque country inns ! Alas ! that supreme enjoyment was generally all too brief, for just as the passengers had fairly settled themselves to the well-spread table, in would come the coachman with the terrible announcement, "Coach ready, ladies and gemmen," and with a growl and a grumble up would start the company and rush to take their seats, leaving the meal paid for but only half consumed. My memory does not go so far back as that of Sir Walter Scott, who, in the novel of "St. Ronan's Well," pictured the mail-coaches of his time, and referred to the mounted postmen of a not much earlier period, who carried letters from one end of Scotland to the other at the rate of thirty miles a day. A model mail-coach may be seen nowadays every summer morning in Piccadilly ; but it is a fancy sketch ; and, occasionally, an aristocratic copy of it is encountered in Hyde Park, driven, perhaps, by a peer of the realm, who is prouder of being a skillful whip than he is of his Norman blood, and of his four-in-hand than of his seat in the Upper House.

In 1816, I traveled by a greatly improved coach from London to Bristol in twenty hours. It started in the afternoon and arrived at mid-day of the day succeeding. At that time coach-traveling at the rate of four miles an hour was not considered slow.

Sometimes experienced travelers would prove too much for coachman and landlord both. I remember a case in point. When all the other passengers had hurried out and grumblingly taken their places,

road was effectually barricaded by a huge tree, passage was impossible, and a dozen men with blackened faces speedily surrounded the coach. To attempt resistance would have been madness ; the guard wisely abstained from any, but surrendered his arms ; the priming was removed, and they were returned to him. The object of the gang was limited to acquiring the mail-bags ; they were known to contain some writs against a gentleman very popular in the district. These being extracted, the coach pursued its way without further interruption. The whole affair did not occupy five minutes. It was subsequently ascertained, however, that there had been a further purpose. The gentleman had that day paid his rent—all in bank-notes ; when the agent desired to mark them there was neither pen nor ink in the house ; *the mail-bag contained these notes*. Where they eventually found their way was never proved, but it was certain they did not reach the landlord, whose receipt was in the hands of his tenant, duly signed.

* It is an old story of the "inside" gentleman who, desiring to get out from the coach, was asked by a lady why he wished to do so, and answered, "Oh, only to stretch my legs !" "Pray don't do that," she said ; "I am sure they are long enough already !"

one man was seen sipping his tea and quietly eating his toast. "Coach starting, sir," quoth the landlord. "But I sha'n't start," responded the traveler, "until I have eaten my egg, which I can't do until I find a spoon." "A spoon!" exclaimed Boniface, and in great alarm scanned the breakfast-table. Not a spoon was there; rushing out he stopped the coach and insisted on every passenger being searched. After much time had been vainly occupied in this way, out stalked the traveler and quietly took his seat, submitting to be searched also. Just as the coach started he called out to the landlord, "You may as well look inside the tea-pot," and there, sure enough, the dozen silver spoons were found.

The last time I traveled by a mail-coach was to Cambridge before the Great Eastern line was finished. Half the journey was by railway; the other half by coach. It was a day of breeze and sunshine. The coachman was one of the last of the old race. I mounted upon the box-seat and sat by his side; at the crack of his whip, off went four fine horses at a spanking pace. I rubbed my hands with glee, and said, "What a delicious change from the hissing and howling railroad I have left!" The man looked at me with a glance of strong approval. The coach was going at the rate of twelve miles an hour, as I added, "And I'm sure this traveling is fast enough for any one!" He looked at me again: "Eh?" said he; "*them as wants to go faster, let 'em get out and run!*"

Akin to this, is an incident that happened to me not long ago, when landed at the Quay at Kingstown. Up, as usual, ran the car-drivers; each pressing me to let him convey me to Dublin, distant six miles. "Oh, no!" I said; "I'm going by the railroad." One of them stared at me in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Well, I wonder at your honor! you, an English gentleman, maybe for the first time in Ireland—that wouldn't rather be whisked up to Dublin in my nate little car, than be *dragged up to Dublin at the tail of a taa-kettle!*"

I have said that the days of highwaymen were over at the time of which I write, but that footpads still infested the more lonely roads. Indeed, to return to town after nightfall from such places as Hampstead and Blackheath inferred a walk attended with real danger, and I well remember a somewhat popular tea-garden at Hampstead, the landlord of which, to reassure his customers, advertised in the papers and placarded on his walls an announcement that at convenient distances on the route between the Heath and Tottenham Court Road he had posted "eight stout fellows armed with bludgeons for the protection of all persons who had tickets of admission to his establishment."

Ancient city as LONDON is, and great Metropolis though it has always been, the period of its most rapid and amazing increase is

about covered by my lifetime. The London of my boyhood knew Kensington as a village-like suburb, with fields and lanes that the ever-advancing tide of brick and mortar has since effaced; fifty years ago there was a turnpike-gate at Hyde Park Corner. Where Eaton Square now stands there were pleasant, though lonely, fields, and walking in them sixty years ago I have whispered tender confidences to a beloved companion. Brixton and Islington, Hackney and Peckham—such names then called up thoughts of fertile meadows, that in summer waved with ripening corn or were starred with innumerable daisies, and amid which stood veritable farm-houses. Many times—but that is not so very long ago—I have gathered blackberries, in a rustic lane, through which a muddy stream meandered, on the site of Cromwell Road and the South Kensington Museum. Old General Oglethorpe told Samuel Rogers he had shot snipe where Conduit Street, New Bond Street, now stands; and Samuel Rogers related that fact to me. When Lord Erskine lived in Gower Street, he grew peaches in his garden, and had from his drawing-room window an uninterrupted view of Highgate Hill. The painter, Mulready, showed me a sketch of a gravel-pit, and asked me where I supposed it was painted, adding, "On the site of Russell Square."

THE PARKS.—Do those who walk or ride about HYDE PARK and KENSINGTON GARDENS, and enjoy the singing of birds, the trees full of blossoms, the rich and varied banks and borders of flowers, the graceful fountains and delicious views that make one oblivious of London—above all, the merry voices of children delighting in the air that gives them health and pleasure—do any such contrast their aspect to-day with what it was even forty years ago? Let them breathe a blessing on the memory of Sir Benjamin Hall, Lord Llanover, who commenced the work that is now a vast delight as well as health-boon to the millions of the Metropolis. Who remembers the unwholesome swamps called Battersea Fields? Compare them with Battersea Park, and be thankful. And not only there, for the densely populated district known as the East End has it luxury of which all-comers may partake; other districts of the Metropolis will soon have theirs. All the leading cities and towns of Britain are thus endowed, in many cases resulting from the merciful thought and beneficent help of private individuals. Contrast these mighty boons with the tea-gardens of Sadler's Wells and Bagnigge Wells: even with stately Vauxhall, of fifty years ago. They were then the only places where the pure air of the country was to be enjoyed by London citizens and their families: games of skittles being the poor predecessors of the manly cricket.

PILLIONS.—I would give something now to see a lady riding on a pillion, going to church behind her husband, or even her groom—as

used to be the case so often in my boyhood. One may yet see, occasionally, the stone steps at the church gate—the “upping stones”—but the pillion must be sought for in old pictures. Sixty years ago at least a score of pillions might have been seen waiting for fair occupants, with attendant squires to help them to mount, when the sermon had been read and the benediction given. And in far more recent times than that, the farmer would bestride his sturdy cob, his wife mount the pillion behind him; her basket of eggs and butter would be handed up to her, and away they would jog, comfortably, to market.

We do hear now and then the pit-pat of the old “PATTEN”—never in the street, but occasionally in the yard, sometimes in the back-kitchen; we look in vain for pattens in the church porch, where they used to be left until service was over. But though pattens have pretty nearly disappeared from among us, their name is still preserved in London; we have still existing a “Right Worshipful Company of Patten Makers.”*

What would the manifold cape-coated COACHMAN of old times have said had he dreamed of the “Hansom” that dashes from Piccadilly to the Mansion House in less than twenty minutes? What would the “jolly young waterman” say to the penny steamer, the rival of his “trim-built wherry”? What would Captain Barclay have said to walking—not 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours (once a wonder of the world), but 2,500 miles in 1,000 hours? What would the venerable watchman—sole guardian of the night—have said could he have seen his smartly clad and active grandson—the policeman of the present day—here, there, and everywhere, his handy staff and dark lantern ready to act where thieves were likely to break in and steal? Had Byron been asked to supplement his swim across the Hellespont by swimming from Dover cliffs to Calais pier, he would have as soon expected to see the promise of the old song verified—the “cow jumping over the moon!”

OMNIBUSES.—Who, when he steps into an omnibus and takes a drive of five or six miles for as many half-pence, remembers the days of the old hackney-coaches—lumbering vehicles, generally worn-out and “done with” carriages of gentry, to which *two* horses were always attached—and the fat coachman, whose great-coat with half a dozen capes weighed a hundred-weight? He would have considered four miles an hour at two shillings a mile hard driving and money hardly earned!

* Ladies always left their pattens in the church porch: it was a Sunday treat for reckless boys so to mix them—confusing the pairs—as to cause half an hour’s delay after church to bring the pairs together so that each lady might have her own.

SEA-VOYAGES.—And what an astounding revolution steam has wrought in long voyages ! Can the passenger who takes his berth in one of the magnificent ocean-steamers that now traverse the distance between Liverpool and New York in less than ten days—lately accomplished in seven days—realize a time when passages of from sixty to sixty-five days were of constant occurrence, and when voyages of even twice that duration were not unheard of ? Were the States to appoint a minister to Japan, he would now traverse the distance between Washington and Yokohama in less time than in 1820 it took General Cass to cross the Atlantic. The General had been for some time American Minister at the English Court ; and on his return journey it was his unhappy fate to be at sea between Portsmouth and New York no fewer than one hundred and fifteen days. Even Ireland was in those days practically much farther off than America is now. A voyage there sometimes took a month between port and port ; in 1816, when I went by the sailing packet from Bristol to Cork, forty-two days of waiting had actually gone by before my feet were on the quay of “the beautiful city.” Putting out and putting back, of course, included, but nobody dared risk the sleeping ashore.

People of the present generation see nothing and know nothing of SEDAN CHAIRS ;* but far into my time they were the usual modes of conveyance of ladies and gentlemen going to parties, balls, assemblies, or the theatre, and were also employed in making calls, or “going shopping.” The well-to-do had their own ; those who had them not could hire them, and at night they were accompanied by link-boys carrying burning torches. It was, literally, the body of a carriage just large enough to hold one person comfortably, without wheels, and was carried on poles passed through loops or staples, by two men—one in front, the other behind. The door was in front, and the vehicle was so constructed that the top would lift up by means of hinges. They are now things of the past—the private brougham or the public cab, and the Bath chair, being their substitutes.

NEWSPAPERS.—In the days to which my recollection goes back a daily newspaper cost sevenpence, and the postage of a letter, which could only consist of a single sheet, made a terrible hole in a shilling ; if written on two pieces of paper, or even if a scrap were inclosed, double postage, often amounting to half a crown or more, was charged. Envelopes were entirely unknown : they were things *in futuro*. Wafers had come to be looked upon as indignities ; to put a wafer on a letter was a thing seldom done, sealing-wax being

* The “Sedan,” which took its name from the town of Sedan in France, where they were first made, was introduced into England by Sir Saunders Duncombe, in 1634.

always used in writing to any person above the rank of a tradesman. The indignant protest of Lord Chesterfield will be remembered, "The rascal sent me his spittle."

Then INDIA-RUBBER was, as its name denotes, of value only to rub out pencil-marks ; gutta-percha was as little known as if it had been grown in one of the fixed stars ; and cocoanut-fiber a nuisance that would neither burn nor decay into manure. Now, thanks to the energy and enterprise of the late Mr. Treloar, we see what fifty years ago was considered useless rubbish converted into door-mats and many other things of a similar nature. The refuse of manufactories and workshops has become most useful and of great value. No doubt the matter has been fully treated and explained.

CHLOROFORM.—How large is the debt of humanity to those who brought chloroform to the relief of suffering, enabling the most important and difficult operations in surgery to be effected without causing pain to the sufferer ! The theme is far too large for treatment here.

IMPORTED WATER.—It is among the wonders of the age in which we live that water is brought to us by long journeys and long voyages, many hundred miles, to be drunk at small cost. I believe there are half a score of Continental springs that supply our tables ; and ice that was frozen in Wenham Lake, thousands of miles away, is now as common as potatoes were a few years ago. I remember what a foolish visionary he was thought who, about thirty years back, first advertised *ice* for sale. It is now a necessity rather than a luxury, and a score of lakes as big as that of Wenham go but a small way to satisfy our needs.

Some twenty years ago, while resident for a season at the pretty and healthful baths of Nieuwenahr, we used always to stop—during our drives—at the Apollinaris spring, to enjoy a draught of its delicious water. He would have been a dreamer then who had foretold that a time was near at hand when we might drink it at our dinner-tables in London city.

CLERGYMEN.—It became a sort of proverb that the "fool of the family" was to be "a parson," thus dedicating to the service of God one who was not likely to be of any service to man ; when clergymen were not ashamed to practice minor vices, and only shrank from exposure of such as were opprobrious ; when rectors, canons, and even prelates, were more ambitious of distinction in the hunting-field than in the pulpit ; and not unfrequently pandered to rank in the closet where they should have called a sinner to repentance. This

is no exaggeration. I can gather much confirmatory evidence from those who go so far back in memory as sixty years.*

FACTORY SLAVES.—They were days when, in our COLLIERIES and FACTORIES, child-slaves labored from early morn till late night at tasks that killed them off before manhood or womanhood was reached ; or, if a hardy few survived, those years of horrid toil placed the stamp of premature age on faces that should have been those of primal youth. They were days when no law prevented Lancashire mill-owners from exacting fourteen and fifteen hours of monotonous toil daily from the tender frames of young children whose ages were sometimes barely half as many years ; when in Yorkshire collieries miserable little creatures under ten years old crawled along passages that sometimes were not more than two feet high, dragging trucks of coal by a chain attached to a girdle that went round their half-naked bodies, and often wore away the skin. Whatever may be the national evils of the present day, it is a happy thought that the laws of the country have removed this foul blot of child-slavery from the land, that in our factories are now to be found no miserable little serfs enduring a daily bondage of fifteen hours, and that even in our collieries sights such as those described in Parliament so late as 1842 are now impossible. In that year Lord Ashley (the good Earl of Shaftesbury), addressing the House of Commons, thus depicted the condition of the children of either sex employed in Yorkshire pits :

“The child has a girdle round the waist, to which is attached a chain that passes under the legs and is attached to the cart. He or she is obliged to pass on all-fours, and the chain passes under what therefore, in that posture, might be called the hind-legs, and thus they have to pass through avenues not so good as a common sewer.”

Said a witness, Robert North, examined before the Commissioners : “I went into the pit at seven years of age. When I drew by the girdle and chain the skin was broken and the blood ran down. If we said anything they would beat us. I have seen many draw at six. They must do it or be beat. They can not straighten their backs during the day.”

* I have heard a clergyman preach, his cassock hiding a red coat, so that at once, when his short and hurried sermon was over, he might be ready to mount and follow the hounds ! I knew a rector in Buckinghamshire (the living was his own, from which he could not be removed) who became the hero of the following incident : One bitterly cold Christmas-day, a congregation of a score of male attendants was gathered in his church ; after giving out a few prayers, he thus addressed his congregation : “Now, my lads, which will ye have, a sermon or a pint of ale ?” After a brief consultation, one of them answered, “Yer Reverence, we’d rather have the pint o’ yale.” “Well, then, come away.” But an old man stood out for the sermon, until some one whispered into the ear of the parson, “Yer Reverence, offer him a quart.” His Reverence took the hint. “Yaa,” was the answer, “I’ll go for a quart !” And so the whole congregation trooped off to the Rectory, the flock drank their ale, and the pastor was spared the sermon. I was christened by a clergyman who, being in daily dread of bailiffs, had a tunnel made between the church and his house adjoining : his house he could guard against intrusion, and in the church he could not be arrested.

Happily the past had its good as well as its evil; and terrible as must have been the sum of human suffering in England in those days, there were true servants of God everywhere at work to lighten it; in the Mrs. Fry and Wilberforce of that age we find the counterparts of the Florence Nightingale and Lord Shaftesbury of ours. It is through legislation promoted by humane and earnest men that such crying evils as those referred to have been removed.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—In the year 1823 I was a Parliamentary Reporter, and in that capacity attended many a debate in the old House of Commons, so long ago destroyed. Until recently I believed myself the oldest living member of the British Press, but I find that I was in error. Payne Collier, whose many valuable contributions to literature have made his name an honored one, and who is still laboring, informs me that if I am the “father,” he must be the “grandfather,” for that he was a worker in the Gallery of the House of Commons ten years before the date of which I write. *He*, therefore, may have reported the speeches of Curran and Sheridan, although my Recollections take me no further back than to the nights of debate when Canning was in his vigor, and Brougham in his prime.*

There were other “giants” in both Houses, and I can not begin these Recollections better than by drawing on whatever fund of reminiscences I may preserve concerning them. The pre-eminent duty of a writer of such volumes as these is to tell his readers what few or none but he can tell, describing from personal knowledge the great men who flourished during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Neither are there many—either among members, reporters, or the general public—who can recall, as I can, so far-gone a past, as to be enabled to picture from memory the old House of Commons, destroyed by fire in 1834.† It was dark: always so insufficiently lit that on the back benches no one could read a paper, and so ill ventilated that few constitutions could long bear the unwholesome atmosphere. So limited was the available space that three fourths only of the six hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen who represented England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Berwick-upon-

* There are others yet living, I rejoice to say, whom I have the honor to name as my contemporaries: among them, the present Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who is two years my senior; Charles Ross, who was my contemporary as reporter on the great newspaper—the oracle and teacher of the world—of which he is now one of the editors; and John Byrne, who has been for more than half a century one of the conductors of a daily London newspaper.

† On the 16th of October in that year, all London and its suburbs for many miles round saw the light. Turner painted the scene. Westminster Hall was saved with difficulty; its destruction would have been a calamity indeed. The *London Gazette* of that date furnished all particulars, and it was ascertained that the fire originated in the burning of “exchequer tallies” in one of the stoves for heating the flues of the House of Lords. The loss was a gain.

Tweed, were able to obtain seats, although the galleries right and left were thronged. Tiers of seats, to the number, I think, of five, rose gradually on either side from the floor, the upper row being under the galleries; and any member who succeeded in "getting on his legs" was so cramped in that he could hardly move his limbs while addressing the House. The central space was tolerably large. At one end were the cross-benches on which independent members (i. e., such as were not avowedly attached to any party) seated themselves, and at the other end sat the Speaker in a gilt and canopied easy-chair. On his right was the Treasury Bench, i. e., the bench on which sat the Ministers of the Crown and their most influential supporters; behind and above were massed the Government adherents. On the Speaker's left were arrayed the leaders and members of the Opposition. The Strangers' Gallery held probably two hundred. No women were admitted—that is to say, none who were habited in the apparel of their sex, but I have frequently seen there ladies dressed in male attire. The fair sex were, however, allowed admittance to the "pigeon-holes" above the ventilator in the roof, from whence, through crevices, they might see and hear what was going on in the House. At the back of the Strangers' Gallery was the Reporters' Bench; it was the very worst seat in the House, and if there had been a deliberate determination on the part of the Legislature to place in the way of reporting obstacles all but impossible to surmount, that determination could not by any possibility have been more successfully carried out.

"Strangers" were admitted by written and dated orders from members, or by payment of half-crowns to the door-keepers, and it was not unusual on important occasions for applicants to have to wait in the lobby for hours on the chance of at length securing admission; often to learn, at last, that there was no room—the gallery having already been filled by unfair prearrangement with the door-keepers. In fact, it is almost impossible to conceive a place of public meeting more utterly unsuited to its purpose, or more unworthy of a nation, where the destinies of that nation, for evil or for good, were to be decided by its representatives. I write only of the House of Commons, for the House of Peers, although mean enough, was comparatively a paradise. It had ample room, the air was seldom tainted by overcrowding, and it had an aspect, if not of dignity, at least of respectability. Midway between the throne and the bar was the woolsack, the seat of the Lord Chancellor, Speaker of the House. Below the bar was the space appropriated to the public, but there were no seats for strangers, and those who wished to hear the debates had perforce to stand during the whole time they remained. Such were our Houses of Legislature at the period of which I write.

Although the buildings were in themselves mean, they derived dignity from the men who nightly assembled in them. Alas! I can

but exclaim with a sigh for the ravages Time has made, and a proud consciousness of the debt their country owes to the illustrious dead—"There were giants in those days!"

Such changes has Time wrought, that at the present day reporters are better cared for than are the members themselves. From 1823 to 1834 who of us would have built so incredible an air-castle as to have foretold a time when Parliamentary reporters would be provided not only with seats where they could see and hear, but actually with a separate apartment where notes might be transcribed, and—*mirabile dictu*—a dining-room and kitchen within the walls, and a smoking-room of their own; besides a telegraph and telephone fitted within the House for their special use and convenience? What a contrast to sixty years ago! Is it not one that may well excite the lively gratitude of those who discharge the arduous duty of providing the public with faithful reports of the speeches in the House? Nor has the public failed to be a great gainer by the change. The words "inaudible in the gallery" now seldom occur in a report: they were frequent enough then.

ELECTIONS.—Sixty years ago were the days of HUSTINGS and hard-fought ELECTIONS, the fighting being literally such—between bands of hired roughs in the pay of opposing candidates. They were days when to record a vote was often a matter involving peril to limb or even life, and when an unpopular candidate had frequently to beat a hasty retreat from the hustings under a shower of cabbage-stumps and brickbats, if not of even more unpleasant interruptions to his oratory.*

It will be remembered that I write of the Parliaments that sat in the decade preceding the Reform Bill of 1832. To many, the details I give will seem like records of a prehistoric age: the time when "rotten boroughs" such as Gatton and Old Sarum were sacred props of the British Constitution, and duly returned representatives by means of an electorate of some four votes; while Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, Greenwich, and Brighton, as well as other great centers of population and industry, were without a single member; when British legislators bought and paid for "the most sweet voices" that sent them into the House of Commons; when an election for a county required a clear fortnight to take the poll; when polling-booths were filthier than butchers' shambles; and when our "sacred liberties" were as much matters of barter, as notoriously for sale, as were the carriages that conveyed candidates to the hustings! Not *in* the

* I was reporting the proceedings at an election for Westminster, in Covent Garden Market, when a dead cat flung at the platform struck me in the face. It had been aimed, not at me, but at the unpopular candidate, who had dared to oppose the "beloved of the people."

House, however. The time when Ministers openly purchased votes belongs to a period further back than that I recall. Bribery and corruption of that description were, happily, as completely absent from Parliament in those days as now; and if every man *had* his price, it was not a *money* price: the honor of Parliamentary representatives was then, as now, in that way unscathed.

While I am dealing with this subject, a few references to the means by which the political warfare of those days was mainly carried on may not be out of place. It is lamentable to think of the large number of once rich families that traced their descent from prosperity to poverty—to contested elections. There is good authority for believing that the election for Yorkshire in 1817 cost the three contending parties half a million of money, one of the candidates being William Wilberforce, whose expenses were, however, largely defrayed by subscription. It was stated by Mr. Bright at Birmingham, in 1866, that an election for Yarmouth had cost one of the candidates £70,000. Lord Monson bought the "rotten borough" of Gatton, with its one hundred inhabitants, for £100,000; and the freemen of several boroughs regularly received £100 each for their votes. It was the piteous but serious complaint of those of St. Albans, during a season of distress, that they had nothing else to sell; and it was well known that often, in contested borough elections, a cabbage would be valued at five or ten pounds, and sold to the candidate accordingly; while an anecdote is narrated of a certain "free and independent elector" who had the luck to buy for a shilling a litter of young pigs, which another "free and independent elector" had just sold for a hundred pounds! "Mister *Most* is my master always," significantly replied a patriot of this stamp when asked by a candidate for his vote.

I was present when a country Hodge tendered his vote for Mr. H——, who was not a candidate at all, but was his landlord, and neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to vote for any other.

I was once in a room that had a communication by a spout with a room below. A slip of paper was sent *up* through this spout, and a small but heavy packet was sent *down* by the same channel. An election was "on" that day! In short, *he* got into Parliament cheaply who paid for his seat less than £6,000.

It is hardly requisite to say that this was not the only electoral evil. County elections continued for a fortnight,* during which every public-house was, night and day, a scene of shocking debauchery. Not only drunkenness, but brutality and wickedness of all kinds, swayed the mob on either side, and to call out the military at

* The election for Westminster in 1784 lasted forty days. It was during this contest that the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the lovely champion of Charles Fox, bought a blacksmith's vote for a kiss.

an election was a common occurrence, although it was against the law for a soldier to be seen in uniform while an election was in progress.

Afterward came the consequences, the settlements between landlords and tenants forming a prominent part of the "bill of costs."*

Many of the best men in Parliament, among others Canning and Peel, not only maintained, but received as sacred truths, theories concerning the British Constitution that if propounded now would be met with absolute derision. "From the day the Bill [the Catholic Relief Bill] passes, the sun of Great Britain will set"—I heard these words as Lord Eldon uttered them from his place in the House of Lords, and saw the venerable man shed tears as he spoke them. He believed his language was a prophecy, and wept as he foreboded the fatal doom of his country and all the glorious institutions so many great and good men had striven to establish.

Sixty years ago no Jew could sit in Parliament; no Dissenter could there represent a constituency; no Roman Catholic could take his seat, though the voters who would have sent him to the House outnumbered the adverse Protestant minority twenty to one. Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts opened the doors of the House of Commons to Catholics and Dissenters; and the same liberal and tolerant legislation has since been extended to Jews.†

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Although the right of dealing wholesale in human flesh had, very early in the century, been reluctantly and not without a fierce struggle abandoned, the right of cruelty to all the lower animals of creation was sacred; and bull-baiting, dog-fighting, and cock-fighting, although beginning to be unsavory, were not illegal, while a prize-fight, of man with man, for money stakes, was an institution so essential to liberty that he who counseled its suppression would have been more unpopular than he who proposed abolition of trial by jury. So far from pugilism being considered a bar to honors, one prize-fighter, John Gully, who had won his laurels in the Ring, and had amassed money, became Member of Parliament for the borough of Pontefract, in two successive Parliaments. In those days Parliament did not adjourn, as they do now, over the Derby Day; but they *did* adjourn—or made no House—that the

* Innumerable promises of places under Government, ranging from that of an excise-officer up to a Secretary of State, which promises were always among the coin tendered by a candidate on the right side, that had to be redeemed or evaded.

† "One member of Parliament urged that to give the Jews a resting-place in England would invalidate prophecy and destroy one of the principal reasons for believing in the Christian religion. . . . The Mayor and Corporation of London petitioned against the Bill. The clergy all over England denounced it. The Bishops who had voted for the Bill were insulted in the streets."—*Lecky*.

"Champion of England" might be fittingly received at a public entertainment.

PRIZE-FIGHTS.—There may not be many of my readers who have witnessed a PRIZE-FIGHT at Moulsey Hurst. I can carry them back to the time when that degrading and brutal "sport" was an honored institution of our country—an institution upheld far into the present century and supported even by Royalty. In those days large sums were paid for selected places to view a fight. The Ring had its supporters in thieves and demi-reps, the roads were infested with notorious robbers, the police were utterly powerless, and all the actors in such infernal scenes felt secure in the impunity they derived from the knowledge that an appreciative public was about to enjoy a "treat." It was not once a year, but a hundred times within the twelve months, that such "treats" were provided. My duties compelled me to attend such more than once, and at this moment I can not recall without a shudder the revolting spectacles I witnessed—two combatants, with bruised and battered heads, each seated on the knee of his "bottle-holder" sipping spirits, breathing for a few seconds until at the umpire's call of "Time" each again rose to "maul" the other. Often one of the two was either taken up dead or died as a consequence of the "bruising." A fight sometimes occupied two hours; generally one hour; and usually consisted of between forty and sixty "rounds." "A first-rate treat may be expected" was a stereotyped sentence of the prize-fighters' journals.

Sometimes, at the meeting "to settle," neither was able to put in an appearance. Generally, however, the men were "made-up" for the occasion; and I well remember seeing a wretched fellow, with a bandaged jaw and several plaster patches, receiving the congratulations of his backers in the presence of his wife and half a dozen children. It was at the public-house of the famous Tom Cribb,* in King Street, St. James's; the Cribb who is lauded in much evil literature of the period, and with whom the Prince Regent (who is said to have driven another famous bruiser, Tom Spring, through the streets of London) frequently shook hands.

The "heroes of the prize-ring" were by no means Bayards. "Cross-fights" were very common incidents—that is to say, fights where the best man consented, "for a consideration," to be beaten, while those who gave odds against him were sure to be great gainers by the event. There are long lists of the after-consequences of a fight, and there are records of several resulting in trials for murder, but never did sentence and execution follow. Judges seldom in-

* George IV, when Prince of Wales, was a liberal patron of the prize-ring; so was the Duke of York. They were often present to pet and encourage the heroes of such interesting occasions. Lord Byron was proud of his personal intimacy with the prize-fighter, "Gentleman Jackson."

sisted on verdicts, and juries were sure to acquit, or at the worst to say, "Guilty of manslaughter in self-defense." Parliament was not altogether an indifferent looker-on; and although Gully, a prize-fighter, as I have stated, sat as M. P. for Pontefract for some years, many wise and merciful members raised their voices against the scandalous and degrading practice, and cried it down. Among them was O'Connell, who from his place in the House characterized these disgusting exhibitions as "cowardly, savage, and fraudulent—sources of monstrous evil"; and proclaimed amid cheers that "all connivers, aiders, and abettors, and witnesses of fatal prize-fights were guilty of murder."

I remember asking Tom Cribb (so long the "Champion of England") to let me feel his right arm: it was like a wedge of iron, a dense mass of muscle; it might have given, and often did, a blow as effectual as that of a sledge-hammer. Shortly before his death Cribb weighed twenty stone. Of course a thick skull was the most promising requirement next to a strong arm. The skull of a noted prize-fighter in Surgeons' Hall weighs just double that of any other skull in the multifarious collection. Tom Moore wrote of Cribb:

"He had found (such his humor for fighting and eating)
His foe, like his beefsteak, the better for beating."

But the magistrates generally were worse than supine; Government was more than indifferent; the Home Secretary seldom saw it his duty to interfere; juries were slow to convict;* and a prize-fight was indeed looked upon as a public holiday or country "outing." The practice of this "noble art of self-defense," as it was grandly called, was vaunted as a mode of keeping up the manly English courage that had won the battles of the country from Crecy to Waterloo; a nursery for the heroes who (like Shaw, the life-guardsmen who had been a prize-fighter) could and would slay each half a dozen before they were themselves.

The profession was looked upon as a glory and a distinction, instead of what it truly was, a degradation and a shame. The belt of the "Champion of England" was a badge that gave loftier eminence to its wearer than the Garter, and people accepted as an honor the hand-shake of a ruffian who had degraded humanity. And all this created by a foul and pestilent delusion that the brave and manly character of Englishmen was sustained and augmented by a system that lowered it below the condition of the most ferocious beasts!

* In July, 1830, Symon Byrne was tried at Buckingham for killing Sandy M'Kay in a prize-fight. The case was as clear as the sun at noonday. Nevertheless the jury returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY. M'Kay had received many heavy blows about the right temple, and his face was so frightfully cut and disfigured that the features were lost in a confused mass of gore and bruises. He was bled in the Ring, but was totally insensible.

On one occasion within my remembrance the victor was borne from the field of his glory, in a coach-and-four, covered with laurels. The excitement of the annual University boat-race conveys but a faint idea of what were then the attractions of a prize-fight. Crowded steamboats, heavily laden coaches, private conveyances by thousands, conveyed tens of thousands to "the mill," and the public-houses kept by notorious "professors" were thronged, day by day, prior to a fight coming off. Every change in the betting was chronicled with more accuracy than similar fluctuations at Epsom or Ascot; weekly statements of progress in training were duly reported; and thus a shameful publicity was given to every movement that bore upon the anticipated "treat."*

It is stated upon safe authority that on one occasion 80,000 people had assembled to witness a prize-fight.

It may be true that the annual saturnalia at Epsom and Doncaster are not far-off cousins to those of Moulsey and Erith; but a time may come when the records of the "Derby" will be read with almost as much loathing and wonderment as are those of the human beasts either participators in, or encouragers of, prize-fights; when the House of Commons will revert with shame to its annual motion to adjourn over "the day"; and the pretense that they improve the breed of horses be as thoroughly ignored as is now the opinion that the scenes I have described kept up the manly character of Christian men in England.

Let me picture "a glorious gathering" of which I formed a very insignificant unit. I was a reporter, and my duty was to look on and describe. I forget the precise occasion, but the scene is as clearly before me as if it occurred yesterday. A huge, powerful, hideous-looking negro, named Molyneux (the name was as famous then, and as much in public mouths, as that of the Duke of Wellington), had won one of his victories; subsequently, he was "smashed" by Tom

* The "language of the Ring" had its peculiarities, and the sporting reporters invented modes of expression that were eminently in keeping with the demoralizing and depraving exhibitions they described. I quote a few illustrative passages from newspaper reports of the period:

"A nasty crack on the left jaw rattled the Crispin's ivories and knocked his head on one side with a chop heard all over the Ring." "A shower of blows on his already damaged nob." "The severity of his fibbing being something like the kick of a horse." "A crashing blow inside the left ear floored the man as cleanly as many a time he had floored one of his own bullocks." "His brain seemed addled by the incessant hammering of Barlee's mawleys upon his sconce." "The blood gushed from his nose, mouth, and ears." "His legs tottered under his bulky carcass; scarcely able to lift his arms, and nearly blind, he seemed groping to find where his opponent was." "His mouth was horribly cut, his whole face was a mass of contusions, and he was all but blind; he was covered with his own blood. Human nature could sustain no more; he was borne from the Ring, insensible to everything around him," etc.

Cribb, but at that time he bore such blushing honors as his black face could express, and was, if not the glass of fashion, certainly the observed of all observers.

The occasion was a banquet of congratulation to the "hero." A nobleman was in the chair, above the salt were many men of high social rank, on the higher seats mingled aiders, patrons, and sympathizers, including, of course, all the professors of "the noble science." On the left of the chairman was the Champion of England, on his right was the hero of the day. After the customary toasts came the toast of the evening—"the victor Molyneux." Up rose the ruffian, one arm in a sling, the other grasping a brimming bumper. When the chorus of cheers, repeated again and again (for there were present not a few whose pockets had been lined by his prowess), had died into silence, he delivered his speech of acknowledgment and thanks—as well as he could, that is to say: for his broken jaw was covered by a silk handkerchief, large strips of diachylon-plaster kept up his lower lip; in fact, his head was a mass of cuts and bruises, and no doubt it was the same with his body. It would be a libel on the brutes of creation to compare them with this hideous sample of humanity. Yet Pericles never walked the streets of Athens followed by a greater crowd of admirers. The banquet in his honor was but one of many ovations offered to this huge mass of muscle, whose only merit was that he could take any amount of "walloping" with apparently as much indifference as if the blows were delivered upon a mass of actual stone.

I walked over Moulsey Hurst* very lately, and recalled the fights that made it famous fifty years ago. The glory had departed, only a faint memory of it remains, and probably out of some thousands present, there was not one who remembered the Hurst in its palmy days. It was the day of the Hampton Races, and the mob was as low and ruffianly as that which glorified the field half a century ago. There was nothing to remind one of the old shows except the gingerbread-stalls. I bought some cakes to distribute among the groups of children who surely had no business there. I happened to remark that they reminded me of another institution of the past—Bartholomew Fair. I was overheard by an aged man, who put in a word of lamentation over the decadence of such gatherings—his "Ah! ah!" was true pathos.

Few who have had the "luck" to see, will have forgotten the systematically arranged prize DOG-FIGHTS of those days. They were fights between trained bull-dogs, truly British, who loved fighting

* Moulsey Hurst is in Surrey, bordering the Thames; in case of interference to prevent a fight, it was easy to cross the river, and continue the affair in Middlesex, on the other side, where Surrey magistrates had no jurisdiction,

better than their food, and were incited ferociously to worry each other. The revolting exhibitions were publicly advertised and largely patronized by the nobility and gentry of these realms. Enormous sums were paid for well-known victors, and bets from shillings up to thousands of pounds were freely staked upon the issue of an encounter. Bull-baiting was a popular amusement of somewhat earlier date, but cock-fighting was then in the zenith of its renown. Has any collector of curiosities, I wonder, preserved a pair of the steel spurs with which one bird had stricken out the eyes of another, and crowed victory over a slain enemy before he was himself killed, but not before he had gained large sums for his backers?

Bad as was the practice of cock-fighting, nourishing, as it did, all odious sentiments and cruel propensities, it was not so bad as the custom, vigorous in 1882, of prize PIGEON-SHOOTING, which degrades and disgraces humanity. The instinct of chanticleer led him to slaughter his foe; but what can we say of gentlemen, who, with their ladies, take delight in breaking the legs and wings and wounding to death birds the gentlest and most loving of their kind—and who take pride in the announcement that out of thirty shots twenty-nine were fatal? The lessons taught, especially to the young, at Hurlingham are at least as pregnant with evil as those that gave us warnings by the doings of cock-fighters in the Potteries, and the human brutes of prize-fighters at Erith and Moulsey Hurst. I once saw a bird that had been picked up outside bounds at one of these matches near aristocratic Kensington; its wing was riddled with shot and its leg broken, so was its bill. There was a terrible indictment presented in its condition against the gratuitous murderer, who was no doubt receiving at that moment the congratulations of his friends, and the grateful acknowledgments of those who had won money by his skill in butchering! Mine was not the hand that put it out of its misery, but I saw it done. A mute appeal of suffering in its glazed eyes was a prayer for release, and I thought—Could any member of that club of gentlemen—in the presence of well-born and well-bred ladies sitting around the arena—see these little, gentle, loving birds in agony, would it be possible for him to fire another shot to bring down such innocent quarry?

DRACONIC STATUTES.—In nothing has the change been more marked than in our criminal laws. Passing the Old Bailey in 1816, I remember seeing six men and one woman pendent from a high gallows outside Newgate. Neither the execution of so many unhappy wretches, nor the putting them to a public death, is now possible.* Up to 1824, “there were two hundred and twenty-three of-

* Mary Jones was convicted of having stolen a piece of cotton cloth, value eight shillings, from a shop-door in Ludgate Hill in 1818. The poor creature's case ap-

fenses which were made capital by the laws of England, and out of that doleful number of Draconic statutes no fewer than one hundred and eighty-seven had been passed since the accession of Charles II. In the seven years from 1819 to 1825 there were five hundred and seventy-nine executions, and, of the wretched criminals hanged, less than one fifth were murderers, the remainder being strangled for such crimes as burglary, cattle-stealing, arson, forgery, uttering false notes, horse-stealing, robbery, sacrilege, and sheep-stealing." *

How often has my heart bled when reporting trials and sentences at the Old Bailey, ending in the three fearful words, "Left for death"! There are some who can recall, as I can, the pun on the name of the Newgate chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Cotton, so often the associate of "Mr." Ketch—a dismal joke of the period—the victim dying with "*a bit of cotton in his ear.*"

THE PILLORY.—Many curious modes of punishment, happily obsolete, I have seen, at one time or other, inflicted upon unfortunate men who were offenders against law. I have seen men in the pillory, men flogged at the cart's tail, men in the stocks often, but that was scarcely counted as anything of an infliction. The PILLORY is one of the oldest of our engines of punishment, and has been in use in England certainly from Saxon days. Its shape varied considerably, but its general form was that of the stocks, only instead of being for the legs it was for the neck and wrists, and was generally elevated, sometimes indeed turning round on a pivot. The culprit—his head, or rather neck, being fastened in the central aperture, and his wrists clasped in the smaller holes, one on each side—was compelled to stand an hour or more on market-day generally, for three consecutive weeks, to receive the gibes, jeers, and missiles of the rabble: often leaving it maimed for life. (I quote from the

peared to have excited great commiseration at the time among the population generally, and among them many members of the peerage.

Mary Jones was a native of Cornwall. Her husband, then an artisan, had formerly been a sailor, and, as the Government was sorely in want of seamen at the time, he was pressed and sent to sea. His wife, a woman of unblemished character, made, with an infant at the breast, the journey on foot to London to find her husband, and if not successful, a relative whom she thought would give her shelter. She was disappointed in both cases, and, after wandering about the streets for some days in a starving condition, she, driven to desperation, purloined from a shop the piece of cloth. The cry was raised, and the master of the shop ran out of his house in pursuit of the thief, who, it appeared, had repented of her crime, and was returning to the shop with the cloth in her hand. At her trial she was found guilty, but the jury strongly recommended her to mercy on account of her previous good character. All, however, was of no avail. The judge, one of the good old British school, would not indorse the recommendation of the jury. The majesty of the law had to be avenged. The woman was hung at Tyburn, her infant being taken from her breast at the foot of the gallows.

* I quote this from the *Daily Telegraph*, August, 1882, and rely on its accuracy, although, even to me, it seems incredible.

statement of my friend Llewellyn Jewitt.) "It was a punishment inflicted alike on men and women, and one which was indeed dreadful to undergo. The dishonest baker and the cheating alewife, the seller of putrid flesh and the night brawler, the forger of letters and the courtesan, alike, in the early days of its institution, felt its sad effects, and it became at once—

"The terror of the cheat and quean,
Whose heads it often held, I ween."

And in later days free-speaking men, free-thinking politicians, free-writing authors, and free-acting publishers, were doomed to bear its infliction, and in many cases found it but the stepping-stone from, perhaps, obscurity to heroism, being looked upon as saints and martyrs who had passed through a fiery ordeal and had come out purified. To some poor starving authors and obscure publishers the pillory became a real blessing. They were condemned to it poor and unknown; they stood in it an hour or more, and then stepped out of it national martyrs whom many delighted to succor and honor. But not so with others. Some sensitive minds died through very shame and mortification, others died through ill-usage, and thus the pillory had its victims as well as the gallows." Its use except as a punishment for perjury was forbidden in 1815, and it was finally abolished altogether in 1837. In 1812, Eaton, the aged publisher of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," stood in the pillory and was lustily cheered; the last who suffered its infliction at the Old Bailey being Peter James Bossy, who had committed perjury, in 1832.*

THE STOCKS are equally old as an engine of punishment, and were until of late years in universal use. There could scarcely be found a village in England in which one of these instruments of parochial terror was not to be seen on the village green, against its churchyard wall, adjoining its cross, or in some other public situation; and there was scarcely a corporate or market town, or even city, which did not keep them in proper repair in some well-frequented spot, for the correction of delinquents and the maintenance of public order. The stocks, although always having precisely the same principle of construction, varied in form. Sometimes they were formed by two upright posts, a few feet apart, with a running slot up each. Two transverse beams, the lower one fixed and the upper moving up and down in the slots, had each semicircular holes cut, the one in the upper, the other in its lower edge, so that when

* In 1810, "at the bottom of Norris Street, Haymarket, six persons were placed in the pillory on one and the same day. They were brought from Newgate to the Haymarket in an open cart, and pelted all the way; and as soon as a convenient ring could be formed by the constables a number of women, provided with baskets full of offensive projectiles, were admitted into the charmed circle and mauled the offenders at their leisure."

placed together they would firmly inclose the legs of the culprit. The upper beam being raised, the victim was compelled to place one leg in each of the semicircular openings in the top of the lower beam; the upper beam was then let down and fastened, and thus the legs were firmly "put in Chancery," the poor wretch being seated on the ground or on a bench, and unable to change his (or her) position. One, two, or more hours was the time the prisoner was kept "in du-rance vile," and during that time he was not only the "laughing-stock" of the populace, but had to endure, without ability to resent, all the indignities that were thrust upon him.*

The "BRANK," or "SCOLD'S BRIDLE," had gone out of use before my time, but the curious may still see one in the church at Walton-on-Thames, and others in some museums and private collections. The brank was literally a gag fixed in a framework, and not intended to close the mouth, but to prevent the "tongue wagging." Most corporations in former days had one of these instruments of punishment, and, judging from the number of entries in records, it was frequently put to use as well as the ducking-stool, the stocks, and the whipping-post.†

Let my readers fancy, if they can, a man "presenting" his wife to the mayor as a "*scold*," or as a "gossip" or "*brawler*," and claiming that punishment should be administered to her! What would they think if they saw the poor woman "bridled," the knife-point thrust into her mouth, the iron hoop locked tight round her jaws, the cross-bands of iron brought over her head and clasped behind, her arms pinioned, a ring and chain attached to the brank, and the unfortunate creature thus led or driven from the market-place through all the principal streets of the town for an hour or two, and then brought back faint, bleeding, and degraded?

FLOGGING AT THE CART'S TAIL was another cruel mode of punishment which I have more than once seen inflicted. A wretched man had his hands securely fastened to the end of a cart; he was then flogged all the way from the jail to the end of the town, till his back streamed with blood.‡

* I very recently examined one of these machines of punishment in a church-yard some three miles from Exeter.

† In Cheshire, I learn from *The Reliquary*, no less than thirteen examples are still extant. How many more have been used and lost it is of course impossible to conjecture. In Lancashire five or six are still remaining, and in Staffordshire about the same number are in existence.

‡ Flogging is undoubtedly one of the oldest of punishments, and its infliction is found not unfrequently represented in Saxon and other early illuminated manuscripts. In one of these early drawings a wretched woman, in a state of absolute nudity, has one of her feet fastened down to the ground with a ring, her hands bound tightly together behind her back, and is being unmercifully flogged by two

When the punishment was inflicted "in a cart," or "at the cart's tail," the poor wretch was tied in the first case to a structure of timber in the cart, the "executioner" standing by and flogging the bare body as the cart was drawn along. In the latter the culprit was stripped, her or his hands tied to the back of the cart, and as the vehicle moved along, was compelled to walk with it, the executioner walking by the side and laying on unmercifully all the way. The common course in country towns was for the victim thus to be dragged at the cart's tail from the prison through the principal streets round the market-place and back again; and this was often repeated on three consecutive market-days.*

THE DUCKING-STOOL was another mode of punishment, the use of which comes within the time of my personal recollections. It was kept in repair and ready for employment in most towns, and in many villages. Its construction varied in different localities; ordinarily, however, it was a heavy, cumbersome kind of wooden chair, in which the culprit was forced to sit, and to submit to be fastened by pinioning with bars or cords, or both. Sometimes the chair was attached to the end of a beam that would turn round on a pivot, over a pond, or river, or even a mill-dam; at others it was suspended by a chain, so that it could be let down or raised at will; and in others it was placed on wheels so as to run down into the water. Whatever was the form of the instrument, the punishment was the same—and that was forcible immersion. The delinquent, being firmly fixed in the chair, was ducked over head and heels in the water three or four times, and was often brought out nearly—sometimes literally—dead.

HANGING IN CHAINS.—To see the decaying body of a man "hanging in chains" was by no means a rare sight in those days. For certain crimes malefactors were, after execution, "gibbeted,"

men, who are standing one on each side of her, with enormous rods. Public whipping of women for vagrancy and petty offenses continued in vogue until 1820, when it was abolished under what is generally known as General Thornton's Act. Almost every town, indeed almost every village, had formerly its "whipping-post," which was often attached to, or formed part of, the structure of the pillory or stocks.

A memorable story is told of Lord Norbury. He had a sort of stutter, and on one occasion he jerked out, "The sentence of the Court upon you is that you be flogged from the county jail *to the end of the town!*—" "Thank ye, my lord," said the culprit; "you've done your worst."—"and back again!" completed the judge.

* The usual fee paid a man for whipping varied from fourpence up to a shilling or two; and entries such as "Paid for whipping Ann Swift, 4d.," or "Paid toward the whipping of the cut-purse woman, 6d.," often occur in corporation records, and the sentence was usually in this kind of form—"Mariam Kirk, uxor Thome Kirk, sentenced to be whipt with her body bare to ye waste, eyther in a cart or tyed behind one, from ye Borough gaole round ye market-place and down ye Rotten Row back to ye gaole, on Friday next between ye hours of twelve and one in ye day."

that is, hung in chains near the spot where the murder had been committed, and left there to rot away till at length the bleached bones fell asunder. Hanging in chains was employed as a supposed preventive of crime and a warning to evil-doers. It was abolished in 1834. I have seen and "smelt" such offenders very often.

"BODY-SNATCHING."—It is not so long ago that the business of a "resurrectionist" was a profitable calling, but it was put a stop to after the wholesale murders by Burke and Hare in 1830. The practice of procuring bodies for surgeons was a regular trade, the newly buried bodies in country churchyards being constantly exhumed by "resurrection men" and sold to doctors. In Ireland, where it was regarded with peculiar horror and detestation, to steal a body from a graveyard was a feat of which young medical students were proud. It implied daring, and inferred peril. I remember a case (indeed, I was one of the party) where a stolen corpse was traced to the house of an eminent anatomical professor. A crowd soon gathered, and the "thieves" narrowly escaped with their lives. If any one of them had been found—as the body was—he would certainly have lost his life. Many are the tales recounted of "body-snatching." To so great a state of terror had the people at one time been driven that, whenever a corpse was buried, the friends watched in the church or churchyard nightly, with lights, to preserve the grave from being opened and desecrated; fights over dead bodies between the "snatchers" and the relations or friends of the deceased have often occurred.

SALES OF WIVES.—People have heard of selling and buying a wife at Smithfield, but few have witnessed the shameful occurrence. I have seen it, and can picture the scene, which is strongly impressed on my memory. It occurred outside an old public-house at Whitechapel, and was conducted with all befitting ceremony. A respectably dressed woman, aged about thirty, was seated close to the door; immediately behind her was the landlord, who acted as the auctioneer; not far off was her husband, a wretched-looking fellow, whom any woman, however low her grade, would be glad to be rid of. He was a burly rascal, and contrasted unfavorably with a comparatively young man, who, it was understood, would be the highest bidder. There was, however, no other bidding than his, and the publican did metaphorically what her husband had no doubt done often—*knocked her down*, at the unprecedented figure of half a crown and a pot of porter! I saw the newly united pair walk off, the man with an air of bravado, and the woman with a sniff in the air, as she rose from the still-sitting group, each of whom had in his hand a pewter can, from which, no doubt, he drank the health of the bride and bridegroom. The ex-husband did not do so; he looked glum; his neighbors manifested neither sympathy nor approval. He was, I suppose, always a blackguard, and certainly so just then. He

gained nothing by the bargain beyond the half-crown and the pot of porter; the sale released him from no responsibility either to the parish or the law, but the transaction freed his successor from danger of an action for *crim. con.*: that was all his gain beyond the lady. Such transfers of conjugal rights were frequent fifty years ago.

CROSS-ROAD BURIALS.—Fifty years ago, the bodies of suicides were subjected to shocking indignities. They were, by law, ordered to be buried at midnight at cross-roads, and a hedge-stake driven through the body. No religious rites were permitted; a hole was dug where two roads crossed each other, often in a lonely, solitary spot, and at midnight, with or without torches, lanterns, or candles, the body was placed, usually coffinless, in the hole, a stake driven right through the chest or bowels into the ground beneath, and the grave filled in. In 1823 the practice was, by Act of Parliament, abolished, and it was enacted that the bodies of suicides might in future be buried in any ordinary churchyard between the hours of nine and twelve at night, without any religious ceremony, the interment to be private, and to take place within twenty-four hours from the finding of the inquisition by the coroner. I was once present at the repulsive midnight ceremony. The "crowner's quest" had pronounced the wretched creature guilty of *felo-de-se*, and he was buried by torchlight where four roads met, and a stake was driven through his body. It was not until 1882 that this Act was entirely abrogated; its practice had ceased long previously.

DUELING.—From the subject of suicide to that of murder is scarcely such an abrupt transition that I need preface my change of theme by an apology. I have but one form of murder in my mind's-eye at present—that once-honored institution known as dueling. Sixty years ago, while the man who took his own life was pursued even with such vengeance as the law could wreak on his cold clay, the man who took his fellow-man's, in accordance with the regulations of the unwritten laws of honor, would in all probability be left by the laws of the realm to walk abroad as free as if he had not on his brow the brand of Cain.

I was present at a duel once—a fatal duel—that was fought near Rosscarberry, in the County of Cork. Two first cousins had quarreled over something, the merest trifle, and a meeting was the result. A few minutes before they fired I heard one of the principals say to his second, "I declare I have not even anger against my cousin." He had merely said what he thought, that the other principal had behaved like a goose, adding, "I know I am less than a goose for going out with him." The first shot laid him on the sword, mortally wounded. At this long distance of time, I can see the gradual film, the glazed look of death, come over his eyes, and hear the sob with which he yielded up a life full of hope and promise. A fine

young fellow lay dead, while there was in dispute the barest point of honor that a judicious arbiter might have settled in half a minute by half a dozen words! I did not on that mournful day see the body conveyed to the house the dead man had left, but I passed there subsequently, and could well imagine the intense agony of a household where he was deeply and fondly loved.

It was, as any one familiar with the social history of that time is well aware, in Ireland, and among Irishmen, that the practice of dueling chiefly flourished.

A mile or so out of Castlebar I stood in a field where it was stated to me that sixty fatal duels had taken place, the last being that of an uncle who had shot his nephew—or a nephew who had shot his uncle.

At one time a club existed in Galway to which no person was admitted who had not shot his man. At Castlebar I was shown a pistol marked with seven notches—each notch indicated that it had sent a bullet into an adversary. I once conversed with a gentleman who had acted as second in twenty duels, two only of which, however, were fatal. In that neighborhood I stood on a filled-up saw-pit into which two gentlemen had been put to fight a duel, each armed with a brace of pistols and a small-sword. Both were taken out for dead, yet both recovered—one, Dick Martin, to become famous as "Humanity Martin"; the other, George Robert Fitzgerald, "Fighting Fitzgerald," to be hanged at Castlebar for murder. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Clare, fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran. Judge Egan fought another Master of the Rolls, Barrett. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Corry, fought Henry Grattan, who was a Privy Councilor. A baron of the Exchequer fought his brother-in-law and two others. Chief-Justice Lord Norbury fought "Fighting Fitzgerald" and two others. These are not the only judges who fought duels. Sir Jonah Barrington states that during his "grand climacteric," two hundred and twenty-seven memorable and *official* duels had been fought. Indeed, he is justified in stating that until he had fought a duel no young gentleman's education was considered complete. He writes of one man who had fought sixteen duels.

In the army it was almost a necessity that every officer, when he joined, should be called upon to fight a duel. My father (who, by-the-by, was never wounded but once, and that was in a duel) told me this story: A fine young fellow at the mess-table had been subjected by the captain who presided to a series of insulting sneers. At last he was asked, "Mr. So-and-so, what is your father?" "My father?" was the answer, after a little hesitation—"my father is a farmer, sir." "Pity he did not make a farmer of *you*," said the questioner, with a manner as insulting as the words. The young man put up with this affront, and there went round a murmur that hinted at Coventry as his speedy destination. After a while he addressed the

captain: "You asked me just now, sir, concerning my father; may I ask what your father is?" "My father is a gentleman, sir." "Pity he didn't make a gentleman of you," said the youth; and, rising from table, he left the room to call out the captain, whom he shot.

Of course a duel generally followed an election, or rather occurred while it was pending; and sometimes an unpopular candidate was thus deprived of his life and chance together. I have an anecdote of Dick Martin, of Galway, who, being in conversation with the Prince Regent, was addressed by the Prince with "So you are going to have a contested election in your county?" "Yes, your Royal Highness, as usual." "And who will win?" "*The survivor*, please your Royal Highness," Martin answered with Hibernian coolness.*

But Irish statesmen and judges, though the most frequent, were by no means the only resorters to the arbitrament of the pistol. Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Castlereagh, all these great men in their time exchanged shots with an opponent. As late as 1829 took place the duel between the Earl of Winchelsea and the Duke of Wellington on Wimbledon Common, when shots were exchanged, happily without result.

Among the many good deeds of the Prince Consort must be reckoned that which mainly contributed to give its death-blow to the practice of dueling.

In 1843 the last duel of any consequence was fought in England: Lieutenant Munro killed his brother-in-law, Colonel Fawcett. I copy the following from Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Good Prince*:

"The survivor, it was known, had endured intolerable provocation. He had gone out most reluctantly, and only because not to have done so must, according to the then prevailing code, have fatally compromised his honor. As it was, he who had been the party really aggrieved was branded as a felon, and his career as an officer was ruined by the unhappy issue of an encounter which every officer in the service would, in the same circumstances, have felt he could not avoid. Similar disasters had excited comparatively little notice, but here the intimate relations of the parties made the issue appear so much more shocking, that people felt the time was come to decide whether a system should continue by which a man, having first been insulted, must also expose himself to be shot or be branded—in one event as a coward, or in another as a criminal."

The Prince "therefore suggested the establishment of courts of honor, bound to secrecy, to whose arbitrament officers should submit their differences." But the idea was abandoned, and "it was resolved to effect the desired reform by an amendment of the Articles

* The father of Toler, Lord Norbury, on his death-bed and almost with dying lips, took a pair of pistols from under his pillow, and murmured, as he presented them to his son—"Now, Jack, be always ready to keep up the credit of the family and the honor of an Irish gentleman."

of War. In pursuance of this decision Amended Articles were issued in April, 1844, which declared 'it to be suitable to the character of honorable men to apologize and offer redress for wrong or insult committed, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept frankly and cordially explanation and apologies for the same.'

"The Prince had the satisfaction of seeing that he had not taken up the question in vain, for a death-blow was dealt by this declaration to so-called affairs of honor. Dueling was so discredited that it became from that time practically impossible."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—I recall to memory the days when debtors were imprisoned for debts that (before "costs" were added to them) were, originally, often under a pound; imprisoned where there could be no labor either for self or creditors, and where the incarcerated body contained a dilapidated and utterly hopeless mind. I must occupy some space with this subject, although it is not so very long ago that the decadence of the Fleet and the King's Bench Prisons took place, and that their power for increasing the spread of misery and ruin became a thing of the past.*

Many times have I passed through the street of palace warehouses (Farringdon Street) on which a dead wall of the Fleet abutted. In a neighboring street the marvelous boy Chatterton "perished in his pride," and those who, nearly a century afterward, erected a monument to his memory in Bristol could not find the grave of the poor suicide in St. Andrew's graveyard. Close at hand, near the Fleet Prison, were once to be found those taverns, the scenes of the notorious Fleet marriages, in which debauched clergymen joined spendthrifts and demi-regs in the bonds of holy matrimony. But these do not belong to my Recollections: imprisonment for debt does; and in order to do the wretched theme justice, I must needs devote to it some space.

In the dead wall of the Fleet there was a small iron-grated window, at which a man was seated from daybreak to midnight. He had been selected for the duty, probably because, having a melancholy countenance and a doleful voice, he would be more likely to excite pity and obtain aid. Every minute he uttered this prayer—like the cry of the cuckoo it never changed:

"Pity the poor debtors, having no allowance!"

* There existed an admirable society for the "discharge and relief of persons imprisoned for small debts." Their report in 1834 states that, between the 4th of June and the 2d of July of that year, no fewer than ninety-seven debtors, seventy-seven of whom had wives and children, were discharged from the prisons of England and Wales, the expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the society, was £211 15s. 8d.! But there is ample evidence that debts originally shillings were augmented to pounds, by costs; and the one kept the unhappy debtor a prisoner at least as effectually as the other.

Some pitying passer-by occasionally dropped into an iron box at the window a penny and went his way. I have done so more than once, and lingered to hear if there were any acknowledgment or response. There was none—the penny did not go to him. Like a sentinel on guard, his only recompense was to be relieved. But it augmented the stock of incarcerated wretches within—"poor debtors having no allowance." That dismal sentence rings in my ears to-day, though uttered sixty years ago.

The whole history of imprisonment for debt is mournful and degrading. If a man or woman owed even a small sum of money which he or she was unable to pay, it was counted a crime that subjected the unfortunate debtor to a punishment more severe than that to which a sheep-stealer is now liable.

A tap on the shoulder by a sheriff's officer was followed by an introduction to that intermediate purgatory, the "spunging-house," which, however, the culprit could avoid—as a luxury beyond his means—by proceeding directly to Whitecross Street, the King's Bench, or some other "home" of incarceration provided by the Legislature for those who were guilty of the sin of poverty. At the "spunging-house" the prisoner was detained (if he so pleased) in the hope of settling his affairs. They were filthy houses in the vicinity of Temple Bar, where the prisoner had to pay enormously for the accorded luxuries of food and drink, and especially for solitude. There were many such dwellings, the keepers of which made enormous fortunes out of the necessities of debtors—guests afflicted with the sickness of hope deferred. Ample description of the miseries of these dens will be found in some of the novels of sixty years ago, but it will require no great stretch of fancy to picture either "the common room" or the solitary chamber, enormously paid for, in which the unhappy prisoner was located for days, often weeks, and sometimes months.

The keepers were harpies of the worst order; they drove in carriages and had aristocratic dwellings elsewhere. The sheriff's officer's officers did the business and shared the gains. But these dens were more endurable than the actual prison to which the debtor who could make no arrangement was sooner or later conveyed. It is needless to enter into repulsive details; there are many yet living who could give them from mournful experience, but who would shrink with grief and disgust from recalling them to memory. Money obtained several important immunities: frequently a prisoner was able to secure the society of one or more members of his family, he could purchase better food, hire a room to himself, receive his friends and make merry with them, often to the extent of orgies disgraceful even there.

But in the greater number of cases hope was effectually shut out, until the Insolvent Debtors' Act opened the gates and sent the debtors into the world again. It frequently happened, however, that

a debtor remained for many years imprisoned, preferring misery to yielding up the means on which a family depended, the relinquishment of which would have beggared half a score instead of causing the wretchedness of one. The law did not compel him to any other course. It is needless to say that the prison was the cause of much unquestionable evil, and no possible good. Utter idleness, which produced disinclination for work, was the least of those evils: reckless habits were taught and acquired; and few who had gone into a debtors' prison honest and pure, came out untainted by the vicious and deleterious influence of the place.

In 1834 I published in the *New Monthly* a series of articles entitled "The Debtor's Experience." They were powerfully written, full of startling statements and revolting facts that were calculated to promote the salutary changes in the law regarding imprisonment for debt that soon afterward followed.*

The picture is horrible in its squalid misery, yet scenes even more repulsive might be painted of old days in the Marshalsea and the Fleet.

In 1827 I visited Benjamin Robert Haydon in the King's Bench Prison. It was the second time this master-artist had been a prisoner there, yet he was not destitute of friends. Few men, indeed, had truer, more sympathizing, or more generous friends than had Haydon. Many came promptly to his aid, and at a public meeting a considerable sum was raised for his relief, and his incarceration was not for long. My visit was in response to his request that I would see his sketch for a picture of "The Mock Election"—a picture he subsequently finished, and, in 1828, exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. I grieved to find that the usual consequences had followed his incarceration: he was slatternly in dress, his hair was uncombed, his beard unshaven, and he sat, a slipshod figure in a mean room, of which the furniture was worth but a few shillings.

He was, in fact, a living evidence of the mistaken policy of imprisonment for debt, and, while I observed with pain the deterioration of soul that had surely dictated the subject of the picture I had come to see, I recalled the sonnet addressed to him by the poet Wordsworth—

"High is our calling, friend!"

* Here is a passage from one of the papers. It is the writer's description of the surroundings of a dying debtor: "Like all apartments in the prison, the room was small, about twelve feet square, the walls were green, here and there darkened with a spot of damp; there was no carpet on the floor, and either the fire was extinguished or the embers were the wreck of some former day's warmth. A rushlight, wrapped round with paper and stuck in a bottle, threw a faint flicker over the chamber. The bed—its curtains had long been pledged for food; so had the sheets; a torn blanket was its only covering. On a mattress in one corner lay two children, the eldest of whom had a baby in her arms. The sick man lay on the bed, his weakly wife seated on the floor, watching his heavy breathing."

It was an unworthy theme for composition, and yet the painter thought it "the finest subject for humor and pathos on earth." The hero of the picture, if hero he could be called, was a young Irishman with whom I had some slight acquaintance, a ne'er-do-well of the name of Murphy, in whose haggard features and gaunt, wasted frame might be read the sure promise that early dissipation had produced premature death.

The painter thus described what he had seen from his window :

"Before me were three men marching in solemn procession, the one in the center a tall, young, bushy-haired, light-hearted Irishman, with a rusty cocked hat under his arm, a bunch of flowers in his bosom, curtain-rings round his neck for a gold chain, a mop-stick for a white wand, bows of ribbons on his shoulders, and a great hole in his elbow, of which he seemed perfectly unconscious; on his right was another person in burlesque solemnity, with a sash and real white wand; two others, fantastically dressed, came immediately behind, and the whole followed by characters of all descriptions, some with flags, some with staffs, and all in perfect merriment and mock gravity adapted to some masquerade."

"Baronets and bankers; authors and merchants; painters and poets; dandies of rank in silk and velvet; dandies of no rank in rags and tatters; idiotism and insanity; poverty and affliction; all mingled there in indiscriminate merriment, with a spiked wall twenty feet high above their heads!"

The painting was purchased by George IV., and is now in the Royal collection. Haydon painted a second picture of this unworthy theme, "Chairing the Member." One of the episodes in the composition exhibits a mournful family, the father holding in his hand a paper—a keynote to many a sad retrospect—thus marked, "Debt £26 10s. Costs £157 4s." One of the painter's models had been a prisoner for nine years. Haydon, writing from experience, calls the prison "a temple of idleness, debauchery, and vice"; and so it surely was!

At the time of which I write, and long previous to it, what were termed the "Rules of the Bench" gave a privilege to those who had influence, and could give security to the marshal, who was the supreme ruler and dictator of the prison. The debtor who had means or influence to do this was permitted to lodge outside the walls, in any house within a mile of the prison, under contract never to go beyond the distance, and to surrender whenever called upon to do so. The bond was not strictly enforced, and the prisoner was seldom tied by it. He received his friends, saw whatever company he pleased, and if he made return visits, out of bounds, the marshal was not greatly troubled thereby. Absence without leave was not a very serious offense. Many imprisoned debtors enjoyed the 1st of September in preserves a hundred miles from Melina Place, Lambeth; when wanted, however, of which due notice would be given, the recusant was always forthcoming. Theodore Hook told

me of a friend of his who, while he was imprisoned within the rules, made a voyage to India and back, and returned to his place of (theoretical) durance before inquiry had made public the fact that he was an absentee. One morning he paid a visit to the marshal. "It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. —," said the marshal. "No wonder," was the answer, "I have been to India since I saw you last." The custodian of the body was startled, no doubt, and explanation followed. Knowing that his affairs were so complicated that no one but himself could arrange them, he ran the risk of a discovery that would have saddled his securities with his debts, and came safely back to discharge his liabilities and bid the astonished marshal good-by.

CRIMINAL PRISONS.—If the condition of prisons for debtors was deplorable, those for persons criminally accused were infinitely worse. The most shocking and repulsive prisons of the Continent, that Howard went to cleanse and open, had their parallels in free, happy, and prosperous England. Matters were not so bad as they had been at the end of last century, yet it would be hard to conceive, and harder still to believe, the horrible state of the buildings, the moral and social turpitude of the prisoners and officials, or the unscreened profligacy that characterized prisons and prison discipline barely sixty years ago. There was commonly a liquor-shop within the walls, and such of the incarcerated as had money found it easy to indulge in drunkenness or even grosser debauchery.

Oppression of the poor and robbery of the rich were the vested rights of the officials; for that right they had purchased, and considered honestly their own. Many instances are recorded of notorious murderers being accommodated with the best rooms, receiving friends, getting drunk with them, being, in fact, in the enjoyment of all luxuries—except that they were not allowed outside the walls. To keep high revel in Newgate was a privilege purchased and paid for; they were ruffians who bought it, and greater ruffians who sold it. The monstrous evil grew less and less as the century advanced, but within my own memory the prisons were assuredly nurseries for fostering and encouraging crime, and not places where it was to be either punished or repressed. Indeed, the greater his guilt the more certainly was a criminal elevated by it above his fellows, and stood there on his pedestal of crime—an heroic figure to whom the lesser villains around paid the tribute of their admiration and applause.

Yes; PRISONS were nurseries of crime, and the law offered bounties for its encouragement. What else were the sums paid as money to informers, the most loathsome products of our civilization in "the good old hanging-days"—the Judases who trafficked in betrayal of their fellow-men? A fearful list would it be, and one terribly to our shame as a nation—that of the innocent done to death in the

last century, and the early years of this, by seekers after BLOOD-MONEY.

The country paid, as reward for the conviction of any person found guilty of passing forged notes and coining false money, the sum of £40. As the common and certain consequence of this mistaken—one is tempted to write infamous—system, simple country lads, and innocent and ignorant girls, were decoyed by designing wretches into entering shops to seek change for bad notes, or tricked into taking part in the operations of coiners. Caught in the act their doom was certain, and no less certain were the miscreants who had murdered them of receiving the price of their blood. There was no session at the Old Bailey fifty or sixty years ago, but at least one of these innocent victims underwent the capital sentence of the law; some poor, simple creature who, when he or she had sought to pass the forged note or had helped to manufacture the base coin, had not the slightest notion that the act was a wrong one, far less that it was calculated to put life in peril.*

“PRISONS” FOR THE INSANE.—Sixty years ago what hells were Asylums for the Insane! The unhappy patient was loaded with fetters, confined for weeks together where he could not hear a human voice, and left as helpless as a slave beneath the driver’s lash, to the mercy of keepers—the most brutal of mankind.

I remember an ingenious recipe prescribed at the Insane Asylum of Cork. The patient was made to stand upon a boarding placed over a hidden tank, and—the boarding being so contrived as to give way suddenly without any warning—the poor wretch was soused in the water; the shock to the system thus produced being believed to act as a restorer to reason, and a remover of madness! In 1820 I was intimate with the superintendent of the public insane asylum at Cork, and was frequently his visitor—a witness of deeds that often made me shudder. Pass through any of the corridors, you were sure to hear the moans, sometimes the shrieks, and always the clanking chains, of the miserable prisoners, who were kept in darkness and solitude as a remedy for their mental affliction, and whose appeals for mercy were heard only by the stone walls of a cell ten feet by eight. More than half naked, the tenants of these dens had for all bed-covering a thin blanket that generally hung in shreds, for furniture a rickety stool, and as their only utensil a stone jar. Such were cells, tenants, and furniture in many other cities than Cork in the days of which I write.

* It was Alderman Sir Matthew Wood, “thrice Lord Mayor of London,” who put an end to this infamous traffic in human life. The case that secured his interference occurred, if I recollect rightly, in 1816, when a trio of villainous wretches had entrapped three miserable creatures, who were sentenced to die, and would have died, on the gallows, but that the worthy alderman, and good man, was Sheriff of London during that year and stepped in to save them.

A keeper armed with a heavy whip kept order among the miserable wretches, who, in general, retained just enough reason to be sensible of fear. As to consideration, sympathy, or mercy, they received none. Yet, as a rule, there was no deliberate or intentional cruelty. The brutal treatment was only part of a system universally believed in, practiced not only in public asylums, but in private establishments, of which there were many so conducted as to be disgraces to human nature in its very worst form.

Honored be the name of the brother-doctors Conolly, who were among the earliest to demonstrate the cruelty and absurdity of such brutal and wicked experiments, and the first to suggest that humanity might be permitted to preside over the establishments into which were thrust those whom God had afflicted, but to whose charge man had to lay no crime. With one of these good brothers I many times conversed concerning the now universally adopted plan of seeking to soothe by gentleness, in lieu of exasperating by harsh treatment to fiercer frenzy, the wounded minds of the insane. Then it seemed only a dream of the merciful inventor that the system, however good, should in less than a quarter of a century become universal; that the mad should be under the protection of the state; that to gag, or chain, or half drown, a lunatic would be a crime subjecting any who committed it to a heavy penalty; that men and women thus unhappily afflicted should have their awful burden lightened by occupations suited to their capacities; that entire idleness should no longer augment their misery; that reading and writing should be encouraged, and that music and dancing parties should be, as they happily are, among the weekly treats in which matrons, keepers, and often magistrates may be found taking allotted parts.

SAMARITANS.—I remember when the "Strangers' Friend Society,"* with its volunteer workers, was almost the sole society that did the work of the Good Samaritan; and the "Bible Society," with its then weak offshoots, the only one that taught morality by the teaching of God's Word; while hospitals and dispensaries, few in number and inefficient in power, ministered to the corporeal necessities of the millions who required help.

How is it now? At the present time there is not a single ailment of body—hardly of mind—for the alleviation or cure of which some hospital or institution is not provided. What the rich are doing for the poor is a long and glorious record. Indeed, it would fill a score of these pages merely to give the names of institutions founded by good and wise men and women for the help and comfort of suffering brethren and sisters—that minister to the needs of our common humanity.

In the leading thoroughfares or wealthy suburbs of most of the

* This admirable society recently celebrated its ninety-fifth anniversary.

cities and towns of the Kingdom, and, indeed, even in many villages, one meets building after building—infirmaries, hospitals, orphanages, homes, asylums for the blind, and a host of other institutions, inscribed on which the words "Supported by Voluntary Contributions" show gloriously forth.

VAUXHALL.—In writing of the changes that sixty years have brought about, I find myself placed, by the nature of my theme, in a position somewhat resembling that of the exhibitor of a series of dissolving views, in which a serious subject is suddenly displaced by a merry one, or a wintry landscape transforms itself into a pleasant picture of summer. Without other apology than this, I conjure up a vision of the most noted resort for amusement in London—Vauxhall Gardens—as they have often been seen by me fifty years ago.

Vauxhall succeeded Ranelagh, but Vauxhall has had no successor. Cremorne was but a tawdry imitation; and whereas one could hardly bring against the older gardens any worse charge than frivolity, Cremorne was strongly and justly denounced as a lure to vice.

Those who are old enough to have seen Vauxhall can not have forgotten it—its central rotunda, and the pleasant avenues of trees, hung with a gorgeous blaze of lamps. Its site is now covered with factories and warehouses, and, perhaps, of its avenues of trees as little remains as of the variegated lamps that hung from them and illuminated the gardens nightly.

One of the prime delights of London vanished when the gardens at Vauxhall were parceled into building-lots. One can almost imagine the shade of the master of the ceremonies—neat and dapper little Simpson—haunting the lanes and alleys to mourn over

"The long-faded glories they cover"—

not looking for those glories "through the waves of time," but among and about "the endless pile of brick" that preserves no record of the olden time.

For half a century at least, Vauxhall was, with the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's, one of the grand attractions that drew strangers to London. Few travelers to the great city, before railways were invented, returned to their homes without having enjoyed a concert in the Rotunda, and a supper in the gardens; for the one they had nothing to pay, neither did the ten thousand colored lamps hung on the trees cost them anything beyond their entrance-fees. But the supper was another thing. Vauxhall slices of ham were cut so delicately, that it was said by Lover, "They were so thin that you might read a newspaper through them"; a fowl was a pearl of great price; and the wine—well, taken altogether, the fare for half a dozen at a Vauxhall supper left little or nothing of a five-pound note.

The ubiquitous master of the ceremonies was here, there, and

everywhere—at the same time! His inimitable bow and his greeting, “You are humbly welcome to the Royal Gardens!” were seen and heard at one end of the Long Walk, and almost before an echo could have been audible, both greeted you at the other! Every tree was hung with variegated lamps, arranged in graceful festoons, and of course in sentences that gave emphasis to the day of festival or victory they were designed to commemorate. The songs were always popular, many of them being written and composed for the occasion: “Sung at Vauxhall” being a grand advertisement.

No doubt an enormous deal of flirtation went on in the gardens, and many assignations were made in the well-lit alleys and around the orchestra, where loud-blown instruments rendered it needless to whisper low. But at no period of its existence was the place subjected to any charge of impropriety, far less of vice. The respectable citizen took his wife and daughters to Vauxhall without scruple or dread; and if an evening there made his purse somewhat lighter, it was by no means an unwholesome excitement, or one that led to a morning of repentance after a night ill spent.

MUSIC-HALLS.—We have replaced Vauxhall now by the London music-halls. *Cui bono?* one may well ask, as he compares, in fancy, the leafy, brightly lit gardens and their merry crowds, the noisy orchestra, and the songs that, if somewhat silly and sentimental at times, were never such as a modest woman would blush to listen to—with the places redolent of drink and debauchery, in which all that is foolish and vicious among London youth gathers to applaud the indecent doggerel brayed forth by some impudent, loud-lunged vocalist in tones as destitute of melody as the despicable trash he shouts forth is of wit. *Cui bono?* I repeat; and who can answer the question? or what frequenter of the modern music-hall has ever found anything that is good in those temples of vulgar vice?

SWEARING.—Who now hears in the circles he frequents anything approaching an oath? Sixty years ago men of all ranks swore, and thought it no offense against courtesy and decency to garnish their speeches with foul expletives, even in the presence of the other sex. Strange contrast between our social decorum then and now! The man who would have shrunk from taking the wall of a lady, or from keeping his hat on in her presence, and who would have felt it a breach of good manners to offer her his arm while he kept his cigar in his mouth (practices common enough nowadays), never hesitated to swear an oath in her hearing, and thought it no offense either against delicacy or morals. That blur on morality, that blot on decency, is not a sin of the present day.

I heard this anecdote of an eminent judge, who related it *ex cathedra*, called out by some case to which it was *à propos*. It is of a sea-captain, an “old salt,” an example of the old school when oaths

seasoned conversation and flavored every third sentence that was uttered on board ship; when it was held to be an incontrovertible truth that "he who didn't swear couldn't fight." Generally, however, if not universally, no worse meaning was attached to such oaths than to a simple "yea" or "nay." A frigate which the old salt commanded was ordered to convey the Princess Royal of the time to Germany. The captain was instructed by her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, as to the care he should take of his precious charge. When she had landed he was to return immediately and report to the Queen how her daughter had borne her first voyage. He did so, of course, and was questioned by her Majesty somewhat minutely. "Well, ma'am, yer Majesty," replied he, in some confusion, to the opening interrogatory; "yes, she bore the voyage very well. Wind? Yes; there was a capful. Sea-sick? Oh yes, in course, a little. As we were going out of dock, she sent for me—ma'am, yer Majesty—into the cabin, and says she to me, says she, 'Captain, I'm afeared it do begin to blow.' So says I, 'Oh, your Royal Highness, it's nothing,' and it was nothing—ma'am, yer Majesty. Well, when we got past the Nore, it had come on a bit harder; so she sends for me into the cabin again, and says she, 'Captain,' says she, 'I'm sure it do blow now.' So I said it wasn't anything, it didn't blow at all. And when we got into the open sea, the wind did give us a bit of a tearer, so her Royal Highness sends for me again to the cabin, and says she to me, says she, '*Well, Capten, d—— my eyes if it don't blow now!*'"

I remember an anecdote of a Bishop of Cork, who, voyaging across the Channel in one of the sailing-packets, was much shocked by the oaths of the captain, and from reasoning and entreaty came to somewhat angry protest. "Ye see, my lord," said the captain, "unless I swear my men won't obey me!" "Try them," urged the bishop; "try them." So the skipper at last agreed to do so; but, unknown to his lordship, he arranged a little comedy with the crew. Very soon it came on to blow afresh. "Tom," cried the captain, "coil that rope." Tom never moved, but stood chewing his quid. "Jack, Bill, Harry," said the skipper, "just oblige me by taking in the top-sail." Not a man stirred. The wind howled more and more loudly; the vessel plunged heavily through the waves. Then the skipper turned to the pale-faced bishop, who was watching the result of the experiment. "My lord, my lord!" said he in a terrified undertone; "what am I to do? If my men won't obey me we must all go to the bottom." "Well," said the bishop, slowly and reluctantly, "under the circumstances I—I think you may—swear—a little." No sooner said than done: a volley of oaths sent Jack, Bill, and Harry aloft and about as quick as lightning; sails were furled, ropes coiled, and no more warnings against the sin of profanity were heard during that voyage at least.*

* It was the late Chief-Justice Doherty who told me this anecdote.

TURNPIKE-GATES.—It is not needful to go very far back to have a remembrance of the turnpike gates that environed London. Our bridges are now toll free; “pikes” have disappeared from the neighborhood of the Metropolis, and are gradually vanishing from other parts of the kingdom. But less than forty years ago all outlets from London were thus cumbered. Every horse and carriage had to stop that the toll might be paid, and a ticket received that freed the next gate—as usually it did. The pike I remember best is that which stood opposite my dwelling, “The Rosery,” at Old Brompton, close to the Gloucester Road: a house-shed on one side of the road, a pillar on the other; between the two a thick, heavy pole, loosened when carriages or horses had to pass through, the turnpike-keeper carefully stopping each, until the toll was exchanged for a ticket containing the number of the day. Payment was not exacted for the same carriage more than once a day, up to twelve o’clock, unless there were a “fresh load”; but a minute after the hour struck it was due. It will be readily believed that, as a consequence of this regulation, quarrels between pikemen and equestrians were frequent.*

It was by no means rare, in comparatively lonesome places, for the keeper to be asleep, and deaf to the continued call, “Gate, gate!” Now and then he was roused just as the clock had struck the “witching hour”; a lively dispute followed, but the keeper was on the right side, and deaf to all protests. Now and then the gate was accidentally left open, and some daring or dishonest rider galloped through scot-free. And in some places the keeper, wishing for a night’s rest, would purposely leave it open when he retired, and all comers had free passage through it.†

The turnpike-gate was a nuisance as well as a heavy tax. What would people now say if a turnpike-gate stretched across Hyde Park Corner, a yard or two west of Apsley House and the entrance-gate to Constitution Hill, as it did some fifty years ago, when every passing carriage was stopped to pay the toll, or for examination of the ticket obtained by previous passage? The annoyance and inconvenience were considerable; but the cost was not a trifling matter. Often as much as five shillings was levied by way of toll on a two-

* I knew a gentleman who had been delayed at the gate until the hour had struck, and had been compelled to pay as a consequence. He hit upon an ingenious mode of vengeance. It was a fine night, so he rode leisurely a mile or so, then back, and roused up the gatekeeper, showed his ticket, and was let through. At the end of another quarter of an hour he was back, and again roused the pikeman from his comfortable sleep. The act was repeated again and again, until the gatekeeper was well content to return him his sixpence, and bid him depart in peace.

† I was traveling in Ireland in 1840 on one of the outside jaunting-cars. The boy who drove me, seeing on the road a turnpike-gate that was open, turned round and hurriedly said, “Yer honor, will I pay the pike or *boult* it?” “Bolt it,” said I. “Hurrah!” he exclaimed as he dashed through, delighted at the chance. Nothing could exceed his disgust when I ordered him to drive back and pay the gatekeeper his threepence.

horse carriage during a dozen miles. It is hardly worth while inquiring how and when the impost for keeping roads in repair was transferred from the gates to the parish rates; but the change is surely one on which the British public may be congratulated, although it does press hardly on those who never either ride or drive, but have to pay to the parish just as much as my lord or Sir Squire, who keeps a dozen carriages and a score of horses.

FUNERALS were costly ceremonials fifty—nay, twenty—years ago; but thanks to a more intelligent spirit, and to the exertions of several rational advocates, we have changed, or are rapidly changing, all that; the funerals of to-day are of a very different character from those of the early part of the century.

Picture a funeral as it was, not very long ago:

The blinds are drawn, the shutters closed; gloom and darkness are supposed to indicate lamentation and woe; not a footfall is heard, not a sound except the screw entering the last home of wood; of deal it may be, or more likely of elm, oak, or mahogany, for respect will not be accorded duly unless there is great charge for the coffin, nor will the worms have considerate knowledge of the *status* of the new arrival; moreover, the brass or gilt ornaments will last much longer than the habitation from which the soul has gone.*

Invited guests assemble, with the conventional aspects of grief—received by domestics who wear the mourning garments they have not to pay for. Each guest as he comes (sacred custom has determined that no women-mourners shall be present) is asked for his hat, that it may be enveloped in black silk at twelve shillings a yard; he is questioned as to the size of his hand, and receives a pair of black gloves, value (as the bill will tell the executors) four shillings and sixpence. “Refreshments” are on the table; wines of various kinds, to be taken cautiously, but far less sparingly when the *cortège* returns. Outside, leaning against either lintel of the door, from an early hour, two men habited in quaint attire, and called “mutes,” have been standing; each bears in his hand a kind of closed banner of silk, which, if the day be wet, he is expected to screen as much as possible from the rain. It is a hired accessory, and will be required by many other dead customers. Now and then one of the two will slink away; the morning is raw, and the public-house nigh at hand; so that when the eventful moment arrives, the lugubrious looks of the pair of—imbibers—are in harmony with the doleful scene; they, at all events—

“Mimic sorrow when the heart’s not sad.”

The carriages draw up, the state-carriage being kept a little in

* It has been reported that an eccentric lady shod her carriage-horses with silver. It was more rational than to decorate with costly metal the tenement that is to be sunk six feet below the turf.

arrear, until the cue is given for its entrance on the stage; the horses, jet black (either by nature or dye-stuffs), have been trained to funereal paces; sleek and glossy they are, and idlers always, except when on duty. The carriages are, of course, black; the drivers have "inky cloaks"; the attendants are in black, their coats have been laid by in lavender to be ready at call; the hearse, duly decorated, and garnished with huge black feathers, that wave about in solemn emphasis, approaches; the friends assembled in the dining-room hear a bustle on the stairs; sobs may be heard on the upper landing, but elsewhere all is whispered silence. A sorrow-seeming person, master of the ceremonies, who is calculating the day's profit, calls out, one by one, the guests—motioning each to the carriage he is to enter; and when the allotted tally is complete, the procession crawls slowly from the house, followed, perhaps, by a score of "private carriages," that have no occupants except the coachmen and footmen, who have not wasted the waiting hour—a public-house being so invitingly near. If it be a "grand funeral," at least a score of half-tipsy men, suitably dressed, and with features properly composed, walk at either side. By-and-by they will return—having done their duty—in a glad and gleesome mood; the dead are safe paymasters.

" Arrayed upon the hearse in rows,
They laugh away like carrion crows,
At Death's omnipotence ! "

If it be a "poor funeral," half a dozen only will have to be remunerated for a day of simulated grief; each of them, it may be, when the business is done, will ask the name of the dead man or woman he has thus mourned and honored! In due time—a mile to the hour—the bodies, quick and dead, have reached the station-terminus—the graveyard. There is another, marshaling by the "contractor"; a crowd take seats at either side of the raised coffin; a service of some sort is gone through (in the Church of England the undertaker supplies little black-covered books—gratis as far as recipients are concerned, yet profitable to the publisher), and in the same formal order the corpse is followed to the ready-dug grave. There the grave-digger, in his work-a-day dress, stands ready, prepared with a handful of gravel to fling upon the coffin, that will echo the hollow sound when the officiating priest utters the words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The funeral guests depart; all is over, until the stone-mason arrives to do his part, and the undertaker's bill comes in—to "tax" which is considered an insult to the brother or sister "here departed"—the burial fees are paid, and the mourning establishment—the *maison de deuil*—contributes its quota to the cost.

" A flower above, the mold below;
And that is all the mourners know."

DRUNKENNESS.—Who at the present time ever sees a gentleman drunk in a drawing-room? If he were so, never again would he be an invited guest in that house. In fact, open drunkenness is a vice altogether of the past among the higher and middle classes, and even in a very mixed party a drunkard is as little expected as a pick-pocket. Alas! it is less rare now than it was sixty years ago to notice a lady the worse for wine. There are few who have not seen at least one lady at a party drink glass after glass of champagne—seldom failing to secure a fresh supply as the waiter goes his rounds, and finishing up with draughts of sherry, until in the drawing-room her flushed face and muddled speech give terrible indications that she had made busy use of her time before the signal for separation was given by the hostess. At the period of which I write, it would have been as much anticipated that a lady would take off her gown in a drawing-room, as that she would be seen in any degree intoxicated. No doubt this appalling vice has been largely promoted by the facilities afforded, if not suggested, by legislation; and it is as easy for a lady who has credit at a grocer's to have a bottle of brandy as a pound of tea set down in the bill! I knew an instance where a gentleman, astonished at the quantity of tea consumed in his household, called at the shop to inquire and protest. The tradesman was forced to explain: the charges for green tea were in reality for spirits! Many confectioners are now licensed to sell wine. Not long ago I saw a most respectably clad woman in one of these shops pay for a glass of sherry and a bun—the one she drank, the other she put into her reticule. I had the curiosity to follow her; she entered three other confectioners' shops, and did the same thing in each of them!

The increase of intemperance among women is the plague-spot of the period. There are several "Retreats"—let us so call them—where ladies submit to restraint, and willingly sanction the withholding of stimulants; where, in fact, alcoholic beverages are as entirely kept from them as they would be if the unhappy inebriates were the inmates of jails. At present such restraint is entirely voluntary, but it will soon be a question, strongly and sternly agitated, whether such restraint shall not in certain cases, and under certain circumstances, be enforced by law.

But if ladies seldom or never in the old days drank to excess, with gentlemen it was far otherwise. Drunkenness was a vice of which no gentleman was ashamed. All know the story of Pitt and Dundas. Entering the House of Commons, one of them could not see the Speaker, but the other saw two Speakers in the chair! It was calculated, not without reason, that each bottle of port drunk by the great Prime Minister, on the afternoon that preceded an eventful evening, cost the nation a million of money.

My Recollections of Ireland—those more especially that regard the good Franciscan friar, Theobald Mathew—will furnish me with

much on this fertile topic ; but reference to it seems not desirable here, where I am summing up some of the changes wrought by Time.

SMUGGLING.—Home manufacture, whether by licensed distillers, or by those who “brewed the mountain-dew without leave or license of the King,” was not the only source of the evil. The smugglers were then busy on every part of the coast.

Smuggling is now but the ghost of its former self : it *was* wholesale, it *is* retail. Few articles of commerce now pay large duties, and free-trade has destroyed the calling of the free-trader. The Dirk Hatteraicks of to-day are the stokers of steamboats ; the fights between the gangs and the coast-guard, still more the revenue-cutters and the smuggling schooners, are legends of the past, and have become almost as obsolete as the “wreckers” who, a century back, hung out false lights to lure a ship upon a fatal rock.

But fifty or sixty years ago the business was largely carried on, and gentlemen of rank and station thought it no degradation, much less a crime, to engage in it.

There are few places along the south coast of Ireland—and it is much the same in England and Scotland—without traditionary smugglers’ caves, but there are not many living people who have seen them filled with brandy, tea, tobacco, and often lace and silks, that were never meant to pay a tax to the revenue. I visited more than one of them, when so converted into warehouses, and heard anecdotes in abundance of the reckless daring and excessive cunning requisite to convey the goods into town-markets. Occasionally, no doubt, this traffic was connived at by some magistrate, who was not above giving house-room to a “keg” some lucky accident had left at his hall-door ; while it was by no means rare to find the gauger himself in league with the smuggler !

The schemes that were devised to convey the smuggled goods from the coast were often singular and somewhat comic. Not unfrequently, the trick took the shape of a coffin borne by mournful relatives to the graveyard ; the bearers chanting the praises of the dead, the bereaved widow sitting by the side of the lamented husband, all the other trappings of woe conspicuous, the respectful sympathies of passers-by not omitted. Sometimes the coffin was actually placed in the grave, and covered over, to be disinterred at night and relieved of its load of tea and tobacco, which rapidly found its way to the dealers waiting to receive it.

So many writers have circumstantially described and illustrated these facts that it is needless for me to go at any length into the subject. I may, however, add one anecdote to the abundance that may be found in books. In 1818 I was a visitor at a house in the vicinity of Castle Townsend, in the County of Cork. My host was a gentleman high in position, and of ancient descent, and my summer holiday was spent at his large and proverbially hospitable mansion

on the sea-coast. Some of his descendants being still alive, it is not expedient to give either his name or that of his house. He was then about the most extensive smuggler in Ireland, and had reconciled his conscience to his calling on the ground that he had been heavily fined for some comparatively venial offense against the revenue laws. I had frequently expressed to his sons a desire to see something of the proceedings of a regular smuggling raid, and especially to visit one of the smuggling-ships. There was a grand ball at —, the two military officers of the neighboring garrison were there, so was the commissioner of the excise. When the party broke up there was no leaving at so late an hour, and shake-downs were improvised for at least forty tired and more than half-tipsy guests. A hint was given to me to be wide awake, and an hour or so after midnight I found myself hurrying down from the house to the shore. The beach was crowded with vehicles of every description, the common cars being by far the most numerous. These cars were rapidly filling and passing off. In a picturesque cave sat my host, a rude table covered with bank-notes before him. He was receiving money and giving orders for the delivery of tobacco, gin, brandy, tea, and other commodities which were unloaded from the boats, as they put in to the shore from a vessel anchored a few cables' lengths off. Of course I soon availed myself of one of the returning boats to take passage to the ship, and was cordially greeted by the captain, who welcomed me to his cabin with "schnapps"—veritable Hollands, beyond question. While thus enjoying ourselves an alarm was given. It was well known that a revenue-cutter lay moored on the other side of an intervening promontory; the hatches were at once battened down and preparations made for resistance. As there was no boat alongside, I should have been in the position of the daw with stolen feathers, but, fortunately, the intruder was merely a fishing-hooker. She was made to heave-to; compensation was given for the delay by sending an anchor of spirits on board, and I was not sorry to find myself in the last boat making for the shore. When I landed, there was hardly a trace of the proceedings of the night: smugglers, carts, goods, and customers had vanished, and I met with no interruption in returning to my bedroom, which I reached just as day was dawning, to find the two military officers, the revenue officer and his son, sleeping the sleep of the innocent. They had known nothing of the night's work, carried on under their very noses; the soldiers and the coast-guard had indeed been roused, but there was no superior to give them orders, and they remained quiescent until breakfast-time, when men and masters met to lament over the loss—not to the revenue, but to the officials, by whom a seizure might have been made.

It is little wonder that the calling of the smuggler was a tempting, because a profitable one. Everything was taxed; whatever one wore, whatever one ate, the newspaper one read, the paper on which it was printed, the very candle one read it by, all were made to con-

tribute to the national revenue. Salt was taxed so heavily that its importation became one of the many sources of profit to the smuggler. The house-tax was a terrible burden; every window being rated at so much, with the result that many were bricked up, to the lessening of light and air, and the prejudice of health.*

Every private person was a smuggler more or less. Ladies who went to France, or for that matter to Ireland, undeniably slender, returned immoderately stout. Their dresses were padded out with lace and gloves, of which sometimes the searchers deprived them. I remember hearing of a dog that was frequently taken across the Channel to Paris and back. It was at last noticed that he always went over thin and came back fat; he was seized, carefully examined, and it was discovered that he had been fitted with another skin over his natural one, and that between the two a quantity of valuable lace was stowed away.

HATRED OF THE FRENCH.—Sixty years ago France was considered the natural foe of England, and England of France. The threatened invasion of the first Napoleon and the enthusiasm with which, in 1800 to 1805, more than 200,000 volunteers sprang to arms, were in my young days matters fresh in the recollection of all.†

I can well remember the earliest lesson I received from my father—an officer of the good old school of pig-tails and hair-powder. The lesson was this: he would put me on his knee, pat me on the head, and say, "Be a good boy, love your mother, and hate the French." Such counsel would be almost invariably followed up by this: "Now, my boy, if you meet *six* Frenchmen, run away; if there are *three*, lick them!" Such was the invariable teaching received by boys, of all ages, early in the century. Three Frenchmen were thought but a fair match for one Englishman, and I believe nine out of ten of the soldiers of the Peninsula considered three to one made even forces. There can not be the slightest doubt that the belief—prejudice—call it what we please—thus inculcated as it were

* I remember a caricature: A woman at a chandler's shop buying a halfpenny candle was told the price was raised to three farthings. "What's that for?" she asked. "On account of the war, good woman," was the answer. "'Od rot em!" she exclaimed; "do they fight by candle-light?"

† France was growling a similar threat some twenty-five years ago, when the third Napoleon was pressed by his marshals to do what no one knew better than he knew, would have been madness—attempt a landing on our coasts. At that time I was in Paris, and had the honor of conversing on the subject with one of his most distinguished generals. He was explaining to me the feasibility of the plan, and concluded a long harangue by saying, "You know we have plenty of transports." "Yes," I said, "and you will want them; but *one will suffice to bring you back!*" I think I see the old soldier now, with his look of indignation, as he suddenly rose and left the room without a word.

from the cradle, was the source to which England owes many of her victories, both by land and sea.*

Many will remember Dibdin's song (universally popular when I was young) of the fight between a French ship and "the gallant Arethusa":

"On deck FIVE hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with TWO hundred did advance
On board of the Arethusa!"

How many sea-fights were won for England by Charles Dibdin? More, probably, than—if we except Nelson and some other half-dozen famous sea-lions—by all her admirals put together.

I am neither soldier nor sailor, but I can sympathize with any member of either noble profession who has attained my age, and is left to mourn over the ease with which villainous saltpeter finds its way into, and out of, rifled cannon of the eighty-ton species, or who remembers with regret even the tarry trousers that have given place to the smoke and soot of the stoker; while the old "yo-heave-ho" is ousted by the "stop her" of an engineer, who rules the waves as the viceroy of Britannia.

Brown Bess was the arbiter of all battle-fields; as clumsy a progenitor of the Martini-Henry rifle as a Flemish mare would be of a thorough-bred racer. They are curiosities in museums now. The flint-locks were always out of order. The flint had to be clipped after use, so that it might act well on the iron pan; yet, every other shot was a "miss fire," and aims were so uncertain, from weapons so imperfect, that every slain man was popularly held to "cost his weight in lead!" Moreover, the weapon was so heavy that in a retreat it was usually thrown away to lessen the incumbrances of the "retreater." The soldier in battle did the same with the pasteboard stock that, at all times, nearly throttled him, and with his cartouche-box and knapsack. His dress, indeed, could scarcely have been better devised, if its declared intention had been to impede his movements, whether in advance or retreat. Officers were not much better off with their loads of gold lace, their hair-powder, and their pigtails, and were never ready for the field until an hour had been spent under the hands of the barber.

That was a memorable answer of a life-guardsman to a question

* I can not say how it is now, but about thirty years ago when I visited "the Invalides," the great Hall was hung with the banners of every military power—except the English. Of English flags there was not one. A venerable custodian who had shared in a hundred fights took me round, and with the pride of the soldier and the Frenchman (either would have been ample) named to me, one after another, the battles of which they were the prizes. When he had made an end of that long and splendid battle-roll, I startled him by the simple and natural question, "And where are the English?" He made me no answer, but turned away with a changed and gloomy look. There was not one!

put by the Duke of Wellington at a court of inquiry relative to contemplated changes in regimentals. "What sort of a dress would you like to fight in?" asked the Duke. "Well, your Grace," replied the humbler hero, "I'd like best to fight in my shirt-sleeves!" Perhaps one of the most irksome and irritating parts of a soldier's dress was the high, stiff stock.

In those days children of ten years old were sometimes officers and in receipt of the King's pay. It is a well-authenticated fact that a lady was a cornet of dragoons, her commission having been dated some weeks before she was born. The fact of the infant proving a girl entailed no other inconvenience than that of giving her a Christian name that did not designate her sex.

My brother (killed at Albuera in 1811) was an officer in my father's regiment, wore regimentals, and received pay when he was eight years old. There was no discredit attached to such appointments. It was one of the colonel's "perquisites." The abominable practice was put a stop to by the Duke of York.

My father wore powder and the queue until his death. The powder was made, I believe, of potato-starch, kept on by a previous rubbing of pomatum.*

In 1795 Pitt proposed to levy a tax on hair-powder, which—basing his calculations on its widespread use—he estimated would increase the revenue annually by some £200,000. The Act was passed, but, as nearly every one left off using powder, it was almost unproductive. Those who persevered in the fashion paid a guinea a year for the privilege, and enjoyed in consequence the nickname of "guinea-pigs."

The military queue was a long strip of hair growing from the back of the head; we see its prototype in portraits of Chinese mandarins. It was tied by black ribbon, and was considered a sort of challenge to "catch me if you can" when running away. Many, no doubt, have lost their heads, in the literal sense of the words, in consequence of the convenient handle afforded to a pursuing foeman by the queue.

* The fashion of powdering the hair, it may be well to note, is of vast antiquity being traceable as far back as the luxurious days of ancient Rome, when gold-dust was used for that purpose. Among the Anglo-Saxons colored powders were used, blue being the color most often adopted in the illuminations. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, and later, the hair was often washed with a lixivium of chalk to give it a lighter and redder hue; the fair, or rather yellow, hair of the virgin queen setting the fashion and making the custom pretty general. Later, Charles James Fox is said to have powdered his hair with blue powder. He is described in the *Monthly Magazine* for 1806 as having been in his day one of the most fashionable young men about town, and as having his "chapeau-bras, his red-heeled shoes, and his blue hair-powder." Until very recently, hair-powder was on the list of taxed articles.

IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.—The changes I have witnessed—to record a tithe of them would fill a volume—all would describe advance and improvement: no officer can now be appointed without sufficient evidence of his mental and physical capacity to discharge the duties he has to undertake. We have selected from a lower class of candidates, it is true, although we have not yet, to any marked extent, promoted men from the ranks.

We had once a servant who married a soldier, who became, for his gallantry in the Crimea, a commissioned officer. His social position was, therefore, hers; and she was miserable. As “an officer’s lady,” she must not associate with her former comrades: she could not be received by the ladies of the garrison. She complained in terms almost of agony to her former mistress. Her husband was not able to keep a servant, for her new duties were expensive. Her life was lonely and wretched: the change was in no way beneficial to either. I shall never forget the tone in which she concluded a list of the grievances arising out of her new dignity—“And he won’t let me go for my own half-pint of porter!” Those who advocate the promotion of soldiers from the ranks, will do well to remember that such officers usually have wives.

PRESS-GANGS.—People must be old who remember the “press-gangs.” They were bands of sailors belonging to ships that were called “tenders”; their business was to entrap merchant-seamen, or landsmen, and, very soon afterward, transfer them to war-frigates, compelling them to enter his Majesty’s service. In short, into that service they were “pressed.” It mattered not whom the man-hunters found, nor where they found them: any male from fourteen to forty was seized, manacled, and taken on board. It was a hazard to be out and about, at night, without a “protection,” that is to say, a signed paper which signified that the bearer was exempted; but often these papers were, on one excuse or another, disregarded and rendered unavailing.

It was supposed to be the only way of manning the navy; the practice was generally detested, but it flourished none the less, and was sanctioned by law, authorized by the Admiralty, and sustained by the magistracy throughout the kingdom. The country wanted sailors, and they must be had by fair means or foul—such being the only argument that was heeded. I can remember gentlemen of rank and wealth who were thus “pressed,” and condemned to pass days in the holds of filthy ships before interference on their behalf led to their discharge. Often a poor fellow just home from a long voyage, and full of the hope that he should shortly join his family, and pour his hard-earned wages into the lap of his longing wife, was seized as he stepped on shore and forced to make another voyage. Working-men of every class were afraid to walk the streets after nightfall; but even their homes afforded no protection, while to enter a public-

house, especially in river-side districts, was to run into the very jaws of danger.

In 1811 my brother was a midshipman on board the *Eliza* tender ; Captain Kortright * was a personal friend of my father's, and it was thought a good school in which to train him for the navy. He was afterward transferred to the *Niobe* frigate. Although I was very young then, I can recollect his descriptions of some of the scenes in which he was engaged—the bloody scenes that frequently preceded capture, when entrapped fathers and husbands resisted by force a fate that was to many worse than death.

It is needless to say that the men who composed the press-gang were generally reckless ruffians, who had no sympathy for the sufferers ; they received as bounty so much per man ; the most reckless and daring were of course the most successful ; gangs frequently cruised into hamlets, distant from any sea-port, where they were little expected, and desolated villages by captures. Each seaman had a cutlass, and the gang was headed by a lieutenant, or often a boy-midshipman, who was thus educated to the after-tyranny that formed so prominent a part in naval life. Pictures, the truth of which admit of no question, will be found in many books of naval fiction, notably in the popular novels of Captain Marryat.

PRIVATEERS.—Akin to this subject is that of the “privateers,” the licensed pirates, for such they were, of the early part of the century. Fitted up, armed, and manned by private speculators, who sent these sharks to scour the high seas in quest of whatever prey was worth capture, privateers were little scrupulous as to what kind of victim they pounced upon. They were commanded for the most part by daring and reckless men, with abundance of brute courage, and their crews were generally the scum of the jails, who, being paid by the job, made few inquiries as to the nationality of whatever prize they took. I knew one of these privateer captains, the hero of the following incident :

He had given a berth in his cabin to a prisoner of war, and, in the night, awoke just in time to feel a pistol at his cheek. He had presence of mind enough not to try and spring up, but quickly and quietly lifting his finger moved the weapon aside. It was discharged into the pillow, and in an instant more he had his cutlass in his grasp and his treacherous guest was cut down. He carried the marks of the powder with him to the grave, so near to his face did the pistol explode. The captain was sheriff of Cork, and on more than one occasion his courage and intrepidity did the state good service.

At the time of which I write there were many thousand prisoners

* Miss Frances Aiken Kortright, the author of many excellent and popular novels, one of my personal friends, and the esteemed friend of Mrs. S. C. Hall, is one of the daughters of my father's friend, Commander Kortright, R. N.

of war scattered about in English prisons ; little comfort had they, and very limited supplies of food. Now and then they escaped : a matter not easy, for few could speak the language of their jailers, and sometimes they were exchanged, though not often, for English prisoners in France were as one to ten in comparison with the number of Frenchmen detained on British soil.

I might greatly enlarge a theme so attractive to a man who has known many of the veterans who shared with Nelson the glories of the Nile and Trafalgar, or conquered with Wellington at Waterloo—our warfare by land and sea in the early years of this century, and the kind of fighters it bred. Perhaps an anecdote or two selected from the many I have heard from the lips of officers, military and naval, will bring the class of men who were heroes more vividly before my readers than pages of description could.

At a public dinner some years ago I was seated next to an aged naval officer, who made some remark as to my neither eating nor drinking. On my telling him it was because I was appointed to make a speech during the evening, he said I reminded him of an old admiral with whom he had sailed, and related the following anecdote :

“We had fought and taken a French ship. After the battle it was my duty, as a matter of form, to report the result. I found the admiral, evidently in a mood of great irritation, pacing up and down like a bear with a sore head—pens and paper scattered over the cabin-table. ‘Sir,’ I said, ‘I have the pleasure to report to you that the ship —— has struck and is our prize.’ Receiving no answer, I repeated the words ; still the admiral gave no heed. In a tone that no doubt indicated annoyance I was beginning a third time, when the old fellow struck in sharply : ‘Yes, yes, I know ; we’ve fought a battle and won it ; but the worst of it’s to come !’ ‘May I ask, sir, what that is ?’ I inquired. ‘Yes,’ he said, pointing to the scattered papers before him ; ‘there’s that d—d letter to the Admiralty !’ He could fight a battle and win it ; but draw up an official report for the perusal of their Lordships—ah, no ! Not long afterward I was telling this story to another old naval officer. He gave me a pendent to it. Said he : ‘I once sailed with a captain who was ordered on a three-years’ cruise. He received a state paper with a long string of instructions—to do this, that, and the other. On his return it was his duty to make his report. How to do it was another thing. He cut the matter short by taking the paper that contained his instructions, and adding to each item the single phrase, ‘Done’t,’ ‘Done’t,’ ‘Done’t,’ signed the document, and sent it in for the edification of their Lordships at the Admiralty.”

DOMESTIC SERVANTS.—In the days of which I write, there were no “Servants’ Clubs” ; neither dancing nor music lessons were deemed necessary to complete the education of a housemaid or a

lady's-maid. Service was not an inheritance then any more than it is now, but the proudest boast of those who served was length of servitude. To have seen as a wedded wife and mother the child she had placed in its cradle, was a glory and a distinction which the conqueror of a hundred battle-fields might have envied.

Nowadays the cookery-book is not in the mind but on the shelf. What "maid-of-all-work" receives a letter that is not addressed "Miss"? What gown comes home to her without flounces and fur-belows? Ah! it would be easy to make out a long list of changes, indicating that servitude means only so much labor for so much pay, and that such as old Adam gave to Orlando exists only as a forgotten memory or a myth. "To make herself 'generally useful'" rarely enters into the contemplation of a domestic servant: her "duties" must be subservient to her "rights." What has been gained, and what lost, on this march of intellect, I leave readers to determine who compare things new with things old.

I have a friend who knows when her neighbor is away from home by the perpetual strumming of a piano in the adjoining house; it is not "Polly put the Kettle On" that is played, but some composition of Beethoven or Mozart. I have another friend whose servant stipulated for a half-holiday every Thursday—that being the day on which her dancing-master received his pupils. She cared little how to hem and to sew, and made no preparation for the change that might assign to her the duties of wife and mother; she could neither make a pudding nor darn a stocking, but shone in a polka, and was fascinating in a waltz. We must consult old newspapers for the expressive passage, he or she "served fifty years as a faithful servant" in the family of So-and-so. Yet such inscriptions are by no means rare upon headstones in our churchyards. It has been my happy destiny to make such a record *twice*.

DRESS.—What changes there have been in dress! To take, as both gallantry and the nature of the subject demand, the case of the gentler sex first—how strange would a beauty of 1820 look in the eyes of a beauty of 1883! Where are the full sleeves, the huge projecting bonnet, and ringlets elaborately arranged? Gone—gone after the hoops and hair-mountains of a century earlier. And the men, too, where are their elaborate neckcloths, tight-waisted coats, flowered vests, and Hessian boots?—in these days a gentleman's ambition as regards costume is apparently that he may be undistinguishable from his groom!

In my younger days I was somewhat associated with the Wesleyan Methodists. Simplicity in worship was their rule, and equally in costume. In their chapels—the architecture of which was as barren of ostentation as the audience—the men sat on one side, the women on the other, and listened with decorous attention to a

preacher as plainly habited as themselves. For any sister of the sect to have adorned her bonnet with a bow of ribbon, her bosom with a brooch or locket, or her ears with ear-rings, would have been a sure sign that she was not wholly out of the dominion of Satan. I do not know what changes time has wrought within, but without they have been "prodigious," as any man who enters one of the handsome buildings—miniature cathedrals—in which the majority of Wesleyan congregations now worship, may ascertain for himself.

Nay, even the "Friends" have to a great extent identified their appearance with that of the every-day world. One sees little of drab or broad-brim now—common as both were in my youth. I do not offer an opinion on these changes; I only chronicle them among other "things that have been."

Alas! nowadays it is common to see clergymen of the English Church wearing, not only beards, but mustaches, in their pulpits, while occasionally one meets nonconforming ministers so outwardly adorned.* Thus they effectually hide the expression of the most eloquent of the features, mouthing the words they utter, or mutter, and smothering the "glad tidings of great joy."

In quitting the theme of personal appearance "now and then," let me make a final note. When I was a young man beards were worn by none but Jews, and mustaches were the almost exclusive adornments of dragoons; but few men were without whiskers, and some cultivated them to an enormous and, as would be now thought, fantastic extent. I recall an incident that created considerable amusement at the time of its occurrence. A notorious Irish duelist was tried for shooting at a brother fire-eater, not on the "field of honor," be it understood, but without preliminaries and in a public place. Fortunately for the accused, it was an Irish jury with whom he had to deal; and he readily brought them to see that there had been no thought in his mind of taking life, or even of wounding. He had simply been jealous of the other man's whiskers, and had wanted to spoil them, which, for the time at least, he did. In court an overwhelming amount of testimony was brought to prove his unerring aim; among other witnesses, the wife of the accused swore she had often held a half-crown between her finger and thumb for her husband to shoot away. The jury acquitted him, being satisfied that had murder been in his mind he could as readily have deprived his adversary of life as of a whisker.

Are there many who can go even so far back in memory and see the GRAVEYARDS, appendages of churches, that degraded and disgraced, not only the Metropolis, but every city and large town of the empire, appalling to the sight, offensive to the nostrils, creating dis-

* Not long ago I breakfasted with a Baptist minister who wore a mustache.

ease and spreading it—the terrible allies of Death? Yet I well remember the fierce opposition to the project of SUBURBAN CEMETERIES, and the bitter hostility with which all its advocates were encountered. When (in 1840) the scheme was promulgated by Mr. Carden (a gentleman connected in some way with the *Times*), it was cried down as worse than wicked; not only a shameful invasion of vested rights, but un-English and unchristian. I was then editing the *Britannia*, and gave the project my warmest support; not that alone—the body of my father was, I think, the seventh interred in the cemetery at Kensal Green. Now there is not, perhaps, five per cent of the whole British people who do not rejoice that so great a change has been wrought by Time. Now there is hardly a town in England where is not to be found an improved copy of the once exclusively renowned Père-la-Chaise; full of beautiful flowers, frequently recruited; abundantly enriched by flowering shrubs and trees; where death is deprived of its gloomy aspect, with something akin to its promise of a happy Hereafter.*

Of RAILWAYS I have made no note: they have more than doubled the lives of most men. It has, I think, sufficed to have said that in 1820 I made the journey from London to Bristol within the then “unprecedented” period of twenty hours; and that in 1882 the same journey was made by me in two hours and a half. It is by no means rare to breakfast in London and dine in Edinburgh between sunrise and sunset. It is a daily occurrence for men to go from Manchester to London, transact important business, and be again in Manchester on the same day. Engagements may be made with certainty of their being kept, though when made the one party may be thousands of miles apart from the other. I know an instance of two friends—one in Egypt, the other in London—appointing a day for the one to breakfast with the other. Precisely as the clock struck nine, a rap was heard at the door of the London host. “Come in, Mr. Thompson,” said he. And Mr. Thompson, from Alexandria, entered.

As to TELEGRAPHS, it is enough to say, and without a word of comment, every man in Great Britain may read in the day’s newspaper what was doing, or had been done, yesterday, not only in every country of the Old World, but in every State of the New.

I might write of many other changes that Time has brought about, but I will close my list with one, and close it appropriately, I think, in the case of a writer who has been for more than sixty years

* I recall an anecdote told to me by Laman Blanchard: A lady was persuading her husband to bury their dead child at Kensal Green, because “it would be so convenient for a picnic.”

connected with the Press. How wonderful a stride has the art of printing made between then and now ! Stand by the mighty machine that throws off with such marvelous speed and precision thousand after thousand of copies—not only printed at a single operation, but ready folded—of such a newspaper as the *Times*—and having observed its wondrous operations, so delicate but so sure, so complex yet so simple, realize the days when two men stood one on either side a wooden printing-press, the one to dab the type with a soft ball saturated with ink and place a sheet of paper over it, the other to lay above the sheet a “blanket,” then a parchment over all, and to subject the whole to a pressure that, when the sheet was drawn back again and its covering removed, had only printed one side. Such was journalism then so far as that all-important functionary, the printer, was concerned.

Many men I have known at a great age, who held important and responsible offices, or distinguished themselves by brilliant intellect and long-sustained vigor. Lord Palmerston held office as Prime Minister when he died, at the age of eighty-one ; the Duke of Wellington was Commander-in-Chief at eighty-two ; and Lord Hampton presided over the Social Science Congress at Leeds when his age exceeded fourscore years. Thiers became President of the French Republic at seventy-five ; Cockburn was Chief-Justice at a still greater age ; and Eldon, Lyndhurst, and Brougham bore years as thickly heaped upon them as were their honors.

I heard Brougham speak for nearly two hours after he had passed eighty ; his words came forth as clearly and distinctly as they could have done in his prime. Sentence followed sentence as regularly and melodiously as the waves might break over a sandy shore ; his countenance, too, was lit up as in his youth ; his step as firm, his eye as bright, and his action as energetic ; his power to sway and control his audience still irresistible. It was a thorough triumph over Time.*

* In 1882 I addressed an audience—the Committee of the Plymouth Free Library and their Friends, and spoke for more than two hours and a half, concerning the changes I had witnessed and the people I have known. I did that, standing all the while, without once resting or sitting down. I may be permitted to introduce into this note a passage from *The Western Antiquary* :

“MR. S. C. HALL, F. S. A., AT PLYMOUTH.

“The visit of this gentleman to Plymouth during the month of August, 1882, should be chronicled in *The Western Antiquary*. Mr. Hall, having bequeathed his library to the Free Public Library at Plymouth, was desirous of seeing the institution in which his books would be placed, and of meeting some of those who were connected with its management. In connection with this munificent gift, Mr. Hall (at the request of the Library Committee) delivered an address on Thursday, August 24th, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. C. F. Burnard), entitled ‘A Gossip about People I have Known.’ One of the most remarkable features of this address was, that the veteran author (born in 1800) should have, with eloquence

I may add a remarkable instance of vigor in old age to those of which I have made record. In 1842 I spent a week with Sir Francis Workman Macnaghten at Bushmills, in the county of Antrim. His father, Edmund Macnaghten, of Beardville, was born in 1679, and married, first, Leonora, daughter of the Archbishop of Tuam. He married as his second wife a most estimable lady, Hannah, daughter of John Johnston, Esq., of Belfast, in 1761, he at the time of his marriage being eighty-two years of age. By this marriage he became the father of two sons, the elder of whom was a Lord of the Treasury from 1819 to 1830, and died without issue in 1832. The younger son, Francis, whom I visited, was born when his father was eighty-four years old. The father died in 1781 at the age of one hundred and two, and was succeeded by his younger son (my friend), who at the time of my visit was in his eightieth year, and had been created a baronet in 1836. Between the father's day of birth and the day of my visit to the son there had passed one hundred and sixty-three years! Sir Francis was a fine, hale, handsome old man, vigorous and hearty.

He certainly did startle me, when, sitting by his side at dinner, he said to me, "When my father served at the battle of the Boyne." But so it actually was: "Nay," he added, "he commanded a regiment at the siege of Derry, which was a year before the battle of the Boyne." That was quite true, of course; but the "Colonel" of the regiment was a boy of eight or nine years old. His father was absent fighting with King William in England. The clansmen placed the lad at their head, and, under his "command," marched to the defense of glorious and immortal Londonderry.

So recently as 1882, I read with pleasure the following paragraph in the *Times*—with great pleasure, for the eminent lawyer and venerable judge was one of my colleagues in the gallery of the old House of Commons, and a reporter for that journal:

"To-morrow Vice-Chancellor Sir James Bacon will attain his eighty-fourth year. He is the oldest judge on the English Bench, having been born on February 11, 1798. The learned judge, who was appointed a Vice-Chancellor in June, 1870, also holds the office of Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, to which place he was appointed on the Bankruptcy Act of 1869 coming into operation."

and telling effect, discoursed for two and a half hours, entirely from memory, standing all the while, without a minute's cessation, and with no signs of physical exhaustion. Mr. Hall's long life, his retentive memory, and the unusual opportunity he has had for becoming acquainted with the greatest men and women of the century, contributed in no small degree to render this address a high intellectual treat. Mr. Hall is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and, moreover, is deeply attached to Devonshire, his native county; it is, therefore, little matter for wonder that he has taken a deep interest in the fine old historic town of Plymouth and all its associations, and that he is warmly interested in the success of *The Western Antiquary*, to which he has contributed on several occasions. EDITOR."

In the course of this volume I have made reference to several other men of mark, who retained great bodily vigor and much mental power after they had lived far beyond fourscore years.

I have thus exhibited "the mingled yarn, good and ill together," by showing some of the changes wrought by Time.

THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN.—Such changes are by no means all for the worse: most of them are very much for the better. Some will, no doubt, excite astonishment that such "things" could have "been"—sacred gifts of our ancestors, far off or near. Yet I have made reference to none that did not come within my own experience, and that of many other living men and women.

But I must bring to a close this part of my task. I am troubled by the knowledge that my *sins of omission* are very many. I could fill another fifty pages, and not, I think, weary my readers, with records of matters that come within my Recollections. I have still a long road to travel over in their company; and it will not do to linger too long at the outset—telling of the world as it was in the first thirty of my eighty-odd years, and delaying my personal narrative.

I take up the thread of my life's history.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS, 1823-1840.

IN this volume—as I have stated in my Preface—the frequent introduction of personal details is unavoidable. I trust that an apology offered thus early will be accepted as covering all the pages in which I write of myself.

It chanced one evening in 1822 that I was a guest at a supper-party given by Eyre Evans Crowe (the author of "To-day in Ireland" and other novels) at 16 Southampton Street, Strand.* There were present some remarkable men—among them John Banim, and Pigot, subsequently Lord Chief Baron of Ireland, then a student in the Temple.

UGO FOSCOLO.—Out of that evening came an introduction to Ugo Foscolo, and in the latter part of 1822 I engaged to act as a kind of literary secretary to the famous Italian poet.

He was then living at South Bank, Regent's Park, the name of his residence being Digamma Cottage, so styled to commemorate an article he had contributed to the *Quarterly Review* on the Greek Digamma. He had built, decorated, and richly furnished it—on credit; but of the two or three thousand pounds it had cost he could by no possibility have raised a hundred.† The natural consequence ensued: he was deprived of his cottage palace. That deprivation occurred after my connection with him had ceased. A small cottage

* The rooms were, fifty years afterward, my chambers, in which I conducted *The Art Journal*: they were also the offices of *Social Notes*, and from the window I looked into the windows of Easty's Hotel, where for a year I sub-edited the *John Bull* newspaper.

† "When on my return from Spain," writes Count Pecchio, in August, 1823, "I went to visit him, I found him lodged in his new cottage, with all the luxury of a *Fermier Général*, promenading over rooms covered with beautiful Flanders carpets; with furniture of the rarest woods, and statues in the hall; with a hot-house full of exotics and costly flowers; and still served by the three Graces (I believe more expensive than everything else)."

he had previously tenanted had been assigned to me for a residence.* I had little work to do, the all-sufficient reason being that Foscolo himself had none, none at least that was remunerative; yet he lived grandly, and had the attendance of three female servants, all young and handsome. My recollection of him is vivid. He was somewhat under the middle size, thin, almost attenuated, but wiry, active, and exceedingly energetic, apparently unable to control a naturally irritable temper by the influence of reason. His head was one of the finest, in the intellectual organs, I have ever seen: a forehead as broad and massive as that of Michael Angelo, whom indeed he somewhat resembled, even to the slightly depressed nose; his eyes were gray, deep-set, and quick; shaggy eyebrows overhung them; he wore a beard when beards were not common; his mouth was large and sensual, and its bad expression was not concealed by a mustache; his light hair was thin and long, it must have originally been red, and he was continually tearing it when under the effects of any sudden excitement.

Count Pecchio pictures him at an earlier period: "He was of middling stature, of rather strong and muscular make; he had thick, rough, reddish curling hair, which rendered more energetic his poetic *estro*, and more horrible his tristful silence and his flashes of rage; his eyes were gray, small, deep-sunk, quick, and sparkling."

He was eagerly received into the society of English "Liberals." With some of them he had made acquaintance in Italy; others regarded him as a martyr in the cause of Freedom. Perhaps he was so—heralding the changes that loomed in the not far-off distance. Assuredly he was the foe of both civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. He dared the first Napoleon when the Emperor's word was fate. It was a favorite "performance" of his to show an audience in what attitude and with what words he did so. For some time he was a frequent guest at Holland House, but the English aristocracy wearied of the excitable politician and erratic poet.

His manuscripts were partly in English, partly in French, and partly in Italian. His calligraphy was of the worst possible order, and it was no easy task to bring his sentences together so as to make them readable by the printer and available for the publisher.

In 1823, by the advice of Lady Dacre, he undertook to give a course of lectures on Italian literature. By her exertions, those of William Stewart Rose, and other distinguished literary friends, a numerous and cultivated audience assembled, and a thousand pounds were put into the pockets of Foscolo.

Our evenings were generally spent in playing chess. I soon

* Long before he came to England—a refugee—when his purse was as low as it was when I knew him—"he ordered clothes, bought horses, and lodged in a gilded apartment." So Count Pecchio writes of him. But he was a gambler then; occasionally counting gold in heaps, and being as often without a coin. He never gambled while I knew him.

found it was for me a dangerous game. If beaten, he would throw the men about, and often tear his long, straggling hair, so as to leave some of it in his hands; and I was glad to retire to my lonely home, occasionally to be sent for and asked to accept an apology, which, of course, I always did. Foscolo made no secret of being an infidel. He had no principle to guide him that might have worked in the stead of religious sentiment. He died on the 10th of December, 1827, at Hammersmith, and was buried in the churchyard at Chiswick. In 1871 the body was exhumed and conveyed to Italy. I extract the following from a newspaper of that period:

"It had been felt for some time past by the Italian Government that the remains of Ugo Foscolo ought no longer to lie in a foreign country, and that the Pantheon of Italy, La Santa Croce at Florence—where lie the ashes of Galileo, Alfieri, Politian, and others of noble name, and where a statue of Dante has been erected—should be still further honored by receiving the body of the Venetian exile. Signor A. Bargoni was commissioned to make a journey to England, and, if possible, to discover the place of Ugo Foscolo's burial. His task was by no means an easy one; for, though a monument had been erected by the Gurney family in honor of the great Italian, there was nothing to show that it had been placed over the spot where he had been interred. By the kind assistance of the rector of Chiswick, however, at last an old man was discovered who had assisted at the burial when a lad, and who stated that the spot was the same as that marked out by the memorial erected. The inner shell was opened and found to be filled up with sawdust, which, having been carefully brushed away, disclosed the body of Ugo Foscolo. For, strange to say, whether owing to the peculiar nature of the soil, or some preserving mixture having been poured on the sawdust, the form was intact, and the features still perfect."

Borne solemnly back to Italy, the remains of Foscolo were, on the 24th of June, 1871, laid, with great pomp, in the mighty cathedral of Santa Croce, between the tomb of Alfieri and the monument of Dante. "The crowds along the streets," said the chronicler of this interment, "were very great, and the streets themselves were most triumphantly adorned." So, after lying forty years in a foreign grave, were conveyed to the Florence he had dearly loved the "wearied bones" of him who at least deserved to be honored as a foremost poet, and one of the chief patriots of the Italy of his time.

"I shall endeavor to return to peace at Florence,
And leave my wearied bones on the wooded height of Bellosguardo."

So wrote Foscolo as far back as the year 1806. And the season that witnessed their return was that in which Italy—in the days of Foscolo convulsed with internal dissensions and prostrate at the feet of Napoleon—had become united and free.

In the year 1882 I pause, for a moment, to make record of my thankfulness to God who, in 1822, preserved me from my first great peril—to mind, heart, and soul. I do not refer to escape from the

sirens, though that is cause for gratitude, but to the Mercy that saved me from the taint of infidelity to which I was, then and there, more than merely exposed. I do not mean that Foscolo strove to corrupt me ; but he assuredly placed me in the way of strong temptations. The wiles of his "Graces" failed because just then I made the acquaintance of her who not long afterward became my wife. I was, therefore, in no danger from that ever-potent source of danger to youth ; but Foscolo believed in no "first cause"—not only in no Redeemer, but in no Creator, and might have sapped the foundation and destroyed the structure that Christian parents had labored to raise. I remember his pointing to a lamp on the table, and then to the floor, saying, "There are insects crawling there ; and what that light is to them your God is to you." Through this trial I passed—I hope, unscathed—but even now I shudder to think of the precipice from which the Hand of Mercy drew me back. I rejoice at the opportunity thus afforded me, almost at the outset of this book, to say this—Time has more and more strengthened in me the conviction that the only sure way of obtaining happiness is by nourishing, sustaining, and giving power to faith in a superintending, controlling, and directing Providence.

SIR ROBERT WILSON.—While I was in a state of almost hopeless despondency—seeing in the future only dark clouds, and in the present the inducements that tempt to a crime against which the Eternal has fixed his "Canon"—Count Porro, the friend of Foscolo, one eventful morning called to see me. His object was to employ me in copying a manuscript : one neither easy to read nor transcribe. He let me know it was a document confided to my honor, for it was a paper upon the issue of which much depended. I copied it and heard no more of the matter for a month. At the end of that time he drove up to my door and requested me to accompany him, not saying where or to whom. On the way, however, he explained that he was bringing me to the person for whom the manuscript had been copied. We stopped at a house in Regent Street, some eight or ten doors down, on the left, from Piccadilly, and were received by a tall, thin, wiry gentleman, obviously a soldier, with the unmistakable exterior that denoted a man habituated to command. Count Porro made him known to me as SIR ROBERT WILSON. I flushed with natural pride, for the romantic story of Lavalette was then fresh, and it was gratifying to see and know the hero of that memorable escape. After a few brief words I was set to work, and for eight days I was, pen in hand, in the service of that remarkable man. I suppose I discharged my duties satisfactorily, for at the end of that time he proposed to me to accompany him, or rather to follow him, to Spain, as an officer in the Anglo-Spanish Legion he was about to raise, and to act, when there, as one of his secretaries—appointments I gladly accepted ; "the world was all before me," and I had then

no tie to bind me to anywhere or any one. I rejoiced to enlist under any banner.

Early in 1823 France invaded Spain. England adopted the principle of neutrality ; but, as the Opposition peers and Commons contended, "it was not for war, yet it was not for peace." In this country there was a strong feeling of sympathy with the revolt in the Peninsula. Lord Althorp failed in an attempt to repeal the Act which prohibited British subjects from engaging in foreign military service. In the House of Commons, Sir Francis Burdett gave it as his strong opinion that the French invasion of Spain "was a vile and detestable project." This widespread sympathy led to an attempt to embody a foreign legion for the service of Spain, or rather of the "rebellious" Cortes, who were, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be the advocates of freedom. The legion was to be under the command of Sir Robert Wilson, and the papers I had copied related to the expedition. He had, it was well known, visited Spain in secret.

A committee to aid the Cortes had been formed in London, and of that committee I was (by Sir Robert's express desire) appointed secretary. During his absence, a great public meeting, to express sympathy and tender assistance, was held at the London Tavern. I did not hear the speeches, for it was my duty to sit in an outer room and receive subscriptions. The sum subscribed I took to the bank when the meeting terminated,* and next day was sitting as secretary at the Crown and Anchor. A few months afterward the affair was brought to a doleful, if not an ignominious, close, and I was again free and "on the stream." The honor expectant which Sir Robert meant to confer upon me—a lieutenancy in the Anglo-Spanish Legion—it is needless to say, I never enjoyed ; the surplus money was, if I remember rightly, handed to the Greeks, then in insurrection ; the Cortes were beaten down, despotism for a while triumphed, and Sir Robert Wilson returned to his own country without having advanced liberty in Spain.

It is not wonderful if my enthusiastic admiration for Sir Robert Wilson was great. The period was not far off when he had been the chivalric defender of Queen Caroline. That is a dark blot on the page of English history, but it is unnecessary to make here more than passing allusion to it. Sir Robert, for his "conduct" at the Queen's funeral, had been dismissed from the army : "His Majesty had no further occasion for his services." He vainly entreated and

* On referring to the newspapers of the time, I find the following account of it: "Public Cause of Spanish Independence.—A meeting was held at the London Tavern on June 13, 1823. Among the noblemen present were Earl Grosvenor, Earl Gosford, Lord Erskine, Lord Lynedoch, Lord Ebrington, M. P., Lord William Bentinck, M. P., Lord John Russell, M. P., Lord William Russell, M. P., Lord Nugent, M. P., Hon. J. Abercromby, M. P., H. Brougham, M. P., John C. Hobhouse, M. P., Joseph Hume, M. P., and many others. Lord W. Bentinck took the chair." Not one of these men of mark is living in 1883.

demanded a court-martial. A public subscription was made, chiefly by his constituents (he represented the borough of Southwark), to recompense him for the loss of his commission, while his popularity was augmented a thousandfold. Of his defense in the House, in 1822, Brougham said, "The judgment of it was perfect ; it could not have been materially improved in point of language by any man in the House or at the Bar." Long afterward he received justice from a King and a Government : his honors were restored to him, and at the time of his death he was Governor of Gibraltar.

LAVALETTE.—In youth as in manhood, Wilson was brave and energetic, generous and sympathetic : guided by a natural comprehension of right, and a matured and educated love of mercy. My enthusiasm was naturally excited by the part he had taken in saving the life of the French officer, Lavalette ; the glory of which he shared with a Scotchman named Bruce and an Irishman named Hutchinson (afterward Lord Donoughmore). The Comte de Lavalette had been condemned to death—and would assuredly have suffered death—for the part he had taken in the escape of the first Napoleon from Elba. Some record of this chivalrous venture—little known to the existing generation—will not be considered out of place.

The escape from prison took place on the 20th December, 1815, while the allied armies occupied Paris. For several days in ill health, and broken down by grief—or at all events apparently so—Madame Lavalette had been conveyed to the prison in a Sedan chair ; on that day she was passed in as usual, accompanied by her little daughter. She remained an hour in her husband's cell, and was heard to sob ; at length she was summoned to retire. It was the last interview, for he was to be shot next day. Leaning on the arm of one of the warders, stooping, almost crawling, sobbing, a large black veil concealing the face, there entered the chair—not madame but the doomed soldier. The officials at the several gates, utterly unsuspecting, allowed the chair to pass. Its inmate was conveyed to a carriage in waiting, and was very soon hidden in some house, where he continued in safety undiscovered.

Madame was found enveloped in her husband's cloak, and smiled when she said "*il est parti.*" The result may be better imagined than described. The change of dress had been so rapid and so complete, that when the father, holding a handkerchief to his face, and leading his little child by the hand, passed out, it was sympathy and not distrust that had been excited.

But though freed from prison, it was by no means easy to escape from France ; for all possible effort was made at recapture : strict watch was placed at every barrier ; neither man nor woman could pass without minute scrutiny. Then there came to the rescue three British gentlemen, Mr. Bruce, Sir Robert Wilson, and Colonel Hutchinson.

Sir Robert was a general officer who had obtained renown, and had written several military books; the regiment of Colonel Hutchinson was quartered in the French capital, but the leading arrangements seem to have been made by Mr. Bruce. Neither of the three had any previous acquaintance with Lavalette. They were guided, as Wilson said to the French jury who tried him, by "the eternal laws of morality and humanity." The dress of an English officer was easily obtained; passports were without difficulty procured; and as a British officer he passed the barriers in the company of two British officers, one of whom wore the uniform of a general; and on the 9th of January, 1815, they quitted Paris: next day Lavalette was in sanctuary in England.

For this offense the three were tried; a verdict of guilty was found against them, and the three were sentenced each to three months' imprisonment. Madame for her "crime" was not prosecuted.

The two soldiers were subjected to a severe reprimand "by the Prince Regent's command," who expressed his high displeasure. But his Royal Highness was unwilling to visit these officers with the full weight of that displeasure: they had already been punished in the country where the offense was committed. Probably the Prince was as well pleased with the issue as were the whole British people. It is certain that the gallant three received the homage of all the world. No doubt Sir Robert Wilson's share in the adventure led to his being returned to Parliament as member for Southwark.

Sir Robert appeared at the Bar in Paris in full uniform as a general officer, decorated with eight orders of several European states, one of which was the cordon of the Russian order of St. Anne—"hieroglyphics of honor," as the advocate, M. Dupin, called them. Madame Lavalette was in court during the trial; and the three accused saluted her with low bows. Being asked if she had seen and known them previously, she looked at them, and declared she had never known, and, until then, had never seen either of them.

THE "BRITISH PRESS."—During my employment as secretary to the Spanish Committee I had on many occasions written articles concerning the struggles in Spain for a daily newspaper, the *British Press*. When the Spanish Committee closed I was retained upon that paper as one of its corps of Parliamentary reporters. I moreover wrote reviews, criticisms on art, and so forth. The editor was an Irishman named Mahon—a man of ill character, who had been an attorney in Cork. He was a very tall man, and went by the sobriquet of "the long orator." He owed his appointment as editor to a speech he had made at a public meeting to give relief to Ireland during one of its periodical famines, and was in no way fitted for the post thus accidentally thrust upon him. The general manager was another Irishman, a Mr. Lane, who had much experience with little ability. The paper had been set up by the London publishers, who

were offended by certain articles in the *Morning Post*. It did not arrive at "length of days," being in due course merged with the *New Times*, which not long afterward became the *Morning Journal*; of this last paper I shall assuredly have something to say presently.

The sub-editor of the *British Press* at the time of my engagement was George Medd Butt, a special pleader, afterward Q. C. Had he lived he would have been on the bench; for, though not a good speaker, he was a man of talent, with an enormous appetite for work: all night at his desk in the newspaper office, and all day busy at his chambers in the Temple! He died early. He was my friend. I esteemed him highly as a truly upright man, and a sound and able lawyer.* He was my "best man" at my wedding.

My connection with the *British Press* need not detain me long. I may state, *en passant*, that one of its parliamentary corps was the elder Dickens, a gentleman of no great intellectual capacity. Now and then there came to the office a smart, intelligent, active lad, who brought what was then called, and is still, I believe, named, "penny-a-line stuff"—that is to say, notices of accidents, fires, police reports, such as escaped the more regular reporters, for which a penny a printed line was paid.

The lad to whom I refer was that Charles Dickens whose name not very long afterward became known to, and honored by, the half of human kind.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.—There were among the reporters of that time several gentlemen who were afterward eminent. Such were Payne Collier and the present Vice-Chancellor Bacon. Other men of mark connected with the Press, though not as parliamentary reporters, were Campbell (Lord Campbell), Judge Talfourd, Samuel Taylor Coleridge (who had left the field when I entered it), Leigh Hunt, William Hazlitt, and Allan Cunningham. Reporting is a calling of my connection with which I have always been proud. It infers a large amount of resolute labor, physical endurance, a ready aptitude, an early and sound education, familiar acquaintance with public events, a retentive memory, and extensive reading. There is but little responsibility, and the work is liberally paid for. It is by no means easy for men of letters, before they become conspicuous, to get so much for so little labor in other fields. Although in "changes wrought by Time" I have treated this subject, there are additional notes that will not weary my readers. The parliamentary reporters of to-day live in an auspicious age: they are not only tolerated, but petted; comforts as well as conveniences are made for

* So certain did his rise seem to me, that once, in a mood half jocular and half serious, I handed him a pound, and received from him an agreement to give me a pipe of port wine when he became a judge. As I have intimated, he did not live to pay me; but he would have done so had his life been prolonged.

them. In the old House of Commons, the conditions of parliamentary reporting were as follows: The reporter pushed his way with the crowd to the Strangers' Gallery. The seat provided for him and the other representatives of the Press was the back seat of that gallery, into which he had to squeeze himself through a doorway about two feet wide. Seated there, he took his notes. There were, perhaps, a hundred seats under him, benches filled by "strangers," and in this back bench it was very difficult to hear. When he sought egress he had a hard fight with intervening legs and arms to reach his own door; often jaded, heated, and laden with anxiety, he had absolutely to push his way in or out—struggling to make room for his successor who was pushing his way in. Having had his "hour," and been relieved, he made his way as fast as he could to the office to write out his notes for the printer.* Shorthand was by no means universal; some of the best reporters did not use it—or, rather, they had a shorthand of their own, abridging words and sentences; memory enabling them to "fill in," and deriving essential aid from a knowledge and comprehension of the subject discussed. It is needless to say that the printed speeches were frequently far better than the speeches spoken.† This is no doubt as true of reporting to-day as it was of reporting yesterday. The fact has been many times illustrated. "Let them alone," said Pelham; "they make better speeches for us than we do for ourselves." O'Connell, in the zenith of his power, shrank with terror from a threat of the reporters that they would not report a line of what he said in the House until he withdrew a charge he had unjustly made against them. Still they were only tolerated; even now when any member chooses to address to the Speaker the words, "Sir, I perceive there are strangers in the House," the Speaker will of necessity make answer, "Strangers must withdraw."‡

* A common toast of reporters at social meetings was, "Joseph Hume getting up, and George Canning sitting down." The meaning was this: the reporter who had to report the one so abridged his task that a quarter of an hour's subsequent work was all that was required of him, while to have an hour of Canning implied three or four hours' toil at the office.

† When not a word was to be lost, as in the case of George Canning or Henry Brougham, the shorthand reporter had the advantage; when condensation was essential, and much had to be omitted, the advantage lay with the note-taker, who, as I have said, had a shorthand of his own. I know I have often filled a quarter of a column of type from a single page of notes—of course recalling to memory what was said, sometimes, no doubt, what ought to have been said; and I have been more than once thanked by an honorable member for judicious abridgment and graceful manipulation of a speech.

‡ In 1738 the House resolved *unanimously*, "that it is a high indignity to, and a notorious breach of privilege in this House, for any news-writer . . . to presume to insert," etc.; "and that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against such offenders." The principle is continued to this day: an event in illustration occurred not long ago. To suppress parliamentary reporting and issue newspapers without debates in the Houses (but that is an impossibility), would be to light a beacon of civil war.

The power of reporters was, and is, incalculably great; yet I never heard a charge of corrupt practice brought against any one of them. There was never even a suspicion of bribery, and to their independence as well as integrity testimony has always been borne. Sir Robert Peel publicly stated that "during the time he held office he had never received any solicitation for any favor or patronage from a reporter"; and I believe that every minister from long before him to the present day would say the same. They had their favorites, and their dislikes, no doubt; and probably the lengths at which speeches were given were in a measure guided by the politics of the paper-representative; but unfair reports arising from such sources were rarely or never urged against a reporter.*

My *essai de bataille* was the House of Lords. Reporters there were not so cruelly "provided for" as in the House of Commons; they stood, however, among the crowd that fronted the bar, and it was a serious breach of privilege to be seen taking notes. Frequently, from one of the subordinate guardians compelled to notice the offender, would be heard the mandate, "Sir, put by your book." It was, of course, done for a few seconds, and the note-taking resumed. I may record one remarkable "breach of privilege." The venerable Lord Eldon had left the woolsack to receive a bill which the Commons had brought to the bar, and in drawing hastily back to make way, I dropped my note-book over the bar. I must have looked terribly frightened as I made a dart under and seized it. The old lord, seeing my alarm, bowed and said, "Sir, I would have handed you your book." I made some kind of reply which amounted to "Thank you, my lord." The much-abused Chancellor planted some seeds by those words; for, although most public writers then looked upon him as game to be freely and perpetually "run down," I never wrote a line, or permitted any one I could influence to write aught that could have given him even a momentary annoyance.

I recall the first evening of my trial as a parliamentary reporter. When I began to take notes I was so utterly confused that I could not catch a sentence. I closed my book, and was leaving the House, abandoning the "calling," as, for me, hopeless, when, as I reached the door, my ear did seize upon a few words. I returned more self-possessed; coolly listened, put down what I heard, and made a fair report as the result of my first effort.

There were then, as there have always been, unscrupulous men who directed some portions of the newspaper press. At the time of which I write, two journalists were especially unprincipled and no-

* I think that the year 1870 supplied the last instance of members complaining of unfair reporting. It was alleged that "speeches of importance were suppressed; that some were printed in a mutilated form; as, indeed, publishing iniquitous reports, and so being an intolerable grievance."

torious—Westmacott, who edited the *Age*, and Gregory, who edited the *Satirist*; perhaps I ought to say three, for Theodore Hook, editor of the *John Bull*, although a man of higher attainments, was not much superior in morals to either of his worthless compeers. Yet, bad as they were, they were not so bad as some editors who had preceded them in exerting evil influence by precept and example. One of the most venal of them all was the Rev. Henry Bate, editor of the *Morning Post*, and afterward of the *Morning Herald*, who did his worst to degrade letters and disgrace his vocation. His time was spent in the green-rooms of theatres, where he was a blight, and in taverns, where he was a pest. Although an ordained clergyman, he fought several duels. Notwithstanding his infamous character, he obtained, by the influence of the Prince of Wales, to whose evil habits he had pandered, a lucrative church living, and subsequently a baronetcy. I did not know him—he was before my time, and happily I did not know much of his successors—two of them, that is to say, for with Hook I was well acquainted.

The *Age* commenced its career in 1828, but it was not until some time afterward that it came into the hands of Westmacott. The *Satirist* was its junior by some years. They were incubi on the Press of the day, but they prospered, and their proprietors flourished by means of scandal. The papers were of opposite politics, the *Satirist* being "Liberal," the *Age* "Tory." To slander man or woman of the opposite side was a delight, and seemed to be accepted as a duty; private character was the mark chiefly assailed, and there was usually a grain of truth in a bushel of calumny. Westmacott and Gregory were both called away long since, to answer for their deeds on earth, and their journals are remembered by the present generation chiefly because Macaulay in one of his essays stigmatizes an especially disgraceful proposal as too bad "for the editor of the *Satirist* to have made to the editor of the *Age*." No charge was too gross when there was the shadow of foundation for it. In general, there was so much of the one to season the other as to prevent the victim from appealing to a court of justice; and often, though not always, a fear of the notoriety that was to follow prevented persons assailed from taking the law into their own hands. The law did, however, occasionally step in to punish, and heavy damages were several times awarded; yet, somehow, infamy was so profitable that means were forthcoming to defray costs. But the largest incomes derived by those papers were from the sale of silence. Distinguished persons, not excepting those of royal birth, who were liable to attack, and knew they were so, were informed that certain letters and documents were in the editor's hands—for publication. These had been purchased from needy scoundrels for small sums, and were sold at enormous profit to the parties they would have compromised. Discoveries and exposures were made, now and then, by malcontents, who,

having originally got hold of the things, were disappointed with their shares, thinking they had an "honest" right to a fair proportion of the gains. Often the information thus tendered for sale amounted to little or nothing, but the parties threatened were ignorant of that. The "conscience that doth make cowards" magnified possibilities into probabilities, and it was rarely the editors failed to make good bargains with the "accused."*

One of the principal props of the *Age* was, for some years, William Maginn, LL. D., a literary Swiss who readily sold himself to any buyer, or to two buyers at the same time—one being Tory, the other Whig. I knew Maginn in Cork so far back as 1820. In that city at that time there were two societies, each styling itself "literary and philosophic." The one, in which I was a raw recruit, was assailed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in the *Gazette*, surnamed the "Literary"—then in the early years of its long life—by Maginn and a clever surgeon named Gosnell. The attacked were ready and willing to reply, and a paper war was the result. It did not convulse Ireland: but I for one was not sorry to leave Cork, which I did in the beginning of the year 1821. I had made myself friends on the one hand and enemies on the other by a *jeu d'esprit*, a dramatic poem, entitled "The Talents." It contained many hard hits in payment of hard hits, and was very acceptable to the Society, which, until then, had had the worst of it.†

Maginn came to London in 1823-'24, with as large a "stock-in-trade" of knowledge as was ever brought by one man from Ireland to England; yet it was profitless and almost fruitless. His profound learning, extensive reading, his familiarity with ancient and modern languages, his ready and brilliant wit, were utterly ineffectual in achieving for him independence or fame. He lived a life of mean and degrading "shifts," and died in absolute poverty in 1842. He is buried at Walton-on-Thames, where in 1860 I tried in vain to find his grave. The sexton was unable to point out the precise spot, and probably it will never be known. I did my best to get up a subscription to place some mark in the church or on the church wall, but there was no response to my appeal.‡

* I have heard it said, and believe it to be true, that in Westmacott's editorial room he had a small basket suspended near the ceiling, that a spring, when touched, brought close to his hand. It contained a pistol. Westmacott was a poor creature physically, and had received several thrashings. Gregory was, on the contrary, a very powerful man, and aided by a huge loaded bludgeon, which he always carried, would not easily have met his match.

† Of the thirty or forty persons named in that *brochure*, either to praise or blame, I am the only one now living. A few years ago, I gave a copy of this poetical folly, which bears the date 1820, to the Cork library, and with it some observations on its origin, and some account of the persons assailed or defended.

‡ I found among some old papers the bill of the undertaker, William Drewitt. It records that "he died at Walton, on the 20th day of August, 1842, aged forty-

His mind was frittered away on periodical writing. For *Fraser's Magazine* he wrote monthly, for the *Age* weekly, for any publication indeed that would give him the pay of the moment. He had an awkward impediment of speech, not quite a stutter; and soon after he achieved repute, his countenance, never very expressive and certainly not handsome, assumed the terrible character that self-indulgence never fails to give. He is an example of the men who could fight for the shadow, while utterly ignoring the substance, of honor, and is one of the shames as well as one of the glories of Literature.

No doubt the fertile source of his misery was drink. He was always drunk when he could obtain the means of intoxication; consequently he seldom put pen to paper in a condition of entire sobriety, and sometimes did not know what he wrote. Indecencies as well as absurdities occasionally crept into papers upon which he was employed. He did not, like Sheridan, "get drunk like a gentleman"; he got drunk like a tap-house sot. Any liquor that came in his way served his turn. To him is attributed the receipt for making whisky punch—"first put in the sugar, then put in the lemon, and then put in the whisky, and every drop of water you put in after that spoils the punch." Of him also a story is told that when a friend was praising his wine as remarkably good, and asked him where he got it, he replied, "I get it at the London Tavern." "Well," was the answer, "a very good place surely, but somewhat dear; what do you pay for it?" "I'm sure I don't know," was the reply; "I believe they do put something down in a book."

His friend Kennedy told me this story of him: A gentleman with whom Kennedy was acquainted projected a newspaper of high class, and coveted the services of Maginn. The two friends were invited to dine with him and arrange preliminaries, and Kennedy was resolved that Maginn should go to the meeting sober. With that view he called upon him before he was up in the morning, and never left him all day, resisting every appeal for a dram. As the dinner-time drew near they walked together to the house of the newspaper projector, Maginn making several efforts to rush into the public-houses they passed *en route*. At length the Doctor stopped before the shop of an undertaker, and said, "By-the-way, I remember I have an inquiry to make here; wait for me two minutes." There could be no possible danger in that quarter, and Kennedy waited patiently outside. The two minutes grew to half an hour, and out staggered the Doctor—drunk. He had achieved his aim by the following device: On entering the shop, his handkerchief was before his face, and he was apparently sobbing in an agony of grief, all he could gasp forth being, "Let there be no expense spared; she was

eight years." The funeral expenses—seeing that the church was but a few yards distant from the public-house at Walton, where he died—must have been inexplicably costly—the charge being £35 4s. 9d.

worthy, and I can afford it." The undertaker applied the usual terms of consolation, and made notes concerning hearse, carriages, banners, etc., but, seeing his client in so sad a state of distress, recommended a little brandy. After a "No" and a "Well, a little," a bottle was produced, and, between question and answer, glass after glass disappeared, until the whole was consumed. Maginn was about to withdraw, when the undertaker, proud of his unlimited commission, in gentle accents said, "Sir, you have not yet told me where she is to be taken to." "Taken to!" was Maginn's answer; "you may take her to ——!" He had staggered out of the shop and rejoined his friend before the undertaker could recover from the shock. It is needless to add that although Kennedy led Maginn to the meeting, nothing came of it, except an invincible repugnance on the part of the projector to place any trust in such a man.

Maginn's duel with Grantley Berkeley is well known. Berkeley, exasperated by an attack on the memory of his mother in *Fraser's Magazine*, had beaten the comparatively innocent publisher within an inch of his life. Maginn avowed the authorship, and of course they fought. Five shots each were fired; one of Berkeley's balls struck the boot of Maginn, and a ball from the pistol of Maginn ruffled the coat-collar of Berkeley. Maginn's second, Fraser (no relation of the publisher, but usually accredited with the editorship of the magazine), said, "Maginn, will you have another shot?" "Blaze away!" was the answer. "Be J——, a barrel o' powder, by G——!"

In 1842, in the month of September, an appeal was made on behalf of his family: it was signed by Giffard, Lockhart, the Bishop of Cork (his native city), Professor Wilson, and the Provost of Trinity College. A sum of £500 was raised, of which the Queen Dowager, the King of Hanover, and Sir Robert Peel each subscribed £100: three out of the five.

His was a wasted life: with immense capabilities there were small results. The world owes him little—nothing, indeed, when the fertility of the source is taken into account. Such evil is the consequence—almost always the inevitable consequence—of habits that sap the mind, paralyze power, and make dishonesty and vice triumph easily over rectitude and virtue. The name of Dr. Maginn is but a sound to this generation.

Although I have classed the *John Bull* with the *Age* and the *Satirist* (and as an instrument of calumny it was hardly less infamous than either), it is right that a distinction should be made. An opponent in politics was a natural enemy, but I do not believe that Hook was urged to his assaults by personal malice or by thought of iniquitous gain. The *John Bull* (which began its career in December, 1820) was devised and established with the avowed purpose of persecuting the unfortunate Queen Caroline, and for the annoyance and injury of her friends. In the preface to the first number, the Queen

was spoken of as "that sickening woman." The manner in which she was treated was *atrocious*, there being no grain of mercy for her, nor for any person, gentle or simple, who supported her cause. One of her "ladies of honor," Lady Jersey, who had been unmercifully assailed in its columns, greatly promoted its popularity, not only by prosecuting it for libel, but by publicly announcing that she would not only exclude from her own parties, but would use her influence to exclude from the parties of her friends, "any person who took in that pestilent paper the *John Bull*." Various circumstances aided its circulation from the commencement. The projectors calculated on a weekly sale of 750, and had prepared accordingly, but in six weeks the circulation had risen to 10,000. Its force was in its terse, bitter, and biting sarcasm; and in the verses—having in all cases political poignancy—which Hook threw off with a rapidity absolutely astonishing. Some of them were indecent as well as ruthless; in fact, any weapon that was likely to "floor" an adversary was freely used, with no compunction, and without a dread of probable or possible consequences. These consequences were often severe; large damages for libels being the principal punishments. Personal chastisement was seldom awarded, for Hook pertinaciously and systematically denied all intercourse with or influence over the paper.

In the year 1836, when Theodore Hook succeeded me as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, he offered me, and I accepted, the sub-editorship of the *John Bull*. During such sub-editorship no libel appeared in the paper, nor did aught that was in a strong sense objectionable. Certainly I was not in a position to refuse the insertion of anything sent to me by Mr. Hook, but one resource was always at hand—I should have retired from my post if what was sent had been offensive. But much of the sparkle, and almost all the wit, had gone out of the paper with its venom, and its circulation fell off considerably. Of its subsequent history I know nothing.

It is said, and I believe with truth, that Sir Robert Wilson (who had been almost weekly assailed with venom) one day met Hook in the street, when a conversation to this effect took place: "Hook," said Sir Robert, "I am to be attacked next Sunday in the *John Bull*." "Are you?" answered Hook, raising his eyes in astonishment; "what a shame!" "It is true, however," said Sir Robert. "I do not complain of assaults that are made on public grounds, but this is entirely a private matter, and may touch me very nearly. Now mind what I say, Hook. I know you have nothing to do with the *John Bull*: you have told me so half a dozen times; but if that article appears, as surely as you live, I'll horsewhip you wherever I find you!" The article never did appear.

I was glad to be rid of the connection. I had joined it with reluctance, continued it with some self-reproach, and release was a boon that made me happier.

To the last Hook was never seen, acknowledged, or known at the office. I have understood that in those days of personal peril, when duels were not always to be avoided by persons who, from any motive, would "speak out," a coarse, half-brutal, but tall and powerfully built Irishman, of the grade of a day-laborer, was kept on the premises to answer all applicants to see the editor, his one sentence generally being enough—"I'm the Idditor, sir, at your sarvice."

I have, I think, dwelt at sufficient length on these unpleasant reminiscences of the newspaper vampires that preyed on society in the days of George IV and William IV. From the *John Bull* I turn to another and very different literary enterprise, the career of which was as brief as unfortunate.

In 1825 the *Representative*, a morning newspaper, was announced by Mr. John Murray, the renowned publisher of Albemarle Street; I was appointed one of its corps of parliamentary reporters. Rarely had a publication been launched into the world of literature with such "great expectations." It was believed that the supply of money was inexhaustible; and it was known that the best literary aid of the day was at the command of the proprietor. There had been time for ample preparation; new type and fine paper were among the accessories; and, in short, success seemed as certain as it ever could be in an undertaking of an always hazardous class. The day preceding the issue of the first number, Mr. Murray might have obtained a very large sum for a share of the copyright, of which he was the sole proprietor; the day after that issue the copyright was worth comparatively nothing. To use a very common simile, the *Representative* "went up like a rocket and came down like the stick."

All things needful or desirable had been secured except the most important—an editor. Editor there was literally none from the beginning to the end. The first number supplied conclusive evidence of the utter ignorance of editorial tact on the part of the person intrusted with the duty. The leading article consisted, if I remember rightly, of *seven columns*, and was a review of the political state of Europe. Newspapers then were not as they are now—when a single copy of some of our leviathans might make the main sheet of a yacht. Advertisers were naturally eager to appear in this first number: they and the leading article occupied more than half the paper. In the other half there was nothing new or interesting, nothing to sustain the general impression that the *Representative* was to be a Power. In short, the work was badly done; if not a snare it was a delusion; and the reputation of the new journal fell below zero in twenty-four hours.

To this day, the name of its original editor, or rather of the person who so conspicuously failed to act as such, remains a mystery. Mr. Murray, junior, I suppose knows, but I doubt if there be any

one else who does. The "big" leading article had been written with great ability, but was utterly out of place. I thought, and still think, the writer was Lockhart. Mr. Grant, in one of his three large, but not great, volumes, affirms that the first editor was the younger D'Israeli, and, after speculating as to his probable salary, romances somewhat about the splendor of the editorial *office*, where it was expected Mr. D'Israeli "would receive Mr. Murray's aristocratic friends." There was some elegance but no "splendor" there; while the reporters' office resembled a large barn rather than a room for thought or study. Both were in Northumberland Court, in the Strand, the one on the opposite side of the court from the other. That Mr. D'Israeli never was the editor, I am certain. I am very sure he never wrote a line for the paper. I certainly never saw him nor heard his name at the office. Moreover, we have Mr. D'Israeli—in a letter written and published by his friend and solicitor—declaring that "he never received any compensation for anything he had ever written for the Press." Grant is clearly in error; but, as if one error was to be sustained by another, he says, "Some few years before the *Representative* was published, Mr. D'Israeli had a small periodical of his own, partly political and partly literary." Now, as Mr. D'Israeli was but twenty-one years old in 1825, it is hard to see how he could have been an editor "some few years" before that date. Cyrus Redding committed the same palpable error; and with sundry sneers at D'Israeli, describes him as the Editor of the *Star Chamber*.

The only person visible to the reporters connected with the management of the paper was a "retired" clergyman named Edwards, if I except Dr. Maginn, who contributed his share to ruin it—during the seven months of its existence.*

Dr. Maginn was "nothing if not intoxicated," and he was worse than nothing then. I remember having to report one of the most remarkable events of that time—a masquerade ball for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers. Various members of the royal family and the noblest ladies of the aristocracy were present. More than once I saw Maginn slouching about the floor of the Opera House (where the ball was held), clad in a dress by no means over-decent, and with unmistakable indications of his usual "habit." I wrote my report, and it was printed; but what was my horror next morning at reading a leading article describing the brilliant affair as an

* A story was at that time told of Mr. Murray. Being one night *bacchi plenus* (then a very venial offense), he was straying unconsciously about some London street, when he was luckily encountered by a gentleman who knew him. This friend in need called a hackney-coach, and told the driver to convey the great publisher to his house in Whitehall Place. As the gentleman was bidding him good-night, Mr. Murray shouted to him. He advanced to the coach-door and asked if he could do anything more, adding, "Do you want anything?" "Want—want!" murmured the proprietor of the *Representative*; "want—want! Yes: I want an editor."

assemblage of disreputable people of the lower class, whose antics were like those of buffoons—or words to that effect! Small wonder that the *Representative* had a short life and not a merry one, and that Mr. Murray was a large monetary loser by the speculation!*

After the decease of the *Representative* I became one of the parliamentary reporters of the *New Times*. The editor at that period was a thorough gentleman and a good man—Eugenius Roche, an Irishman of the best stamp. I had known him previously. Its projector and editor, Dr. Stoddard, having received a government appointment at Malta, the journal lingered and died—or, to speak more correctly, it merged into the *Morning Journal*, a new paper started to maintain Protestant ascendancy, and to oppose the Catholic claims that were then, in 1828, making headway, threatening to "swamp the British Constitution"—as Lord Eldon not long afterward declared, "so that the sun of England's prosperity would set for ever."

O'Connell had been returned for Clare County, and Great Britain was in a state of terrible turmoil. "No Popery!" was once again chalked on the dead walls of the Metropolis, and strong efforts were made to rouse the whole British population; such efforts were fortunately made in vain. The good sense, practical wisdom, and enlightened forethought of a large proportion of the middle and higher classes had brought about a memorial to Parliament; and from the day on which the monster petition was presented to the House, "Catholic Emancipation" became a question not of years, but months. Such an unequivocal expression of *English* opinion was irresistible. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel yielded—reluctantly, it is true—and the memorable year 1829 saw the passing of THE BILL.

THE "MORNING JOURNAL."—The editor of the *Morning Journal* was Mr. Robert Alexander. In December, 1829, he was prosecuted by Government for libels on the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. Inexcusable libels they certainly were, making all allowance for the heat and excitement of party; for party feeling ran frightfully high. Alexander defended himself, and did it badly, for he was by no means a man of large capacity, and, if educated at all, was self-educated.

The libels were certainly atrocious. Lord Lyndhurst was charged with selling to Sir Edward Sugden the office of Solicitor-General for

* The firm of "John Murray" was a literary power in those days; it is so now. Few men are more respected than is John Murray, junior; and from the establishment in Albemarle Street many of the best books of the age continue to be issued. The elder John Murray died in 1843. He made friends of the many great authors for whom he published; was always prompt and liberal in payment, often voluntarily augmenting terms agreed upon, I believe on more than one occasion doubling them.

a loan of £30,000. The noble lord was not assailed by name ; and Alexander put in an affidavit in which he denied that the Lord Chancellor was the person aimed at ; but the denial had little other effect than to augment the offense. Even worse was the attack on the Duke of Wellington. It described his Grace as an ambitious, unprincipled, and designing minister, keeping his Majesty under degrading and unconstitutional control ; it charged him with "despicable cant," with "gross treachery to his country, or else the most arrant cowardice, or treachery, cowardice, and artifice united." The jury found Alexander *guilty* ; and the proprietors also guilty ; but the latter had nominal sentences, while the former was condemned to a year's imprisonment in Newgate, and to a fine of £300.

During that imprisonment I edited the paper : appointed to the onerous post by a sort of Attorney-General, who managed the finances, but at the written request of Alexander. I received, however, from the dignity nothing in money, and "less than nothing" in fame. It was expected that the anti-papal party would support the paper ; and beyond doubt many sums of money were sent with that view to the office, or to Alexander in jail. The object of Alexander was to make himself a martyr. Almost daily he sent me leaders that were libels more gross than those for which he had been prosecuted. I had neither the desire nor the intention to be made his scape-goat, and I steadily refused to insert them ; replying to his protests that I would leave my editorial desk at an hour's notice, but that so long as I was there no libel should appear in the paper.

The party gave it no adequate support, and it died before Alexander was released from prison. The Duke of Cumberland, then residing at Kew, was expected to head a party for its support, and I believe he did subscribe largely for the defense. I had an interview with him. I remember him as singularly repulsive in countenance and manner ; utterly unlike the other members of his illustrious family : as unbearably haughty as they were agreeably courteous. I had not sought the interview, and I did not seek to repeat it.

On his release from prison Alexander assumed the editorship of a county journal, the *Liverpool Mail* ; and in the columns of that paper there appeared, many years afterward, a violent attack on Sir Robert Peel, alluding to the *Morning Journal*, but misrepresenting the history of its downfall in a very remarkable manner. For myself I became—shortly after terminating my connection with the *Morning Journal*—sub-editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, then under the editorship of the poet, Thomas Campbell.

I can not conclude this sketch of my early connection with the Press better than by glancing at the happily removed imposts that half a century ago made newspapers few in number and high in price. Every copy of the paper received a government stamp, of the nominal value of fourpence, and for which a net sum of threepence half-

penny was paid. No allowance was made for unsold copies. On every advertisement there was a duty imposed of three shillings and sixpence, without a farthing of deduction for bad debts. The cost of a newspaper was sevenpence; of this the stamp-tax absorbed exactly one half, so that, deducting the cost of paper and printing, there remained little to defray the expenses of editing, literary aid, reporting, etc. Moreover, there was a very heavy duty on paper. A crusade was started against these "taxes on knowledge," and was headed by prominent Liberals of the day. I may instance, as a few of the leaders of the movement, Grote, Bowring, Roebuck, Hume, Warburton, Birkbeck, Molesworth, O'Connell, and, last but by no means least, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who on the 15th of June, 1832, opened a debate on the subject in the House of Commons, and was therefore prominent in the agitation that achieved its first great victory when the stamp-duty was lowered from fourpence to one penny, and the advertisement-tax from three shillings and sixpence to one shilling and sixpence. The partial concessions being found unsatisfactory, both duties were at length totally abolished; and in 1861 the crushing impost upon paper also went the way of all the other burdens that, half a century back, lay so heavily on the British Press.

Until a comparatively brief time ago I considered myself the "father" of the English newspaper press—that is to say, its oldest living member. I have ascertained, however, that it is not so, as the accompanying letter will show.* Yet it is sixty years since I began my work in the gallery, and had the honor to be associated with the venerable and distinguished man of letters who is, it appears, my senior by many years.

It should be borne in mind that few become reporters with a view to permanence: it is almost always considered the stepping-stone to a loftier position, and, as I have shown, many have found it so. Of these was one of my earlier friends, Charles R. Dodd, long a reporter on the *Times*, an estimable gentleman, whom it was my good fortune

* RIVERSIDE, MAIDENHEAD,
11th September, 1877.

My dear Mr. Hall, or rather Old Friend:

If you be the father, I am the grandfather, of the newspaper press. I was engaged on the *Times* as long ago as 1810, and I had written for it successfully even before that year. Before I was 23 years old I had satisfied the late Mr. John Walter so well, that he made me an extra present of £50, and when I was 30 years old he presented me with another £100. He used afterward to visit me.

I then transferred my services to the *Morning Chronicle*, and continued upon that paper till the end of my newspaper career in 1850. I must now be 10 years at least older than you are; for I am in my 80th year, but well and cheerful, thank God.

Yours very sincerely,

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Always busy on *Our Old Poets and Poetry*, which keeps me well and cheerful. I began with these and shall end with them.

to bring to London from Cork, where he was a solicitor. He has left a name recognized with gratitude by the public as that of the originator of the "Parliamentary Guide," which he conceived, edited, and continued annually to publish, as long as he lived. It is still edited by his son, and ranks high among the most useful publications of the country.

As regards newspapers, the old plan was to borrow a daily paper, and to pay for the loan a penny an hour: now, although the *Times* continues at the price of threepence—which it is well worth—to which it was reduced from the long-familiar sevenpence, any other paper is bought for a penny. I suppose that for every one who read a daily paper half a century ago, there are now a hundred readers. I leave it to others to contrast the statistics of 1883 with those of 1823.

The following is an extract from the "Newspaper Press Directory" for 1882:

"There are now published in the United Kingdom, 1,986 Newspapers, distributed as follows:

England—

London	378
Provinces	1,087—1,465
Wales	66
Scotland	181
Ireland	154
Isles	20

Of these there are—

123	Daily Papers published in England;
4	" " Wales;
21	" " Scotland;
18	" " Ireland;
2	" " British Isles.

On reference to the first edition of this useful Directory, for the year 1846, we find the following interesting facts—viz., that in that year there were published in the United Kingdom 551 Journals; of these 14 were issued daily—viz., 12 in England and 2 in Ireland; but, in 1882, there are now established and circulated 1,986 papers, of which no fewer than 168 are issued daily, showing that the Press of the country has more than trebled during the last thirty-five years. The increase in Daily Papers has been still more remarkable; the Daily Issues standing 168, against 14 in 1846."

What a contrast is presented to an old man by the pictures of then and now! Fifty years ago intelligence reached us, after about a week, of what they were doing in Russia, and sometimes as long to know what they were about in Paris; while it took a month to hear news from Egypt, three months to obtain tidings from India, and six months to get any from Australia!

We pass unheeded wonderful facts that are daily events; but who, half a century ago, would have prophesied a time when we could know, for a certainty, at six o'clock in the morning of any day

exactly what was occurring at the close of the day preceding in twenty different capitals of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America? The subject is altogether too great and grand for appropriate treatment here.

Every class and calling has now its own special newspaper, every interest being represented—tailors, grocers, potters—no profession or calling, in fact, being without its “representative,” while every town in England has its local organ.

Of the admirable manner in which every department of the leading newspapers is conducted it is needless for me to speak.

Many newspapers contain daily a leading article, so admirably written, so eloquently and wisely considered, so logically argued, or so vituperatively scathing as to throw “Junius” into the shade. If to-day it “tells” and is forgotten to-morrow—it is only because to-morrow sends forth one as good.

THE OLD DAYS OF LETTER-POSTAGE.—To this branch of my subject properly belong some other topics that used to be classed under the general term, “taxes on knowledge.” I have described those that particularly affected newspapers. Of scarcely less importance was the reduction in the postage of letters—a change, perhaps, as mighty in its results on the welfare of humankind. It has been so recently brought under the notice of the existing generation by the death of the venerable gentleman to whom we are indebted for the universal boon, that much space is not required to draw attention to it; but it can be rightly appreciated only by those whose experience carries them back to the year 1840, when the postage of a letter to any part of the British dominions was reduced to a penny for each letter, and that letter of any weight within half an ounce.*

There are few of ripe years who can not turn out, from some obscure nook, letters dated half a century ago, and read upon them the marks that continue legible, showing that to various parts of the United Kingdom the charge for a double letter (that is to say, which contained more than one sheet of a fixed weight, were it a scrap of paper, say a stamped receipt) varied from seven-pence to thirteen-pence. It is almost certain that the letter will be crossed, and prob-

* The House of Commons Committee, in 1838, advised payment in advance and the adoption of stamped covers; the Queen's-head stamp was an after-thought. A premium was offered for the best design for a cover. Three thousand designs were sent in to the Treasury; that of Mulready, R. A., was preferred. Examples may be found in the cabinets of the curious. It was a wood engraving, the work of a famous wood-engraver, John Thompson.

Spring Rice (Lord Monteagle), who was at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, was so apprehensive of a deficiency in the revenue being caused thereby, that he refused to recommend the resolution unless Parliament “agreed to make good any resulting deficiency.”

ably again crossed in red ink, the first object being to write much, the next to keep the letter within weight. The paper was of course always thin, and nearly as much time was required to read it as to write it.

It was posted and addressed for delivery, the deliveries being once a day, and letters frequently had to be sent for to the post-office. There were no smart fellows, letter-laden, with their well-known rap-tap at every door. Letters were of course kept till "called for," and those who have preserved old letters will find it not uncommon to observe that between the posting and delivery weeks had elapsed. The letter had not been called for at the office—that was all.

To write a letter was, therefore, an undertaking; the having little to say was a ready excuse for saying nothing. "I would not put you to the expense of postage," was a sentence then as common as "Yours truly" is now. Of course those who lived at a distance from post-towns (a post-town being then as distinguishing a term as borough town is now) had to wait for chances, except in the greater houses, where a post-boy was one of the regular servants, for whom a pony and a bag were kept; the latter slung across his shoulders, he rode in for letters, and, when there were any, brought them back.

It was by no means uncommon for a person to know there was a letter waiting for him at the post-office; nay, it had been seen by neighbors stuck prominently in the window. He had not the means to release it; in course of time it was duly transmitted to the "dead-letter office," and he heard no more of it. The evil was submitted to as among the inevitable. Comparatively few letters were sent. It was not rare at the commencement of the nineteenth century for a whole city to be without a correspondent for a day or more. Robert Chambers told me he had conversed with a person who remembered the mail-bag coming into Edinburgh, and, when examined, contained one letter.*

It is needless to say that to avoid paying postage there were many discreditable shifts. It was common to send a newspaper, making a pin-hole at several words, which, when put together, conveyed the information desired. I remember witnessing a case of fraud. A man went to the post-office window (it was generally a small, narrow slit to avoid hazard of a "snatch"), and finding a letter there for him, put on a "poor mouth," and said, "Sir, I can't read; will you be so good as to read it for me?" "Certainly," said the courteous postmaster. So he read out all the home and business news, on which the man bowed, and said, "Thank'ee, sir," and walked away,

* "Within my recollection the London post was brought north in a small mail-cart; and men are yet alive who recollect when it came down with only one single letter for Edinburgh, addressed to the manager of the British Linen Company."
—SIR WALTER SCOTT, in "Redgauntlet."

leaving the debt to be discharged by the King. No doubt a hundred such incidents might be communicated to the curious reader. It was a very common trick to write with milk on the cover of a newspaper (newspapers went free, as being already taxed); the cover, when held to the fire, became legible and readable. Of course every tradesman's parcel, transmitted from one town to another, contained a bundle of letters for distribution on arrival. There was a power to open such parcels and make a search for such contraband, but the power was seldom exercised. The House of Commons in 1828 reported that "the illicit conveyance of letters prevails to an enormous extent, and the law is impotent to arrest the practice." In all parts of the kingdom carriers admitted that they were in the habit of carrying daily—some as many as sixty letters from one place to another. One bookseller in Glasgow was not caught until he had been in practice so long that he confessed to having sent twenty thousand letters otherwise than through the post. In fact, the offense of cheating the post-office was considered even more venial than that of robbing any other branch of the revenue.

Harriet Martineau tells us that Coleridge walking somewhere in the Lake district, saw a postman tender a letter to a woman who, after careful examination, declined to receive it, on the ground that she could not afford to pay for it. The poet, however, released it and gave it to her, when she explained that it was from her brother; that they had arranged a scheme by which certain marks on the cover should convey certain intelligence, and that all she wanted to know she had learned from examining the outside.

Peers and members of Parliament had the privilege of sending letters free; the name, date, and address to be written outside in the member's own hand, and the weight not to exceed one ounce. As a letter so franked was usually double or treble, care was taken to prevent its turning the scale: if it did, payment was exacted accordingly. The member was allowed to frank ten daily, all he franked over that number were charged to recipients—the weightiest being selected for payment. Such mistakes of over-franking were frequent. The privilege was abolished in 1840. Collections of franks are now to be seen in the hands of collectors of autographs. I have examined a book that contained six thousand franks of peers and members of Parliament.*

It was surely an inspired thought—that which entered the mind of a comparatively obscure and friendless man—out of which arose

* I remember asking Dick Martin for a frank. "To be sure, my dear boy," said Dick—who never refused anything. When he had signed it he laid down his pen, sighed, and exclaimed, "I vow to God that's the twentieth I have signed to-day." "Thank ye, colonel," said I; "I won't post it."

"the penny postage."* But it was deemed a wild fancy to contend that a change could be effected without loss to the revenue. No doubt it would be a national benefit, but the nation could not afford the luxury! At the very commencement of the movement Rowland Hill called upon me. I gave him the heartiest sympathy, and all the aid I could. I was at that time—in 1839—editing the *Britannia* newspaper. No doubt the plan was costly, but it was amply worth all it could possibly cost: no sacrifice was too great. That was the reasoning at the time, although after-calculation and reflection convinced Mr. Hill that the project would be attended by gain rather than loss. Not long afterward the truly great man was hailed as a foremost benefactor of all humankind.†

I remember an incident I was told at the time; it may be true, but it may have been an invention, for I have not seen it recorded as I heard it. Rowland Hill saw a decently garbed young woman sitting on a doorstep near the Post-Office, sobbing bitterly. In answer to questions, she said, "There is in there a letter from my mother, and I can't get it; they ask sevenpence, and I have but a penny." Mr. Hill, having released it, went on his way pondering. I am impressed with the conviction that this small seed contained a great tree; that incalculable blessings to hundreds of millions in every part of the world arose out of that trifling "event."

In 1840 the banner of victory waved over the home of the victor. A contented Parliament granted him a sum of £20,000; he retained his full salary of £2,000 per annum, awarded him for life; he was knighted; the University of Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L.; within a few months of his death he was made a freeman of London City; and, on the 4th of September, 1879, his honored remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey. I copy a passage from the *Times*:

"It is not easy to give any clear notion of the results of his great scheme. We can state that about 106 millions of chargeable letters and newspapers were sent through the Post-Office in 1839, and that 1,478 millions were sent

* "The blessing immortally associated with the name of Rowland Hill was not the fruit of a casual happy thought. It was the achievement of a nature that had been right nobly trained. It emanated from a home conspicuous for plain living and original thinking, where not only was each member of the family taught to make the well-being of the rest his chief concern, but to form a high ideal of his life's work, to look beyond the little sphere of kindred and to fit himself to do something outside in the great world for the comfort and happiness of his fellow-men."—CANON DUCKWORTH.

† Rowland Hill was born at Kidderminster, December 3, 1795, and died at Hampstead in 1879. A statue of the great reformer honors him in his native town; there is another in Birmingham. A third was, on the 17th June, 1882, placed in front of the Royal Exchange, in the City of London. He was appointed, in 1846, secretary to the Postmaster-General, and in 1854 he became Chief Secretary and practical director of the Post-Office. In 1860, he received the honor of K. C. B., and, after four years' more successful service, he retired on a pension of his full salary, receiving a highly complimentary minute from the Treasury on the success of his measures.

during the year 1879-'80. But the mind can not grasp such numbers as these. Something more is understood when we are told that in 1839 the average number of letters per head was three and that last year it was thirty-two. If, however, we would rightly understand all that he has done for his fellow-men, we must remember that every civilized country in the world has more or less adopted his plan; that communication has been made so certain, so rapid, and so cheap, that the distant traveler, the emigrant—nay, even the exile—feels that those whom he has left behind him in his old home are in one way still very near to him. Sir Rowland Hill has, indeed, done almost more than any other single man to bind the nations together and make the whole world kin.

"The number of inland letters dealt with in the year was 1,127,997,500, showing an increase of 2·8 per cent on the previous year; the number of post-cards was 114,458,400, showing an increase of 2·7 per cent; the number of book packets and circulars was 213,963,000, or an increase of 8·6 per cent, and of newspapers 130,518,400, or an increase of 0·3 per cent. Taking the correspondence of all kinds, the number was 1,586,937,000, showing an average of 46 per head of the population, and an increase of 3·3 per cent over the previous year. The number of letters registered in the United Kingdom during the year was 8,739,191, being an increase of 21·3 per cent, and more than double the number dealt with in 1877, before the reduction of the registration fee. No fewer than 5,762,853 registered letters passed through the chief office, and 47,000 parcels containing Christmas presents were dealt with in that office as compared with 30,000 in 1878."

To this may be added the marvelous changes that have followed in Post-Office legislation—savings-banks, money orders, register-stamps, covers for newspapers, life insurances, and a score of other improvements of prodigious importance to every class of the community.

Thus, in the case of Rowland Hill, neither the fame nor the gains were posthumous. At the age of eighty-six he put on immortality—honored, respected, loved, and rewarded for public services and private virtues.

It is the fate of most of those who bless mankind to die in faith, like the worthies of the older world, only seeing afar off the promise of the good they toiled for—a dim vision of the promised land from Mount Nebo. But here is one who had been spared for forty years, from the day of his victory, to see all his opponents convinced, all his hopes realized, all his calculations verified, all his predictions more than fulfilled!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS.

THE GIANTS IN BOTH HOUSES.—At the time to which I take my readers back, there were giants in both Houses—statesmen whose names are the glories of their country, and will be so when many generations have been numbered with the Past. It is not my purpose to treat of any of them at length. There are those who can better estimate and portray the character of each; in nearly all the cases under notice that has, indeed, been done. My object is little more than this: to bring, as nearly as I can, before the reader the person I shall picture, depending mainly upon my own memory. The strong and lasting impression produced, though it may have lain dormant for half a century, can not, I think, fail in leading to accuracy of portraiture; for the great men I shall paint, or rather sketch, are such as stamp an indelible remembrance on the minds of all by whom they have been seen and heard.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Thousands are able to recall to memory the Duke of Wellington in his decline; few can remember him in his prime—the soldier-statesman—"the Iron Duke"—the man of iron head, iron hand, iron heel, and iron heart. Of those who conquered with him at Waterloo nearly all are gone, though there remain many who, when the body that had "tabernacled" the great soul was conveyed from Apsley House, in 1852, to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, stood in the streets or watched from windows—witnesses of the homage paid to the great man who was the pride and glory of his country and his age, and who will, for ever and ever, remain the pride and the glory of both, notwithstanding that the Irish poet writes of him as of one on whom "Fame unwillingly shines";* and "the Liberator" handed him down to posterity as "the stunted corporal" to whom Ireland had given birth—"to its shame."

* "That chief, so coldly great,
Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon."

—MOORE, *The Irish Slave*.

The Duke was no orator, but he gradually improved in speaking, and latterly spoke with little of the hesitation that was his disadvantage when less accustomed to address an audience in the House. But his sentences seemed jerked out; they were stray shots rather than volleys, yet seldom failed to hit the marks at which they were aimed.

He had an iron aspect; his features, rarely mobile, seldom seemed to second his words. In step he was steady and unhesitating, though not dignified. His hands and arms, when moved at all, seemed as if a machine had set them in motion. His voice was impressive only when stirred by strong conviction. Without doubt much of his power over the minds of fellow-statesmen arose from their confidence in the soundness of his judgment; and, perhaps, in the House of Peers there were many who reasoned as did the veteran when the Duke rode into the battle-field, and a young recruit expressed surprise at the commonplace look of the hero—"I would rather see his face here to-day than twenty thousand such recruits as you!"

When, in 1828, the Duke was made Prime Minister, perhaps no man in England was more astonished than himself. Not long before he was elevated to that high office by George IV, he had protested against the suggested appointment as an absurdity—as, indeed, an impossibility. Of his prudence as well as resolution he gave ample proof, guiding the vessel through the breakers, when environed by perils—being, in fact, as was his great predecessor, "the pilot that weathered the storm." It will not be denied that, by his change of conduct, if not of opinion, upon some of the most important events that ever swayed the destiny of a kingdom, he created a great future for his country, while averting an "imminent and terrible crisis."

More than once the Duke "enjoyed" an enormous amount of unpopularity; it did not continue long. I saw him once when, mob favor having returned to him, the most sweet voices of the crowd cheered him as he entered Apsley House; he turned suddenly round, and, in a manner not to be mistaken, pointed to the iron shutters which then protected his plate-glass.*

It would be idle to multiply anecdotes of the Duke. Few men were more talked about or better known. Yet his course of life, after his victories in a hundred fights, was singularly simple and unostentatious. His bedroom contained a small iron bed—the chamber was a copy of his tent, as plainly furnished as if it had to be moved at an hour's notice. The anecdote is well known that illustrates his character: Some one protesting against such restricted

* Among evidences of popular hatred that at one time raged against him, I may give the following: We had an Irish cook, and so intense was her hatred of her illustrious countryman, that she changed a shilling into penny pieces wherewith to pelt the windows of Apsley House. She was not long with us.

accommodation, said, "Why, in such a bed you have not room to turn round!" "Turn round!" was the Duke's comment; "you do not need to do it; when you want to turn round it is time to turn out."

Maria Edgeworth (at Edgeworthstown) told us a touching story of the Duchess of Wellington—having previously shown us a bundle of her letters. Knowing she was about to die, indeed very shortly before her death, she caused herself to be removed from her chamber, and placed on a sofa in a room which contained a large number of the trophies that had been, from time to time, presented to her illustrious husband—desiring to look upon them once again before she quitted earth. Miss Edgeworth spoke of the devotion of the lady to her lord as even "passing the love of women," and described in strong terms the respectful homage with which he always treated her. The world has not given the Iron Duke credit for domestic affection—for the faithful discharge of home duties. But who can pry into the secrets of the heart? We know that when the third William died, a portrait of Queen Mary was found suspended by a ribbon to his neck, which the wiles of half a dozen Dutch sirens had not been powerful enough to remove.

It is surely a gratification to give currency to the statement of Samuel Rogers concerning "the great captain of the age":

"The Duke says that 'the Lord's Prayer alone is an evidence of the truth of Christianity'; so admirably is that prayer accommodated to all our wants."

Lord de Grey, who printed a book which he termed "Characteristics of the Duke of Wellington apart from Military Talents," thus sums up his estimate of the hero—and there is no reason to doubt that posterity has indorsed his verdict—that "he was one of the most noble, great, and glorious spirits that ever existed in man."

Is there in Ireland any memorial statue of the Duke of Wellington? Do any tourists make pilgrimage to the ruined home at Dargan? They may find a dilapidated Corinthian pillar at the nearest town—Trim, the seat of the Wellesleys when the soldier-chief was in his infancy and boyhood.* But, although Dargan has passed away from the family, it can not fail to excite deep interest and fervent patriotism anywhere but in Ireland. The house was accidentally burned, and remains a ruin—or, at least, was so when I saw it—of bare and broken walls; the neighboring trees were ruthlessly cut down by an unprincipled tenant. The two boys Wellesley and Wel-

* I obtained during a visit to Dargan conclusive evidence that the name was originally Wesley; the name being written, "A. Wesley" (the Duke's autograph) in the corporation books.

lington were born in Dublin. I do not know the house : I question if anybody does : to the shame of Irish archæologists and patriots, be that dismal fact recorded !

Among the glories of Ireland the name will be imperishable ; and some day his own country—in common with all other countries of the world—will accord justice to the great soldier-statesman, and honor his memory as chiefest of the great men in an age when of great men there were many.

The character of the great Duke has never been better—perhaps never so well and truly—portrayed as it has been in this sonnet written by Benjamin D'Israeli, Earl of Beaconsfield :

“ Not only that thy puissant arm could bind
The tyrant of a world, and, conquering Fate,
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great ;
But that in all thy actions I do find
Exact propriety ; no gusts of mind
Fitful and wild, but that continuous state
Of ordered impulse mariners await
In some benignant and enriching wind—
The breath ordained of Nature. Thy calm mien
Recalls old Rome, as much as thy high deed ;
Duty thine only idol, and serene
When all are troubled ; in the utmost need
Prescient ; thy country's servant ever seen,
Yet sovereign of thyself, whate'er may speed.”

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH.—I heard Lord Castlereagh* speak but once ; it was a short time before death removed him from the sympathy of friends and the rancor of foes. Few men ever had more bitter, relentless, and resolute enemies. He was intensely hated, not by his own countrymen alone, but by all their abettors in every country of the world. It would be difficult now to realize the extent of abhorrence to which he was subjected, from the time—1789—of his entry into public life to the terrible close of it on the 10th of August, 1822. No doubt he had given signs of insanity sufficient to satisfy the coroner's jury. On that head a letter, “private,” was written, on the day preceding his suicide, by the Duke of Wellington to his doctor, warning him to be on the watch. It supplied conclusive evidence. Whether or not brain-disease resulted from over-toil, or whether, as was whispered, it was the consequence of a plot, cunningly but demoniacally laid, to subject him to an abhorrent charge, it is, I suppose, impossible to say ; but he died by his own hand, and Byron among others gloated with fiendish joy over the self-slaugh-

* Better known by that title than by that which he inherited on the death of his brother, Marquis of Londonderry, an Irish Peer.

tered statesman, commemorating the awful event in a line of "Don Juan"—

"Carotid artery cutting Castlereagh!"

As I have said, I heard him but once. He was an ungraceful and unbecoming speaker, swaying his long body to and fro, jerking out his sentences, and seeming to illustrate the comprehensive line in *Hamlet*: "Words! words! words!" Although a caricature, Moore's picture of him may be accepted as "from the life":

"Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?
Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down the awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood."

Brougham, writing of Castlereagh, describes his rhetoric as often baffling alike the gravity of the Treasury bench and the art of the reporter—"leaving a wondering audience at a loss to conjecture how any one could ever exist endowed with humbler pretensions to the name of orator." But he adds, "He had three things in his favor—tact, good humor, and courage."

I was present when the "self-slaughtered" body was laid in a tomb in Westminster Abbey, between the graves of Pitt and Fox. I shall never forget my sensation of horror when, as the body was taken from the bearers, there arose from the attendant crowd a howl of execration, such as my fancy could not have conceived at such a time in such a place. Obviously the insult had been prearranged: it was by no means a simultaneous burst of indignation. Persons appeared to have been placed in various parts of the crowd, and I heard a sort of low whistle—a signal, no doubt—when there broke out a positive yell, from several quarters, at the same time. It was impossible to hear it without a shudder.* I noticed one young man close to me who placed a sort of tube to his mouth and hooted. By a natural ebullition of wrath, I struck him in the face, and was instantly thrown to the ground and violently kicked. It would have been easy to identify those who thus insulted the living and the dead; but the matter was "hushed up." Groaning and yelling continued during the whole of the funeral service. Thus, "Castlereagh" was laid to rest, the latest blast of a turbulent life being, so to speak, in his ears when he took his place among the illustrious departed.

He was a tall man, but of awkward and certainly ungraceful form: as Lord Russell wrote of him, "an obscure orator, garnishing his speeches with obscure metaphors. . . . He had no classical quota-

* "I am almost sorry to have lived till I have seen in England a collection of persons so brutalized, as, upon the taking the coffin at the Abbey out of the hearse, to have received it with cheering."—LORD ELDON.

tion, no happy illustration, no historical examples, with which to adorn argument and enforce conviction." Yet we learn from the same high authority, "he was bold, calm, good-humored, and dispassionate—a thorough gentleman—ready to bear and forbear with temper, seldom roused and never excited. A bold, brave, energetic, unscrupulous man, he carried the Union as no other power could have done—by cajolery and bribery, no doubt, but at least with his own conviction that it was the only way to preserve Ireland from domestic discord, commercial ruin, and civil war."

That his country will ever modify its sentence, is not to be thought of: in Ireland his memory will ever be associated with all that most excites hatred. He carried the Union; that was his crime in the eyes of his countrymen: not of all of them, however—there are very many, and they are the best, who regard that measure as a boon to England and a blessing to Ireland; at all events a necessity, the non-effecting of which would have been unmitigated evil to both countries and a disaster to humanity.

Yet he was bold enough to accompany George IV when he visited Ireland in 1821; but the King bore in his hand the olive-branch: it was more effective armor than would have been helmet, breastplate, and greaves of tempered steel. No Irishman of all the motley crowd would have dared to satiate vengeance at the expense of hospitality.* I stood very near him when he landed, and certainly heard no shouts of abhorrence to mar the charm of the universal greeting that hailed the monarch and his suite on the quay of Dunleary.

Of course on that occasion much "blarney" was given and taken on both sides. The farewell words of his Majesty were these: "Knowing the generosity and warmth of heart that distinguish the character of his faithful people in Ireland, he left them with a heart full of affection." Lord Castlereagh was not the only one present who laughed in his sleeve, barely twenty years after the Union.

I find this passage in the *New Monthly*, 1831:

"The interests of some, and the personal affection of others, for the King produced the demonstration; but it was at best only the *mala sarta amicitia*. If a stranger to Ireland requires any proof of this, he will find it in the hollow and heartless acclamations which have hailed the arrival of some of the King's attendants. If there ever was a measure, before which opposing factions temporarily united, it was the measure of the Union. They poured upon it their unanimous execration, denounced it as a calamity which laid their independence in the dust, and through each succeeding year held it up as the bane of their prosperity and the annihilation of their name. And

* These words were written before the assassins of 1832 stained the green-sward of Phoenix Park. That blood-stain another spring may have obliterated; but so long as Ireland is named in history the foul blot can never be erased.

yet, in twenty years after it passed—even in that very city which it had chiefly prostrated, whose mansions it had untenanted, whose merchants it had impoverished, whose streets it had depopulated, and whose splendor, as the seat of legislation, it had eclipsed for ever—even there the reviled author of that measure was so hailed by the plaudits of radical consistency, that if he did not altogether supersede the Sovereign, he may at least now with truth exclaim—

“‘*Divisum imperium cum Jove—habui!*—’”

Under such circumstances, in 1821, George IV set his foot, for the first and last time, on Irish soil. A paltry cenotaph marks the spot. Dunleary thenceforward became, in compliment to the monarch, Kingstown—a name it has ever since borne. I was present on that memorable occasion, and was stupid enough to write and publish a poem about it—“*Ottava Rima—to commemorate the King’s visit.*” There may be something like excuse for me; but if I had been an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, I think I would sooner have choked myself with the dirt upon which the foot of the King was pressed.

An address approved by O’Connell had this passage: “You will find a soldier in every one of us; and, in the defense of your throne and the liberties it sustains, our lives are at your service!”

And, “on the day of his embarkation, Mr. O’Connell, at the head of a Catholic deputation, presented him with a crown of laurel!” I think this statement can barely receive credit, but I find it in the “*Life of Daniel O’Connell,*” by his son, John O’Connell, M. P.—a biography that does nothing, or less than nothing, for the memory of his father, and is, perhaps, as wretched a piece of “editing” as the language supplies.

And this, too, is a resolution passed at a meeting of Catholics—O’Connell in the chair:

“*Resolved,* That the paternal solicitude and benevolence manifested in this most gracious communication of our beloved Sovereign toward all classes and descriptions of his Irish subjects merits our enthusiastic gratitude and admiration.”

What could the King say? What but this—which he did say? He addressed the crowd: “My heart has always been Irish; from the day it first beat I have loved Ireland. I shall drink all your healths in a bumper of good Irish whisky.”

GEORGE CANNING.—The greatest of all the statesmen and orators of the period with which I am dealing was, beyond question, George Canning. He had made his first speech in Parliament in 1794.

Following Canning one day, who was carrying a Bill of some moment to the House of Lords, and being close beside him, I could not help whispering to a fellow-reporter by my side, “What a splendid incarnation of the Deity!” Tall, over six feet in height, he had an upright, rather thin, and singularly manly, figure; the head well

set above the shoulders. He dressed as became a gentleman—as far removed from slovenliness as from foppishness. The head was grandly fine, very bald ; small whiskers ; the features strongly marked, yet approaching delicacy of cut, and firmly outlined ; the forehead high and broad, giving proof of large creative power and indomitable energy and determination ; yet combined with a grace and gentleness of manner that would hardly be miscalled if called womanly.

I see him at this moment, as I saw him when (on the 12th December, 1826), standing a little in advance of the Treasury bench, he pronounced the memorable and often-quoted words, "I called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old !" There was a thrill throughout the audience—a great nation's representatives—as if not a thunderbolt, but an archangel bearing one, had descended into the arena.

The House has had some startling effects since then, but the excitement produced by that single sentence was almost terrific. The House rose ; few members kept their seats ; the stately dignity of the assembly was gone ; there was absolutely waving of hats, and the cheers were loud and long. Some minutes passed before Canning could resume his speech.

The great orator stood with folded arms surveying the effect of the few words that had acted like an electric shock. "His chest heaved and dilated, a noble pride curled his lip." He was like a war-horse pawing the ground at the sound of a trumpet-call to battle ; such excitement in so staid an assembly was probably never seen before—certainly has never been seen since.

It must be taken into account that the words were spoken by the first orator of the day—in a voice of mingled melody and power—a man who, in form and feature, might have been the inspiration of some Greek ideal when manly vigor had replaced the slightrness and grace of youth. He was what Antinous might have been when a man of fifty. I imagine his voice, in common usage, was gentle ; it was generally so when he spoke upon ordinary topics to the House.

I was present in the House on that evening when there took place the memorable duel—of words—between Canning and his great rival Brougham. It was on the 17th of April, 1823. A slight reference is made to it in a *Life of Canning* by Robert Bell, but I have never seen the scene pictured. Canning was the Foreign Secretary, the head of the Government being Lord Liverpool ; Plunkett was the Irish Attorney-General ; other upholders of the Catholic "claims" were among the Ministers. Canning, with other members of the Government, had deemed it prudent to shelve the Catholic question for a year. The Opposition thought it ought not so to be, and, headed by Sir Francis Burdett, protested against the policy of Ministers.

Brougham, after complimenting Peel, the Home Secretary, and

others who were at least consistent in their hostility, poured out the full vial of his wrath against those who, while professing to be its advocates, deserted and betrayed the cause, and traced the careers of traitors from Judas Iscariot downward. Brougham spoke from the second Opposition bench. Canning, with folded arms, sat on the Treasury bench opposite, apparently an indifferent listener.

"And now," said Brougham, "I approach the right honorable gentleman opposite." There was a sudden pause; the House anticipated what was coming, apparently with a shudder of apprehension. "He has been guilty of monstrous truckling for the purpose of obtaining office. The whole history of political tergiversation can furnish—" The sentence was cut short. Canning suddenly rose, like a tiger roused from his lair by the shot that vitally touched him, and exclaimed, "*It is false!*" As he resumed his seat a profound silence reigned throughout the House that endured for full half a minute, when the solemn yet musical voice of Manners Sutton, the Speaker, broke it with the single word, "Order!" Brougham, who had continued standing, was in the act of descending to leave the House, when Hume, who sat next to him, seized his coat and pulled him back. Even in those days, much more a few years previously, there was but one way of settling such a matter—at twelve paces, two "friends" looking on.*

Since we have had a reformed Parliament such incidents have become somewhat common in the House; but in 1824 it was a sudden horror, as terrible as the specter that drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night. To hear a minister of State give the lie direct to a leader of the Opposition was an unthought-of event, and a duel appeared as necessary as blood-letting in apoplexy. Explanations, however, followed; considerate friends on both sides interfered; the marvelous peacemaker "If" triumphed, and pistols were left undischarged.

The courage of Canning was not questioned; that of Brougham was. Canning had fought Castlereagh, who wounded him; and he was known to be always ready to give the "satisfaction" that was then in vogue. It was not his fault that he had not had a duel with Hobhouse, to whom he wrote a letter denouncing him as "a liar and a slanderer, who only wanted courage to be an assassin"—intimating that he was "waiting for an answer."

* It had been thus when a somewhat similar broil took place between Grattan and Fitzgibbon in the Irish House of Commons, when the latter applied unpleasant words to the former; Grattan beckoned Fitzgibbon, and both quitted the House, every member in it knowing well what they meant to do. In about half an hour afterward Grattan returned, apologized for a "necessary" absence, and addressed the House, regretting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was not in his place to hear him. The right honorable gentleman had been "winged," and was then in the custody of two physicians in his own house. I do not know where this anecdote is recorded, but it is *à propos* to my story.

I see now, in clear vision, the great orator, his tall form seemingly taller by a foot, his face flushed, his eye flashing, as he stretched out his right arm, advanced a step forward, and uttered the three words that shook the House—although not a sound broke the appalling silence. There was a striking contrast between their personal appearances—Canning in indignant wrath, and Brougham, whose advantages of form and features were so few and so limited!

After the Speaker's vain effort to induce "retraction," and a motion that both parties should be committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, a sort of compromise was effected. Brougham continued the speech that had been thus interrupted, and an end was put to one of the most exciting incidents ever witnessed in the British House of Commons.*

Some years afterward—in 1830—a somewhat similar scene took place in the House. Mr. Brougham, in allusion to an implied threat of the Duke of Wellington to resign in case of a defeat of the Ministry, said: "Him I accuse not; I accuse you" (pointing with outstretched hand to the Ministerial benches), "his flatterers, his mean, fawning parasites." Up rose Sir Robert Peel, with the question, "Does the honorable and learned gentleman presume to say of me that I am the fawning parasite of any man?"

Brougham's answer was prompt: "It is absurd, it is ridiculous to suppose I meant to allude to him! I spoke of parasites as the *pestimum genus inimicorum*." There was no breach of the peace.

From the time when, in 1794, he made his maiden speech in the House, until 1827, when he died at Chiswick, no public man, not even Pitt, claimed and received so large a share of public comment as George Canning. There was no subject, however foreign to his previous studies, but—

"The knot of it he would unloose,
Familiar as his garter."

Perhaps the highest encomium he ever received was from Sir James Mackintosh.

"I know," he said, "that he was a man of the purest honor, that he was a man of the most rare and splendid talents; renowned throughout Europe for his brilliant genius and philosophic thinking; that with his best zeal, as well as with success, he applied that genius and those views of policy to advance the glory and the service of his country."

His great rival, Brougham, writes of Canning's eloquence as

* A motion was made that the Sergeant-at-Arms should take both the honorable members into custody; against which Brougham protested on the ground that if Mr. Canning had committed a breach of the rules of the House, he (Mr. Brougham) had been guilty of no such offense, complaining that the interruption had occurred when he had uttered but half the sentence he had intended to deliver.

"brilliant but often tinsel." The praise he withholds from the orator he gives to the man: "Canning in all the relations of domestic life was blameless; the delight of his family, as in them he placed his own."

Though born in London, he was an Irishman in virtue of both parents. His mother, a Miss Costello, was, after the death of George Canning, one of the seven wives of a profligate actor, Reddish, and on his death married a third time a Mr. Hunn, a silk-mercantile of Exeter. My father knew her intimately. I have often heard him describe her as a singularly attractive woman, whose only fault was her continual talk of her "son in London." She had made no figure as an actress, although she played "Jane Shore" with David Garrick.

It is recorded of Canning that "he made it a sacred rule to write to his mother every week" when he was a young student and when he was Prime Minister of the greatest country of the world, for she did not die until 1827, in her eighty-first year. George Canning was born in 1770, and his father died a year afterward. It was common to style the Prime Minister an "adventurer," but he came of a race of Irish gentlemen. Though Ireland was largely indebted to him for the boon of Catholic emancipation (to which he led the way), Ireland does not seem to have added his name to her list of worthies.

He was but fifty-seven years old when he died. It was said, and I believe truly, that his death resulted from a cold caught in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, while attending at midnight the funeral of the Duke of York in January, 1827. The night was bitterly severe. No carpet nor matting had been laid on the bare stones. Lord Eldon placed his cocked hat under his feet and stood upon it. Stapleton says that Canning suggested to him the act that probably saved the old man's life; unhappily he had not taken the same care of his own.

On that mournful occasion I stood close to both those great men during the whole of the service. It was, in truth, a gloomy night. As soon as the impressive ceremony was ended, a carriage with four horses took back the reporters to town. Much of our work was written in pencil during the drive, and in the morning full details were in the newspapers.*

In August, 1827, Canning was buried in Westminster Abbey. A statue of him is placed there, and another in the "garden" of the House in which he had won his triumphs. It is a masterpiece of the great sculptor, Chantrey. He had a fine subject, and did it justice. It is of bronze, and when first placed its color was a glaring green. It was commonly nicknamed "the Green Man and Still"—the well-

* We had assembled in the drawing-room of Charles Knight, a bookseller of Windsor, then and always a kind and courteous gentleman. His name afterward became famous as one of the benefactors of humankind.

known name of a famous tavern and posting-house in Fleet Street. It is one of the few statues that grace the public thoroughfares of the Metropolis of which the country may be proud.

Yet, in 1822, reform of Parliament was effectively and eloquently opposed by Canning, who vigorously defended the "rotten" boroughs. He "did not believe that to increase the power of the people, or rather to bring that power into direct, immediate, and incessant operation upon the House, would enable the House to discharge its functions more carefully." Canning carried his motion against Lord John Russell's motion for Parliamentary Reform by a majority of 269 to 164 in favor of it.

In 1827, he said: "I am asked what I mean to do on the subject of Parliamentary Reform? Why, I say, to oppose it—to oppose it to the end of my life in this House, as hitherto I have done."

And in that same speech he said: "I am asked what I intend to do respecting the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts? My answer is, to oppose it. . . . I think that the exertions of the Legislature ought to be directed to the redress of *practical* and not *theoretical* grievances. . . . I will, therefore, oppose the repeal."

LORD ELDON.—It would be hard to find a more perfect character than that of Lord Eldon. The domestic virtues were his no less than the loftier qualities that make the statesman and the patriot—industry, perseverance, unimpeachable integrity! He may not have been generous, but he was ever just. He was buried by the side of his "beloved Bessie," his comforter in adversity, the sharer of his prosperity, his devoted friend and constant companion. The ring he directed to be buried with him might have told a soul-stirring and encouraging tale of early struggles to achieve success—mutually endured to be mutually triumphant. The honors he obtained were as truly hers as they were his.

I saw the great and good man "lying in state" in his chamber at Hamilton Place. A throng passed through the somber apartment. It was not then, as it is now, the custom to lay flowers on the pall and coffin; but a single sprig of myrtle some kindly—perhaps grateful—hand had placed there. It was the depth of winter: there was snow on the ground without, but the green leaves seemed emblematic of the future of the venerable man who had gone to his grave—to rise again and "flourish in immortal youth."

His "presence" was not commanding, yet he looked dignified in his robes, and was certainly imposing when he walked from the woolsack to the bar of the House of Peers to receive a Bill from the Commons.

When comparatively young, he was, according to Lord Campbell, "about the middle size, his figure slight and athletic, his eye bright and full, his smile remarkably benevolent, and his whole appearance prepossessing." I do not so recall him; but I see him now presid-

ing at his court, or on the woolsack as "Speaker of the House of Lords"; his large and bushy grizzled eyebrows pushing out from under a brow furrowed, yet indicating profound thought; square features, the lower jaw as wide as the forehead—a forehead broad and high, straight up from the cheek-bones, with remarkable absence of ideality. If not cheerful, he was always courteous, gave sympathy to clients where he postponed judgment, and commented on the law's delay with a consolatory smile. Wilberforce said of him, "I feel sure he would rather die than make an unjust decision." He was certainly not an orator—not eloquent; but I never heard him at a loss for words; he never used the flowers of rhetoric, which have been likened to the red poppies of the corn-field, pleasant to those who desire eye-pleasing, but prejudicial to those who would reap the harvest. His manner and way of speaking were the opposites of graceful, and not even earnest—but they conveyed the idea of resolute determination in what he believed to be right—the thorough conviction of the speaker.

Such is my portrait of Lord Chancellor Eldon; it is tinged, perhaps, after a lapse of fifty years, by an incident that left an impression on my memory which time has barely weakened and certainly not removed. I have recorded it in my *Recollections of the Newspaper Press*.

Charges of some kind against him, chiefly for delay, or postponement of judgment, and occasionally for becoming wealthy at the cost of clients, were of annual recurrence in either the Lower or the Upper House.

If his "hesitations (I quote Sir Robert Peel) had arisen from his indulgence in pleasure or in frivolous amusements, the public might have reprehended rightly; but he was ever at work; and if his decisions were slow, they were sure; if he amassed a large fortune, it was but the fruit of labor and justly his due."*

Lord Eldon and his brother, Lord Stowell, are among the most conspicuous and encouraging examples, so frequent in Great Britain, of men achieving distinction by force of ability, industry, and integrity. Lord Eldon, though of better descent and fairer prospects than his immediate successor (Lord Lyndhurst), could have had no well-grounded expectation of rising to the loftiest position in the

* I remember reporting a speech of Lord Eldon's in which he denied, as utterly untrue, the assertion that he annually received a very large sum as accruing to him from proceeds in cases of bankruptcy. The assaults on him had been exceedingly bitter. My report was this: "His lordship declared that, so far from receiving year after year the sum stated, he protested in the presence of God (here the noble and learned lord shed tears) that he had never during any one year received more than three fourths of that amount." No doubt in my haste in transcribing I had set down the "three fourths" in figures— $\frac{3}{4}$. My horror may be imagined when I found it thus printed next morning in the *New Times*: The learned lord "solemnly declared that during no one year of his life had his income from that source exceeded *three shillings and fourpence*."

state.* Yet he did so, by stern and resolute perseverance, untiring energy and industry, and incorruptible integrity; for, though often subjected to calumny, there was no tittle of evidence of departure from the strict path of rectitude that "brings a man peace at the last." He set an example of piety as well as probity. His own words are, "I have no doubt of the Divine origin of the sacred volumes." His piety was fervent, though unostentatious. Some one in the *New Monthly*, 1832, wrote of him:

"Habitually and practically, the influences of religion were present, and operative, and permanent within him—whether amid the perplexities of law, the struggles of power, or the sorrows of domestic bereavement—alike in his health and in his sickness, in his youth and in his age. With him religion was a matter of feeling as well as of conviction; it was the stock on which his virtues grew; his standard in action and his refuge in suffering."

Yet no man has lived, in my time, who was subjected to such unmitigated abuse as was Lord Chancellor Eldon. None have been subjected to more intense hatred: he was pursued by political opponents, often with a bitterness absolutely fiendish. He was a Tory of the old school, and opposed all changes as perilous to the constitution; it was his sole "crime," but it was one that could not be condoned in the estimation of Reformers, in whose way he was a serious and dangerous stumbling-block. No doubt the stern position he took as regarded Catholic Emancipation strengthened, if it did not originate, the intense hatred to which he was subjected. On that exciting topic he was as immovable as the rock that has endured the fury of the storms of centuries. Happily he has been a false prophet; but he was pure in motive, true to his conviction, faithful to his trust, and surely believed in the coming evils against which he solemnly and emphatically warned his country. I heard him utter in the House of Peers this remarkable sentence:

"If he had a voice that would sound to the remotest corner of the empire, he would re-echo the principle which he most firmly believed—that if ever a Roman Catholic was permitted to form part of the Legislature of this country, or to hold any of the great executive offices of the Government, from that moment the sun of Great Britain would set."

I feel, while I write, as if I saw the venerable man leave the wool-sack, advance a few steps toward the center of the House, and utter the emphatic warning. He held up his hand, clinched, but with one finger protruded. It was the peroration of an argumentative speech.

* He writes thus of himself: "He himself had been one of the lower classes. He gloried in the fact; and it was noble and delightful to know that the humblest man in the realm might, by a life of industry, propriety, and good moral and religious conduct, rise to eminence. All could not become eminent in public life—that was impossible—but every man might arrive at honor, independence, and competence."

When the sentence was said, he returned calmly and deliberately to his seat, and seemed as if he had discharged a last duty. But not long afterward, he was present as a Peer when the Duke of Norfolk and the Roman Catholic lords took their seats as members of the House, qualified to sit, and speak, and vote upon any subject under consideration of the Legislature.* I could easily read (for I was present on that memorable and impressive occasion) in the countenance of the old man, the humiliation he endured, and the agony he suffered, for he as fully believed that, for hereafter, the sun of Great Britain had set as that the noblemen before him were "not shadows, but substantial things."

Lord Campbell is "charitable enough" to believe that his doubts were generally "white lies"; but Lord Campbell was uncharitable enough to disbelieve any good, and to give credit to any evil. He could not—or at all events did not—comprehend the conscientious "scrupulosity" of Lord Eldon. Yet in many ways the one accorded justice to the other, sustaining the belief (very limited "equity") that "the Court of Chancery, under Lord Eldon's superintendence, was not a clog and a burthen upon the rank, wealth, and industry of the country."

The good old Earl was fond of his jokes; but they were never delivered, either in or out of court, at the expense of others. They were such as this—written to a personal friend—"I can not to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. Turn over." On the other side of the sheet was written, "I gave it to you yesterday." And such as this: Basil Montagu was introducing many anecdotes into a speech when addressing the Chancellor, who thus commented: "Mr. Montagu, your structure appears to be composed of so many *stories* that I am afraid we shall never get to the top of it."

He died the 13th January, 1838, in his eighty-seventh year, preserving and using his rare faculties to the last, personally active up to the close of his long life. His elder brother, Lord Stowell, reached his ninety-first year. The good Lord Eldon had a strong remembrance of favors conferred, and a short memory for injuries endured; his piety was fervent, though unostentatious; his home affections were strong; generous he was to all competitors, as much so when a young and struggling barrister as when seated on the woolsack; alike suave in temper and stern of purpose.

I am full of joy while I write this tribute to the memory of a great and good man. I can not conclude it better than by quoting a passage from a letter written by him to his daughter in 1825: "I shall

* Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Canning, in 1822, had resolved, though by a narrow majority of five in a full House, "the restoration of Catholic peers to the rights of sitting and voting in the House of Lords"; and though subsequently rejected by the Upper House by a majority of forty-two, the thin edge of the wedge was introduced, and it became a national conviction that Roman Catholic Emancipation could not be much longer postponed.

do what I think right ; a maxim I have endeavored in past life to make the rule of my conduct, and trust the consequences to God ! ”

THE DUKE OF YORK.—I heard his Royal Highness the Duke of York make his famous speech against Catholic Emancipation,* in 1825 : when he referred to the Coronation Oath, and protested that he would never give his assent to the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament, in whatever position he might be placed (he was then heir-presumptive to the Crown)—“ So help me God ! ”

The Duke will be remembered as a portly man, good of form (though over-stout), and handsome of features.

He spoke from the Opposition side of the House, but advanced to its center close to the bar ; seemed “ flustered ” and excited, as if conscious of the weight of words that would have closed the door against not only conciliation, but wisdom, justice, and mercy. The adjuration (for such it was) was received in ominous silence ; there were no cheers as the heir to the throne resumed his seat. A few of the Peers approached him when the House broke up—that was all. No doubt the declaration had been expected by some of them, but there seemed evidence rather of sorrow than of satisfaction ; more of fear than of joy ; certainly there was nothing like applause. Probably, if I had been nearer to the woolsack, I should have noticed a shudder pass through the major part of that august assembly.

The Duke of York did not live to witness the triumph of the cause he had condemned and execrated ; but he foresaw it. The sentence, “ So help me God ! ” was echoed again and again throughout Ireland ; and aided rather than impeded the cause it was meant to crush.

Nearly sixty years have passed since I heard that memorable speech : it may be well to transcribe and print some passages from it :

“ It was an attempt to make a total change in the fundamental principle of the constitution, and to strike at the very root of its existence. . . . Their lordships were required to surrender every principle of the constitution, and deliver us up, bound hand and foot, to the mercy and generosity of the Roman Catholics, without any assurance even that they would be satisfied with such fearful concessions. . . . He wished to ask whether their lordships had considered the situation in which they might place the King, or whether they recollected the oath his Majesty had taken at the altar to his people upon his coronation. He begged to read the words of that oath : ‘ I will, to the utmost of my power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the

* The speech of his Royal Highness found, at that time, a responsive echo throughout the kingdom ; it was printed in letters of gold and exposed for sale in the shops of all stationers ; it was (in very large type) posted on the walls of the Metropolis and the provinces, and the sentiments it expressed were proclaimed to be those of the King, George IV ; indeed, it was boldly stated that they were dictated by his Majesty for delivery by his brother in the House of Peers.

Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law; and I will preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them.' . . . These were the principles which he had imbibed from his earliest youth; to the justice of which he had subscribed, after serious consideration, when he attained more matured years; and these were the principles to which he would adhere, and which he would maintain and act up to, to the latest moment of his existence, whatever might be his situation of life. So help me God!"*

After his death, Moore wrote one of the most powerful of his poems, "The Irish Slave"; but the personal influence of the royal dead swayed the muse of the poet: "His was the error of head, not heart." I copy a verse:

"He had pledged a hate unto me and mine,
He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,
But sealed that hate with a name Divine,
And he now was dead and—I couldn't rejoice.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—I write the name of Sir Robert Peel with respect approaching homage. It is, I think, that of the wisest statesman who has ever ruled the destinies of these kingdoms; that is to say, a minister of whose acts posterity would have repealed the fewest; from whose printed speeches the fewest sentences would have to be erased; and who might supply for all time an example of prudence, forethought, temper, loyalty, and true patriotism. Although I have so very often seen and heard him, and might, I think, picture him with accuracy, I prefer, to any I can give, his portrait by Lord Dalling:

"He was tall and powerfully built; his body somewhat bulky for his limbs, his head small and well formed, his features regular. His countenance was not what would be generally called expressive, but it was capable of taking the expression he wished to give it; humor, sarcasm, persuasion, and command being its alternate characteristics. The character of the man was seen more, however, in the whole person than in the face. He did not stoop, but he leaned rather forward; his mode of walking was peculiar, and rather like that of a cat, but that of a cat that was well acquainted with the ground it was moving over. The step showed no doubt or apprehension, it could hardly be called stealthy; but it glided on, firmly and cautiously, without haste, swagger, or unevenness, and as he quietly walked from the bar to his seat he looked round him, as if scanning the assembly, and when anything particular was expected, sat down with an air of preparation for the coming contest.

"The oftener you heard him speak, the more his speaking gained upon you. Addressing the House several times in the night on various subjects,

* The speech was delivered in the House of Lords on Monday, April 5, 1825, on the occasion of presenting the petition of the Dean and Canons of Windsor, "praying that no further concessions should be made to the Roman Catholics." The Duke died on the 3d January, 1827.

he always seemed to know more than any one else did about each of them, and to convey to you the idea that he thought he did so. His language was not usually striking, but it was always singularly correct, and gathered force with the development of his argument. He never seemed occupied with himself. His effort was evidently directed to convince you, not that he was *eloquent*, but that he was *right*. When the subject suited it, he would be witty, and with a look and a few words he could most effectively convey contempt. He could reply also with great spirit to an attack, but he was rarely aggressive."

It was a mournful day—the 29th of June, 1850—for all that appertains to Great Britain, when, riding slowly up Constitution Hill, the horse stumbled, and the then Premier was thrown to the ground. On the 2d of July, 1850, he died. There was universal mourning throughout Great Britain at the statesman's death, at the comparatively early age of sixty-three. All parties joined in grief: many old and renowned statesmen—among them, it is said, the Iron Duke—wept when they heard the fatal news; a whole "public" tendered sympathy. An offered peerage to his widow was declined. She would hold no other rank than that she derived from her husband. To all humankind it was, what Palmerston described it, "a great calamity."

The purity of his motives as a minister of the Crown was rarely doubted while he lived, and is not questioned now that he has long been dead; while in all the relations of private life he was in every sense irreproachable and estimable. Few men have had a higher and finer testimonial to their public worth than had Peel, when, on the 12th of May, 1838, he received an invitation from three hundred and thirteen Conservative members of the House of Commons to a public dinner, three hundred being actually present to testify "their full, unanimous, and enthusiastic approbation of his conduct in Parliament and elsewhere."

It was always a pleasure to hear him speak. His voice was much under control, easily modulated, but as easily raised; and, although not often impassioned, he was occasionally fierce. Yet he was always governed by the "decorous," and seemed incapable of ungenerous assault upon an adversary, although often goaded to the quick. As an orator his place is in the second rank. He was a fluent speaker, and his manner was always impressive—somewhat over-eager to convince, as if he distrusted either his audience or himself. He was a singularly clear-headed man of business, and business details he ever brought within compass of the least informed of his hearers in the House. There was generally an implied comment, "If Sir Robert says it is so, it must be so," implying confidence in the soundness of his judgment and his pure integrity. No doubt he was "inconsistent," notoriously so as to Free Trade, the Corn Laws, and Catholic Emancipation; but he pleaded guilty, if such a term can be applied, to the necessity for changes that had not been fore-

seen—of confessing that he was wiser to-day than he had been yesterday.*

My own memory of Peel tallies with the portrait as drawn by Lord Dalling. I picture him as stately of person, yet by no means aristocratic; deliberate, though not formal; careful as to dress (he usually wore a white waistcoat in the House), but the very opposite of a fop.† Of strong health and vigorous constitution; always ready with an abundant command of words, but never either scornful or flippant in word, look, or manner; an adversary who in any contest seemed of right to claim respect; always prepared to answer an assailant; and never seemingly unable to explain; often animated, and always steadfast in debate; especially argumentative, and apparently reasoning from conviction, whether as regarded a turnpike-road bill, or a threat of war in Europe. To opponents he was rarely discourteous. There was certainly nothing about him suggestive of chivalry; but there was never an attempt to gain by irritation.

In fact, Sir Robert Peel ever seemed desirous to impress on his hearers only that which he himself believed to be true; and to do so without equivocation or circumlocution, taking the shortest and most direct path to conviction, and seldom staying to gather flowers on the way.

It is no wonder that in his various high offices, and especially while so long Prime Minister, he should have had a resolute and devoted "following"; that, for a space, the term "Peelite" was the shibboleth of a party almost as definite as that of Whig and Tory.

Specially honored by men of letters be the name of Sir Robert Peel—great statesman and good man. Let Science, Art, and Letters consecrate his memory! It was he who whispered "peace" to Felicia Hemans, dying; he it was who enabled great Wordsworth to woo Nature undisturbed, among the hills and dells, and rivers and streams of Westmoreland; he who lightened the desk-labor of the Quaker-poet, Bernard Barton; he who upheld the tottering steps and made tranquillity take the place of terror in the overtaxed brain of Robert Southey; from him came the sunshine to the shady place in the home of James Montgomery; it was his hand that opened the sick-room shutters, and let in the light of hope and Heaven to the death-bed of Thomas Hood; nay, he might have heard an echo of the "God bless him!" murmured, when in the death-throe, by unhappy Maginn.

* Among the good things said by O'Connell this was one: "Inconsistency is merely an admission that I am wiser to-day than I was yesterday." I may not quote the exact words, but I do the sense of them.

† It was Guizot who said of him, "He was dignified without elegance."

The present generation will, I think, be willing to admit his estimate of the sacrifices he made when proclaimed by some of his political opponents a renegade.

The memorable words were written by him soon after his change not of opinions but of policy—in 1829 :

"I can with truth affirm, as I do solemnly affirm, in the presence of Almighty God, 'to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid,' that in advising and promoting the measures of 1829, I was swayed by no fear except the fear of public calamity, and that I acted throughout from a deep conviction that those measures were not only conducive to the general welfare, but that they had become imperatively necessary in order to avert from interests which had a special claim upon my support—the interests of the Church and of institutions connected with the Church—an imminent and increasing danger.

"It may be that I was unconsciously influenced by motives less perfectly pure and disinterested, by the secret satisfaction of being—

" . . . when the waves went high,
A daring pilot in extremity."

But at any rate it was no ignoble ambition which prompted me to bear the brunt of a desperate conflict, and at the same time to submit to the sacrifice of everything dear to a public man, excepting the approval of his own conscience and the hope of ultimate justice."

When Sydney Smith, in the autumn of his days, was taunted with no longer supporting certain extreme opinions which he had advanced in his youth, he replied that he was no more ashamed of having held those opinions, and of having got over them, than he was of having had the chicken-pox. "In 1837, when Southey had become a prosperous gentleman, and when he had long been the staunchest of Tories—when he was in receipt of a handsome pension from the Crown, and had been offered a baronetcy by Sir Robert Peel—he did not scruple to include 'Wat Tyler' among his collected poetical works, calmly stating that he was no more ashamed of having been a Republican than of having been a boy, and backing up his procedure with a quotation from St. Augustine."

LORD LYNDHURST.—I remember John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst, as Campbell describes him, "tall, erect, and gracefully proportioned." I saw him when his life was closing, when his years numbered fourscore years and ten; and found that he had carried into extreme old age the qualities that made him conspicuous in his early manhood.

A picture very interesting to him, as painted by his father, was engraved, from the Royal Gallery, for the *Art Journal*. Lyndhurst had expressed a wish to procure a copy, and it was my privilege to take him one. He received me in his library with courtesy approach-

ing graciousness ; conversed freely on some Art subjects, and made judicious comments on the engraving I submitted to him. He seemed by no means weighed down by years ; and, if I had not known his age, I should have guessed him to be not over sixty.

Lord Campbell, so long his associate, his colleague at the bar, his successor, for a time, as Chancellor and Speaker of the House of Peers, his rival often, but his inferior always, wrote his "Life," and illustrated the expressive saying, "Save me from my friends!" It was said of his "Lives of the Chancellors" that he added "a new sting to death" ; and of the writer Brougham said, "He has a prescriptive right to tell lies of all Chancellors, living or dead." He confesses to "a hankering kindness for Lyndhurst with all his faults," and professes to have "done his best for him, as far as his conscience would permit." In that spirit Campbell entered on his task ; but his portrait is no more faithful to the original than a theatrical star in pantomime is to the veritable light that gives glory to an evening sky. Lord Lyndhurst supplies another proof that hard work does not shorten life. He was born in 1772, and died in 1863, at the "ripe" age of ninety-two. In 1794 he was admitted a member of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Thus he might have witnessed the Lord George Gordon riots, and have stood under the scaffold when the *ça-ira* was bellowed by female fiends trampling in the blood of Marie Antoinette ; yet those who are hardly men in years may have walked with him down Bond Street, and maidens barely out of their teens have been danced upon his knee. He might have seen Chatham dying among his peers in the House, and heard Burke deplore the decadence of chivalry ; patted on the head, and given words of warning and encouragement to, the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and have seen James Watt pondering over the power that moved the cover of a tea-kettle.*

He was four times Lord High Chancellor of England. His mother lived to see him "in his robes" ; and he died in the house—5 George Street, Hanover Square—where his father had pursued his calling as an artist : a member of the Royal Academy contemporary with Sir Joshua Reynolds.

How very close to a far-off history we may be brought by a single link ! A treasure of some considerable value was lost to the world in the sea-sunk notes of Copley regarding his tour through the United States (in 1803), where he traveled for several weeks in the

* Lord Campbell, in his Life of Lord Lyndhurst, says : "In his person he was tall, erect, and gracefully proportioned. His features were strongly marked, and his whole countenance well-chiseled, with some fine lines of thought in it—nevertheless, occasionally with a sinister smile of great cunning and some malignity, which obtained for him the *sobriquet* of Mephistopheles." He was eighty-eight years old (in 1860) when he made his last speech in the House of Peers : it was on the Bill for the repeal of the paper duty.

company of Louis Philippe. They would have been curious reading—the thoughts of the great Chancellor and of the afterward Citizen-King.

The unfortunate speech in which Lyndhurst protested against granting concessions to Roman Catholics, on the ground that they were "aliens in blood, religion, and nationality," laid him open to the telling rebuke that he was himself more of an alien than the people he cried down, having been born in Boston (United States). O'Connell smote him and spared not, describing the assailant of Irish Catholics as "himself an alien, and liable to be reclaimed as a refugee Yankee." Moreover, not only was Lyndhurst an alien by birth (if we can so style one who was born a British subject), but he had Irish blood in his veins: his grandmother was an Irishwoman. To the overpowering outburst of Sheil I shall elsewhere allude. It was one of the great Chancellor's few mistakes; but it was no more than that. He paid dearly for it. Had he lived much longer he would have found bands of "United" Irishmen, eagerly avowing that they *are* "aliens," proud of the distinction, which they regard as a glory and not a reproach.*

What would he have said, and what would have been Sheil's indignant comment, if, in 1881, fifty years after the Catholic Relief Bill had passed—and not only "liberty," but "equality" had become the conceded rights of the weaker party—they had read a solemn document issued under the sanction of fifteen hundred delegates of the Irish people, describing the connection between England and Ireland as "a detestable system of *alien* rule"?

He was in his eighty-eighth year when he spoke for an hour in the House of Lords, and, as Campbell writes, "poured forth eloquent strains." He was but one of four great lawyers—Eldon, Brougham, Campbell, Lyndhurst, whose ages far surpassed that to which King David limits human life—threescore years and ten; and whose lives subsequently were not as the Psalmist anticipates them—full of suffering and sorrow: these four grand examples, who

"Scorned delights, and lived laborious days,"

were usefully occupied to the last—valuable proofs that hard work does not kill, though sloth often does. Thus wrote Lord Brougham:

"My grandmother was born in Queen Anne's reign; so that I have conversed with a person who was alive one hundred and eighty years ago, and who might have heard her relative, who lived to the

* Not only in public speeches, but in published documents, the British Parliament is described as "an alien senate"; that the Irish are "aliens" is admitted as a grave boast. The ghost of Richard Sheil would shrink (if a ghost can shrink) at the proud avowal that they covet and desire to be so considered.

age of one hundred and six, speak of events that happened in Queen Elizabeth's reign."

It is matter for regret that no "Life" of Lord Lyndhurst has been published. That evil is not to endure "for long." It is announced that—supplied with ample material by Lady Lyndhurst—the duty is about to be discharged by Sir Theodore Martin. Surely the task could not have been confided to better hands.

LORD BROUGHAM.—The greatest of all the great men, who have been at once renowned at the bar and famous in the House of Commons, was undoubtedly Lord Brougham. For the larger part of half a century he was before the world in many ways, and always in the front. What a contrast he was to his great opponent, George Canning! All that made Canning attractive Brougham lacked—so far as regards the outer man. Careless to a blamable extent of personal appearance, his clothes hung loosely about him, as if his tailor, when he made them, had neglected to take his measure. His action was the reverse of graceful; his features coarse and somewhat awry, the well-remembered twitching of the nose giving to them rather a repulsive character; the eyes were not expressive, except when animated, and then they rather reminded one of the vulture than the eagle—sly in their fierceness and little indicating the strength of expression so paramount in his flexible and powerful voice. It was not the eye of the Ancient Mariner that compelled the bystander to listen; yet Brougham never failed to do so—being a man whose sway was instinctively irresistible. Slightly tinged at all times with Scottish accent, his voice was broad, strong, flexible, vigorous, and mentally healthful—the very opposite to that of his great ally, "silver-tongued Denman," who, moreover, had the personal grace in which Brougham was so defective. Brougham's greatest triumphs were before my time; but in 1823, perhaps, he was in his zenith, so far as Parliament was concerned, for when he became a peer and Lord High Chancellor his sun was setting; there was a cloud of glory all about him even then, but it was the cloud that heralded a coming night.

It was foreseen that Brougham the Lord would be the inferior of Brougham the Commoner. So it was undoubtedly. In the House of Peers he was never at home. I can only liken him there to a man who wears another man's clothes that do not fit him. His motions were uneasy at best, sometimes so much so that he appeared to be "seated on a hot griddle." He fidgeted from side to side, rose without dignity, and ungracefully resumed his seat—starting up and flopping down.

It was a wonderfully full life: the harvest would demand large barns in which to garner it. His speeches in Parliament were so numerous as to number at least one for every day while the session

lasted. It was sometimes so amusing as to make the whole House smile in expectation, when Canning sat looking at Brougham and Brougham sat looking at Canning—each eager that the one opposite should first address the House and give to the other the advantage of a reply. It was usually the last, and not the first, blow that told.*

So much has been said and written concerning Brougham, and I could say so little that is new, that I make my recollection of him brief. As the world knows, he left "Memoirs of his Life and Times" (which his brother edited). Its concluding passage is this: "Let it be recollected that I began this attempt after I was eighty-three years of age, with enfeebled intellect, failing memory, and but slight materials by me. Above all, that there was not left one single friend or associate of my earlier days whose recollections might have aided mine. All are dead! I alone survive of those who had acted in the scenes I have here faintly endeavored to retrace."

[I utter all these words and apply them to myself: I am as old as he was when he wrote them.]

After a life of marvelous activity, every hour of which was busy, except the hours he gave to sleep, he retired, as far as it was possible for him to do, from all employment except that of recording the events and incidents of his long life—a work singularly poor compared with what it was expected to have been—and died at Cannes in 1868, having lived fourscore years and ten: another proof that what is called "hard" labor—labor arduous and continuous—does not shorten life.

Perhaps no man of his time worked harder than did Henry Brougham. I have often seen him active in the King's Bench all the morning, conducting a case with much energy, and apparent resolve that nothing should deprive him of a verdict—as if his honor depended on the issue—and have again beheld him at night delivering from his place in the House an oration that electrified his audience of legislators. During the interval between leaving the courts at Westminster and entering the House of Commons, he had attended some meeting to speak, or headed some deputation, or taken the chair at a public dinner, or labored on some committee, taking—it seemed to lookers-on—no rest; while the products of his pen can only be described by one word—they were prodigious.

It would, however, be unpardonable to pass over, without a parting tribute of applause, his labors in the glorious cause of education and mental improvement. To his matchless energy, his daring conception, and determined perseverance, is that cause most signally indebted. The angry disputes of politics perish and are forgotten, the

* "He was accustomed to take his seat near the Speaker's end of the principal Opposition bench, clad in old and ill-made garments of black, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, as if it were his object to represent deep and dark reflection as well as the borough of Winchester."—*New Monthly*, 1830.

voice of the orator is heard no more, and the thousands of hearts that beat with the inspiration of his eloquence are still as the turf beneath which they sleep; but even then will our children and our children's children be drinking of that mighty fount of knowledge which Brougham has done so much to set free for all humankind, while myriads of instructed men will venerate his name. When we think of these things we forget the fierce and intemperate politician: we remember only the man to whom intellectual ability was the surest passport for attention, who, while he is all scorn to dunces, however high their station, is all humility to knowledge, however lowly the garb that clothes it.

His famous speech on law reform is that of which I retain the most vivid remembrance. I reported part of it; indeed, it gave the labor of a night to every reporter on the establishment, for it lasted six hours. The peroration was, I think, one of the grandest things on record. His appeal to George IV, that "his boast might be loftier than that of Augustus—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble"—produced a murmur of applause in the House that was far more recompensing than would have been the loudest cheer. It is undoubtedly one of the finest passages in the English language. I quote it here:

"It was the boast of Augustus, it formed part of the luster in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign is not without claims. But how much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, and left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor—found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!"

Lord Brougham was born in 1778, in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh. His father was of aristocratic descent, a native of Westmoreland, who had married a young Scottish lady. Brougham is generally claimed as a Scotchman, one of the thousand illustrious men to whom Scotland has given birth. As with nearly all great men, he owed much to his mother, who lived to see him in the highest position it was possible for him to attain. As soon as possible after he assumed the robes as Lord High Chancellor he journeyed to Brougham Hall* to visit that venerable mother, knelt at her feet to ask a blessing, and heard her words, "God Almighty bless you, my son!"

* In 1845 I had the honor to be a guest at Brougham Hall. Unfortunately, Lord Brougham was away—at Cannes; but I enjoyed the hospitality of his brother, William Brougham, and received from him great kindness and much information. My object was to write concerning Brougham Hall for a work I edited—"The Baronial Halls of England," the artists who produced the drawings and wood engravings being J. D. Harding, William Muller, Nash, F. W. Fairholt, and others.

In 1839, it was stated in all the newspapers (excepting the *Times*), and universally credited, that he had been killed by an accident. It was a current belief that the statement was made on the authority of the noble and learned lord himself, who desired to ascertain, beforehand, what posterity would say of him. The wish was gratified, though the results could not have been entirely to his satisfaction. From the "Obituary" in the *Morning Chronicle* I extract the following passage; it is to my mind a just estimate of his character; it says of him all I could wish to say: "In variety of attainments, facility of expression, energy of purpose, in the grandeur of forensic eloquence, in the declamation that renders a debate impressive to his audience and the sarcasm that renders him most formidable to an opponent, in the untiring continuance of intellectual labors, in the fervent championship of many great objects of national philanthropy and improvement—Lord Brougham stood prominent among all his political compeers. He well earned—by long toil, splendid effort, and gradual ascent—the elevation to which he attained: not that merely of rank and station, but of celebrity and influence."

That was his epitaph—recorded before he was dead. Let it stand now that he is in his grave, for of a surety his works do follow him; and if there be (as there must be) consciousness and memory in the Hereafter, Henry Lord Brougham must know that a large debt is owing to him by all humankind.

LORD PALMERSTON.—No doubt the man most conspicuous, if not most renowned, among statesmen of the period was Lord Palmerston—an Irishman who would rather not have been an Irishman; from whom his country obtained no affection and small help. He very rarely visited Ireland between his boyhood and his death; had little sympathy with her sufferings; contributed nothing to her material progress; and died as he had lived, the worst of all enemies—a cold, indifferent, and unsympathizing friend. The three ponderous volumes, edited (in a way) by Lord Dalling, contain no single sentence to show that at any time he took the slightest interest in Ireland—either in her physical, social, moral, or intellectual improvement. Yet his means were enormous, and his opportunities innumerable of serving the country of his ancestry. In one place, indeed, he is styled "an eminent Englishman." Strange, Lord Dalling does not tell us where he was born, but merely informs us that he was the son of the second viscount and a "Miss Mee, the daughter of a respectable Dublin tradesman, into whose house, in consequence of a fall from his horse, the peer had been carried."

Palmerstown, or Palmerston, is a village four miles west of Dublin, in Dublin County. Several mansions grace the locality, the principal of which is the seat of the Earl of Donoughmore, who, however, is not a resident. The property there was acquired in 1666

by Sir John Temple,* who was born in Ireland in 1600; his father was Provost of Trinity College. Sir John held several high offices, one of them being the Mastership of the Rolls, and one of his sons was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. From him Lord Palmerston was lineally descended. The title was created in 1722, the Prime Minister being the third Viscount; he died leaving no issue, and the title became extinct. Thus Lord Palmerston was not only of Irish, but of illustrious Irish, descent; more than two hundred years before his birth his family obtained renown in Ireland; and of the whole of his Irish progenitors he might have been proud. In all ways, except in the accident of birth, he is to be regarded as an Irishman; unfortunately for his country, he considered that fact a misfortune and not a distinction, and so far as Ireland is concerned, it may be said of him with greater truth than it was said of the Duke of Wellington, he was an Irishman "whom fame unwillingly shines upon."

There is no patriotism among the better classes of the Irish. The reason is plain. Ireland has been for centuries divided into two parties, the English-Irish and the Irish-Irish; the one hating the other, and treating the other as his inevitable and irreconcilable enemy. So it has always been—the conqueror and the conquered! There has been no ground on which both may stand and feel proud of their common country. Thus, the heroic defense of Londonderry is to the one a glory, to the other a shame. So it is of the siege of Limerick, unsurpassed in the annals of bravery and endurance. To recall either to memory is to flatter or to insult. Thus a very large number of the great men of whom Ireland has been so fertile, have, to say the least, wished they had not been Irish—born or bred. The poets, indeed, have written much of an opposite character; but many of the "lauders of Erin" have become absentees when circumstances enabled them to be so; and statesmen—her sons—have done little or nothing to elevate her character, promote her interests, and extend her fame. Her benefactors for the most part have been English; few great improvements in her condition have been introduced, fostered, and strengthened, from any home source. I may have to treat this subject more *in extenso* when I write of Ireland sixty years ago. I allude to it here to sustain the assertion that Lord Palmer-

* Though not the founder of the family—for the Lords Temple were renowned long before his birth—the direct ancestor was Sir John Temple, born in Ireland in 1600, whose father was a Fellow and afterward Provost of Trinity College, who was knighted in 1628; and was Master of the Rolls in 1640. He received for his services large grants in the counties of Dublin and Carlow. Two of his sons, born in England, rose to eminence—Sir William Temple, the statesman, and friend and patron of Swift; and Sir John, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, from whom the Premier, Lord Palmerston, was lineally descended. The Premier was born at Broadlands on the 20th October, 1784; and there he died on 18th October, 1865.

ston was an Irishman who would rather not have been an Irishman. "Ireland gave me breath," said the painter Barry; "but Ireland never would have given me bread."

The minister was born on the 20th of October, 1784, and died on the 18th of October, 1865. He succeeded his father in 1802, and, though very young, vainly sought to enter Parliament as representative for Cambridge University in 1806. His power was mainly derived from confidence in himself, indifference to any opinions that were not his, a low estimate of regal rights on the one hand and national rights on the other. I can but speak of Lord Palmerston according to the means I have of judging: of the inner man I know nothing; he may have been a saint in private life for aught I know; but he seemed to on-lookers one whose character was formed in accordance with the recipe for the creation of greatness—"a good digestion and a cold heart." He certainly gave the impression that his human sympathies were small. Perhaps few British ministers have ever lived who seemed to hold office more on the "You can't do without me" principle than on any ground of esteem, regard, affection, or belief that his counsel was in any degree calculated to promote the interests and extend the glory of his country.

It is seemingly a marvel that a man whom few respected and fewer loved, who had received as the reward of his labor little of the homage and less of the affection that make the best wages of service, should have been during so many years a foremost servant of the state—Home Secretary, Foreign Minister, and Prime Minister.

Barely twenty years have passed since he died—and died in harness. Yet Viscount Palmerston seems to be as much forgotten as if he had never lived; he has not left his mark on the age; there is no one measure with which he is identified. Nor will those who remember him in the House of Commons, as so long its leader, recall him to memory with either pleasure or pride. He never either conciliated or extorted confidence; never seemed to be the advocate of truth because it was truth; never, indeed, possessed the mighty power that arises from earnest conviction, and so conveys the impression—

" . . . this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

But his resolution, strong as it was, did not seem to be the result of conviction. He was a dandy in dress, and a fop in manners; indeed, he had obtained the *sobriquet* of "Cupid." He had an air of insincerity that forbade belief of his earnestness and truth as regarded any measure he advocated or opposed. No doubt he had numerous chances of handing down his name to posterity as a benefactor of his kind. If not unrecorded, it is unremembered; associated with no great object or grand purpose; although he lived

through the first half of the nineteenth century, and was in "high office" nearly the whole of that time, when events that concerned the half of humankind were daily incidents.

At the Exhibition of 1851 I stood by his side as he was leaving. The cheers of a crowd greeted him. Some one exclaimed, "God bless you, Palmerston, may you live forever!" "The first wish of my heart!" he replied, with a bow and a smile.

Palmerston is another example of vigor in old age; of the beneficial and not deleterious effects of hard work. In 1863, being seventy-nine years old, he delivered an address as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He was then Prime Minister. He died as he had lived, in harness, working to the last. On the 18th of October, 1865, he was found dead, with an unfinished letter lying on the table before him: having been a member of every Government (with but two exceptions) from 1806 to 1865, having sat in sixteen Parliaments, and being elected to sit in the seventeenth. He was (as was undoubtedly his wish) buried in Westminster Abbey.

No doubt he had a large if not a zealous following; and if it were not easy for a government to manage with him, it was much harder to do without him: to encounter him in opposition was to render a government impossible—he was hardly less loved by his allies than he was by his opponents. His thorough conversance with "foreign affairs," his ever-readiness in reply; his occasional outbursts of eloquence, rendered him an indispensable acquisition to any government, whose first requirement was just such services as he alone could render.

Although his collected speeches do not add much to his renown, here and there one drops across a passage truly eloquent, and occasionally such as may make a British subject proud that Great Britain had a Foreign Minister who knew how to maintain and extend the rights of the Crown and the People: as when he made, in 1850, his famous speech—defending the Russell Parliament as to the affairs of Greece—and concluded with that impressive passage: "As the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity when he could say *Civis Romanus sum*, so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong."

They were noble words of Sir Robert Peel, who was one of his opposers, "His speech made us all proud of the man who delivered it"—words that were echoed by the plaudits of the whole House.

WILBERFORCE.—I had the honor and happiness to know William Wilberforce, and to visit him more than once at his residence, the large house that yet exists at the corner of Brompton Crescent, and also at Grove House, Kensington Gore.

I have often heard him speak in the House of Commons. There are not many who can say so, although he did not die until 1833,

living to see the dream of his boyhood—from his very infancy, indeed, upward—a palpable reality. He was born in 1759, and was in Parliament (for Hull) in 1780. To tender homage to that great and good man is but to echo the sentiment of all humanity. Though of “sixteen descents,” a “Wilberforce of Wilberforce,” he made the name more illustrious than were those obtained at Hastings, at Crécy, or on any of the battle-fields of earth. And it would seem as if he were but midway in a glorious race, for his son, the Bishop of Oxford, and *his* son, Basil, Canon of Winchester, have achieved renown—the latter mainly by encountering a foe more fatal to body, mind, and soul than was even negro slavery—*INTemperance*.*

I recall the great man as delicate in features, notwithstanding a somewhat strongly marked outline, and in form the opposite of powerful; the head seemed a little “awry,” and is so shown in portraits and the statue at Westminster Abbey. But those features spoke, and that form dilated, when at his work in the House of Commons. It was, however, undoubtedly a disadvantage to the orator, whose business it is to persuade rather than convince—a disadvantage his distinguished son had not, and his grandsons have not—owing more to external advantages than did the illustrious and victorious combatant for the veritable rights of man. He was far past his prime when I knew him, but his voice continued clear, ringing, strong yet melodious, and his eye retained the brilliancy that indicates creative genius.

He was a thorough Englishman from first to last, returning from several Continental tours “better pleased with his own country than when he left it”—and as thoroughly a Christian gentleman. If in his childhood there was “a rare and pleasing character of piety,” in later years he was convinced that “true religion is communion with God.” It was less as a philosopher than as a patriot and a Christian that he fought the fight in which freedom triumphed, and it was as “a follower of the Cross” that he led the van in the battle that secured victory.†

In 1787 twelve gentlemen, “all of whom but two were Quakers,” met and resolved to put a stop to the slave-trade—resolved that selling and buying human flesh should cease forever where the banner

* Very recently another name is to be added to the list—that of Ernest Wilberforce, now Bishop of Newcastle.

† In 1802 he thus wrote, on his birthday: “Who is there that has so many blessings? Let me record some of them. Affluence, without the highest rank; a good understanding and a happy temper, kind friends and a greater number than almost any one. Domestic happiness beyond what could have been conceived possible; a situation in life most honorable, and, above all, a most favorable position for eternity. What way soever I look I see marks of the goodness and long-suffering of God. Oh! that I may be more filled with gratitude!”

At a much later period, 1821, he wrote these words: “There would be no end of enumeration were I to put down all the mercies of God! Praise the Lord, O my soul!”

of Great Britain was unfurled. It was the boy David going forth to slay the giant of Gath. A project to cultivate meadows in the moon could not have promised a less productive harvest.

[No doubt his grandson, Canon Wilberforce, has in his mind this beginning of the end when he is fighting with the foul demon, DRINK, that curses our country.]

There were guiding and assisting angels in the little parlor where these twelve assembled; but help from fellow-men was out of the reach of hope—except to those whose trust is in Heaven.

So far back as 1789 Wilberforce “took up” the slave-trade: when his “silver voice” was heard in the House of Commons describing the wickedness of the traffic and aiding fancy by facts—picturing the horrors of “the middle passage”—receiving aid, indeed, from the brave, indignant oratory of Fox and the majestic eloquence of Pitt, yet pleading in vain to “Christian love and national honor”; aided also by the poet Cowper, who in 1792 moved him onward by his memorable greeting in verse—

“Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
From all the just on earth and blessed above.”

Professor Sedgwick, who left earth not very long ago, was present at the first debate in the House, and briefly described it. It seems like quoting history, for many yet remain—I am of the number—who have conversed with the revered professor on this topic.

It is a long skip between 1789 and 1807: the interval may be sufficiently described in three words that so often occur in the good man’s diary—“hard at work.” Great men, and many women as truly great, had enlisted under his banner. It was a drawn battle when a motion was carried for “gradual abolition.” The soldiers of freedom were not content: none laid aside their armor. It was asked, “The desolation of wretched Africa suspended! Are all the complicated miseries of this wretched trade—is the work of death suspended?” They did not dare go back; they lived to conquer, and conquer they did. George Canning joined the ranks, and “outsiders” were numerous and powerful. It is said that the last letter John Wesley wrote was addressed to Wilberforce. It contained this passage, at once a prayer and a prophecy—“Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away.”

On the 23d of March, 1807, the bill for the total abolition of the slave-trade was passed in a House once “so fastidious as scarce to hear a speech about it,” the number on division being, *for*, 283; *against*, 16! On the 25th of that month it received the Royal assent. “No selfish exultation disturbed the heartfelt joy” of William Wilberforce: he gave thanks to God; they were his only words of triumph!

Was that the sole work of the great and good man? Far from it. But the one dwarfs by comparison much that would have entitled any other statesman to lofty rank among the benefactors of humankind.

In July, 1833, the good man had, to quote the expressive words of St. Paul, "fallen asleep." Ah! let imagination, based on Scripture, picture his awakening—for if there be joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, what must it be when the perfected spirit joins the beatified ranks—whose work on earth has been pure and good and holy! As one of his friends writes of him, his was "a mind perpetually tuned to love and grace."

He sought no earthly reward—that soldier of the Faith! The House awarded no tribute, no vote of thanks to him, as it has so often done to those who had slaughtered wholesale. He had saved the lives of millions, rescued his country from a blight—humanity from a curse. His payment was postponed until the "resurrection of the just"; not altogether so, for he had a public funeral in Westminster Abbey; more than that, the House of Commons rose and burst into an absolute roar of applause when Sir Samuel Romilly proclaimed that from a memorable day every slave who trod British soil, or made his way to the deck of a British ship, became a man—*free!*

I wonder if a negro, or a mulatto, or a creole, has ever stood and contemplated the statue of Wilberforce—a seated figure of stone, in the British Walhalla! What measureless gratitude must expand the souls of freemen the descendants of slaves!

It is told of Addison that he sent for his step-son, Lord Warwick, to show him "how a Christian could die." It is sufficient to say of Wilberforce that his life having been a long contest to do the work of God for the good of man, "his end was peace"; he "entered into the joy of his Lord," bequeathing a lesson—teaching by example—that will be of incalculable value for all time here and hereafter. Tall and stately mansions now occupy the site of the house in which Wilberforce died at Kensington Gore. In 1851 the cook Soyer converted it into a restaurant. We can make no pilgrimage to the house where the good man took leave of earth, to hear the greeting of the Master he had served so long and so well—"Good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." In that house I saw him more than once; he was bowed down by labor rather than age; his smile was *beautiful*—it is the only word I can use; and his eyes sparkled, as they might have done, fifty years before, when the first thought of erasing from the statute-book a bloody, degrading, and atrocious statute dawned upon his mind.

This memory is long: I have had strong joy in leaving for a while the arena of politics—recollections of great men who struggled, or wrangled, in "either House"—to revel in recalling the most glorious

of the heroes who fought for and achieved, early in this century, a victory over sin and death, such as the poet describes when the archangel Michael conquered both, and with them their sustainer, Satan.

Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid by one public man to another was this : when a speaker in the House had sought to sneer down Wilberforce as "the honorable and religious gentleman," the taunt was replied to in a strain of bitter and wrathful sarcasm—that a "British senate should be required to consider piety a reproach." When a member expressed his astonishment at the power of sarcasm, then—for the first time—used by Wilberforce, Romilly remarked that it illustrated the virtue even more than the genius of Wilberforce, "for who but he has ever possessed so formidable a weapon *and never used it?*" I borrow this anecdote from Lord Brougham, who testifies in the highest terms to the moral, social, and intellectual worth of the great and truly heroic LIBERATOR OF THE SLAVE.

He could have commanded any amount of patronage, not only on account of his power in Parliament, but because he was the chosen and trusted friend of William Pitt ; and surely he might have demanded and obtained any place for himself. He had none ; he sought and received a far higher reward than even a British Minister can give for services such as few men have ever lived to render humanity. He was largely paid for them during life by the profound homage and tender affection of all good men and women—the reward of listening senates being to him infinitely less valuable than domestic love.

On the 12th of April, 1833, for the last time on earth his voice was heard in public. "It was an affecting sight," say his sons, "to see the old man who had been so long the champion of this cause come forth once more from his retirement, and with an unquenched spirit, though with a weakened voice and failing body, maintain for the last time the cause of truth and justice." But he was not called away until his work was finished : he lived long enough to see his cherished hope accomplished, and might have quoted, probably did quote, this passage :

"Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace."

On the 29th of July, 1833, he died, being within a month of seventy-four years old.

I was present in Westminster Abbey at the burial of the body that had inclosed the great soul ; the mourners mourned, indeed, but it was, so to speak, joyful mourning.

On his death-bed, the tidings of Emancipation were conveyed to him : to imagine what he must have felt is hardly within the scope of human intelligence. There have been commanders in ships of war, and chiefs on battle-fields, whose eyes brightened in death, and

whose lips strove to utter words of triumph when a sound of victory greeted their ears ; but it was mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying. How different must have been the feelings of the departing conqueror when he murmured, "Thank God !"—and—"died."

LORD MELBOURNE.—A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* (whose words I have several times quoted, and whom I believe to be Mr. W. H. Curran : the articles were published during my editorship) quotes these words of Hazlitt describing Coleridge, and applies them to Lord Melbourne :

"Persons of the greatest capacity are often those who, for this reason, do the least ; for, surveying themselves from the highest point of view amid the infinite variety of the universe, their own share in it seems trifling and scarce worth a thought, and they prefer the contemplation of all that is, or has been, or can be, to the making a toil about doing what, when done, is no better than vanity."

They were just as regards William Lamb, afterward Viscount Melbourne : he was of gentlemanly, if not of graceful, exterior ; his manners were polished, if not refined, and he seemed studious to make all persons who approached him pleased with themselves :

"To make men self-pleased, need not be to flatter."

He was neither eloquent nor argumentative, but he was persuasive ; and as Home Secretary and Prime Minister, during the earlier years of the reign of Queen Victoria, kept on good terms with the Sovereign and the people. He always conveyed the idea that those who officially troubled him annoyed him, and that his truest enjoyment consisted in the least possible amount of work. Moreover, he had the reputation of being a man of pleasure—selfish pleasure, that is to say—regardless of what its acquisition might cost others. His name is associated with nothing that gave it fame ; and certainly of all the Prime Ministers of my time he is the one (to my thinking) the world would most willingly let die.

I do no more than allude to the painful trial to which in the later years of his life he was subjected—a trial that involved the reputation of one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the age ; neither need I refer to the frivolous life, and frequently compromising habits and character of his wife, Lady Caroline Lamb. There is no reason why I should dwell upon themes that are, to say the least, distasteful. In the case of the lady referred to, he received honorable acquittal from a jury of his countrymen, with the entire approval of the judge. The subject was town talk for a while, and had better be forgotten. Lord Melbourne was never on good terms with his wife, whose intercourse with Byron was a topic of comment at the time. But that Lady Caroline was more than half insane there

is little doubt. I have talked with a person who had read the notorious autobiography of Byron that was given to Moore, and sold by him to Murray for a large sum, which sum the poet returned to the publisher when the MS. was destroyed: that person told me it contained many frightful anecdotes concerning Lady Caroline which it was a shame to have written, much more to have contemplated printing for the whole world to read.

SIDNEY HERBERT.—In 1855-'56 I had the honor to be associated with the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, as one of the honorary secretaries of the "Nightingale Fund." In treating that subject I may have more to say of him. His position as a member of Government was not high, but, assuredly, had he lived longer he would have been Prime Minister—a station and dignity for which he was eminently qualified by great ability, undoubted integrity, and by all the faculties that form a statesman; to these may be added the advantages of lofty descent, courteous and conciliatory manners, and far more than pleasing appearance—resembling, indeed, in more ways than one his great predecessor, George Canning.

I never pass Foley's statue of Sidney Herbert, outside the War Office in Pall Mall, without tendering homage to the memory of a man I regarded with deep respect and also with personal affection.

I quote good old Izaak Walton's summary of the character of Lord Herbert of Cherbury: "He was one of the handsomest men of his day, of a beauty alike stately, chivalric, and intellectual. His person and features were cultivated by all the disciplines of a time when courtly manners were not insignificant, because a monarch mind informed the court, nor warlike customs, rude nor mechanical, for industrial nature had free play in the field, except as restrained by the laws of courtesy and honor. The steel glove became his hand, and the spur his heel; neither can we fancy him out of his place, for any place he would have made his own."

He seemed to me a copy, and without an atom deteriorated, of his renowned relative-predecessor. He lived in another age, and had to discharge very different duties; but there were the same heroic sentiment, the same high principle, the same sympathy with suffering, the same stern and steady resolve to right the wrong. It is not too much to say that what we may have imagined of the chivalry of a past age we have witnessed in our own: a gentleman who added dignity to the loftiest rank, who thought it no condescension to be kind and courteous to the very humblest who approached him. To rare personal advantages he added those of large intellectual acquirements. He spoke, if not as an orator, with impressive eloquence; as a practical man of business few were his superiors; he had the mind of a statesman, yet gave earnest and thoughtful care to all the minor details of life. His death was a public calamity.

His is the race of whom it has been so finely said, "all the men

were brave and all the women chaste"—of whom came "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

PRIME MINISTERS.—One after another the several Prime Ministers, and other prominent statesmen I have seen, rise before me. They are many, between the first and the last—between Lord Liverpool and Mr. Gladstone; between 1822 and 1883—more than sixty years. Brief memories may here suffice: they have their places in history. Each had, as was fitting, his biographer.

First comes the EARL OF LIVERPOOL, with hasty and undignified tread, his scanty hair folded over his broad forehead; neither intellectual nor eloquent, yet filling a niche worthily, although he was but a pygmy compared with his predecessor and successor.

EARL GREY was of the pure aristocracy in manner and in person. He is described as of pompous coldness. He was "every inch" a peer, and seemed as if he would rather sacrifice the British Constitution than his Order—considering nothing gone if that were left.*

I remember him well—"tall, graceful, and of imposing figure," achieving renown for "consistency and proud integrity of conduct"; a man whose exact place as a statesman it would be difficult to fix; who had been a reformer, when to advocate Reform was not only unpopular but dangerous. When a young man he, in 1793, headed the "Society of Friends of the People." But he had "sobered down" with time, and assuredly when he became Prime Minister had ignored many of his old opinions. Even at the time of which I write, Reform and Revolution were considered convertible terms; and some liberal and enlightened statesmen declared not only against vote by ballot (of which some idlers dreamed, and of household suffrage—a dream nearly as wild), but against the Reform that laid a destroying hand on Gatton and old Sarum; and presumed to complain because Birmingham and Manchester were without representatives in Parliament.

Although very slight, Earl Grey was of commanding person and handsome features, stately in manner, and very aristocratic in mind. He would have stood by his Order after the manner of the drunken cavalier propping with his shoulder the buttress of a cathedral:

* "There is a moral air about the man, and a self-possession, and a deportment which seems to say—

'Your grace shall pardon me,
I am too high born to be property'd;
To be a second at control,
Or useful serving-man,'

which, aided by his tall, graceful, and imposing figure, grave though by no means highly intellectual features, and by his almost traditional reputation for consistency and proud integrity of conduct, imparts to his observations a weight which it would be impossible to conceive any of these noblemen in the possession of."—*New Monthly*, 1832.

"D—— ye, you old b——, I'll stand by ye to the last!" He was not an orator much believed in by several of his contemporaries; yet he had stood in his place when Fox and Burke, and Sheridan and Canning made the Senate ring. His eloquence was far more calculated to convince the reason than to move the heart: it was cold and unimpassioned. What sort of a Commoner he made I can not say, but he seemed to me one who could only have been at home among his peers. A writer in the *New Monthly* thus describes him: "It is impossible to see or hear a man on whom is more vividly impressed the stamp of 'noble.' . . . A high and haughty, yet magnanimous and upright spirit breathes throughout him."

LORD GODERICH seemed a cheerful and self-satisfied British yeoman: with round pleasant face, colored from labor all day in the sun and wind; a courteous gentleman always, to his inferiors, no less than to his equals; a man loved at home, and esteemed abroad. When Chancellor of the Exchequer he obtained a title—it was either a laudation or a sneer, according to the estimate of a speaker—"Prosperity Robinson," a result of the sanguine view he had taken of the financial condition of the country at the period. Let him keep it, with the respect of all parties with whom he acted, or to whom he was opposed. His reign as Prime Minister was brief; and if not glorious, was not inglorious.

LORD ALTHORP.—It was, to what was then prized as a virtue in the House, that Lord Althorp owed the loftiest position a British subject can enjoy; for neither in mind nor in manners, nor gifts of speech, did he rise much above the level of a thoughtful English gentleman-farmer, to be consulted safely as to the management of flocks and herds. The confidence men felt they might place in his uprightness gave him the position he held as leader of the House: it was almost instinctively felt he was that noblest work of God—an honest man.

Lord Brougham says of him: "There never was a man of real merit who had an opinion of himself so unaffectedly modest. Without a particle of cant, he was most deeply imbued with religion, and this, perhaps, as well as any other part of his nature, indisposed him to exert himself to attain the usual objects of earthly ambition. Always undervaluing himself, he never could comprehend why he had attained to so high a position in public life, and frequently expressed his astonishment at the great power he was conscious of exercising over men of all kinds and natures—a power which proceeded from the complete conviction that all men felt in his thorough honesty and simple love of truth."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—The great Whig leader was grandly eloquent—at times; but it seemed as hard to rouse him to exertion

as it would have been to move the half-torpid sloth. His exordiums were sluggish; not so his perorations. He spoke, however, like a machine, that, once set moving, will go on doing its allotted work effectually to the end. He would sway backward and forward, as if his head were too heavy for his body. Those who remember him before his actual decay will recall him as altogether Scottish in manner and mind: his accent retained the smack of early training. Lacking grace and dignity, the spirit of earnestness that pervaded his speeches almost supplied the places of both.

Mackintosh was but twenty-four years of age when he entered the arena as the opponent of the great man of the age—Edmund Burke; he took, however, the unpopular side—as the apologist for, if not the vindicator of, the French Revolution, and not very long afterward defended the editor Peltier, who was prosecuted—by Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul of France—for libel, in an English court of justice.

He was seven or eight years in India as Recorder of Bombay, returning to England to be elected to Parliament, and distinguishing himself by his industry and eloquence on all the leading topics which then agitated public opinion—the slave-trade, Parliamentary reform, and religious toleration. Yet it has been justly said of him that his life produced far too little: it was brighter and better in the bud than in the fruit, and although an eloquent speaker, a brilliant conversationalist, a powerful advocate, and an able writer, his whole career has left little to point a moral. He died on the 30th May, 1832.

Rogers said of him: "I never saw a man with a fuller mind; with greater readiness on all subjects; and such a talker!" In society his manners and conversation were fascinating. He happily united the philosopher with the man of the world, and added the accomplishments of a gentleman to the attainments of a scholar.

Mackintosh was usually sluggish—often as much so as his proverbially sleepy neighbor, Charles Grant—afterward Lord Glenelg; but when suddenly excited, he poured forth a torrent of eloquence, majestic in its wrath; when indignation roused him, it was generally an instant outburst—at least in his latter days. It would not seem exaggeration, to those who remember him in his decadence, to liken it to a volcanic fire.

SPRING RICE, afterward Lord Monteagle, was an active, energetic man, both in his prime and in his decay, but one of the "respectabilities" of Parliament, who rise less by their own merits than out of fortuitous circumstances. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer: how it so chanced, it would be hard to say. I knew him no long time before his death, when he was auditor of the "Night-ingale Fund," and esteemed him very highly as a kind, courteous,

and intelligent gentleman. Though his niche in biography is obscure, his famous speech in 1834, of five hours' duration, against O'Connell's motion for a Repeal of the Union, might be of use now, if some one would pick the kernel from the shell.

CROKER.—Very different was his countryman, John Wilson Croker—long Secretary to the Admiralty. I quote the eminent author, R. R. Madden—Croker was “an adventurer whose path from obscurity to greatness was paved with dead men's skulls.” He is painted in unflattering colors by Lord Beaconsfield, and earned unenviable celebrity as the “Crawley Junior” of Lady Morgan's “Florence Macarthy.” In Parliament he was either a useful supporter or a dangerous enemy: always on the watch, like a fox, for a heedless goose; ever at hand to stab an adversary or shield an ally. It is certain of him that neither in his own country nor in England had he many friends, while few have ever been so intensely hated. What Lord Russell says of him is just, “by his profusion of words, by his warmth of declamation, and by his elaborate working out of details, he was a formidable adversary.” The *Quarterly Review* was to him, for many years, what the hair of Samson was to the strong chieftain of the Israelites.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.—It was always a treat to hear Sir Francis Burdett. Without being at all an orator, he was certainly among the best of good speakers: self-possessed, yet animated, with a free flow of words and an earnestness that carried conviction. His advocacy of Catholic Emancipation, repeated so often, went far to obtain converts. Is it strange that Ireland never appreciated the immense help it received from the chivalric defender of its “rights” and the rights of humanity?

He seemed to me as if he ought always to have been on horseback. Very tall and very thin, he wore, in 1828, the unpicturesque dress of half a century before, of which the knee-breeches, the swallow-tailed coat, and the large stiff neckcloth were the distinguishing characteristics. It was pleasant to see the tall though slender form, the strongly outlined yet gently expressive features—at once handsome and manly—of one who was the ideal of a free-born English gentleman, who, valuing the blessings of Liberty, desired to share them with all humankind. No doubt he would not now be considered the visionary that men then held him to be; for some of his wildest dreams of “futurity” have become recognized facts. In March, 1824, he carried his motion for the appointment of a committee “to inquire as to the state of the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects”—carried it by 247 to 234; and the British and Irish public saw that the settlement of the “claims” could not be much longer postponed.

When the Irish erect statues to the memories of Anglo-Saxons

who have been the best friends of Ireland, surely that of Sir Francis Burdett will be one of them.

It was no slur, at all events it incurred no self-reproach, that Burdett was fined £2,000 and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for publishing a letter "reflecting on the Manchester massacre"—of which "he did not repent." On several other occasions when his indignant appeals for justice echoed through the House of Commons, or when courts of law heard him unshrinkingly reiterate avowals that made him in the eye of the law a culprit, he never forgot the manners of a gentleman. I am sure that when the Sergeant-at-Arms conveyed him to the Tower, he gave to that emissary the back seat in his carriage.

It was in 1810 that Sir Francis was committed to the Tower. His offense was that he had published in *Cobbett's Weekly Register* a letter denying the power of the Commons to commit to prison any person not a member of the House; a somewhat furious Radical, Gale Jones, having been so punished. Burdett resisted the "order," refused to admit its legality, barricaded his house, and stood a siege, yielding only when a force of twenty police officers, assisted by detachments of cavalry and infantry, was brought to secure him. It is said that on entering they found him calmly teaching his son to read and translate the Magna Charta. On his way to the Tower his escort was attacked by an "infuriated populace," and several on both sides were killed.

Burdett maintained that the imprisonment of Gale Jones was "an infringement of the laws of the land, and a subversion of the principles of the Constitution"; and affirmed that the words of the eminent judge Sir Fletcher Norton were "just though coarse"—that he would "pay no more attention to a resolution of the House of Commons than to that of a set of drunken porters at an ale-house."

The letter was addressed to his constituents "denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison the people of England." It was a brave, bold, manly, daring appeal; which the House resolved was "libelous and scandalous." A motion made that he should be expelled the House was answered by the suggestive hint that he would be returned again.

It is emphatically and very truly said that he was "more than consoled by the addresses he received from different parts of the kingdom"; also by the petitions to the House for his release, one of them being from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the City of London. Some were rejected as not being sufficiently respectful. Preparations were made for his reception when the prorogation of Parliament opened his prison-doors. Sir Francis wisely avoided a public demonstration by going from the Tower to Westminster by water, to the great wrath and indignation of a huge mob,

many of whom would, no doubt, have been shot but for the merciful prudence of their idol.

It is impossible to recall to memory this chivalric gentleman without a word of reference to the most estimable lady, his daughter, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of whom it has been justly said, "the meanest of her gifts are wealth and fame." I have never spoken to her, and probably never shall do so; but it is impossible for any one who takes note of the charity that is doing God's daily work among us to pass over the name of this "good woman." If God has given her wealth, it is expended in His service—for the benefit of all the creatures He has made.

A sight I well remember was Sir Francis soliciting the "most sweet voices" of Westminster voters,* from the hustings at Covent Garden, amid a tempest of turnips and cabbages, with an occasional dead cat (intended, however, for candidates on the other side). His good temper combined with sound policy, and especially his ultra-Radical "notions," made his return as sure as was night to follow day.

By his side sat Sir John Cam Hobhouse—the jackdaw mating with the eagle. He was a small and squat-figured man, who was always biting his nails. In outer aspect he was the opposite to his friend; and surely their natures were very different. It would have been no very far-fetched picture to have painted them as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, excepting that the round, good-humored face of Sancho must have been removed to make way for one that expressed petulance, irritability, and impatience under mob-rule, and utter contempt for the voters who sent him into Parliament. Hobhouse was a smart speaker—nothing more—and perhaps as little fitted to represent "the people" as the meanest potato-dealer in the market; yet he occupied more than once a position in the Government, which Sir Francis never did. Cam Hobhouse might not unjustly be compared to a wasp, flitting about from place to place, seemingly without any distinct object, but whose vicinity was dangerous, and whose bite was venomous.

For some time previous to 1837 Sir Francis had rarely taken any share in the proceedings of the House of Commons. The electors of Westminster were dissatisfied; more especially as the other member, Colonel Sir De Lacy Evans, had been a long time away commanding a British legion in Spain. Sir Francis, with the chivalry that had been his characteristic all his life, at once resigned his seat and sought re-election, calling upon the electors to aid him in a struggle against "an unnatural alliance, an odious yet ludicrous com-

* He was returned as the representative for Westminster so far back as 1807.

bination of Irish agitators, popish priests, and paid patriots"; and in spite of immense efforts of his adversaries, "Whigs and Radicals combined," he was returned. That he had become a Conservative was not doubted. O'Connell styled him an "old renegade." He had resolved to oppose further encroachments on the Constitution; and he who had in his younger days contended for Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and Annual Parliaments, in 1837 took his seat on the Opposition benches, i. e., on the Conservative side of the House, where he was greeted by Mr. Sheil, in one of his wild poetic flights of fancy, as "a venerable relic of a temple dedicated to Freedom, though ill-omened birds now built their nests and found shelter in that once noble edifice."

No doubt the venerable aristocrat was ashamed as well as alarmed to find that, after the Reform Bill of 1832, he was sitting beside Cobbett and Hunt, Gully, the prize-fighter, and a number of similar "tribunes of the people."

I remember a high Tory sitting by my side, when Sir Francis was an "out-and-out Radical," murmuring a grudging compliment to him by quoting the passage—

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

In January, 1844, Sir Francis Burdett's wife died; he departed this life a month later. Both were buried on one day in one grave. He was dying when she died. It was a happy destiny—one to be envied—the separation so brief, to be followed by a union that endures for ever and ever.

LORD HOLLAND.—I recall Lord Holland as I remember him fifty years ago. His person and his face were "round," yet it was a peculiarly pleasing face, although with little energy or expression. Indeed, it seemed as if his motto were "*Dolce far niente*," and of a surety he loved repose better than action.

Lord Brougham, who knew him well and esteemed him highly—as indeed did all who knew him—describes his conversation as delightful, varied, animated, and full of information; sagacious as an adviser, firm as a friend, amiable in disposition and in heart. He is that Lord Holland of whom so many of his contemporaries—magnates in art, literature, and science, lords of the pencil and the pen—spoke and wrote in terms of high respect and affectionate regard: hundreds of lofty souls who would have adopted the grateful laudation of Macaulay, uttered in 1841: "The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek among new streets and squares and railway-stations for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favorite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will recollect how many men who have guarded the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason

and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written, that it shall not willingly let them die."

Lord Holland might have suggested the idea of an elderly "young Norval"—gallant, handsome, imperious—his face "round as his shield." It was said that his great-uncle, Charles James Fox, was the quarto, of which he was the duodecimo; but he obtained the affection as well as the respect of troops of friends, and his receptions at Holland House, to which it is said so many were "invited as curiosities," are referred to with affectionate remembrance by all celebrities, home and foreign, of the age in which he lived.

JOSEPH HUME.—At the period of which I write, Joseph Hume was nearly every night heard in the House. He was member for Middlesex, and one of the "heads" of the extreme Radical party in Parliament. He was the apostle of small things; a teasing, biting flea in the House of Commons, that would let no minister of any department sit easy in his seat. Not long ago I heard a man say this at a Temperance lecture, "A flea in the ear is a greater nuisance than a bull in a field." Hume was a man of stout, sturdy frame, somewhat above the middle height, with lungs enduring, if not powerful. It was impossible to put him down; what he had to say he would say, in spite of coughing, house-thinning, and empty benches.* When he had done, his long speech was frequently cut down to ten lines of type—as reported. His rising was a signal that members might safely leave the House for an hour or more. Hence he obtained the cognomen of "the dinner-bell." The word "vulgar" is, perhaps, too strong a term to apply to him, but there were essentials of vulgarity in his manner and language (often disagreeably Scottish)—in nearly all the themes on which he discoursed—dryly, without a touch of human, and without approach to moving, eloquence.

Yet he was an honest man, who meant what he said, and said what he meant; mentally fearless, certainly, he was, conveying conviction that he desired to do right, and to be useful—in his own way. And he was so, when Government money was looked upon as flotsam and jetsam that any official

"Might take who had the power."

Beyond doubt he saved vast sums to the country, although taken separately the items were as the parings of a cheese, or the ends of farthing candles. I give Earl Russell's estimate of Joseph Hume—"He had great knowledge of details, unblemished honesty, and dog-

* His master theme was arithmetic. The burden of every speech was "pounds, shillings, and pence," and his peroration had regard to "the sum *tottle* of the whole." It was said that Hume made a calculation as to the amount that might be saved to the empire by the introduction of "save-alls" (a now obsolete invention for the consumption of candle-ends) into the British Navy.

ged perseverance." Yet the sayings of Hume in the House, if some one would have the patience to pull them out from the garbage in which they were imbedded, might fill a volume. I do not allude to such as this—"He saw no use in being a Member of Parliament, save that a man might speak his sentiments safe from the fangs of the Attorney-General"; but the maxims of sound sense, practical knowledge, judicious economy, and liberal thrift, which nations as well as individuals ought to be taught and teach.

For example, he complained that the clerks in the Treasury used gilt-edged paper: the practice was abandoned.

Palmerston said of him and his "tottle of the whole": "An ancient sage asserted there were two things over which even the immortal gods had no power—past events and arithmetic; the honorable gentleman, however, seemed to have power over both."*

"For nearly forty years," according to his friend Cobden, "he had fought against majorities"; and Cobden bears this testimony to his character, "A more indefatigable, more devoted, a more disinterested patriot never lived."

His robust constitution never gave way, although night after night he was in his seat, eagerly watching to pick a hole in the coat of any Chancellor of the Exchequer—of whom he was the terror; it is certain that the dread of what Joe Hume would say a hundred times swayed the "estimates."

Hume, having been rejected by Middlesex, was sent to Parliament by the city of Kilkenny, a city he had never seen, by a people of whom he knew nothing; he was returned without expense, which no doubt was just what he liked. It is said, indeed, that his election costs amounted to just the tenpence postage of the letter that informed him of his return.

LORD PLUNKETT.—The name of Lord Plunkett, some time Chancellor of Ireland, though unfamiliar to the present generation, can not be forgotten; although with Grattan, Flood, and Curran he had given luster to the Irish Parliament at the close of the eighteenth century. He lived until the year 1854. He was a veritable orator. If he had the advantages, he had not the disadvantages that usually appertain to "Irish" orators—he was rarely guilty of exaggeration,

* An amusing story was current concerning Joseph Hume. I have no doubt it actually occurred; for, though great at arithmetic, he was not good at quotation. One night in the House he thus addressed an opponent: "The honorable member need not lay that *flattering unction to his chest!*" It is hardly necessary to say that this simple substitution of one word for another was received with roars of laughter.

A story was told of a reporter—Irish, of course—who going into a tavern after taking his hour's notes, and being desirous of reporting with accuracy the style and substance of the speech he had heard, exclaimed, "Waiter, bring me a pot of porter till I muddle my brains for that Joe Hume!"

and never seemed to extenuate a fact. Sir Robert Peel said of him, "He more than any other man contributed to the success of the Roman Catholic question." He did that more by argument than "talk."

Lord Plunkett had been appointed to the Mastership of the Rolls in England, but resigned in consequence of hostility manifested by "the Profession" to the appointment. Yet by the same minister, an Englishman, Sir Anthony Hart, was appointed Irish Chancellor.

In our time "justice to Ireland" gave to an Irishman, Earl Cairns, the Lord Chancellorship of England! No man complained; the public was more than satisfied; the Bar neither grumbled nor protested, but applauded!

Is this indicative of no change in the feeling of England toward Ireland? Is there no echo to the outcry of 1826, when so truly great and excellent a man as Plunkett dared not attempt to take the office, and endure the "envy, hatred, and malice" of his brothers of the profession on the ground—and on no other ground—that he was an Irishman? *Sic transit odium mundi!*

Yet there is not, and never will be, a statue of Plunkett among Ireland's memories in marble of the great men Ireland claims as her own.

I quote the words of Lord Plunkett, uttered in 1821 when advocating the claims of Roman Catholics:

"Walking before the sacred images of these illustrious dead, as in a public and solemn procession, shall we not dismiss all party feeling, all angry passions, and unworthy prejudices?"

Let it be recorded that one of his descendants is, in 1883, foremost among the men who add to the glory, and take from the shame, of Ireland.

"LORD STANLEY."—I heard and reported Lord Stanley's maiden speech in 1824, and remember well the impression he made. It was about nothing, and amounted to nothing. It concerned only a project for lighting Manchester with gas; yet it gave assurance of that power which afterward made so prominent "the Rupert of Debate." A contemporary, Lytton Bulwer, in "The New Timon," speaks of his "elegance and sweetness of expression"; and many write of his powerful eloquence, warmth, and energy, combined with courtesy and prudence. Yet no man in either House could be more bitter, sarcastic, and exasperating, and no foe dared be indifferent to his wrath. Perhaps O'Connell was the only man who ventured fearlessly to take up the gauntlet that "Scorpion Stanley" had thrown down. His maiden speech, unimportant though it was, created in the House instinctive conviction that he was destined to fill a premier rôle in the great drama of the future; and there was unanimous

assent to the words of Mackintosh, that he was "an accession to the House calculated to give luster to its character and strengthen its influence." There are thousands yet living who can remember the great Earl of Derby when Prime Minister.

Macaulay said of him that he was "an orator whose knowledge of Parliamentary defense resembled an instinct."

Just forty years after that maiden speech he also was a prophet—advocating the Parliamentary Reform Bill as truly "a leap in the dark," but as certain to "place the institutions of the country on a firmer basis."

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.—The life of Lord Morpeth, long the Irish Secretary, and afterward the Irish Viceroy (as Earl of Carlisle), was comparatively easy as well as prosperous, and—certainly successful. His mind was highly and richly cultivated; he was a scholar yet a statesman, and preserved the regard and the respect, nay, almost the affection, of a people of very opposite ways and creeds—the Irish people, "the ungovernable people he governed." He may have had more of the *suaviter in modo* than the *fortiter in re*; he may have been more amiable than resolute, and have studied the arts of politeness, that lead rather to affection than respect—and his weight in the Senate may not have been in proportion to his influence in private life; but he was a most lovable man, and his place in Irish history is that of one who ever remembered, according to the memorable sentence of the ablest of his aides-de-camp (Drummond), that "prosperity has its duties as well as its rights."

Always an impressive and effective speaker, though by no means an orator, he won golden opinions by sound sense and carefully considered study of his subject: there was universal confidence in his uprightness as a statesman and a man. Of lofty and pure descent on all sides, noble for centuries, honoring, as well as receiving honor from, a line of ancestors—the loftiest, purest, and best; he inherited and transmitted to the future a proud name. There has been no family for centuries gone—or of the present—with a better right to pride.

In 1848 I had some correspondence with him concerning the possibility of an exhibition in England similar to the exhibition that had long been famous and serviceable in France—a foreshadowing of the Great exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park. His view did not coincide with mine; in fact, it was discouraging—he was more apprehensive than hopeful as to the issue: yet not entirely so, as the accompanying letter will show:

"CASTLE HOWARD, *January 28th.*

"SIR: I like the paper to which you have called my attention very much. What I have to say discouraging is that I did formerly belong to a committee of gentlemen, well qualified for the purpose on the whole, who made the attempt to have a national exposition at the building formerly the Mews, on

the site of the present National Gallery. The late Dr. Birkbeck took especial pains in the matter, but the results were not encouraging. I admit, however, that it was not a very imposing attempt.

"My next discouraging observation is, that I have great doubts whether the English are on the whole an exhibiting people, as the French are; and whether our inventors and designers do not prefer to keep a good thing, when they hit upon it, at home on their own premises, or in their own shops and warehouses.

"And my last observation of this character is that in the present times of pressure it would be hopeless to obtain any disbursement of this character from the Treasury.

"I have thought it my duty to give vent to this much on the discouraging side; on the other hand, I must say (for myself) that if I saw an opening for any practicable and well-organized scheme of the kind, I should feel myself happy and honored in doing what I could to promote it. It is always prudent in the first instance to take into consideration the drawbacks and difficulties of the case, though there may be no necessity of ultimately succumbing to them.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"MORPETH."

We had the honor twice to be the guests of the Earl of Carlisle during his viceroyalty in Ireland. One of them was a state occasion, when there were present Lord John Russell and many other great men of the period. I do not recall it vividly. The viceregal lodge is a poor structure, and not so fitted up as to suggest reverence, although it contains many portraits of celebrities whose names are linked with the history of Ireland. I can remember but one incident worth—and barely worth—recording. Mrs. Hall wore a cap in which were green and orange ribbons. "Ah!" said his Excellency, "I have been long striving to mingle these colors, as you do, and have not yet succeeded."

LORD HAMPTON.—It is with a sense of gratitude, as well as respect, I write the name of Lord Hampton, the Sir John Pakington, Bart., of the House of Commons. In 1874 I visited, to describe, his seat, Westwood, near Droitwich, one of the most perfect and beautiful of "The Stately Homes of England," and on that and other occasions had the honor and the happiness to be the guest of the most excellent and estimable man. He had held several high offices in the Government—the Conservative Government; but when rejected by the town he had so long, worthily, and usefully represented, he was created a peer and retired from public life.

Lord Hampton is by no means entirely, or even mainly, indebted for renown to the high positions he had occupied, although they are among the very highest. There have been few projects designed and calculated to benefit mankind to which he was not, in some way, a contributor; foremost, indeed, he always was in every good work that might lessen suffering, extend social advantages, and

advance the cause of education and religion. The descendant and representative of a race that has for centuries given to England, patriots, in the best sense of the word, he was a powerful benefactor wherever his influence could reach.

It was a pleasure to see, and a privilege to know, Lord Hampton either in the House of Peers, to which he was elevated, or as Sir John Pakington in the House of Commons: kindly and courteous, one who, if a Conservative, loved the people, and was a leader in all wise projects to advance the interests of humankind.

DICK MARTIN.—Among the most vivid of my Recollections is that of dear "Dick Martin," who so long represented Galway County both in the Irish and in the British Parliament. He was born in 1754, and died in 1834. A short, thick-set man, with evidence in look and manner, even in step and action, of indomitable resolution. He blundered his way into a reform—blessed in its influences and mighty in its results. Let him, in spite of follies that became vices, and notwithstanding a life of recklessness, illustrating the character of the old Irish gentleman of a century back—let him bear to the end of time, as a partial recompense for good work done on earth, and as a title of which a canonized saint might be proud, the honored name of "Humanity Martin."

The nineteenth century was young when Lord Erskine in the House of Peers, and Martin of Galway in the House of Commons, dared to ask that Parliament should, by some legislative enactment, so far interfere for the protection of animals as to punish those who were guilty of cruelty to them. It seemed to many a monstrous proposition that a man should be fined and imprisoned for kicking a horse, or beating a dog, that was as much his own property as the shoes with which he kicked the one, or the stick with which he beat the other. It was surely aiming a death-blow at the freeborn right of an Englishman—the right to do what he liked with his own!

Said an indignant Yankee in one of the modern plays, "A pretty land of liberty this is, where a man mayn't wallop his own nigger!" There was just as rational, and quite as loud, a complaint when a majority of national representatives in England yielded to the merciful pressure of a few earnest men, and resolved to protect the lower creation by an Act of Parliament, that has for more than half a century shed a halo round the name and consecrated the memory of Richard Martin. Providence often makes use of strange tools; perhaps there has been none that seemed less fitting for its purpose than this. He was entirely without influence, social or political; although nominally the owner of an immense estate—it was his boast that between his entrance-gate and his hall-door there were thirty miles: it *was* that distance from Outerard to Ballynahinch—he very rarely (if indeed he ever did) owned a hundred pounds that he could justly call his own.

The first meeting to petition Parliament was held at Slaughter's Coffee-House, St. Martin's Lane, on the 24th June, 1824. Colonel Martin was present; and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals then and there originated. The society, as our readers know, flourishes now, and does all the good that could have been hoped for, and prayed for, by its few resolute and brave originators—foremost of whom was a Jew, Lewis Gompertz.

I remember the meeting well, for I reported it. I had known Colonel Martin previously, and conversed with him then as to a project I no doubt considered visionary. I have lived to see even greater events spring from smaller causes.

It was a thin meeting—that I recall; but the Irish heartiness of Martin gave it warmth, fervor, and energy. I do not believe there was another person present so sanguine as to think that Parliament would ever be the protector of a "lower world." Yet the advocates had not long to wait. It is but a faint remembrance I have of the scene, but I can clearly call to mind Dick uttering an oath, essentially Irish, that "by J—— he'd make 'em do it!" and, somehow, he did.

Thus the wild, energetic, heedless, and usually unreasoning Irishman is for this act classed, and rightly so, among the benefactors of his country and all other countries, of the old world and the new.

He was sincere as well as earnest in advocacy of the "brute," when such advocacy usually supplied only material for mockery and scorn; and he was one of the very earliest of legislators to protest against the punishment of death for forgery. I believe Dick Martin had as warm and sound a heart as ever beat in human bosom. His vices were those of his age—"thrust upon him." He was kindly and sympathizing, as well as generous and brave; and if the melodramatic picture of the old Irish gentleman is somewhat illustrated by his life, he was in many ways just the man to whom posterity need not grudge the honor and glory that crowns the name of the member for Galway, the sovereign of a large tract that was his kingdom, where for more than half a century he ruled

"The houseless wilds of Connemara."

Many whimsical anecdotes are told of him—of his bulls and blunders in the House; for example, his protesting against the reporters as having misreported a speech, making him "spake in italics." I believe his "bulls" were often made for, and not by, him; but usually when he rose there was an unsuppressed titter in the House.

There is not a stick or stone in Connemara now owned by any of the descendants of Oliver Martyn, one of the soldiers of Strongbow, who "obtained" (*anglicè*, took) from the aboriginal Irish the broad lands of Galway, chiefly those that had belonged to a sept, concerning whom this was the prayer of their conquerors:

"From the ferocious O'Flaherties, good Lord deliver us!"

Some of his descendants yet survive, but it is in poverty—it is not too much to say the extreme of poverty. That it is so ought not to be merely a matter for regret. To our shame be it recorded.* I might greatly enlarge upon this subject; but to do so would be to hurt the feelings of ladies who are of his blood, who inherit his name and his “glory.”

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—Earl Russell, who was born in 1792, died so recently as 1878, outliving all the great men who had been his colleagues and coadjutors in several “Governments.” The venerable statesman was thus eighty-six years old when he left earth, at the Lodge in Richmond Park, allotted to him by the Queen. He passed in that charming retreat, in tranquil retirement, the residue of a career that commenced when he was returned to Parliament by the electors of the family borough of Tavistock; no doubt often reminded there of the passage in an after-dinner speech, at Edinburgh, in 1863, “Rest and be thankful.”†

Lord John owed but a small debt to Nature: undersized, undignified, ungraceful; a bad speaker, with no pretense to eloquence either in thought, word, or action, he yet held a foremost place in the arena, for more than half a century. He said of himself, “My capacity I always felt was very inferior to that of the men who have attained, in past time, the foremost places in our Parliament, and in the councils of our Sovereign.”

A consistent Whig always; the representative of a family of Whigs—the illustrious house of Bedford; one of the descendants of that Lord William who, “for the old cause,” died on a scaffold—legally murdered by a recreant jury—and bearing the honored name of—

“That sweet saint who stood by Russell’s side,”

he consecrated the name less by his own deeds than the renown achieved by a long line of ancestors. Prudent, just, generally wise, and usually in the right, he had always a large “following”—rather than a troop of friends. It may be true of him what Bulwer says in “The New Timon”:

“Like or dislike, he does not care a jot,
He wants your vote, but your affection not.”

* He was almost idolized by the people over whom he ruled in wild Connemara. I heard this anecdote from one of his descendants: A rumor reached the district that the packet in which he was crossing from England to Ireland had been wrecked. Amid the lamentations, dismay, and confusion of the household in Ballynahinch, one aged woman retained self-possession and was heard to say, “No one need be afear’d for the master; for if he was in the midst of a raging sea the prayers of widows and orphans would keep his head above water.”

† The passage is this, replying to the toast of her Majesty’s Ministers: “With regard to domestic policy I think we are all pretty much agreed, because the feeling of the country, and of those who have conducted great reforms, is very much like that of a man who, having made a road in your own Highlands, put a stone on the top of a mountain with an inscription—‘Rest and be thankful.’”

As Prime Minister he did nothing to augment the fame of the race from which he sprung. His career was aptly illustrated by the prophetic caricature in *Punch*, representing a little insignificant page seeking to be engaged in the service of the Queen, who addresses him thus, "John, I think you are not strong enough for the place."

An ancient vault at Chenies received all that was mortal of John, Earl Russell. Scarcely had he been laid in the grave when there occurred a commemoration of his foremost political triumph. Three hundred noblemen and gentlemen, the chiefs of the Nonconformists, met at the Cannon Street Hotel, their errand being to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of a red-letter day in our constitutional calendar. Many who read this must be familiar with the stirring words in Leviticus: "Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound. . . . And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." On May 9, 1828, religious liberty was proclaimed to Englishmen.* The repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts was a token that the day of Catholic Emancipation had at length drawn near; and in winning the battle of Geneva, Lord John Russell was doing priceless service to Rome. The following year saw Catholics admitted to Parliament. The year of grace, 1878, will be remembered both for the jubilee of the Test Act repeal and the death of the venerable statesman by whom that repeal was secured.

MACAULAY.—I never heard Macaulay speak in the House, where, although by no means an orator, he always made a strong impression. He spoke as he wrote—eloquently, in the choicest diction—smooth, easy, graceful, and ever to the purpose; striving to convince rather than persuade, and grudging no toil of preparation to sustain an argument or enforce a truth. His person was in his favor; in form as in mind he was robust, with a remarkably intelligent expression, aided by deep-blue eyes that seemed to sparkle, and a mouth remarkably flexible. His countenance was certainly well calculated to impress on his audience the classical language ever at his command—so faithfully did it mirror the high intelligence of the speaker. Yet he never created enthusiasm, and seemed aiming only to convince. I had two or three interviews with him—at the Albany, when he was writing his History. He had reached that portion of it which describes the battle of the Boyne; and knowing I was familiar with the subject, he honored me by consulting me as to facts connected with the river and the localities associated with the memorable cross-

* Lord Russell, in his "Recollections," makes this modest record of one of the grandest triumphs of the century:

"In 1828, at the request of a body of Protestant Dissenters, I brought forward a motion for the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts; and, to my great surprise, carried it by a majority of forty."

ing of King William, and also as to my knowledge of places consecrated by the siege of Derry. I found him—as the world has found him—a man of rare intelligence, deep research, and untiring energy in pursuit of facts: also a kind, courteous, and unaffected gentleman. His memory is to me one of the pleasantest I can recall.

He may have been a warm friend, but he was certainly not a relentless enemy. In 1857 he was removed to the House of Peers: but he left no mark there. On the 21st December, 1859, he was found dead in his chair in the library of his house at Kensington, with an open book in his hand. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. After his death there came forth much evidence, little expected, of the kindness and generosity of his nature.

SIR GEORGE GREY died so recently as September, 1882, at the age of eighty-four. He had, during many years, enjoyed in retirement the repose he had well earned by duly recognized labor in the public service—some time as Home Secretary. I had the great pleasure to spend a week in his society, as the fellow-guest of a mutual friend—Mr. Gordon, of Stocks, near Tring. It was, if I recollect rightly, in 1849. A more kindly, courteous, and agreeable gentleman I have never met. Our “talk” was—much of it—as regarded my cherished scheme of an exhibition of Art manufacture in Hyde Park, to which I found him opposed—mainly on the ground of its cost to the nation; I vainly strove to convince him it would be absolutely nothing: at all events, nothing beyond the price of medals for distribution to successful competitors. I had had correspondence with another member of the then Government—the Right Hon. Thomas Wyse—the result of which was hardly more encouraging, as well as with Lord Morpeth—to which I have elsewhere referred.

Sir George Grey was mainly indebted for his popularity to the prudence and courage with which he encountered the threatened outbreak of the Chartists in 1848. An absolute army of special constables was enrolled; noblemen and gentlemen, the humblest tradesmen, and men of yet lower grade, served together in its ranks, numbering, it was said, much over a hundred thousand.* We were posted in all the leading streets of the Metropolis; and it was at once seen that the Chartists had not the shadow of a chance in the fight they anticipated, and for which they had prepared—chiefly under the direction of their leader, Feargus O'Connor, M. P.† More-

* Among the foremost to become a special constable was the Prince Louis Napoleon, afterward Emperor of the French. I had the honor to march by his side from Knightsbridge to Piccadilly, and to remain by his side all the night of the 10th of April, 1848.

† Not long afterward I had this anecdote from Robert Chambers. He met in London a man who had formerly been a compositor in his office, and thus addressed him: “Well, Donald, are you a Chartist now?” This was the answer he received: “Ah, no! I’ve got two houses!”

over, Sir George Grey had brought into Parliament a bill "for the more effectual repression of treasonable and seditious proceedings." It was rendered necessary, not only by threats of the Chartists, but by the miserable "row-rebellion" in Ireland, which succumbed in the famous fight in the "renowned" cabbage garden, the commander-in-chief on that occasion being Smith O'Brien, subsequently condemned to transportation for life, commuted from a death-sentence. He has had another "reward," however: at the foot of Carlisle Bridge, in Dublin, there is a statue of the "hero" of a single fight; while the hero of a hundred fights has none.

WILLIAM COBBETT—"SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS!"—I knew more than a little of William Cobbett, member (for Oldham) between the years 1832 and 1835. Essentially, he was one of the people; for his progenitors were all "hard-handed men" who drove the plow, and worked, when boys, for twopence a day—who were, in short, farm laborers at Farnham, where William was born in 1762: his boast was not ill-grounded that if he inherited from his ancestors no honor, he derived from them no shame. They had as little idea that their son would be a Member of Parliament—one of the most notorious, if not famous, men of the age—as that they might bequeath to him an estate in the moon. He was, however, "cradled in wrong": the disastrous and iniquitous war with our American colonies laid the foundation of that hatred of injustice which undoubtedly formed the groundwork of a character that was afterward perilous—all but fatal—to so many governments of Great Britain.

In 1784 he "listed for a soldier"; he rose to be a sergeant-major. Instead of perpetually drinking, as so many of his comrades did, he was continually reading and thinking, laying the foundation of the powerful character that made him afterward dreaded by every department of the state. He quitted the army in 1791, and without the slightest taint on his reputation; married happily; and commenced not very long afterward to wield the pen to destroy the several strongholds in which he and greater men considered "corruption" had its fortifications; assailing all he believed, rightly or wrongly, to be hostile to justice and freedom. So much it is my duty to say of one with whom I was never, at any period of life, in sympathy, never certainly "in sweet accord."

It was a full life, a life of hard, eager, and, I believe, conscientious, work; but it was the work of a Republican, if not a Revolutionist, and for a long period few men were so intensely hated or so entirely dreaded as William Cobbett. He and his many productions are forgotten by, or utterly unknown to, this generation; his opinions are seldom or never quoted. I doubt if a hundred young men in the kingdom have read a line of his "Political Register," and he long ago ceased to be a power in the state.

In 1806 Miss Mitford, who visited him at Botley, where he had a

sort of farm-house, describes him as a "tall, stout man, fair and sun-burnt, with a bright smile and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, with unfailing good humor and good spirits."

Perhaps no man ever lived who was more bitterly hated, or had a greater number of personal as well as political enemies; he encountered them with indomitable courage, generally with their own weapons, but sometimes with good temper and good humor. "I have been represented," he writes, "as a bull-dog, as a porcupine, as a wolf, as a sans-culotte, as a bear, as a kite, as a cur." He was "a convicted libeler," "a firebrand," "a brutal ruffian," "a convicted incendiary"—"a hoary miscreant," although not fifty years old.

He was sent to jail for two years, and he made his cell his study—that was in 1810; there he had leisure to sharpen his weapons. His fines were paid for him by steady and ready friends and upholders, and in 1812 he left his prison, stronger from having been beaten to earth, and better armed for the fight to which he thenceforward devoted not only great natural ability, but prodigious courage, indefatigable industry, untiring perseverance, enduring fortitude, and unmitigated ferocity.

Six hundred guests, presided over by Sir Francis Burdett, greeted him at a banquet at the Crown and Anchor, when after one of his trials for libeling the Government the jury did not agree. He defended himself in the Court of Queen's Bench, being then over seventy years of age. Cobbett's most notorious escapade was, however, his bringing with him to England the bones of "Tom Paine" from America, where Paine had died. It was a speculation that did not answer, rewarding the importer of the relics only with laughter and scorn. Paine had been buried in a corner of one of his own fields, his request to be interred in the Quaker burial-ground having been declined by the "Friends." The name is seldom spoken now, unless possibly in Northampton; and a prophecy of the period has not been, neither is it likely to be, realized. It is as well to quote it: "While the dead boroughmongers, and the base slaves who have been their tools, moulder away under unnoticed masses of marble and brass, the tomb of this 'noble of nature' will be an object of pilgrimage with the people." Where the bones were buried I do not know, or if they were buried at all. I remember seeing a tobacco-stopper that I was assured had been one of Paine's finger-joints.

The potato was the *bête-noire* of William Cobbett. His anathema has been often applied to it. It will be well to extract the passage from his biography, that cried down the root that—

". . . waxy or maaly
Feeds Erin's inhabitants *all* the year round."*

* "This root is become a favorite because it is the suitable companion of misery and filth. It can be seized hold of before it be half ripe, it can be raked out of the ground with the paws, and without the help of any utensils, except, perhaps, a

Late in his career, there came a time when the ideal hope of his life was to be realized. In 1832 he was sent to Parliament by the people of Oldham, an honor he did not long enjoy : late hours and gas-light did not suit the constitution of the farmer, born and reared. Ill health compelled frequent absences from his place, and in 1835 he died.

He made but a poor figure in the House ; had not a scintillation of eloquence, and his manner was brusque almost to coarseness. The rudeness that is so often mistaken for independence never at any time "told" there, where the greatest and the humblest are certain to find their true level ; and if there be any who recall him to memory, with a faint idea that they may accord to it respect, it will not be as seated on the Opposition bench of the House of Commons.

Though he spoke often, he never made what might have been called "a speech." He seemed always on guard lest he might commit himself ; indeed, in the House he never seemed at home, and was by no means the virtuous contemner of his superiors he was expected to have been ; few who listened to him would have thought they heard the author of much envenomed bitterness—the quality that so continually characterized his written words. But the House of Commons then, and for some time afterward, even after it had been reformed, was a place to inspire sensations of reverence, if not of awe. It was then—what it is not now—an assemblage of gentlemen where a speaker was taught to treat *the* Speaker with respect.

It was, if I recollect rightly, about 1830 that I knew William Cobbett. Once I spent an hour with him in rooms he occupied in one of the courts leading out of Fleet Street ; but there was in Fleet Street a shop where his works were sold, and where he was to be found often at mid-day by those who sought him. Several times I was a "looker-in." He was then a hale old man, who seemed to have brought country air into the city, and who sought to show his preference for the former as much by ruddy aspect as by bluntness of manner, and a somewhat studied affectation of rural dress. He conveyed at once the impression that he was a remarkable man, and thus was by no means a disappointment. You were prepared to see just such a person as he was—a rough bludgeon, and not a malacca cane ; a man whose confidence in himself had been increased and strengthened by homage largely accorded, and by consciousness of power. Yet I did not find him either exacting or overbearing ; although then, as now, entirely differing from him upon nearly all the topics concerning which we at any time conversed—all excepting

stick to rake it from the fire, can be conveyed into the stomach, in the space of an hour. We have but one step farther to go, and that is to eat it raw, side by side with our bristly fellow-creatures, who, by-the-by, reject it as long as they can get at any species of grain, or at any other vegetable."

one, I should say, for his efforts to abolish flogging in the army did him, as I thought, great honor, and it was that topic which brought me to acquaintance with him. After long years, I am far more disposed to respect than to inveigh against the memory of one who, early in the century, was execrated as a firebrand, eager to destroy all the settled institutions of the state.

When the House assembled on the evening of the 19th of June, 1835, a whisper circulated over the benches that the member for Oldham was dead.*

O'CONNELL.—It is absolutely necessary that I condense my Recollections of the great men who dignified Parliament in the days to which I take my reader back. There is one, however, I can not pass over lightly; for, although I shall write of Daniel O'Connell in my records of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," I must give to him that which his memory demands—a prominent place as a Member of Parliament. So much has been said concerning him that I can not be otherwise than embarrassed when treating so large and comprehensive a subject.

I was in the House of Commons when, in 1828, having been returned to represent Clare County, he advanced to the table to "qualify," and refused to take the oaths. Many who were present saw him then for the first time; he was in the prime of life, tall, portly, healthy, strong, broad-shouldered, standing "well on his legs," one who might have been "the best wrestler on the green." His features, too, were handsome, notwithstanding a nose the opposite of Grecian, and cheeks somewhat overburdened with flesh; they were singularly mobile and marvelously expressive—often saying more of admiration or scorn, of love or hatred, than even his burning words. His mouth was the feature to which he owed most, yet it was large, coarse, and thoroughly animal: the smile was deliciously winning, the snarl fiercely vindictive. The eyes were not remarkable for either tenderness or power: they aided him but little when he spoke, and brought to those who looked rather doubt than conviction as to the sincerity of the speaker. Sometimes, indeed, they suggested the thought that he was himself laughing at the solemn denunciations he had uttered. It can not be asserted that his countenance was sly. There was certainly nothing of meanness in it: it was "coaxing," and had much of the "Ah! do's" and the "Ah! don't's" that

* When, in 1836, an attempt was made to raise subscriptions for erecting a monument to his memory, Sir Francis Burdett being applied to, returned for answer that to attend a meeting to which he was invited, would be "to become a public voucher for the honesty, disinterestedness, and patriotism of the said Mr. Cobbett"; whereas "he believed, rather knew, the reverse." But he (Sir Francis) tendered to the Committee bonds in his possession—as "a handsome and suitable offer"—for money lent to Mr. Cobbett amounting to considerably more than £8,000.

are said to make Irishwomen irresistible. Yet it was not persuasive, and certainly not convincing. When he pleased he had "a fine face for a grievance," but generally it was the opposite of that. Gifted with good digestion, large animal spirits, and powerful physique, his proper place seemed to be where dull care was driven away, and pleasure was the deity for worship. But O'Connell never indulged in the "pleasures of the table," so much in vogue when he was young. If he had, he would not have attained the pre-eminence to which he was destined : of a surety, he would have sunk into one of the sloughs so often in his way.

He soon made his mark in the House, and seldom failed to find listeners ; yet he had almost insurmountable difficulties to contend with there—where the most renowned of Irish orators, Grattan and Flood, had failed. He was not young ; a "Papist" where none of his religion had been heard for centuries ; an agitator—the agitator—who was driving his country to the verge of another rebellion, that of '98 being yet a living memory. But by the force of genius he overcame all obstacles ; if he did not beat down opposition, he in a great degree dispelled prejudice ; and if he failed to effect conciliation, he at least gained by force of character the respect of adversaries. Above all, his power in Ireland was felt and acknowledged. He was, indeed, the moral king of his country, and there were many—unattracted to him by any of the ties that bind men, nay, opposed to him in creed and in nationality—who tendered to him involuntary homage.

I never saw him in his home among the mountains and by the wild Atlantic waves that environ Derrynane. I can easily understand what an admirable host he was : considerate, kind, sympathetic—and hospitable, of course. In 1840 I received a verbal invitation to visit him through his and my physician, Dr. Elmore (the father, by-the-way, of Alfred Elmore, R. A.). I excused myself from accepting it on the ground that as a public writer it was very frequently my duty to assail him, and I could not do that if I broke his bread and tasted his salt. The answer was : "Tell him he's a fool. Many have been my visitors who abused me, and they were quite as free to do so, after, as they had been before, they became my guests."

I drove by Derrynane more than once, and once I visited the place—so interesting to all travelers as one of the historic sites of Ireland. It was after the "Liberator" had ceased to be a dweller on earth.

The Irish are peculiarly sensitive to physical advantages ; and no doubt the *personnel* of O'Connell aided him much. I recall him addressing a large assembly on a hill-side in Kerry. It was before Emancipation. I was not near enough to hear what he said, but I could note how he was "rollicking"—in words ; and for him how easy it would be to evoke an appalling storm ! Every man had in

his "fist" the national weapon, and a very slight hint would have made him use it, heedless how, upon whom, or where. We know the story of the "boy" * who, seeing a distant fight, rushed into the *mêlée*, exclaiming, "O, the Lord grant I may take the right side!" But O'Connell, though he often led his factions to the brink, always stopped short of positive riot; he knew its inutility as well as peril, and that "small blame" would be to the rifle-barrel out of which came a bullet that laid him low. I will believe, with Lord O'Hagan, that a better motive than personal fear led him to give such counsel. He seemed to sway the multitude by superhuman power; often, there was a universal roar of laughter, succeeded by a sob that was equally unanimous. The very infants in arms appeared to dance with joy, or to respond in sorrow, as he willed to guide them. Lord O'Hagan, in the speech prepared for the "Centenary" (which he wrote but did not deliver, for the impatient audience, entirely Irish, would not hear reason, or bear to be lured into truth), described his mental qualifications justly: "He had limitless resources, a buoyant nature, unsleeping vigilance, untiring energy, patience inexhaustible, invention without bounds, faith in his cause which never faltered, and resolution which no reverse could daunt and no discouragement subdue. . . . He had humor and pathos, invective and argument, and he could pass from one to the other, sweeping across the human heart-strings with an astonishing facility and a sure response." Lord O'Hagan adds, "The generation which saw his majestic form, and heard his voice of music, is fast departing!" †

There are few who can remember O'Connell in the House, and it will now be difficult to credit the intemperance of language to which he gave way, not only when he was at home with his own audience, but in Parliament, where a very large majority of his hearers were hostile. Thus the Duke of Wellington was "a stunted corporal" ("Oh! how hideous a thing it is that Ireland hath produced him!"); Lord Alvanley, a "bloated buffoon"; Sir Henry Hardinge, "a wretched English scribe—a chance child of fortune and of war"; Stanley was "scorpion Stanley"; Spring Rice, "small beer"; Peel—a score of vituperative passages might be quoted to describe him as he appeared to O'Connell; and as regards Disraeli, the language

* In Ireland a "fine boy" is much what a "pretty man" is in the Highlands of Scotland.

† "Daniel O'Connell has great advantages of person—he has all that appearance of power which height and robust proportions invariably give to the orator, without being the least corpulent or fleshy, without coming under Cicero's anathema against the 'Vastus.' He has great girth of chest—stands firm as a rock; his gestures are free, bold, and warm—his countenance plays with all he utters—his mouth in particular indicates with great facility the passion of the moment—frank in conciliation, bitter in scorn. Indeed, the shape of the lips is rather a contradiction to the manlier traits of the orator's fine, athletic person: it is pliable in character, delicate in outline."—*New Monthly*, 1831.

applied to him was so infamous that I do not quote it. Whether attacking them singly or in a body, he never hesitated to decry opponents in terms of abhorrence that engendered hatred. The Tories were always "detestable"; the Whigs, when they refused his demands, were "base, brutal, and bloody"; and at one of his meetings Parliament was cried down as an assemblage of "six hundred scoundrels." Yet, of all men, O'Connell was one who should have most avoided the personal insults for which he would not give the "satisfaction" which few gentlemen declined at that period, when duels were a custom. His son Morgan on one occasion took up the quarrel, and, as he had not "an oath in heaven," fought Lord Alvanley; but the challenges of Sir Robert Peel, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Benjamin Disraeli, O'Connell refused to answer. Even now, it will be difficult to conceive the hatred with which he pursued every patriotic Irishman who was not willing to bear the chains that bound him to the wheels of the agitator's chariot. It is unjust to describe O'Connell as degraded when he depended—almost solely—on "the Rent": no man ever earned better the "tribute" of the people. As unjust is it to arraign him as lacking manly courage, when, after having killed one man in a duel, he declined to fight another.

His claim to "the Rent" was, according to his own view, this: that for twenty years before Emancipation he bore the burden of the cause; "he had to arrange meetings, to carry on an enormous correspondence; to examine all cases of practical grievances; to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and inflammatory; to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law; to guard against multiplied treachery; and at all times to oppose at every peril the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause." It is needless to add that so much work could not have been done without enormous sacrifices.

"'Base, brutal, and bloody'—such are the epithets the honorable and learned member for Dublin thinks it becoming to pour forth against the party to which he owes every privilege he enjoys." These are the words of Macaulay, who had stood—in the fight—so bravely by his side. And again (in 1833), when O'Connell taunted the Whigs, Macaulay replied, "They were not deterred by clamor from making the learned gentleman not less than a British subject—he may be assured they will never suffer him to be more."

O'Connell died on the 18th of May, 1847, bequeathing to his country the curse of "Repeal." It has been to Ireland what the shirt of Nessus was to Hercules. As regards any chance of Repeal, it is further distant now than it was in June, 1829, when O'Connell predicted that before three years were over there would be again a Parliament in College Green. Time after time, year after year, he thus "kept the word of promise to the ear." No one knew better than he that Repeal was as much an impossibility as would have been an attempt to move Ireland a thousand miles nearer to Amer-

ica ; and none knew better that Repeal of the Union between the two countries would be to Ireland an inconceivable calamity. But let him bear—as he surely will bear to the end of time—the illustrious title of the LIBERATOR.

There are some—I hope and trust there are many—who will think I have done but scant justice to Daniel O'Connell. If his name is not forgotten, his policy is surely ignored, in Ireland. This is the language of one of his countrymen, of his own faith—Michael Doherty : “There can be no doubt of the tendency of Mr. O'Connell's policy to demoralize, disgrace, enfeeble, and corrupt, the Irish people.”

Still less can I indorse the verdict of another of his countrymen, John Mitchel, some time M. P., who had a mighty “following” ; these are *his* words :

“Poor old Dan!—wonderful, mighty, jovial, and mean old man, with silver tongue and smile of witchery, and heart of melting ruth—lying tongue, smile of treachery, heart of unfathomable fraud! What a royal yet vulgar soul, with the keen eye and potent sweep of a generous eagle of Carran-Tual—with the base servility of a hound and the cold cruelty of a spider!”

Such are not, I rejoice to say, the opinions of “*all* Ireland” concerning him who was “the Liberator.” There is a depth of infamy to which the “patriots” of to-day have reached, from which the great leader would have brought or forced them, as surely as he would have brought or forced them from the gates of Tophet.

SHEIL.—I knew O'Connell's countryman, fellow-worker, and rival (for he was that), Richard Lalor Sheil. I knew him before he was in Parliament ; when he had acquired repute at the bar, and obtained some literary fame as the author of a successful tragedy, “*Evadne*”—rendered successful by the acting of Miss O'Neil. It is now forgotten. He was certainly an orator, but he was not eloquent. There is a wide difference between the two—*oratory* and *eloquence*. His person was insignificant, and his voice inharmonious—*squeaking* is perhaps the only word that can describe it. Neither was he at all graceful in delivery : his motions were jerks, and his action was that of a man who wields a stick too heavy for his hand. He was seen to great disadvantage by the side of his burly colleague. I saw them together more than once in London, when addressing audiences to pave the way to the great work they ultimately accomplished. Sheil wrote his speeches, and, when he spoke, the fact was evident : though admirable as compositions, they lacked the *furor* that made O'Connell so magnificent in his outbursts. The incident is well known that at the great meeting on Penenden Heath, Sheil lost the copy of his speech, and stammered through it as best he could, while another copy was at the same moment in the hands of compositors in the *Sun*

printing-office, where it was printed entire, but by no means "as delivered."

It was in 1828 (October 24th) that the Protestant meeting on Penenden Heath took place, "to petition against Catholic Emancipation." Sheil conceived the bold idea of putting in a personal appearance, and remonstrating, on behalf of himself and the Roman Catholics of the nation, against "the meditated sentence of exclusion." He established his right to appear by previously purchasing a small freehold in the county of Kent. He was badly heard. To the shame of the men of Kent be it written—he was assailed by continual clamor.

I was present on that occasion as a reporter. Sheil did not "show" to advantage—as certainly O'Connell would have done. He had "lost the thread of his discourse," stammered often, and seemed alarmed at the hootings of a hostile crowd, which the noble chairman did not exert himself to repress. On the platform he had few friends; there was hardly one to encourage him. I was one of the few who did. He had missed his handkerchief when he sought to wipe the perspiration from his brow. I gave him mine, and said a word or two in giving it. Though a very small incident, it had the effect of making his voice louder. He uttered some sympathetic sentence which elicited a cheer, almost, if not quite, the only one he received on that eventful afternoon. But the speech as printed had great effect all over England, and largely aided the efforts of the upholders of Catholic Emancipation.*

This is Macready's portrait of him in 1817: "No one could have looked at Sheil and not have been struck with his singular physiognomy. A quick sense of the humorous and a lively fancy gave constant animation to his features, which were remarkable for their flexibility. His chin projected rather sharply, and his mouth was much indrawn. The pallor of his sunken cheek suggested a weakness of constitution, but lent additional luster to his large, deep-set eyes, that shone out with expression from underneath his massive overhanging brow."

And this is Lord O'Hagan's portrait of him: "If you will consider a tin kettle battered about from place to place, producing a succession of sounds as it knocked first against one side and then against another—that is really one of the nearest approximations I can make to my remembrance of the voice of Mr. Sheil. . . . He was a great orator, and an orator of much preparation—I believe carried even to words—with a very vivid imagination, and an enormous power of language and of strong feeling. There was a peculiar character, a sort of half-wildness in his aspect and delivery; and

* Among other compliments he received for that speech, was one from Jeremy Bentham, who said, "So masterly a union of logic and rhetoric scarcely have I ever beheld."

his whole figure and his delivery, and his voice and his manner, were all in such perfect keeping one with another, that they formed a great parliamentary picture."

Sheil lived to be in office as Master of the Mint, and so "earned" the anathemas of a large section of his countrymen; yet I do not think they went so far as to say he had sold himself to the Saxon, as they did of Lord O'Hagan, thirty years after the victory was gained, when a Roman Catholic was seated on the Irish woolsack—a result of victory as little contemplated by Sheil as would have been the conversion of Ireland into an empire.

In 1821 there was a memorable quarrel between O'Connell and Sheil. O'Connell had issued an address to the Catholics of Ireland. Sheil (a Catholic) wrote an answer to it, "pointing out the pernicious tendency of that advice," styling his address "an ill-constructed fabric of despair," and sneering down to the common level the chief Irishman of the age: all of which O'Connell condemned as "rhapsody," and Sheil as an "iambic rhapsodist," describing the address altogether as "peacock's feathers and volcanoes which glitter in tamboured and puny conceits."

It was "a very pretty quarrel," but the coming of the King to Ireland placed it in abeyance. That they were rivals from the beginning, and cordially hated each other, there is little doubt.

Yet Sheil was "rejected" when he sought to represent his native county in Parliament; and he first appeared in the House of Commons as the representative of an English borough. He died in 1851, and his country seems to have forgotten him: his name is rarely mentioned when patriots are casting up accounts, and claiming debts of the Past. I do not think there is in Ireland a monument to his memory, or aught that is "national" to preserve the name of so remarkable a man.

His most triumphant speech in the House was that in which he referred to the unworthy language of Lord Lyndhurst, who, in his "alien speech," described the Irish as "aliens in race, aliens in language, aliens in religion." Parliament has listened to few grander outbursts than the appeal of Sheil to the Iron Duke, who heard the slander and had said nothing: who "ought to have remembered," cried the orator, "whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never before reeled in the shock of war? What desperate valor climbed the steepes and filled the moats at Badajos? Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told as a requital that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?" Lord Lyndhurst was present, and must have bitterly rued the expressions to which he had, in an unhappy moment, given utterance.

"Aliens!" literally screamed the orator, as he waved his hand

toward the spot where Lyndhurst was sitting. The House was convulsed with cheers and exclamations, and for the moment the oratory of Richard Lalor Sheil blazed up into a supremacy of power it never before or afterward attained. Though "Evadnê" has perished, that single mastery oration must long keep the memory green of him who uttered it.

Sheil is accused of English proclivities ; probably of that "crime" he was guilty. His first wife was a Protestant—the niece of McMahon, Master of the Rolls. His early education was English ; he was at school at Kensington from his eleventh to his fourteenth year (1802 to 1804). The school was known as Kensington House School of the "Pères de la Foi."*

Toward the close of his life, Sheil became British Minister at Florence, and died there in May, 1851.

LAWYERS IN THE HOUSE.—It is needless to say that among the more prominent leaders in the House were those who led at the Bar. The legal luminaries of fifty years back were more remarkable men than their successors of to-day. Passing over the Lord Chancellor Eldon, of whom I have written elsewhere, after Brougham came "silver-tongued Denman" (very opposites they were), and Sir James Scarlett (Lord Abinger), and smart Sergeant Wilde (Lord Truro). Still, the genius of the Bar, in so far as it was known to power and the public, was limited to half a dozen shining lights. The majority, King's Counsel and Sergeants-at-Law, were no doubt sound lawyers, but that was all. Such, for example, was MARRYATT, a sergeant who—foremost in the van in superior courts—was counsel in an action for nuisance, brought by a client who complained of annoyance and injury from the smoke of a neighbor's factory. "My Lord," declared Marryatt, "there were volumes of smoke ! Volumes did I say ? My Lord, there were *encyclopædias* of smoke !" I heard him utter the words. The court was convulsed with laughter, for, though a sound lawyer, Marryatt was a singularly dull and heavy man, without a sparkle of eloquence or wit.

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.—Among the men who were great in Parliament and renowned at the Bar may be named Sir Charles Wetherell, some time Solicitor and Attorney-General, who, though the highest of high Tories, regarded the customs of society as unwholesome restraints, and considered freedom, whether of actions or

* Kensington House School had been the suburban residence of one of the mistresses of Charles II. It was well situated, having a garden, and at the rear a pleasure-ground with a fine walk of trees, affording a delightful play-ground. This school was established and owned by a son of the Maréchal Duc de Broglie, the famous War Minister of Louis XVI. This son, who was always called "Prince de Broglie," was educated for the army, but during the emigration became a priest in Germany, and afterward opened this school in London for his support.

of words, the natural right of man. I can only describe the personal appearance of Wetherell by saying that he looked as if, nightly, he went to bed in his clothes and seldom thought of a bath. He appeared never to have used braces, and seemed as if—not his stockings but—his trousers were “down at heel.” Tall and gaunt, yet weak in the back, when he spoke, whether in serious mood or in lighter badinage, he always produced an effect greater than that of greater men; few members commanded more attention in the House. He was often witty as well as serious, and is undoubtedly to be classed with the men of mark of the period. Brougham writes of him as “one of the most honest and independent men I have ever known.”

High in the list of statesmen-lawyers I may place SIR JAMES SCARLETT, Chief Justice of the Queen’s Bench. I seem to see him now: a portly person with the face of a young girl—florid, but not red; looking as if he had never burned a night-lamp, but was made prosperous by acting up to the lesson taught in those days:

“Early to bed, and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

It was far otherwise, however, with Sir James Scarlett, who must have toiled early and late, “lived laborious days,” to attain and so long keep the premier rôle in his profession. There is one word, perhaps, that will convey an idea of his character: he was crafty. No man knew better how to convince a judge and cajole a jury; and no man was ever more successful in managing both. His peculiar knack was to persuade listeners that his reasons and arguments were such as admitted of no doubts; and he obtained the nickname of the “verdict-getter.” He who had Scarlett for his counsel was more than half-way to a favorable verdict before his case commenced. When he “retired” to the King’s Bench as Lord Chief Justice, he relinquished for the honor of the high appointment a large professional income.

“DENMAN of the silver tongue” was a man whose outward appearance brought conviction that, if skilled, by great natural gifts, “to make the worse appear the better reason,” he was a lawyer in whom might be placed implicit trust. His eloquence was calm, persuasive, and impressive, rarely impassioned, as it so continually was with his great rival and ally, Henry Brougham. It seemed as if Denman would have rejected any verdict he did not himself consider based on judgment and rule of right. In short, he gave the impression of a thoroughly upright man, in whom a client with a good cause might have unlimited trust, but from whose hands an unscrupulous, dishonest, or merciless litigant, plaintiff or defendant, had better, for

his own sake, withdraw his brief. He became Lord Chief Justice in 1832, and was created Baron Denman in 1834.

POLLOCK—Chief Baron—had not the personal advantages that Denman possessed, but he was a sounder lawyer, more trusted by the attorneys, and a safer advocate to conduct a case—wrong or right. He made little figure in the House of Commons, but a better judge never graced the Bench. He was most estimable in all the relations of private life; and in his rising fortunes remembered, to their gain, the friends and associates of his somewhat obscure boyhood; he is one of the many men of whom Scotland is justly proud.

Both Denman and Pollock have sons now on the Bench, of whom future historians will write as I write of their fathers.

SIR JOHN CAMPBELL.—Sir John—"plain John Campbell," as, at one period of his life, he coveted to be called—Lord Campbell, as he became—Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and subsequently Lord High Chancellor of England—has written volume after volume concerning his predecessors on the woolsack. How it was received by his contemporaries—two or three of them, at all events—I have elsewhere shown.

He was great at Nisi Prius, but nowhere else. As a leader he was less successful with a jury than he was with a judge: it was not in his nature to be persuasive; no advocate was ever less studious of *bonhomie*. As a speaker he was the opposite of eloquent, although he seldom failed to produce conviction—often obtained when reluctantly given.

A Scotchman, but hardly a good specimen of his country, he has not left a favorable impression even in Scotland, so proverbially proud of its great men.

His biographies of the Chancellors and Chief Justices hold prominent places on the shelves of all libraries. Campbell had that worst of qualifications for a biographer—a total lack of enthusiasm for the hero of whom he wrote. There was not only nothing sympathetic or generous about him: he seemed to consider as enemies and rivals both the men of the past and those of the present, and deemed it a duty, in treating of them, to magnify faults and dwindle virtues to specks.

SERGEANT WILDE (LORD TRURO).—His very opposite was Sergeant Wilde, Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Proud positions for any man to occupy, but singular in his case, for he had neither the natural nor the acquired advantages that go far to assure success. His personal appearance was not in his favor, and to eloquence he had no pretense. He was a sound lawyer in all minor technicalities, but had no large view of anything. His second wife, Augusta Emma

d'Este, was a daughter of the Duke of Sussex. In allusion to that marriage, Sergeant Murphy, a prominent and witty wag of the period, whose wits were often out when the wine was in, proposed a toast at a public dinner—"Mr. Sergeant Wilde and the rest of the Royal Family."

Is it possible to attain great eminence as a lawyer without sacrifice of the moral principle? Can a man uphold, maintain, and propagate what is false, and what he knows to be false, without permanent mental taint? Can it leave his nature without soil—that he should perpetually strive to make

"The worse appear the better reason"?

At best, descending to labor in the service of wrong while striving to persuade a jury that he is an advocate in the cause of right; surely, he puts aside conscientiousness for a time, and resigns self-respect, to follow the guidance and dictation of his brief; and acts according to "instructions" when he labors to render injustice powerful and successful, and crime unrestrained and free.

Has there ever been a case so atrociously bad that no attorney could be found to prepare it, and no barrister to carry it into court?

A few years ago I was playing chess with one of the most estimable and upright men I have ever known—and I knew him from his boyhood—a late Master of the Rolls in Ireland. He was playing badly, and I told him so. "Yes," he said; "I am anxious for a messenger who is to bring me the verdict of a jury I left deliberating. I expect I shall get a verdict, although I am pretty certain my client perjured himself." I could not help exclaiming, "Is it possible you can wish for a verdict in favor of a person who has been guilty of perjury?" "Yes!" he answered; "such is professional *esprit*."

A distinguished lawyer told me that he had said to his client, about to be tried for murder: "It is essential that I should know the truth in this case; but I can have no confession. If you are innocent, take my hand; if you are guilty, put yours into your pocket." The accused did the latter. He was defended and acquitted.

I knew well a barrister who defended a client he knew to be guilty, who was tried with another man he knew to be innocent. [I had the story from his own lips.] He succeeded so ill that both were convicted—his client, who had committed the murder, and an unfortunate man, a peddler, who was by accident standing in the gateway of the house in which it was done, and to whom the murderer had tendered some trifle as a gift.

Horried at what had happened, he communicated, after sentence, the whole of the circumstances to the judge, and succeeded so far that, although the actual culprit was hanged, the sentence of the

other was commuted to transportation for life. The incident haunted the memory of the lawyer to the day of his death.

I remember a case tried at the Old Bailey that illustrates the danger of trying to prove too much. A prisoner was indicted for stealing some goslings from a farm-yard. A little girl swore they were her mother's goslings. Now as goslings are all much alike, if the counsel had left the evidence there, his client would have been safe enough; but he did not: he pressed her to answer the question, "How she knew they were her mother's goslings?" After some hesitation she answered, "Well, sir, you see when the goslings were brought back the goose ran to the goslings, and the goslings ran to the goose!" The jury at once accepted the testimony of Nature and convicted the accused.

One other anecdote I may relate; it was told me, if I remember rightly, by Chief-Justice Doherty. At some Irish assizes a man was tried for murder. The case was so clear as to leave not a shadow of doubt concerning the verdict; the charge of the judge was emphatic for conviction; the man's life was not worth a "traneen." To the surprise of the court, the jury retired to consider, and in half an hour returned with a verdict of acquittal; and would give no other in spite of the judge's protest. Next day the lawyer who defended the prisoner chanced to meet the foreman of the jury, and addressed him. "Of course, I was well pleased with the result of yesterday; but how, in the name of goodness, could you have arrived at such a verdict?" This was the answer: "Arrah! Counselor, do you think I'd be after hanging the last life in my lease?" So it actually was: the man had got himself named foreman of the jury for the purpose he had accomplished.*

Yes, I have been many times in court during my reporting days—in civil and in criminal courts—when a wicked plaintiff or defendant obtained a verdict against a thoroughly honest man, or a widow and orphans were made the victims of a scoundrel, aided by a skillful lawyer, who, having undertaken the case, was bound to do his best for his client, although he knew full well that he was the advocate of injustice and guilt.

All this is but an episode.

I ought, no doubt, to apologize for introducing the topic into these pages, the more especially as some of the most conscientious

* In those days it was by no means uncommon in Ireland—in fact, it was almost a rule—when a landlord let a farm on a lease of lives, that one of these lives should be his own, and another that of his eldest son. In Dublin City, sixty years ago, there flourished a barrister who was not too proud to accept any fee offered—too needy to refuse any. He took half-crowns for opinion or advice, and was known as the "half-crown lawyer." He was summoned before the Benchers and duly charged with the outrageous offense. This was his answer: "Gentlemen, as to the charge urged against me, I have this answer—I can prove to you I acted up to the very spirit of the profession—I took all the man had!"

and upright men that ever lived have been, and are, largely employed solicitors and extensively practicing barristers.

THE FIRST LORD LYTTON.—I have choice whether to recall this distinguished man to memory as Mr. Lytton Bulwer, Sir Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, or Lord Lytton—for I knew him when he was undistinguished by any title, when he was created a baronet in recognition of his genius, and when, after having been Colonial Secretary, he became a peer of the realm. I prefer to introduce him here, as a member of the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

The first time I saw him was in the year 1826. There then lived on the second floor of a house in Quebec Street, Marylebone, a Miss Spence—a “blue” when woman-authorship was rare, and was in some cases considered a glory, in others an offense. The term “blue-stocking” was morally an epithet of reproach. The little lady—she was very little, and almost as broad as she was tall—had no pretensions to ability, but she had printed a book, “Letters from the Mountains,” a sort of rambling tour in Scotland. She contrived to attract to her “humble abode” (as she phrased it in all her notes of invitation) many persons eminent in literature and art. Her “abode” consisted of two rooms: in the bedroom (back) the tea was made; and in front, the drawing-room, her guests assembled. There were more ambitious types of Mrs. Leo Hunter, but Miss Spence was the model of one who, aiming at patronage in small things, succeeded in doing what more elevated ladies desired to do, but failed to accomplish.*

On the occasion to which I refer, the leading lioness was Lady Caroline Lamb: a poor-looking *passée* woman, who, it is said, had captivated the heart of Byron, and was the “toast” of other celeb-

* An amusing story is told of one of them, I forget which, but blue-stocking parties were in fashion at the time, and I am not sure whether the anecdote has or has not been printed. During the struggle between Greece and Turkey, a somewhat renowned Greek leader arrived in the Downs. A lady who was to have a “gathering” the following evening heard the news, and posted off to Chatham, to secure the presence of a lion so novel and desirable. She went on board the ship, and expressed exceeding delight when her purpose was attained, and the Greek chieftain consented to be of her party, duly habited of course in his native costume. When, however, she sought to leave the vessel with her prize, she was informed that the ship was in quarantine; and that neither she nor her prize could leave it without a properly certified order. The result was that at her “evening” neither the lady nor the Greek put in appearance. I may print here a *jeu d’esprit* of James Smith, one of the authors of “Rejected Addresses,” which he gave me as an autograph:

“Cælia publishes with Murray,
Cupid’s ministry is o’er,
Lovers vanish in a hurry;
She writes, she writes, boys:
Ward off shore!”

rities, not very nice as to qualifications derived from either beauty or virtue. She never could have been remarkable for personal attractions. She was accompanied by a young medical man, who was in fact her "keeper," in a professional sense, and seldom left her side. I saw him more than once—when Lady Caroline was rattling on and approaching some tabooed topic—quiet her by a look. Her ladyship was also accompanied by a young and singularly beautiful lady, whose form and features were then as near perfection as art, or even fancy, could conceive them. Lively, vivacious, with a ready, if not a brilliant, word to say to every member of the assembly: displaying marvelous grace in all her movements: yet cast in a mold that indicated great physical strength; she received in full measure the admiration she evidently coveted, and did her utmost to obtain. Her abundant hair fell over the whitest of shoulders; her complexion was the happiest mixture of white and red; in fact, she was as perfect a realization of the beauty whose charm is of the form, and not of the spirit, as poet ever set forth in words or painter upon canvas.

It was not difficult, however, to perceive in this handsome young invader of Miss Spence's drawing-room something that gave disquieting intimations concerning the spirit that looked out from her brilliant eyes—that he who wooed her would probably be a happier man if content to regard her as we do some beautiful caged wild creature of the woods—at a safe and secure distance. The young lady of whom I have thus spoken was Miss Rosina Wheeler, not long afterward Mrs. Lytton Bulwer.*

By her side, and seldom absent from it during the whole of the evening, was a young man whose features, though of a somewhat effeminate cast, were remarkably handsome. His bearing had that aristocratic something bordering on *hauteur*, which clung to him during his life. I never saw the famous writer without being reminded of the passage, "Stand back: I am holier than thou." Mr.

* Mr. Bulwer married Rosina, only surviving daughter of Francis Massey Wheeler, Esq., of Lizard Conel, Limerick, grandson of Hugh, Lord Massey, by Anna, daughter of Archdeacon Doyle. Thus Rosina Bulwer was an Irish lady, with very many of the advantages that make the women of Ireland charming. But she did not take pride in the distinction. During his editorship of the *New Monthly*, Bulwer gave a dinner-party to O'Connell and several Irish members. I was not present; but the next day I saw Mrs. Bulwer directing some arrangements in the dining-room, which she told me she was *fumigating* in order to get rid of the brogue.

In March, 1882, died Rosina, Dowager Lady Lytton, at her residence at Sydenham, in the seventy-ninth year of her age. I had not seen her for many years prior to her death: I wonder whether she retained her beauty? There is a beauty of age as there is a beauty of youth; but its source can only be in a pure, loving, and sympathetic soul.

"Such beauty counts not years, but laughs at time;
Such beauty will be always in its prime."

Lytton Bulwer was then in the dawning of that fame, to the full meridian of which he afterward attained—at the foot of that steep which led to the “proud temple,” and, to carry on the simile of the poet, anticipating and dreading nothing of the “malignant star” that was soon to shed its blighting influence upon his life. I can not feel myself at liberty to continue this topic. A wedding that, to all appearances, was the union of a pair as distinguished by mutual affection as personal graces, resulted only in bitter misery. That is all I need say of the marriage of the afterward Lord Lytton. During my frequent intercourse with Bulwer, in the year 1832—when I was his sub-editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*—it is needless to say I saw much of his domestic life. That I pass over without detail or comment. As is usually the case, the faults were on both sides: on the one there was no effort—no thought, indeed, to make home a throne or a sanctuary—a source of triumph or of consolation; on the other there seemed the indifference that arises from satiety. In many respects the sexes might have been changed to the advantage of both. Yet, although they were unequally yoked together, I doubt if either would have made happy, or been happy with, any other man or any other woman.

But I am drifting into a subject concerning which I have, perhaps, already said more than enough. Although Lady Lytton has made the theme, in a measure, common property by the publication of books that do not affect concealment as to the parties exposed, condemned, or traduced; they are evil books, and add certainly to Bulwer's life the suffering they were designed to inflict. They poisoned, and were meant to poison, the cup of prosperity of which he drank.

When I saw Bulwer in 1826 he was barely twenty years old, but had already given promise of distinction, having in 1825 gained the Chancellor's prize medal at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He had also produced a book called “Falkland,” which in after-years he seemed anxious to forget.

Like almost every great man, he was indebted to his mother for his greatness. Of his father, General Bulwer, we learn nothing; but his mother must have been a lady who possessed a large mind and natural ability of a high order. She was heiress of the Lyttons of Knebworth, and Bulwer, her favorite son, inherited her wealth, and at her death in 1843 assumed the name of which she was always proud—that of Lytton. Mrs. Bulwer was tall and slight, of a commanding presence: silent—it was thought from pride. She certainly conveyed to me the idea that she lived too much with her ancestors. That her celebrated son was devotedly attached to her is certain. On that head it will suffice to copy a letter, which fortunately I preserved, written by Bulwer to Mrs. Hall soon after his mother's death. It is a fine and touching tribute to her memory—evidence of a gratitude beyond that which is a claim of nature. It runs as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL:

"Believe me grateful for your kind sympathy and condolence, and sincerely grieved to hear you anticipate an affliction similar to my own—an affliction for which no preparation prepares—which is never known in its vast irreparable extent—till all is over. Do not talk to me of that hateful, bitter thing called Literature—the vying with little men which shall be calumniated the most. No generous mind ever cared for the brawls and broils of reputation, but as their result pleased some other. Who can take—not laurels (nowadays there are no such things)—third editions and *Quarterly Reviews* to the grave? From my head the great shelter-roof of life is gone. It may be mine to succor others—the sole being who succored me is no more. The tie that is rent was not the common one, holy as it always is, between child and parent. In that tie were enwoven half the links that make life endurable. My mother proud of me!—no, I was proud of *her*. All I have gained, all I have, were hers—education, knowledge, the little good, the little talent, that may be mine, all are but feeble emanations from the most powerful mind, the greatest heart, I ever knew. No one understood her as I did, and in the bitterest moments of my grief I have felt that I never mourned her enough—a mourning nevertheless that my heart will wear till it cease to beat. God grant that your own fears may not be realized, and that you may be long spared the anguish for which, in me, fortitude is a vain pretense and comfort a hollow word!

"Yours faithfully,

"E. B. LYTTON.

"HERTFORD STREET,
"Monday."

I am not about to write a memoir of Lord Lytton,* although that has yet to be done, and ought to be done—is being done by the present Lord Lytton. Into the reasons of delay it is not my business to inquire. I doubted its appearance until one of the causes of postponement was removed by death—that difficulty no longer exists. My duty is to confine myself to personal recollections.

Latterly I saw little of the author of "Pelham," of whom at one

* Although barely worth preserving, I copy some lines written by Sir Lytton Bulwer in Mrs. Hall's album. It was Mrs. Hall's plan to avoid as far as possible the introduction of *original* contributions into it; partly because album verses are bad, and also because a needless tax is levied on the author. Sir Lytton wrote:

"An album—it's really my curse!
I've no great acquaintance with verse:
And prose, that dull dog in a bevy
Of poems, looks awkward and heavy.
Howbeit—there is not a muse
Who dares what *you* ask her refuse.
When I went up to Cambridge for knowledge,
The Hall was eclipsed by the College;
But now every pedant acknowledges
That a Hall beats the best of our Colleges.
Some still for distinction may look
When enrolled in a College's book,
But those who want envy from all
Are enrolled in the books of a Hall.

"March 25, 1835."

"E. L. BULWER.

period, but only for a brief period, I knew much. I believe Bulwer to have been a man made to be admired rather than loved. He achieved fame, but I am not sure that it brought him happiness. He seldom gave one the idea that he was in earnest: the good he did seemed rather the result of calculation than of impulse. I believe there would have been even among his friends and admirers a greater number to rejoice at his failure than triumph at his success. Had his earlier life been different from what it was, his prime and his decline might—I think would—have presented another picture. A married man must ask his wife if he is to be loved and respected, and if she says, “No,” he will strive in vain to be either. It is seldom out of the power of a good woman so to mold her husband that he may be both.

“Men are what women make them: Age and Youth
Bear witness to that grand—Eternal—truth;
They steer the bark o’er Destiny’s dark wave,
And guide us from the cradle to the grave.”

In the secret and sacred precincts of home, hypocrisy is impossible. The valet must know the outer man, the wife the inner—the height and depth of the heart, mind, and soul!

Of the great gifts of Edward George Bulwer Lytton, Baron Lytton, I need not write, were I even able to produce that which a reader would care to read. Tributes in abundance were laid upon the mausoleum that received his body among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. There was not a newspaper in the kingdom but contributed to swell the total of laudation. He will assuredly be forever classed with the chief writers of his generation as one who has delighted, and will delight while the language lasts, the millions who read and speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. And not that only: his works have been translated into every European language. “Poet, essayist, statesman, novelist, scholar, dramatist,” these titles all are his—

“ . . . who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.”

His only living child, Edward Robert Lytton, second Lord Lytton, was favorably known in literature under the name of “Owen Meredith,” previous to his father’s death; but, in all human probability, that father had little idea that he would—justly and rightly—hold the third highest place under the Crown, earn an Earldom, and become Governor-General of our Indian Empire.

Lord Lytton’s parliamentary speeches were collected by his son. It is by no means certain that “they will remain marvels of the highest and noblest eloquence,” as his friend Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn said they would; but they are admirable as compositions, powerful, argumentative, manifesting the liberal and generous sentiments which he nourished in early life and cherished to the last.

Bulwer could hardly be said to entertain settled political opinions. It is sufficiently notorious that he began life—politically—as a Liberal of very advanced type, and, in fact, sought to enter Parliament under Radical banners. I can never imagine him soliciting the “most sweet voices” of the multitude otherwise than with awkward constraint—as a gentleman out of his sphere. He was too proud a man to be “a vain man,” yet at all times he took pains to enhance the value of his personal appearance, and did not disdain artificial aids; what is termed “the simplicity of nature,” in thought, word, or deed, being utterly foreign to his disposition. He was thoroughly an aristocrat; all his affinities were with his “order,” although he sought, and thought, to connect himself with the hard-handed men of the working classes. I could fancy him scrupulously washing his hands after a meeting with his constituents—where he had been condemned to exchange greetings with them. He could scarcely have done that which, undoubtedly, he would have preferred to do—put on his gloves before he entered a meeting of Radicals.

Reluctance to oppose Mr. Calvert made him decline to contest the borough of Southwark, which he was eagerly solicited to do by a large body of its inhabitants. The following is an extract from his first declaration of public faith :

“I should have founded my pretensions, had I addressed myself to your notice, upon that warm and hearty sympathy in the great interests of the people, which even as in my case, without the claim of a long experience or the guarantee of a public name, you have so often, and I must add, so laudably, esteemed the surest and the highest recommendation to your favor. And, gentlemen, to the eager wish, I will not hesitate to avow that I should have added the determined resolution to extend and widen, in all their channels, those pure and living truths which can alone circulate through the vast mass of the community—that political happiness so long obstructed from the many, and so long adulterated even for the few.”

The last time I saw him was at his then residence, No. 12 Grosvenor Square. It was drawing toward fifty years since first we had met, and there were more changes in him than those that time usually brings. His once handsome face had assumed the desolation without the dignity of age. His locks—once brown, inclining to auburn—were shaggy and grizzled; his mouth, seldom smiling even in youth, was close shut; his whole aspect had something in it at once painful and unpleasant.

His industry was wonderful. I have known him write an article for the *New Monthly* overnight, which I well knew he had not touched before late in the evening, but which was ready in the morning when I called for it. As I have elsewhere stated, during the year 1832 he was editor and I sub-editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Previous to that year he had for some time ranked as “the best esteemed” of its contributors. His ability as an editor was by

no means equal to his capacity as a contributor. His sensitiveness to blame or ridicule was extreme, and at times this tenderness of mental nerve caused him suffering that amounted to agony. In 1831—a short time before he became editor of the *New Monthly*—a highly laudatory article appeared in that magazine upon his literary career; it was written by Miss Landon. The wasps of *Fraser* turned this opportunity to malicious account, and stung their victim to the quick. The *New Monthly* sketch was published in May, 1831. In *Fraser* for July appeared an article, assuming to be from the pen of Bulwer himself, and comparing it to the gross devices resorted to by puffers of quack medicines and other enterprising advertisers. The climax of insult was reached in December of the same year, under the heading of "Epistles to the Literati," when an attack was made upon Bulwer, the scurrility and grossness of which no magazine, however careless of its reputation, would at the present day dare to parallel.

There are seasons in the life of every literary man in which silence is golden. Assuredly the season of these *Fraser* lampoons was such a one as regards Bulwer. He, however, exasperated beyond endurance, lost patience and rushed angrily into print.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the ventilation of his private grievances in the pages of the magazine was strongly opposed to my view. But he was the editor; I was the sub-editor, bound by a duty of obedience as much as is the soldier ordered to ascend a fort, which he does promptly without a murmur, though with certainty of failure and death.

Part of Bulwer's reply ran as follows :

"Our readers may be aware that there exists a stupid, coarse, illiterate periodical, published once a month, and called *Fraser's Magazine*. We mention the paltry thing, because it sometimes happens that lies travel abroad, from the mouth even of the obscurest liar, and the poor creatures connected with the periodical referred to, have been pleased to render themselves contemptible by uttering several falsehoods respecting us. In one of these falsehoods it is asserted that Mr. Bulwer has 'long anonymously edited the *New Monthly Magazine*.' We will simply state in reply to this assertion, that Mr. Bulwer had not the smallest connection, direct or indirect, with the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine* previous to the November number; and that he had not even been a contributor to the work for several months anterior to the last. So much for *Fraser's Magazine*. The falsehood we have exposed is but one among many! What a pitiful thing is a work calling itself literary that seeks to delude the public by such poor frauds and despicable falsities—that panders to the worst of passions by the paltriest of means, and hopes to struggle into sale by the tricks of the swindler and the lies of the beggar! We heartily trust that this notice may encourage such *enemies*! in their abuse and their slander. 'There are two ways,' says a wise writer, 'of establishing a reputation—to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues.' Whatever success we may have in the former mode of establishing a reputation, we are sure, at least, of success in the latter, so long as we are honored by the writers in *Fraser's Magazine* with that

'calumniation which is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can bestow upon us, but also the only service he will perform for nothing.'*

He failed to see, at the time, though he may possibly have done so afterward, that an outburst of spleen so ill-judged simply afforded to his assailants evidence that the barbed arrows they launched at him had penetrated, and that the wounds inflicted rankled and festered. For years he continued to be of all English authors the one whom satirists most delighted to select as a target for their shafts of wit and malice.† From time to time, he made efforts to defend himself, which were, however, too labored and heated to be effective. He suffered from even the most contemptible lampoon—so keenly sensitive was he—and when really formidable adversaries took the field the anguish of soul he endured could scarcely have been increased. Had he resolutely kept silence, the malicious attacks directed against him must in time have ceased. Unfortunately he did not follow that course, and at each new cry of anguish to which the tormented gave vent—in prose or verse—the clouds of wasps that buzzed about him stung more spitefully than before.

Under his editorship the circulation of the *New Monthly* declined rapidly. At the end of a year he and Colburn parted, and from that time until his death I saw comparatively little of him. He discarded his Radical politics, became a Conservative—of a slightly Liberal type—and rose rapidly in celebrity and dignity, being in no long time created a baronet, and attaining some years before his death to the honors of the peerage. His extreme sensitiveness must have seriously obstructed his power in the House of Commons, and no doubt greatly lessened his value when, as a member of the Government, he held the important post of Colonial Secretary. He was certainly without proof-armor wherewith to encounter assailants in the House of Commons. I can believe his duties were distasteful to him; while in his brother Henry (afterward Lord Dalling) diplomacy had one of its ablest sustainers. Moreover, the deafness which at that time and afterward afflicted him must have greatly diminished his readiness. Yet, although not an orator, he was an eloquent speaker: though by no means a ready debater, for all his speeches were prepared beforehand. So early as 1828 I accompanied him when he was to advocate at a public meeting the removal of "Taxes on

* "Some time or other, when we have nothing better to do, we shall for the honor of Literature, devote a few pages to the unburrowing of some half a dozen of these vermin—the Mactoddies and Macgrawlers of Mr. Fraser's fetid magazine, and we think we can promise our reader that he shall both ridicule and loathe—and while disgusted with the blackguard, he shall enjoy a hearty laugh at the fool."

† The chief offender was Thackeray, who in the "Yellowplush Correspondence" assailed him with a degree of rancor utterly opposed to the fair spirit of criticism. It will suffice to indicate the spirit of the article if I quote a single word—the name given to the accomplished author as it was spelt in the "Diary of Jeames de la Plüche, Esq.": "Sawedwadgeorgeearlittbulwig."

Knowledge." His speech even on that occasion was carefully prepared.

Though classed, not unwisely nor unjustly, among the loftiest men of the generation, Bulwer coveted something more—which never was his. The hart that panteth after the water-brooks is indifferent to green trees and refreshing breezes. He was a man more to be admired than loved; the sentiments he excited were not those of affection; if he aimed at popularity, it was not by winning his way through the heart. Many men vastly his inferiors in intellectual and personal gifts, and in other advantages that are great in the race for fame and fortune, left him far behind.

Dickens, at the dinner to Macready, said of Bulwer : *

"He had uniformly found him, from the first, the most generous of men, quick to encourage, slow to disparage, ever anxious to assist the order of which he was so bright an ornament, and never condescending to shuffle off and leave it outside state-rooms, as a Mussulman might leave his slippers outside a mosque."

His demise on the 18th of January, 1873, was the signal for a burst of eulogy, in which there was mingled but little of detraction. From the glowing tribute that appeared in *Blackwood* I take what seems to me a fairly discriminating estimate of the claims of the famous writer to the homage of posterity :

"Apart from his novels, essays, and poetry, Lord Lytton had the great merit of having written the only dramas which, during the last thirty years, have fairly kept the stage. If we put together all his different attributes as an author, we can scarcely fail to consider him as a giant in literature, in whose productions it is difficult to say whether we should most admire the excellence or the versatility. Let us add to this character the observation how rare it is to find these qualities combined with the political sagacity, the oratorical power, and the practical good sense which distinguished him as a statesman."

He died "peacefully in the arms of his son," and his ashes now mingle with those of the other illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.

There is one subject in connection with the career of Lord Lytton that I desire to notice at some length. He was a Spiritualist long before Spiritualism became an accepted term. Many of his earlier published works supply evidence of that fact. Modern Spiritualism dates no further back than the year 1848, when the "Rochester

* We had a private box at Covent Garden on the first night of the play of the *Lady of Lyons*, the most successful of all his plays. Bulwer was seated in a stage-box. But Macready had kept the secret well; and though many present might have suspected him to be the author, there was no proof that he was so. Forster came into our box, and warmly protested that he was not the writer; if he were, he (Forster) must have known it. I can easily imagine his indignant vexation when probably a few hours afterward the truth came out.

knockings," repeating, as it were, the rappings described by John Wesley, gave a language to mysterious sounds, and supplied conclusive proof of a state of existence—retaining consciousness and memory—following the death of the body; bringing conviction that death in reality is but the portal to another life, and that souls removed can, and do, have intercourse with souls that yet continue in "the flesh." "The creed of the materialist is as false as it is miserable, leaving," as Bulwer Lytton writes, "the bereaved without a solitary consolation, or a gleam of hope." I rejoice to add he draws a distinction between "the dogmas of the priest and the precepts of the Saviour," giving undoubted assurance that his faith was that of a Christian.

I gladly extract a passage from that which I consider the best of all his books, "*Devereux*," where he declares, "I have neither anxiety nor doubt upon the noblest and most comforting of all creeds," and proclaims himself, in the strictest application of the words, "a believer and a Christian."*

He was made more, and not less so, when he read by the light that Spiritualism supplied to him; removing any blur that might have remained to sully faith, and making the *HEREAFTER* not a problem to solve, but a certainty as far removed from doubt as assurance that the will to move a limb is a power to move it, or any other of the simplest truisms that prove the senses to be guided by intelligence. That Bulwer was a Spiritualist there is no question. He may have done, as so many others do—shrunk from the public avowal of a belief the foundation of which is *knowledge*; but that he accepted Spiritualism as an infallible truth there can be no doubt.

I dined with him when he was living at Craven Cottage, on the banks of the Thames, near Fulham. Some persons, of whom I had the honor to be one, were invited to meet Alexis, then a lad who had obtained renown as a clairvoyant. Lord Brougham was of the party. Dinner was delayed waiting for the "marvelous boy." When the bell rang, Bulwer, accompanied by two or three of his friends, left the room to receive him. In the hall was the card-tray: Bulwer took from it a dozen or so of cards, and placed them in his coat-pocket. After dinner Alexis went into "a trance." Bulwer placed his hand in his pocket, and, before withdrawing it, asked whose card he held; the answer, after a brief pause, was given correctly. The experiment was repeated at least a dozen times—always correctly. Alexis was a French boy, who had been but a few days in England. The cards were all those of Englishmen. I need not say how great was our astonishment. "Clairvoyance" was a term that probably most of the guests there heard for the first time.

* "Tell me not of the pride of ambition; tell me not of the triumphs of success; never had ambition so lofty an end as the search after immortality; never had science so sublime a triumph as the convictions that immortality will be gained. . . Seeking from meaner truths to extract the greatest of all."—*Devereux*.

That was the earliest intimation *I* had as to a power as far surpassing my belief—as it would have been that a time was close at hand when I might send a message to, and receive an answer from, New York within an hour, or be in my own drawing-room listening to “the music of an orchestra distant a hundred miles” from the seat on which I sat. Alexis yet lives, but his “power” has either greatly diminished or entirely left him—as in the still more remarkable case of Daniel Home.

Although I might make record of several “sittings” with him in my own house, I limit my recollections to one at the dwelling of a lady in Regent’s Park. The medium was Daniel Home, then in the zenith of his mediumistic power. There were seven persons seated round the table. The light was subdued, but not extinguished. Ranged on a cabinet were a number of bronze Burmese idols, some of them very heavy. [The lady’s husband had held an official appointment in Burmah.] They were scattered about all parts of the large drawing-room. That might have been, by possibility, a fraud, but what followed could not have been so. There was a small bell on the table. We all saw a shadowy hand and arm draped in, apparently, dark gauze take up the bell, hold it over the head of each of the sitters, ring it, replace it on the table and vanish. No doubt there were other occasions on which Bulwer witnessed phenomena as wondrous. I visited him more than once at his residence in Grosvenor Square to talk over these wonders; and in the two latest letters which I received from him (which I have unfortunately lost) he expressed a strong desire to obtain the aid of some medium who could bring into the presence of a lady her child who had died. They supplied conclusive evidence of his belief that such a result *was* to be obtained. A time can not be far distant when it will infer no more a sense of shame to avow a belief in the phenomena that supply proofs of the immortality of the soul, than it has been to avow faith in the marvels that modern science has discovered and divulged for the enlightenment of humanity; men will no more shrink from the admission of belief in Spiritualism than they do that words may travel from pole to pole at the rate of ten thousand miles in a second of time.

Dr. Darwin, who died in 1802, wrote these prophetic lines:

“Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.”

“For how many centuries lay unknown the virtues of the loadstone? It was but yesterday that certain forces became to men genii more powerful than those conjured up by Aladdin; that light at a touch springs forth from invisible air; that thought finds a messenger swifter than the wings of the fabled Afrite.” So Bulwer wrote in his “Strange Story.” Had he lived ten years longer, he would have added that sounds are made to travel a hundred miles in a second;

and who will say that the future is not "big with discoveries" yet more *wonderful*, according to our interpretation of that word? Who will limit the illimitable? We do not see the oak in the acorn; we do not detect in the egg the bill and feathers of the bird. It is safe to prophesy that the marvels of Spiritualism will yet be as palpable and familiar facts as that the steamship can move ten miles an hour against tide and wind, or any other discoveries which only a single generation ago would have seemed marvels utterly incredible.*

BENJAMIN DISRAELI: EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—I do not mean to write a memoir of the great man, or anything like it; it is not needed, if I were capable of doing that work. Of few men living has so much been written in censure or in laudation. In spite of both he occupies a foremost place in the history of his country and his age, and will fill it worthily as long as lasts the language in which he wrote, or spoke, in the House of Commons, or among his Peers in that other Chamber to which his genius raised him.

The first time I saw Benjamin Disraeli was at a dinner at the house of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in Hertford Street, Mayfair—in 1832; the last time was at one of the evening receptions of the Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House.

On his entrance into public life, at the period of which I write—just fifty years ago—everything was against him; he had, apparently, no one advantage to warrant the faith and trust in himself that eventually carried him to the loftiest niche in the Temple, proverbially as well as practically hard to climb—the Temple of Fame!

He was, like George Canning, styled an "adventurer." Canning had much that Disraeli lacked: handsome and manly features, a magnificent form, eloquence at once powerful and persuasive, a scholastic education, and, by marriage into a ducal family, secured a position—comparatively early in life—veritably aristocratic. Disraeli had one advantage, however, that Canning had not: his mind had been enlarged and strengthened by travel. Before he entered on public life there were few of the countries of Europe and Asia he had not visited. The beneficial results were principally made available in his fictions, but the power thus given must have been very valuable to him during his career as a statesman. Certainly, Disraeli was of a glorious race—a people chosen of God—but which had fallen into the depths of degradation: to be one of the "nation"

* "He (Sir Lytton Bulwer) appeared to have faith in the truth of the manifestations, and though admitting that clairvoyance and spiritualism might be traded on by impostors, as religion might, he was inclined to accept as a fact that departed spirits were permitted to revisit earth, and make their presence known, by some magnetic, electrical, or other agency, which within our limited sphere of knowledge it was impossible to explain."—CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D.

was a disqualification for political or social *status*. It will be necessary, in giving to the subject fit consideration, to go back some forty years, when a Jew was everywhere under a ban : could not only not be in Parliament, but was not by law able to own a single acre of British land. Well, Disraeli was of the proscribed race—outcasts from every power except that of invested wealth and its concomitants. Yet I may quote in reference to him the lines applied by Barry Cornwall to the steed Gamarra :

“He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire :
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself.”

His person was against him rather than in his favor : his features were not of the loftier Jewish type ; even in early youth he had a slight stoop and his form was not graceful. His conversational powers were few—in ordinary society, at least ;* none knew how much he was taking in, that, in time to come, he might give out much ; there was indeed little indication that he was perpetually listening, observing, thinking, and reasoning—but so it surely was. The seed was fructifying that was to yield a prodigious harvest ; but if any one had ventured to utter the prophecy—

“Hail to thee that shall be great hereafter !”

the augur would have been met with laughter.

I am bound by gratitude to see the great man in a favorable light. One of the earliest acts of his first Premiership was to accord a literary pension to Mrs. S. C. Hall, and a very few months before the termination of his second Premiership, in 1880, one of £150 to me. The latter was the result—not of a suggestion to her Majesty by her Prime Minister, but of her Majesty to him, which, however, I have reason to know met his entire approval. It was granted to me “for long and valuable services to Literature and Art.” I was very thankful to him, but deeply grateful to my gracious and beloved mistress, the Queen. God bless her !

We knew Mrs. Wyndham Lewis long before she became Lady Beaconsfield. Her education must have been sound and good ; her

* I have written this passage as a mere “outsider”—with very limited knowledge. I am assured, however, by one who knew him intimately, and honored and loved him much, that “nothing can be more incorrect than to describe Lord Beaconsfield's conversational powers as ‘few or limited.’ No man had greater charms in conversation ; and whether he was speaking to a frivolous woman of fashion, or a literary blue, or an ambassador or minister of state, or a man of letters, or a stupid bore, or even a little child—his conversation was always ‘great.’ His only defect was that unless he cared for his company, he would not exert himself, and preferred silence ; and he had a great objection to be spoken to when eating.”

mind was of a high order ; and it may be regarded as certain that by her constant companionship—nay, by her frequent counsel and her wise advice—she aided largely in directing the after-conduct of her statesman-husband, and so claims a share of the gratitude due to the illustrious man who, in often consulting her, derogated in no whit from the dignity of manhood, as First Minister of the Queen and of the kingdom. It is enough to say of Lady Beaconsfield, that she was worthy to be the friend, companion, and counselor of Lord Beaconsfield, as well as his wife. She must have been a generous woman. Her splendid diamonds were always at the command of her friends—such of them as had to attend court or any state balls ; and I know her to have given a diamond ring to Letitia Landon—when she had known that the poetess was in immediate need of money—with a well-understood hint that there was no necessity for her keeping it.

She was not only a handsome but a charming woman, well born and nurtured, with manners easy and self-possessed, generous and sympathetic ; and if her second husband had been born in the purple she would in no way have discredited the position to which he raised her.* That when she became his wife she was dearly and devotedly loved by her great statesman-husband there is no doubt ; yet the world might not have known it—perhaps would not have believed it—for she was his elder by fifteen years, and he had long passed the verge of manhood. It was in March, 1838, that Wyndham Lewis died.† In August, 1839, Disraeli married his widow.‡

Such cases—of women deeply, tenderly, devotedly loving men, and being beloved by men much their juniors in years—are by no

* A miniature of her mother is that of a high-born lady. Her father was a commander in the Royal Navy. She herself was, I believe, born at Bramford-Speke in Devonshire, and was baptized at St. Sidwell's, Exeter, in 1792. Her brother was Colonel Evans, of the 29th Regiment—who came of a true Devonshire family. Her uncle was General Sir James Viney, K. C. B.

† The *Annual Register*, 1838, thus records his death : "Wyndham Lewis, Esq., of Pantgwmllass, Glamorgan, barrister-at-law, M. P. for Maidstone, a deputy-lieutenant for Glamorganshire." The *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1838, describes him as above, and adds, "Mr. Lewis was descended from the Llanishen branch of the Lewises of the 'Van.' He was the son of the Rev. Wyndham Lewis, of Newhouse, Glamorganshire, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, November 23, 1819. In 1820 he was returned to Parliament for Cardiff, and sat till the dissolution in 1826." In 1832 he sought election for Maidstone and was defeated ; but three years later was returned for that borough at the head of the poll. The famous election in which Wyndham Lewis and Benjamin Disraeli were returned took place in 1837.

‡ "Disraeli married in 1839, Mary Anne, only daughter of the late John Evans, Esq., of Branceford Park, Devon, and widow of Wyndham Lewis, Esq., M. P. In acknowledgment of her husband's official services, Mrs. Disraeli was raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom, as Viscountess Beaconsfield, November 28, 1868. She died December 15, 1872, aged eighty-three, and was interred in Hughenden churchyard."

means rare. I need not turn to biographies for examples ; there is one, however, that comes up with surpassing brightness from out the number. Dr. Johnson married Mrs. Porter, a widow who was twenty years older than he ; yet his deep and devoted love for her is an essential part of his life : his writings concerning her are among the most pathetic, touching, and eloquent the English language supplies—having reference to mourning for a “departed.” When he and she had both passed away into that eternity where all ages are equal, passages such as “This was dear Letty’s book,” or “This was a prayer which dear Letty was accustomed to say,” were found in books of devotion that had belonged to her—written there by her husband. Dr. Taylor alludes to a letter which “expressed grief in the strongest manner I had ever read.” Long, very long, afterward, the time came when Samuel Johnson was himself entering the valley of the shadow of death. On the day that was the anniversary of his wife’s death he wrote in his Diary a few words of sorrowful joy : “This is the day on which, in 1752, dear Letty died. Perhaps Letty knows that I pray for her. Perhaps Letty is now praying for me. God help me. Thou, God, art merciful. Hear my prayers and enable me to trust in Thee.” It was the cry of a great heart—the last uttered on earth before there was reunion in heaven ; yet thirty years had passed between the latest and the first.

But it is enough to add the dedication by the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli of the novel, “*Sybil*,” to his wife : “I would inscribe these volumes to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathize with the suffering ; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided, these pages : the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife !”

I can not now (at this distance of time) recall the circumstances that brought me into intercourse with the elder Disraeli, in 1823—at his house, the corner of Bloomsbury Square. It was no doubt to obtain some literary information ; and the visit was surely by invitation, or it would not have been made. I found him a most kindly and courteous gentleman, obviously of a tender, loving nature, and certainly more than willing to give me what I asked for. I do not recall him as like his illustrious son ; if my memory serves me rightly, he was rather fair than dark ; not above the middle height, with features calm in expression ; his eyes (which, however, were always covered by spectacles) sparkling and searching, but indicating less the fire of genius than the patient inquiry that formed the staple of his books. The house still stands, apparently unchanged. Montagu Corry (Lord Rowton) told me that not long ago Lord Beaconsfield visited the house, and asked leave to go over it, which was granted, although the attendant had no idea that the courtesy was extended to the Prime Minister. He sat for some time pondering and re-

flecting—a grand past and a great future opening before his mental vision—in the room in which he was born.

Once I met the two—great father and greater son—at one of the receptions of Lady Blessington, in Seamore Place. It is certain that, from the first to the last, no parent ever received more grateful respect or more endearing affection from a child, and I well remember that, on the evening to which I refer, the devotion of Benjamin Disraeli to Isaac D'Israeli, specially noticed by all who were present, was classed among the admirable traits of the after Prime Minister of the realm.

Thus, he was born and bred among books; they had stored his mind long before he took to writing books. But in 1826, when little more than a youth, his pen began to make him famous. His father's ways had become his ways; yet, whatever his reading had been, neither in his speeches nor in his writings does he give much evidence that he had studied the classic authors of his country.

From the day he uttered the memorable words, forestalling a not distant time when the House *would* hear him, to the day on which he took his seat among the Peers as a "belted Earl," and, to his death, his genius was appreciated, his eloquence admitted, his wisdom conceded, and his vast intellectual powers accepted as guides to the grandest deliberative assembly that ever controlled the affairs of a nation and people:

"He made by force his merit known,
And lived to clutch the golden keys—
To mold a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of a throne."

He made his maiden speech on the 7th of December, 1837: he had been elected as a representative for Maidstone in that year. The prophecy of his future, as given by Hansard, is in these words: "The time would come when they would hear him." It has been otherwise reported; there is a wide difference between *would* and *should*. That maiden speech has been pronounced a failure; but there are many who did not then, and do not now, regard it in that light. It had much of the epigrammatic sparkle which characterized his later speeches, and if it were received by the House with "laughter," it was more for the manner than the matter.*

The prophecy was amply fulfilled. No doubt he was led into blundering by his hatred of O'Connell, who had, in 1835, foretold for him "an immortality of infamy," and who received in return the threat, "We shall meet at Philippi." The member for Maidstone may have considered himself bound to repeat the challenge "on the earliest opportunity," and, forgetting that discretion is the better

* "The honorable and extinguished member," the *Globe* of that day described him!

part of valor, fought rather with the rude violence of the bull in the circus than with the skill of the sabreur in the arena.

Gilfillan, in his "Gallery of Portraits" (third series), seems to me to have hit the character of Disraeli with peculiar point, accuracy, and tact: "We saw, in a late Edinburgh journal, a comparison of Disraeli to Byron: he seems to us to bear a resemblance still more striking to Bonaparte. The same decisive energy; the same quick, meteoric motions; the same sharp, satiric power; the same insulation, even while mingling among men; the same heart of fire, concealed by an outside of frost; the same epigrammatic conciseness of style, alternating with barbaric brilliance; the same decidedly Oriental tastes, in manner, language, equipage, everything; the rapidity of written and spoken style; the same inconsistency, self-will, self-reliance, belief in race and destiny; the same proneness to fatal blunders; and the same power of recovering from their effects, and of drowning the noise of the fall in that of the daring flight which instantly succeeds it, distinguish both the soldier and the statesman."

There was nothing mellifluous in his voice. It was rather harsh than insinuating: the reverse of coaxing—free without being fluent; his epigrams were like stabs, but they told upon lovers and haters, and were of vast value as helps to arrive at an end in view. He was, to my thinking, an orator, yet not eloquent; an advocate who strove to convince, yet would not condescend to persuade. But his mighty power over the audience he most frequently addressed was undoubted. He rarely spoke to one composed of the lower, or even of the middle, classes; I can not imagine him as touching their hearts, going home to their affections, making them fancy for a moment he was one of themselves, as so many others have done—as I have often seen them do.

In 1881, while the guest of my honored friend, Sir Philip Rose, Bart., at Rayners, Penn,* I paid with him a visit to Hughenden, so long the residence of the great statesman. The house was dismantled, and although much of the furniture remained, much of it was prepared for removal; but some of it was to continue there as heirlooms to be associated with his memory. Chief among these were the many sacred gifts of the Queen. It is entirely justifiable to say she was not only his gracious mistress, but his personal friend. Her

* The executor, the wise adviser, and the personal friend of Disraeli, during nearly the whole of the career of the great statesman. It is recorded of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (the poet also), that his proud boast was to have been the servant of Queen Elizabeth, and *friend* to Sir Philip Sidney. I believe, if Sir Philip Rose had been the two former, he would not have been more proud of either, than he was in signing himself the "friend of Benjamin D'Israeli."

Majesty never had, and never can have, a more devoted servant and subject than he who was so long her Prime Minister. Her regard for him was shown not only while he lived, but after his death.

On the walls were many portraits of his personal friends, the leading sustainers of his ministry, and of the members of his family—from one of his father in his early boyhood, to one of him in his old age. They are all heirlooms. Although some of the household gods of the great Earl are thus preserved, by far the greater portion of them were scattered by the ruthless hands of the auctioneer. How pleasant it would have been if the historian could have written that power had been given to the executors to distribute them, so that a large number of those who honored his memory or loved and revered the man, had received gifts of treasures that, having been his, would have been valued at a thousand times their actual worth—or than the larger “biddings” at the sale—which heirlooms might thus have been obtained by all the Conservative clubs and societies throughout the kingdom, incentives to followers, and incitements to those who follow, in the struggle, now, and long to be, pending in Great Britain and Ireland and all their dependencies, including the vast Empire of India!

Fine views of the surrounding hills are obtained from the windows of the house. The grounds, though not extensive, are charmingly laid out. Trees were planted there by many illustrious persons; among them is one placed on a mound by the hands of the Queen. On one of the hill-heights that look down on Hughenden there is a monument to the elder Disraeli. It was erected by the wife of his son. There was a touch of romance about the act: it was prepared during one of Disraeli's more prolonged absences. When driving from the station to his house, he was told to look up: he did so, and saw the graceful and affectionate tribute his wife had paid to the memory of his father!

Even of greater interest than a visit to the house will be a visit to the church, and to the churchyard where husband and wife are laid. “No son of his succeeding,” the title he had nobly earned died with him.

His place, indeed, is high among the very highest of the worthies of his country: a great statesman, a true patriot, a thorough Englishman, a faithful and devoted lover of his country, jealous of its honor, heedful of all its interests, small and great; nay, heedful of the interests of every class, from the highest to the lowest—the place he occupies in history will be one of rightly achieved glory for all time.

I quote this tribute to his memory from a leader in the *Times*, April 10, 1880, on the retirement of Disraeli from the office he had held:

“Since 1846 he has been first the animating spirit, and then the leader, of one of the two great Constitutional parties; and to hold such a position for

thirty-four years, and at the end of it to command the confidence of his followers in as great a degree as ever, is of itself a memorable achievement in political life. He has led his party from defeat to victory; and although defeat has again overtaken them, they remain a compact and spirited force."

I quote also the touching tribute of his friend and colleague, Sir Stafford Northcote, in a speech delivered at Kettering a short while after his death :

"By the death of Lord Beaconsfield we lost a leader who was not only one of the ablest, one of the most accomplished, one of the most encouraging leaders who ever carried his standard to victory, but we lost also a friend in whose constant sympathy and in whose kindness and readiness to give advice we were always able to find strength and support. I never knew a man who had so large an amount of combative elements, combined with so much gentleness and sympathy, as Lord Beaconsfield. Those who knew him only in the political and gladiatorial arena, as it is called, could hardly believe how much there was in him to make those who were fond of him very fond of him indeed."

Benjamin Disraeli was born in London on the 21st of December, 1804, and died in London on the 19th of April, 1881. His father lived to the age of eighty-two.

I can not close these brief remarks concerning Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, better than by quoting the words of his gracious mistress, Queen Victoria, as they may be found, and will be found by many generations yet to come, on a tablet in the church at Hughenden—a memorial to his merits and her regard, of which he and his descendants might have been gratefully proud if they had been the purest and worthiest of the race of Tudors or Plantagenets, or of any prince, potentate, or power :

To
the dear and honored Memory
of Benjamin Earl of Beaconsfield,
This memorial is placed by
his grateful and affectionate
Sovereign and friend
Victoria R. I.
"Kings love him that
speaketh right."

February 27, 1882.

Proverbs xvi, 13.

Let my final echo from the past of the House of Commons be one that recalls the voice of the Speaker, Manners Sutton. It was surpassingly rich and melodious, and its irresistibly persuasive "Order, order!" seemed to lull a boisterous debate as oil is said to smooth the surface of a turbulent sea. Yet it was so clear, distinct, and marvelously strong, that one might fancy it would reach the ear of a listener a mile away. He seldom spoke other words than "Order, order!" When he did, they might as well have been left un-

said, for he had a singular faculty of confusing language, and rarely enlightened his auditors as to what he really meant.

Alas ! there are few now living who can recall by actual memory that silvery sound—"Order, order !" Speaker and hearers have passed away from earth, and of the generation that knew *Manners Sutton* a few survivors only remain—waifs cast up from the ocean of the past ! *

There is a theme associated with these details concerning the "Giants in both Houses" to which I refer with more than mere pleasure ; for among the happiest of my Recollections is that of the Queen opening her first Parliament, on the 20th of November, 1837. Outside—it was a "Queen's day" ; hundreds of thousands thronged the streets, filled the windows, or occupied platforms and balconies. The scene may be easily imagined ; by those who witnessed the ceremony in the House of Peers it can never be forgotten.†

The usual "Speech from the throne" concluded with these words, her Majesty addressing "My Lords and Gentlemen" : "The early age at which I am called to the sovereignty of this kingdom renders it a more imperative duty that, under Divine Providence, I should place my reliance upon your cordial co-operation, and upon the loyal affection of all my people."

A passage preceding, in which her Majesty had expressed herself anxious to declare her confidence in their "loyalty and wisdom," was delivered with marked emphasis ; she paused, raised her eyes from the paper, and looked around her on the array of peers and peeresses, and commoners below the bar, who had assembled to tender homage. There was no heart that did not throb with response. A murmur passed through the assembly that would have been a cheer but for the solemnity of the place and the occasion. It was not suppressed without ; the cheers of a multitude were heard with echoing delight by all who sat or stood within. And assuredly that day—now forty-six years ago—was registered in the memories of all who heard the young Queen's words, as the beginning of a reign auspicious beyond any other in the records of British history.

There were many present who had known her Majesty's predecessors—George III, George IV, and William IV. The feeling was universal and irresistible, that—from that day—loyalty became

* But thirty of the Peers and Commons who passed the Reform Bill in 1832 are living—and only one of them is a member of Parliament—in 1882, the jubilee year of the Great Reformation !

† I was present when King William IV delivered his last speech to Parliament—and what a contrast ! The day was gloomy and dark, and when the King began to read he stammered at the first sentence, and the words were perfectly audible as he looked about him and exclaimed angrily, "Damn it, I can't see !" Lights were brought, and he proceeded.

an easy duty, which it had not been during the three preceding reigns.*

The lessons taught by the throne to the people had been seldom salutary, and many found their best argument for disaffection, nearing republicanism, in the examples of mental disability to govern, or low and often vicious tastes and pursuits, or indifference to the general needs, or arbitrary and unconstitutional application of power, in the monarchy of these realms. One or other of these evils existed and prevailed until Queen Victoria ascended the throne—when they all ceased. The Crown has since been not only honored, but loved, by the millions who are its subjects. During the whole of her reign vice has had no excuse because of its practice and patronage in high places.

Happily have the anticipations as well as the hopes of "all orders and classes" of the subjects of the Crown been realized, and through the vista of more than forty years the meanest, no less than the loftiest, of her subjects looks back with thankfulness to the advent of that royal lady who, in her early youth, was called to reign over the kingdom and all its dependencies, and subsequently the Empire of India.

It was a glorious scene, that scene in the old House of Lords, on the 20th of November, 1837. The mother of the Queen—the mother to whose judicious training and deep affection she owed so much—stood by her side a little in the rear; her ladies, grouped behind her, bore up her train; on her left stood her Prime Minister, Viscount Melbourne, and her other advisers and ministers; ranged around were the peers and peeresses, all in robes and court dresses "blazing with jewels"; while thronging below the bar was the "House of Commons," a mingled mass of all politicians, the most intense Radical among them converted, for that day at least, into a loyal and devoted upholder of the throne.†

Incidental to this theme there are some matters which few can treat—for Memory must go a long way back into a time now almost remote, when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and not long afterward contracted the auspicious marriage from which have

* Sir Denis le Marchant states that in 1830, "Peel told his tutor, Bishop Lloyd, that he believed the monarchy could last only five or six years longer." It is well remembered that William IV was not permitted by his ministry to go into the city, apprehensive of personal danger from the "mob." The threats of the Chartists, long ago forgotten, are blots erased from English history. There are many who can recall the time to which I carry my readers back, who believe, as did Sir Robert Peel, that the monarchy had been seriously endangered by monarchs who had no part of the respect or affection of the people governed. It is hardly too much to say that—which few nowadays will believe—when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the country was on the eve of revolution.

† These brief details of the interesting and impressive ceremony I have borrowed from a Memory of the scene by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

resulted so many "boons and blessings" to the nation and the world.

If the present was then full of sunshine, no doubt many, in thought, asked of Destiny how it would be in the future. The Princess Victoria was born and had been educated in Kensington Palace ; up to her eighteenth year she had lived there in comparative solitude, apart from society, companioned almost solely by her mother ; the people she was destined to govern knew nothing of her tastes and disposition, except that, now and then, through very limited circles, information of an assuring character would creep out from the masters by whom she was taught. To her mother, the Duchess of Kent, a sacred trust had been committed ; it was discharged fully and righteously. For more than forty years since she was a crowned Queen, the results of her "bringing up" have received ample and conclusive proof.

I refer to the subject only to make record that on the memorable day of which I write probably there was much apprehension as to the future of that young girl, not only in the Commons, who came at her call, the Peers over whom she presided, but by the people who had lined the route through which she passed on her way from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords.

It was then, at that most happy time, so pregnant with a hereafter of gladness or a future of gloom, that the young Queen Victoria contracted her auspicious marriage with the Prince Albert. It was a happy day for her realm, for all its colonies and dependencies, for all the world indeed, when, on the 23d of November, 1839, she announced her intention to her Privy Council, eighty-three of her councilors being present. NO ONE OF THEM IS NOW LIVING ! To nearly all of them the Prince Albert was then personally unknown, but good repute had preceded him, and the impression he had made was far more than favorable. On the 10th of February, 1840, they were married.

It can not be disrespectful to trace much of the character of the Queen to the influence of the Prince over her mind during the years that elapsed between 1840, when they were wedded, and the year 1861, when the Prince was removed from her side. She was very young when she became the wife of a prudent, conscientious, upright, and emphatically good man, by whom her thoughts, her conduct, her acts, private and public, were, thenceforward, of necessity to be in a great measure guided, directed, and decided. That they were so we know, and have reason to thank God for the consequences that followed—the fervent attachment of a whole people to the Sovereign, rendering, I repeat, LOYALTY THE EASIEST OF ALL THEIR DUTIES.

THE PRINCE ALBERT.—I can not better close this Retrospect of the great men who flourished in the Houses of Lords and Commons during the earlier half of the nineteenth century, than by reference to the career of one who, if he were the husband of the Queen, was also a member of the House of Peers. At a later period than I chronicle, he had a vast share in determining the destinies of these kingdoms, far more than any man who ruled them as First Minister of the Crown. He obtained, and earned, a grander title than any the Queen could have conferred upon him—the title of “the GOOD PRINCE.” *

Many of us know from experience what is meant by the term “hard work”: not limb-work, but brain-work; work that is perpetual thought, from which repose rarely results; work that involves great responsibility, that is, so to speak, a continual *haunt*, from which even sleep is not free; work that makes us long for the “bourn” where the weary are at rest; such work as will sometimes produce a perilous sensation that the ills we know not of might be better borne than the ills we have, were it not that, added to the dread of something after death, there are ties that bind us to life—the duties that are paramount, that often subdue despair when they fail to nourish hope.

I question if there were a single worker in the dominions of the Queen who labored harder than did the Queen’s husband. Let those who fancy that princes and rulers have nothing to do but enjoy themselves read Sir Theodore Martin’s book; they will find that no slave to whom was given a task beyond his strength labored more earnestly to accomplish it than did the Prince. He might, indeed, have taken continual ease, but it would have been by neglecting continual duty—duty self-imposed. These records show to conviction that his toil was incessant, where pleasure might have supplied ready, and indeed rational, excuse for luxurious ease. The words “He would not entertain the briefest holiday” apply not only to one eventful period of his life, but to nearly the whole of it, after he was called upon to take his place in public affairs, and to become apparently the irresponsible, in reality the responsible, First Minister of the Crown. A single passage from one of the letters of the Queen will suffice as illustration: “What

* Any estimate of the character of the Prince must be based on the volumes of *Memoirs* by Sir Theodore Martin, K. C. B. I know of no work of its class so entirely excellent; I do not find in it a single page that might be omitted without loss. The task was one of exceeding delicacy and difficulty; no biographer ever undertook a duty so delicate and difficult; and certainly no book has ever been published that has been received with such entire approval. Critics of all parties have praised it. “Sir Theodore Martin has added to the biographical works of the age and country a work of inestimable value.” That opinion has been universally indorsed.

he does, and how he works, is really prodigious, and always for the good of others." *

It is not so long since he left earth but that many who are not old can remember him—his tall, manly, handsome form and features, the grace of his deportment, the urbanity of his manner, the felicity with which he prevented those who had need to seek his presence from feeling that he considered courtesy a condescension—blending in happy harmony dignity with friendliness. In his presence it was not easy to forget that he was a prince, the first subject of the realm ; but the weight of such knowledge was never oppressive. If it would have been difficult to be familiar with him, the feeling with which he impressed us was far removed from awe.

Proof may have been needed, for it has been amply supplied—that the Prince Albert was a model of excellence in all the relations of life—as husband, father, son, brother, friend, subject, and citizen. His example will go a long way to inculcate the wisdom of virtue. It is well to have this testimony from one who—having studied the character thoroughly and wisely—thus pronounces judgment as the outcome of years of reading masses of correspondence and minute inquiry into every conceivable source of information : " During many years of close and conscientious study of the Prince Consort's character, he (Sir Theodore Martin) has at every step found fresh occasion to admire its purity, its unselfishness, its consistency, and its noble self-control."

The principle on which he resolved to act (to use his own words) was this : " To sink his own individual existence in that of his wife ; to aim at no power by himself or for himself ; to shun all ostentation ; to assume no separate responsibility before the public," but making his position entirely a part of the Queen's, " continually and anxiously to watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her, at any moment, in any of the multifarious and difficult questions brought before her—sometimes political, or social, or personal—as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government." His worth was not fully estimated until after he had left earth. Of the plans he suggested some have been carried out ; others have fallen through, others are in abeyance ; but it is admitted on all hands that they

* " He was at once the most hard-working and most practical of men, and in these respects an Englishman of Englishmen, if hard work and practical aims are to be accounted English characteristics. Art, science, and social economy, public instruction, the bettering of the common lot, the elevation of human aims, the comfort and purity of humble homes, the mitigation of unmerited sufferings, the introduction of hope and sweetness into the lives of the poor—these were his favorite occupations and recreations."—SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

manifested profound wisdom and pure patriotism, and an utter absence of a shadow of selfishness.

He had many hands, no doubt, to co-operate and aid : but he was the moving power of them all. There was no subject on which he took, unexamined, the opinions of others, no plan that he did not himself minutely scrutinize, no incident that he did not subject to the control of his own capacious and upright mind. We know now from the invaluable sources of Sir Theodore Martin's volumes how much the nation, and so, by inference, all nations of the world, are indebted to his wisdom, rectitude, and far-seeing power, as (I quote from the *Times*) "the man, the statesman, the patriot, and the philanthropist." I quote again from that journal : "Above all, we see—and we are made to follow the course of development with a growing warmth of sympathy—how the tender husband became the trusted counselor, whose guidance was almost as much to be relied on as his unselfish affection."

His healthy, upright, considerate, generous, sympathetic manhood but fulfilled the promises of childhood and early youth ; the character when fully formed only added capacity, sagacity, and intellectual vigor to natural gifts. Experience was the sole teacher he needed ; it came early, to be removed—far too early. But the work he did may be accepted as evidence of the more he would have done had his life on earth been continued into old age. Possessing great power, he had learned how to use it for the benefit of all who came within reach of his influence ; resisting all the seductions of ambition, and avoiding all acts that might seem, in the remotest degree, to weaken the position of the Queen in the estimation of a single one of her subjects.

His death—if that must be called death which the poet describes as but a passage from this "life of mortal breath" to "the life Elysian, whose portal we call Death"—was a fitting close to such a life : brief but pregnant with mighty issues for a present and a future. There is no passage in Sir Theodore Martin's volume more truly touching than this :

"Death in his view was but the portal to a future life, in which he might hope for a continuance, under happier conditions, of all that was best in himself and in those he loved, unclogged by the weaknesses and unsaddened by the failures, the misunderstandings, the sinfulness, and the sorrows of earthly existence."

Yes, Reason justifies, and Holy Writ sanctions, nay, encourages, if it does not command, belief that work commenced on earth will be continued in heaven. Such was the faith of one of the best men who ever lived to do earth-duty, faithfully, uprightly, and conscientiously—for God and man. No man was better fitted to live, yet none have been better prepared to die ; his death was one of those

inscrutable ordinations of Providence into which who will venture to inquire, or concerning which who will dare to speculate? To our narrow range of sight it was a calamity, not alone to those who so greatly depended on his wisdom and affection, but to his country and to all humankind. That his influence largely prevails now where it is most valuable and valued, I no more doubt than I doubt as to the after-state to which he was translated.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY EDITING.

"THE AMULET."—In 1825 I was applied to by Messrs. Baynes, publishers, of Paternoster Row, to edit for them an "Annual," to which I gave the name of "The Amulet, a Christian and Literary Remembrancer," for the connection of Messrs. Baynes was with religious readers, and they desired to give to the work a semi-religious tone. In the autumn of 1826 the first yearly volume was published; ten volumes followed; but in 1837 the "fashion" had ceased, and it was discontinued, the publishers having been previously changed: in the year 1830 it had become the property of the firm of Westley and Davis.

I received from them no salary, but I was entitled to a share of the profits. Of profit there was little or none; but the fatal agreement to which I had consented made me, unknowingly, a partner in the publication. Westley and Davis became bankrupts, and I was made responsible for the accumulated debts contracted for "The Amulet." The terrible event utterly ruined me, and I had to begin life again. It is a subject I revert to with exceeding pain. The debts were no debts of mine. Though legally a partner in the concern, I was, by no means, morally so, except that if there were profits I was to share them. There were none—only one year had I received any; but I was a victim none the less. I will not dwell on this dismal passage in my life's history.

Some details concerning the "Annuals" can not fail to be of interest. The public, when those productions were novel and numerous, and in their zenith as to cost and beauty, paid for the elegant works in question, according to an estimate I made at the time, £100,000 per annum.

The annual was an exotic, introduced by Mr. Ackerman, in 1822, from Germany. The first production of the kind was edited by Mr. Shoberl—a name that has left no mark. In 1823 the "Friendship's Offering" followed. Both, however, were accompanied by pages of blank paper, and were but slight removes from the old pocket-books. The "Literary Souvenir," issued in 1824-'25, was a great move in ad-

vance. Its editor, Mr. Alaric Watts, gave to the production a high character at once, both as to art and literature. My own annual, "The Amulet," followed suit; the "Winter's Wreath" succeeded; then came the "Keepsake," and so popular had these Christmas gift-books become that in 1829 no fewer than seventeen were issued.

A few among them deserve to be honored with a fuller renown than the bare mention of their names. In the "Gem," for instance, edited by Thomas Hood, was published his famous and weirdly powerful poem, the "Dream of Eugene Aram." The "Anniversary" (a guinea annual, started as a rival to the "Keepsake") had for its editor Allan Cunningham. He was aided with considerable ability by many great authors, especially those of his own country—Wilson, and Lockhart, and Hogg. In the "Anniversary" Southey printed the poem on his own portrait, and Theodore Hook his sketch entitled the "Splendid Annual"—the splendid annual being the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of London. It lasted, however, I think, but three years, the first volume bearing date 1828.

The "Winter's Wreath" contained pieces by the most popular writers of the day, foremost among the poets who honored its pages being Wordsworth. The "Oriental Annual," "Heath's Picturesque Annual," "Gems of Beauty," and a long list of others, including annuals for children—"The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the "New-Year's Gift," edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts—belong to that period.

Competition necessarily gave rise to prodigious efforts to obtain pre-eminence. In their earlier years, the *Annals* were all bound up in tinted paper, and inclosed in a case. Paper yielded to silk, in which the majority of them soon made their appearance; then followed morocco leather, and velvet. The public were startled at finding elegant books, full bound in morocco—for the binding of which they had been accustomed to pay nearly as much as the cost of the whole work—illustrated by exquisitely engraved prints from paintings by artists of the highest celebrity, any one of which previously would have been valued at the charge demanded for the series, and containing prose and poetry, written for the several publications by leading and popular writers of the age. These improvements, had, indeed, been gradual, and had grown out of the large circulation to which some of the annuals had attained, and, in especial, to the spirit of energy and enterprise which a laudable rivalry had called into existence. Sums of money that sound preposterous were lavished upon the several departments: five hundred pounds were given to Sir Walter Scott, and proportionate remuneration to other authors, for articles contributed to a single volume of the "Keepsake"; amounts varying from twenty to one hundred and fifty guineas were paid to artists for the loan of pictures to be engraved; and it was by no means uncommon for the engraver to receive one hundred and fifty guineas for the production of a single plate. For

one, indeed, "The Crucifixion," after Martin, engraved by Le Keux, that gentleman received from me one hundred and eighty guineas (size seven inches by four), making the cost of the print, including the sum paid for the drawing, two hundred and ten guineas. The volume of the "Amulet" that contained this costly work had also two other engravings, which together cost two hundred and sixty guineas; the other nine prints amounted, perhaps, to seven hundred guineas; so that for the embellishments alone the publishers had to pay nearly twelve hundred guineas. And yet, strange to say, that was the only volume of the whole series of the "Amulet" that yielded a profitable return upon the capital expended and the labor bestowed.

Until the "Keepsake" entered the field, all the annuals were published at twelve shillings. The "Keepsake," edited by Mansel Reynolds—a name forgotten—was an experiment at a guinea, and it was generally thought would be a failure; the beauty of the embellishments, however, was very great; the letterpress was wretched in proportion, yet the trial was a successful one; and the next year Charles Heath, the proprietor, amended the mistake into which he had fallen, and obtained the co-operation of several of the best authors of the age and country. His expenses for the literary portion of this second volume amounted to no less than £1,600. The existing annuals having been made nearly as perfect as they could be, novelties were projected as the next step to obtain profit. A volume of engravings, from the old masters, supplemented exclusively by religious writings, entitled "The Iris," had existence for two or three years, and was abandoned; a "Landscape Annual" was conceived by Mr. Charles Heath; annuals for children were devised; the "Book of Beauty" was a new and happy idea; scientific annuals made their appearance; and Thomas Hood entered the field with his "Comic Annual." They all had their day, and vanished by degrees.

Before their introduction into England, the Christmas gift-books were, as I have stated, and as some of my readers know, paltry pocket-books; their successors contained much to interest and somewhat to instruct. The prints that used to ornament the chimney-pieces of houses of the middle class were tawdry colored daubs, prejudicial to taste, and very often injurious to morality. They were displaced by engravings after the choicest works of our British painters, executed in such a manner as to educate the eye and give employment to the mind. And we are by no means to put out of sight the fact that the popularity of the annuals spread through various channels a large sum of money every year—such sum being divided among persons whose occupations were beneficial to the country.

They have been sneered at as literary toys. That is not just; as compared with the Christmas issues of to-day they were of very great excellence. No such engravings as they contained are now

produced ; while the literary contents, principally tales and poems, are as pure gold compared with the tinsel of the modern magazine.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.—In 1830 I produced a remarkable book : remarkable not by reason of its merit or value, but from the peculiar circumstances under which it was written. At that time monthly issues of original works were in favor with the public. The “Family Library” was published by Murray ; the “Cyclopædia” by Longman, and the “Juvenile Library” by Colburn. They were not durable : the fashion ceased after a comparatively brief time, and they are now forgotten. But among the authors were Moore (“History of Ireland”), Milman (“History of the Jews”), Scott (“Natural Magic”), and others of equal note.

Mr. Jerdan, who edited Colburn's series, was “in a fix.” He had been promised for one of the volumes a “History of France,” but as, at the last moment, it was not forthcoming, he called upon me to ascertain if I could by any possibility write it and have it ready for publication by the first of the month “then next ensuing.” It was the 9th of the month, consequently there were but twenty-one days and nights in which to write, print, and publish a book of four hundred pages. Six engravings had, moreover, to be made—their subjects not even decided upon. There was nothing for it but to produce the book or close the series, as the work must have ceased unless the month gave its continuing part.

I undertook the task, and occupied one day in collecting all the histories of France I could obtain. Surrounded by a formidable array of volumes I began my task—working at it all night and all day, during eighteen nights and days, without interruption. The result was that, within the stipulated time, a “History of France,” condensed from perhaps a hundred volumes, was written, printed, bound, and, with six engravings, was in the hands of the public on the first of the month—“then next ensuing.”

I have not a copy of the work. How it was accomplished I can scarcely say. The overwork led to a brain-fever ; I had not gone to bed for twelve nights ; and the payment I received for it was very hardly, though very quickly, earned. It is somewhat strange that Jerdan in his Autobiography has made no mention of this series, or of his engagement with Colburn and Bentley as its editor. Indeed, I had myself forgotten the title of the series, and had some difficulty in finding it. Jerdan wrote the first volume of the said series, and mine was the second.

EDITORS are not born, but made. The calling demands a long apprenticeship, and the qualities of mind required for the discharge of editorial duties are the opposites of genius. To write well, is one thing ; to edit well, another. It is first requisite that an editor should know, from careful inquiry and much thought, what subjects

ought to be treated in the publication he directs; he must then determine who is the best person to deal with each theme. A. B., otherwise the first object of his selection, may not be at hand; C. D. is perhaps ill; E. F. may be too much occupied. Still, the matter can not be passed over or postponed. The editor must in such circumstances be sufficiently gifted as a writer to treat it himself. His duty, however, is to employ, whenever practicable, an abler hand than his own. The less he himself writes the better. If he takes the best topics, which he will not fail to do, he loses the aid of pens more valuable than his own. In a word, he must study solely the interests of the work under his charge, and give no thought to the satisfaction or the reputation a task may confer on himself. He must, however, be a despot: to approve or reject without being called upon to assign a reason for his decision. "I will it" must suffice. Moreover, the privilege to erase he must always use, though never a power to add. An editor must be a despot acting on the principle "le roi le veut"; if he considers it right to give a reason for what he does, he will be perpetually "at sea." "Letting 'I dare not,' wait upon 'I would,'" must involve him in a continual "fog," and if he thinks it meet to have consultations as to the course to be pursued, he will always be in a maze, running backward and forward, and utterly lost as to the way out. It is needless to say his duty infers nothing approaching to discourtesy when he declines to give a reason for the faith that is in him.

There has seldom been a worse editor than the great poet Thomas Campbell, so long the conductor of Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*. His friend and regular contributor, Talfourd, hit off his character in a sentence. "Stopping the press for a week to determine the value of a comma, and balancing contending epithets for a fortnight," writes the author of "Ion" of Campbell as editor of the *New Monthly*. He never knew where to find the thing he was in search of. His study was a mass of confusion; articles tendered, good or bad, were sometimes, after a weary search, found thrust behind a row of books on his book-shelf; and he was rarely known to give an immediate answer, yes or no, to any applicant for admission into his magazine. In short, though a great man, he was utterly unfit to be an editor.* I have nearly the same to say of Theodore

* I find this passage as a note to an article in the *New Monthly*, 1829: "I have admitted this paper from unwillingness to refuse anything from the pen of its writer; but delicacy toward the memory of his friend need not prevent me from saying that I consider his judgment of dead and of living authors and painters to have been equally ill entitled to the epithet 'unerring.'"

In the first volume of the *New Monthly* he edited—in 1821—he had to make an apology for an article which he "inserted without reflection, but had observed its unfairness and felt dissatisfied with himself for having published it."

Hook, Lytton Bulwer, and Tom Hood, who were his successors in the editorial chair.

In 1829-'30 I was editing the *Morning Journal* newspaper and the *British Magazine*. That magazine followed *The Spirit and Manners of the Age*, a monthly periodical, the name of which had been changed. I conducted both for the firm of Westley and Davis, the then proprietors and publishers of the "Amulet." They had contained contributions from many of the more popular authors of the age.

Early in 1830 a communication from Mr. Colburn led to an interview with that somewhat eccentric publisher, the result of which was that I became sub-editor of the *New Monthly*. Why he selected me and discharged Mr. Cyrus Redding I did not know, and can not even now guess. Redding had, for a long time, in a great measure directed Mr. Campbell, and knew his "business" well. But so it was, and I became sub-editor in his place, Mr. Campbell remaining editor.*

The association did not last long. Although my relations with the poet were entirely harmonious, and we never had a dispute, the change could not have been agreeable to him. Not long afterward he retired from the *New Monthly*, and became—nominally, at all events—editor of a new magazine, the *Metropolitan*, published by Saunders and Otley, who had succeeded Mr. Colburn, or rather Colburn and Bentley, as occupants of the old premises in Conduit Street.

The *Metropolitan* had the valuable aids of Thomas Moore and Captain Marryat, but was never "a success," the curse of bad editorship clinging to it.

THE "NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE."—On the retirement of Campbell I became sole editor of the *New Monthly*. Campbell was a Whig in politics, I was a Conservative; but I carefully avoided all topics of party politics. It is not for me to say how I conducted the magazine. It was easy, by courtesy and liberal payment, to obtain the help of efficient writers, and of course I did so, certainly to the satisfaction of Mr. Colburn. It was my custom to spend one evening of every week with him at his house in Marylebone Road, to explain my plans for the ensuing number. He was then, though somewhat aged, newly married, and to a wife who made him miserable. She had kept a small circulating library, and the suspicions of Bentley had been excited by finding that in her library early copies of all new books were to be found—sometimes before they were actually published. Colburn married her, and by her bad habits she rendered both him and his home wretched. I saw her fling a tea-pot at his head. She died at last a victim to drink.

* It is not a little singular that the first money received by me for any composition of mine was from Mr. Colburn; that was, however, in 1822—for a poem in the magazine of which I was subsequently the editor.

She is not to be confounded with his second wife—an estimable lady, who afterward became the wife of John Forster—bringing to him a large fortune bequeathed to her by her first husband.

Colburn was a little bustling man, who seemed incapable of decision concerning anything—from the choice of a proffered book to the quantity of sugar he should put into his tea-cup. There was lamentable hesitation in all he did or said, seldom uttering more than half a sentence, and leaving it uncertain what he thought. Yet he was a man of a kindly and generous nature ; his impulses were good, and he was considerate and liberal to authors. He was publisher of most of the best works of the time, especially in fiction, both previously to his taking Mr. Bentley into partnership and after the termination of their alliance.

No one ever knew his history, but it was said that he was a natural son of old Lord Lansdowne. I did not know, and did not care to know. Our relations were harmonious, and entirely satisfactory ; and, if I could not respect, I certainly esteemed him.

In 1831 he conceived, and perhaps rightly, that a renowned writer as the editor of his magazine would be an advantage to it, and Mr. Lytton Bulwer was appointed to that post. He had for some time previously been a contributor to the magazine, and had written for it better things than he afterward produced. I thus became his sub-editor, and was well content with my position, for it was in some sense an honor to be connected with that great man. But he soon made his editorship a vehicle for propagating his then advanced political creed—ultra-Radical ; and I saw with alarm that he was rapidly rendering the magazine unpopular. Its price was three shillings and sixpence, and it circulated chiefly among clergymen and steady “old-notioned” country gentlemen. The opinions of the new editor ran counter to theirs, and the magazine declined rapidly in sale. At the end of the year Mr. Bulwer and Mr. Colburn parted, and I became again sole editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. It is not, I hope, wrong in me to say that my connection with the author of “Pelham” was to him, as it was to me, entirely gratifying. I obtained his good opinion, and I retained it, I have reason to believe, as long as he lived. But I felt then, and I feel now, that by his ultra-Liberal opinions he did the magazine incalculable mischief. In his year it fell from 5,000 to 4,000, and never recovered the injury inflicted.

Still the magazine, if it lost the old steady subscribers, gained many among the upholders of Reform and Liberalism. The writings of Mr. Bulwer were powerful and eloquent, and pleased many ; but he wrote too much : he considered himself too much, and the interests of the magazine too little. He had a cause to advocate and uphold : he sacrificed the publication to do so. Yet he was thoroughly in earnest and grudged no labor, thinking, no doubt, that while forwarding his own purpose he was advancing the interests of

the publication. Mr. Colburn blamed me when he discovered the results ; but he had no right to do so, as I told him at the time. He had made me a lieutenant under the control of a superior officer, and to have gone to Colburn with suspicions or complaints would have been to play the part of a spy, and would have dishonored me.

THEODORE HOOK.—Mr. Bulwer having resigned his editorship, it was for me to prevent evil arising from the lack of his admirable and valuable contributions. This was, in a measure, accomplished by engaging the services of Mr. Theodore Hook, the best of whose novels, "Gilbert Gurney," soon appeared monthly in the pages of the *New Monthly*. A more important and useful contributor could not have been obtained. He required, however, continual watching : not only did he seek to press upon me (in Notes of the Month, which he principally contributed) unseemly and mischievous high-Tory politics, but he was never ready in time with the continuing chapters of his novel ; and more than once, as the last day of the month drew near, I have gone to him for "copy," and have found that not a word was written. I would, therefore, wait while he wrote the required quantity, being sometimes detained until daybreak, and at last driving off with the manuscript to the printer—barely in time.

He was even less fit to be an editor than Thomas Campbell, for he had no moral sentiment to guide him, and gave little thought to any evil he might do. Yet, in 1836, he became the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The manner of the change of editorship was as follows : Colburn and Bentley had parted ; it is not too much to say, with ill-feeling one toward the other. Mr. Bentley announced a magazine of Humor. The announcement startled Mr. Colburn, and he at once determined to produce a rival, resolving to secure Hook as its editor, which was speedily but very inconsiderately done. Mr. Hook's "ways" are well known. So wildly resolute was Mr. Colburn in his desperate whim that he at once met Mr. Hook's needs by giving him bills for £400 in payment of his first year's salary as editor of a magazine in embryo, and which was never even announced. When the intelligence was communicated to me by Mr. Colburn, I naturally protested against it ; showing him that, in order to make his new magazine successful, he must ruin the *New Monthly*—taking from it not only Theodore Hook, but Poole, whose "Little Pedlington" and other papers had immensely served the *New Monthly*, with others of my best contributors. These, and no doubt other protests prevailed, and Mr. Colburn determined to abandon the hopeless undertaking.

Mr. Colburn, therefore, went to Fulham to announce his resolve to Mr. Hook. Mr. Hook was exactly of Mr. Colburn's new opinion ; but when a hint was given as to the return of the £400, he responded that the sum in question was already spent. To give back money was as much against his will as it was beyond his power.

The interview ended by Mr. Hook suggesting, "Make me editor of the *New Monthly*, and I will work it out," and that fatal step Mr. Colburn took. When he communicated his resolve to me, I reminded him that he had reproached me with not telling him of Mr. Bulwer's shortcomings and wrong-doings while he was editor and I was sub-editor of the magazine. I added that Mr. Hook's sub-editor I would not be. His co-editor I would, however, become, and, if so circumstanced, could object to the appearance of any article the insertion of which I thought would be mischievous, and without breach of honor could communicate my views to Mr. Colburn. In a word, I should have a voice in all matters appertaining to the magazine. Mr. Colburn at once met my view, said it was exactly his, and I considered the matter as thus settled.

Soon after Mr. Colburn gave one of his customary dinners in Great Marlborough Street. I sat, as I had invariably done on such occasions for a long time, in the, so to speak, vice-chair. Several of the contributors were present; in fact, it was a dinner to his staff.

JOHN FORSTER.—Among the guests was Mr. John Forster. He had been introduced into the magazine by me. I considered him my personal friend; there did not pass a week without his dining at my house. I consulted him upon all matters connected with the magazine, and gave him his choice of subjects. The income he thence derived was at that period of his life of much importance to him, and I thought I had secured his friendship in return for the friendship I gave him. His assistance was of much value to me, his contributions, as will be readily understood, being of great worth to the magazine.

After dinner Mr. Forster rose and proposed the health of Mr. Theodore Hook, the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. It was news to more than one of the guests. I at once said: "Forster, I can not drink that toast. If Mr. Hook is editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, I have no business here." Some confusion ensued, and Poole sought to pour oil on the troubled waters by proposing my health in kindly and complimentary terms.

But the end of it was I received from Mr. Colburn a few days afterward a check for a year's, instead of a half-year's, salary. My connection with the *New Monthly* ceased, and Mr. Theodore Hook became editor of that magazine. Mr. Colburn and I parted good friends, nor had I any misunderstanding with Mr. Hook. My surveillance would no doubt have been distasteful to him, no matter how useful it might have been to his employer.

It was not likely that Forster and Hook could have got on amicably together. They did not: Forster's aid to the magazine soon ceased. He became a political writer, edited the *Examiner* in conjunction with Fonblanque, whom he succeeded; obtained one

of the Commissionerships in Lunacy ; and died "a prosperous gentleman" in 1876.

Thus closed my connection with the *New Monthly Magazine*. Mr. Hook greatly impaired its sale, and it sank gradually, but sank certainly. He made it as outrageously Tory as Mr. Bulwer had made it violently Radical, and of course drove away numbers of subscribers. It was afterward consigned for a time to the care of poor Tom Hood. Eventually it was purchased by Harrison Ainsworth ;* but, although still living, it has ceased to hold a first place among the leading periodical publications of England. After my retirement from the *New Monthly*, I was induced in 1837 (as I have elsewhere stated) to accept the sub-editorship of the *John Bull*. Hook was in mental decline ; he had lost nearly all his power, and his wit was more like a jerk than the flow it had once been. He was paying the terrible tax inevitable upon what is falsely called a "gay life." He was then living almost entirely on brandy ; exhausted nature was prostrated, and a youth of pleasure gave place to an age of pain. Though by no means old, all of manhood in him—body, soul, and mind—had given way and left him a stranded wreck.†

Although Hook was "a host in himself," he had, for the *John Bull*, of course, valuable contributors. I name some of them. Haynes Bayly was a graceful and prolific song-writer, the pet of the boudoir, and the patronizer of the hurdy-gurdy, some of whose songs, especially "I'd be a Butterfly" and "O no, we never mention her," are yet sung in antiquated drawing-rooms ; he was a tall, slight, and gentlemanly man. His opposite was the Rev. John Barham, a burly man, large-headed but small-featured, whose little eyes seemed always sparkling with unclerical humor—with difficulty suppressed. Tom Hill—who is said not only to have given a "character" to Hook, but to have been the original "Paul Pry" (which, by-the-way, Poole denied)—was at the age of eighty a sort of venerable Cupid ; he was a little square man whose full rosy cheeks were always laughing. It was of him that James Smith said no one could ever tell his age, for his baptismal register was lost in the Fire of London. Hook, improving upon the jest, said : "Oh, much older than that ; he is one of the little Hills that skipp'd in the Bible." His knowledge of "public" affairs was derived from the back-stairs of great houses ; and it was no rare thing to see him gossiping with

* Ainsworth died so recently as 1882. I may have to write of him elsewhere.

† The following is an extract from his diary : "January 19, 1837.—Another dreadful, miserable, dark, and dreary day. Letter from my sister-in-law ; she praises my industry, and pities my poverty. My poverty is painful, not on my own account, but on that of others ; and because, though I have through God's goodness been most fortunate in my literary undertakings, I have uselessly wasted not only money to a great extent in useless things, but have also wasted the time which would have reimbursed me. It is never too late to mend, and I now work night and day, and only wonder, when I look back, that I should have been so foolish as to waste the prime of life in foolish idleness."

a crossing-sweeper before he paid his half-penny, or loitering about the area-gate of some aristocratic acquaintance to ascertain what he had in preparation for his dinner. Horace Twiss was also a contributor to the *John Bull* in its prime ; at least he was commonly thought to be one. His long and wearisome, though always ready, speeches in Parliament are forgotten, and he is remembered chiefly as the inventor of those digested paragraph-summaries that now precede the leaders in most newspapers.*

There is no doubt that one of the most frequent and valued contributors to the *John Bull* was John Wilson Croker, long Secretary to the Admiralty. Lady Morgan, who hated him as intensely as he hated her, pictured him, as I have elsewhere stated, in "The O'Flahertys" as Crawley Junior. It is a frightful picture of servility, deception, dishonesty, and treachery ; certainly overdrawn, yet not greatly so, if the opinion of his contemporaries is to be accepted, confirmed as it has been by posterity. He had the dagger and the poison ever ready for friend or foe.

Some years previous to my connection with the *John Bull* I tried the experiment of a weekly paper on my own account. That was the *Town*, a weakly concern, which the proprietors thought I could revive. I shared their opinion, and was its editor for one year, receiving a thousand pounds by installments, and agreeing to pay all expenses in excess of that sum. I lost much by the experiment, and was glad to surrender it when the year of my contract was up ; yet I obtained the co-operation of Chitty, the renowned special pleader, who wrote copious notes on the several law and police cases of the week ; of Gilbert à Beckett, who contributed jokes and facetiæ weekly ; and of Lytton Bulwer, and his brother Henry, the late Lord Dalling, who gave me frequent "leaders."

I called the *Town* a "Conservative Whig" newspaper.† It supported the policy of Sir Robert Peel, and certainly contained much that ought to have made an impression—which it did not make. But in those days of sevenpence in price, of fourpence duty on each paper, and of three shillings and sixpence tax on each advertisement, it was a hard push to make a newspaper pay. The publication was

* There are many who remember Twiss as a member in the body of the House, and subsequently as an aid in the gallery. He was a son of the Irish traveler, who early in the present century gave great offense to Irish ladies ; it was asserted of him that one of the passages in his work was this : "If you look at an Irish lady, she'll bow and say 'Port, if you please.'" I could find no such passage in his book.

† The originator of the *Town* was Mansel Reynolds, some time editor of the "Keepsake," and an occasional writer of indifferent *vers de société*. He was known to fame chiefly in connection with a strange traveling companion. Having been prescribed goat's milk, he thought it necessary, to have wherever he went, the companionship of the animal by which the milk was furnished ; and when traveling by mail-coach would take an outside place for the goat.

abandoned not long after I surrendered it to its proprietors. It certainly passed out of my hands in a better, and not a worse, condition than that in which I found it.

It was an easier and safer position than my proprietor-editorship of the *Town*, that I occupied when—in 1839—I undertook the general management of the *Britannia*, started by Mr. Coulton, and furnished with sufficient capital by an eminent distiller.

Mr. Coulton was then undistinguished in letters—indeed, he was in no way an author, and had written nothing up to that time; yet he developed eventually into one of the very best of political writers and one of the soundest of literary critics, becoming subsequently editor of the *Press*, with which the *Britannia* was incorporated, and gaining the respect, esteem, and regard of all who knew him, for he was an upright and conscientious gentleman. The powerful contributor of "leaders" was the Rev. Dr. Croly, but the hard work of the paper fell on me. I have frequently written for it twenty columns of matter during the week—reviews, dramatic criticisms, literary and political notes, and leading articles; and Mrs. Hall was a large contributor of sketches and visits to the homes of great men and women, afterward collected and published as "*Pilgrimages to English Shrines*." Robert Bell also aided, and there were other helpers, though none of note.

For a few months I wrote the leading articles for the *Watchman*—the newspaper of the Wesleyan Methodists. I was merely engaged to do that work while the appointed editor, Dr. Sandwith, was taking his degree of M. D. at Edinburgh. He not being on the spot, a *locum tenens* became a necessity. The principles of the new paper (then a novelty among the great dissenting body), as well as its private arrangements, were governed by "a Board"; and the Rev. Dr. Bunting has more than once told me how puzzled its members were when they found that, contrary to the wishes of some of them, I was giving it a tone in politics far too closely bordering on Toryism. I did give, however, a Conservative tone to this important journal; and, although it lost that tone in a degree when my aid ceased to be needed, I know it was useful to the party at that time; and I received the following letter from Sir Robert Peel in acknowledgment. It is one of the few letters I have preserved, and I print it.*

* "WHITEHALL, January 12, 1835.

"SIR: I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th January; and although you kindly release me from any obligation to notice the communication which I have received from you, yet allow me to assure you that the purport of your letter and the general tenor and spirit of the publication which accompanies it have given me great satisfaction.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"S. C. HALL, Esq."

"ROBERT PEEL.

THE "BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS."—They were brilliant evenings when so many young artists—all of rare promise—assembled at the Rosery, Old Brompton, as aids to illustrate the "Book of British Ballads." Each was then commencing a career in which he has since achieved renown: several hold now the highest places in art, and nearly all of them have acquired fortune as well as fame by the exercise of their profession. I must content myself with little more than a bare enumeration of their names.

It was my custom to read the ballad I had determined on selecting, and allot it to one of the artists; supplying each with the wood blocks on which he was to draw the head and tail pieces and the side-slips—these side-slips sometimes numbering eight or ten. And in every instance they were not only designed but drawn on the wood by the artists, some of them being thus employed for the first time, and, I believe, the last; for it has always been difficult to induce the adoption of the material by British artists—as artists do in France.

Ward had but recently returned from Italy, unspoiled by study of the old masters, and retaining his early inclination to perpetuate great men and leading incidents in English history. He was then unmarried, but not long afterward was wedded to the accomplished lady who was, in a measure, his pupil—Henrietta Ward, his namesake, but not a relative—herself the descendant of a race of artists, James Ward having been her grandfather, George Raphael Ward her father; while Jackson, the great portrait-painter, and Morland were related to her. She is now the mother of artists, for her own son and daughter are treading worthily in the steps of their parents.

Poor Dadd was one of the set. His fate was a sad one. He was tried for the murder of his father, and acquitted on the ground of insanity.* I believe he still lives. For many years he was in the insane asylum then at Lambeth, and painted there several remarkable pictures, all of them containing, however, some passage that indicated the fell disease. It was hereditary, but augmented by a sun-stroke received during travels in the East of Europe. He was a young man of genius, and the works he produced were rapidly making their way to fame, when the terrible visitation came upon him. One of the most remarkable of his pictures—"Come unto these yellow sands"—has been engraved for the *Art Journal*. I sometimes visited him at his residence in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. I could never tell why, but, although I liked him much, I had always in his presence a sense of apprehension. One evening, at my house, he was more than usually gloomy, spoke little, but his eyes seemed to roll about the assembled group. It was whispered by more than one, "What is the matter with Dadd?" After his arrest a paper was found containing outline portraits of all the artists then present, with

* He stabbed his father in a wood near Gravesend. Not only had there been no quarrel, but no cause of any kind, for he was a dutiful and affectionate son.

a dash of red paint across the throat of each. That was not many weeks before the fatal deed. His personal appearance was in his favor. He was somewhat tall, with good and expressive features, and gentlemanly demeanor. His career afforded sure promise of a great future—suddenly blighted by a terrible fate! Poor fellow! he had conceived an idea that he was perpetually haunted by an evil spirit that had taken the form of his father. The fatal stab was given, and death was instantaneous. With the shrewdness so common in cases of insanity, he escaped, and was eventually taken on board one of the packet-boats that voyaged to France. He illustrated but one of the ballads, "Robin Goodfellow."

Frith was then on the threshold of a career in which he has since achieved the highest distinction. It was easy and safe to predict his fame. So of Tenniel, whose first work, or nearly his first, honored that book.

Noel Paton, I suppose I may say, began his career in art by his very admirable contributions to the volume, illustrating two of the ballads by his masterly pencil.* Paton was then little more than a youth—a student in the art of which he has since become the great master. He was, so to speak, brimful of genius. His mind was of a high order; and if he had chosen to be a poet instead of a painter, he would have attained with the pen as lofty a prominence as he achieved by his pencil. Moreover, he was naturally amiable and upright; moral power combined with intellectual vigor formed the groundwork of his character, while both were strengthened by a pure religious tone that has led to an advocacy of virtue in all the productions that have issued from his easel. It is justifiable pride to have known him in his youth and to honor him in his vigorous manhood.

If among the earliest of my fellow-workers I have the honor to class Noel Paton, it is a source of earnest gratification to me to make record of the fact that one of my latest books, "The Trial of Sir Jasper," 1875—has the advantage of containing a drawing from his pencil—a most wonderful bit of art—a partially draped skeleton quaffing a poison-cup of alcohol: "For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny." I can not, in common gratitude, pass without notice the aid the artist rendered in 1843 to Mrs. Hall in illustrating her story (published in the *Art Journal*, and subsequently as a volume), "Midsummer Eve: a Fairy Tale of Loving and being Loved." I think there is no book of the kind that contains so many exquisite Art gems. That was mainly the result of Noel Paton's generous labor to sustain me in my attempt to create a periodical devoted to Art.

* My happiest intercourse with Noel Paton (afterward Sir Noel Paton) was during a visit to the Burns Festival, when the birthday of the Scottish poet was commemorated in the town of Ayr. To that interesting event I shall have other occasion to refer.

But the story—I may say, by way of parenthesis—was largely indebted to another young man of genius, Huskisson, who slipped out of the world, no one knew when or how—at least I have never been able to learn. For the illustrations to “*Midsummer Eve*” I had also the aid of Stanfield, Creswick, Goodall, Maclise, Elmore, Frost, Topham, Franklin, Hulme, and Kenny Meadows, the greater number of these contributors working for no other reward than the gratification of aiding me in my undertaking. Yet, beautiful as the book is, it was by no means a pecuniary success. Two editions, published “on my own account,” have not been productive. It is “out of print” now, and I suppose will always remain so. Yet I repeat, as far as the illustrations (numbering nearly two hundred) go—regarded as either drawings or engravings—no work so perfect has issued from the press during the century.

It is said that he who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client. But what shall be said of the author who is his own publisher? What a full volume of Recollections—with illustrative anecdotes—I might write, taking that text for my theme!

Among the most able and zealous of my aids, in the “*Book of British Ballads*,” was John (now Sir John) Gilbert. He was then little more than feeling his way as a book-illustrator by drawing on wood, an art in which he attained a degree of excellence that has never been surpassed—never, indeed, “approachingly” equaled. It is pleasant to record that this great artist contributed to my later works, “*The Trial of Sir Jasper*,” and “*An Old Story*,” and did it so gracefully and generously as greatly to augment the value of the work.

I may say exactly the same of Tenniel, another master-spirit of the age. If the “*Book of Ballads*,” in 1842, was graced by him, so were “*The Old Story*” and “*The Trial of Sir Jasper*,” in 1874 and 1876.

But my “sheet-anchor” in the “*Book of Ballads*” was John Franklin, an artist of prodigious capability, who never gave himself fair play; frittering away his marvelous talent in comparatively small things, and avoiding the great works in which he would undoubtedly have excelled. Some of his illustrations of the Ballads may be classed among the very best productions of their order.

These memories of some of the artists who wrought at illustrating the “*Book of British Ballads*” can hardly fail to interest my readers. There are others whom I must content myself with merely naming. Fairholt (of whom I shall write hereafter) here first essayed a higher task than that to which he had previously limited himself—delineating coins and mere antiquities. McLan, whose designs were of some of the Scottish legends, and his accomplished and most estimable wife, then mistress of the National School of Art, illustrated two of them: so aided me, Redgrave and Herbert, then “associates” of the Royal Academy. Edward Corbould illustrated

three. For the illustrations to more than one of the series I was indebted to the eminent Art-scholar, W. B. Scott.

It is hardly necessary to say that I strove to make the evening gatherings agreeable to the artists. They met there on several occasions the authors who were heading the epoch, as well as those who have since become famous ; I can not doubt that these "Evenings" have prominent places in the recollections of some who may, perhaps, associate with them the earliest draughts they drank of the Pierian spring, of which they have since quaffed so liberally.

The engravings were of great excellence. The book, I believe, still ranks high in public favor. It long ago passed out of my hands. I am told that a new edition has been recently published, but *I have never seen a copy of it.* The edition which preceded the last, and succeeded the first, showed a fearful falling off as to the minor excellences of print and paper ; and so I suppose it is with regard to the last issued. The first edition is eagerly sought after, brings a large price whenever offered for sale, and will be hereafter accepted as one of the Art books of the century. The idea of the work was suggested to me by the publication in Germany of a very beautiful edition of the "Niebelungen-lied." It was on that ground I dedicated the book to Louis, King of Bavaria, who had done so much for Art at Munich, and whose reign is a glorious epoch in Art history. I believe the dedication was as respectful as any subject could have rendered to a sovereign, and as laudatory as any Art-lover could have given to a loyal Art patron ; but I neglected a formality—of the necessity for which I was ignorant—and when I sent a copy, through my honored friend Dr. Ernst Forster, to the King, I was informed it could not be received, inasmuch as permission to present it had not been asked, but that it might be sent to the Public Library at Munich.

When some years afterward I visited that city I was greeted with profound homage, and addressed as "Monseigneur" by the secretary-librarian, on his discovering me to be the creator of a book that had excited very general admiration.

I have other editorial labors to speak of in this chapter—in addition to my own. Mrs. Hall had conducted several periodical works. From 1826 to 1834 she edited the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," one of the annuals of that period. It contained contributions from many distinguished writers for the young ; among them, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Opie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hoffland, etc.

In 1852 she conducted, for one year, *Sharpe's London Magazine* ; but Mr. Virtue, who had purchased it, sold it in 1853, and her direction of it terminated.

In 1862 she was applied to by Mr. John Maxwell to edit a new magazine, to which he gave the name of the *St. James's*. That connection ceased in 1863. We had many warnings that such would certainly be the result : but not until after the agreement was signed,

when it was too late to withdraw from the connection. We knew very little of Mr. Maxwell; I think Mrs. Hall saw him but twice during their business intercourse.

In the *St. James's Magazine* our honored and much-loved friend Mrs. Henry Wood published nearly the first of her valuable stories; so did Miss Braddon; there Robert Buchanan began to achieve fame, and was among its leading contributors.

I should occupy space that may be better filled if I were to give more than a bare list of the works we have edited, and the books we have written. They exceed in number five hundred volumes. Among them are the "Book of Gems of British Poets," the "Book of British Ballads," the "Book of the Thames," the "Book of the Wye and South Wales," "Ireland, its Scenery and Character"; the ten novels of Mrs. S. C. Hall; her books for children; the "Amulet," eleven volumes; the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," seven volumes; "Pilgrimages to English Shrines"; "Midsummer Eve"; "Boons and Blessings"; "Tales of Woman's Trials"; "Sir Jasper" and "The Old Story"—Temperance Tales in verse; "A Book of Memories"; "Baronial Halls," with a very long *et-cetera*.

So long ago as 1823 I edited for one of the booksellers in "the Row" a weekly publication, entitled the *Literary Observer*. It lived for six months; and, on looking over it now, I have reason to believe I wrote every line of poetry, prose, and reviews of the sixteen pages of which it consisted. Some time afterward—in 1826—I edited for a year a monthly magazine, the *Spirit and Manners of the Age*; in 1830 its title was changed to that of the *British Magazine*. That ceased in consequence of the failure of the publishers, Westley and Davis; and in the following year, as I have stated, I was promoted to the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

SOCIAL NOTES.—In 1878, in an unfortunate hour, I yielded to the request of the Marquis Townshend that I would edit a work on which he had set his heart. He was liberal in his resolve to spend money as a first step to success; he placed unlimited confidence in me. My editorship continued for nearly a year; his mistake was that when he received the work from my hands he gave it to others less capable than I was. That is all I will venture to say. I had undertaken the trust for a year, of which fifty weeks had elapsed, and I was glad to resign it into his lordship's hands. I had discharged a sub-editor whom I had engaged. The reasons for such discharge were subsequently made sufficiently notorious by three trials—Pepperell *vs.* the Marquis Townshend, for dismissal without sufficient cause; and Pepperell *vs.* Hall, for alleged libel in commenting on the case in the journal I conducted. In the first, a verdict was given for the plaintiff; in the second, no verdict was returned,

the matter being settled out of court. It would be imprudent and unsafe for me to say more on that head ; if I were to say what I know, it would be to risk another action. The judge (Justice Field), in summing up the case, stated from the bench that my character was far too well established to dread that it could suffer from my consenting to judgment without demanding a verdict ; and my counsel, Mr. Matthews, Q. C., echoed that opinion to the Court. The case was tried a third time in 1881—an action, *Pepperell vs. Simpkin and Marshall*, for selling the book containing the "libel" that had not been pronounced a libel. In that case, the jury gave their verdict for the defendants—for me, in fact, as far as character was concerned.

So much I feel it necessary to say as regards my disastrous connection with *Social Notes*. No single incident during that connection compels me to take on myself an atom of blame. I did my best to discharge my duty faithfully and honorably. I procured the aid of some sixty of the best thinkers and writers of the age on all social subjects.

In No. 48 of *Social Notes* I bade farewell to its subscribers, and recorded my grateful sense of the aid I had received from many men and women of great ability, of lofty positions, and of earnest zeal to advance and promote social progress, to exhibit and explain social requirements, and to advocate social reforms.*

The work had made its mark, with a prospect of occupying a very prominent position among the more useful of the periodicals of the day, and, to say the least, fulfilled the word of promise—pledged at the outset.

* I print the names of a few of the many who were writers for this publication :

Rev. Canon Farrar, D. D.
Robert Rawlinson, C. B.
Florence Nightingale.
Sir Rutherford Alcock, K. C. B.
Campbell Foster, Q. C.
Sir Julius Vogel.
Lady Verney.
Thomas Hughes, Q. C.
William Hoyle.
Sir Theodore Martin, K. C. B.
William Howitt.

Ernest Hart, M. D.
B. W. Richardson, M. D.
Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A.
The Recorder of Dublin.
Charles Mackay, LL. D.
James Macaulay, M. D.
Martin F. Tupper.
Prof. D. T. Ansted, F. R. S.
Percy Fitzgerald.
Mrs. S. C. Hall.
Prebendary Irons, D. D.

RECOLLECTIONS.

ART JOURNAL: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

IN December, 1838, I dined with the print-publisher, Mr. Hodgson, of the then firm of Hodgson and Graves, the successors of Moon, Boys, and Graves, who had followed Hurst and Robinson, the proximate, but not immediate, successors of Alderman Boydell, the renowned publisher of the folio Shakspeare, which contained engravings from the most famous painters of the epoch.

Moon, not long after joining it, separated from the firm, and continuing business on his own account in Threadneedle Street, became Lord Mayor of London : was created a baronet ; and died a prosperous gentleman. The firm is now carried on by Henry Graves and Co., and the premises are where Hurst and Robinson held them, in Pall Mall, adjoining the old Opera-House. Moon was a liberal and judicious publisher, who treated artists well, and to whom they were attached. The engravings he issued are numerous, including the best works of the artists of the age ; but the publication on which his fame mainly rests is the "Holy Land"—a work in lithography, from sketches by David Roberts ; by which Roberts got little : the publisher much.

At the dinner referred to, as given by Hodgson, several Royal Academicians were present ; one of them, Charles Landseer, in responding to his health, expressed regret that there was no periodical publication to represent the Arts, and referred to me as an author capable of remedying the deficiency. Hodgson said that if I would edit such a work, he would supply capital. I declined the proposal. I was working hard for the Bar, resolved to labor for it as my profession.

It can not be arrogance to say it was a misfortune that led me from it ; for had I toiled at Law as I have done for Letters, year after year, all these years, I could not have failed to attain eminence.

Subsequently, Hodgson a second time pressed this task upon me, and after much hesitation I consented to undertake it, provided he would give me a written promise not to interfere in any way with my duties as editor, and never to require from me the insertion of a

single line of which I did not approve. He gave the written guarantee. I took as much care as I could—by prudent foresight—to prevent a publisher or producer of engravings, in any degree, directing or influencing a journal that was to be a just representative of the interests of artists and Art.

There was then no such representative in any country of Europe: one or two works, issued in Paris, did indeed deal with the subject, but included acting, music, and dancing in its monthly programme.

During one of my absences in Ireland Mr. Hodgson directed the printer to substitute, in lieu of a review I had written regarding the "Roberts" collection of drawings in the "Holy Land," some deprecatory remarks. The circumstance led to a separation between us; and at the end of the first year I paid him the sum of £200 to recoup his alleged loss, and so became "proprietor" of the publication.

Such was the origin of the *Art Journal*, which for ten years bore as its title the *Art Union*. The first part was issued on the 15th February, 1839: stamped to go by post, and priced at eightpence. The number printed was seven hundred and fifty.

Nothing could have been less encouraging than its prospects at starting: there were few or no writers on Art, while the condition of British art was not only discouraging but disheartening. The greater artists of the century "flourished," indeed, but Art was, with scarcely an exception, to them only a bare means of subsistence. Several of those who have since become famous "for all time" obtained sufficient incomes by giving lessons: a hundred pounds was rarely obtained by any one of them for a picture. I have since seen at public sales paintings sold for thousands of pounds for which the artist received less than a hundred.

Even portrait-painters were hardly exceptions to this rule: Lawrence did, indeed, get large prices for Court pictures of great men, and in other ways found his art productive. But I have seen Jackson hard at work on a portrait—and he produced many such—for which he received ten guineas; they were for engravings in the *Evangelical Magazine*—works of a high order of art.

Sculpture was in a still more deplorable condition: Chantrey had many commissions for busts, and a few for portrait statues, and he and Bailey and Westmacott some patronage for monumental tributes; but Foley was working for one of them—receiving a mason's wages per diem—and great Flaxman, not long before that time, had been rewarded by a few shillings apiece, for his immortal designs. So little was the grand art understood that, when I ventured on the issue of "statue plates," I had numerous warnings that I was ruining the publication; and not once, but several times, a plate of a semi-nude figure, torn through, was sent to me by post, with protests against such attempts to introduce "indecentencies" into families. Of late

years the statue plates have been the most popular of the three monthly engravings.*

There is nothing in my past, connected with Art, from which I derive so much happiness as I do from this—that I have been the means of aiding British sculpture. Somewhere about 1828, a volume of examples of the art—edited by T. K. Hervey, a poet of some eminence, and for several years editor of the *Athenæum*—was published. It was a failure. I purchased the plates in 1843, and commenced their re-issue in the *Art Journal*, following them up by engravings of original productions by the most renowned sculptors of the world—giving natural preference to those that were British. I believe—and continue to believe—that God's most perfect work, when represented in sculpture, contributes to the loftier and nobler sentiments, and not to the baser sensations, of humankind. But I carefully put aside such productions as those of Pradier and others—sensual copyists of beauty of features and grace of form.

The difference between French and Greek art seems to me simply this—the Frenchman pictures a woman as if she had taken off her clothes to be looked at; the Greek represents one who has never known clothes at all, who is naked but not ashamed, and who thinks it no more wrong to let her whole form be seen than she does to show ungloved hands. I consider British sculptors have followed the examples of the Greek, and not the French, professors of the art.

In the days to which I go back it was not unusual, at stately mansions, to cover up statues on reception-nights; I can call to mind one case in which each statue of marble was gifted with an apron. Ladies then were rarely seen in the sculpture-room of the British Museum. I strove to teach that an artist who copied from the nude was no more necessarily impure than is a surgeon who enters a room to visit a patient into whose case he must inquire; and it is to me a happy conviction that I overcame a prejudice then almost universal in England.

It seemed a visionary scheme to issue a periodical that should be *only* a representative of art—depending for success on the support of artists, art patrons, and art lovers. But that such a publication was needed there could be no question. The newspapers that now print many columns of elaborate and judicious criticisms on every exhibi-

* I remember condoling with John Foley as regarded the position of the sculptor's art at that time in England. I did so over the model of his great work, Bacchus and Ino, which lay covered with dust in a corner of his "studio," in the Hampstead Road.

He as little expected to obtain a commission to produce it in marble as he did an order to rebuild St. Paul's. For some time previously he had been working for a somewhat more prosperous professor, his "wages" being eight shillings a day. It was much the same with Joseph Durham, and no doubt with all the sculptors of the period.

tion and every art work, then seldom devoted to the subject more than a few lines. *I had to create a public for Art*: by which my project might be sustained; yet, for a long time, it was a wild experiment: progress was so slow that for the first nine years the work did not meet its expenses in any one year. I persevered, loving my task, having not only hope for it, but faith in it. My duty was to make the work respected as well as popular: so to blend information and instruction with interesting and useful intelligence, as to give it rank among the higher and better periodicals of the time and country. It is needless to say that in my efforts to "achieve fortune" I had many obstacles to encounter, and serious difficulties to surmount.

There was literally no "patronage" for British Art. Collectors—wealthy merchants and manufacturers—did indeed buy pictures as befitting household adornments, but they were "old masters" with familiar names; canvases that had never been seen by the artists to whom they were attributed; copies or imitations by "'prentice hands," that were made to seem *old* by processes which I persistently exposed—printing, month after month, the Custom-House returns of pictures imported, and showing that a larger number of Titians, Raphaels, and Rubenses paid duty in a year than those masters had produced during their lives. On the other hand, I made manifest the policy of buying only such pictures as could be readily identified—certified by the artists who were living; urging the probability that they would increase and not decrease in value, while it was almost certain that so-called "old masters" would ultimately be worth little more than the value of the panels and frames.

I convinced those who desired to purchase pictures. I destroyed, by conclusive evidence and continual exposure, the extensive and nefarious trade in "old masters." I have lived to see such "old masters" valued according to their worthlessness, and a thorough transfer of patronage to modern Art.

It is desirable that I maintain my assertion by proofs, from public documents as well as from my own personal experience.

In 1863 there was a sale at Christie's of the collection of Mr. Bicknell, whose son had married the daughter of David Roberts. Father and son are now both dead: they were merchants at Southwark, but resided somewhere about Clapham. I published a list of the comparative sums paid for his paintings and drawings by Mr. Bicknell, and the sums they brought at the sale. I extract some of them from that report:

ITEMS.—"Street in Cairo" (£50), 505 guineas; "Melrose Abbey" (£40), 260 guineas; "Interior of St. Gomar, Lieri" (£300), 1,370 guineas; "Ruins of Baalbec" (£250), 750 guineas: these were by D. Roberts. "The Syrens," W. E. Frost (£54), 294 guineas; "The Heiress," Leslie (£300), 1,260 guineas; "The Village of Gillingham," Müller (60 guineas), 390 guineas; "The

Impenitent," T. Webster (£100), 350 guineas. "Shipping Coast near St. Malo" (150 guineas), 1,230 guineas; "Lago di Garda" (150 guineas), 820 guineas; "Beilstein" (250 guineas), 1,500 guineas; "Pic du Midi d'Ossau" (700 guineas), 2,550 guineas: these four were by Stanfield. "Early Morning on the Sussex Coast" (320 guineas), 960 guineas; "Selling Fish" (400 guineas), 1,170 guineas: both by Collins. "The Stepping Stones," T. Creswick (70 guineas), 250 guineas; "The Prize Calf" (400 guineas), 1,800 guineas; "The Two Dogs" (£300), 2,300 guineas; "The Highland Shepherd" (£350), 2,230 guineas: three pictures by Landseer. "Raising the Maypole," F. Goodall (£295), 600 guineas. "Antwerp" (300 guineas), 2,510 guineas; "Helvoetsluys" (270 guineas), 1,600 guineas; "Wreckers" (275 guineas), 1,890 guineas; "Venice: the Campo Santo" (250 guineas), £2,000; "Venice: the Giudecca" (252 guineas), 1,650 guineas; "Ehrenbreitstein" (£401), 1,800 guineas; "Port Ruysdael" (300 guineas), 1,900 guineas: all by Turner. In the water-color drawings there was a notable increase in value. "A Bunch of Grapes, two Peaches, and Rose Hips," W. Hunt (25 guineas), 112 guineas; "Amiens" (8 guineas), 110 guineas; "Interior of a Cathedral" (6 guineas), 106 guineas; "Porch of Chartres Cathedral" (6 guineas), 120 guineas: by Prout. "Bridlington Harbor" (36 guineas), 530 guineas; "Rivaulx Abbey" (50 guineas), 460 guineas; "Rivaulx Abbey—Evening" (42 guineas), 600 guineas; "Traeth Mawr" (25 guineas), 420 guineas; "Crowborough Hill" (25 guineas), 760 guineas: all by Copley Fielding.*

Müller sold his "Chess-Players" for £100 or less (he himself told me he had never received more than that sum for any picture he ever painted). Mr. Bolckow bought it in 1864 for £4,200. In 1844 I edited (for the engravers, Messrs. Finden) a book published in periodical form, "The Beauties of the Poet Moore." I gave commissions to several of the young and rising artists—among them, Frith, Elmore, Ward, paying for each painting the sum of ten guineas. When the work was completed, the proprietors desired to dispose of the collection together or separately, and with that view they exhibited them at the publishers', Messrs. Chapman and Hall, in the Strand, only requiring to get back their cost. I do not believe there were buyers for a half-dozen of them at the price of 10 guineas each. The average price they would now bring is probably 150 guineas.†

I remember visiting a Mr. Meigh, one of the leading Staffordshire manufacturers. Among other works and pictures I noticed a Rubens, for which he had paid £500; and a joint production of Webster and Creswick, which he had bought for 60 guineas. He was

* Mr. J. B. Cumming, of King Street, Cheapside, some years later sent this statement to the newspapers: "Thirteen years since my father bought three drawings of Mr. Vokins, the dealer, for which he gave 110 guineas. They were by David Cox, viz., 'The Valley of Clwyd,' 'Green Lanes in Staffordshire,' and 'The Hayfield.' After enjoying them for twenty years I regret to say my father was induced to part with them to Mr. Quilter, the accountant, for 1,250 guineas, and they were resold at Christie's in 1875 for the fabulous sum of £6,047 10s. The 'Green Lanes' fetched £1,407; 'The Valley of Clwyd,' £1,627 10s.; and 'The Hayfield' was knocked down at £2,950."

† In 1878 I found four of the series at a dealer's in Brighton, and purchased them. They were by the second and not the first class artists.

than the former, and you will find I am right if ever you sell your somewhat startled when I said, "I value the latter at much more collection." He afterward sold them. The Webster and Creswick sold for £300, and the Rubens was bought in for £80!

I might very largely extend this division of my work, for I have facts enough at my command to fill pages; but mere extension is needless.

I may wind it up, however, by again stating that not once, but many times, I have been present at a private view of the Royal Academy in its old rooms in Somerset House, where, excepting portraits of men and women, of horses and of dogs, there was *not a single picture sold by any artist throughout the day*, or the price of any picture inquired about.* Well I remember the excitement that was produced in the great room when a buzz of astonishment passed through it—"Lord Lansdowne has bought Turner's picture for £200!"

I commenced the *Art Journal* with a resolve that if I could not induce people to patronize British Art, I would at all events prevent their buying "old masters"—pictures not one in one hundred of which had ever been seen by the artist to whom they were attributed. The Comptroller of the Customs of that time—about 1842—was a personal friend. Confidentially, he supplied me with the returns of imported pictures, then liable to duty; and I was soon able to show that, month after month, a vast number of paintings, professedly by the great masters of all times and countries, passed through the London Custom-House.

Again, I obtained the co-operation of a man who had been a picture-dealer and "trader." He revealed to me all the secrets of "the trade": how modern imitations were prepared for the "market," in some cases giving the names of the artists who forged them. He showed me a house in Richmond where, to his knowledge, eighty "Canalettis" had been "baked." It acquired the name of the "Canaletti Manufactory." Thus armed, I commenced a crusade against the picture-dealers.

The extent to which the sale of imported pictures was carried on will scarcely be credited now. From 1833 to 1838, inclusive, there were imported 45,642 pictures, paying, at the rate of five shillings on each picture, and, further, one shilling per square foot, a duty of £11,870. The duties had been diminished in 1826.† Previous to that date imported pictures, measuring under four feet, paid each a

* The private view of 1880, at which I attended, was the fifty-fourth private view at which I had been present. I believe I did not from accident, or illness, or any other cause, miss one private view in fifty-four years.

† "In reducing the duties from almost an exorbitant to a nominal charge, Government could not have contemplated the mischief that resulted from the change—an influx of worthless and injurious copies, which, besides preventing sales of works by our own artists, can not but have impaired the public taste."—*Art Journal*, 1839.

duty of £3 8s., and those of four feet and over a duty of £10 4s. Out of 81,000 pictures brought over, the number painted by masters to whom they were attributed possibly reached 200. Importation was not, however, the sole channel that inundated the country with these forgeries. Large numbers were of home manufacture, and owed their production to the dishonesty of needy English artists and the manufactory of "old masters" established at Richmond, and elsewhere. It was high time that something should be done.

The greater number of these frauds were copies by "'prentice hands," and had to be made to look aged. This was easily effected by experts in the nefarious trade. At Richmond there was an oven where they were usually baked, and dirt was easily produced that a wetted handkerchief could not rub off. Many of them were placed in old frames, or in frames made to look old.

And so the vilest daubs were sent into the market. Large sums as to value were placed upon them; they cost shillings where shillings were expected to bring pounds, and did very often bring pounds from the ignorant or unwary who believed the stories that were never lacking—first, as to the renowned galleries out of which they were secured; next, as to the difficulties of "getting them out" of the countries of which they had been the treasures; and, lastly, as to the intrinsic evidence that always "spoke for itself." It is easy to imagine the tales the cheats poured into the listening ears of the dupes. In 1845, some years after the commencement of my attacks upon imposture, I wrote as follows (*Art Union*, vol. vii, pp. 121 and 122): "Although we are in possession of a multitude of facts, and well know the persons implicated in this atrocious scheme of imposture—not only dealers, for, we shame to say, artists are their confederates—prudence must induce us to withhold the names of culprits in these scandalous proceedings." The labor was not without its dangers. I received several threatening letters, but went on boldly with the work, exposing the traffic and the traffickers, and at length was—caught! The traffickers had inundated every town of importance in England with these frauds, conveying them in vans from one place to another. Prominent among the nefarious dealers was a man named Hart. I had protested against his tricks on several occasions. At length he advertised a sale at Birmingham. I did not see it, but a printed catalogue was sent to me. I took it for granted that the collection resembled his previous collections; and, as it contained many eminent names, I treated it as I had treated all his former exhibitions, and proclaimed the sale to be a fraud. As the result of that article, he brought an action against me for libel, and it was tried at Warwick on the 28th of March, 1855.

I defended the action, and took some pains to trace out the history of the pictures exhibited at the Birmingham sale. The result was a verdict for the plaintiff, damages forty shillings. Respecting the verdict, I wrote in the *Art Journal* at that time, "We say at once

that with the verdict we were entirely satisfied. The jury could have given no other."

The plaintiff laid the venue in Warwickshire, a privilege to which he was entitled, and the action was tried at the Warwick Assizes by Baron Alderson and a special jury. Mr. Macaulay (Q. C.) and Mr. Hayes were counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. John Smith, of Birmingham, was his attorney. For the defendant Mr. Mellor (Q. C.) and Mr. Field were counsel; * his attorneys were Baxter, Rose, and Norton, of London.

The damages were laid at *one thousand pounds*.

I put in four pleas in justification: first, the technical plea "Not guilty," respecting which I wrote in the *Art Journal* of the time: "Our readers are no doubt aware that this general plea of 'Not guilty' is merely a form of law; the authorship of the articles was from the first admitted by the defendant, but it did not follow that they were 'libels' until so pronounced by a jury." My second plea was, in brief, that as regarded "divers of the pictures sold at the same sale of pictures at Birmingham," the allegations made were true. The third plea touched upon the reputation of the defendant as a dealer in pictures, showing that he had repeatedly offered for sale and sold forged pictures, purporting to be the productions of renowned artists; and when through such practices his name had fallen into general disrepute, he had disposed of the forgeries under the shelter of an *alias*. And for a fourth plea, being to so much of the second count "as alleges or imputes that the plaintiff, before the said sale at Birmingham, had been guilty of knowingly and deceitfully selling, as genuine productions of artists of celebrity, pictures which he then well knew were not the productions of such artists; the defendant says that the said allegations were and are true, and that the said plaintiff was thereby guilty of fraud and dishonesty as a picture-dealer."

While his character was being assailed and defended, the plaintiff did not venture to "show" in court. I had endeavored to subpoena him; he was nowhere to be found; he dared not meet a cross-examination.

Before I went into court I was warned that the Judge would be "dead against me." It was notorious that he was severely hostile to the freedom of comments by the Press, and treated every editor as a personal foe.

This passage is from the *Times* report of the trial: "The learned Judge, in summing up, spoke with severity of the offense

* Both these eminent lawyers became judges—Baron Field is happily living; in 1881 he tried the only other case of libel in which I was defendant, the case of *Pepperell vs. Hall*, and when some insinuation against my character was made, his Lordship took occasion to say "that character stood too high to be prejudiced by any opponent. He had himself known me for forty years, and could testify to my integrity and moral worth."

of publishing in newspapers imputations upon the character of individuals without sufficient grounds, and expressed his opinion that, if people would assume to themselves functions which nobody expected them to discharge, and, under a sense of what they chose to call duty, inflict serious injury upon others, they ought to be compelled to make a full compensation for the wrong so inflicted."

The jury retired to consider their verdict. After an absence of ten minutes they returned into court, and found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages forty shillings, the lowest sum that carried costs.

No one in court was more astonished, and surely no one more gratified, than I was by the result, for the Judge had almost commanded the jury to mulct me in heavy damages.*

The trial was reported in every newspaper of the kingdom; the natural result followed: merchants and manufacturers who were bent on adorning their mansions with paintings, thus warned, would purchase no more Raphaels and Titians; they bought modern pictures instead. The trial was well worth what it cost. I had not then, and have not had since, the slightest doubt that to the case *Hart vs. Hall* may be traced a commencement of the career of prosperity that has since awaited the productions of "British artists."†

* I had promised my counsel, Mr. Mellor and Mr. Field, who were apprehensive of my committing myself and injuring my cause by eagerness in self-defense, that I would not say a word *during the trial*. But I was released from my promise when the trial was over. When the verdict was given in, the Judge had retired, leaving his representative to take it. When I heard it, I bowed to the jury and said, "Thank you, gentlemen: I have received from the jury more justice than I have from the Judge." "Sir," exclaimed the angry Judge's substitute, "that is another libel!" "Sir," I answered, "I know it is; but I will say more than that: though I am in this court convicted of a libel, I shall leave the court a prouder man than I entered it!" I bowed again and retired. No doubt if the Judge had been present I should have been committed for contempt; his presence would not have deterred me from giving vent to my feelings: a more unfair and one-sided charge was never delivered. Luckily for me, a majority of the jury knew the plaintiff, and had had dealings with him.

† Very soon after the trial this letter was printed—signed by Stanfield, Ward, Frost, Foley, Goodall, Cooke, Harding, and twenty-four other British artists: "London, *June*, 1855. Sir: The undersigned beg to call your attention to a subject in which they are of opinion that the honor and interests of British artists are, to some extent, involved. You are probably aware that Mr. S. C. Hall has had to sustain an action for libel at the suit of Mr. Louis Hart, a picture-dealer, and that the costs of the action have been very heavy. We believe you will agree with us that the course Mr. Hall has pursued for a series of years as editor of the *Art Journal*, has been of great service to Art and artists; and we trust you will also coincide with us in thinking it would be only just and right in the artists and Art-lovers generally to manifest their sympathy with him, more especially as he has been advocating not his own cause, but that of the profession and the public. We desire, therefore, in order to meet the views of the general body of artists, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, to obtain subscriptions for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Hall some suitable testimonial, as an indication of our sense of his services in this respect."

The costs were, therefore, in a great measure (but not entirely) met by the

The Report for 1877 of the Art Union of London thus sums up the result of the war that for many years I had waged, almost single-handed, and under circumstances of much discouragement :

"Ample evidence of the great advance in matters of design will be found in the engravings of objects of Art manufacture given, from time to time, in the *Art Journal*, whose able conductor has devoted so much energy, judgment, and zeal to the improvement of the Arts of this country, and who more especially, by persevering attacks, succeeded in driving from the market those spurious imitations of old masters which alone found purchasers among our Art collectors thirty years ago ; in place of which fabulous prices are now paid for the works of British artists, both of present and past times, and for this, if it were the only good thing he had done, Mr. Carter Hall deserves a large amount of gratitude from the artists of this country."

I resumed and continued the crusade against fraudulent dealers in old masters, my task becoming more safe and comparatively easy : not against those who practice honestly a legitimate branch of British commerce, but against those who conduct it upon principles disastrous to Art, very prejudicial to the artist, and dishonest as regards the public. At that time I, moreover, exposed the evils of certain picture-auctions, and the true nature of the pictures usually sold at such auctions, giving occasionally the actual histories of "rare originals," where they were manufactured, what they really cost, and the several processes through which they had passed to make them appear genuine.

I must be content to give one or two cases of the prices brought for "old masters," soon after this trial :

An article in the *Art Union* for February, 1846, contained what follows : "It is quite farcical to note the shabby prices obtained at these sales. At Messrs. Christie's, on the 10th of January, lot 89, named 'Correggio,' was knocked down at 13s., and lot 82, with the same great name, got no bidder at all, but was joined to the succeeding lot, called 'Bramver,' and the two united brought 24s. Again, at Phillip's, on the 17th, lot 16, 'Murillo,' sold for half a guinea ; lot 20, 'Guercino,' the same amount ; lot 100, an historical subject, 'Tintoretto,' 9s." A *bona fide* sale took place in the city by a respectable auctioneer, not a professed "picture-rigger." The pictures were the property of an unlucky enthusiast, who assigned them and other valuable property for the benefit of his creditors, to trustees, in satisfaction of his debts. "The Madonna," Sasso Ferrato (cost £60), sold for £6 ; "Venice," Canaletti (£20), £5 ; "Dido," A.

subscriptions of these artists. They were very heavy : I had of course to pay those of the plaintiff and about thirty witnesses on both sides, including their expenses in going to and from Warwick, and their hotel bills there.

Kauffman (£20), £3 5s.; "Christ and the Centurion," Le Brun (£20), £4 15s.; "Landscape," Zuccarelli (£88), £9 10s.; "Cupid bound," A. Kauffman (£15), £2 15s.; "St. Catherine," Correggio (£20), £4; "Venice," Canaletti (£20), £6 6s.; "Holy Family," Raphael (£60), £7; "Idem," Raphael (£160), £28 17s. 6d. All the pictures were handsomely framed. At another auction, in the city, the following were "sold": A Titian, described as "a splendid specimen of the master," sold for £3 16s.; a Murillo, a capital picture, for £4 6s.; a Raffaele, portrait of himself, £3 15s.; a Guido, "a splendid picture," for £4 4s., and so forth.

In brief, the nefarious trade expired from the day the report of the trial Hart vs. Hall was promulgated. No merchant or manufacturer would look at a "Raphael" or a "Rubens," and dealers were compelled to dispose of their stock at little more than the cost of the frames.

The result may be readily foreseen: from that day the harvests of British artists commenced to be gathered in.

I have thus given an outline—it can be nothing more—of the progress of the *Art Journal*, from its commencement in 1839 to the termination of my editorship in December, 1880.*

I have stated that my difficulties were many, serious, and heavy. They grew. Among them were such as arose from insufficient capital. They will be enough indicated by one fact: during the first ten years I paid the stationer 52s. a ream for the same paper that was subsequently supplied at 39s. a ream. I was informed by the accountant that in forty months that stationer received £70,000 in payment for paper; these months included those of the double numbers incident to the Exhibition of 1851.

I had little to fear from opposition: inducements to rivalry were not strong; for nearly forty of its forty-two years I claimed for the *Art Journal* that it was "the only journal in Europe that adequately represented the fine arts and the arts of manufacture"; and surely I might have added "in America." In that great country of the present and the future, the *Journal* was a powerful auxiliary to the artists and manufacturers who sought to attain excellence: it always had a large circulation there. A few years back, however, an enterprising publisher issued the *American Art Journal*. A considerable portion of it was printed from the stereotyped pages of the English

* I had in type a list of artists—British and foreign painters and sculptors—whose works have been engraved for the *Art Journal* from the commencement to the close of my editorship. But to publish it is needless. There is not a single artist who obtained renown during the first half of the century whose name would not be found in the list. By far the major part of them are *line* engravings—an art that is now all but departed in England, and, indeed, in Germany and France.

work ; but gradually large original additions of letterpress and engravings were added to it in New York : these additions were of the very highest character, enabling it to claim the rank of a rival entitled to all respect. America is now in that way not a whit behind England.

Some rivals, but none to dread, I had during my earlier struggles for a position. In March, 1843, an artist and an Art scholar (E. V. Rippingille) commenced the *Artists' and Amateurs' Magazine*. In February, 1844, he printed his "farewell address" ; it contained these ominous words, "As regards the success of my project, it is a failure"—his was "but the fate of all who have attempted to interest or instruct people on the subject of Art." Not long afterward a like effort was made, and with a like result, by Mr. John Landseer, the father of Sir Edwin. His venture was called *The Probe* ; the title indicated its prevailing character. They were both artists, and artists are seldom generous critics.

Several auspicious circumstances had combined to aid me in my hopeful task. First, the growing wealth and intelligence of British merchants and manufacturers. Next, the influence of some of the picture-dealers in the manufacturing districts, who created a desire, if not a *taste* (that was the gradual result of persevering zeal), in prosperous Manchester and its rich locality. Next, by the always admirable working of the Art Union of London, under the judicious direction of George Godwin, F. R. S., and Lewis Pocock, F. S. A., and its secretary, Mr. Watson. Next, the great increase of provincial Schools of Art in association with the Department of Science and Art, of which in 1840 there were three ; in 1880 there are one hundred and fifty, hardly a provincial town of note being now without this valued auxiliary to Art knowledge, Art study, and Art practice. Next, in 1849, came the invaluable co-operation of Mr. Vernon, who, before he presented his great gift to the nation, gave to me the right to engrave and publish the whole of his collected pictures. The *Journal* then became a success ; it was largely augmented when in 1854, her Majesty and the "Good Prince" Consort accorded to me the privilege of engraving and publishing one hundred and fifty selected pictures from their private collections ;* and it was greatly aided by my illustrated "Report of the first Great International Exhibition, 1851," the public paying for the *Journal*, during that memorable year and part of the year succeeding, no less a sum than £72,000.

* In according that most beneficial grant, his Royal Highness was most graciously pleased to say he considered the *Art Journal* to be a work "extremely well conducted," as calculated to be of much service, "and his patronage of which it had given him much pleasure to afford." During fourteen years the *Art Journal* was annually dedicated to his Royal Highness. Since his lamented death it has been dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Especially, and above all, I must attribute the prosperity of the *Art Journal* to the generous help I received from very many artists ; to the aid given me by the rapidly increasing collectors of British pictures ; to the co-operation of many—indeed, almost all—the able writers on Art subjects ;* and certainly to a general belief that I was doing in a right spirit the work I had undertaken to do. Yet for several years the *Art Journal* continued to be the only journal in Europe by which the Fine Arts and the arts of manufacture were adequately “represented.”

I make grateful record of the services during thirty-three years of my assistant-editor, Mr. JAMES DAFFORNE. Our long and intimate relations were brought to a close by his death so recently as June, 1879. We had labored together in perfect harmony. He loved his work. The artists, so many of whose works he criticised, found in him a courteous, considerate, generous, and always sympathizing, friend. Though for a long time in declining health, his energies were untiring ; his zeal to do good was as much so ; his abilities are proved by many publications—principally memoirs of British artists. He was industrious, able, and upright. I place on record this grateful memory. And surely I am bound to acknowledge the assistance of one who was, in the highest and holiest sense, my “helpmate” during fifty-six years of wedded life—my constant helper and adviser as regards the *Art Journal*, and who was ranked by public approval among its best contributors. From the very commencement, there was not a month in which she did nothing to help me, while some of the best of her productions—especially “Midsummer Eve” and “Pilgrimages to English Shrines”—appeared first in the *Art Journal*.

There are two other of my aids to whom I am especially bound to refer with gratitude : both, alas ! dead. Mr. HENRY MURRAY was a contributor to the second number ; and, I think, more or less, to every number up to the sad time of his death. To high classical attainments and a thorough acquaintance with several foreign languages, Mr. Murray added knowledge of ancient and modern Art ; the former he gained, in a very considerable degree, by long and frequent visits to the Continent, where he studied the works of the great masters of old, while, at the same time, those of more recent date received due attention, respect, and honor.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, who was for more than thirty years my close, valuable, and valued ally in the *Art Journal*, is surely

* I had in type a list of one hundred renowned writers on Art who have been, from 1839 to 1880, contributors to the *Art Journal* ; but subsequently considered the space thus occupied might be better filled. Let it suffice to say there is not, I think, a single writer on Art and kindred subjects whose name would not appear in that list.

entitled to grateful remembrance in these pages. In that journal most of his best works first appeared ; to be subsequently issued as books—text-books for Art student and Art lovers. He was of German extraction, and the fact that his father was a tobacconist in the Borough may account for one of his books—the most popular of them all, perhaps—being a history of the tobacco-plant from the days when Walter Raleigh puffed its smoke from his mouth, to the alarm of his servant, down to the present period of thousands of brands of tobacco and millions of smokers.*

It was not only that I was aided in the *Art Journal* by his ever-zealous co-operation : to him is owing much of the merit and worth of the more popular among the joint-productions of Mrs. Hall and myself—such as the “Baronial Halls,” the “Pilgrimages to English Shrines,” and the “Book of the Thames.” He was our constant companion during our visits to at least a hundred “show-places,” enlightening us with his knowledge and largely aiding us by his antiquarian notes. For he was a genuine antiquary to the heart’s core, who loved the old far more than the new ; and he was also a genuine Londoner, who, like Dr. Johnson, considered that earth supplied no scene of interest so great as that furnished by Fleet Street and its adjacent alleys and courts.

I remember his town-bred instincts manifesting themselves in an amusing fashion when he was my guest at Addlestone. The house was full, and I was obliged to allot him a bedroom in the gardener’s lodge. In the morning, when he came in to breakfast, I asked him how he had slept. “Very badly,” he answered ; “I was kept awake all night by the nightingales.” “Well,” I said, “if you were destined to be sleepless, it was at least something to be made so by the sweet bird ‘most musical, most melancholy.’” “In plain truth,” he replied, “if you are to be kept awake, I don’t see much difference between nightingales and cats !”

He traveled with me to Ireland ; and many of the illustrations in the volumes of “Ireland : its Scenery and Character,” are from drawings by him ; especially those which picture the wild sea-coast of Achill and Connemara. It was “funny” to see the genuine Cockney mounted on one of the shaggy ponies of the wild west, holding on firmly by the mane, while his huge cloak was blown about his legs by the fierce breezes from the broad Atlantic, and to note his sigh of relief when he was permitted to dismount—a perilous undertaking. He was with me at Achill during one of its periodical

* In a passage from the dedication chapter of his volume, addressed to his friend Mr. C. Roach Smith, he thus alludes to the days of his boyhood : “You who know my early history will feel no surprise at my choice of subject. Born in London, and never having been out of sight of St. Paul’s until I reached my twenty-second year, the tobacco warehouse where my father worked became my playground, and my first remembrances are of rolling in the tobacco-leaf as country children would roll in a hay-field, and playing at hide-and-seek in the empty barrels.”

famines, and there he saw some three thousand men, women, and children, literally starving. The man of tender heart was in tears—as, indeed, so was I—from the time he entered the island until he quitted it. Our stock of shillings was soon exhausted, but they little helped to keep death in its most cruel form at bay—for there was neither bread nor food of any kind to be purchased. The sad impression it created was never obliterated from the sensitive mind of the artist.

Mr. Fairholt was in all ways a most pleasant and useful companion. Not only was it that the details of our descriptions gained in accuracy and value from his presence: his conversation, of an evening, on the work of the day at once showed how brimful he was of old-world knowledge, and gave delightful proof that the teachings of an antiquary may be rendered—

“Not harsh and rugged as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.”

Brief as I am forced to make this summary of Fairholt's literary and artistic life, it may serve to indicate how very far removed he was, all his days, from being an idle man. His whole career was in truth one of diligent, useful, honorable labor; and while constantly adding to his own stock of knowledge, he was as constantly employed in communicating to others, through the medium of pen and pencil, what he had himself acquired. His mind was ardently set upon antiquarian pursuits, within a certain but by no means limited range; and he followed these out vigorously and to good purpose, for his own reputation and for the instruction of others.

During several years Fairholt was the Secretary of “the Society of Noviomagus,” being elected to that honor in 1845. George Godwin, F. R. S., was his predecessor, and the meetings of the Society gained from the presence of either estimable gentleman a zest and brilliancy the loss of which may well be deplored by the few old members who yet remain.

In the *Art Journal* for December, 1880, I bade *farewell* to the public, to the artists, to my friends, and to the many helpers I had found during the forty-two years of my editorship. My boast was not that of the emperor who found Rome of brick and left it of marble; but I claimed—that I found Art depressed, and left it prosperous; that the promise I made at the commencement of my labors I had to the letter fulfilled; that I had *convinced* those who desired to possess pictures, as sources of never-ceasing home enjoyment, how safe and wise it was to obtain works by British artists, and eschew those that were termed “old masters.” I did that by conclusive evidence and continual exposures of the extensive and

nefarious trade in pictures imported. I repeat, I have lived to see such pictures valued accordingly, and a thorough transfer of patronage to modern Art.

If, in the year 1883, I review a long past, and contrast the high and palmy state of British Art with what it was in 1840, and find the Retrospect a source of thankfulness and happiness—I trust I shall be pardoned if I hoped and expected—at parting—from Art lovers, from artists, and from Art patrons, a responsive FAREWELL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY ART-MANUFACTURE.

It is my duty to give details of the circumstances under which, in the *Art Journal*, I brought Art into association with Art-manufacture. Such association was commenced in the year 1842. Dr. Cooke Taylor, some time editor of the *Anti-Corn-Law League*, in one of several admirable papers he wrote for the *Art Union*, had used the expression, "Few understand the mercantile value of the Fine Arts." On that hint I acted.

In 1843, in order to obtain, that I might communicate, information, I visited all the manufacturing cities and towns of England. I found that by few or none of them was any consistent and persistent effort made to obtain aid from artists or from Art. A single example may suffice. When at Kidderminster, in that year, I ascertained there was not one artist resident within twenty miles of the town. I was at Kidderminster in 1876: there were then one hundred artists resident in the vicinity, and a sound, good, practical school of Art was established there. Every establishment had its artists' *atelier* and its staff of artists. It is so now in all the manufacturing cities and towns of England and Scotland. At that day, some enlightened ceramic manufacturers had indeed striven, and successfully, to rival the Art produce of France; but for the most part there was entire dependence for patterns, in every class and order of Art, on borrowings, purchases, or thefts.

Now, British manufacturers thoroughly comprehend and estimate the value and the capabilities of Art, and honorably and successfully compete with the manufacturers of France and other nations. At that time dealing in foreign patterns was a regular trade that gave large gain to travelers employed to collect them.

In 1843 I commenced to associate the Industrial Arts with the Fine Arts proper; to show the commercial value of the Fine Arts, that "beauty is cheaper than deformity," that it is sound policy as well as true patriotism to resort to native artists for aid in all the productions of the workshop—in every branch of Art-manufacture. The proposal was new and startling—to illustrate the products of

the manufacturer, as works in Literature had so long been illustrated. To do it effectually the costly aid of the engraver was absolutely necessary. It was not suggested to the manufacturer to pay any part of the cost; from that day to this, the expense of engraving Art objects has been entirely borne by the proprietors of the *Art Journal*.

There is, perhaps, not a single manufacturer of note in these kingdoms who has not thus been represented in the columns of the *Art Journal*; while of the International Exhibitions that have taken place in all parts of the world, *fifteen* have been there reported and illustrated—each, upon an average, by nearly a thousand engravings or the exhibited works of manufacturers—according to each manufacturer the honor and advantage of wholesome and profitable publicity. The first was that of Paris in 1844.

Objections to the plan were frequently urged, especially that such pictures would be suggestions to unscrupulous rivals.

I did not, however, find it very difficult to convince manufacturers that such fears as theirs were groundless. To copy a pattern from an engraving would, I showed them, be a theft as foolish as audacious; and would be like stealing a hat and retaining the owner's name inside, or making off with a book and omitting to remove from the cover the crest of the person to whom it belonged. An unprincipled person who desired to copy some production that was the property of another, could readily obtain a specimen by purchase; but to imitate a design which, by the art of the engraver, had been made known to thousands as the property of Mr. So-and-so, would be a theft too glaring to be often ventured upon. From that time to the present day, the *Art Journal* has been the representative, not only of the Fine Arts, in the severer acceptance of the term, but of those Arts as they enter into the labors of the manufacturer. Proofs of the salutary character of the influence so exercised are readily obtainable.

In 1877, addresses on the subject of Art and Art-manufacture were delivered by Earl Granville, and Mr. E. J. Poynter, R. A., then Art-Director of the South Kensington Museum. The opinion of the two speakers by no means harmonized. Mr. Poynter spoke of things as he thought he found them; Earl Granville of things as they were and are—with experience as well as knowledge. The former based his arguments on his ideas of what *might be*; the latter grounded his on familiar acquaintance, not only with the present, but the past.

Mr. Poynter mourned over British Art-manufacture as being in a deplorable state. He considered that it had not advanced during the last twenty, thirty, or even forty years; and (as I wrote in the *Art Journal* at that time) “seemed to agree with the Rev. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln, who, speaking at Oxford, expressed

his belief that Art in England had rather retrograded than advanced."

Earl Granville dissented *in toto* from such views, and gave satisfactory reasons for so dissenting. He denied that with increasing wealth there had been an increase in bad taste. He "believed exactly the reverse." So did I: and in the pages of the *Art Journal* expressed my astonishment "that educated gentlemen, with the means of acquiring information daily in a hundred varied ways, should express opinions so directly at variance with evidence and fact."

I published, indeed, an article declaring my entire concurrence with the views of Earl Granville, and pointing out the sound reasons for accepting as authority a nobleman who had had the best opportunities for studying every branch of his subject, who was a ripe scholar and in many ways an eloquent teacher, and conspicuous for the high culture that added luster to dignity and rank. "Mr. Poynter," I wrote, "is a comparatively young man, so we presume is Mr. Pattison, and we believe we shall be doing them no injustice in crediting them with but slight acquaintance with English Art-manufacture as it was thirty or forty years ago."

Let those who are old enough recall to mind the deformities in Literature, and the abominations in Art, that children's books showed forty years ago, and compare them with those now issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Religious Tract Society—those that are edited by Mr. T. B. Smithies—and, indeed, that are issued by nearly all our publishers; have we in this most important matter been "advancing backward"? Then, again, the art of photography (undiscovered forty years ago) has made common all the best pictures of all ages—pictures of which the general public, the masses, used to hear and read little, and knew nothing. Further, the electrotype process has made familiar the finest achievements of the great masters of art in the precious metals, placing them upon the tables, not of club-houses only, but of hotels, and all private dwellings that aim at respectability. A considerable proportion of the vast increase of wealth in the manufacturing districts has been expended in Art luxuries of acknowledged excellence, by people who forty years ago would have thought such acquisitions absurdly extravagant.

But I might fill pages with facts—flatly, and most satisfactorily, contradicting the artist and Art critic who have pronounced *ex cathedra* that we have gone backward instead of forward since these accumulated helps to advancement have been ours—available to every class and order of artisans, manufacturers, and artists, not only in London, but in the provinces.

And has the Art Union of London done nothing to improve public taste? Have its thousands of pictures and hundreds of thousands of engravings—every one of which has been hung as a home

adornment in some household—only kept back the tide of progress? That institution has existed more than forty-five years; has it existed in vain?

Has the Science and Art Department, for which the country pays—and willingly pays—a large annual sum, done nothing, or less than nothing, to sustain Great Britain in its rivalry with France and the other nations of the Continent?

The state of things that my tour through the English manufacturing districts in 1843—referred to a few pages back—was the means of bringing to light, is a sufficient answer to the question, when taken in connection with the condition of Art-manufacture at the present time. The chief localities I visited were Birmingham, Sheffield, Kidderminster, Stourbridge, Wolverhampton, Manchester, Nottingham, the Staffordshire Potteries, Coalbrookdale, etc. I found no artist of any kind engaged at any one of the establishments in these great manufacturing towns. When any special work was undertaken, the temporary assistance of some artist was obtained; but an Art staff attached to the works was never thought of. If a new design was wanted—an infrequent occurrence—a bit from one thing and a bit from another were put together, and a “novelty” was thus “got up,” or, more commonly, something was imported from the Continent, and modified and adapted to suit the market. The accounts of the visits I made were illustrated by engravings, and the best subjects procurable were, of course, selected. Reference to the pages of the *Art Journal*—prior to 1851—will show that, as regards taste and artistic execution, they were, for the most part, deplorably bad.

The carpets of Kidderminster were disfigured by roses in size a foot square, temples, rock-work, and so forth. At the Staffordshire Potteries bad taste was the rule. The public preferred ugliness, and ugliness had to be provided for them. At Sheffield there had been little change for a century; the old types were invariably followed, and anything like a truly artistic design was seldom thought of. At Manchester there was rarely an attempt to produce in printing a new design of British origin. Every large house had its agent in Paris, who regularly transmitted the designs in silk or cotton that were produced in France before they were sent into circulation. For these “bits” large prices were paid, whether the design was used or not, but to employ an English artist was altogether out of the question.

There is now no large firm in Manchester or Kidderminster, or any other of the producing centers, that has not its artists’ room, where a score (often more) of artists sit regularly at work to supply the artistic needs of the establishment. The crude, taste-perverting, ill-constructed designs of thirty or forty years back are as completely banished from the market as the flint, steel, and tinder-box of half a century ago: or the pattens on which our mothers walked through

muddy streets to church. The authorities at South Kensington are annually called upon to adjudicate upon many thousands of original designs, awarding prizes to the most meritorious, i. e., the most practically useful. How many such were produced in this kingdom thirty years ago? It is not uncommon at the present day for a manufacturer to pay sums varying from one guinea to fifty guineas for a single design.

A leading position in bringing about these improvements in Art-manufacture I claim for the *Art Journal*.

"We have strenuously endeavored," I said in that journal, as long ago as 1846, "to impress on the minds of our readers, that to give British productions mercantile value by the agency of the Fine Arts is a national object which requires for its attainment combined national efforts. Every one branch of industry is interested and implicated in the artistic, as well as in the mercantile, improvement of all the rest. Perversity of taste remaining anywhere works out long results of injury; while a beautiful invention in any form of production suggests conceptions of beauty for a vast variety of other productions."

The following extract from an article by Dr. Cooke Taylor in the *Art Union* of 1848, describes briefly but graphically the relations I toiled to establish between manufacturer and artist:

"There appears to us, then, a natural and early connection between the pursuits of the artist and the manufacturer. In the primary ages both were combined in one person; through periods of progress they advanced concurrently; and, to insure the perfection of both, the bonds by which they are united, instead of being relaxed, should be drawn closer together in mutual alliance. The artist offers to the manufacturer the conception which is sure to command the homage of the public; the manufacturer enables the artist to give his conception, not merely a local habitation in material reality, but an existence which admits of its being known, appreciated, admired, and applauded. We have abundant evidence that the greatest artists of their day furnished designs for the vases and bronzes of Greece, Etruria, and Southern Italy. The cartoons of Raffaëlle testify that the greatest of painters did not disdain to become a designer for the workers of the loom and the embroidery-frame. Benvenuto Cellini developed the purest conceptions of statuary with the chasing-tool; and the revolution which our Wedgwood worked in the English potteries was most effectually aided by Flaxman. . . . There is, then, nothing derogatory to the highest Art in lending its aid to decorate objects of utility. The sculptor does not lower his position when he supplies a model for the molder in iron, brass, statuary-porcelain, or any other substance in which casts may be taken. The painter no way derogates from his dignity when he furnishes beautiful patterns to the manufacturer of furniture-cottons, of muslins, of chintzes, or of paper-hangings. Artists are public teachers, and it is their duty, as well as their interest, to aim at giving the greatest possible extent and publicity to their instructions."

It will be seen that the two truths I endeavored to impress on the minds of manufacturers were, that "beauty is cheaper than de-

formity," and that "publicity is more beneficial than concealment," as regards meritorious work. I was, as I have already stated, successful in showing them that only beneficial consequences could result from engraving their designs in the *Art Journal*; but I did not bring about this change of opinion in a day. The number of the *Art Journal* for December, 1849, found me writing as follows:

"The attempt was at first opposed in some quarters, scorned in others, and deemed perilous by our best friends. We had no precedent in Europe; and when we commenced to describe, and to illustrate by engravings, the works of manufacturers, we had little or no support, but much discouragement. The artist considered the space devoted to the Industrial Arts as so much useless matter, which deprived him of benefit; and the manufacturers on their part were unable to comprehend and appreciate a novelty to which they were so entirely unaccustomed. They shrank from that publicity which they now eagerly covet. The artists, too, have learned that by this association their best interests are upheld and advanced."

The years during which the *Art Journal* labored most to bring artist and manufacturer into closer relationship, were those of the infancy of exhibitions in England.

In 1844 a great Exposition of Art Industry was held at Paris. Our French neighbors had been beforehand with us in appreciating the advantages of such "shows." In August, 1844, I published two supplementary numbers of the *Art Union*, describing the exhibition in question; illustrating it by two hundred engraved examples. I gave a history of previous exhibitions held at Paris, the first of which took place in 1798, to be succeeded by similar displays at intervals of five years. No work of the kind had been previously attempted—not even in France. The remarks that introduced it thus shadowed forth the great display of the world's produce in 1851:

"Here is a plan devised by a great nation, and executed on a great scale, for the purpose of advancing the industrial arts; assuredly it is the interest of a nation, which is so dependent for its continued prosperity on its manufactures as Great Britain, to inquire how far the French experiment has been successful; whether its results indicate an example to be imitated, or a failure to be avoided, and whether—should it appear worthy of imitation—the same means and appliances are available to render it as successful in London as it has been in Paris."

In the second supplementary number to which I have alluded, the scheme thus outlined was enlarged upon as follows:

"Three means suggest themselves, by which a national exposition could be attained in Great Britain: the task might be undertaken by the Government, by associated manufacturers, or by some independent body as a matter of speculation."

Thus was shadowed forth the Great Exhibition that five years later astonished the whole world, and gave birth to advantages that can not be overestimated.

For the moment no such attempt was made. There did, indeed, take place in 1845 something that was really, what I described it, "an Exposition of the Products of British Art Industry." That was the Bazaar held at Covent Garden under the auspices of the Anti-Corn-Law League, the object being to raise a fund of £20,000 required by its promoters. Nearly all the leading manufacturers of Great Britain were contributors; and every town of the manufacturing districts was represented by a stall at which ladies presided. I was naturally quick to avail myself of so favorable an opportunity, both for noticing the then existing state of British Art industry, and for reiterating former suggestions regarding a National Exhibition. [The bazaar opened on the 8th of May, 1845.] The *Art Union* for June furnished proof of this assertion. Of the forty-four pages that constituted the number, twenty were devoted to an article headed, "The Mercantile Value of the Fine Arts. The Bazaar at Covent Garden, and Exposition of the Products of British Art Industry," in which the display of May, 1845, was described and criticised, illustrated by a large number of engravings from works contributed by all the manufacturing towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Of the articles exhibited, I gave about sixty engravings representing the designs most strikingly characterized by artistic merit. Concerning the bazaar as a whole, its lessons and value, the *Art Union* thus summed up:

"We have bestowed much pains on the illustration of the first attempt—though confessedly an imperfect one—to get up a National Exposition of the products of British Art Industry, because its very imperfections afford conclusive evidence that if a *National Exposition* should be undertaken by the Government, or by any association of eminent men combined for that purpose, and having no connection with any political object, it would be certain of success.

"A National Exposition in London would attract visitors from every quarter of the globe. The Temple-palace of British Industry would surpass anything the world has yet witnessed."

That Temple-palace remained, however, nothing more than a vision. As I have elsewhere shown, men sanguine regarding the future of British Art industry considered the project incapable of realization.

In 1846 was held the Exhibition of Art and Art Industry at Manchester. I fully reported, and largely illustrated, in the *Art Union*, that display, publishing the number as a separate part. That was the first attempt in England to copy the example of France. It was successful—not, I believe in a monetary sense, but in stimulating trade, more especially that which constituted the great staple of the district.

The opinion of the *Art Union*, as expressed regarding the Manchester Exposition, was contained in the paragraph I extract:

"The first pure Exposition of Industrial Art, exclusively for its own sake, which has ever been held in England, will mark an epoch not only in the history of Manchester, but also in the history of the empire. The example will not be lost; but the honor of leading the way can never be dissevered from the city-town of Manchester."

Toward the close of 1847 there were many reasons for believing that the time was approaching when the project of a *Great Exhibition of Industrial Art* might be carried out with effect and success. It was in the January of 1848 that I addressed my letter to Lord Carlisle. The *Art Union* for the same month and year contained an article headed "Proposed Exposition of British Manufactures." The first part of this article was written, at my suggestion and request, by my friend Dr. Cooke Taylor; the latter portion—that which had more direct reference to *the plan*—I myself furnished. From an article in which was contained the germ of the Great Exhibition of 1851 I may be permitted to extract:

"We want AN EXPOSITION of BRITISH MANUFACTURES; the efforts made in various directions to supply this want are at once proofs that it is felt, and that by private enterprise it can not be supplied. The Society of Arts has done something; our own office is doing some service in increasing the knowledge of industrial art and diffusing a taste for its production.*

"Yet we are not without hopes that such a person may be found; . . . that he will have no difficulty in finding able and willing coadjutors; that the co-operation of Government may be calculated upon (money in aid not being required); and that we shall *ere long have to announce an Exposition of British Industrial Art* . . . worthy of the British nation.

"From Government nothing need be required but, first, its SANCTION—direct and emphatic; next, *the allotment of ground in one of the parks upon which to erect a temporary building*; and next, the AWARD OF HONORARY MEDALS in gold and silver to those manufacturers who exhibit greatest enterprise and ability, or both combined; or whose productions are calculated to be practically useful to their country.

"We believe a proposal for such an Exposition would be well received in the highest quarters; *Prince Albert is known to take a deep personal interest in all matters that relate to the Industrial Arts of England, and to cherish an earnest desire for their advancement.* We can not

* At that time, the office of the *Art Union* was in the Strand. In the window I placed a large number of original and beautiful productions of industrial art which I had collected in England and in various cities of the Continent. It was a source of some inconvenience, inasmuch as many passers-by desired to *purchase* the objects which were there only *shown*. Not long afterward several dealers in Art objects followed the example I had set them, and exhibited, in their shop-windows, beautiful and "tempting" examples of manufactured Art—notably Mr. Cundall, of New Bond Street (a tradesman in such matters to whom England owes a large debt that does not seem to have been recognized). I therefore abandoned my plan of showing such things in my office-window as no longer necessary. The idea "took," however, and hence arose the now almost universal practice of decorating shop-windows.

doubt his willingness to place himself at the head of a *duly authorized, and properly arranged*, committee of management."*

In 1850 I undertook to prepare an illustrated catalogue of the Exhibition announced to take place in the following year. It was to be published monthly in the *Art Journal*—as an extra number, doubling the size of the work.

The project was one involving many great difficulties in its accomplishment, although in these days—when the assistance of photography can everywhere be called in—it could be carried out with comparative ease. As I had resolved to issue the first part on May 1, 1851—the day on which the Exhibition was to open—there was no time to lose. The display was to be "International"; it was, therefore, essential that foreign manufacturers should be represented in a British *Art Journal*. To effect this, it was essential that they should be seen.

Great Britain I was able to manage by correspondence. The London manufacturers I went to in person, and they readily gave me the requisite aid. I had an efficient agent in Paris, another in Brussels, and was personally acquainted with most of the intending contributors there to the forthcoming English Exhibition; having reported in the *Art Journal* the Paris Exhibition of 1847. They all knew me. Germany, however, was entirely new ground. In the autumn of 1850 I visited Berlin, Munich, Hanover, and Dresden, my object being to obtain *drawings* of works of Art industry which German manufacturers intended to contribute to the British Exhibition of 1851.

The result was that on May 1, 1851, I issued thirty-two pages of the *Art Journal*, containing engravings of articles then actually in the Exhibition, or on their way to it; for it will be remembered that the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was not completed until more than a month after the grand ceremony of its inauguration. I continued to publish the same quantity of engravings on the first of each following month, to December inclusive; and there appeared, in these various monthly parts, illustrations of the Art-manufactures of nearly every country that contributed to the Exhibition.

Not long after my announcement of the Illustrated Catalogue I contemplated issuing with the *Art Journal*, the "Executive" of the Exhibition advertised for a rival to it; that is to say, they sought to

* I find that as often as sixteen times before the year 1851, I strove to impress on the public mind the vital truth that a time was at hand when there might be, if not a certainty, a reasonable expectation that an exhibition similar to those that had so benefited France might be held in London, in one of the parks—with the good Prince Albert at its head; and early in 1850 I handed to Mr. Cole, afterward Sir Henry Cole, several letters I had received from Lord Carlisle, Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, and Sir Thomas Wise, one of the Lords of the Treasury.

obtain a sum of money for the privilege of publishing an officially recognized catalogue, and accordingly issued proposals for tenders. I declined to be among the applicants, and the right that I had reason to hope would have been secured to me in acknowledgment of my past labors was purchased by Messrs. Spicer and Clowes, for the sum of £2,000.* Their Illustrated Catalogue was, however, badly done; for they could bring to the work neither the experience nor the resources that I possessed.

Had the sole right of issuing an Illustrated Catalogue remained in my hands, it is my belief that the venture I embarked upon would have "paid." As it was, I was confined to the receipts arising from the increase of price consequent on the thirty-two pages of engravings added to the *Art Journal*. No part of the cost was charged to the manufacturer for the benefit he received from so novel and valuable a form of advertisement. It was expected that the public would defray the cost of the undertaking, and the sale of the work was certainly large.† From May to December, 1851, double numbers of the *Art Journal* were issued, price five shillings each, and the public paid that year for the *Art Journal* a sum exceeding £72,000. Large, however, as were the receipts, the expenses were still larger. I was then the principal proprietor of the work; but the consequence of a "loss" arising out of the publication of the *Art Journal* Illustrated Catalogue was the sale of my shares to my co-proprietors—men of business and calculating habits—and I became, from 1851, only the paid editor of the work, but under an arrangement that secured to me a life-recompense and entire editorial control.

There is a theme upon which—with its concomitants—I could say much; but my readers would little care to read what I might write: it had better be abrogated altogether.

Did space permit, and I could count on the patience of my readers, I might occupy many pages with details of "the World's Fair"—the Great Exhibition of 1851. Perhaps the following details may prove of interest—and suffice:

* It was understood that they lost £2,000 by the speculation, and the £2,000 they had paid for the privilege was in consequence returned to them out of the surplus that remained when the doors of the Exhibition had been finally closed, and all expenses met.

† The portions relating to the Exhibition were subsequently published in a separate volume, at the price of one guinea. It contained four hundred pages, and more than one thousand engravings, and was preceded by five essays: 1. "On the Science of the Exhibition," by Professor Robert Hunt; 2. "On the Harmony of Colors, as exemplified in the Exhibition," by Mrs. Merrifield; 3. "On the Vegetable Kingdom, as illustrated in the Exhibition," by Professor Forbes, F. R. S.; 4. "On the Machinery of the Exhibition as applicable to Manufacture," by Professor Gordon; and, 5. "On the Exhibition as a Lesson in Taste," by R. N. Wornum. The latter was a prize essay, for which the proprietors of the *Art Journal* had paid the sum of £100, in fulfillment of an offer made by them. The volume was dedicated to his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

It was in January, 1850, that Mr. Henry Cole and Mr. Francis Fuller made a report "to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, as to the opinions of leading manufacturers throughout the kingdom," to obtain which they had visited the manufacturing districts. The subject was popular. Considerable sums were subscribed as a guarantee fund, contracts were entered into, and the great work was commenced.

For the proposed building two hundred and twenty-nine designs were submitted to the Prince, thirty-four of which designs were contributed by foreigners. The difficulty had been foreseen of erecting a huge structure of brick and mortar, that should be *dry* by the beginning of the next year; when a lucky thought occurred to Mr. Joseph Paxton, the head-gardener of the Duke of Devonshire. The huge conservatory of glass at Chatsworth was in his "mind's eye" while journeying by railway from London to Derbyshire: he conceived the idea of imitating it on a gigantic scale—as an Exhibition-building. He traced his plan on a large sheet of blotting-paper that he chanced to have with him in his traveling-bag. The scheme was like the method of making an egg stand on end, adopted by Columbus. Once made public, every one immediately exclaimed, "How easy!" and, in fact, when conceived the undertaking was as good as completed. I saw the sheet of paper before it became a plan, and said that it was just the thing required. The "happy thought" of Sir Joseph Paxton was in fact happy, not only for himself, but also for the Prince, the Commissioners, and above all the Executive, who—confronted with the impossibility of getting ready a brick-and-mortar structure in the time at their disposal—saw themselves on the threshold of an imbroglio from which they feared there would be no method of escape.

It is amusing now, and so indeed it was thirty-two years ago, to note the many prophecies of financial failure. The *Times* anticipated a loss of £35,000—"a balance for the consideration of the House of Commons." As a matter of fact, the financial returns altogether surpassed the most sanguine expectations; but the greatest results of the Exhibition were not those that could be summed up in pounds, shillings, and pence. It led the way to other International Exhibitions, not only in Europe, but in the United States, and it gave a powerful impetus to British Art-manufacture. Had there been a monetary loss, instead of a gain as large as unexpected, the country would still have profited greatly by the undertaking.

I should occupy space that may be better filled if I entered into details concerning the exhibitions that succeeded the Great Exhibition of 1851. It is needless to say that each and all were represented by engravings in the *Art Journal*, where I do not think I am exaggerating if I say from 40,000 to 50,000 were published between the

earliest illustrated catalogue and the latest, the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

My remarks on Art, as considered in its relations to manufactures, are drawing to a close. I have tried to show what my efforts were in the past, and how, during many years, I labored to awaken artists and manufacturers to a sense of their mutual interests, and to secure for Great Britain exhibitions of Art industry that might truly be termed national, and worthy of the foremost manufacturing nation in the world. Speaking in the name of the *Art Journal*, I thus expressed in December, 1871, my sentiments regarding the Great Exhibition of 1851; and the years that preceded and followed that great and successful attempt to carry out the theories I had so long been advocating:

"The efforts made by us, which undoubtedly led to the introduction of such exhibitions into England in 1851, we have seen crowned with a success that few were sanguine enough to anticipate twenty years ago. British advance in Art-manufacture is evident in every branch of it. We are justified in believing that the thousands of models engraved in this journal from the best designs of the best manufacturers of the world, have largely influenced the manufacturers and artisans of these kingdoms; and that the examples thus supplied have had their natural effect in stimulating effort and promoting excellence."

Here my remarks must close. In spite of Messrs. Poynter, Pattison, and other pessimists of their school, I maintain that during the last forty years British Art has not retrograded, but advanced; that throughout our manufacturing districts good taste is now the rule where it was formerly the exception; and that, in every department of British Art industry, "Progress" has for nearly half a century been the watchword.

A large share in accomplishing this work I claim for the *Art Journal*.

There is no question that the firm resolution of his Royal Highness Prince Albert made the Exhibition what it became: he gave to it dignity and importance, augmented its popularity, and made it a thorough success. But the conviction that England ought to do something of the kind became so general, that an Exhibition of Art and Art Industry on a grand scale there certainly would have been under any circumstances. It is to the far-seeing mind of the Prince that we owe its international character, and that constituted its principal feature; but it was a daring act thus to challenge the whole world: the nations and people among which and whom Art had grown into vigor, while among us it was yet comparatively in its infancy.

Elsewhere I have shown the state of "British Art Industry" in 1840, or thereabout. In 1850 that state was not much better. At

best it seemed a visionary scheme to invite to witness the competition—Great Britain, against Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The eventual result has a prominent place in the history of the century; the second half of it, that is to say, which commenced with the year 1851.

The good Prince lived to see arise out of that event much of the good he anticipated from it; but those who shared with him the glory and the gain, many of whom, who yet live to count their triumphs, will bear witness that the Great International Exhibition of 1851—the forerunner of many competitors—was the foundation of so much advancement in every branch of Art-manufacture that the benefits thence derived are incalculable. From the day it opened, improvements were commenced that eventually became common. Every manufacturer, nay, every artisan, became a thoughtful, inquiring, and considerate student: he learned to know his deficiencies; to see how others had removed theirs; at every turn he obtained a lesson taught by comparison, and acquired more information in an hour than books would have given him in a year.

If the good Prince can, in what is termed his “grave,” be conscious of the enormous good done to his country—shared, moreover, by all countries—he will be largely rewarded for his anxious labor to render the Exhibition of 1851 a great and grand success.

There were collateral advantages: it brought many thousands of foreign citizens as visitors to England—removing prejudices, aiding to promote peace—for, although the almost universal expectation that Peace would be the dictator, whose mandates of good-will to earth would be in future issued from the *ateliers*, was grievously annulled by the frightful wars subsequently waged in Europe, Asia, and America, there came universal conviction that the policy of Concord had its most powerful upholder in the Exhibition, at which, in 1851, a lamp was lit that has enlightened the whole world, and all humanity for all time.

Surely, to Prince Albert mainly belongs the glory of giving to Great Britain the advantages that have arisen to the Arts and to Art-manufactures since the memorable 1st of May, 1851, when the great Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park, on the space now marked by the gorgeous Memorial to his Royal Highness.

If my efforts have been great, my rewards have been many—such as to make my Retrospect very pleasant and very happy.

This chapter has necessarily contained much—perhaps too much—matter that has mainly reference to myself. There is one other, although it extends to some length, that, I hope, no one of my readers would call upon me to omit. Among “recognitions” of which I am greatly and rightly proud, in 1867, on my birthday (the 9th of May), a very beautiful dessert service (the manufacture of

Messrs. Elkington, and perhaps one of the most perfect examples of their art) was presented to me by the Mayor of Birmingham (George Dixon, Esq.), and a large number of the magnates of that renowned town of Art-manufacture. An address to the editor of the *Art Journal* was thus worded :

"We offer for your acceptance the gift now before you, not as a reward for your labors, or as an adequate acknowledgment of them, but as a sincere though modest testimony of the sense we entertain of your services in the advocacy and development of Industrial Art.

"Thirty years ago, in the foundation of the *Art Journal*, you enunciated the principle that, next to the excellence of workmanship, the success of all manufactures susceptible of ornament must depend upon the full employment of the advantages and resources of Art. You taught the doctrine that usefulness gains a double strength when united with beauty. You stimulated the manufacturers of England to compete with their Continental rivals, not only in the quality but in the taste of their productions. To this teaching you have ever since been constant; and you have now, after thirty years of labor, the proud satisfaction of witnessing the general adoption and the unvarying success of those counsels which were at first regarded with indifference or with distrust.

"While recalling those efforts we remember also that to you we owe in a great measure the succession of Industrial Exhibitions, which have conferred so many and enduring benefits upon the manufacturers of this country. At a very early period you pointed out the value of these periodical competitions, and showed that they served a purpose far wider and higher than the gratification of individual or national vanity. Twenty-three years ago you indicated, both by pen and pencil, the lessons which the Paris Exhibition of 1844 conveyed to the manufacturers of Great Britain. In 1849 you heralded and recorded the success of the Birmingham Exhibition—the first really Industrial Exhibition held in England. You earnestly advocated the International Exhibition of 1851; and the Illustrated Catalogue of that collection—due solely to your exertions—will ever remain a monument of your persevering industry and taste. You performed similar services in connection with the Dublin Exhibition of 1853, the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and the Second Great International Exhibition of 1862; and now, with unabated ardor, you propose to crown these labors by illustrating and recording the contents of the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

"We have recounted these labors as landmarks, so to speak, of your exertions in the cause to which your life has been devoted, and of which we, in common with others, have shared the benefit. We might speak of other labors not less important, though not strictly within our purpose, of your services to the higher arts of design, of your successful efforts to cultivate the taste of the English public, of your independence in exposing fraud and trickery in the Picture Market, and of your contributions to literature, both singly and in conjunction with one whose name will always be affectionately linked with your own.

"That you may long be spared to continue these services, and to reap from them the advantages and the pleasures you deserve and merit, is the earnest desire of the contributors to this slight acknowledgment of your prolonged, persevering, and unceasing labors."

From my reply to this address, I need extract only a single paragraph :

"I have been an editor only. The knowledge I communicated was the knowledge that others had acquired; the taste I disseminated was the taste that others inculcated and taught."

That gift, and this communication, I class among the highest and best rewards I have received during my long life of labor. Although the greatest, it was not the only one. From manufacturers generally throughout the kingdom, and not of this kingdom alone, I have obtained acknowledgments surpassing even those my gracious sovereign could have conferred—such as those accorded to so many of my competitors in the race for distinction and glory.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS IN 1831: OF GERMANY IN 1850.

IN February, 1831, I visited Paris for the first time. I had not long been editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and was unprepared for the honors I found awaiting me. In France, at all times, the conductor of a public journal is assumed to be "a great man"! I had taken but few letters of introduction; and when I found the cards of several leading politicians, authors, and artists left at the hotel where we lodged, in the Rue Vivienne—among others, one from the then Prime Minister, Casimir Perier, placing at our disposal his box at the Opera—I thought there must be some singular mistake, and could not decide what to do, until the enlightenment of a little information relieved me of my perplexity. The *New Monthly* was recognized as a leading periodical work in England, which had recently been under the editorship of one of the most famous of English poets, and I was supposed to be a worthy successor, to whom respect approaching reverence ought to be accorded. [I imagine the editor of a French magazine arriving in London, and finding Earl Grey and the Marquis of Lansdowne among the earliest of his callers!] I certainly had not formed a high estimate of my position, and had hesitation in accepting the courtesies so unexpectedly thrust upon me.

I do not mean to occupy much space with details as to the various persons and societies thus opened up to us during our residence of a few weeks in the French capital; but there are some celebrities of the period concerning whom observations may be desirable.

Paris was at that time but slowly recovering from the effects of the "three glorious days"—the last days of the month of July, 1830. Many of the houses retained marks of dilapidation: cannon-balls, in a few instances, remained imbedded in the brick-work; traces of the barricades were easily found; and the boulevards were denuded of trees. It was high-day and holiday yet, however, with the majority of the population, who had, not many months previously, crowned their Citizen-King. The blood that was shed had been removed from the pavements of the streets, but the civil war of three days had

left many houses desolate, and had decimated the heroic Swiss, who, true to their bond, defended the monarchy to the last. The very children fought, and fought desperately; instances are on record where boys so young that they could barely reach the boot of the mounted cuirassier, stole under the belly of the horse, stabbed him with a snatched-up cutlass, and perished with him as he fell. The barricades had been garrisoned by more women than men, and the slaughter among them was terrific.

We had a pleasant and very useful acquaintance in Mr. Conway, the correspondent of the *Times*. He described to me an occurrence which, I believe, he witnessed. Early in the struggle a woman was shot: a gigantic *chiffonier*, who saw her fall, seized the still bleeding body, raised it in his arms above his head, and bore it thus, with solemn step, along the boulevard, exclaiming in a deep, hollow tone, "Vengeance! vengeance!" which he repeated again and again while blood was dripping from the senseless form. The effect on the mob was like that of an electric shock: the throng of discouraged combatants rallied; and that simple yet terrible incident largely aided to determine the issue of the "three glorious days."

Our first, and perhaps the most fertile of our visits, was paid to General Lafayette.

He was born in 1757, and was a very young man when, in 1777, he brought his enthusiasm—he had little else to bring—to the aid of that INDEPENDENCE which the American colonists so bravely fought for and so gloriously achieved. In 1830 he was not so very old, but he looked older than his seventy-three years—was feeble, and "lacked moisture."

What a space both of years and events separated him from his memorable career in 1789, when the Reign of Terror commenced in France!

Famous when so many of his compeers were infamous, he did his best, at no small personal peril, to stanch the blood-flow during that terrific time of misery and guilt.

His was not an uneventful life, between that period and the "three days" of July, 1830. Much of it, however, had been passed in comparative quiet: the Empire had none of his service, and as little had the predoomed house of Bourbon after the Restoration in 1816.

As a consequence of the "three days," the Duke of Orleans was made king; and for a time, but for a time only, Lafayette was "vice-roy over him." He had resolutely refused to become the president of a republic; and when it was proposed to him to wear a crown, had answered, quoting a sentence of Marshal Saxe, that "it would sit as well upon him as a ring upon a cat's paw." Lafayette had the sovereignty of the National Guards, and even that was in a measure forced upon him. He did not retain that shadow of power long: so early as 1831 he had "retired into private life"; and in 1834 he died.

Consistent as well as upright, he resisted all the blandishments so abundantly lavished upon him, and continued to the last a citizen without a force—a general who, if he had an army, distrusted rather than commanded it. Unselfish, generous, just, he was a man of whom not only France may be proud, but in whom humanity may glory.

He never could have been a man of large intelligence : his was a poor head—deficient, as are the heads of nearly all Frenchmen, in the organ of benevolence—the foreheads almost invariably receding ; there was little back, not much of the animal, and the organ of destructiveness was absent : it was, in short, not the head of a man predestined to be a leader in two bloody revolutions. I am sure he would have been among the last to have willfully heaped upon his soul—as so many of his comrades did—the curses of slaughtered enemies or friends slain as stepping-stones for ambition. Yet he lived and strove among the ferocious wolves of the first Revolution. Probably it was owing to him that the second Revolution was, by comparison, bloodless ; at least, that there was no indiscriminate massacre in the name of liberty. Assuredly, he was a man of tender nature—one who would far rather have signed a reprieve than a death-warrant. His features were finely outlined—the nose large, the lips easily compressed ; but sternness was not his characteristic : he was courteously amiable, and, though a republican, had little pride. It was not difficult to think of him as attractive in youth, probably handsome, and that personally he must have been very acceptable to the sons and daughters of Young America, for whose freedom he fought—and bled also, for he was wounded in his first fight.*

He spoke English well, and did me the honor to converse with me : the topic could not have been of importance, for I can not recall the conversation.

Of the group around there was one who left an impression on my memory—Fenimore Cooper. He “stalked” about the *salon*—a tall, stalwart man, with the unmistakable air of self-confidence I have noticed in many Americans ; as if it were a prime thought that independence was to be maintained by a seeming indifference to the opinions of on-lookers—a sensation that vanishes, however, when the demeanor that has given rise to it is found but the rough shell of a sweet kernel ; for Americans are among the most socially generous of humankind. I had other and better opportunities of seeing Fenimore Cooper afterward : but in that *salon*, jostled by *petits maîtres*, he was out of place—as much so as an Indian cross-bow would have

* A writer in the *New Monthly*, in 1834, describes him : “ I thought him the most finished gentleman I had ever seen. . . . Every word he spoke, in his deep, almost guttural but still melodious voice, was kind or forcible. His motions and actions were perfectly graceful. In his early days he must have been—taking face and figure and everything else into consideration—a very fine-looking animal.”

been among a collection of Minié rifles. Proctor, in 1828, wrote of him: "He has a dogged, discontented look, and seems ready to affront or be affronted. His eye is rather deep-set, dull, and with little motion." He describes Cooper as rude even to coarseness in English society. That is not my experience of the author of "The Spy"—the originator of the class of sea-fictions—to whom the reading world owes a large debt. He was certainly the opposite of "genial," and seemed to think it good taste and sound judgment to be condescending to his equals.

On one or two evenings that I passed at the General's he gave us a cordial invitation to his country-house (we always regretted we could not accept it), where, I have been told, he was positively "delicious."

On the evening I am describing a singular and impressive ceremony took place. A revolution had broken out in Poland, and a number of young Poles of family and position were assembled at the General's reception. They had come to bid him farewell, and to ask his blessing. They advanced one by one, and as each passed he received a kiss from the venerable hero, who placed a hand upon his head, and gave the blessing asked for. They were remarkably fine and handsome men, most of them in early youth. Within a month after the memorable ceremony every one of that large number was dead.*

I recall another incident in that *salon*. We suddenly heard a whisper, of which the words *Sœur de charité* were distinct, and saw walking up the room with stately step, leaning on the arm of a tall Irishman—who had made himself conspicuous by a large shirt-front and absence of waistcoat—a lady, stout and short, clad in a dress which, though very strange in that assembly, was familiar to us, for it was the simple habit of a Quakeress—bonnet and all. To our astonishment, we recognized Amelia Opie. Her cavalier was O'Gorman Mahon, who looked what he really was—a wild Irishman. A bird-of-paradise suddenly descending to pick up crumbs in an English farmyard could scarcely have created more astonishment among Dame Partlet's brood than did this pea-hen among the superbly dressed and jeweled dames of the Parisian *salon*. The good General seemed to know her well, and rose and greeted her with the grace of the days he had so largely helped to spoil—when a French gentleman was understood to be the gentleman *par excellence*. Dear Mrs. Opie: she seemed utterly indifferent to the murmurs of inquiry and surprise that would have confounded any one less self-possessed, and turned to us with that sweet *naïveté* which was at all periods of her life her especial charm. She was more at home the next even-

* Before their departure, these young Poles sang a few stanzas of what must have been a war-song, in which several joined, and which drew tears from tender hearts and bright eyes. We little thought it was their funeral hymn.

ing when we met her at the Baron Cuvier's, where we chatted over the somewhat ludicrous incident of the preceding night.

And what a memory is that I have to give of the BARON CUVIER ! His brain (weighed after his death) was said to be the largest ever known to be allotted to any human being. Certainly his head was the "biggest" I have ever seen. It was the skull that was so, for his features were not above the ordinary size, while his form was rather under the usual height ; it was thick and clumsy, and he seemed to move about as if motion were an inconvenience. His wife was a charming woman, and his step-daughter a lady most gentle, genial, and lovable. On the two evenings we passed at his modest dwelling in the Jardin des Plantes, we met many of the *savants* of France, but they sank into insignificance beside the venerable man who had so long been one of the lights of the world. He died the year following—in 1832. Cuvier was, as regards the inner and the outer man, more German than French, and perhaps more Swiss than either. His father was a Swiss officer, and he was born at Montbeliard, one of the towns of the duchy of Würtemberg.

I first made at Cuvier's the acquaintance of the sculptor "David," a namesake of, but not related to, the painter ; although himself a republican of the deepest dye, yet an ardent lover of England and of English institutions. To distinguish him from his branded predecessor, he was known as "David d'Angers," Angers being the place of his youthhood, though not of his nativity—in 1789.

Early in this century he made his way to Paris, and rapidly rose to fame—taking high rank among artists, but refusing all professional honors because of his extreme and never-hidden republican principles. For these opinions he was exiled in 1851, during the presidency of the third Napoleon ; but, permitted to return to France, he died at Paris in 1856.

I seldom visited Paris without spending an hour in the *atelier* of the fierce little man. He would have followed, had he dared, the footsteps of his namesake. I like best to remember him by his medallions—bas-reliefs of distinguished women and men, many of whom were English ; and I have never ceased to regret that I did not yield to his frequent request that I and also Mrs. Hall should sit to him, that we might be included in the very long list of "celebrities."

I met there, from time to time, some of the most eminent men of France ; among them, I recall the renowned *chansonnier*, Béranger, whose last appearance in public was at the funeral of David. He was an aged man and very bald when I saw him, stooped much, and seemed enfeebled by the weight of years. Evidently he was a kindly and gentle man, who would not have followed where the sculptor would have led. His expression was calm, his manner gracious.

Obviously, he was of a simple, generous, and sympathetic nature; and if he loved Liberty, it was as the true poet ought to love her—as the inspiration and incitement to universal good! He could speak no English, and I but little French—insufficient for conversation; my scrutiny was therefore confined to looks, and he did not appear at all offended at my prolonged stare. I could read his poems, however, and had read many of them, and—in the best way I was able—thanked him for the delight he had given me. No doubt his *chansons* forwarded the Revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe on the throne of France: to perpetuate monarchy, however, was not the purpose of the writer, who was an avowed republican. Many of his songs for freedom are among the most popular compositions of any age, while his touching and pathetic love-ditties have cheered the hearts of the young, and gladdened those of the old, for the better part of a century.

But another visitor, of a far opposite character, I met at David's—a man of whom I should have taken more note if I had known who and what he was; but I did not learn so much until after he had gone, when the sculptor whispered to me he was one of the regicides who at the trial of Louis XVI had voted "Death." I regret that I forget his name. He was an aged man, with a withered countenance, down-looking, and low-hearted, probably (I hope it was so) the outcome of remorse. Forty years had passed since his evil act. He had seen the issue of another struggle between the masses and arbitrary power forty years after the first; had seen bloody streams again running along the gutters of Paris, and had learned how little is added by revolution to the happiness of humankind and the natural Rights of Man. He did not, I imagine, live to see that of 1848, followed by the *coup d'état* of 1851, which terminated a war in a day, though he did witness that of the "three glorious days," and had acted his loathsome part in that which marked with infamy forever the years of massacre that followed 1789.

I wrote this passage concerning David in the *Art Union*, 1845: "Eighteen years of age, nine francs in his pocket, David entered Paris. Is there a pen could tell the sufferings in body and spirit of the young enthusiast when, his little sum expended, he is glad to chip out ornaments on the Louvre at tenpence a day to keep the life-lamp barely burning? With a will unwearied, unconquered by daily difficulties and toil, he wrought on his studies at night in his narrow chamber, wakening himself up sometimes with a page of *Atala* or *Homer*, which were all his library, and sleeping for a few hours on the softest board; it was all his bed. Faith and Hope kept him up, and the angel tenderness of his mother, that stretched over all distance to hover round and bless her struggling son."

I have often been in Paris since 1831, but there is little connected with my several visits that I care to recall.* The several Exhibitions that have been held there it was my business to describe and illustrate by engravings. These have been prominent features in the volumes of the *Art Journal*. When, in 1867, the last Exhibition of the Imperial régime was in progress, the Emperor was in the zenith of his glory. He gave me a gracious audience; and I recall him as I had seen him often, when a lonely and neglected man, he trod the streets of London, none foreseeing the greatness of his "hereafter"—none excepting himself. He had faith in his star, and knew it was his destiny to rule over the country of his birth. At the Evenings of Lady Blessington, in Seamore Place and at Gore Lodge, he was a frequent guest; but the "Prince Napoleon" usually took a side seat, spoke to few, was morose rather than social, and seemed absorbed in his own, and not cheerful, thoughts. He would exchange a few words with any one who approached him, but to those who were not initiated, or not of his "order," he seemed to think the less said the better. He saw the finger that beckoned him on, but not the hand that warned him back; and if he dreamed of an Empire over which he was to rule, he little recked of the dwelling at Chiselmhurst that was to be his last home, and of the small village church that was destined to become his sepulchre—an exile with little sympathy and no applause!

Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay were his friend-allies when those who upheld him were in number very limited indeed. It is said he treated them ungratefully; perhaps he did; but ingratitude was not, as a rule, one of his crimes. It was reported that Lady Blessington, when a mournful destiny compelled her to become an

* After the reception in 1853, and the grand banquet at the Hôtel-de-Ville, the President gave a *déjeuner* at St. Cloud. There was a very large number of representatives of all nations present. As the afternoon drew on, people began to get hungry, then very hungry; but to get anything in the shape of refreshment was impossible. At length the doors of the orangery were thrown open, and in rushed a ravenous crowd. The tables were speedily lined three deep; the inner line consisting chiefly of French officers, who, with the usual absence of politeness in France—if politeness be as Lord Shaftesbury defines it, "Benevolence in trifles"—effectually kept away all strangers from the chances of refreshment. Seeing this, and feeling very wroth at such inhospitable dealing, I advanced to one of the tables, behind which there were huge masses of "eatables and drinkables" of all kinds. I cried out in a loud voice, "Make way for the Lord Mayor!" way was made instantly. I then called out, "Are there any English who want refreshment?" A score of replies obtained a score of supplies. Dish after dish I handed over the heads of an enviroing crowd of French officers and their ladies, followed by bottle after bottle of champagne, answering all English applicants until there were no more to answer. I then bowed, and retired to seek out the Lord Mayor, and explain what I had done. The great man of the day thanked me; many of his constituents thus, by my help, received the refreshment they grievously needed. Somewhat apprehensive that a wrong construction might be put on my act, I myself took neither "bite nor sup" in that place that day, but dined at my own cost at a restaurant outside the garden walls.

exile in Paris, as the Prince had been in London, insisted on being an invited guest at the *private* as well as the public parties of the "President of the Republic," the lady of the British ambassador intimated that on such occasions she should be absent. Lady Blessington was indignant at being left out in the cold, and the old friendship terminated.* She herself, poor lady, died in 1849, and Count d'Orsay in 1852, before their powerful friend exchanged the title of President for that of Emperor. They did not live to witness his coronation.

What would have been their feelings had they beheld him, when, after fifteen years of rule over France, his still young and beautiful wife by his side, and near her the heir-apparent of his power—Napoleon III closed in 1867 the Paris Exposition?

That august ceremony took place in the grand and spacious hall of the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs-Élysées. There were present, it was said, between twenty and twenty-five thousand persons. The Emperor expressed, in a clear, strong, "metallic" voice, audible throughout the large building, his "belief in the great principles of morality and justice, which, in satisfying all legitimate aspirations, can alone consolidate thrones, exalt nations, and ennoble humanity!"

The voices of twelve hundred singers, three hundred of whom were ladies clad in white with blue sashes (*bleu de France*) across the bosom, chanted hymns of peace, and Rossini presided at the organ! Every nation of the world contributed to swell the throng. France was represented by its noblest and its best. It was a day of glory for the Second Empire—its greatest and its last.†

Yes; that memorable day of October, 1867, when the Exhibition prizes were distributed among the merchants and manufacturers who had gathered from all nations to win them, was indeed a glorious sight—by far the most glorious of its kind ever seen. At no hour of the Emperor's eventful life was his power so firmly rooted. The Exhibition had been a "great success"; war neither loomed near at hand nor in the distance; the ruler seemed constitutionally vigorous, the representatives of the people suppressed, if they felt, discontent; the prospect of founding a dynasty and transferring a

* I have heard that after Louis Napoleon had given Lady Blessington the "cut dead," they chanced to meet, each in a carriage, coming from opposite directions, in a narrow street of Paris. The President could not pass the lady by with a mere bow; so, after exchanging a word or two on commonplace topics, he said, "Do you make a long stay in Paris?" "No," said my lady; "*do you?*" The point of the repartee is, of course, to be found in the fact that the position of the President was, at that moment, precarious.

† The Sultan, who conducted the Empress in the courtly promenades of crowned heads and the nobility of nations, had even a worse fate than that of his host. Before many years were past, the French potentate had died in exile; the Turkish by his own hand.

throne to his descendants seemed as certain as that the day would have an end. Triumphs of the future may have floated before his mental vision—such triumphs as Solferino and Magenta had been in the past—but no awful portent of a falling empire was there. He did not see the poor inn at Sedan!

Did he revert in fancy to those memorable summer and autumn days of 1867, when pacing his denuded drawing-room at Chiselhurst?

I pass to a pleasanter theme. Few artists are better known in England than Paul Delaroche.* Several of the themes of his pictures are selected from English history, yet he never was in England; indeed, I do not think he was ever out of France. He was essentially a Frenchman, at least according to English ideas of Frenchmen: his form rather graceful, small, and active; his features handsome, but not expressing benevolence, and somewhat fierce. It was not difficult to imagine that his passions were not always under his control. His eyes were remarkably bright, black, and piercing, with much of the fire that indicates a restless brain. In short, you knew at once, when you saw him, that you saw a man of genius. My visits were paid to him in his *atelier*, where he was "at home," and where two or three of his pupils were generally at work with him. He had established a "school," where he taught the young men who were to be his successors. I have understood, however, that the privilege inferred little more than permission to paint there, and that positive instructions from the artist were not to be expected. Certainly, pupils must have profited greatly, for they saw how and with what materials he worked, and had before them the great example whose followers they were.

On my first visit to him, after some time passed in conversation, he was so good as to say he would like to make a drawing of me and "present it to madame." I was, of course, gratified, and expressed my thanks; but I left Paris without giving him the sitting. I ought

* "For our own part, we regard our personal knowledge of Delaroche, limited though it has necessarily been to a few visits, and those of brief duration—as an honor and privilege second to none of which we can boast during a long intercourse or intimacy with the great men of our time. We never encountered one who so completely realized our notions of high genius: his eloquent countenance, so full of rapid thought and expression, his exceeding and somewhat restless energy of manner, conveyed to our minds the only just idea we ever received of what we understand, or desire to understand, by the term SOUL—as characteristic of a nature far superior to the great mass of humankind. The feeling of respect, not unmingled with affection, with which we regard the great painter of France, is enhanced by the knowledge that his high position is sustained not alone by that intellectual power which commands reverence from all, but by the continual exercise of the more 'private' and personal virtues—the perpetual manifestation of a generosity truly catholic, and the almost daily proof supplied by his life that true greatness may exist without a particle of selfishness, vanity, or envy."—S. C. H., *Art Union*, 1846.

to have considered the request as imperative as a royal invitation that is a command. He wrote to me at London, reminding me that I had not kept my word, and, as a matter of course, the year following I presented myself at his *atelier*, having previously made an appointment. When I entered and removed my hat, I saw he was ready, and I said, "Now, how will you pose me?" He replied, "Exactly as you are," and proceeded at once with the work. Although it is but a pencil-drawing, it is a production of marvelous power. He seemed resolved that it should satisfy my English artist friends. I sat to him thrice, and each sitting occupied about three hours. It *has* satisfied English artists; as a likeness it is good, and as a picture perfect, although on a small scale and but the production of a lead-pencil.* I believe it is the only portrait of an Englishman he ever drew or painted. If report is to be credited, he did not love the country. At the time of which I write—1847—I think he was in the prime of life and the zenith of his fame. He died in 1856, and did not reach old age, having been born in 1797. He occupies, to my thinking, the foremost place among the painters of France. If essentially French in style, as I believe his mind was in education, he had wonderful power of imagination, conception, and all the higher qualities demanded by Art, while his finish was careful, elaborate, and refined; the "slap-dash," then becoming fashionable—notably in the works of Delacroix—he cordially detested.

ARY SCHEFFER.—The very opposite of Delaroche was his compatriot, Ary Scheffer. In all ways, he was a contrast to him: somewhat heavy of aspect and also of form, with a manner by no means lively: his expression grave, movements sedate, and features certainly not handsome. Yet he had a graciousness, if not a grace, of demeanor, that insensibly won its way, and perhaps it was easier to give to him respect and affection than it would have been to have given them to Paul Delaroche.

He was but two years older than his "rival," and died in 1858, two years after him. He is classed as a French artist, but he is French in nothing; if born in France he was of German parentage,

* I may here mention that although I have known artists all my life, and have been very frequently honored by requests to sit for a portrait, that to which I here refer is the only one that exists of me. I have not sat to any other painter—at all events, not sufficiently often to have one finished.

The drawing by M. Delaroche, and that of Mrs. S. C. Hall by Malise, R. A., are engraved (and are published with this work) by Lumb Stocks, R. A. I may mention that, in 1827, I saw a young man, then articled to the eminent engraver, Charles Rolls, working at his desk. After watching his progress, I said: "Young man, you promise to rise in your profession. When you are out of your time, come to me and I will give you a plate to do." He did call upon me, and I did give him a plate—his first plate. The youth was Mr. Lumb Stocks, now a member of the Royal Academy. Very recently I was fortunate in finding a proof of it, which I presented to the artist.

and inherited from German ancestors not only the reformed faith, but the slow yet full brain, the constitutional "deliberateness," the ponderous head and form, and the persevering industry—rather than sudden and impulsive energy—that mark the Teutonic race.

The most interesting morning I spent with him was in his *atelier*, when, with a great deal of mournful pride, he showed me a retired closet-room, not often entered by visitors, in which were collected a series of clay sketches, bequeathed to him by his pupil, the Princess Marie of France, the deceased daughter of Louis Philippe, whose statue of Joan of Arc obtained renown over half the world. The great artist literally wept while giving me their history: but it was easy to see that his heart was tender as that of a loving child. His pictures carry conviction of that: and it is not difficult of belief that in his household he was adored.

I again extract from the *Art Union*, 1846:

"Not long ago, we spent an hour in the *atelier* of this excellent and truly great man; we found in him almost the simplicity of a child, mingled with vast knowledge of human life and the infinite ramifications of human character. We shall, at no distant time, procure such materials as will enable our readers to become more thoroughly acquainted with one of the great masters of Art of the modern world—a master whose productions may be ranked with the more glorious bequests of genius in gone-by times; but we can not introduce examples of his art without expressing the exceeding satisfaction we feel at finding the man so completely the representative of his works—lofty in mind, amiable in disposition, gentle, even to humility, in manner, while profound in knowledge and deep in the purest and best philosophy. Scheffer is not yet past the meridian of life: great things, even things greater than he has yet produced, are no doubt destined to issue from his pencil; he is the artist for artists—but none the less the painter for universal man: while his creations bear the sternest tests of criticism and are faultless as works of Art, they are of the class which touch all hearts and satisfy all understandings."

Ary Scheffer was unmistakably that which one would have expected him to be from his pictures—a religious man, a man of high and holy aspirations, who considered Art best employed when it advocates and inculcates virtue. That he was a man of the loftiest genius, need not be said; the world knows his worth, and all nations have accepted him as one of their very foremost teachers who delight while they instruct.

Although, from time to time, I made acquaintance with other leading artists of France, these are the only three over whose names I need detain my readers.

There is one other memory to which, however, I will ask permission to refer. It is that of the King, Louis Philippe, who at the time of which I mainly write in this chapter—1831—had so very recently ascended the throne of France. I was not presented to him, though I might have been, and regretted I was not, for it was

then, as it is now, notorious that he received English men of letters with more than courtesy, indeed with cordial welcome, and that his remembrances of England were those of affection and gratitude. In 1830 he was fifty-seven years old ; he died in 1850. In 1848 he abdicated, and passed the brief residue of his checkered and eventful life at Claremont.

It was some years afterward—in 1849—when he was an exile, residing in the borrowed house of his son-in-law, Leopold, King of the Belgians, that I had the privilege of an interview with the ex-King of the French.

I was at that time a resident at Addlestone, the pretty village in Surrey, to which I may have occasion hereafter to refer. Some question as to the value of a picture by a renowned French artist had arisen ; I was consulted, and the King expressed a wish that I should wait upon him. I did so. I was shown into the library at Claremont, and after a short time an equerry entered and said, "Le Roi s'approche." I was not till then aware that he retained the title after his abdication. I rose and bowed with respect approaching homage ; he received me with great courtesy, but spoke somewhat rapidly. I was, of course, standing ; after a pause he said, "Sit, sir," in a tone that showed me he was to be obeyed, and I at once complied. The audience with which his Majesty honored me continued for more than an hour ; he asked me many questions, and made several comments on the answers I gave. There was only one sentence, however, that it was material to keep in memory. Speaking of the France of the moment, he said, "I gave them my grandson, and they threw him from them like a dirty rag."

The King Louis Philippe left on my mind an impression of the very happiest nature. I felt for him respect nearing regard, as much as it could be, remembering the space that separated one so high from one so humble ; and I am very sure that the stories we have heard of his lovable nature, of his habits and occupations and enjoyments when away from the cares and ceremonies of state, were founded on strict truth. There have been many to tell us this, but I desire to add myself to the long list of those who, having been suffered to approach Louis Philippe in the privacy of domestic life, regarded him with a sentiment akin to affection.

It was my only visit to Claremont ; but two or three years afterward, when the gracious and good man was at rest in the plain mausoleum at Weybridge, Mrs. Hall, who had written in the *Art Journal* a memory of which the Queen Marie Amélie approved, received an intimation that she would be permitted to be present at a commemorative mass in the chapel. There she saw the Queen. Previously she had received from her a beautiful and valuable *souvenir* brooch.

Although apparently departing from a plan, I will in this chapter add to my memories of Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, and David,

those of Kaulbach, Cornelius, Rauch, and Moritz Retzsch. My acquaintance was made with them, not in France, but in Germany, when visiting that country in 1850 to collect materials for the 1851 *Art Journal* Catalogue of the Great Exhibition.

I consider Kaulbach * the greatest and noblest painter of the century. Some may have excelled him in refined grace and others in minuteness of finish ; but as regards the higher aims of mind that constitute genius, he, I think, surpasses them all. I saw the great painter first in his comparatively small studio at Munich, and subsequently in his grand *atelier*—the staircase of the New Museum at Berlin.

Kaulbach was under rather than above the middle height, agile of frame, rather handsome, with small features, a broad forehead, and singularly sparkling eyes. It was impossible not to note in him, at once, the man of genius ; he was rapid in speaking as well as in motion, and carried in his whole man that which immediately indicates rare intellectual power. At Berlin, when I again saw him, he was working on a scaffold at his great frescoes on the walls of the New Museum. He descended to receive us, and chatted with us for some time. I asked him for the crayon he held in his hand, which he gave me, and seemed pleased when, as we turned to retire, I said, "We have robbed the world of half an hour !"

CORNELIUS, on the other hand, was deliberate and slow ; but he was aged while Kaulbach was in his prime. His face was not expressive—it was gentle rather than strong—but full of contemplative thought. He seemed to us one who, having done his duty, was satisfied to be an on-looker, rather than a continuous worker, in the

* WILLIAM KAULBACH.—Kaulbach's *atelier* is situated in one of the suburbs of Munich, quite sequestered from the bustle of the main body of the city and the rich dwellings of the fashionable world, in a garden near the river and the great park : thus forming a perfect country residence. He is excessively fond of nature, and therefore surrounds himself with various animals, whose figures and gambols he is delighted with, and allows at the same time the plants a free and unrestrained growth, the green vine-leaves clustering about the door of his dwelling almost barring the entrance. Besides, his *atelier* abounds with ancient arms and costumes, stuffed birds, sculptures, drawings, prints of various masters, books on various subjects : he is also very fond of music. His person is very pleasing ; he only speaks his native language, but speaks it with euphony and grace. He is sociable, friendly, full of complacency and affability, but against rudeness, presumption, folly, and baseness—severe to the extreme, which nobody will find fault with. He is endowed with an extraordinary skill and facility of drawing : which fits him in the highest degree for becoming a ready adviser of others, thus being enabled quickly to illustrate his opinions and views in a most scientific and artistic way. He is not averse to discussion on his own works with the intelligent—displaying a quality so rarely met with in distinguished artists, that of tranquilly and patiently listening to contradiction or blame, or even reading it when printed.—*Art Union*, 1846.

business of life. From him, also, I asked, and received, a crayon that had been nearly expended in labor.

RAUCH appeared to be—what I believe he was—a man of business in Art. He resembled rather a self-contented English squire, than a man who had hewed mighty marvels out of stone, created grand achievements in clay, and erected monuments to great men that added the perpetuation of memory to enduring fame. He gave me one of his smaller models, which I still have.

I knew other leading German artists of the time, but none to whom attention need be directed. Unfortunately, when I visited *their* city, Düsseldorf, it “was out of season,” and they were all away.

But at Nuremberg I made the acquaintance of PROFESSOR HEIDELOFF, a most renowned artist, whose works, more especially in mediæval architecture, had made him famous. He undertook to write and illustrate for the *Art Journal* a series of papers on the knights of the Middle Ages; and they were published in that journal during the year 1852. We found him a most serviceable guide to the antiquities of venerable Nuremberg.

MORITZ RETZSCH.—While at Dresden, in 1850, I passed a memorable day at the dwelling of the great artist, who has high fame in England—obtained chiefly by his “outlines” to illustrate Shakspeare. He had a pretty cottage, in the midst of vineyards, not far from the city, and seemed mightily to enjoy the retirement that supplied him with pure air, quiet, and the means of enjoying healthful exercise. I had induced him to furnish me with original designs to be engraved on wood for the *Art Journal*: twelve of them were published. To select them, with that view, from his full portfolio formed the ostensible motive of my visit; but our language was that of the eyes, for I did not understand German, and no word of English could he speak. I was, however, usually accompanied by my secretary, Mr. Henry Murray, who acted as a competent interpreter; without whom, indeed, I must have moved about in shackles.

Mrs. Hall wrote, in January, 1851, for the *Art Journal*, “A Morning with Moritz Retzsch,” from which I shall borrow a few passages: “His figure was somewhat short and massive, and his dress not of the most modern fashion. His head was magnificent. His whole appearance recalled Cuvier to us so forcibly, that we at once named the name of the great naturalist; but when his clear blue eyes beamed their welcome, and his lips parted into a smile to give it words, we were even more strongly reminded of Professor Wilson: in each a large, well-developed head, masculine features, a broad and high forehead, a mouth strongly expressive of generosity and force;

and in both, the hair, sable-silvered, seemed to have been left to the wild luxuriance of nature.

"When he closed the gate, it seemed as if he had shut from us an old friend, instead of one seen for so brief a space, and never to be met again in this world. But one of the dreams of our life had been realized: we had paid Moritz Retzsch the involuntary compliment of forgetting the artist in the warmth of our admiration for the man."

Our visit to Moritz Retzsch, fertile as it was, had one peculiar interest, which, at this distance of time, I recall with exceeding delight. It is thus expressed in Mrs. Hall's paper:

"Some gallant husbands pen a sonnet to a wife on her birthday or the anniversary of marriage; but Moritz Retzsch *sketches* his birthday ode—in which the beauty and worth of his cherished wife, his own tenderness and happiness, their mingled hopes and prayers, are penciled—in forms the most impressive and poetic. From year to year (I think they numbered forty) these designs have enriched the album of Madame Retzsch. Never was a more noble tribute laid at the feet of a lady-love, aged or young, even in the time of old romance. I shall never forget the holy pride with which she turned them over, one after another, explaining briefly the nature, incident, and object of each.

"The allegories of Moritz Retzsch are not of the 'hieroglyphic caste,' such as roused the indignation of Horace Walpole; there were no sentimental Hopes supported by anchors; no fat-cheeked Fames puffing noiseless trumpets. They were triumphs of pure Art, conveying a poetical idea—a moral or religious truth—a brilliant satire, brilliant and sharp as a cutting diamond, by 'graphical representation'; each subject was a bit of the choicest lyric poetry, or an epigram in which a single idea or sentiment had been illustrated or embodied, giving a 'local habitation'—a name, a history—in the smallest compass, and in the most intelligible and attractive form."

It is needless to add that I became acquainted, during eight visits to Paris, with many of the leading artists of France, who accorded much praise to the *Art Journal*. Indeed, on this subject I might very greatly enlarge, but I believe the space at my command may be better occupied. Also, I obtained the aid of several first-class French line-engravers: their productions are among the very best the work contains.

In like manner, I must pass over in silence my visits, in 1850, to Munich, Berlin, Düsseldorf, Hanover, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, the Hague, and a score of other cities; indeed, possibly, these sources might furnish me with material for a hundred pages, instead of a single paragraph. My business was mainly with Art-manufacturers, whose works, designed for the Great Exhibition, I desired to engrave. They readily fell into my view, when they understood

clearly they had nothing to pay for that which they naturally coveted—honorable and profitable publicity in England—and gladly supplied me with drawings; for, it must be remembered, there were, in 1850, no photographers to be obtained.

The labor in collecting such material will, as I have said elsewhere, be readily understood to have been very great. Subsequent catalogues were far more easily arranged, when, in nearly all cases where I desired specimens, it was only necessary for me to procure photographic copies of the works entered for contribution to an Exhibition.

Few persons living or dead have been more indebted than I am to the art of photography: an art that enables the poorest Art-lover to obtain instruction and enjoyment from the works of all writers and of all ages.

ROSA BONHEUR.—I began this chapter with France, and with France I will end it. There still remains a renowned artist of that nation whose name I can not pass over in silence—"though last not least." I refer to Rosa Bonheur, whom I have the honor to rank among my acquaintances—who, I rejoice to know, is, in 1882, not in the decay, if not in the zenith, of fame.

During a visit to London—her only one, I believe—she spent an evening at my house. She was then in the prime of life and in the full vigor of her genius. Her expressive countenance indicated keen intelligence and vivid perception; her glance was rapid and observant, and her dark and penetrating eyes reminded me strongly of those of Paul Delaroche. Hair cut short and straight before and behind, gave her somewhat of a boyish look. She was *petite* in person, and not perhaps handsome in face, for her features were sharp and thin; and she had the self-possession that is not always a grace in woman.

On the evening she passed with us I had invited chiefly artists to meet her, but there was among the guests a Chinese mandarin of high rank. He spoke no word of English, and was in charge of an American gentleman, who acted as his interpreter. The Chinese volunteered to entertain the company with a song. It was so excessively odd, so comically novel were the sounds, so strong the nasal intonations, so extremely ridiculous to our English eyes and ears the whole affair, that, in spite of a stern desire to be polite, there was no restraining a burst of laughter. After a vain attempt to stop herself by thrusting her handkerchief into her mouth, Mdlle. Bonheur led off; others followed suit, and the room was speedily in a roar. The Chinese gentleman did not seem at all put out, but explained to us, through his interpreter, that what we laughed at was a tale of a dismally tragic nature, which, had we understood it, would have moved us all to tears.

Rosa Bonheur left with us a very pleasant memory, as I am cer-

tain she did with all who on the evening to which I allude had the gratification of meeting her.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—I have through this book limited my recollections to such as have been, but are not now, among the *living* worthies of the age. There is one, however, whose name I would fain add to that of Rosa Bonheur—who has pursued a course in Art far loftier than those of the accomplished lady, and who is happily still enjoying the highest honors that Art, her country, and England, can confer upon her. There is no painter of ancient or modern times so popular—deservedly popular—in England. There has never been an exhibition of Art-works in London so delightful as that—"The Doré Gallery"—which for many years has been so largely attractive, so surpassingly delightful, or so profoundly instructive.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ORIGIN OF SOME PUBLIC CHARITIES.

I CAN NOT but think I may contribute to the pleasure of my readers by supplying information concerning the origin and early progress of some of the charitable institutions that now occupy prominent places among the best of those that dignify and bless the Metropolis—all of which are entirely “supported by voluntary contributions.” Year after year, those who were present at the birth of any one of them become, in number, less and less : even now there are few witnesses remaining ; and the future, if not the present, may thank me for the facts I shall furnish to aid the historian who will hereafter be their chronicler.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.

I NEED not accord much space to this subject—deeply interesting though it be. It had long been a reproach to these kingdoms, that although they sustained so many charitable institutions to which persons afflicted with almost any disease might resort for alleviation or cure, there was one sad exception. For men and women threatened with, or stricken by, the fell disease that has been long known as, specially, the disease most fatal in England, there was no hospital to which *they* could resort.* The gates of all institutions were closed to them : applications for admission at any, were, by the “rules,” rejected ; and the thus afflicted were doomed to despair and die.

In 1840 there met at the house of Mr. Philip Rose,† now Sir Philip Rose, Bart., five gentlemen, of whom it is my happiness to

* “To provide him with an asylum, to surround him with the comforts of which he stands so much in need, to insure him relief from the sufferings entailed by his disease, to afford him spiritual consolation, at a period when the mind is perhaps best adapted to receive with benefit the divine truths of religion, and to enable those who depend upon him to earn their own subsistence, are the great objects proposed to be accomplished by this new hospital.”—*Report of the Committee*, 1845.

† At 22 Hans Place : let the house be remembered as one of the Homes of England, whence issued a holy and blessed influence, that has since restored thousands to life and health, and brought under comparative subjection the chief home-curse of England.

have been one. Mr. Rose was a solicitor, young in the profession and in life ; he had little power, except that which was given to him by a sagacious mind, large intelligence, thorough integrity, and a nature purely philanthropic. He had a clerk who suffered under premonitory symptoms of consumption ; "it could be arrested if taken in time"—an opinion very often expressed or recorded. But that was of no avail. Where was the insidious and terrible disease to be "taken in time" ? Not in places where squalid misery augmented it ; not in houses where hungry children were perpetual reminders that necessities were hard to be obtained, and where strengthening luxuries were as far off as the gold-fields of Ballarat. Mr. Rose had resolved to procure the admission of his clerk into one of the hospitals : but he was met on the threshold of every one of them, with a refusal of entrance.* Dismayed but not defeated, with the indomitable energy that subsequently placed him among the foremost men of the age, he determined that his clerk should have a hospital of his own. Under these circumstances were "the two or three gathered together" in Hans Place. Scarcely a week passed before Mr. Rose had taken a house in Smith Street, Chelsea, appointed a matron, obtained the aids of willing doctors, and ultimately the co-operation of an influential committee, Mr. Rose becoming the honorary secretary, and working day and night with an astonishing amount of vigor—which he exhibits to-day as he did so long ago. The institution was made a success. The Hospital for Consumption has been ever since one of the chiefest blessings of the Metropolis ; and not of the Metropolis only, for patients have been received at the hospital from all parts of the kingdom. Branches were established at Bournemouth and other places ; while similar institutions have been formed at the East End of London, and in the Isle of Wight.†

Invalids have journeyed, specially, from France, Spain, and other parts of the Continent, from America (and even, I believe, from Australia), in order to obtain admission and treatment in England. I need not say we had greatly at heart the welfare of this most valuable institution. We had been present at its birth, witnessed its

* "The plea on which the consumptive patient is refused admission into other institutions is, the lingering nature and almost certain fatality of the disease. But these very peculiarities give him the strongest claim on our sympathy. For when the poor man falls ill, the very sources of his subsistence are dried up ; acute diseases impoverish and embarrass him, but chronic diseases ruin him ; those who are dependent upon his exertions share his destitution, and are prevented from earning their own livelihood by the necessity of ministering to his wants."—*Report of the Committee, 1845.*

† A "National Sanatorium" at Bournemouth was established in 1855 by the Brompton Hospital Committee ; but, after a brief experience of the difficulty of carrying on a second establishment so far off, a separate committee of residents in the neighborhood was formed, including a few members of the Hospital Board, and thenceforward the Bournemouth sanatorium—an admirable resort for consumptive convalescents—became an entirely distinct institution.

growth, and rejoiced at its vigor: until it ranked among the most powerful organizations for charity in the kingdom. From the very beginning, it has been well and honestly managed, receiving and meriting public confidence and approval. Sir Philip Rose, its honorary secretary, has guarded and guided it throughout, and the two acting secretaries (there have been but two from the commencement) have been upright, active, and zealous officers. He who now holds that position, Mr. Henry Dobbin, is as admirable an officer as could be found in any institution, devoting to it great ability and continual zeal, as well as tenderness and sympathy.

So early as the summer of 1844, a bazaar held in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital largely augmented the funds. The friends of Mrs. Hall had so liberally supplied her stall that it contributed to the hospital fund more than £450.* Among her contributions was a large easy-chair, given to her by the then eminent papier-maché manufacturers, Jennens and Bettridge. It was raffled for: among those who "put in," was Mrs. Hall. Suddenly, a few hours afterward, a loud huzza was heard throughout the grounds: a procession bearing the chair advanced to her stall and presented it to her—her ticket had won the prize. She kept it many years as a pleasant memento; but in 1880 presented it to the hospital, which it now graces. The circumstance was made interesting by the fact that her aides-de-camp were the estimable and afterward distinguished brothers, Charles and Henry Kingsley, the sons of the then rector of Chelsea. It was another agreeable incident, that Jenny Lind sang two songs, to the old pensioners assembled in their Palace Hospital. We have since seen and assisted at many bazaars, but at none so brilliant as that. The sum received was very considerable. The money was raised to augment the building fund: the dwelling in Smith Street was far too small, for both the requirements and the revenue. The center and left wing of the large and grand buildings in the Fulham Road were first erected, but not long afterward it became necessary to extend them. Among other plans to raise the requisite money was a concert. The circumstances connected with that concert are somewhat peculiar and interesting. Our neighbor was "Jenny Lind"; when leaving London, after her first visit, she had promised Mrs. Hall to sing for the benefit of the hospital, the towers of which she could see from her dwelling, as we could see them from ours—the Rosery at Old Brompton. On her return to London she expressed her willingness to redeem her pledge. I soon got a committee formed, and, as its honorary secretary, I set to work to obtain important results. The programme announced that reserved seats would be two guineas,

* Mrs. S. C. Hall wrote and printed, with many illustrations, and sold largely at the bazaar, a thin quarto book, entitled "The Forlorn Hope, a Story of Old Chelsea."

and unreserved seats one guinea, but that no unreserved tickets would be issued until it was ascertained what number of reserved tickets would be required. When I showed the programme to Miss Lind, she was angry. To her German, or Swedish, experience, it seemed incredible that a large number of persons would each give such a sum to hear her sing; she protested, therefore, against my act as dooming her to sing to empty benches, and in no way to aid the charity. I knew better; she had never sung in public except on the stage; there were many who greatly desired to hear her, who would not enter a theatre; moreover, if the ticket was an extravagance, it was an outlay to assist a most valuable institution, and not a speculation for private gain. In the result, the concert-room at her Majesty's Theatre was allotted to us free; it was capable of seating nine hundred persons. I sold nine hundred tickets, not a single ticket through any agent; there was consequently no deduction: the only expenses were advertisements, hire of chairs, and gratuities to the attendants. I paid in upward of £1,750 to the account of the hospital—the largest sum up to that time ever realized by a concert.* The proceeds formed the nucleus of the fund for building the second wing of the hospital. It is known as the "Nightingale wing," and it contains a ward named after Mrs. S. C. Hall.†

* Among the audience was the Duke of Wellington, who handed Miss Lind to the platform. Every seat was occupied by the purchaser of a *reserved* ticket; and I sold fifty unreserved tickets with an understanding that, as every seat was filled, the party buying must take his chance of standing-room. There were several boxes, for each of which ten guineas were paid; twenty guineas were paid for the two passages to the boxes, in which chairs were to be placed, but not until after the boxes on either side were filled.

† COPY OF MINUTE, *Weekly Board*, 4th August, 1848.

"The Lind Concert Committee report that the sum of £1,766 15s. has been realized by Mademoiselle Lind's concert, and that, as the concert has been entirely free of all ordinary charges, nearly the whole of that sum will be appropriated to the charity. Whereupon it was unanimously resolved:

"That the deep and earnest gratitude of the Committee be tendered to Mademoiselle Lind for her noble act of kindness in behalf of the charity accompanied by their cordial and heart-felt wishes for her future happiness and prosperity.

"That Mademoiselle Lind be requested to allow the Committee the honor of adding her name to the list of life-governors.

"That the Honorary Secretary be requested to communicate the foregoing resolutions to Mademoiselle Lind, and at the same time to convey to her the desire of the Committee to retain a lasting record of her generous conduct by calling the first ward that shall be opened after her name.

"That the Committee can not forbear from again expressing to Mrs. S. C. Hall their deep gratitude for her continued and repeated interest manifested on behalf of this charity, and most particularly for the valuable assistance she has recently rendered it in connection with the concert of Mademoiselle Lind, from which has proceeded so large an accession to the funds of the hospital.

"That the Honorary Secretary be requested to communicate the foregoing resolution to Mrs. S. C. Hall, and at the same time to inform her of the wish of the Committee to retain within the building a lasting record of Mrs. S. C. Hall's

Mrs. Hall has bequeathed—to be placed in this ward—a large photograph and two lithographs of the Queen and the Prince Consort presented to her, with an autograph letter, from her Majesty, in 1878. At no distant date they will be there as Mrs. Hall's most cherished record of gratitude and devoted affection for the Queen she loved so much—to whom she owed so much.

There came to me an application from a young German composer expressing a desire to play for the charity. I submitted the letter, with other letters of the kind, to Miss Lind; she selected it as one I might answer in the affirmative. She had never until then heard his name; the selection was a mere chance (we too often use the word in lieu of that Providence which “shapes our ends”), but the applicant was Otto Goldschmidt, who not long afterward became the husband of Jenny Lind. A better husband, father, friend—a truer gentleman, of more entire probity, in all the relations of life—does not live. In common parlance, it was a lucky day for Jenny Lind when she agreed to sing for the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, and surely a lucky day it was for Otto Goldschmidt.

It is not necessary to comment on the immense amount of good produced by this hospital, since its foundation in 1841—from its infancy in Smith Street, Chelsea, when it received twelve patients, to its present high and palmy state in its palace at Brompton, where nearly four hundred patients are “accommodated.”

There are few, even now, who are cognizant of the admirable plan on which the hospital is conducted—a committee indefatigable in its zealous service, the best medical attendance such as no amount of wealth could readily procure, a scientific management of atmosphere, food skillfully adjusted to the patient's condition and needs, cheerful apartments, and light and healthful occupations and amusements. In a word, the loftiest and richest family in the kingdom could not call power and wealth more effectually to their aid than can the very poorest of the people, whose beloved are inmates of this hospital, “supported by voluntary contributions.”*

services in the cause of the charity by calling one of the wards in the new wing after her name.”

* “But though the original object contemplated in its establishment has been to afford an ASYLUM to the consumptive patient, it is by no means the only one. By bringing a large number of such patients under the same roof, an opportunity will be afforded of more carefully studying the nature of this destructive malady; and assuredly there is some ground of hope that He who has given man much power over nature, who has provided him, in the works of his own hands, with many powerful and effective remedies, and has so often crowned his well-directed efforts toward the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow-creatures with success, may yet vouchsafe to guide him to some means by which this His greatest scourge may be stripped of its terrors. At least the Committee feel that they are fully justified in pointing out to the attention of the public, that if medical science be ever destined to achieve the great triumph of removing this fatal malady, or to effect

It added much to my pleasure, when seated on the platform where his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was laying the first stone of the new building (on the 17th of July, 1879), to know that it stood on the site of a row of houses—York Place—in one of which the poet Moore had lived. It was, I believe, No. 5. Sitting by the side of Moore and his admirable wife one evening at Sloperton, I said: "By-the-way, sir, will you tell me where you wrote the lines on the meeting of the waters?—

"Sweet vale of Avoca!"

Some say one place and some another. There are, as you know, two 'sweet vales' in which the waters 'meet'; a spot is pointed out under one umbrageous tree where the 'neighbors' say you wrote them. I should much like to know." The poet shook his head, and with a solemn look and tone, said: "Ah! that is a secret I never tell to any one!" Mrs. Moore bent her head toward me, and audibly whispered, "It was in an attic at Brompton!" I visited the "attic" not long afterward, and fancied I saw the poet penning one of the sweetest of all the Melodies. And again I visited, in imagination, the lovely spot in the county of Wicklow, where the rivers Avon and Avoca "meet." It was visited by the poet in 1807, when the poem was suggested; and when—

"Friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear."

It will not lessen the pleasure patients will receive, nor diminish their chances of health, if they hear in fancy (as I did in reality more than once) the poet sing these lines, on the very spot where they were written.

There are few who could supply better evidence than I could as to the blessing this valuable institution has been to the community: averting or removing, often partially, sometimes effectually, the most mournful of all the diseases "that flesh is heir to."

It has not been the lot of many to witness the fructifying of sanguine hopes—to find them, indeed, exceeded by reality. It has been that of Sir Philip Rose. God has given him the reward, while on earth, that so often awaits well-doing. For centuries to come the name of the founder of this—one of the very best of all the charities—will be heard with honor, affection, and gratitude.

On the 13th of June, 1882, I had the happiness to attend the opening of the new extension building at Brompton; prepared to

the humbler good of arresting its progress with *certainly*, the hour of such improvements must surely be hastened by the establishment of an institution which will afford ample means for deep and sustained investigation of the disease."—*Report of the Committee, 1845.*

receive one hundred and thirty-seven in-patients, to be added to the two hundred previously placed in the older hospital directly opposite. It is needless to say, all improvements that science, thought, increase of means, and, above all, experience, suggested, have been carried into operation in order to make the hospital as perfect as it can be. The Earl of Derby, president of the corporation, delivered a suitable address. He told the audience that, since the commencement of the institution in 1841, it had accommodated twenty-nine thousand six hundred in-patients, and two hundred and eighty thousand out-patients !

If my feelings were of happiness and gratitude, what must have been those of Sir Philip Rose and his honored and estimable lady when half a dozen well-chosen words fell from the lips of Lord Derby, in acknowledgment of the debt, "owing, yet paid," to these active servants of God and man who planted the small seed in Smith Street, forty-two years before that day of its latest triumph !

GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

THE founders of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution were the Rev. David Laing and his estimable lady. For so long as seventeen years, Mr. Laing was the honorary secretary. In 1860 he was called away from earth-work : but in the onerous office his widow succeeded him ; its duties she still discharges, to her own honor, and to the great advantage of one of the best and most useful of all the charitable societies of the kingdom. It is a society of which the motto should be "gratitude." There are no recipients of bounty who have a better right to it ; in every case, it is a reward for a past—a past of hard, continuous, and ill-paid work—work upon which so much of the habits, characters, and usefulness, of many women depend ; for governesses are guides from the nursery, through girlhood to womanhood, and by them are, in a great measure, molded the characters of the wives and mothers on whose training depends so much of the virtue, piety, and rectitude, which make the happiness of every household. Next to the mother, it is the governess who creates the after-life. On this subject I borrow a passage from an article by Mrs. Hall, written for the *Art Union* in 1846 :

"In England, it would be difficult to ascertain her position—charged with the sole care of the 'precious jewels,' perhaps, of an illustrious house ; considered competent to cultivate their minds, to form their manners, to enlarge their views, that they may keep their positions and become all that is desired in English gentlewomen ; the person who does this, if admitted into society at all, is often thrust unintroducted into a corner, and expected to retire when the younger children are sent to bed, slighted by the servants, who consider her a servant, and looked upon as a person to be dismissed as soon as done with by the mistress ! For one governess who receives a pension for past services—services that can never be adequately recompensed—there are, protected and prosperous, a hundred ladies' maids. It is not at all uncommon to

meet with pensioned servants; but a pensioned governess is a *rara avis*. We find them in hospitals and workhouses, when they are overtaken by ill health, or have faded into old age."

To Mr. and Mrs. Laing, then (but to her chiefly, for the woman is ever the fountain-head of good work), is accorded the glory of founding the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; but the honor of originating the idea was not theirs—that belongs to a poor worn-out and poverty-encumbered governess, Miss Jane Tucker, who, some years previously, conceived the notion of such a society—perhaps mainly to have her own wants relieved: she was certainly somewhat clamorous as regarded them, and did not suffer in dignified silence. She, however, aroused public attention to the theme; the matter was zealously taken up by Mr. and Mrs. Laing, a competent committee was formed, and a great charity has been the result. The small stream has become a grand river. The institution is too well known to need description in this book. Suffice it to say, there are now two hundred and fifty-two annuitants; twelve housed in the asylum at Chiselmurst; and that happily the excellent lady who has been its main prop from the commencement, is the honorary secretary, which she became on the death of her husband (Rector of St. Olave's in the City of London) in 1860.

The original committee was guilty of an error at the outset. The lady whose claim to an annuity was indubitable, and which should have been the very first for acknowledgment, made a public appeal, and a meeting was held, at which James Silk Buckingham, M. P., presided; the result was a large expression of sympathy, and aid sufficiently liberal to secure for her the annuity which the committee had declined to grant.*

But Miss Tucker was not the first to promulgate the idea that the nation owed a debt to the aged governess. Several years previously a society had been established called the "Governesses' Mutual Assurance Society," formed on the plan of benefit societies. It did not last long, and its advantages were limited. The present Institution was commenced in 1841, but languished, did little, and would assuredly have died out, but that Providence brought to its rescue the clergyman and his lady to whom I have here accorded due honor. Its prosperity may be dated from 1843; in that year, on the 25th of May, a public meeting was held at the Hanover Square Rooms, at

* "Experienced in all the difficulties incident to the life of a governess, having entered on its duties in a clergyman's family at Taunton, at the age of sixteen, Miss Tucker long meditated the idea of rescuing her class—perhaps the most useful and important of all classes—from their humiliating and precarious position. A severe illness of seven years' duration, following upon forty years' labor as a governess, gave her additional reason to elaborate this idea. On her recovery, in the year 1838, she threw together the thoughts that had thus occurred to her, and drew out a plan so clear in all its details, and so harmonious as a whole, that it has since been carried out to the very letter by the Committee of the Institution."—*Extract from an advertisement for an annuity for Miss Tucker.*

which his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge presided, and from that day the Institution became a "grand success."

The objects of the society are well known, and do not demand descriptive details; they are briefly these:

1. The relief of governesses in temporary difficulties.
2. The granting of annuities to aged governesses.
3. The securing of deferred annuities to governesses upon their own payments.
4. A home for the disengaged.
5. Free registration.
6. A college with classes and certificates of qualification.
7. An asylum for the aged.

When Mr. Laing commenced his work, the committee had a hundred pounds in the bank, "for the relief of governesses in temporary difficulties." In 1881 the ladies' committee had the power to disburse £50 every fortnight, when they met; in that way alone they have investigated 3,679 cases, and made grants to the amount of £46,457.

Of its several branches, the granting of annuities to aged governesses is perhaps the most popular. There are half-yearly elections, when annuities, varying in amount (some of them have been given by the munificence of individual donors), but none less than £25, are awarded, the recipients of which now number two hundred and fifty-two, besides two hundred and fifty-six who have held them and are now "gone to their rest." The sum of £154,703, besides various stocks according to the wills of the donors, now stand in the name of the fund.

The third, the Provident fund for the savings of those still working, which are placed in government securities (till the time arrives for a well-earned income of their own providing), reaches an amount—and the amount is somewhat startling—rather more than £400,000.

The fourth, the Home for ladies seeking situations, supplies a center where they may meet with ladies seeking governesses, and in the mean time rest and have the companionship of others similarly circumstanced. Some idea of the work done may be formed from the fact that in one year the number of visitors to the Home and free registrations (in the same house) was 25,419.

The fifth, free registration, supplies a list to the advantages of which all who bring proofs of respectability are admitted without any fee. Fifty-three thousand have, from time to time, entered their names.

The sixth, the college, when fairly launched, and after some years of prosperity as a branch of the Institution, was separately incorporated in 1853 as "Queen's College, London," and continues the work of higher female education, now become national.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the branches of the Institution is the "Asylum for the Aged." It was first established at Kentish

Town ; but it was found that to associate so many aged ladies in one building with a common sitting-room was objectionable. Tempers did not agree ; superintendents had delicate and difficult duties to discharge ; and generally a lack of harmony existed. On one side, perhaps, too much was expected ; on the other, it may be, too little sympathy was given ; at any rate, the committee resolved on the removal of the Homes some distance from London : on all accounts such a step was desirable, especially as it was part of the plan, not only that each lady should have a separate dwelling, but that accommodation should be afforded to give to her the companionship of any relative or friend. The land at Kentish Town was advantageously sold, and land purchased at Chiselhurst.

At Chiselhurst, when you have passed the mansion in which died the ex-Emperor of the French—the third Napoleon—and over the breezy common, past the carefully kept churchyard, you will come to some pretty cottages, with one rather more pretentious in the center. They are the nucleus of the asylum of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, which will, as funds come in, consist of three sides of a handsome square, with the garden and its beautiful old trees in the middle, and giving homes (twelve in all, for the present) to some who will enjoy the rest and repose of their evening of life all the more gratefully after having borne the burden and heat of the day. Such is the great tree that rose out of the small seed planted in 1843.

For this admirable Institution we labored from the first ; the Home for Aged Governesses was the department of it we liked most.

Mrs. Hall had for many years the right of presentation to one of the homes at Chiselhurst. She had given it to three ; one of the ladies thus aided was the sister of the artist Sass, who established, and for a long period conducted, the best and most useful of the Art classes in the Metropolis ; and one of them (the first) was a countrywoman of her own, the descendant of an almost regal family—a Miss Fitzgerald.*

* Mrs. Hall wrote and published, for the benefit of the Institution, a story entitled "The Old Governess." In the report for 1848, I find this reference to it :

" Especial thanks must be offered to one who worked, heart and hand and head, in the cause ; and all who have read the tale of ' The Old Governess ' will, it is believed, agree that never did that gifted head and most kindly heart put forth a stronger claim to public admiration and sympathy."

There can be no reason why I should not insert this copy of a resolution which I find among the cherished papers of Mrs. Hall :

" SATURDAY, July 22, 1848.

" *Resolved*, That the Committee of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution desire to express their deep sense of the energetic benevolence of Mrs. S. C. Hall in the recent kindnesses bestowed upon this Society.

" That the realizing so large a sum by Mrs. Hall's personal exertions at the Fancy Sale, more than £350, is alone evidence of the personal interest felt and

Mr. Laing, and especially Mrs. Laing, were—I believe from the commencement—greatly aided by the zealous co-operation of a gentleman who is still the Secretary of the Governesses' Institution—Mr. G. W. Klugh. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of his services. To great ability he has added large experience; there can be no doubt that much of the prosperity enjoyed by the Institution, much of the public satisfaction it has given, and much of the good it has done, must be attributed to the unfailing energy, the devoted zeal, and the unwearied labors, of a gentleman who is the acting secretary in 1882, as he was in 1844.

EARLY CLOSING.

ALTHOUGH the project of "Early Closing" has been largely and widely "taken up" of late years, and is sustained by many of the greatest and best of British worthies, men as well as women—it was not always so. Writing now, nearly fifty years after the movement commenced, I can not but review the past as giving conclusive evidence that it has been, on the whole, a "success." There can be no doubt that much has been done; as little, that there is much yet to do. Some notes concerning the alpha of the reform will be acceptable to my readers.

In the year 1835, there called upon us a young man who was an assistant at an extensive drapery establishment in Sloane Square. He did not find it hard to enlist our sympathies for a cause he advocated with earnest zeal as the result of sad experience. I placed myself at his disposal. He was arranging meetings in various parts of the Metropolis; it was understood that when he could get no better chairman he was to summon me. In one year—1836—I took the chair at such meetings eleven times, often under circumstances very discouraging; but a time came when Bishops of the Established Church, peers of the realm, and ministers of State became the chairmen; and I was happy to take a subordinate place where I had been under the necessity of presiding.*

Mrs. Hall did much more than that: she saw that without the aid of her sex very little reform could be accomplished; and in that year, 1836, prepared the following pledge, which she induced her friends to sign, obtaining between four and five hundred signatures, some of her pledge-cards containing thirty names; among them being those of prominent authors whose writings had advocated love of

taken; but 'The Old Governess,' expressly written for the occasion, amid the multiplied avocations of a highly useful life, displays a warmth of feeling toward the Society which requires some marked token of gratitude from its supporters.

(Signed)

"D. LAING, M. A., *Honorary Secretary*."

* Mr. Hall, at the meeting at Exeter Hall in 1856, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. John Lilwall, the able and indefatigable honorary secretary of the Association, "whose services to his class had never been surpassed, and rarely equaled."

God as manifested by efforts to advance and strengthen the cause of humanity. This is the pledge-card to which I refer :

"THE LATE HOUR SYSTEM.

"The Late Hour Employment in Shops is proved, beyond controversy, to be needless for any beneficial purpose, either to buyer or seller.

"It is oppressive and cruel as well as unnecessary. It condemns many thousands of industrious persons to that 'excessive toil' which destroys health, and retards or prevents religious, moral, and social improvement.

"Out of it arise innumerable evils, and no single good: debilitated constitutions, impaired minds, absence of religious thoughts, ignorance of moral duties, or inability to perform them—are but some of these evils. Overwork is the sure passages to an early grave—for which there has been no preparation.

"Believing this—considering these evils to be capable of easy removal, and that it is our duty to God and our neighbor to aid in removing them :

"WE, whose names are affixed—Ladies resident in London and its vicinity—resolve, under no circumstances, except in cases of absolute necessity, to make purchases, either ourselves or by our servants, at any Shop after six, or at the latest seven o'clock in the evening.

"And, further, that we will endeavor, as far as possible, to deal, and encourage dealing, at Shops which are closed at reasonable hours—and we desire to procure lists of such Shopkeepers as discountenance 'Late Hour Employment' in our respective localities."

So the good seed was planted, but it was long before it fructified.* In 1847, a great meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester; it was largely attended; upward of fifteen hundred persons were present, but few or none of the magnates of the City; and the chairman was the poet Charles Swain—a most estimable gentleman and a true poet, but one who had not attained to high rank in letters, and who could not have been accepted as a popular substitute for either Thackeray or Douglas Jerrold, who had been announced to attend. Swain and I were the only representatives of Letters. Yes: the discouragements were many and strong. The progress of the Society was slow: "but"—I quote from one of its later reports—

"It had its seat in a few earnest hearts, strong in their consciousness of right, and in their hatred of injustice and wrong, and ever content to oppose fortitude to defeat, perseverance to opposition, and to rise unsubdued from every apparent overthrow to renewed exertions—well knowing that what they had resolved to accomplish was but a deed of righteousness toward God and their fellow-creatures."

* I recall to memory one of the earlier meetings. It was held somewhere in the neighborhood of Whitechapel, in a miserable hole under a railway, the roll of trains over which necessitated frequent pauses in the proceedings, while the atmosphere was that of a city night-fog—damp, unwholesome, and disheartening. Yet the assembly was stirred to enthusiastic applause, and I had afterward reason to know that out of that meeting great and good results had arisen.

I have by me one of the much earlier reports: the list of the committee contained sixty names. In it there was but one member of the aristocracy—the ever-good Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury—and only three members of Parliament, James Emerson Tennant, Charles Handley, and John Pemberton Plumptre. But there were twenty clergymen of all denominations, ten physicians or surgeons, ten private individuals, and twenty heads or partners in various establishments, who certainly for the most part “having suffered tribulation, had learned mercy,” but who were compelled by the exigencies of trade to do as others did, and not as they would have had others do. Of the sixty who formed that committee in 1843, there are but *two now living*—the Earl of Shaftesbury and S. C. Hall.

It was not until 1856 that the movement obtained a status. A great meeting in July of that year was held in Exeter Hall, at which Lord Robert Grosvenor, M. P. for Middlesex, presided, and at which the Earl of Shaftesbury and Bishop Wilberforce eloquently spoke. It was a meeting primarily to bring before the public “the oppressed condition of the milliners’ and dressmakers’ assistants.”

Some years previously, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, an eloquent and indefatigable writer for the cause, had obtained a prize offered by the “Metropolitan Drapers’ Association.” From the preface to that essay I extract this passage:

“Young men, from sixteen years of age to twenty-five or thirty, are engaged in drapers’ shops daily about fifteen hours, of which fourteen hours and a half are actually employed in business. During this time they are not permitted to sit down or to look into a book, but are standing or moving about from morning to night, generally in an atmosphere exhausted by respiration and in rooms ill-ventilated. When night arrives, gaslights and closed doors complete the deterioration of the air, till at length it becomes almost pestiferous. Meanwhile their meals must be swallowed hastily, like the mouthful of water which impatient travelers afforded to a smoking post-horse in the middle of a long stage. No exercise is allowed in the open sunshine, their relaxation being to take a walk in the streets about ten o’clock at night, when the sober and virtuous part of the community have retired to their dwellings, or to smoke and drink away the last hour of their evening at a tavern, or to form pleasure-parties for the Sabbath. From the company of their friends, from all cultivated and virtuous society, they are, by their circumstances, excluded; all scientific institutions are closed against them by the lateness of their hours; they are too tired to read after their work; and when they throw themselves upon their beds, it is too often to breathe in the close bedrooms, where numbers are packed together, an air more pestilential than that which poisoned them during the day.”

With even greater eloquence and stronger force the Bishop of Oxford advocated the cause of the weaker sex. I extract a passage from the admirable speech of that prelate, the son of one of the grandest men that “ever lived in the tide of time,” who bore the almost consecrated name of Wilberforce and added to its glory; and

the father of another Wilberforce of whom it is enough to say that he is worthy of the other two—his grandfather and his father :

“The remedy is to be found in the quickened moral feeling of the community of this nation, and bringing an intelligent public opinion to bear upon this great question. My Lord, do what we will, we must always have this evil springing up in one form or other, because it comes from the overflowing spring of selfishness in the human heart. I am convinced that this evil must recur as long as man continues to be swayed in his actions, as Scripture says with a marvelous accuracy of expression, by the ‘mammon of unrighteousness.’ It is the special attribute of a well-informed Christian public opinion, that it brings to bear forces which can not be resisted, not only upon one or two of the emergent questions of an evil system, which is all direct law can do, but it brings this to bear upon the root from which these evils spring. It is as, when the sun rises, the creatures of darkness fly away; it is as, when its rays penetrate into some deep cavern, the creatures of darkness depart, and creatures of light abound; and so I do believe that it may be here.”

In this case, the remedy *was* found: the cruel system was suppressed; evidences were given that “religious sympathies” did *not* “waste themselves in the mere expression of good wishes to lessen the burden of the heavy-laden, and let the oppressed go free.”

The heavy-laden and oppressed of this class of workers are now, thank God, under the direct and effectual protection of the law. At that grand meeting I took part. I presume to quote passages from what I said :

“We did not, and do not now ask for the abolition of human labor, or even for an unreasonable lessening of it. We know that man is born to toil, and that labor augments enjoyment; but we ask that a voice be raised against evils which man should not sanction, and of which God declares His disapproval. We ask you to move now in this great matter. I am happy to see here many of the earliest friends of the Early Closing Association. Their efforts have not been without results—results which have alike benefited the employed and the employer; and which have been accompanied by none of the evils foretold or threatened by lukewarm supporters, or open and avowed adversaries. The Association has been, under Providence, the means of carrying conviction so widely as to be almost universal—that over-toil is as much opposed to sound policy as it is to true humanity; and that judiciously to ameliorate the condition of those who labor, is to carry out the will of God, as well as to advance the best interests of man.

“We have positive assurance and indisputable proof that, in a wealthy city, and among an enlightened and merciful population, tens of thousands of young girls, under the age of twenty, were worked daily and nightly during eighteen hours of the twenty-four, in small and ill-ventilated and overcrowded rooms, often miserably fed because always miserably paid, rarely hearing a word of kindness, or seeing a look of sympathy, but watched—only that as much of profit as possible might be gained out of the inhuman toil to which they were subjected; I say every voice should be raised to deprecate a course so accursed, so utterly inhuman in the estimation of God and man. Yet it is of such a system we tell you, and of its existence we give you positive and indubitable proof.

“Yes, it is the cause of young women often well born, well nurtured, and

frequently well educated, that we plead this evening. It is a trite observation that—

“ ‘Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.’ ”

But the poet has another line, less known perhaps, but more emphatic—

“ ‘He who upholds oppression shares the crime!’ ”

I am writing in 1882 of matters as they existed in 1835 and long afterward. The Early Closing Society still exists, and is still laboring to obtain for shop assistants more freedom from restraint. I assume the following statement from one of its latest reports, 1877-’78, to be correct :

“ There are upward of 200,000 shop-assistants in London, many thousands of whom are employed from 80 to 90 hours *per week*. To say nothing of the evil results of long standing, impure atmosphere, etc., the simple fact of being employed so many hours is an effectual barrier to moral and social recreation. It has long been conceded that recreation for the mind is as essential to the welfare of an individual as food is to the body.”

I earnestly hope—although not without some misgiving—that the boons which have been granted—the enormous difference that exists between the condition of shop-workers in 1835 and in 1882—may be *altogether for good*. I fear that we have gone to the other extreme, that the Saturday half-holiday and the leaving off work before sundown, considered now to be the condition under which labor is sold and bought, is an evil as great as the over-toil of a period within the experience of many who are not old. Certainly, the first agitators of the early-closing movement did not contemplate so great a change ; the demands of its originators and promoters by no means went the length of rendering the employer the servant rather than the master of the hands he employed. Whether the result of the early efforts of its friends, upholders, and patrons *has been altogether for good*, is a question upon which I am unable to enter. Some of the most extensive employers of labor have characterized the Saturday half-holiday as an evil, affirming that the young men and women who are released from work early do not spend their afternoons and evenings in healthful exercise and wholesome recreation, but that the half-holiday largely helps to swell the coffers of the public-house. If it be so, that is a greater evil than the evil that public opinion in a degree removed : better a mind ignorant than a mind depraved ; a body diseased by lack of air and exercise than a body enfeebled by drink ; a character unenlightened by lack of knowledge than a character degraded by habits and associations that are fertile sources of poverty, misery, and crime.

THE ARMY AND NAVY PENSIONERS’ EMPLOYMENT SOCIETY.

THOSE who meet in our streets men clad in dark uniforms, and know them to be members of a numerous body of useful servants of

the public, will feel and express gratitude to Captain Edward Waller, who formed the corps—first, to add, as it greatly does, to the general comfort and convenience, and next, to reward the wounded or discharged soldiers who have done good service to their country, and have a just right to such recognition and reward as the country can bestow on them.

The corps is admirably trained and disciplined: the men are made useful in many ways; their payments depend on their services; they are entitled to, and receive, confidence—very rarely indeed have they betrayed it, and I believe the appearance of any one of them at a police-office, charged with crime, has never yet occurred. Captain Walter and the officers associated with him may claim to rank as public benefactors. They have largely served the public without the smallest demand upon the public purse.

The "Corps of Commissionaires" in a measure arose out of the "Pensioners' Employment Society"—a society formed and established in July, 1855. It originated with Mr. William Jerdan, the author of many useful books, and for nearly forty years editor of the *Literary Gazette*. At that time he had retired from active labor as a man of letters. It occurred to him that some means of procuring employment for wounded soldiers who were returning from the Crimea ought to be, and might be, found. He had no difficulty in forming a committee to carry out his project. It was composed chiefly of his private friends, who lent him their names, but did little more to promote the work. There were, I think, fifteen members, but ten of the fifteen did not attend a single meeting, leaving the whole of the labor and all the responsibility to the three or four who were willing to accept both. In reality there were but two members—Mr. W. E. D. Cummings and myself. Three were required to form a quorum; therefore a gentleman who daily left the city at five o'clock, on his way home to Lowndes Square, gave us a "look in," signed the book, and left us to do the work.

I did not grudge the reward to those who, at the eleventh hour, came into the vineyard to take the place of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day.

It was no wonder that things went wrong. Mr. Jerdan was called upon to retire from the position he held as "Registrar and Honorary Secretary" a very few weeks after his appointment to it, and in the then working secretary no confidence was placed.

Yet, as regards the purpose of the society, much good—even more than we anticipated—was effected.

The duty of the committee was to register all applicants whose good character was sustained by testimony furnished from their regiments (commanding officers), from places where they had been employed before enlisting, and the clergymen of the parishes in which they had been born or resided. The situations obtained were of all classes and orders—park gate-keepers, messengers, bank porters, in

fact, half a hundred employments, for which they were still fitted, although in many cases minus a leg or an arm. They had pensions, to be sure, but their pensions varied from 7*d.* to 1*s.* 2*d.* a day. Frequently the applicants had no pensions at all—nothing to help them except their characters as dutiful soldiers and good men.

Mr. Cumming was earnest and zealous in the work. I did my best; but it will not be difficult to believe that the affairs of the society became involved in inextricable confusion. A considerable debt was due; the creditors threatened legal proceedings against Mr. Cumming and myself, the only two members of the committee they knew, because the only two who did any work—without remuneration, of course, and at a large sacrifice of time. A sum of between £300 and £400 must be paid “somehow,” and I was preparing an appeal,* with a sort of compulsory hint, to members of “the committee,” when a fortunate incident occurred. Captain Walter had established the Corps of Commissionaires. He applied to us for names of deserving pensioners from our list into whose antecedents we had inquired: and, learning the involvements of the society, made the liberal proposal of taking it entirely off our hands, paying all debts owing, and—that which we most desired—continuing the society, then on the eve of disruption. It is needless to say that the generous proposal was at once closed with. There was but one condition attached—that each member of the existing committee should send in a formal resignation, so that Captain Walter might receive the society freed from all incumbrances—except its debts.

The Pensioners' Employment Society is vigorously alive in 1882, after its twenty-seven years of existence, and, with its military organization is, I am sure, doing much good, infinitely more than our shackled committee of two or three could have done in 1857; and has been a fertile blessing to those soldiers and sailors who, in the

* On the 10th of June, 1857, the following circular was issued:

“22 PARLIAMENT STREET, June 10, 1857.

“Permit us to ask your attention to the claims of the Pensioners' Employment Society, briefly, inasmuch as we inclose printed reports from which you will learn that the society was established two years ago in order to obtain employment for pensioners, many of whom have been wounded, and the majority of whom have pensions so small as to leave them hardly any resource but to beg. We have provided, directly and indirectly, situations for nearly 500 of these gallant and deserving men, but there remain upon our registry (augmenting daily) upward of 1,600 able and willing to work and with good characters—facts we carefully inquire into and ascertain. We believe, if assisted, we can obtain useful and profitable employments for a very large proportion of them, especially if we procure the means of giving extensive *publicity* to our proceedings. We therefore respectfully but earnestly ask your aid and entreat your examination of the accompanying documents.

“S. C. HALL, F. S. A.,

“W. E. D. CUMMING (Lloyd's),

“J. A. MOORE (Major),

“JAMES HUNT (Ph. D.).”

simple language of the first appeal, "have deserved well of their country."*

I have little more to add to this statement. Mr. Cumming, an underwriter at Lloyd's, an excellent and estimable gentleman, had all his wealth in ventures on the sea—or thought he had. One night a terrific storm shook the house in which he lived. He awoke frightened, was haunted by a terror that all his ships were wrecks, that he was ruined (it was afterward ascertained that his losses were trifling), and he was found in the morning under his garden hedge dead—having taken laudanum. Latterly he supplied the funds necessary for carrying on the society, as well as giving his time to its interests.

I had the satisfaction to receive from Captain Walter a letter thanking me for what I had done for the society, "appreciating my services very highly," and expressing a hope "that although I had expressed a wish to retire from it," I would "continue to take a warm interest in its future proceedings."

It was a happy event when that excellent gentleman took the matter in hand, removing it from the committee, relieving the two working members from a heavy burden, and giving to the society a vigor and power it could not have obtained under our committee-ship.

The Corps of Commissionaires (as I have shown, entirely the idea of Captain Walter) has now assumed gigantic proportions. If it be a pleasure to many to read the results as reported at one of the latest meetings of the governors of the corps, I hope I am not arrogant in saying it is a source of deep and earnest joy to me. As I have intimated, but for the auspicious resolve of Captain Walter, the Pensioners' Employment Society would in 1857 have collapsed, and not creditably, for there would have been considerable difficulty in paying its debts. How warmly, therefore, I must second the vote of thanks rendered to Captain Walter at the meeting to which I have referred!—

"To Captain Walter," the speaker (Captain Morley) said, "the national gratitude was due—a fact which could not be sufficiently recognized—for his beneficent labors in establishing on a firm basis and carrying on almost unaided for a long time this institution for the advantage of well-conducted soldiers and sailors after the period of their service was ended. The prospect of obtaining situations by means of this corps encouraged men to persevere

* "Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, 44 Charing Cross, S. W. To employers requiring the services of trustworthy men to perform the duties of hall and door keepers to public and private establishments, messengers, attendants at asylums and schools, gate, office, time, and store keepers, grooms, helpers, porters, watchmen, charges of chambers or premises, drill instructors, constables, etc. It is notified for general information that a number of eligible men are available for any of the above situations, who can be strongly recommended. Apply, either personally or by letter, to the Secretary, at the above address. Office hours from ten till four. No fees or expenses to employers or the employed."

in good habits while in the army, and it made service in the army and navy in some way the stepping-stone to civil employment.' ”

On that occasion Lord Napier of Magdala said :

“Most of the great undertakings in England had arisen through private exertions, through private benevolence, and through the private energy of individuals. The Corps of Commissionaires had arisen through the exercise of these great qualities in one man combined—through the unrivaled perseverance, public spirit, and true philanthropy of Captain Edward Walter, who, in spite of the greatest difficulties, in spite of receiving but slight encouragement from either the public or the authorities, had established this corps, and had carried it on in a manner to make it an honor to the country.”

It will be remembered that on their return from the Crimea the soldiers were received with an ovation in the streets of London. On that occasion I put forth an advertisement of which this is the opening passage :

“When the Guards and other regiments march through the cities of London and Westminster, will it not occur to the admiring and grateful spectators to inquire, how a large number of those gallant fellows are to be provided for, discharged from the service, as they must be, from wounds or other ailments, with 6*d.* or 8*d.* a day ? ”

On that document I find this comment in one of the few papers I have kept :

“Let it be known to all who require servants of good character, of approved fidelity, and of the most worthy antecedents, that ‘The Pensioners’ Employment Society’ provides them ; takes our soldiers as their names disappear from the muster-roll, tests their characters, and offers to employers none but those in whom courage is but the guarantee of other virtues. Such a society, so benevolent in its objects, and so enlightened in the means it employs to carry them into effect, can not but receive, as it so well deserves, a liberal amount of public support.”

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.

EARLY in the year 1855, when the war in the Crimea had filled the hospitals of Eastern Europe with the sick and wounded of our armies, those who had beloved friends there were startled into grateful admiration by the work that good women were doing to lessen the sufferings of the brave men who were fighting battles. “Sisters of Charity,” though long and happily familiar in other countries, were comparatively unknown in the British Islands ; and when intelligence reached home that a number of highly-born and richly-endowed ladies were enduring hard and incessant labor in hastily constructed, inadequately furnished, and, until then, utterly neglected hospitals—doing, in short, the work of the coarsest menials—doubts were at first cast on the motives as well as the capabilities of these volunteer aids to the surgeons on the army staff. Prejudice, however, rapidly gave way. Conviction quickly followed as to the vast utility of the novel auxiliaries, and a foretaste of national gratitude

was soon transmitted to the seat of war—to cheer, encourage, and, in a measure, reward, the admirable helpers there—gratuitous workers for their country and humanity.

Foremost among these admirable and holy workers was Florence Nightingale. The name rapidly became a household word throughout the British Islands, and in all the colonial dependencies of the Crown; it was universally hailed with enthusiastic affection; the touching and beautiful lines of Longfellow, "*The Lady of the Lamp*," consecrated it. The heart of England beat warmly in response, and the feeling was universal that some means must be found, especially by women, to recompense one who was doing so much of woman's best and holiest work in the plague-stricken battle-fields of the East.

Happily, Florence Nightingale is living, and my pen can not progress as otherwise it would surely do. I know her strong objection to publicity; that to "do good" must not be in her case to "find fame." Even what I have here written—tame and utterly insufficient as it is—she would erase, if she could. My apology to her must be for the little I have said, and not for the much I have left unsaid.

Some account of the origin and early progress of the Nightingale Fund will interest the reader. It was designed to give expression to a general feeling—

"That the noble exertions of Miss Nightingale and her associates in the hospitals of the East, and the invaluable services rendered by them to the sick and wounded of the British forces, demand the grateful recognition of the British people."

The beautiful and touching lines of the poet Longfellow are so well known that I need not quote them. Not so is a poem of deep pathos by my friend Francis Bennoch, F. S. A., one of the committee of the Nightingale Fund. From that poem I borrow a stanza here:

"When wounded sore in fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She gently called their spirit back,
And gave them life again.
Her cheering voice, her smiling face,
All suffering could dispel,
With grateful lips they kissed the place
On which her shadow fell."

The muse of the Seven Dials was also evoked. Broad-sheet ballads were sung and sold in the streets. I have some now before me; the following is an extract from one of them:

"When sympathy first in thy fair breast did enter,
The world must confess 'twas a noble idea,
When through great danger you boldly did venture,
To soothe the afflicted in the dread Crimea."

No female on earth sure could ever be bolder ;
 When death and disease did you closely surround,
 You administered comfort to the British soldier—
 You soothed his sorrows and healed his wound."

Great events often arise out of trivial causes. In the September of 1855 Mrs. S. C. Hall, earnestly feeling that the services of Miss Nightingale should receive the emphatic recognition of *women*, addressed to several women, letters asking for aid and co-operation to effect that object. They were almost exclusively to personal friends, her first idea being very limited as to design and cost. To all her applications she received approving answers, with tenders of pecuniary aid.

The sum offered so greatly exceeded the sum then required that she wrote to Miss Nightingale's personal friends, Lady Canning and Mrs. Sidney Herbert, inquiring what sort of testimonial would be most acceptable to the heroic woman. Both stated, in reply, that she would receive none. Mrs. Hall did not then know that Miss Nightingale was a high-born and, in a degree, wealthy, lady—at least, perfectly independent as regarded pecuniary resources. Further correspondence elicited that if it were possible to obtain a sum sufficient to establish and endow a hospital for the teaching and training of nurses, that was probably a "testimonial" she would accept: it was the cherished object of her life.

I was then called to council. I expressed my belief that such sum—for such a purpose—combining utility with gratitude, might be obtained. The result was a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge (the associates of Miss Nightingale in the mission of mercy), and a resolve to make an appeal for national aid. I readily consented to act as honorary secretary, and to do all the work—upon one condition, that the friends of the lady should obtain for me the co-operation of a gentleman high in position, who should share with me—not the labor, but the responsibility. The consent of the Right Honorable Sidney Herbert was accorded; it sufficed to make success certain.* I had no doubt of the issue from the day he conferred on me the honor of associating my name with his. I at once set to work. Three days afterward I had fitted up chambers in Parliament Street, engaged the services of a clerk, and, what was of infinitely greater consequence, a financial secretary. Within a fortnight, a public meeting was held at Willis's Rooms, at which his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge presided, and the work commenced, a committee having been selected and approved.

The financial secretary, to whose skill, judgment, and integrity I attributed much of the issue, was Mr. Henry Dobbin, who is now,

* "Mr. Herbert will have great pleasure in acting as your colleague as Honorary Secretary.

"From Mrs. Sidney Herbert to S. C. Hall.

"November 4, 1855."

as he has been for twenty-five years, the indefatigable secretary of the Hospital for Consumption. Every day in his presence I opened all letters, placed all offerings in a "strong box," and each day he took the receipts of the day to Coutts's Bank. The careful regularity led to this: that although money came to the office in many odd ways—through the post, left at the door—checks, notes, gold, and silver, I never found that a single contribution had gone astray. No one at any time wrote to me to ask why his contribution, much or little, had not been acknowledged in the advertisements.

I waited upon Mr. Herbert in Belgrave Square. His kindness and courtesy increased my desire to be associated with him; it was an honor, and it was also a happiness. I have never seen a man who gave me a better idea of what the knight *sans peur et sans reproche* may have been. His manners were those of a perfect gentleman, far removed from sternness, yet as far from familiarity. A beggar would have taken a chair in his presence if he had desired the beggar to be seated. He was gentle rather than genial, yet about all he said or did there was evidence that he must have been loved as well as respected, however he might have been circumstanced, in whatever position he might have been placed: and that position would, had he lived even into middle age, have been the very highest he could have derived from his sovereign and his country. He was not an orator, certainly—not perhaps even eloquent, but his language was persuasive and convincing; he always spoke to a purpose, and seemed to make friends of opponents without an effort at conversion. Add to this, rare personal advantages—tall, slight without being thin, handsome yet manly features, expressing ability rather than genius, but obtaining confidence, by a sort of instinctive faith in his firmness, probity, and truth. It is thus I recall him when I had the privilege of waiting on him in Belgrave Square.*

I brought to the task—but only in common with millions—a grateful homage to the lady who had given to a terrible war its sole redeeming feature (always excepting the charge of the "six hundred," which was surely worth its terrible cost), and whose destiny seemed to be to lessen the sufferings to which humanity must be subjected as long as the primal curse endures and suffering is a penalty of earth-life; not only where armies meet in deadly combat, but in public hospitals, and in the private homes from which disease

* Almost his first question was as to how much I expected to obtain by a public appeal; and when I answered "fifty thousand pounds," he received my assertion with an incredulous laugh, saying that fifteen thousand would be much nearer the mark. My comment was this: "Sir, I do not expect so large a sum—it will certainly be thirty thousand; but if we keep in our minds that lesser sum we shall never go beyond it: if we keep steadily in view the larger sum, our efforts will be to reach it, and the amount will, I am very sure, be between the one and the other."

and pain and sorrow can never be quite shut out, and where trained, intelligent, and thoughtful nurses enter as blessings incalculable.

The first object was to form a committee. I presume to say it was judiciously formed: it was not easy to do so. The "High Church" proclivities of Mr. Sidney Herbert were well known. When he sent me a name to place on the list, it was generally that of one who, right or wrong, churchman or layman, had the same leaning. It was easy to foresee the danger thence arising. It had been more than insinuated that Miss Nightingale had similar views. The suspicion received strength from the fact that her aids in the hospitals were called "sisters," and wore—for the convenience of nursing—a dress that was described as a "nun's dress." Obviously there was peril here. I met it thus: when Mr. Herbert sent me a name which might have been that of a "suspect," I inserted it of course, but associated with it that of a clergyman or layman of opposite opinions. I presume to say that—looking at the matter after eight-and-twenty years—if I had not acted thus prudently the subscriptions to the Nightingale Fund would not have reached one half of the sum they did reach. The committee, headed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, comprised as far as possible every variety of "interest." There were three dukes, nine other noblemen, the Lord Mayor, two judges, five "Right Honorables," foremost naval and military officers, physicians, lawyers, London aldermen, clergymen, dignitaries of the Church, dignitaries of Nonconformist churches, twenty members of Parliament, and several eminent men of letters. While no state party was omitted, none was unduly prominent.*

It is needless to add that during the whole course of the procedure it received the continual and warm support of the press. The theme was one which suggested the eloquence it received. At the public meeting, after the Duke of Cambridge, the venerable Lord Lansdowne, Sir John Pakington (Lord Hampton), Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Lord Stanley (Earl of Derby), the Lord Mayor, Lord Goderich (Marquis of Ripon), the Rev. Dr. Cumming, and the Chaplain-General (Dr. Gleig), spoke eloquently. But the

* "The committee was so constituted as 'to represent, as far as possible, all classes and professions, irrespective of religious or political opinions; a Finance Committee was appointed, and the honorary secretaries under the directions of the committee, aided by a secretary and accountant, at once commenced their labors.'—*Report*, June 20, 1857.

"The Provisional Committee contains not only many eminent names, but names of eminence representing the various classes, professions, and opinions, the aggregate of which constitutes English society. It is a very fair specimen of what used to be called virtual representation—the object, in this instance, being to represent, not a party of sectional interest, but the entire nation; and true it is that the nation has a feeling—a deep and general feeling—about Florence Nightingale, which requires expression, and that in something more than mere words."—*Saturday Review*, November 30, 1855.

most touching incident of the day was this : Mr. Sidney Herbert read a letter ; it was a letter from a private soldier who lay wounded in one of the beds : " She would speak to one and to another, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds ; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again content." That passage from that letter brought £10,000 to the fund.*

And so we set to work. Public meetings in aid were held in all the principal cities and towns of the kingdom (the mayors in nearly all instances presiding) and in all the dependencies of the Crown, including the East Indies ; including, also, China. Very many clergymen of the Established Church and Nonconformists made collections

* " To afford further information to the public of the particulars of this subscription, the honorary secretaries furnish the following more detailed statement :

"GENERAL ABSTRACT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

" From troops of all arms in various parts of the world, including the militia	£8,952	1	7
From the officers and men of sixty-one ships of her Majesty's Navy	758	19	8
From the officers and men of the Coast-Guard service, thirty-nine stations	155	9	0
From the officers and men of her Majesty's dockyards at Woolwich and Pembroke	29	6	4
From East and West Indies, Australia, North America, and other British possessions	4,495	15	6
From British residents in foreign countries, transmitted through their respective ambassadors, consuls, etc.	1,647	16	10
From provincial cities and towns, collected and forwarded by local committees or honorary secretaries	5,683	15	4
From church or parish collections in other towns and villages, transmitted by the clergy and ministers of various denominations	1,162	4	9
From merchants, bankers, and others connected with the City of London, through the City Auxiliary Committee	3,511	13	6
From other general subscriptions not included under the above heads, made up of separate sums, from one penny to £500 (yet to be received, £57 <i>os.</i> 11 <i>d.</i>)	15,697	14	10
The contribution of M. and Madame Goldschmidt, being the gross proceeds of a concert given by them at Exeter Hall	1,872	6	0
<i>(The expenses of this concert, £547, were defrayed by M. and Madame Goldschmidt.)</i>			
Proceeds of sales of the "Nightingale Address" (<i>a Lithographic Print and Poem published at "one shilling"</i>), received from Mrs. F. P. B. Martin	53	0	0
Proceeds of a series of "Twelve Photographic Views in the Interior of Sebastopol," by G. Shaw Lefevre, Esq.	18	18	0
Total	£44,039	1	4

"It may be anticipated that the gross amount collected will exceed the sum of £46,000, including the amount of interest on exchequer bills purchased from time to time by the Finance Committee as the funds accumulated."

after sermons (I think the several published lists contain the names of a thousand such). Among the most cheering helps were the "one day's pay of the officers and men" of nearly every regiment in the service, and that of the greater number of her Majesty's ships.* Scarcely less gratifying were the "collecting-books" in which subscriptions of small sums were entered. I have before me one such book that contains forty names, yet the amount is under two pounds. These, in the aggregate, amounted to a large sum. Books were opened by many of the principal bankers throughout the kingdom. Amateur concerts were frequent, and mightiest of them all was the concert given at Exeter Hall on the 11th March, 1856, by M. and Madame Goldschmidt, which realized a sum approaching £2,000.†

The largest portion of the amount came directly, through none of these channels. I have never had the curiosity to count the number of subscribers; there were probably more than 80,000, counting those in the local lists, those enumerated in the army and navy lists, and the books of small subscribers. Twelve long lists were published from time to time in the daily papers, and it surprised few to learn that the sum total of the whole exceeded £48,000, approaching very nearly to that I was sanguine enough to hope for, and indeed expect, when I had my first interview with Sidney Herbert. It would have been full that sum, but that, at the earnest entreaty of Miss Nightingale, the movement was suddenly brought to a close. Her reason for that (and the acquiescence of the Committee) was this:

* The following passage occurs in a report of the Committee to the subscribers and the public; it is dated June 20, 1857:

"Subscriptions have been received from all classes of her Majesty's subjects at home and abroad: from members of the royal family; from the nobility and gentry; from the clergy and ministers of various persuasions; and from the public generally. The merchants, bankers, and others connected with the City of London, through their auxiliary committee, contributed a sum of £3,511 13s. 6d.; and various provincial cities and towns have remitted £5,683 15s. 4d. Meetings have been also held in India, and in nearly all the Colonies, and subscriptions of £4,495 15s. 6d. have been collected from them; including £1,300 from Calcutta, £1,628 from Victoria, and £451 from New South Wales. Collections have also been made in churches and chapels; local committees were furnished with collecting-books, which have been returned with remittances amounting to £2,000, contributed chiefly by subscribers of very small sums, evincing that a deep and earnest feeling of 'appreciating gratitude' toward Miss Nightingale was as strongly felt by the working classes as by the higher orders."

† The expenses were heavy, but the gross receipts of the concert were paid into the fund—without any deduction whatever. The Committee protested against such liberality: but vainly strove to persuade M. and Madame Goldschmidt to deduct the large sum they had themselves to pay. Mr. Mitchell, the agent for "getting up" the concert came, at their request, before the Committee and stated that he was positively forbidden to hold back a single shilling to pay the costs. The whole of the receipts of the concert were paid into the fund. The course they adopted (though by no means a solitary instance of their liberality) needs no comment from me. M. Goldschmidt did—yet even that was not managed without difficulty—accept a marble bust of the Queen, executed by Joseph Durham: but its cost was not suffered to come out of the fund. It was the result of a private subscription.

the frightful inundations in France in the year 1857 had excited deep and sad interest in this country, and to relieve the sufferers there was a strong movement in England—several cities and towns arranging meetings with that view. It was to aid this movement that Miss Nightingale desired a stop might be put to the continuation of the Nightingale Fund, and it was stopped accordingly. The Nightingale Fund is now working out much of what it was desired to do. In the seven palaces that grace the southern bank of the Thames, in full view of the Houses of Parliament, nurses are trained for the great work of mercy.

A committee still labors, the chairman being the honored gentleman Sir Harry Verney, whose estimable lady (her works hold high rank in literature, and have been dictated by the guiding influence of love and mercy) is the sister of Florence Nightingale.

She, who is not long past the prime of life, directs the movement, controls the progress, and by the exercise of wise experience carries out the project originated and, in a degree, perfected, in 1855. God grant to her health and strength to continue the work she commenced twenty-eight years ago in the hospitals at Scutari and in the Crimea!

I have some of the many works published by Miss Nightingale—"Notes on Hospitals," "Notes on Nursing," etc., etc. They have added to the debt due to her on the part of all who are interested in the great cause of humanity.*

This subject has occupied, perhaps, too much space in my Recollections, but no history of the movement has hitherto appeared, and certainly none could appear except from me. I have, therefore, thought my memory might be a contribution to an interesting history; and I hope I need not apologize for its length. There is, however, one matter I think I am bound not to omit. I did not visit the committee-room for the last time without receiving a very strong testimony to my services on the part of the Committee, expressed not only in words, but in writing, the spokesman being the chairman of the Financial Committee, Lord Monteagle. That of Mr. Sidney Herbert I received previously and subsequently. I think it is my right to add that when that most estimable gentleman died I lost a friend.

* I copy a passage from the latest report of the Nightingale Fund, 1881:

"Good women are wanted for this work, but especially gentlewomen of sound health, firm purpose, cultivated minds; practical; apt to learn, willing to obey, to render to Cæsar his dues; when the time comes, able to organize and rule with an eye to the good of the cause, in sympathy with those over them as well as those under them—large-minded, large-hearted.

"We want gentlewomen who are conscious that they were sent into the world for something more than the pursuit of their own gratification, and who feel life is not worth living unless they strive to make the world something better for their having lived in it."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

FATHER MATHEW* was a Franciscan friar; he has been justly called "the Apostle of Temperance," and may be as truly termed its "Martyr." †

I loved the good man and I honor his memory.

Before I trace his career and convey an idea of the work he did, I desire to say something concerning Ireland, as I knew it so far back as 1816. My family was then located in Cork; and my father, Colonel Hall, was working copper-mines (which indeed he discovered as well as worked) in the parish of Scull, about eight miles west from Skibbereen, and forty from "the beautiful city." [I shall have to return to this part of my theme.]

I believe I can make the subject interesting; those who are enabled from actual knowledge to do so, are daily becoming fewer and fewer. Very few indeed even now remain of the contemporaries of Fathew Mathew who were also his friends.

The priests of the early part of the century were liberal gentlemen; graduating, as most of them did, at St. Omer, prior to the French Revolution, they had mixed with enlightened *savants*; their profession inferred no exclusion from society in France; their habits and conversation were generally refined: they were, in a word, though for the most part peasant-born, educated gentlemen; shamefully and wickedly oppressed, even then, by the bad relics of the Penal Laws, which many of them lived to see erased from the statute-books. They differed essentially from the present race of priests who are trained at Maynooth—the Roman Catholic University founded in

* Few great men have been more fortunate than was Father Mathew in a biographer. His life, by John Francis Maguire, M. P. for Cork, who died a comparatively young man, is a work of rare excellence—charitable, discriminating, just; the author was a zealous Roman Catholic, but no trace of bigotry or intolerance is shown in his book. It is as if the spirit of the good priest inspired the writer of his life: considerate charity is its pervading principle.

† Fathew Mathew was a Capuchin. The Capuchins are a branch of the Franciscan order, and are so called from a little hood (*capucino*) they wear.

1795, and, for many years, aided by an annual grant from the Consolidated Fund.

It was an unhappy event when it was so founded—under the erroneous idea that republican principles were propagated and “endowed” by intercourse with France. The young men, generally of low grade, and seldom of gentle birth, are nourished there in bigotry and intolerance—in intense hatred of Protestantism and England.* Consequently the priest of the parish is rarely met at tables of the gentry; not often, in truth, at the tables of Roman Catholic gentry: and is condemned to associate almost solely with his own caste. That this is to be deplored, none will doubt: it helps very largely to prevent the assimilation that can not fail to benefit both castes, without which, indeed, amicable intercourse between the two races is impossible. That it was not always so is certain. When the Roman Catholics of Ireland were really oppressed, excluded from civil rights, and treated rather as conquered slaves than a free people (as I shall elsewhere show), the priests were far less hostile to Protestants and Englishmen than they have been since the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829.

They were a pleasant, almost a “jolly,” class—the priests of the old *régime*. Drunkenness was considered an institution; whisky was the “friend of the clergy,” and the priest generally its patron: but so were, far too often, the clergymen of the Established—and then dominant—Church.

I might depict several such examples of the order. The parish of Ballydehob, for example, was gifted with one—Father O’Shea, who, I have no doubt, did his duty by his flock; but he loved “the drop” as well as they did; when he breakfasted with us, it was a thing well understood that the whisky-bottle had a place beside the tea-pot.

On one occasion we lost a saddle. The fact was forthwith communicated to Father O’Shea. “I’ll get back the saddle,” he said, addressing my brother and me; “come to mass next Sunday, and I’ll show ye how I’ll get it.” So to mass we went; when service was ended the priest addressed his congregation thus: “Boys, I’ve something to say to ye before ye go. There’s a good man that’s doing ye a dale of service, one Colonel Hall—ye know him. Well, he’s lost a saddle; let it be at his door before he wakes to-morrow morning, or, if it isn’t, *the man that stole that saddle, before this day week, will be riding upon that same saddle through hell!*” With the dawn of the morning the saddle was on the doorstep. The power of the priest in those days was much more absolute than it is at present. He did things that he would not now dare to do. I have seen the little weak *padre* of Ballydehob stand at the door of a shebeen-shop, order out a lot of

* Theobald Mathew was educated at Maynooth—partly, that is to say, for he left the college in 1808. He had given a convivial party in his rooms: an unpardonable offense, and he resigned to avoid expulsion.

stalwart fellows who were making "bastes" of themselves inside, and horsewhip each, as he made a rush from the door into the roadway.*

Of at least as original a character was Father Mat Horgan, of Blarney. Many writers have had something to say concerning the good priest. He was a learned Irish scholar; a somewhat wild poem of his, in Irish, on the subject of "Round Towers," graces Mrs. Hall's album. Father Mat was proud of intercourse with conspicuous literary men and women, and so hospitable that he never saw an end to giving. During our visit to Cork in 1840, he arranged for us a reception in the "Groves of Blarney." After we had seen "the sweet purling brooks," the "statues gracing that noble place in," and "the stone that no one misses," we were entertained at supper. The good priest never had a shilling to spend: so his custom was, when strangers were his expected guests, to levy contributions on his neighbors. Whether on this occasion a spur was put on the heel of his intent, or our name was familiar, as "much associate" with Cork, I can not say, but the call was entirely successful. On the supper-table were placed seven boiled legs of mutton, with a vast accumulation of *et cæteras*, and the whisky-punch was ladled out of a milk-churn. A barn had been fitted up with tables to contain a hundred guests: the seats were full; the walls were hung with evergreens and flowers, and of course the CEAD-MILLE-FEALTHA—"a hundred thousand welcomes"—stretched from one end to the other of the feasting-hall. Well, it is a pleasant memory, that which is linked with the genial, generous, priest of Blarney, kindly Father Mat.

Mrs. Hall preserved a memory of another priest, whom she regarded, in her childhood, with respect and affection—good Father Murphy, of her native Bannow, in Wexford County. He was a rebel, perhaps—I will not quite say, and so he ought to have been at the close of the last century; † but in his parish, during the Rebellion,

* At a recent Tipperary election, the magistrate had given strict orders to the police not to allow a voter to pass a barrier "wid his stick in his fist." Much indignation was expressed; the men wanted to vote, but would not give up the shillalah. What was to be done? After a delay and debate, the priest was seen riding toward the hustings, so the grievance was told to him by a hundred voices. His reverence was puzzled. To advise the abandonment of their weapons was to insure unpopularity; yet it was dangerous to counsel his flock to defy the law. After a reflective pause, he said: "Well, boys, don't give up your sticks, keep them by all manner o' manes; *but use them paccably*," and rode on, out of sight.

† It is said that Sir John Moore—he of Corunna—witnessing the oppression to which the Irish were subjected, exclaimed, "If I were an Irishman I would be a rebel!" It may not be forgotten that all the influential leaders in 1798 were Protestants, from Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the brothers Sheares in Dublin to the three unhappy gentlemen who died on the scaffold at Wexford; so it was with the brothers Emmet in 1805; so it was with those of 1848—O'Brien, Mitchel, and Martin were Protestants—and so it is to-day. The present "chief," who has a large "following," is a Protestant. It is undeniable—indeed, it has never been

not a single drop of Protestant blood was shed, although it was not far from Ross on the one side, and Vinegar Hill on the other, and but a few miles distant from the Barn of Scullabogue.

I have said, the ostensible object in founding Maynooth College—on the part of those who acquired and those who accorded the privilege, for as such it was received and acknowledged—was to avert by home-education the evils likely to arise to Great Britain from committing the charge of instructing teachers of a large number of British subjects, to foreign enemies of the state. Thus, on the one side, ancient prejudices were abandoned, apprehensions were lulled, suspicion was relinquished, and public money to advance the project was granted. As a set-off against these sacrifices it was expected, and very reasonably, that the Roman Catholic clergymen, placed beyond the reach of influence prejudicial to the kingdom, and grateful for that which, if it was a right, was also a boon (for there was power to withhold, and none to obtain it), would become with their flocks more attached to British government, more eager to advance British interests, and more entirely and emphatically of the British people.

This most desirable object has not been achieved. On the contrary, the race of young men who leave Maynooth to discharge their parochial duties throughout Ireland are more hostile to the British Government than were the priests of the old school, who received their education in France, Italy, and Spain. Before the Union, and, indeed, for some years after it, the parish priest was generally a well-informed, and frequently an accomplished gentleman; abroad he had enjoyed opportunities of cultivating intellectual and refined society, from which at home he would have been excluded; abroad, his humble birth and paucity of means had been no barriers against his introduction among classes which, at home, would have rejected him; abroad, instead of his observations and experiences being limited to grades either on a par with or below him, his position and purpose elevated him to higher ranks, in whose habit of thinking and acting he, therefore, gradually and naturally, partook; and on his return to discharge his sacred duties in his own country he almost invariably brought with him a knowledge of the world, some acquaintance with all "universal" topics, a polished demeanor, a relish for "good society," an improved taste, and an appreciation of the refinements and delicacies of life. The natural consequence followed: he was often the friend, and usually the associate, of his Protestant neighbors, at whose houses it was a very common occurrence to place a knife and fork every day for the priest. I have personally known many such as I describe—benevolent, courteous, and charitable gen-

denied—that with the burning at Scullabogue and the butcheries on the bridge at Wexford, the Protestants found it was to be a war not for Liberty but for, so-called, Religion.

tleman whose society was an acquisition, whose counsel was frequently useful, and whose efforts were constantly exerted to maintain, for the advantage of both, the relations between the landlord and the tenant. The Maynooth priest is of another stamp. Generally, I may, perhaps, say almost invariably, he is of very humble birth and connections; his school fees and college expenses are liquidated by contributions among his relatives; being at his outset utterly ignorant of society of a better order than his native village supplied, and having, as matter of course, contracted the habits of those among whom his boyhood was passed, reading not to enlarge his mind, but to confirm his narrow views of mankind, he enters the college, where he mixes exclusively with persons under precisely similar circumstances. Here, it is not unreasonable to believe, all that is objectionable in his previous habits and education is strengthened rather than removed. His intercourse with his fellow-men is limited entirely to residents within the walls of his college; his studies extend no further than to the books authorized by his Church; and during the annual recess (if, indeed, he avail himself of it) he returns to the locality from which he came, having seen no more of the great world, and the vast varieties of character that people it, than he had encountered between his native village and the college-gates. The evil working of such a system must be obvious to all. Its effect is inevitably to contract the mind, to impede the current of human sympathy, to chill the sources of charity, to stimulate intolerance, to nourish ignorance and self-sufficiency, and to confirm, if not to produce, bigotry. That there are many honorable exceptions to this rule is certain, but it holds good far too extensively, and would apply with equal strength to the members of any other religion—so educated. Under such circumstances, then, the student is sent from his college to his parish; his profession has placed him in the station of a gentleman, but he is seldom able to advance any other claim to the distinction; and this is too generally considered an insufficient one by his Protestant neighbors, and even by the more aristocratic members of his own flock. No opportunities have been afforded him of cultivating the thoughts and habits essential to obtain a place in general society; his education has added to, rather than lessened, his disqualifications. It follows, as matter of course, that his sympathies, as well as his interests, are all with the lower classes, and he labors to mold them to his own views and for his own purposes. He is employed wherever and whenever occasion offers, or is found, in describing the policy of England toward Ireland as cruel, exacting, and oppressive, as being in the nineteenth precisely the same as it was in the seventeenth century. The Protestant and the oppressor, the Englishman and the enemy of Ireland are, according to his interpretation, synonymous terms; and thus he succeeds in keeping alive that system of agitation which, like the perpetual motion of a whirlpool, permits nothing to settle within reach of its influence.

The assumption of a moderate and generous tone regarding Ireland is treated as a heinous offense, and excites more bitterness and hostility than do the most ultra and intolerant principles; for, unless moderation and generosity are made to appear "hypocrisy," the trade of the agitator would fail. The attempt to steer a middle course between parties too frequently engenders hatred, and is met by abuse.

It is at least a question whether the impaired or abrogated power of the priests to survey the habits and direct the opinions and rule the conduct of their flocks is a boon or an evil to the country. For myself, I deem it the latter, as regards men as well as women. The subject is too large to be entered upon here. I was present when a little girl was examined in court by a judge to test whether he might accept the evidence, on oath, of one so young. "Little girl," he said, "do you know where you'll go to if you tell a lie?" The child hesitated for a moment and then answered, "Troth, yer honor, I'll go to Father Mollowney!" It would not be difficult to fill a score of pages with comments on that text!

THE PENAL LAWS.—In treating of the Irish Priesthood, and the hostile attitude the majority of the Roman Catholic clergy have, of late years, assumed, as regards England and British rule, it is a natural sequence to consider the Penal Laws by which they were so long oppressed and so far as possible degraded. I may not have so good an opportunity of doing so as I find presented to me here. My object, however, is to show that not a shred of them remained, as an oppressor, after the middle of the nineteenth century. The Roman Catholic priest is as thoroughly his own master as the clergyman of the Established Church: "Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," are sins that can not now be forgiven in a minister of Christ.

That it was otherwise in the Past, will be clear to those who read the chapter thus headed—THE PENAL LAWS—bearing in mind, however, that when the Roman Catholics were the victims of a wicked as well as impolitic system of oppression, so were the Protestant dissenters—notably, so were the Jews. Persecution for righteousness' sake was the universal curse of the ages gone.

To comment on the persecution to which the Scottish Covenanters were subjected—less than two hundred years ago—would be uselessly to quote history.

My purpose is thus to contrast the condition of Ireland in the Present with Ireland in the Past!

The "past" being now, at its nearest date, fifty-four years removed from us!

Sixty years ago the Roman Catholics had really no PRESS: few of the common people could read; and those who could were rather

alarmed by, than inclined to support, that Shibboleth of the Constitution. At the time of the Union—1800—there were seven newspapers published in Dublin, and in the whole Island besides only eighteen. The PRESS of the whole kingdom was fettered ; but the fetters especially “ wrung the withers ” of those who wished evil to the dominant faith, and could not but think it the highest duty to stand by the oppressed against the oppressor.

Sixty years ago, half a dozen newspapers represented the interests of the Roman Catholic part of the population, which, in Ireland, was then seven times greater than the Protestant.

Sixty years ago, there were many living who had been sufferers from the effects of the Penal Laws ; and not a few who had been, in 1798, participators in the Rebellion.

The Penal Laws, although some of the worst of the infamous enactments had been abrogated, were still operative against every class and order of the Roman Catholic community. It is requisite that I, to some extent, review them as reasons for, and certainly causes of, most of the calamities under which Ireland, and consequently England, has long suffered and is still suffering.

My purpose is to show that if then there were excuses to God and to man for disaffection, for hatred of England—in a word, for Rebellion—there are no such excuses now.

The “ boons ” may have been accorded from fear, ungraciously given to be ungratefully received ; but the old laws exist only in tradition, in memory, and in the Statute-Books of which they had been foul blots for centuries.

I proceed to show how much reason Ireland has, and has long had, to rest and be thankful ; to acknowledge that if past laws were iniquitous and unbearable, existing laws are not only tolerant but equitable ; and that justice to Ireland, whether free or forced, has been the policy of repentant England since almost the commencement of the nineteenth century ; a brief survey will suffice. I need not go so far back as the time when “ intermarriage with the Irish, or fostering with the Irish, was made treason ” ; when priests were hanged who were caught teaching the word of God as their conscience bade them teach it ; when no Papist could ride a horse, the worth of which was more than five pounds ; * when any Papist might have been deprived of his estate by any one of his sons who became an “ apostate ” ; not even so far back as the time when no Papist could command a regiment or a ship, when (I borrow a passage from the Life of Philpot, Bishop of Exeter) “ Popish priests who should

* By the 7th William III Roman Catholics were disabled from having or keeping a horse exceeding five pounds in value. There was and probably is now to be seen in the ruins of Kilcrea Abbey the grave of an O’Leary. He had won in a race a wager of a Mr. Morris, who tendered him that sum on the race-course with the insulting words, “ Papist, five pounds for your horse.”

officiate in Romish churches or chapels were declared guilty of felony, if foreigners, and high treason if natives.* Rewards were payable on discovery of Popish clergy: £50 for discovery of a bishop; £20 for a priest, and £10 for a Popish usher. No Protestant was allowed to marry a Papist. No Papist could purchase land, or take a lease for more than thirty-one years." No Papist could be in a line of entail: but the estate was to pass on to the next Protestant relation. No Papist could hold any office, civil or military, or dwell in certain specified towns, or vote at elections. The story is well known—that of a placard posted on the gates of Bandon containing this distich:

"Enter here Jew, Turk, or Atheist,
Anybody but a Papist."

Under which is said to have been written:

"Whoever wrote this, wrote it well,
The same is written on the gates of hell!"

The juries were to be exclusively Protestant. Papists in towns were to provide Protestant watchmen, and were incapacitated from voting at vestries. They were also incapable of being called to the bar; and barristers or solicitors marrying Papists were considered Papists, and were liable to all the consequent penalties. Any priest found guilty of celebrating a marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic was to be hanged.

So late as 1782, Catholics were forbidden to carry arms. The famous volunteers of that remarkable era, numbering 130,000, were exclusively Protestants, or at all events so "in theory," although Catholic money sustained that body and gave it strength; while the officers, including Lord Charlemont, Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Leinster, and Henry Grattan, were, of course, all Protestants, a Bishop (the Bishop of Derry) being among the most prominent of their armed leaders.

Sixty years ago the "disqualifications" were little less numerous and heavy than they had been early in the eighteenth century. The penal laws had been planted deeply in the soil; the roots were not extracted; the fruit they still bore was yet bitter to the taste and

* It was said by one of the speakers at a meeting of the Catholic Temperance League in 1879, that "twenty years ago, the effigy of a cardinal would have been burnt on Tower Hill, where Cardinal Manning had addressed 20,000 Irish Catholics in the open air." He might have added that sixty years ago the Cardinal, if he had appeared there in his robes (which he would not have dared to do), would have risked more than a chance of being burnt—not in effigy, but in the body; at least, an infuriated anti-papist mob would, of a surety, have torn into shreds his red stockings and red hat, and have left their victim to be carried to the nearest hospital. The very young among us can remember how the outer semblance of such a man fed a bonfire on the "glorious" fifth of November, when the word "Remember, remember" was hooted by a mob that construed religion into a mandate to persecute.

poisonous to the mind and soul. To some of such as remained, it will be necessary for my purpose to refer in order that I may describe Ireland as I knew it in 1816, and contrast it with Ireland as it is in 1882.

Sixty years ago, a Roman Catholic could not be an exciseman or a parish constable, or possess any office that inferred responsibility and trust; every avenue to distinction was closed against him; he could practice at the bar (having kept certain terms in England), but he could not be a king's counsel or a sergeant-at-law, much less sit on the bench as a judge. We have lived to see eight of the twelve judges Roman Catholics, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench and the Common Pleas, Roman Catholics, and a Roman Catholic the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. Nay, a Roman Catholic and an Irishman has been one of the English judges; nay, four other Roman Catholics have had, or have, seats on the English Bench: and one of those who now holds that high office is a nephew of the Rev. Theobald Mathew!

Only so recently as 1778 did the penal laws begin to be relaxed; they were modified in 1782 (when the threats of Irish volunteers were heard at St. James's), and still further when in 1793 the tocsin of the French Revolution was heard—terrifying all humanity.

The corporations of Ireland were entirely and exclusively Protestant. Less than fifty years ago there was not a single Roman Catholic in any, or but in *one*—the exception to the rule—Mr. Bryan, of Kilkenny, was a Catholic. Be it for good or evil, it is not for me to say: four fifths of the corporate bodies are Catholics, while the Mayors of the cities and towns are in like proportion.

In Cork there were, on the Grand Parade (the principal street of the city), two club-houses that, on the 1st July, to commemorate the battle of the Boyne, were illuminated from attic to cellar. Troops of boys were letting off squibs and crackers; and, decked for the nonce, with orange-flowers and orange ribbons, was a dilapidated equestrian statue, said to be that of King William the Third, of "glorious and immortal memory, who saved us from slavery, popery, and wooden shoes," but really that of the second Charles, round which was gathered a turbulent assembly, "drunk and disorderly," to remind the nine tenths of their fellow-citizens that they were slaves. On the evening of that day no respectable Roman Catholic was seen in the street; but on its outskirts threats and curses were very audible.

"A hundred years ago" (I borrow from Lord O'Hagan) "the Irish Catholic was worse than a serf in his own land. In his person all human rights were trampled down, all human feelings outraged. He was denied the common privilege of self-defense; he was incapable of holding property like other men; he was forbidden to instruct his own children; and a wicked and immoral law tempted his brothers to defraud him, and robbed him that

it might reward the apostasy of his ungrateful son. Since time began a system more atrocious was never devised to crush the human conscience."

The "system" was characterized by Edmund Burke :

"It was a system of wise and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for the oppression and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

It must not be forgotten that Irish Protestants were in the perilous position of a small minority surrounded by a vast majority, hostile by blood, hereditary hatreds, and religion; England regarded Ireland as a conquered country, always in a state of inchoate rebellion, to be governed and kept down by an arm of borrowed strength that ever carried the sword without the scabbard.*

In fact, to keep in subjection those who were enemies was the universal law of all countries—has been so in all ages. To persecute "for the love of God" was a religion in old times; yet not so long ago, but that men comparatively young can recall the dismal truth. England set the glorious example of toleration: the Catholics were relieved first, the Protestant Dissenters next, the Jews last; the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts quickly followed Roman Catholic emancipation, and while down to a recent period no British-born Jew could hold land or sit in Parliament, nor hold any state or corporate office, we have seen a Jew the Master of the Rolls in England. Not long ago, a Jew was Lord Mayor of London. Many Jews are representatives of the British people in the House of Commons sharing with the Dissenters and Roman Catholics equal rights with members of the Church as by law established.

I conclude this branch of my subject by quoting a passage from a speech of Sir Robert Peel, addressing the House after the passing of the Relief Bill :

"God grant that the moral storm may be appeased; that the turbid waters of strife may be settled and composed; and that, after

* "It is conveniently forgotten by Catholic declaimers against the iniquity of the penal laws that in Catholic countries the laws against Protestants were more severe than any code which either England or any other Protestant country has enforced against Catholics. In Spain and Italy there was no liberty of religion; in France it had been withdrawn by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

"The existence in those countries of Protestant communities was held inconsistent with the safety of the State. Nonconformists were imprisoned, exiled, deprived of their estates, or put to death. Neither schools nor churches were allowed to them to teach their creeds in; not so much as six feet of ground in which their bodies might rest when dead, if they died out of communion with 'the Church.' Catholic writers express neither regret nor astonishment at these severities, and reserve their outcries for occasions when they are themselves the victims of their own principles. They consider that they are right and that Protestants are wrong; that, in consequence, when Protestants persecute Catholics it is an act of wickedness, when Catholics persecute Protestants it is an act of lawful authority."—FROUDE.

having found their just level, they may be mingled with equal flow in one clear and common stream. But if these expectations were to be disappointed; if, unhappily, civil strife and contention shall survive the restoration of political privilege; if there really be something inherent in the spirit of the Roman Catholic religion which disdains equality, and will be contented with nothing but ascendancy—still am I contented to run the hazard of the change. The contest, if it be inevitable, will be fought with other objects and with other arms.

“The struggle will then be, not for the abolition of civil distinctions, but for the predominance of an intolerant religion.”

Let me describe the Roman Catholic CHAPELS sixty years ago—Churches they were never called; they had the same title as the houses of the Methodists and Dissenters; it was another sign of servitude; “mass-houses” they were often termed, in order to make more manifest their degradation. The chapel was usually a long, narrow, whitewashed building, that did little more than afford shelter from the weather; all external signs of grace were illegal, and as it was illegal to ring a bell to call a congregation to prayer, there were, of course, no belfries. The priest wore no ecclesiastical habit; he did not dare to celebrate the rites of burial at the grave of any member of his flock.

There was no way of building or keeping in repair a Roman Catholic chapel except by the free contributions of poor congregations—ninety-nine out of every hundred not having a shilling to give. Consequently a chapel was rarely finished all at once—it had to be completed bit by bit; and I am within the mark in stating that often the painting and plastering within—such as it was—continued for a quarter of a century in the condition in which it was when the roof was placed over the building, all efforts of the priest to finish it being unavailable, his parish being really unable to do the work.

No Roman Catholic clergyman was officially attached to any jail; he was not permitted to enter one to teach. Not that only; if he desired to administer the rites of his religion to a dying prisoner, it had to be done in secret and by stealth.*

The interior of the chapel, which resembled a big barn, was as naked as the exterior. The walls were occasionally whitewashed, the flooring was usually of clay, there was rarely a Communion service, and the altar was covered with soiled altar-cloths. Often there were broken window-panes in the windows, which were seldom or never cleaned; a few chairs and stools were scattered here and

* So late as 1811 the Commander-in-chief, the Duke of York, issued an order that “no Roman Catholic soldier shall be punished for not attending divine service of the Church of England.”

there ; an atmosphere of gloom and a scent of mildew prevailed invariably.

The priest's house differed little from the cabin, except that it was slated and had two floors.* The priest's "board" was on a par with his lodging ; it was always meager fare, eked out sometimes by eggs, a spring chicken, or a ham—gifts from some thoughtful farmer. His dues were necessities, exacted often with indecent rigor, and sometimes with threats, not of punishment here (such a threat would have been a mockery), but of condemnation hereafter. In short, his condition was but a remove from sordid poverty, of which he was perpetually reminded by the cozy and comfortable Rectory close at hand, where the clergyman lived in comparative luxury on an income derived from the flock of the priest.†

Payment of tithes, the most intolerable of all burdens, was long ago abolished. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance and value of that relief. Much less than sixty years ago, it seemed to paralyze the whole body politic ; it was an unbearable malady, great in reality, but greater as a badge of serfdom. The evils to which it led are sufficiently notorious. Those who are not old can recall them to memory. It will suffice to make a note of this change as I proceed. Many of my readers will recollect the tithe-proctors, men who, under the sanction of an evil law—foul residue of the penal laws—often took from the poor man all he had, to pay a clergyman he contemned, and sustain a Church for which he had hereditary abhorrence. I have seen the whole of a cottier's substance "canted" to pay a "debt" that was originally but a few shillings—swelled by "costs" into pounds. I once paid half a crown to redeem the household gods of a family ; they consisted of a table, two broken chairs, a "kish," and a mattress : but they were their all. That grievance, in form and in substance, was swept away long

* So it was in Scotland little more than a century ago. Take the evidence of Sir Walter Scott : "Of the clergyman's house we need only say that it formed no exception to the general rule by which the landed proprietors of Scotland seemed to proceed in lodging the clergy, not only in the cheapest, but in the ugliest and most inconvenient house which the genius of masonry could contrive. . . . To complete the picture, the clergyman being a bachelor, the pigs had unmolested admission to the garden and courtyard."

† These notes of an address of a priest to his flock after service were taken down by a friend of mine and sent to me. Its "like" is to be found in many Irish writers : "Paddy Mullins, keep out of the way of the broken pane in the window, that you've been promising to mend this year back—the rain will go through ye, and may be reach your heart ; and you, Tim Mullowney, a pretty stonemason ye are : take care how you cross the chapel doorstep ; you might trip and be—well, I won't say where ; but t'would take a hape of prayers to get ye out. Thank *you*, James Deasy, for the bit you didn't send me of the pig you killed last Wednesday ; and you, Molly Devereux—and it's a lone widdy ye are—for the goose-egg you didn't bring me. Jerry Mahon, have you thrashed the trifle of oats in the two acre ? The gray mare of your clergy wants to know particularly."

ago. [There are many, neither Irish nor Roman Catholic, who thank God that it is so.]

The tithe-proctor was then a member of a "profession"—the perpetual leader of a forlorn hope, always in daily fear of a violent death. Tithes were to the Irish landlord or farmer—such as were Roman Catholics, that is to say—naturally the most obnoxious of all taxes. They took from him, to sustain the dominant and hated Church, and often the over-rich clergyman, the money that, in his view, of right belonged to the poor, ill-clad, and ill-fed priest of his parish, who was to him "all in all" in this world and the next.

If to pay tithes to aid a religion from which there is a conscientious dissent was odious in England, what must it have been in Ireland, where it was a perpetual reminder of a state of bondage, and generally a galling token of oppression—pressure of the chain over the sore it had made! Not unfrequently in a parish there were three Protestants and three hundred Roman Catholics to pay the tax, and often a living in Ireland meant a large income for doing nothing.

There were abundant cases of levying for tithes in amount so small as a shilling; there was often nothing to seize in the cabin worth a shilling—except the potatoes in the ground.* The impost was, indeed, regarded universally as a loathsome badge of servitude: and it was actually so. When goods were seized, cattle more especially, no one dared to buy them. Plenty of cases are recorded where

* I was a witness to the scene pictured in this note—a seizure for tithes: it is, however, thus recorded by Mrs. S. C. Hall, to whom I related it many years after it occurred. But it is by no means to be regarded as fiction. It is as accurately delineated as it could have been if she had actually seen it—as I actually did in 1816.

"The home-affections were tugging at the peasant's heart. He kept his eyes fixed upon the remnants of the furniture of his once-comfortable cottage that were dragged out previous to being carried away. He pointed to the potato-kish that was placed upon the table—the indispensable article into which the potatoes are thrown when boiled, and which frequently, in the wilder and less civilized parts of Ireland, is used as a cradle for the 'baby.' 'God bless you!' he exclaimed to the man; 'God bless you, and don't take that; it's *nothing but a kish*; it's not worth half a farthing to ye; it's falling to pieces; but it's more to me—homeless and houseless as I am—*than thousands*. It's *nothing but a kish*; but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his little sister *had not gone among the bright stars of heaven*, but were here to watch over him. It's *nothing but a kish*; yet many a time little Kathleen crowed, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy. It's *nothing but a kish*; yet many a day, *in the midst of my slavery*, have I and my wife, and five as beautiful children *as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom*, sat round it and eat the praytie and salt out of it, fresh and wholesome; and whin I had my *six blessings* to look on, it's little I cared for *the slavery a poor Irishman* is born to. It's *nothing but a kish*; but it's been with me full and it's been with me empty, for many a long year. And it's used to me. It knows my troubles; for since the bed was sowld from under us for the last gale, what else had we to keep our heads from the cowl'd earth? For the love of the Almighty God, have mercy on a poor, weak, houseless man; don't take the last dumb thing he cares for. *Sure it's nothing but a kish!*'"

not daring to offer goods, seized in the locality, they were taken forty miles away for sale. Even then there would be no bidders; a sale by public auction was imperative; but woe to the man who bought! A troop of cavalry sometimes protected the auctioneer; they saved him from death, but could not force bidders. Often it was a mere choice of evils—to send the cow back to “Norah and the childer.”

The business of the “process-server” was at all times one of exceeding danger, and those who pursued it were always reckless dare-devils, whose only recommendations were cunning and courage. I had much talk with one of them in Tipperary. He told me (and I believed him) that “he had been five times left for dead, and had had half a score of pistol-bullets taken out of his body.” He added “Even my own mother, on her death-bed, turned her face to the wall when I asked her for her blessing.” I could quote numerous instances to show that the class was universally detested. The process-server ranked next to the “approver” in the loathing of the Irish people.

In 1830, before he commenced his mission of temperance, Father Mathew, in consequence of the scandals occurring in the churchyard of the Cork Cathedral, contrived to purchase the “Botanic Garden”—one of the few adornments of that city—and convert it into a Catholic burial-ground.* Thenceforward the dead of the two faiths were kept asunder; the Protestant clergy endured loss of fees, and the Catholic clergy were permitted to read and say what they pleased over a brother or sister departed.

It is needless to add that now, adjacent to every large town in Ireland, there are cemeteries, where the ashes of the two classes—do not mingle. In Dublin there is Harold’s Cross Cemetery for the Protestants, and Glasnevin Cemetery for the Roman Catholics.

And now in all the cities and large towns of Ireland there are Roman Catholic cathedrals; the churches built of late years are examples of the best and most classic church architecture. A priest in his vestments is as common a sight as a lawyer in his wig and gown; a bishop is “my lord” on all occasions of public reception, and has not unfrequently been made to take precedence of the Prelate of the state Church.

I am not called upon either to approve or condemn these changes; my duty is merely to show the marvelous alteration in the condition of the Catholic clergy and their churches within the last sixty years.

* I have myself read these lines on a tombstone in the churchyard of the Cork Cathedral:

“Here lies a branch of Desmond’s race,
In Thomas Holland’s burial-place.”

It is absolutely necessary to the due performance of my task that I should describe Ireland as it was when Father Mathew commenced his crusade against the vice that had so long degraded the country.

I have said a little on the subject in recalling "things that have been"; but I must enlarge upon it here.

Intoxication was the curse of all classes of the community, from the highest to the lowest. Whisky was plentiful enough and cheap enough, for there was hardly a townland without an illicit still. I have seen several of such stills in the mountains about Scull and Cape Clear, and I might give vivid sketches of scenes I witnessed in connection with them.

I once passed the night in a miserable sheltie—weather-bound; about a score of men and women being there—all wretchedly drunk. I remember well what a pandemonium it was, and I recur to it with repugnance even now, although it is nearly seventy years ago.

I have a vivid recollection of that hovel. It was imperceptible from any distance, the roof being covered with sods of turf and heather, so skillfully arranged that they seemed parts of the mountain, while the smoke was carried through a tunnel that issued a long way off, and was scattered among a picturesque assemblage of rocks. It was well known to many, yet the gauger had no idea of the place, although well assured that a still was at work in the vicinity. I was coursing when I discovered it: the hare suddenly vanished, my greyhound followed it, and I followed the greyhound. The rain came down in torrents: I was loath to face the terrible storm, so I took shelter in the bothy. There was no one to be seen; the fire was out, the still not at work. One person, after a while, arrived, then another and another. There was nothing for them to do, except to kill and bury me under a heap of mountain sods, or to let me into the secret and confide in my honor. That the distillers did, and with them I staid all night (as did many other "guests"), until with morning the tempest abated. Of course I partook of the "potteen," which was handed round in egg-shells.

The cost of a private still was not over three pounds. Its seizure, therefore, involved no serious loss; but in fact, not one in fifty was seized. Before the advent of Father Mathew, when "Parliament whisky" was dear, about a third of the whole of the whisky consumed was "potteen." I have seen a private still at the back of a waterfall, the smoke being carried away among the foam; and I once saw a still working in the stable of a gentleman of rank and fortune: he was brewing the hell-broth only for his own use. Frequently the gauger knew the whereabouts of a still, as well as the name of the distiller; there were substantial reasons why he should keep his eyes shut, independent of the danger, and the fact that he occasionally found a full tub at his hall door. It

is certain that often a message reached a gang of "the boys" doing their work in the mountain—that they must clear out before day-break.*

Drunkenness was a vice by no means limited to the humble or the middle classes. It was universal. No man of any grade was ashamed of it; on the contrary, an Irishman drunk was "an Irishman all in his glory." It was considered the rankest breach of hospitality to suffer a guest to leave a house sober; indeed, it was a thing never thought of.† There are stories in abundance to illustrate this miserable phase of character; those who want them may find them "in heaps," in volumes such as "Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs," and "Ireland Sixty Years ago," a most remarkable book written by my valued friend John Edward Walsh, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland. It is published anonymously; a new edition has recently been issued, but deprived of its most important part—the preface.

Of course always at a dinner-party, after the ladies left the table the regular drinking began. No lady expected to see her husband until he required help to enable him to ascend or descend the staircase. I once dined at a farmers' club dinner, at Rosscarberry. When the guests made their "tumblers," having put in the usual glass of whisky, the sugar, and the lemon, they proceeded to fill up from the kettle. Finding the mixture somewhat strong, they added more from the kettle; and then, being sure that it was of the proper strength, drank. The kettle contained—not hot water, but semi-boiled whisky. Never shall I forget the scene that followed not long afterward, when every man of that party (excepting myself) issued forth a drunken beast. Some lay in the hedges and ditches about, to get a little sober; and for others, low-backed cars were improvised. They got home alive—probably to repeat the experiment on the next market-day.

Yes, all classes were drunkards—the high, the middle, and the low, had pride, rather than shame, in the quantity of whisky they could imbibe; and scorned to be able to walk straight, or to count with accuracy the number of decanters or bottles on the table. He

* I need not comment on the continual peril in which the gauger lived. In fact, his life was never his own. It is an old story that of the priest who was confessing a dying "penitent." In conclusion the priest said, "Is there no one good thing ye ever did to place against such a heap of accumulated sins?" This was the man's answer: "Well, yer Riverence, I have one; I shot a gauger."

† Force was often applied when persuasion was unsuccessful. It is not a fable—the story that tells us of a "hospitable" host who placed a pistol by the side of his dessert-plate, and swore he would shoot the first of his guests who rose from his seat to seek the door of exit. That actually happened to my father when quartered as a young ensign in Limerick, and dining with a famous gentleman there. He escaped the penalty of drunkenness or death by watching his opportunity and leaping out of the window.

was not drunk who could do that. "Begin early," was the frequent advice of fathers to their boy-sons.

I knew a gentleman of this "good old class" who complained to me, in a tone of protest against Providence, that he could never take more than three bottles (of claret), while some of his neighbor-friends could take four. "But ye see," he added, "they began airy. I didn't come into my property till I was a middle-aged man." That gentleman had been a member of the Hellfire Club—an infamous society that, late in the last century, inculcated debauchery as a duty, and taught and practiced drunkenness as an institution. Yet it included the names of several renowned persons of high grades.

[Things were, perhaps, as bad in England, and certainly so in Scotland. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, told me he once dined on a Wednesday, at a farmers' dinner, in some town, the name of which I forget. There were two market-days, the other being Saturday. He left the party on the Wednesday, and going to market on Saturday, found the drinkers still at table, having, in fact, never left it, or but for a few minutes at a time.]

Wakes and funerals were shocking scenes of drunken debauchery, lasting through three or four nights and days of wasteful and wicked extravagance, out of which came a year's penance of semi-starvation. It was by no means uncommon for the guests to drink from the death-hour to the burial. I have frequently seen a band of fifty men in a graveyard, every one of whom was more or less drunk; and I have seen a corpse surrounded by the orgies of old superstition, but apparently not more lifeless than the "friends" and "hired weepers" who were lying in all possible attitudes on the floor beside it.*

* I remember this case: I knew it at the time it occurred. Two young officers (tourists) were discoursing across a car, and lamenting that they were returning to England, without having seen what they so much wished to see—an Irish wake. The driver listened, turned to his fare, and said, "It will be asy for ye to do that, gintlemen; sure, there's a brother-in-law o' mine lying dead on the mountain up there—and they'll wake him to-night." Of course an arrangement was made—to be present at the ceremony. When evening came, their driver conveyed them to the spot, of course with a liberal supply of whisky and tobacco; and they did witness an Irish wake: the body laid out on the bed: many of the neighbors about: the women melodiously chanting the praises of the dead "boy." All was going on right well, until one of the guests thought he saw the muscles of "deceased" move: he took his lighted cigar between his fingers, and thrust it up the nostril of the corpse. There was an awful screech: up sprang the corpse in the death-clothes: rushed through the throng of mourners, followed by the officers with their drawn swords—indignant at the fraud. There was a general helter-skelter: when they returned to the cabin they found it empty, and had a midnight walk to their hotel.

Perhaps the most fertile sources of the eloquence of Irish pathos are to be found in the Keens, or death-songs—which used in former times to characterize every Irish funeral; they are now far less frequent if not altogether gone; but “the Books” preserve a vast number of compositions—perfectly unstudied—which no educated poet ever surpassed in delicacy and force.

I have heard the keen often, and been strongly touched by it always: heard it upon the slopes of bleak and barren mountains: heard it in the depths of fertile valleys: by the sides of running streams, brawling rivers, and the wild sea-shore: and memories of pathetic death-chants, although dreary and monotonous in sound, and in a language I did not understand, are among those that have left the strongest impressions upon my mind in association with my remembrances of Ireland.

It was not among the upper and middle classes that Father Mathew did his work. Reform gradually spread—*upward*: the example of the humble guided the proud, and it is among the most marvelous of modern miracles that the wine and whisky drinkers of the “better” classes were led to reason and reflect, and ultimately were converted, by what they saw as the effects of Total Abstinence among their poorer neighbors and dependents. Let there be no mistake in this: I know it is so. No doubt other influences were at work, and very largely contributed to induce temperance among those who were out of Father Mathew’s reach; but it was not till 1840 that temperance was considered respectable and drunkenness degrading; and that was after the good priest had carried conviction to the lower classes.

With the upper class the reformation had endured; a gentleman is now never seen intoxicated in a drawing-room. If he were so, so far from his host exulting in his degradation, he would never be a guest in that house again. I of course allude to society of which ladies form a part; for probably excess is by no means a stranger at clubs and what are called “gentlemen’s parties.”

And I maintain—speaking from actual knowledge and experience—that the change which a very short space of time wrought in the habits of the upper orders was as surely the effect of Father Mathew’s teaching and preaching, as it is certain that he converted millions of the lower classes from drunkenness to sobriety.

It is needless to say aught as regards the immorality of which drink was the direct and indirect promoter. Those who are aged can remember something of the after-dinner toasts and talk that garnished the “bottle”—when the ladies had left the table. It was but one of the outer signs of the depravity that was barely considered evil; the so-called “*social vice*” had its sustainer in the social glass, and usually the provocatives to the one were furnished by the

other. As far as Ireland was concerned, that bane was limited to the upper classes, at least to a very large extent. I have borne some testimony, and rejoice at an occasion to do so again, to the purity of Irish peasant-women. No doubt, some of it must be attributed to the dread of the priest who, in confession, must know all; but there is inherent, I will say instinctive, virtue in the class.

Among the most accursed of all the miseries thus induced were the Faction Fights. Few of my readers can have seen one. I have seen many: one where there was a death, and more than one where several of the "fighters" had broken heads and limbs. Indeed, it was common enough to witness what were facetiously called "wigs on the green"—the field covered with men not able to move from the spots on which they had fallen. I have seen that of which many have read: a stout fellow, more than half drunk, rushing about a fair, beseeching some one "for God's sake" to tread upon the tail of the coat he was trailing behind him. In these fights women often took part, sometimes by carrying stones in a stocking, with which they belabored the craniums of the foe—an O'Kelly or an O'Leary as it might be.

I was visiting a magistrate in Kerry County when a stalwart fellow was brought in a prisoner, charged with nearly killing an old bald-headed man, whose head was a bloody mass. Being asked to swear information against the accused who had wounded him, the injured man was silent, and on being pressed absolutely refused. "What was it this fellow did to you?" asked the magistrate. "Nothing," was the answer. The magistrate turned to the culprit—"Are you not ashamed," he said, "to have half killed this old man, who will not even give information against you? Had you any ill-will to him?" "Oh! none at all, yer honor; I never saw him before to-day." "Then what made you do it?" "Well, I'll tell yer honor God's truth. Ye see, I came late into the fair; luck was agin me, for all the fighting was over; so, as I was strutting about, looking for some boy to cross a stick wid, I saw this poor man's bald head poked out of a slit of the tent that he might cool it; and it looked so inviting that, for the sowl o' me, I couldn't help hitting the blow."*

If whisky was always the foundation of faction-fights, public-houses were the dens at which councils of war were held. Faction-fights ceased soon after the mission of Father Mathew commenced; they died out into traditions. As one of the converts said: "At the last fair in Tralee there wasn't a stick lifted; but the Lawlers and the Cooleens met for the first time in the memory of man widout laving a dead boy to be carried home to the widdy's cabin."

* A magistrate (Grogan Morgan) in Wexford County gave me a stick that had killed three men at a faction-fight. Such sticks (usually blackthorn) were generally hardened in the chimney, being frequently larded with butter.

It has been rightly said that, of all the races that have ever existed, the Irish is the one that ought most carefully to avoid heating with stimulants an already too-mercurial temperament. To the Irish at home drink is a curse; to the Irish abroad drink is absolute ruin. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, the sober Irishman is sure of prosperity, while the drunken Irishman is always degraded; his lightness of heart, his natural and inherited vigor of constitution, his capacity for hard labor, all succumb before the pernicious wear and tear resulting from accursed alcohol; and he becomes an absolute fiend, ready to work any evil, with the miserable apology, "Twas the drink that did it!"

Thus, at the time of which I write, drunkenness was the bane, and yet, in a measure, the boast of the Irishman. The gentry gave examples to the peasant, and the practice, if not sanctioned, was certainly not condemned, by the priests, who were the religious, and, to a large extent, the moral and social, guides of the people. When writers described and artists painted an Irishman, he was generally represented as the "better" for liquor; and when an Irishman was exhibited on the stage, it was considered indispensable that he should be more or less drunk. Poets aided to keep up the hideous delusion; the greatest of them all, who certainly was himself no drunkard, in some of the finest of the "Melodies," inculcates the duty of filling and emptying glasses, "wreathing the bowl with flowers of soul!" I remember a popular song that blessed the Pope and the Council of Trent, who

"Laid fast upon mate and not upon drink."

Whisky was "mate, drink, and clothing," "my outside coat, I have no other," "mavourneen," "my joy and my jewel," "a cordial for all eyes that ache"—in short, whisky was the panacea that cured all the evils flesh is heir to, and raised the soul from earth to heaven. The humbler "poets" were content to laud the "whisky that makes men frisky"; while the poets who ministered to the vice in the upper classes told us, in mellifluous verse, that—

"Wine, wine is the steed of Parnassus,
That hurries a bard to the skies."

Yes: every offense was traceable to drink: secret societies in which murders were organized had their headquarters in public-houses; those who were to do deeds of blood were so plied with whisky that they had just reason enough left to draw a trigger. In short, then—as, alas! now and always—drink was answerable for nine tenths of the crime that was perpetrated, while the public-house was—then as now—its prompter, upholder, and propagator: the den from which demons issued to do their wicked work.

In spite of the direct encouragements to drink, and the absence of efforts to promote abstinence, the terrible consequences of intoxi-

cation were often too obvious to escape notice, and efforts were occasionally made to diminish or suppress the evil. They were weak and ineffective. Sometimes good and holy workers in the cause would teach, as well as preach, temperance, and obtain promises of sobriety : remembered—for a season. Nay, it was no uncommon thing for a peasant to take an oath against whisky—which he presently broke ; deluding himself, the while, with the idea that he kept it. Thus, I remember a man who swore he would only take one glass in a day, but he procured a glass that contained a pint. Another, who swore he would not drink a drop inside the house or outside of it, strode across the threshold, one leg in, the other out, and so drank himself drunk ; while a third, who was pledged not to drink a drop while he stood on earth, climbed a tree with a full bottle in his breast-pocket and brought it down empty.* As with the common class, so it was with the upper orders. I knew a gentleman who daily consumed twenty tumblers of whisky-punch, and another who boasted that in a long life he had drunk whisky-punch sufficient to float a seventy-four-gun ship. There was a somewhat remarkable trial in Dublin. An Insurance Company refused to pay the insurance on a life—the ground of refusal being that the life had been willfully sacrificed to drink. The legatee put in the witness-box an old man, who swore that it had been his daily custom for many years to drink twenty-five tumblers of whisky-punch—and more ! Being questioned as to how many more, he answered, “ By the virtue of my oath, I never could count after five-and-twenty.”

Ingenious devices were invented for compelling intoxication. I have seen some glasses (at one time in frequent use) made without a stem or base (like modern soda-water bottles), so that the drinker could not place such a goblet on the table, but was obliged to empty it before he laid it down ; and I have been told that there were decanters constructed on the same principle—there being a hole at one end of the table in which the decanter was placed when it had to be filled. That was “ circulating the wine freely.”

I am drawing near the memorable 10th of April, 1838, when the Rev. Theobald Mathew commenced his crusade against whisky. The good priest was not young : his years approached fifty : and he might have been justified in lessening, rather than augmenting, the labor of his life. His reputation was high in the city where he worked ; his eloquence had found its way to the hearts of many of his hearers ; his disposition led him to give all he had or could

* One of the funniest of Carleton's stories concerns Peter Connell, who set up a shebeen-house, and painted over the door—

“ No credit given—barrin' a trifle to Pether's friends.”
Friends he soon had galore. He soon found it wouldn't do. So he placed over his door another placard, intimating that—“ divil a morsel o' credit would be given at all at all, barrin' them that axes it has the ready money.”

have ; his order bound him to poverty. Benevolence was a part of his nature ; he could not help loving those whose souls God had committed to his care. He was remarkably active and energetic, rising early and working no matter how long or late. His personal appearance was greatly in his favor : rather above than under the middle size, not stout, but not thin, the expression of his countenance indescribably sweet and winning ; the features sharply cut and prominent (with the characteristics that are usually assumed to accompany good descent, "good blood," for his progenitors were of the aristocracy). He might have been called handsome ; he had the beauty of person that can never exist without beauty of soul ; the mind spoke in the face, and the language was that of gentleness, patience, endurance, tenderness, loving-kindness, and hopeful affection, such as I have never seen more forcibly marked in any one of the thousands of distinguished and good men on whom I have looked. There was in his manner no affectation of humility, yet there was true humility in the absence of all assumption and pretense.

This is my portrait of him in 1840 : "No one can hesitate to believe he has been stimulated by pure benevolence to the work he has undertaken. The expression of his countenance is peculiarly mild and gracious, his manner is most persuasive, simple, and easy without a shadow of affectation, and his voice is low and musical—'such as moves men.' A man better fitted to obtain influence over a people easily led and proverbially swayed by the affections, I have never known. No man has borne his honors more meekly, encountered opposition with greater gentleness and forbearance, or disarmed hostility by weapons better suited to a Christian."

I never saw any one of God's missionaries to mankind who seemed so eminently fitted for the work God gave him to do. And such by all accounts he was when, on that spring morning, the 10th of April, 1838, the good priest received a visit from a simple Quaker, a tradesman of the city, named William Martin.

The "Friend" had been for some time laboring to form a band of pledged temperance members, and to expose the evils of the vice and the wisdom of its opposite. But to Cork does not belong the honor of originating the temperance movement in Ireland : that must be accorded to the comparatively small town of New Ross in the county of Wexford ; and the "Baptist" of the Reformation was the Reverend George Carr, a clergyman of the Established Church—I may add, with justifiable gratification, a relative of Mrs. S. C. Hall. I remember conversing with him on the subject long before I had witnessed the work of Father Mathew ; long, indeed, before the good priest began his labors ; but I was then a skeptic as to the probability of any significant change, and, perhaps, rather a patron than an opponent of the "social glass." Mr. Carr's operations were very limited : he could not reach the great masses of the people who were of

the opposite creed; although he did something, it was but a little. William Martin was probably similarly circumstanced, when Providence suggested to him the wisdom of seeking an ally, or rather a leader, in the Franciscan friar, Theobald Mathew.*

The idea of total abstinence was at that time regarded as neither more nor less than a jest, and a social gathering without whisky as a chimera. William Martin, the good Quaker; Nicholas Dunscombe, a clergyman of the Established Church; and Richard Dowden, a Unitarian, appealed to Fathew Mathew! I knew in my youth these three good men; Dowden was, indeed, one of my most esteemed and valued friends. Hearty and zealous workers they were—notwithstanding their conviction that the result of their labors would be total failure instead of total abstinence. They had only the power that Hope brings; three Protestants—what could they have done?

[“Father Mathew approached the table, and, taking the pen, said heard by all, and remembered by many, ‘Here goes, in the name of God!’ and signed ‘Rev. Theobald Mathew, C. C., No. 1, Cove Street.’”]

In June or July, 1840, we (Mrs. Hall and I) were in Cork—a city with which I was well acquainted some twenty years earlier; where, indeed, I had been a resident, from boyhood up to the dawn of manhood, and where my mind, though not my body, had birth.

It was part of my duty to describe this Temperance movement, then comparatively new, of which only vague and contradictory rumors had reached England. I confess I was skeptical on the subject; my prejudice was against rather than in favor of the Roman Catholic priest, and I doubted the extent of the work he was said to be doing. I sought no introduction to him, called upon him without any, and if I did not immediately become a convert to his principles, I was at once convinced of his earnestness, truth, and lov-

* Very early, a temperance society had been formed at New Ross—in 1829. George Carr borrowed the idea from the United States; he had read in some American papers details of what had been accomplished there, and thought he might “do likewise.” The society adopted a pledge “to use no alcoholic drinks except as medicine; not to allow the use of them in their families nor provide them for the entertainment of their friends, and in all suitable ways to discountenance the use of them in the community at large.”

But he who commenced the temperance movement in Ireland was the Rev. John Edgar, a Presbyterian clergyman of Belfast, whom I had the honor to know. It was at his table I first saw a dinner without wine. In August 1829, he received a visit from Dr. Penny, of America, who informed him concerning the then infant movement in the United States. Dr. Edgar, who had previously made some effort for the cause, at once proceeded to form societies. On the 14th of August, 1829, his first address was issued, and within a year 100,000 small works on temperance were issued from Belfast. Honored be the memory of the great and good pioneer of the Temperance Reform!

ing nature—that he was discharging his duty as the friend of man as well as the chosen apostle of his Lord and Master.

How greatly the faculty of love for humankind inspired and directed his work it is needless for me to say. The eloquence of his manner was irresistible. The first interview with him induced a conviction which reflection confirmed, that he was a true disciple of Christ, working in accordance with His precepts, and imitating, as far as humanity can, His example. I have intimated that his worth was by no means unknown when the little group of Protestants appealed to the Roman Catholic priest. He had been one of the hard-working servants of God, in many ways, during many years—a man good, gentle, generous, sympathizing, just; always caring more for others than for himself; cheerful, hopeful, truthful, faithful; so they write of him who knew him as child and youth. In his prime he was busy—always busy—doing God's work for the good of man, but with the loving tenderness of John rather than the fiery zeal of Peter. One of his frequent sayings was, "A pint of oil is better than a hogshead of vinegar"; another, "Preach to the poor, and your preaching will always serve for the rich." He had been sorely tried during the awful cholera visitation of 1832. In 1830 he had purchased the Cork Botanic Garden and converted it into a cemetery, long before such "God's acres" became the fashion—stimulated to *that* work by a wretched relic of the Penal Laws, that forbade a Roman Catholic priest to pray over the mortal remains of a Roman Catholic layman, in the very graveyard, perhaps, where lay the bones of scores of his far-off ancestors.

His eloquence, too, was largely appreciated. It was known that the higher orders respected and esteemed him, and that the lower classes honored and loved him. A wiser choice than that of the Quaker and his friends could not have been made. Besides all this, he was no political agitator. He soon foresaw that to mix up "Repeal" with temperance advocacy would be to ruin the cause, and resisted steadfastly the blandishments of its partisans. He had no thought of proselytizing—he only sought to win converts to temperance. Once when he was administering the pledge, a recipient, after he had taken it, murmured, "But, sir, I am an Orangeman!" "I wouldn't care if you were a lemon-man," said the priest, and passed on.

The pledge was simply this: "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance." The reverend priest then made a sign of the cross on the forehead of the neophyte and said, "God give you strength to keep your resolution!"

Sometimes a man would come to take the pledge in a state of intoxication: he had resolved to have a "deoch-an-durrass"—a

parting glass. Father Mathew did not refuse to enroll him—and he was right. Many such thus took “the drop” for the last time. Occasionally, converts would deliberately resolve to get rid of the pledge and return to the drink. It was not a very uncommon thing for a man to put his head in at the door, and blare out some such expression as “There it is!” throw in the medal, and run away as fast as his legs could carry him, sometimes pursued by Father Mathew’s attendants in the vain hope of bringing him back. Nay, more than once it happened that the duty of giving chase fell to the good priest himself. At other times, men would try to strike a bargain with the priest, to have “lave” for *one* a day; a petition always declined—it was the teetotal pledge or nothing.

I once saw him administer the pledge to some thousands; it was, I think, at Buttevant. I was driving through the town on one of Bianconi’s cars, and easily persuaded the driver to allow me time to witness the scene. I can never forget it. All the men and women were kneeling on a greensward, or on the road that skirted it. Often there was a burst of weeping from some barefooted wife, and now and then a wretched child clung to the ragged coat of its father. The repenting sinners were old and young, of both sexes, and among them prevailed a terrible aspect of poverty with not a few indications of the vice. Half of them were hungry, and had no prospect of food—they were pushing away from them what was, after all, their only luxury; some no doubt prompted by reason and reflection, some by superstition, some in accordance with an almost instinctive rule, by which numbers will follow where a few lead. There were audible sobbings in the crowd—comments and blessings. I saw some skulking behind, and believed they were those who had taken the pledge and broken it, and came to take it again. It was never refused. And I saw more than one stalwart fellow whose wife was half coaxing him, half forcing him, to “kneel at the priest’s knee.” Boys and girls came up by scores; such pledge-takers were the best rewards of the good priest’s labors; and here and there a well-dressed man, obviously of a grade much removed from the cottier, was waiting for his turn. I could not remain to hear the brass band that escorted “the Apostle” to his lodging, but such scenes had generally such aids. I had but a brief time to stay—sufficiently long, however, to strengthen my impression into entire conviction—that the work was of God.

Some months after my visit to Father Mathew, I was enabled to test the force of the pledge. Traveling through Wicklow, *en route* to wild Glendalough, I had stopped at Roundtown to find a guide. A young man was pointed out to me leaning against the door of his cabin. I at once engaged him, and in my impatience bade him get up on the car, rejecting his appeal for permission to go in and put on a more respectable dress. The afternoon, of early autumn, was

raw and cold, and I drew up on the summit of a mountain to take some refreshment. Of course I offered the guide his share. The sandwiches he took readily, but much to my surprise declined the proffered flask. I urged him, unfairly—to test his resolution: after trying persuasion, I laid a crown-piece on the seat and said, “Now, my lad, you shall have that if you will take a sup of this whisky.”

“No,” he said; “not for ten thousand times the crown-piece, nor for all the lands of Lord Powerscourt if they were yours to give them, would I touch a single drop. Your honor must hear me. There wasn’t in the county of Wicklow a greater blackguard than I was—fighting and drinking I was all day and all night; the rags I had on were not worth a traneeen; and often the pratees I ate I begged from a poor neighbor. The old granny, that lived with me, starved and prayed. There was no house but one, in the place or near it, would open the door to me: that one was the public-house, where I spent all the little I earned. That was the way of it, yer honor. How is it now? It isn’t this coat I’d have worn if you’d given me time to change it, for I have a better, and a top-coat besides. If you’d gone into my cabin, you’d say you’d seldom seen one more comfortable; and you’d have noticed the old grandmother sitting on her hunkers, knitting, by the side of a turf-fire. There isn’t a neighbor, boy or girl, that wouldn’t say to me, ‘God save ye kindly’; and I have five pounds in the savings-bank; and when I make it ten there’s one I’ll ask to share the cabin with the old woman and me. Now that I’ve told yer honor what I have to tell, and how all that is the work of the pledge I took—will yer honor ask me to break it and take the poison-drop from your hand?” It is needless to say I was greatly touched. My answer was instant. “Indeed, my lad,” I said, “I will not; but I will at least pay you this compliment,” and I flung the flask over the cliff, far into the lake beneath. The guide literally danced with joy. I think I never saw happiness expressed so strongly.*

Within two years after the memorable 10th of April, 1838, Father Mathew had traveled through every district of Ireland, had held meetings in all the towns and in many of the villages, and the pledge had been taken by upward of two millions and a half of the population. That was not all. He visited England and Scotland, and spent two years working in the United States of America. His labor was superhuman: the good he did incalculable.

An estimate may be formed of it, though but a rough one, by certain “Returns” furnished to Government. The visible signs were recognized. It was easy to calculate the immense saving to the state as a consequence of the paucity of crime by the absence of its

* I have enlarged this anecdote into a tract. It has been published at a nominal price by, I think, three of the temperance publishers, and many thousands of them have been circulated.

provocatives. Compare 1837 with 1841. In the one year there were 247 homicides, in the other 105; robberies dwindled from 725 to 257; robberies of arms, from 246 to 111. In 1839, the number of "committals" was 12,000; in 1845, the number barely passed 7,000. In 1839, 66 persons were sentenced to death; in 1842, the number was 25; and in 1846, 14. In 1839, 916 persons were sentenced to transportation; in 1846, 504.

With regard to the duty on spirits, the "loss" to the revenue was large. In 1839 duty was paid on more than twelve millions of gallons of whisky, to say nothing of that which *paid no duty*. In 1843 and 1844 the amount was much less than half. Naturally and necessarily, the state gained more than it lost—indirectly and directly. The material prosperity of Ireland was augmented in a hundred ways; and the money saved, when not laid by, was expended on such manufactured luxuries as warm clothing, feather beds, "stocks of furniture," tea and coffee, and sugar. No doubt, vested interests were terribly interfered with; distillers were ruined, among others the brother of Theobald Mathew, who followed that accursed calling. "Change your trade," wrote the priest to the distiller, "and turn your premises into factories for flour." Landlords who had let their houses to publicans had to lower their rents or do without any; the doctors had little employment, and the lawyers less; faction-fights became rarities; fairs and "patterns" were made "lonesome"; denounced emissaries from secret societies were in despair—Father Mathew "proclaimed" them as "full of danger, of vice, of iniquity," as "originating the crimes that brought a curse on the land." * The hospitals as well as the jails were empty. Surgeon Carmichael, writing in 1843, said, comparing the past with the present of Richmond Surgical Hospital, "Since Father Mathew made us a sober people, we do not find a single instance of wounds, burns, or scalds attributed to drunkenness." †

It is on record that he administered the pledge at Glasgow to 10,000 people in one day. The crowd was so dense, that those who

* "I have always, earnestly, perseveringly, emphatically, cautioned the people against those secret societies, because they are filled with danger, with vice, with iniquity—because they cut at the roots of social order—because they are the blight and bane of social happiness."—*Speech at Tipperary*.

† "The perpetrators of these red-handed murders can not escape the just anger of God. Though the brand of Cain on their brow may not be apparent to the eyes of mortals, to the eye of the Eternal it is as plain as the sun at noon is to us."—*Speech at Kilfeacle*.

† I do not think it requisite to copy much from the abundant testimonies to the influence and effects of Father Mathew's work: they might fill a volume. There are two, however, I desire to quote: the first is from Lord Morpeth, then the Irish Secretary, the other is from Maria Edgeworth.

"I will ask, considering this pure and lofty renovation of a nation's virtue, is there anything which seems too large to hope for, or too bright to realize? This change which has passed over the people seems to have been anticipated by the

took it, kneeling, "never saw his face," so rapidly was each person removed to make way for another. Then, and on other occasions, he was standing administering the pledge from ten until six o'clock.

At length the physical strength of Father Mathew gave way. "The brain o'erwrought," the continued toil, traveling by night and day, the want of rest, and, deadliest of all, the perpetual anxiety—which those only who have restricted means and great needs can rightly estimate—told terribly on his constitution. There had been no self-indulgence to weaken, no luxurious ease to create rust; his was that precious gift—a healthy mind in a healthy body, and so he was enabled to do the work, not of two, but of ten. He said he would "die in harness," and he did. Even after a paralytic seizure he gave the pledge to thousands; and when he had succumbed to an attack of apoplexy and lay on his death-bed, he could hear the words and, with his crippled hands, make the sign of the cross.

Who is it that says of saints appointed to do God's work on earth, "There will be time enough for rest in heaven"? Theobald Mathew seems never to have wearied; once when reasoned with as to his early rising, he pointed to a busy cooper, and said: "He is up before me; shall I grudge to do for my Master what that man does for his?"

In 1843 a testimonial was presented to Father Mathew on account of his services to Ireland. The requisition for a meeting was signed by two dukes, four marquises, nineteen earls, ten viscounts, forty baronets, with "an immense number of clergymen and gentlemen of all denominations." From the beginning, Protestants were hardly less enthusiastic than Roman Catholics in lauding the humble priest. The very highest in the realm, in England as well as in Ireland, bore testimony that "his labors entitled him to the immeasurable gratitude and ardent admiration of all ranks and persuasions throughout the British Empire."

During his visit to England in 1844, Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, hailed his presence at Norwich in these words: "It will be my duty

poet of a former day, who is never so much at home as when he celebrates heroic or holy actions:

'The wretch who once sang wildly, danced and laughed,
And sucked in dizzy madness with his draught,
Has wept a silent flood—reversed his ways—
Is sober, meek, benevolent—and prays.'

"They have become able and willing to work, and to take care of their farms and business—are decently clothed, and healthy and happy, and now make their wives and children happy, instead of, as before their reformation, miserable and half heart-broken. I have heard some of the strong expressions of delight of some of the wives of the reformed drunkards. . . . I consider Father Matthew as the greatest benefactor to his country—the most true friend to Irishmen and to Ireland."

to pay every respect to an individual to whose zealous exertions in recovering so large a portion of the community from the degrading and ruinous effects of intemperance men of all religious persuasions owe a debt of gratitude." The venerable and estimable Protestant prelate was not solitary in thus greeting the Franciscan friar of Cork.

It was at a later period—in 1845—that efforts were made in England, with what results at that time I can not say, to aid the work of the good priest by subscriptions raised in this country. At one of the meetings of members of the Temperance Society of Marylebone and Paddington I was in the chair, when an address written by me was agreed to.

I have preserved a copy of it, and think I can not do better than print one or two passages from it :

"The results of your hard and incessant toil are well known to all of us. You have not only rescued millions from the evils incident to a debasing habit; displaced perilous and momentary pleasures by substituting permanent comforts and substantial luxuries; converted hundreds of thousands of useless or pernicious men and women into industrious and serviceable members of society; and rendered revolting and disgusting in universal estimation the vice most pregnant with mischief to every class of the community; but among the minor benefits produced by that reform, which God has made you his chief instrument for bringing about, we may not forget the absolute *saving* effected by your means—by preventing an expenditure, not only needless, but injurious and pernicious.

"Rev. and Dear Sir: It is among the leading sources of our happiness to know that task has been performed with so much meekness and humility, as to disarm all opponents—that we recognize in you the unassuming and unaffected minister of Christ—still lowly in heart and mind as the humblest of your followers, although your name is honored in every portion of the civilized globe, not only as the great benefactor, the true patriot, but as the founder of a society more numerous than any that has existed in modern times."

From several causes, Father Mathew, toward the close of 1846 and the beginning of 1847, became seriously embarrassed by want of money to meet the necessary expenses for carrying on his mighty work of mercy. Some of his friends in England and Ireland conceived the idea of a public appeal for aid. A Major Russell was introduced to me, and brought me a letter from Mr. Mathew.* I was

* It was in April, 1846, that Major Russell brought me from Mr. Mathew the following letter, which I have fortunately kept :

"CORK, *March* 30, 1846.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSSELL :

"As you are perfectly aware of the sincerity of the respect and gratitude I cherish for Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, it was unnecessary for you to wait for a letter from me. You could from yourself say to these accomplished and benevolent persons, from whom I have received such favors, all that a knowledge of my sentiments warranted you to express."

I should greatly like to know what became of the papers and documents pro-

expected to take an active part in promoting the scheme : and I did so. There was little or no difficulty in the way of a great success. It was a primary object, after relieving Mr. Mathew of immediate and pressing needs, to raise a fund by which an annuity might be secured to him for his life. It was calculated that about £7,000 would yield an available annual income of £500, and that such a sum would suffice. I undertook the duty of honorary secretary, and the work was begun by inviting certain noblemen, clergymen, and gentlemen of various countries and creeds to become members of a committee. There was not a single negative to the applications. The Earl of Arundel undertook the post of president, and the list contained the honored names of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, and many others of high social rank, of both religions, and of various shades in politics.

These distinguished persons, and many others, sent their subscriptions, and I have no doubt the desired amount would have been raised ; for the project was warmly advocated by the press, and evidence of enormous good effects was not far to seek ; when the awful famine that almost decimated unhappy Ireland in 1847 arrested operations. Father Mathew sent to me an emphatic protest against any further effort to obtain money for *him* while masses of men, women, and children were perishing all about him ; proceedings were stayed or rather suspended ; to be resumed, it was hoped, under more auspicious circumstances. But just then a grant of £300 a year was conferred on Father Mathew—one of the Civil List Pensions—and the project was abandoned, after sending to the good priest the sum in hand—if I recollect rightly, about £700. Lord John Russell informed Father Mathew that the pension was granted to him by the Queen “as a mark of her approbation of your meritorious exertions in combating the intemperance which in so many instances obscured and rendered fruitless the virtues of your countrymen.”

Very little practical benefit, therefore, arose from the appointment of the Committee. The grant made to him by Government barely sufficed to pay the insurances on his life, the sole securities of his creditors for debts contracted—how, wherefore, for whom ? *

duced by this movement. I have none of any kind : they were no doubt given by me to Major Russell, and must be in existence somewhere. Mr. Maguire seems but insufficiently informed on the subject. I have preserved but two or three of Mr. Mathew's letters : one of them to Major Russell, dated March 31, 1846, contains this gratifying passage : “I blush when I reflect upon Mr. Hall's exertions in my behalf. He is more a brother to me than a friend.”

* The sum was pitiful considered with reference to the good he had done, the wealth he had diverted from an evil into a healthy channel, and the needs he had incurred in carrying on his work ; without making note of the enormous saving effected for the country, in the reduced expenditure for the conduct of public prosecutions, the maintenance of jails, and so forth. But, small as it was, it would seem to have been at first much smaller—an annual grant of only £100. In a

There was scarcely a town in Ireland that he had not visited—hardly one in which he had not done some portion of God's work. He was free of the coaches and "Bianconi's cars" certainly; but even to him travel was costly. As a priest pledged to poverty, needing only the barest necessities of life, constitutionally as well as by demands of his holy calling, ignoring luxuries—a very small sum indeed would have sufficed to supply all his own wants; but there were a hundred ways in which money was needed, and certainly spent—"monster tea-parties," processions, brass bands, missionary aids—printers' bills, reading-rooms, and so forth. The medals he distributed were supposed to be a source of wealth, but they were in reality a cause of expense. Three out of every four were never paid for at all; probably not one in fifty came to take the pledge with a shilling in his pocket to pay for the medal he received. [Father Mathew was arrested in Dublin for a debt incurred by reason of these medals.]* A score of other modes of expenditure crowded on him, to say nothing of the miseries he lessened, the wants he relieved, the money he gave when—hungry, and weary, and foot-sore—postulants came to him from long distances. Could he have sent them hungry and weary away? As soon would he have bidden them depart without the pledge. "If I have any money," he said, when thrust into a corner, "I give it to feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

"Tim" was not the only recipient of the pledge who spoke to something like the following effect at a public meeting: "'Twas the crown-piece dat yer Reverence slipped into my fist dat set me up agin in de world." The truth is, Theobald Mathew was always giving—giving at least as fast as he got. They must have a very weak insight into his character who imagine he could have kept a shilling

letter addressed to me by Major Russell, dated September 1, 1846, I find this passage: "You will be surprised, no doubt, when I inform you that the Government grant to Father Mathew is to be only £100 instead of £300. I received a letter yesterday from Lord Lansdowne, a copy of which I annex: 'Lord Lansdowne informs Major Russell that he fears he committed a mistake in the mention to him of a grant to Father Mathew; he believes he stated it to be £300, when it should be £100. The arrangement of the grant being with the first Lord of the Treasury, Lord John Russell, and not with him.'"

Major Russell adds: "I received a letter at the moment Lord Lansdowne's came to hand, from Father Mathew, stating he had received a note from Lord John Russell offering him £100 a year, but, thank Heaven, he spurned it, and refused the mean, paltry dole." It was subsequently made £300.

* The rumor that every person who took the pledge also purchased a medal is thus disposed of in Father Mathew's words, spoken in Dublin in June, 1842, and frequently repeated in subsequent years:

"I deny, in the strongest terms, that I am, as it is alleged by certain parties, making money off cards and medals, and I declare that I am a poorer man this day than the first day I gave the pledge; for *out of several thousands who take the pledge, not as many hundreds take a card or medal*, so that the allegation is totally false. This is a fact well known in Cork and elsewhere; for, if I have any money, I give it to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked."

in his pocket when he was daily moving among scenes of misery and want. He would have been poor if the coffers of the Bank of England had been at his command.

The efforts of the Committee and the zeal of the Honorary Secretary, therefore, did little to help the work; the sum granted by Government fell far short of the sum needed. As I have said, Father Mathew stopped the movement set on foot with a view to a general subscription, and it was not resumed.*

* This letter may be printed here as evidence of the resolve of Father Mathew to stop collecting money for him:

"CORK, *January 3, 1847.*

"DEAR MRS. HALL:

"By, I ardently hope, a happy coincidence, at the moment your honored letter reached me, I was writing a copy of an advertisement for a meeting of ladies, to make arrangements for what you suggest—a bazaar for the relief of the famishing people of Ireland.

"The awful calamity with which the Lord in His inscrutable wisdom has visited this stricken land, is decimating the Irish population. This has been a sorrowful Christmas to all here, who have bodies to suffer or hearts to sympathize. Government is exerting all its powers to meet the dreadful crisis; but in vain. The greatest resources of the wisest administration can not secure from starvation the people of Ireland, collectively taken. Providence has ordained that the relief of the poor must depend upon the charity of the opulent. Yes, to private benevolence, the Lord has left this delightful task. By our faithful discharge of this indispensable obligation, the ways of Divine Providence are gloriously justified from the reproach of an unequal distribution of its gifts. The evils under which we suffer are grievously aggravated by the high price of breadstuffs. No wages a poor operative can earn are sufficient to purchase an adequate supply of food for his generally large family. They barely suffice to afford food of the cheapest kind for himself, leaving his wretched wife, children, and aged parents to fill their stomachs with the offal of the vegetable-gardens.

"O great Father of all, what spectacles do we daily behold in all parts of this wretched country, moving skeletons whom despair has quickened and hunger has forced from their dismal habitations!

"From my knowledge of the humanity of the ladies of England, I feel confident they will respond to your call and generously contribute to the bazaar for the purchase of food for their famishing fellow-creatures. I leave this work of mercy in your charitable hands. You know how to convey our cries to the ears of your sympathizing countrywomen, and once heard, they will munificently respond, for they have tender hearts; but even if they had hearts of adamant they could not resist the lamentations of their brethren, perishing from extreme want, wrung by the tormenting pangs of famine. Praying that the Lord may bless you and all who care for the suffering members of Jesus Christ,

"I am, with high respect, dear Mrs. Hall,

"Your grateful and attached friend,

"THEOBALD MATHEW."¹

¹ Yet it is notorious that during the whole of the famine there was hardly an instance of theft. When an awful visitation was but commencing, I visited the Island of Achill, in Connemara. The people were literally dying of hunger: I trust I may never again have to endure the agony I endured that day—seeing men, women, and children, perishing all about me without the possibility of giving relief. All the food of every kind in the island had been consumed: it was at a period of the year when the potatoes were so small that an acre of them could

Connected with this attempt to obtain a fund to provide for Father Mathew and assist him in his work, there are one or two interesting circumstances, and one that may seem melodramatic, as I have to tell it.

I called a meeting of the Committee at my chambers in the Inner Temple; it was in May, 1846. I had, of course, prepared a series of resolutions to be moved and seconded: but when the hour for the meeting arrived no one came to it, except Lord Arundel. He and I were alone; for my colleague (Major Russell) was in Ireland. After waiting a reasonable time—there was no other way—I moved that the Right Honorable the Earl of Arundel do take the chair. His lordship did so, and matters proceeded to the close, when I moved a vote of thanks, which “passed unanimously”; there was no seconder present, but that did not matter. The next morning there appeared in the *Times* a series of RESOLUTIONS—put and carried in the usual terms and in the usual way, at that meeting of the solitary *two*!

I hope I may not be considered as guilty of deception; my own conscience did not then, and does not now, reproach me. It was the busy month in London. I foresaw it was improbable that the noblemen and gentlemen I desired to associate with the movement could attend a meeting; and I took the precaution to write to each to this effect: “If you are unable to be present, will you give me written authority to move or second in your name a resolution of which I inclose a copy?” It is needless to add that in every case I did receive such written authority; and I astonished Lord Arundel not a little when I rose and said, “My Lord, in the name of —, I move this resolution, and I hand to your lordship his written authority to do so.”

I believe the bare fact was known only to Lord Arundel and myself, and certainly in Ireland the naked report made a strong impression, producing exactly the effect I desired to produce, for I had adroitly mingled Protestant and Roman Catholic—Irishmen and Englishmen, and Whig with Tory. Among the “movers” and “seconders” were the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel.

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War!”

Had the good priest led an army to the slaughter, and soddened the earth with soldier-blood, his reward for victory would have been thousands instead of hundreds, thanks voted by “both

hardly make a meal, yet there were frequent patches from which they had been taken up. In more than one instance I *saw* a family feeding on boiled nettles. The next day I was dining with a gentleman—“a farmer of wealth and position”—on the mainland. Talking over the misery I had witnessed, he said, “And yet I can not say I have lost a single sheep on the mountain.” My observation was prompt: “Lucky for you I am not one of your tenants; if I had been, you would have lost many.”

Houses," and a title, to hand down to an effete or at best an unearning posterity. For labors that saved to the nation millions in wealth and in lives, the recompense was small on earth. Adequate payment was postponed until the resurrection of the just.

If Father Mathew had declined the Government £300 per annum—a course to which I, whether wisely or unwisely, counseled him—I am very sure a sum would have been collected from the British, Scotch, and Irish public, aided by Canada, Australia, the East Indies, and the other dependencies of the Crown, that—mightily swelled as it would have been by the United States of America—would have sufficed to purchase four such "annuities" as the trifling dole accorded to him.

In 1849 he left Ireland for the United States. It is needless to say an ovation awaited him there, proceeding not only from his own countrymen, but from all American citizens, who, without exception, honored and loved him for the work he was doing and had done. Previous to this visit he had been attacked with paralysis. In 1852 he was prostrated by a fit of apoplexy; in 1854 he sought health at Madeira; and on the 8th of December, 1856, "he fell asleep." In a sense, it was literally "falling asleep": the soul was withdrawn from the body without a struggle. The Apostle had become the Martyr of Temperance. He died "on the field of his glory," at Queenstown, anciently the Cove of Cork.

A statue to his memory, executed by his countryman, the great Irish sculptor Foley, graces the city in which he did most of his work. His "remains" are dust in the cemetery where flourishes the foliage of many lands—the former Botanic Garden of Cork.

A generation has passed away since Father Mathew's work was done; yet there are some, still on earth, who remember him, render homage to his memory, and testify to the blessings of which he was the bearer to the country of his birth, and to all mankind.

However much they may differ from the priest as to dogmas of creed, those of whom I speak would ask no better usher to the presence of the Master after life is done; and for myself, if, when called by death from earth, I were empowered to select from the many good men I have known the one who, above all others, I should prefer to lead me to the steps of "the great white throne," and show me how and where to kneel in grateful adoration, though I am not of his faith—but think it is my duty to oppose it, and all approaches to it—I should choose the humble Franciscan friar of Cork.

If there was mourning on earth there was joy in heaven when the Roman Catholic priest heard the words "good and faithful servant." He heard them on the 8th of December, 1856, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and "the forty-second of his ministry."

Alas ! the blessing of Temperance in Ireland is but a memory ; the people of Ireland have forgotten its apostle and martyr, and the curse is almost as foul and fatal to-day as it was before that memorable morning of April, 1838. NOT QUITE ; it never can be so ; for drunkenness instead of being a glory has become a reproach. That is, at all events, the bequest of Father Mathew to his country and to mankind, the value of which time can not lessen. The drunkard now, instead of brawling in triumph all the way from the public-house to his home, skulks through by-ways, and prefers that his neighbors do not see him. A gentleman drunk is now as rare a sight in Ireland as it is in England. NOT QUITE ; a ban has been put upon the Vice ; authors do not describe it as venial, or jovial, or "glorious" ; artists no longer class it with the picturesque ; the pulpit and the platform assail it with the language of abhorrence ; it is execrated as the mighty impediment to social and moral progress ; while the religious "of all denominations" beat it down as the barrier that outrages nature, leads from God, and infers a social hell here and the hell of remorse hereafter. NOT QUITE ; legislation has aided public opinion to brand as well as to condemn the Vice. NOT QUITE ; if there is much yet to do, much has been done ; chiefly perceptible, perhaps, to the old, who can review the past. NOT QUITE ; a thousand societies of all "sorts and sizes," from the village few to the city throngs, combine to exhibit the height, and depth, and breadth of the misery thus engendered ; and a hundred publications prosper by exposing and decrying the misery thus induced—"fruits of the traffic."

In addition : they may be rude and rough tools—some of them—that are working to-day under names that all of us may not like : but "Salvation Armies," and "Blue-ribbon Armies," and a score of bands under like titles, all war with sin, and misery, and degradation, and enlist recruits—every one of whom will be an aid to the state, and many of them disciples of true and pure religion. It is only by the unreflecting or the vicious that such soldiers will be sought to be disbanded.

In short, it is easy to sum up and deliver to a jury consisting of all manhood, and womanhood, a charge against the tempter, the betrayer, the home curse, the disease-producer, the soul-destroyer, blighting, mildewing, ruining, wherever it obtains power ; the fiend that negatives all efforts to advance social progress and secure material prosperity, that balks the teachings of virtue, the guidance of religion—the revaled, and natural, faith in hereafter.

The curse of drunkenness is the overwhelming curse of our country—of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It fills our poor-houses, insane asylums, and jails. It is the fertile source of crime ; almost the only source. There is not a judge, a coroner, a magistrate, who will not tell us it gives him nine tenths of the work he has

to do. There is not a physician who has not testified to the misery it induces, and for which he has no cure. It is the existing, but it is also the hereditary curse. The children of the drunkard are recognized by emaciated forms, diseased constitutions, and predisposition to crime!

I fancy I hear the great yet humble Franciscan friar say again the words I have heard him say more than once, "Glory be to God!" when a temperance band, headed by a cardinal in his robes, parades through the streets of London and another cardinal leads those who traverse the quays of Dublin: Glory be to God! not only because they are continuing the earth-work Father Mathew did, but for other, and, perhaps holier, evidence they supply to all human kind—that persecutions for faith have ended. Cardinals in their robes marching at the head of bands of Soldiers of the Cross—pledged abstainers: cardinals in their robes which—forty years ago—they would no more have dared to wear than the crown and scepter they might have stolen from the regalia in the Tower!

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUTHORS I HAVE KNOWN.

I CAN NOT here go over the ground I have fully trodden in "The Book of Memories" (published originally in the "Art Journal")—a series of biographies mixed with personal recollections.* The former—the purely biographical element—I shall exclude, while retaining, as much as space permits me, of the latter: so that these

* "The Book of Memories" received gratifying praise in nearly all the critical publications. I do not think it requisite to give extracts from them; but I can not resist the temptation to print two letters—one from Thomas Carlyle, the other from John Ruskin—communications of which any author might be proud, and of which surely I am proud.

"DENMARK HILL, *December 18, 1870.*

"DEAR MR. HALL:

"The beautiful book is in every way valuable to me, deeply interesting in itself, with interest upon interest (like Lord Overstone's income) in all being true—and interest at triple usury, in being all truth of the kind it is most helpful to know; besides all this it assures me that I am not forgotten by friends whose memory of me is one of the few things I still care for, in a very weary time of my life and heart.

"Affectionately yours,

"S. C. HALL, Esq."

"J. RUSKIN.

"CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA, *8th December, 1870.*

"DEAR SIR:

"Two nights ago there came to this door a weighty volume which, on opening it, proved to be a splendidly beautiful one as well, and a most kind and welcome gift due to your friendly regard.

"I have spent all my leisure ever since on the book, and find it altogether excellent reading, full of matter strangely interesting to me. Several of the pieces I had read before: these also I have read again in the revised form: in fact, I read all, and only regret to think I shall probably finish it this night. How strange, how grand and tragical, these silent shadows of the Past, which were once living figures along with us in the loud, roaring Present, and whom we are so soon to join! You have done your work with insight, equity, and charity. The book will be a charming guest at many Christmas firesides this year, and may promise itself a lasting use to this and the coming generations. Many thanks—many thanks!

"Please offer my thanks to Mrs. Hall, and say her little pieces seem to me particularly excellent, and have a kind of gem-like brightness, where all around them is polished and bright.

"Yours sincerely,

"S. C. HALL, Esq."

"T. CARLYLE.

chapters will consist mainly of episodes—passages that, as being “personal recollections,” will, I hope, more forcibly recall the men and women of whom they treat, and prove interesting to the reader. Some of the “illustrious” have died since that book was issued; with others I have dealt in the divisions of this work to which they seem properly to belong; others, whose domain was more strictly that of letters, I am now about to treat of in the chapters that will follow this brief introduction. I may premise that, Byron, Shelley, and Keats only excepted (the first named I have seen, the two others I never saw), there is hardly a man or woman distinguished in literature and art during the century with whom I have not been brought into personal relations—ranging from the slight to the intimate.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE—as I knew him in 1825. He was then a resident at the house of the Gillmans, at Highgate; he had been their guest during nineteen years, and there he died on July 25, 1834. Not very long ago I visited his grave, and saw, through a chink, the coffin that contains the remains of the earthly dwelling that tabernacled the great soul—

“The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature.”

He whose ashes are there inurned was truly called “the old man eloquent.” Eloquent in his fullness of years as a champion of Christianity, he passed away in the certain hope of a life to come, although in youth he had “skirted the howling desert of infidelity,” and had been for a brief while a Socinian preacher. In a memorable letter to his godson he maintained that “the greatest of all blessings, and the most ennobling of all privileges, was to be a Christian,” and his last will and testament ended with this passage: “His staff and His rod alike comfort me.”

He was a young man in 1793, when with Southey and Wordsworth he became a Republican; but, like his fellow-poets, he soon shrank from the associates by whom he was contaminated, and the principles by which he was for a while tainted; and broke from their trammels in “avowing his conviction that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel were the indispensable conditions of any true political amelioration.”

I was a frequent guest at the house of the good friends of the poet—the Gillmans. They were pleased to see me, and so was he. I had, at all events, the merit of being a good listener: and, whether he was alone or surrounded by his satellites, when he was pouring out his mellifluous talk, I should have as little thought of interrupting him as I should of disturbing the song of a nightingale by singing a ribald verse.

There are few now living who can recall to memory the simple gatherings round the tea-table at Highgate: though simple they

were glorious, being, so far as related to the central figure, truly a flow of soul.

Mrs. Gillman usually presided. She loved the poet with a love approaching worship. I was a favorite with her: probably because I drew near the circle without considering myself one of the links that formed it.*

In one of the communications of Coleridge to me I find the following lines in his handwriting:

LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE.

A MADRIGAL.

Lady.—"If Love be dead—"

Poet.—"And I aver it."

Lady.—"Tell me, Bard, where Love lies buried."

Poet.—"Love lies buried where 'twas born.

O gentle dame, think it no scorn,

If in my fancy I presume

To call thy bosom poor Love's tomb:

And on that tomb to read the line—

'There lies a Love that once seemed mine,

'But caught a chill as I divine,

'And died at length of a decline.'"

Coleridge's marvelous power of "talk" has been described by many of his contemporaries; it was an unceasing flow of melodious words, like honey, luscious to the taste, but with little power to nourish and strengthen. Yet it was impossible to listen without being entranced—without almost unconsciously tendering homage to that—

"Noticeable man, with large, gray eyes,"

who spoke like one inspired. It was as Haydon wrote:

"The lazy luxury of poetical outpouring."

"Eloquent music without a discord; full, ample, inexhaustible, almost divine"; so said Wilson. "He was," wrote Wordsworth, "quite an epicure in sound."

It is known that Coleridge went to reside with Mr. Gillman (honored be the name and revered the memory of that "general prac-

* Mrs. Gillman presented to me the poet's inkstand, a plain and unpretentious article of deal, which I gave some years afterward to the poet Longfellow. She also gave me a tiny myrtle, on which she assured me the poet's eyes were fixed when he was dying: it stood on a table by his bedside. It is now preserved for me in the conservatory of a friend at Palace Gardens, knotted and gnarled from age, but still blossoming in its season: and often brings back to memory the happy visits I paid to the house at Highgate.

The inkstand was, up to his death, a cherished treasure of the poet Longfellow: in nearly all the letters I received from him, he refers to it: it was always on his writing-table, and was pointed out to every visitor as one of the "treasures of his soul."

tioner," a surgeon at Highgate), chiefly to be under his surveillance to break himself of the fearful habit he had contracted of opium-eating, a habit that grievously impaired his mind, engendered terrible self-reproach, and embittered the best years of his life. I may well use the term—self-reproach. He has himself called opium "the accursed drug," and his helplessness to resist the craving for it "a hideous bondage." It was this "conspiracy of himself against himself" that was the poison of his life. He describes his terrible habit with frantic pathos as "the scourge, the curse, the one almighty blight which had desolated his life"; the thief—

". . . to steal
From my own nature, all the natural man."

He did, however, prevail in the end over the fiend that tempted and had long possessed him.

I have known persons who pictured to me Coleridge in his youth—a boy at Christ's Hospital,* and when a young man at Clevedon. He was aged when I knew him. My recollection is so vivid that I can not fail in the portrait I draw. There was rarely much change of countenance; his face at that time was overburdened with flesh, and its expression impaired, yet to me it was so tender, gentle, gracious, and loving, that I could have knelt at the old man's feet—almost in adoration. My own hair is white now, yet I have much the same feeling that I had then, whenever the form of the venerable man rises in memory before me.

I prefer to any other portrait of Coleridge that which is drawn by his friend Wordsworth:

"A noticeable man, with large, gray eyes,
And a *pale* face, that seemed, undoubtedly,
As if a *blooming* face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Depressed by weight of moving phantasy:
Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

All his friends have pictured him as a man made to be revered and loved.

* I heard this anecdote from a gentleman who was a school-fellow of Coleridge's. Coleridge was wildly rushing through Newgate Street to be in time for school, when he upset an old woman's apple-stall. "Oh! you little devil!" she exclaimed, bitterly. But the boy, noting the mischief he had done, ran back, and strove to make the best amends he could by gathering up the scattered fruit and lamenting the accident. The grateful woman changed her tone, patted the lad on the head, and said, "Oh! you little angel!"

Can we not see in this simple incident the germ of that epitome of his soul—quoted again and again by all who advocate the cause of humanity?—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

This is but a brief memory of him who—

“In bewitching words, with happy heart,
Did chant the vision of that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner”—

him of whom De Quincey writes as “this illustrious man, the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, in my judgment, that has yet existed among men.”* How rich is the legacy mankind inherits from the philosopher, the translator, the commentator, and the poet! Yet, judged by the exceeding wealth of intellect with which Heaven had endowed him, how unsatisfactory is that legacy! It is an old tale now—that of the high expectations formed of Coleridge and the imperfect manner in which his life’s work fulfilled them. A mine of thought was in him, but he wanted the energy and perseverance necessary to make its full treasures available to the world. From time to time he would bring forth a brilliant sample of his mental riches, that by its splendor sufficiently attested the value of the ore within; but he never could prevail on himself to bend his neck to the yoke of that patient industry which has earned greater fame for men much less richly gifted. The history of his life is a very mournful one. Manhood, that should have brought to such a giant in intellect as Coleridge high hopes and earnest endeavors, was wasted in the sloth of a double bondage—that of his natural indolence, and that of his acquired slavery to opium. The first of talkers, he was among the least of doers. Under God’s providence, and by means of the devoted care and friendship of the Gillmans, the more terrible of these two tyrants of mind and body was at last shaken off; and Coleridge passed his latter years free from the influence of “the accursed drug.” But how blighted a life had the great Thinker’s been! He had to look back on many years of mental darkness and bodily weakness; to shudder over the memory of vain struggles to escape from the thralldom of the terrible vice that had possessed him; to lament a long separation from the wife of his youth, the Sara of his early poems. Those who cherish the memory of Coleridge will always love best to contemplate the declining years of his life, a decline rendered serene and beautiful by the untiring devotion of the Gillmans; but, alas! it can not be forgotten that the bright sunset did not follow, as should have been the case, a still brighter day, and that it was the poet’s fault far more than his misfortune that his best years were darkened. The richest ground will bear little harvest unless it be carefully cultivated: the highest genius does not exempt its possessor from the need for industry and energy. Such is the moral that the contrast

* The article concerning Coleridge I printed in the “Art Journal” and subsequently in the “Book of Memories,” drew from the son of the poet—the Rev. Derwent Coleridge—a letter of which I may well be—as I am—very proud. He wrote to me that he considered it the best biography he had read of his father.

between what Samuel Taylor Coleridge might have done and what he actually accomplished too sadly points.

In glancing back over these pages I rejoice to note how many great men and women of the past have, if they did not foresee, forestalled the skepticism of the age in which the present generation lives; forestalled it in this sense, that they have left burning words to impress on their successors the magnitude of the evil. The curse is rearing itself hydra-headed in our literature. Half a century ago, atheism dared only insinuate itself stealthily into literary refuse designed for the lower classes to read; it has now assumed the proportions of a creed that is boldly advocated and openly taught. Public men are no more ashamed of being influenced by the black belief than they would be of some bodily ailment that caused them to limp and halt. I do not refer to the lecturers who appear on platforms with atheism as their stock-in-trade, but to those far more pernicious and dangerous writers who, affirming that they derive their alphabet from science, construct a volume of teaching that saps both faith and hope; and that if it does not refuse to accept God as the origin of evil, at least denies to God any attribute of good. Those who seek to reduce God to the dimensions of an unloving, pitiless, almost mechanical, power are as much atheists as those who deny His existence. It therefore becomes the imperative duty of every writer who seeks to influence public opinion to do his very utmost to prevent the spread of a disease that may infect the whole body corporate—a moral and social pest, the spread of which would be more fatal to humanity than a famine that would blight, and a pestilence that would kill, the whole vegetable and animal kingdom.

Sunday lectures for the people are now delivered by highly educated men who avow themselves materialists and, if pressed, would hardly deny that they are atheists. Books are largely circulated the teaching of which is simply "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die"; that, except to man's laws, there is no responsibility because no hereafter; that morality is to be controlled by convenience or inconvenience; that duty is but another name for will; that right and wrong are convertible terms; that, in a word, the only guide to follow is SELF—benefits conferred on others being so many deprivations of enjoyment that should be entirely one's own. I pity the man who believes in no future where he will reap the seed he has, in life, planted. True happiness can be derived only from the happier faith that he who does good work for man on earth will enjoy the fruitage in some place we call heaven; that consciousness and memory and attendant reason continue to be ours when the sometime habitation of the soul is committed to its kindred dust.

I repeat, I rejoice to record the encouraging and stimulating fact that by far the larger number of the great men and women I commemorate in these pages were not only believers, without a shadow of doubt, in continued existence after death, but that nearly all of

them had firm faith in the revealed Religion, which is the key to the Hereafter,

“ . . . teaching in their lives
The love of all things lovely, all things pure.”

He who teaches doctrines of skepticism to the unthinking and uninstructed is as guilty of conveying social and moral taint, as he would be of willful murder who flung poison into a well, from which a parish drew the water it drank.

There are even worse crimes that some literary men, and, alas ! some literary women, perpetrate. Some there are who so picture vice and virtue as to make the vice seductive and the virtue repulsive : and it is to be feared that to-day such writers find too many readers.*

It was Voltaire who, contending for the *impolicy* of infidelity, said if there were no God we should be obliged to make one.†

SERGEANT TALFOURD.—A very lovable man was Sergeant (afterward Judge) Talfourd. Eloquent as a pleader—almost reaching the dignity of an orator in the House of Commons—a dramatic writer of a high order, and a graceful if not a powerful poet, he was endeared to many who appreciated the genius and the man. I knew him as a valued writer for the *New Monthly Magazine*, from which, however, he withdrew soon after the retirement of Campbell, to fight under his banner in the *Metropolitan*. But his worth as an advocate became known, and he put aside the pen to take a prominent position at the bar. Dickens dedicated “Pickwick” to him, not only in acknowledgment of Talfourd’s successful efforts to secure to “those who devote themselves to the most precarious of all pursuits” and to the descendants of authors after them, “a permanent interest in the copyright of their works,” but as a mark of the warmest esteem and regard, and as a memorial of the most gratifying friendship he ever contracted ; in short, writes Dickens, “In token of my fervent admiration of every fine quality of your head and heart.”

* “Avoid the SKEPTIC: poisoner of the soul ;
A life-curse taking from us faith and trust
To prove that dust is animated dust,
And that hereafter gives no place of rest,
A social, physical, and moral pest :
A thief of hope in death : a monster ghoul.
But women skeptics are fair Nature’s blots :
Stars—but of which you only see the spots :
Or trees that, foully cankered at the root,
Bear only withered leaves and deadly fruit :
Or streams polluted at their primal source,
That run—a stream of poison—all their course,
Social mistakes : a dull domestic dearth :
Women who have no altar, have no hearth.”

† “Si Dieu n’existait pas, il faudroit l’inventer.”

Talfourd was greatly loved by all who knew him : he was what Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge said of him, "eminently courteous and kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honor, and of spotless integrity." He died suddenly in court while in the act of addressing a grand jury, and delivering some weighty and eloquent words directed against the vice of Intemperance.

REV. EDWARD IRVING.—Leigh Hunt called him "the Boanerges of the Temple." His friend Carlyle styles him "a memorable man." He is forgotten now, for he left earth in 1834 ; and his means of being remembered like those of the actor, died within him. Yet he achieved marvelous popularity in his day (I have seen Canning, Brougham, and Mackintosh among the congregation at his chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden), by "discourses opulent in ingenious thought, by originality and truth of purpose, by a style modeled on the Miltonic old Puritan, and by a voice one of the purest and powerfulest ever given to man." "No preacher," writes Carlyle, "ever went so thoroughly into one's heart." He was dismissed from the Scottish Kirk (I quote the same authority), by "a poor aggregate of reverend sticks in black gowns sitting in Presbytery, who passed formal condemnation on a man and a cause that might have been tried at Patmos under the presidency of St. John."

Yet there were not wanting those who decried him as a pretender, a hypocrite, and a cheat. But those who knew him best emphatically depose to the honesty of his heart, the depth of his convictions, the fervor of his faith : and many yet live who will indorse the eloquent tribute of his excellent and accomplished biographer (Mrs. Oliphant) : "To him mean thoughts and believing hearts were the only things miraculous and out of nature. He desired nothing in heaven or earth, neither comfort, nor peace, nor rest, nor any consolation, but to know the will and do the work of the Master he loved."

He was the frequent guest, and much-loved friend, of the poet Coleridge. It was some time before his enforced withdrawal from the Kirk of Scotland ; while he was still astounding audiences, intellectual as well as crowded, and before the appearance of the strange manifestations known as "the Tongues." The rumor of his burning eloquence and marked peculiarities had preceded him to London ; crowds, on his appearance in the Metropolis in 1822, flocked to hear him preach ; and finding that the Scottish clergyman was indeed something strange and startling, came again, and in ever-increasing numbers. Irving drew for a while the attention of men of all faiths—or of none ; but it was as a meteor that shoots across the heavens, and then is quenched in darkest night. Soon there came a time when the enthusiasm, bordering on extravagance, of the preacher provoked yet more extravagant responses from a devoted few of his hearers ; when to the Scottish Kirk Irving became a stum-

bling-block, and to the polite world of London foolishness. The former cast him out ; the latter sneered at him, ceasing to throng and hear a preacher whom some called a hypocrite and others a mad-man, and whose peculiar eloquence had no longer the attraction of novelty. A brief season of mockery and persecution, and the sensitive nature of the man gave way. The disease that Edward Irving died of was, practically, a broken heart.

Many men of right intelligence, sound judgment, and true piety indorsed the verdict concerning him of Chalmers, whose coadjutor he had for a time been, that he was "the evangelical Christian grafted on the old Roman ; with the lofty and stern virtues of one, he possessed the humble graces of the other."

Although I have heard him preach in his church at Gordon Square, it was never my good fortune to be present at one of those exhibitions of "the Tongues," when suddenly one or more among the congregation would be—apparently without preparation—"inspired" to utter sounds to which none of the listeners could attach any meaning—at least so far as to construe or translate.

That many believed them to be direct inspirations I can not question, any more than I can doubt the words of the Apostle, St. Paul, concerning "divers gifts," among which he enumerated the "speaking with tongues and the interpretation thereof" ; or that on the day of Pentecost when dwellers in all the lands of the Roman world were, to their astonishment, addressed by the inspired eleven, "each man in his own tongue."

The whole tenor of Irving's life forbids the idea that he could have been a hypocrite ; while it is quite as certain that he could not have been self-deluded, year after year—continuously ; and with him a very large number of men and women, educated, thoughtful, rational, inquiring, who were well instructed in Scripture, and who conscientiously sought to discharge all that appertains to the duties of life.

At the time to which I refer, Irving was in the prime of manhood and of striking presence : tall, slender, but by no means attenuated, with strongly marked features of the Roman type, and a profusion of long, black, wavy hair that hung partly over his shoulders. On looking closely into his face, you saw how grievously its expression was marred by an obliquity of vision, amounting in fact to a decided "squint." It is said to have been in only one of his eyes ; but its effect was fatal to the claim that might otherwise have been advanced in his behalf of possessing an awe-inspiring mien, a countenance such as one might indeed associate in fancy with a Boanerges.

His voice was usually loud and harsh, yet in its lower tones melodious. His preaching was more conspicuous for zeal than charity : for Irving, whatever his merits and defects, was emphatically a soldier, as well as a servant, of the Cross. He died young, little over

forty ; and it is certain the keenness of the blade wore through the scabbard. His limbs had grown feeble before time might have been expected to make them weak ; his features were wrinkled far too soon, and his trailing black locks were tinged with gray long ere Nature's ordinary date. I imagine him to have been a man "cut after the pattern" of John Knox ; but the age in which he lived did not favor philippics against special sins, such as gave spirit and power to the homilies of the Scottish Reformer of the sixteenth century.

GODWIN.—It would be difficult to find a greater contrast than that between Irving and Godwin. In persons, in manners, in features, in mind, in spirit, they were uttermost opposites. The free-thinking husband of Mary Wollstonecraft—whose union was the slender one of a love-bond, until, in later life, they took upon them the bonds of wedlock—was of awkward, ungainly form ; a broad, intellectual forehead redeemed a flat, coarse, inexpressive face ; his dress was clumsy ; his habits careless—of cleanliness at least. Lamb is said to have once interrupted him during a rubber of whist : "Godwin, if dirt was trumps, what a hand you'd have !" To me, however, who had read "Caleb Williams," and had not read "Political Justice," there was much attraction in watching and listening to the author of works then so famous, now so rarely read.

He was the close associate, if not the friend, of Charles Lamb, and I met him in the company of "Elia" more than once. But I remember him still further back, when he kept a bookseller's shop on Snow Hill. He kept it under the name of Edward Baldwin ; had it been carried on in his own, he would have had few customers, for his published opinions had excited general hostility, to say the least. I was a school-boy then, and can remember purchasing a book there—handed to me by himself. It was a poor shop, poorly furnished ; its contents consisting chiefly of children's books with the old colored prints, that would contrast so strangely with the art illustrations of to-day.

LISLE BOWLES.—I met at the dwelling of Coleridge the poet Lisle Bowles, of whom Byron wrote some deprecatory lines in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" ; but I saw him afterward in my own house, and once in a street in London, where he said he was "like a daisy in a conservatory." My memory of him will be brief. It may be well commenced by copying a letter written to Coleridge by Charles Lamb :

"Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poetry to Bowles. Genius of the sacred fountain of tears, it was he who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping, showed you the dark-green yew-trees, and the willow shades, where by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncom-

plaining malady, a delicious regret for the past, or weave fine visions of that awful future—

“When all varieties of life’s brief day,
Oblivion’s hurrying hand hath swept away;
And all its sorrows at the awful blast
Of the archangel’s trump are but as shadows past.”

Bowles was fourscore years and eight when he died—one of the canons of Salisbury. During forty years he had been rector of Bremhill, Wilts; having so long watched zealously over the spiritual and temporal interest of his flock; a good man and a good clergyman.

His poems are now as much forgotten as his sermons.

He died in 1850. In early youth he was simple enough to inquire of a printer what he would give for a volume of sonnets? The purchase was declined, but they were afterward published (in 1789) and speedily consigned to the shelf. When they were well on their way to oblivion, it chanced one day that a young man named Robert Southey entered the shop, took up the book, spoke of it everywhere in terms of high commendation, and the consequence was a good sale. Forty years after, Bowles dedicated to the Laureate, a new edition, “to one who exhibited in his prose works, as in his life, the purity and virtues of Addison and Locke, and in his poetry the imagination and soul of Spenser.”

And thus Southey wrote of *him*: “His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good nature, made him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I have ever met with.”

Odd he unquestionably was, and Moore, who knew and loved him, described him well when he exclaimed: “How marvelously, by being a genius, he has escaped being a fool!” In absence of mind La Fontaine could scarcely have surpassed him.

He was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike-gate, and one day he presented as usual his twopence to the gate-keeper. “What is that for, sir?” he asked. “For my horse, of course.” “But, sir, you have no horse.” “Dear me!” exclaimed the astonished poet, “am I walking?”

Mrs. Moore told me that anecdote. She also told me that Bowles on one occasion gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it. He did so, inscribing the sacred volume to her as a gift—“From the Author.”

I had the following story from a gentleman-farmer, one of Bowles’s parishioners, who cherished an affectionate remembrance of the good parson. One day there was a dinner-party at the parsonage. The guests and the dinner were both kept waiting by the non-appearance of the host. At last his wife went up-stairs to see what mischance had delayed him. She found him in a terrible “taking,” hunting everywhere for a silk stocking that he could not find.

After due and careful search, Mrs. Bowles at last discovered the reason of the "loss." He had put both stockings on one leg.

But all the anecdotes told of his eccentricities are pleasant, simple, and harmless; and Bowles the man was the faithful counterpart of Bowles the poet—pure in spirit, sweet of nature, and tender of heart—good rather than great.

GEORGE CRABBE.—Bremhill, the vicarage of Bowles, was not far from Trowbridge, the rectory of GEORGE CRABBE. I knew also—not at home, but in London—that great poet and good man:

"Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

But he was stern only in verse. His was the gentle, kindly nature of one who loving God loved man, and all the creatures God has made. His early struggles, less for fame than the bare means of existence, may surely furnish a lesson and, in their result, an encouragement, to those who labor for either through difficulties it might seem impossible to overcome. I met him more than once: on one occasion when he was the guest of his friends at Hampstead, the Hoares, the eminent bankers. It was, I think, in 1826. He died in 1832. I recall his healthy-looking face as giving little indication of poetic thought nourished by lamplight: it was suggestive rather of country fare, country walks and communings with God, where the brow is fanned by breezes that have never been sullied by smoke.

He was emphatically a good man as well as a good clergyman, who discharged laudably and effectually his duty to God and man. The last sentence he uttered on earth was a fitting *finis* to an honored and useful life. The words were merely these, addressed to his assembled children, "Be good, and come to me."

I may have stated elsewhere that we possessed Crabbe's inkstand. It was given by Crabbe's son to Moore, and concerning it Moore wrote one of the best of his poems, the original of which, in the poet's handwriting (written partly in ink and partly in pencil), I gave to the poet Longfellow; and in 1880 I gave to Longfellow the inkstand also.

I was visiting Moore when I made a pilgrimage to Trowbridge, to the church in which Crabbe is buried, and to the marble monument over his grave. It is a work of the sculptor Baily, and one of his best; yet I thought it too grand to be reared over the dust of one who was so thoroughly the poet of the poor, and I fancied a simple tablet to mark his resting-place would have been more in accord with his work.

I need not tell again here the oft-told story of what George Crabbe owed to Edmund Burke, of the helping-hand stretched out, on the first appeal, to rescue the starving young poet from the gulf of despair and misery into which, after a long and brave struggle, he was hopelessly sinking. It was but one of many generous actions

that have made the memory of Burke shine on us, across the century that divides our epoch from his, with a luster more resplendent than even his matchless genius could confer.

CHARLES LAMB.—Very often, Charles Lamb was one of the party at the residence of Coleridge, with his gentle, sweet, yet melancholy countenance; for I can recall it only as bearing the stamp of mournfulness, rather than of mirth. Even when he said a witty thing, or made a pun, which he was too apt to do, it came from his lips (jerked out in the well-known semi-stutter) as if it had been a foreboding of evil; certainly, his merriment seemed forced. Coleridge and Lamb had been school-fellows, and “fifty years friends without interruption.” Their school was Christ’s Hospital. I forget which of them it was, who, well remembering the floggings obtained, if not earned, there, hoped the master would not be carried to heaven by cherubim, because being only heads and wings they could not be whipped on the way. The life of Lamb has been described as a “life of uncongenial toil” (the greater part of it was spent as a clerk in the India House), “diversified by frequent sorrows.” A terrible shadow was perpetually over his heart and mind. I can conceive that the awful scene of his insane sister, stabbing to death her beloved mother, seldom left his sight, and he may be pardoned for the “one single frailty” that did not lessen, but, on the contrary, increased, the suffering for the removal of which he resorted to the “bowl” that he vainly hoped would be filled from Lethe. There is nothing in human history more entirely sad than the records of the walks he and his sister took together, when in after-years, and when her brother’s entreaties had obtained her restoration to his care, Mary Lamb, as the cloud came over her mind, and she saw the evil hour approaching, would set out with Charles along the roads and across the fields, both weeping bitterly; she to be left at the lunatic asylum until time and regimen restored reason, and he to return to his mournful and lonely home.

I recall him as the American Willis saw him, “in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and slight, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful forward bend, his hair sprinkled with gray, a deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth.” He rests with his sister in the churchyard at Edmonton; and some lines written by his friend Cary are inscribed on the tombstone above the grave.

His person and his mind were happily characterized by his contemporary, Leigh Hunt: “As his frame so his genius; as fit for thought as can be, and equally unfit for action.” But the most finished picture of the man is that which his friend Talfourd draws: “A light fragile frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair

curled crisply about an expanded forehead ; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad ; and the nose slightly curved and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy figure."

Procter thus described him : " A small spare man, somewhat stiff in his manner and almost clerical in his dress, which indicated much wear ; he had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes ; he had a dark complexion, dark curling hair, almost black ; and a grave look lighting up occasionally, and capable of sudden merriment ; his lip tremulous with expression ; his brown eyes were quick, restless, and glittering."

Few men have had more devotedly attached friends. This is the tribute of Coleridge :

" My gentle-hearted Charles ! for thou hast pined
And hungered after Nature many a year,
In the great city pent ; winning thy way
With sad, yet patient soul, through evil and pain,
And strange calamity ! "

And these words were written by Robert Southey :

" Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear,
For rarest genius and for sterling worth,
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere,
And wit that never gave an ill thought birth,
Nor ever in its sport infix'd a sting."

But did Charles Lamb ever pine and hunger after Nature as Coleridge fancies him ? Not if " Elia " himself may be trusted. Lamb's true home was London, and away from it he was miserable. When, after those thirty-six years of desk-work in the India House, his employers and he parted on terms honorable to both, the gentle essayist tried the charms of a rural life ; and, although he went but a few miles away from his beloved London, repented speedily and heartily that he had ever disturbed his Lares. Charles Lamb's genius was not that of a lover of Nature : it was born of his love of men. He could not be happy away from the life of cities ; and the inspiration of his best essays is the " busy hum " of the metropolis. It is almost as difficult to think of " Elia " away from the great city that was the scene of his quiet toil, his fearful afflictions, his snatches of mirth—now cheerful, now whimsical—as it is to take from London the memory of Dr. Johnson. I, at least, can never separate Lamb's figure in my memory from the busiest haunts of busy London ; for it was in Fleet Street I first saw and spoke to him ; and there he was to my thinking so much at home that, had Johnson been then on earth and known him, " Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street," might have been an invitation often and heartily extended by the burly sage to the stammering wit.

CARY was one of Coleridge's frequent visitors ; I saw him at Highgate ; but he was more often seen at the British Museum ; where he had a position that gave him congenial occupation. His translation of Dante retains its place of honor on the book-shelves. Ugo Foscolo, than whom there could be no better authority, told me he considered it not only the best English translation of any foreign poet, but the best in any language. I recall him to memory as very kindly, with a most gracious and sympathizing expression ; slow in his movements, as if he were always in thought, living among the books of which he was the custodian, and seeking only the companionship of the lofty spirits who had gone from earth—those who though dead yet speak.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.—I did not like Hazlitt : nobody did. He was out of place at the genial gatherings at Highgate ; though he was often there : for genial he certainly was not. He wrote with a pen dipped in gall, and had a singularly harsh and ungentle look ; seeming indeed as if his sole business in life was to seek for faults. He was a leading literary and art critic of his time ; but he has left to posterity little either to guide or instruct. I recall him as a small, mean-looking, unprepossessing man ; but I do not quite accept Haydon's estimate of him—"a singular compound of malice, candor, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy, and conceit." Lamb said of him, that he was, "in his natural state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing." I prefer the portrait of De Quincey : "He smiled upon no man !" He was a democrat, a devout admirer of the first Napoleon ; and (I again quote De Quincey) "hated even more than enemies those whom custom obliged him to call friends." His was the common lot of critics—few friends, many foes. His son, a very estimable gentleman, is one of the Judges in the Court of Bankruptcy.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER—so his name stands in the Law-books, while to the Muses he is known as "Barry Cornwall"—died in 1874, a very old man, for he was born in 1790. In 1823 he was in the zenith of his fame ; his tragedy of *Mirandola* having been a great success. His first poem was published in 1815. His earliest *Helicon* was the office of a conveyancer, and in the ungenial atmosphere of the Inns of Court his imagination found fresh fields and pastures new. I met him frequently at the house of Coleridge. He was short of stature with little evidence of energy, but with a peculiarly gentle and contemplative countenance, such as usually begets liking rather than the loftier tributes poets receive from those who venerate the vocation of the bard. From the commencement of his career, his homage was paid at the shrine of the older poets ; he rivals them in grace, fancy, and sweetness ; but he has copied their conceits ; "preferring the quaint to the natural, and often losing

truth in searching after originality." Yet a sound mind, a rich fancy, an exquisite skill in dealing with words, and a pure style of versification, are found in rare and happy combination in the Lyrics and Dramatic Sketches of Barry Cornwall.*

J. T. Fields thus refers to Procter: "The poet's figure was short and full, and his voice had a low, veiled tone, habitually." And thus Carlyle pictures him:

"A decidedly rather pretty little fellow, Procter, bodily and spiritually: manners prepossessing, slightly London-elegant, not unpleasant; clear judgment in him, though of narrow field; a sound, honorable morality, and airy friendly ways; of slight, neat figure, vigorous for his size; fine genially rugged little face, fine head; something curiously dreamy in the eyes of him, lid-drooping at the *outer* ends into a cordially meditative and drooping expression, would break out suddenly now and then into opera attitude and a *Là ci darem la mano* for a moment; had something of real fun, though in London style."

Procter was seen at his best in the house of his father-in-law, Basil Montagu, and his most admirable lady (25 Bedford Square). Basil Montagu is described by Carlyle as the most "royally courteous of mankind." A more perfect gentleman it would have been hard to find. He was the natural son of Lord Sandwich and Miss Reay, an actress, who, more than a century ago, was murdered by Mr. Hackman, a clergyman, who was hanged for the murder. The wife, now the widow of Procter, to whom he was married in 1824, was the daughter of Mrs. Montagu by a former marriage.

Procter was called to the bar in 1831, and in 1832 accepted the lucrative office of Commissioner in Lunacy, which he resigned in 1861. He was in prosperous circumstances all his life; never under the influence of a malignant star; and he lived to pass his golden wedding-day with one who was beautiful when young, and is beautiful when old; and he had all his long life the best enjoyments that are derived from

"Wife, children, and friends."

I visited him in his retirement at Weymouth Street a short while before his death. Just sixty years there were between my first visit and my last.

His daughter, ADELAIDE PROCTER, was on the high-road to fame, and indeed had to a great extent achieved it when she died in 1864. Her own renown owed nothing to the honored name she inherited: her early reputation having been made under the *nom de plume* of "Mary Berwick." I need scarcely add that Miss Procter's sweet and graceful lyrics have still a wide circle of readers; and that she ranks high among our English poetesses.

* Many of his best poems were published in the *New Monthly* during my editorship, under the title of "Leaves from a Poet's Portfolio."

WILLIAM HONE.—I may introduce the name of a man who shared with Cobbett the renown acquired by the issue of books that ran counter to a very large section of public opinion. But WILLIAM HONE was not a member of "the House"; the glory of sending an avowed Atheist into Parliament was reserved for a generation then unborn. I knew Hone when he sold, in a small shop on Ludgate Hill, the books he wrote. That was some years after he had obtained notoriety and popularity, chiefly through three remarkable trials in which he overmatched Chief-Justice Ellenborough and obtained verdicts of acquittal in each and all. He was too poor to retain counsel, and defended himself; reversing the adage that he who does so has a fool for his client.

He was in ill-health at the time, yet his defense showed an amount of resolute courage that exacted popular admiration, if it failed to obtain for him general respect. The Government, for it was that rather than the law, assumed the attitude of a bully, resolved at any cost to convict. Public opinion was with the wrongdoer. Such he was, for the broadest latitudinarian can not defend his parodies of the Litany, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and other publications that were rightly styled blasphemies.

The three trials took place at the Old Bailey in December, 1817. On the first day Hone spoke during six hours; on the second, seven hours; on the third, eight hours; yet he was in bad health at the time. Few are now living who witnessed the trials—probably not one of the thirty-six jurymen; certainly not one of Hone's upholders, among whom were Sir Francis Burdett, Alderman Waithman, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Cochrane, and Leigh Hunt.

After his acquittals, a public subscription enabled him to remove from his small shop in the Old Bailey to somewhat better premises on Ludgate Hill. It was thence he issued, aided by his ally, George Cruikshank, his famous assault on the King, arising out of the Queen's trial; and also one of the most valuable books of modern times, "The Every-day Book." But he never made head against pecuniary embarrassment. He failed as a bookseller, set up and failed as the keeper of an eating-house in Bishopsgate, and died in 1842 in penury; leaving a son and daughter, both of whom I knew. The son became a sculptor of promise, but has made no mark in Art History.

I have bought books from Hone when he kept the bookseller's shop; had coffee from him when he kept the eating-house; and listened to one of his wearisome sermons when he turned preacher.

Perhaps half a million of his famous "Matrimonial Ladder"—a terrifically bitter attack on the sovereign, George IV—were printed and sold, yet it would be now almost impossible to procure a copy.

Hone was a small and insignificant-looking man: mild, kindly, and conciliatory in manner, the very opposite of the traditional demagogue. He must have read a vast deal; there is evidence of

that in his memorable defences as well as in the books he edited and bequeathed as valuable legacies to posterity. These books contain very little indeed to which objection can be urged, either on moral, political, or religious grounds. It is clear that in later life he abjured much, if not all, hostility to those personages and institutions against whom and which in his earlier career he had directed his envenomed attacks. The evil he did was almost atoned for by the good he accomplished; if the one is forgotten let the other be remembered, and the verdict of posterity be recorded as "forgiven" on the stone that covers the dust of a very remarkable and, I believe, conscientious man. For the production of "impious and profane libels" he was rightly prosecuted, and if the Government failed to convict him it was mainly, if not entirely, because it assumed the attitude of the persecutor and oppressor rather than that of the advocate of truth, virtue, and religion.

I can not, after the lapse of so many years, recall the names of others who may have added luster to those glorious gatherings at "The Gillmans." The list I have furnished is, however, a sufficiently grand one; and many will envy me the priceless privilege I so often enjoyed of mingling in the circle at Highgate, round the "old man eloquent"—a circle composed of friends who loved and honored him—who nightly hung upon his words.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.—I knew Southey only in London, meeting him more than once at the house of Allan Cunningham. I wish I had known more of him, for in my heart and mind he holds a place higher than is held by any other great man with whom I have been acquainted. To me, he is the *beau-ideal* of the Man of Letters: a glory to his calling to whom all succeeding authors by profession may point back with pride. Not only was his life one of diligent and fruitful labor: it was marked by almost every manly virtue that may combine to crown a king of men. If we look at his public career we find it distinguished throughout by industry, energy, rigid integrity, and noble pride—the pride of a Sidney of the pen, whose aim before all things was to keep his honor stainless. We turn to his private life, and all we learn of it shows to us Southey as a devoted husband, a judicious and affectionate father, a warm and faithful friend. Though he had to struggle, nearly all his own life through, with poverty, he was ever ready to hold out a helping hand to those whose struggles for fame were just beginning, or as in the case of Chatterton's sister, to tender generous and effectual aid to the unfortunate relatives they had left. He gave in such instances as those of the sister of the "marvelous boy," of poor Kirke White, of Herbert Knowles, and in a score of others, not only the sympathy of his large heart and generous aid from his slender means, but that which in the case of a sorely-tasked and ill-rewarded writer like

Robert Southey implied benevolence still more active—the labor of his pen. To rescue Chatterton's sister from poverty he edited the dead boy's poems and published them by subscription, and some years afterward became the unrewarded editor of the poetical remains of Henry Kirke White.

There have been men of blameless life and splendid virtues who have won the respect of their kind, but never their love. It was not so with Southey. On his memory we look back with a sentiment in which love and esteem are happily blended, and while we honor the heroic worker and reverence the Christian gentleman, the warmest feelings of our hearts are stirred as we recognize how great and loving was his own, and we echo, respecting it, the felicitous words in which the author of "Philip Van Artevelde" described it as—

"That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindest, best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met
With faith and heavenward hope."

I wish, I repeat, that I had known more of Robert Southey. It is one of my proudest and most cherished memories—that of the brief and limited intercourse I was fortunate enough to hold many years ago with this Bayard of letters—the literary knight *sans reproche*.

My remembrance of him is that of a form, not tall but stately—a countenance full of power, yet also of gentleness; and eyes whose keen and penetrating glance had justly caused them to be likened to the hawk's, but that on occasion could beam and soften with the kindest and tenderest emotion. His head was perhaps the noblest and handsomest among English writers of his time.

Years after his death I visited Keswick, and stood in the bedroom where he died. I could almost have fancied that I saw him there, as I gazed round the room with feelings of reverence approaching worship. Was it altogether fancy? It may have been, or it may not; I can not say; but I was at the moment * recalling the

* "Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourn,
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all which tears can move, with life is fled,
That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
Believe it not!"

"I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this: and that, absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, they are not always false, but that the spirits of the dead have been sometimes permitted to appear. I believe this because I can not refuse my assent to the evidence which exists of such things, and to the universal consent of all men, who have not *learned* to think otherwise. Perhaps you will not despise this as a mere superstition, when I say that Kant, the profoundest thinker of modern ages, came, by the severest reckoning, to the same conclusion. But if these things are, then there is a state after death; and if there be a state after death, it is reasonable to suppose that such things should be.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

words of his friend Wordsworth, as they are inscribed on his monument in the churchyard of Crosthwaite :

“Whether he traced historic truth with zeal,
For the State's guidance or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or Judgment sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.”

Born at Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774, educated at Westminster School and at Balliol College, Oxford, he in 1794 addressed to Edith, his after wife, a poem which contained these two lines :

“My path is plain and straight, that light is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven.”

They embodied the principles by which his whole life was ruled and guided from the cradle to the grave. He was for a brief while a republican, but very soon settled down into one of the most loyal of subjects. When assailed in later life for his change of political faith, he made the apt and admirable reply, “I am no more ashamed of having been a republican than of having been eighteen.” To call Southey a renegade is as justifiable as it would be to call the Apostle Paul an apostate.

His home, during nearly the whole of his life, was at Greta Hall, close to Keswick, in Cumberland, and there were, in his lifetime, and have continued to be since he passed from earth, many pilgrims to that sacred shrine.

As the mourners were gathered round the grave of Southey, two birds suddenly began singing from a tree close at hand. On the occasion of my own pilgrimage there, while I stood beside the grave in which they had laid the body from which the lofty soul had departed, a robin was singing from the branch of a holly-tree hard by. It seemed to me a fitting requiem for the dead, whose life had been so simple and noble, that sweet and happy song, and the more so because the bird was singing from a holly-branch, and he whose ashes rested close by had written of that shrub some beautiful and touching verses in which he prays that if his youth had been keen to wound, his gentler age—

“ . . . might be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.”

I looked over the scene, on which he had so often looked—that landscape than which “earth hath not anything to show more fair” : heard the church-bell whose summons he had so often obeyed ; entered the sacred building (it was a Sabbath-day, well chosen for such a pilgrimage), and was soon seated near the recumbent figure in pure white marble that preserves his features and their expression

with such fidelity, and does honor to the sculptor Lough. I sat in the pew that had been his pew, and there worshiped his Master and mine, and felt thankful for the lessons so good and great a man had given to weaker men, who by treading in his footsteps drew nearer to God.

As regards the writer, and not the man, his prophecy of himself has never been to the full realized :

"In the memory of the past I live,
And those who are to come my sure reward will give."

The writings of Southey are but little known to this generation ; yet finer models no writer or thinker can have. "Of the pure well of English undefiled" Robert Southey freely drank and freely gave to drink.

His quarrel with Byron is part of the Literary History of his time.

Unhappily, the mind of Southey decayed before the body—as was also the case with Moore. Mrs. Moore has more than once described to me her utter woe when, as often happened, her beloved husband failed to recognize the watcher by his bedside ; and "Do you know me, dear?" met with no response. In both cases it was "softening of the brain" that carried the mandate of death to the body and fuller life to the soul.

As I stood in Southey's library, it was not hard to picture him with the cloud upon his brain, lingering mechanically and hopelessly among his books, taking down one beloved volume after another, vainly searching for some dimly-remembered passage, and then murmuring as he resigned the hopeless task, "Memory, memory, where art thou gone?" There can be conceived no human calamity more pitiful. It is far otherwise now with Robert Southey ; decay of the brain-mechanism can never more dim the intelligence and cloud the soul.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was no longer living, or, more truly speaking, he had passed from the life that is but of a day—though in his case a day of the extreme length the Psalmist assigns to it on earth. He had passed from it to the day that has no night, and to the company of those who can not die—when I visited for the first time the many scenes of romantic loveliness or grandeur he has made famous for all time. I knew him only in London, where he was more than once my guest ; for among his admirers there were none more fervent than were we. I regard William Wordsworth—and I can not think I overestimate him—as taking rank next to William Shakespeare among British Poets of all the centuries.

Some years after the time I chronicle I visited Westmoreland, alas ! not to look on him but on his grave. There he lies, as Wordsworth should do, beside the quiet waters and at the foot of the mighty hills he so dearly loved.

Walking with him one day from my house in Sloane Street to Piccadilly I felt prouder than I should have felt if the King had been leaning on my arm. It was said of him that he admired his own poetry more than any other person could, and that he was continually quoting himself. I believe he had that miniature fault. I may recall an illustrative anecdote. He was breakfasting with me,* and the topic of his exquisite poem on "Yarrow Revisited" in some way came up. He complained that Scott had misquoted him, and, taking from a book-case one of the Waverley novels, read from it the passage :

"The swan *upon* St. Mary's lake
Floats double ; swan and shadow."

"Now," he said—and I shall never forget the solemn sonorousness of his voice as he repeated the lines—"I did not write that ; I wrote :

'The swan on *still* St. Mary's lake
Floats double ; swan and shadow!'"

It was evidently to Wordsworth's mind a most serious subject of complaint.

Tall, somewhat slender, upright, with a sort of rude grace, his movements suggestive of rustic independence tempered by the delicacy of high intellect—such was Wordsworth to outward seeming when I knew him. I wish it had been among the lovely lakes and quiet dales of Westmoreland ; but, as I have said, I only visited them after the poet had been removed by the only power that could have compelled him to quit them—death. He loved every stick and stone in the Lake District : mountain and dale, tarn and ghyll, placid mere and running brook, were all his dear friends : if dumb to the multitude, they had tongues for him, and inspired his own with much of the eloquent music in which he discoursed to the world of the sermons they had taught. Accustomed to gaze with a reverent and discerning eye on the beauties of Nature, he became her great high-priest, the interpreter of a book that is ever open for the whole world to read. He has left millions upon millions his debtors for benefits incalculable conferred on the whole human family. To him, perhaps, more than to any other poet who has ever lived, may be applied his own expressive lines, commending those who were of his high calling :

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler lives and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !"

* I find from a note added to a poem he wrote that morning in Mrs. Hall's album that the date of the visit was the 14th April, 1831. To the memoir of him I wrote in the "Book of Gems" he thus made gracious a gratifying reference in a letter I had the honor and happiness to receive from him, dated December 23, 1837 : "Absurdly unreasonable would it be if I were not satisfied with your notice of my writings and character. All I can further say is that I have *wished* both to be what you indulgently say they are."

It was in 1864 I made a pilgrimage to a district that may be emphatically termed the land of Wordsworth, although other high souls have sheltered there. It was at Keswick, Southey worked so long and so well for mankind, laboring until he died in the calling of which he was so proud, and the dignity of which he upheld so nobly. At Elleray John Wilson threw aside the robes of the professor and donned the loose and easy garb that gave him the physical, and with it the mental, freedom he could not have found in a crowded city. It was at Grasmere that poor Hartley Coleridge sinned and repented, repented and sinned; unhappy victim of a passion irresistible; dying a self-inflicted death (for alcohol is no less a poison than prussic acid), when his genius was yet in the bud—with the promise of glorious fruitage. He rests in the graveyard at Grasmere, "the churchyard among the mountains," where lies Wordsworth, and the grave of poor Hartley is shadowed by trees planted by the hands of the greater poet.

From Ambleside, Harriet Martineau doled out her later and perhaps her wholesomest, because less masculine, thoughts. Close at hand Felicia Hemans had breathed the air that soothed the sufferer into content when the heaviest of her burdens was upon her, and gathered from nature a store of wealth to be distilled in the alembic of her high and pure soul into sweetest verse. Among these mountains and beside these lakes the giant-mind of Coleridge, for a time, drank in draughts of a healthier influence than opium; and just outside Grasmere a fellow-victim to the baneful drug, De Quincey dreamed his wonderful dreams. In the Lake-land, too, the great art-reformer of the age, who is worthy to be ranked with the best and loftiest of poets (although his poems are not in verse), is now passing his days in work that enriches the world.*

* That the change in the attitude of the reading public toward Wordsworth was no sudden and capricious revolution of feeling from indifference to worship, but a sentiment of slow, sure growth, the following anecdote may help to attest: One morning in 1831, when the poet honored me with his company to breakfast, our talk fell upon his lack of popularity; I, who was among the most devout of his worshipers, insisted that he had many more readers than he knew, and I showed him how I had myself become so familiar with his writings by placing before him a copy of Galignani's edition of his works, issued in a form, and at a price, that brought the whole of them within my reach. I expressed a belief that of that book many hundreds—probably thousands—were annually sold in England. That led to an appointment with a view to inquiry, and next day I accompanied him to a bookseller's in Piccadilly—a firm with the encouraging and ominous name of "Sustenance and Stretch." The sale in this country of the Galignani edition, as of all English reprints, was strictly "prohibited." I asked for a copy: it was produced. I asked if I could have six copies, and was told that I could. Fifty copies?—Yes, at a month's notice. And further questions induced conviction that, by that one house alone, between two hundred and three hundred copies had been sold during the year. I believe Wordsworth was far more pleased to find that his poems were read than vexed to know it was in a form in which he derived no profit from their sale.

Popularity in the ordinary sense of the term did not visit Wordsworth until his best work had long been given to the world, and he had become an aged man. It was Leigh Hunt, I think, who said of him that he was emphatically "a poet for poets." If fame was tardy in crowning the brow of the poet, an inner monitor consoled him with the knowledge that his laurels were sure, and he awaited in tranquil certainty their coming—the day when his country should see him and hail him as he was. But especially, and above all, he was a good man: his example as well as his precept was lofty, prudent, holy, in a word, Christian: yet his deep-seated religious feeling was never obtrusive in its manifestations, never forced into Pharisaical prominence.

The earthly pilgrimage of William Wordsworth began in 1770, and, lasting out the rest of the eighteenth century, halted at that peaceful grave among the mountains only when half of the nineteenth also was past. Of those fourscore years, the days, for the most part, trooped forward as peacefully as in fair summer weather, like feathers drifted from the wings of angels, the soft white clouds, float across the tops of the higher Westmoreland hills. A hermit—he had placed his hermitage in Paradise. Whether it were his humble white cottage in Grasmere village, or the somewhat more stately home of Rydal Mount, he had but to step to its gateway to see loveliness spread around him—such as few other scenes in England can surpass. Almost at his feet lay the lake of Grasmere, its one island resting among those quiet waters with a look of infinite peace; close to him, hill rose majestically upon hill, like stairways sloping heavenward and carrying the pilgrim who climbed them high above even the faintest echo of the tumult of the world.

To have lived among these scenes for the greater part of a century, and to have been gifted not only with the power of perceiving their beauty in its fullness, but with that rarer and more wondrous faculty, by virtue of which the brightness of the outer world is mirrored in imperishable verse, and lessons are drawn from it over which mankind may be kept pondering for a thousand years to come—these benedictions of Providence, combined with the serene prosperity of his life, surely justify us in accounting Wordsworth the most fortunate of poets. It was his happiness too that, though fame looked but coldly on his youth, his life was so stretched out as to anticipate, in its latter days, the homage of posterity. The laurel denied him by one generation was placed on his forehead by the next. Crowned with years and honors he at length passed away, leaving in virtue of the magic of his poetry this English earth of ours, and more especially the corner of it called Lake-land, forever—

". . . apparelled in celestial light
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

In a worldly sense, too, Wordsworth was prosperous; generous friends came to his side and liberally and delicately tendered help

when he struggled with poverty early in his life. All his domestic relations were auspicious and happy. Supplied, in the prime and decline of his years, with ample means—his pension, his laureatship, and his office as stamp distributor, combining to endow him with what, to one of his frugal tastes, was a rich portion of this world's goods—he never felt, as so many poets have felt, the influence of a malignant star; never toiled for the bread that is often bitter to the high of Soul; it was not his destiny to “learn in suffering what he taught in song,” and if, in his youth, assailed by loud-tongued and shallow critics and neglected by an inappreciative public, the long career that the luster of celebrity brightened so late, was radiant with the purer light of an assured hope—the certain hope of immortality for the poet on earth, and for the spirit in heaven.

I heard at the Burns Festival Sir John Macneil pronounce this eloquent eulogium on the poet William Wordsworth, and echoed it with all my heart and soul: “Dwelling in his high and lofty philosophy, he finds nothing that God has made common or unclean, nothing in human society too humble, nothing in external Nature too lowly, to be made the fit exponent of the bounty and goodness of the Most High.”

HARRIET MARTINEAU.—It was amid the scenes in which Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson luxuriated, teaching the wisdom of virtue and the happiness educed from faith and trust in a superintending Providence—in a beneficent and loving God—it was amid such scenes that Harriet Martineau lived the later years of her life, and died so recently as 1876, at the age of seventy-four; although forty years before, and indeed all her life, she had been making preparation for death, or rather arrangements to die; “satisfied to have done with life”; that was all, and looking forward only to extinction!

The great three wrote and lived to inculcate love, charity, hope, faith, duty to God, belief in God, trust in God, as preludes to that other commandment, “Love thy neighbor as thyself.” Religion had no influence on Harriet Martineau: she not only ignored, but considered it inimical to the well-being and well-doing of man. “Philosophical atheists” were her honored acquaintances and friends; “free-thinking strength and liberty” seems to have been her motto. “Christian superstition was at last giving way before science,” and she did her little best to push it down. She had a sort of dim idea of an assumed first cause of the universe; but expectation of reward and punishment in the next world was, in her estimation, an air-built castle. Christianity she rejected. Fresh from listening to the most sublime of oratorios, she writes, “The performance of the ‘Messiah,’ so beautiful and touching as a work of art or as the sincere homage of superstition, is saddening and full of shame when regarded as worship.”

If she believed in a God, it was as much as her creed allowed

her. So early as 1829 she determined to study the Scriptures "*for moral improvement*"; and in 1876 she wrote calmly of "sinking into her long sleep," having "no objection to extinction, seeing no reason to suppose that death is not actual and entire death." Her body she left by will to be used for the purposes of science; to her soul she gave no thought; of a hereafter she had no convincing *proof*, and therefore she gave to it no faith.

It was a dismal close to an active and fruitful life: a close without evidence of any trust except trust in herself.

Those who write in the hope that they may teach, will be reluctantly forced to quote this indefatigable writer—to warn and scare from treading in the path she had trodden from the cradle to the grave.

It would be hard to imagine a more melancholy picture than that of an aged woman whose doubts are almost certainties that there is no after-life; that the earth-work done by a human being can have no continuance; that hope—weak and faint, or delusive and deceptive here—does but cheat us when it promises a future; that the elements which compose the body are again to be separated into air, and water, and dust; that belief of the soul's immortality is a dream ending in a sleep from which there is no awaking.

I do not say that Harriet Martineau utterly denied the possibility of a state of existence hereafter, but her belief (if she had any) was so faint that it proffered no consolation: it was so dim that it gave no light, supplied no comfort, never lessened the burden of care, sickness, grief, disappointment, or hope deferred. Yet she had a religion that in another she would surely have called superstition; she was a devout believer in mesmerism, and had entire faith in clairvoyance, although she rejected spiritualism with a degree of bitterness approaching hatred; she knew nothing about it, she had never seen any of its marvels, and dealt with it after the manner the wise man shuns—of answering a matter before hearing it.

Of clairvoyance she gives some startling illustrations; she had faith that an ignorant girl could see her, describe her, and tell exactly what she was doing, though the one was fifty miles distant from the other; but the miracles recorded in Holy Writ were to her so utterly incredible that she rejected them with contempt not unmingled with anger.

Her unhappy mental state induced a proportionate lack of amiability; those who do not believe in the goodness of God can have no faith in the goodness of man. A woman without a creed is like a woman without a hearth—desolate.

It is grievous to note that of her contemporaries she has rarely a laudatory and seldom a kindly word to say.*

* Mrs. Opie and Mrs. John Taylor are among the "mere pedants." Lord Brougham was "vain and selfish, low in morals, and unrestrained in temper." Lord Campbell was "flattering to an insulting degree." Archbishop Whately

She was residing at the Knoll, Ambleside, when I was in that beautiful locality, but I was informed that she avoided receiving visitors, and I did not call upon her—a circumstance I afterward regretted, for she expressed to a mutual friend her vexation that I should have thus passed by her dwelling.

I had met her from time to time in general society, and I was for a few weeks staying at Tynemouth while she was living there, and saw much of her then; but it was when she was absorbed in mesmerism—a principle to which I was, at that time, strongly opposed. I should have been on that head more in accord with her if at Ambleside I had been one of her visitors. But I imagine we were not in harmony, and that we could have found few themes on which we were as one; we were antagonists in almost everything.

Her form and features were repellent; she was the Lady Oracle in all things, and from her throne, the sofa, pronounced verdicts from which there was no appeal. Hers was a hard nature: it had neither geniality, indulgence, nor mercy. Always a physical sufferer, so deaf that a trumpet was constantly at her ear; plain of person—a drawback of which she could not have been unconscious; and awkward of form: she was entirely without the gifts that attract man to woman: even her friendships seem to have been cut out of stone; she may have excited admiration indeed, but from the affections that render woman only a little lower than the angels she was entirely estranged.

ELIZABETH FRY.—I find this entry in the "Diary of William Wilberforce": "With Mrs. Fry in Newgate. The order she has produced is wonderful. A very interesting visit. Mrs. Fry prayed in recitative." That was in February, 1818; and Mrs. S. C. Hall, then a young girl in her teens, was of the party, under the guardian-

"odd and overbearing, sometimes rude and tiresome, and singularly overrated." Macaulay "talked nonsense about the Copyright Bill, and set at naught every principle of justice in regard to authors' earnings. . . . He wanted heart . . . and never has achieved any complete success." She considered that "his review articles, and especially the one on Bacon, ought to have abolished all confidence in his honesty." As to women, Lady Morgan, Lady Davy, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Austin, "may make women blush and men be insolent" with their "gross and palpable vanities." Coleridge, she asserted, "would only be remembered as a warning: his philosophy and moralizing she considered to be much like the action of Babbage's machine. Basil Montagu was cowardly. Lord Monteagle "was agreeable enough to those who were not particular about sincerity." Urquhart had "insane egotism and ferocious discontent." Writing of the Howitts, she said they made "an unintelligible claim to my friendship. . . . Their tempers are turbulent and unreasonable." Frederika Bremer she accused of habits of flattery and a want of common sense, besides wanting to reform the world by a "floating religiosity." Speaking of Maria Edgeworth in 1832, she makes the assertion of "her vigor of mind and accuracy of judgment having given way under years and her secluded life." Maria Edgeworth lived many years after that time, and spent most of her residue of life in educating younger members of her family.

ship of her friend Dr. Walsh, some time chaplain to the Embassies at Constantinople and Brazil. I compile these details chiefly from her note-book. "It was," she writes, "one of the many blessings of my youth that I was noticed by some of the holiest and best women and men who glorified the earlier part of the present century. My dear mother's accomplished mind and gracious manners never failed to attract and enliven in society, and the full and vigorous mind of my step-father—the only father I ever knew—strengthened that attraction.

"I saw that my good friend the doctor was amused at my nervous grasp of his hand when the ponderous key turned in the huge lock, and I found myself imprisoned in Newgate among girls as young as I was, and probably as pure in thought—before their fall. Yet so oppressed with gloom was I that I would gladly have gone back, and, indeed made a weak effort to do so, which my friend gently checked, just as a door opened, and there advanced the plainly dressed Quaker, whose holy renown had taken possession of my mind for many days previous to my introduction to her. She smiled, patted me on my blushing cheek, and said, 'Thou art welcome to Newgate, which thou wilt soon leave; not so those who are standing by my side,' pointing to two women who had entered with her, one of whom was sobbing; the other had a look of dangerous vengeance that made me shudder. I afterward found it was part of her plan so to couple the penitent and the inpenitent." *

During one of my visits to Mr. Wilberforce I had the rare and enviable privilege to be introduced to his dear and honored friend Elizabeth Fry. Very recently I stood in the room in which she died, and offered homage to a sacred memory. She died at Ramsgate in 1845. I passed an hour, pondering and thinking, in the room in which she left earth for the heaven in which she had to encounter no more tears and suffering, no load of oppressive guilt; and where, I am very sure, she met many of the repentant sinners over whom there had been joy—led by her to the footstool of Mercy, taking precedence of the ninety-and-nine.† She was, as her daughter terms her, "a minister of the Society of Friends, and was a member of a

* She wore then and always the plainest Quaker garb: Dr. Walsh told me this anecdote of her daughter. She was complaining to him that her mother would in no way conform to the habits of society. This was his comment: "Young lady, do you expect to be a better woman than your mother?"

The sentiment was in my mind, although the words were written long afterward by my friend Mrs. Sigourney on the death of Elizabeth Fry, in 1841:

"Oh beautiful, though not in youth,
Bright looks of sunny ray;
Or changeful charms that years may blot,
And sickness melt away."

† Well chosen as a theme for art by the accomplished artist, Mrs. E. M. Ward, was the picture of Elizabeth Fry administering comfort to the fallen of her sex in Newgate. It has been engraved.

family made illustrious by good deeds—the Gurneys.” Born in 1780, from early girlhood she dedicated her talent and energy to the service of God as manifested by service to humanity. From her birth she had sound training for “thereafter.” Her special labor was not commenced until after she had become the mother of many children, but when once undertaken, and she had entered on the task of making a “prison a religious place,” it was arrested only by death.

“Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
With powers of darkness—to let in the light.”

In 1817 she had “formed a school in Newgate for the children of the poor prisoners,” and was perpetually among them, praying—but also working. Such passages as these frequently occur in her diaries: “Half-naked women struggling with boisterous violence.” She “felt as if in a den of wild beasts.”

In her evidence before the House of Commons she describes the dreadful sights presented, daily and hourly, on the female side of the prison—the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, dressing up in men’s clothes; scenes too bad to be described—women sunk in every species of depravity. And this was barely sixty years ago! But at that time the idea of introducing industry and order into Newgate was treated by the officers of the prison as visionary. Then a band of twelve good women became an Association for the improvement of the condition of female prisoners in Newgate; though when the sheriff addressed them with, “Well, ladies, you see your materials,” the task seemed as utterly hopeless as would have been an effort to instill gentleness, forbearance, and loving-kindness into alligators of the Nile. Yet these depraved and reckless creatures, stubborn against every gentle influence, and seeking to forget the shame and misery of their condition in frantic and shameless mirth, were only the natural products of the inhuman and scandalous law-code of that age. Our criminal code seventy years ago was drawn up in the very spirit of Draco—on every page was written Death.

Though to reform prisons was the main object of her life, to which she devoted her energies, it was by no means the only good work of Elizabeth Fry. A more truly Christian woman never lived; and surely the good she did lives after her. “There was about her,” says a writer at the time of her death, “the quietude of a soul conversant with high duties, and not to be satisfied with so poor an aliment as the applause of man.” Wisely, she strove at once to induce repentance for the past, and to point the way to a future “newness of life.” Kindly of nature, quiet of speech, strong in sympathy, generous in forbearance, wise in counsel, full of charity, she seemed to love—and I am sure did love—the erring sisters she taught. A conception of the joy that is felt in heaven over the sinner that repenteth, she impressed on the hardened as well as the still conscience-pricked offenders to whom she bore the message of pardon.

and hope ; she proved to them, not only that "godliness is great gain," but that none fell so low that the hand of Mercy could not raise them up : and if she did not suddenly make saints of sinners, she laid the foundation of a happy and holy change throughout after-life, not only converting the pandemonium of a prison into a comparatively tranquil nursery of better thoughts and heart-felt penitence, but changing into good wives and good mothers, in another land, many whose conduct had augmented the horrors of a jail—a jail such as Newgate was when she began her work.

LANDOR.—Walter Savage Landor was born in 1775, and died in 1864, having attained the patriarchal age of eighty-nine years. Ranking high among the men of genius to whom the nineteenth century has given fame, his career as a man of letters points a moral indeed, but it is by showing that vicious propensities are sure to produce wretchedness, for his misery was entirely of his own creating ; his life was a perpetual wrangle, notwithstanding the advantages he inherited, and might have enjoyed, from the cradle to the grave—his many rich gifts of fortune and of nature. Handsome in his youth, of goodly presence when I knew him in 1836,* of great physical as well as intellectual strength, inheriting large property ; well if not nobly born, with natural faculties of a high order duly trained by an excellent education—these advantages were all rendered not only futile, but positive sources of evil, by a vicious disposition, ruled by a temper that he himself described as "the worst beyond comparison that ever man was cursed with," but which he made no effort to guide, restrain, or control.

My acquaintance with him, independent of meetings in general society, and chiefly at the receptions of Lady Blessington, was at Clifton, where he was, in 1836, living. I had daily walks with him over the Downs. He found me a willing, though certainly not a sympathetic, listener. I regret now that my lack of accordance with his political and social opinions prevented my taking notes of the matters on which he discoursed. Mrs. Hall was not so patient with him. One day he called upon us, and spoke so abominably of things and persons she venerated that she plainly intimated a desire that he would not visit us again. He was at that time sixty years of age, although he did not look so old ; his form and features were essentially masculine ; he was not tall, but stalwart ; of a robust constitution, and was proud even to arrogance of his physical and intellectual strength. He was a man to whom passers-by would have looked back and asked, "Who is that?" His forehead was high,

* A brief while ago (in 1882) I visited the house—No. 5 River Street, Bath—in which many of his long term of years were passed : it was his own, and he had avowed his intention to set fire to and burn it down—a threat which his neighbors verily believed he would carry out.

but retreated, showing remarkable absence of the organs of benevolence and veneration. It was a large head, fullest at the back, where the animal propensities predominate; it was a powerful but not a good head, the expression the opposite of genial. In short, physiognomists and phrenologists would have selected it—each to illustrate his theory.

I do not mean to trace his career, or make note of the infamous principles that upheld the French Revolution as worthy of imitation, his reported and credited offer of a reward for the assassination of a ruling sovereign, or his open and ostentatiously declared hatred of "all who are in authority over us." He defended himself, indeed, against the charge of aiding and abetting Orsini, but it is certain that two of the later days of that wretched man's life in England were passed under the roof of Landor in the city of Bath. I find in the leading Bath paper of that period more than an insinuation that the counsel of Landor must have influenced the regicide, not to the very act it may be, but yet have had its share in inflaming the murderous zeal that led the assassin to the cowardly attempt on the life of the Third Napoleon.

"Fierce and uncompromising" at Rugby, at Oxford (where he was rusticated), and throughout all his life, up to the shameful outrage of decency at Bath, not long before his death he illustrated that passage of the poet—

"And if some sad example—
To warn and scare—be wanting—think of me!"

He was more than a republican. While yet a boy, it is recorded of him that he "wished the French would invade England and assist us in hanging George III, between two such thieves as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York." He was a Jacobin, upholding the more odious and execrable doctrines of the French Revolution, and standing by such of the English democrats as also advocated, encouraged, and upheld them.

It is a dismal record, his purchase and occupancy of Llantony Abbey. Lawsuits and libel form its staple; insult everywhere encountered; persecution and prosecution were met by their like. One of the most beautiful bits of South Wales became an Inferno, and both his enemies and himself rejoiced when he quitted it forever. His muse was his lawyer; he chastised his adversaries in Latin and in English verse. The disputes at Llantony were, as Forster calls them, "a comedy with a very tragical fifth act."

In Italy it was much the same—"a discontented and repining spirit," burdensome to itself and wearisome to all. At Como, at Florence, at Pisa, at Fiesole, with very few exceptions, he made misery for all who came within reach of his influence.

There is one relief to this monotonous story of a degraded and dishonored life—his friendship for Robert Southey and Southey's

regard for him, that dated back to the time when Southey, as well as he, was a worshiper of the Goddess of Reason, whose foul lessons were taught and loathsome doctrines cultivated in France—trammels from which the one providentially escaped to be a teacher of public and private virtue, but that manacled the other down to the close of his life. Nay, there is another—his intense fondness for his little dog, Pomero. His greatest grief on leaving Bath was, that he could not take with him this dearly loved companion, friend. He was as well known as his master in that city; and, as it is barely forty years ago, there may be some who remember both. They were inseparable; the one had only “a better coat than the other.” “Everybody knows him,” wrote Landor, “and he makes me quite a celebrity.” The man-friend survived the dog-friend, or there would certainly have been one earnest, true, and faithful mourner at the grave in fair Florence.

In a very different sense from that of the poet I write of Landor:

“Nothing in life became him like the leaving it.”

In 1856 he had to meet a charge of libel; the case was tried at Bristol, in August, 1856. Plaintiff was a clergyman of the Church of England. The alleged “false and malicious libel” was contained in a book called “Dry Sticks Fagoted by Walter Savage Landor,” and grossly insulted the wife of the plaintiff, the Honorable Mrs. Yescombe: her first husband was the son of a peer. The crime had been largely augmented by several anonymous letters written to the lady by Landor. These were read in court, but they were so disgusting that the newspapers did not publish them.

The *Bath Herald* of the time describes the libel as a “purely diabolical invention,” not only “mean, malignant, and venomous,” but “utterly without foundation.” An article in the *Times* of that day, in reporting the case—the charge against “a nasty old man tottering on the brink of the grave,” has this terrible conclusion:

“How ineffable the disgrace to a man of Mr. Landor’s ability and reputation at the close of a long life to be mixed up with so disgraceful a transaction! A slanderer—and the slanderer of a lady—a writer of anonymous letters, and these letters reeking with the foulest odors of the dirtiest slums—a violator of his pledged word—who is it to whom these words must now be applied?”

‘Who would not weep if Atticus were he?’”

The verdict awarded to the plaintiff damages of one thousand pounds. It was anticipated, and steps were taken to deprive the plaintiff of the benefit. It is shamefully discreditable to the parties concerned, that a plan was concocted to place the property of Landor beyond seizure for the damages—break up his house in Bath, sell his pictures, and remove him to Italy. All that was done; but the resolute energy of the plaintiff defeated the project. He followed the de-

fendant to Florence, encountered the lion in his lair, served him with a sufficient citation from the High Court of Justice, the thousand pounds were *per force* paid, and Landor became by his own act a beggar. Not long afterward Browning writes, "Is it possible that, from the relatives of Mr. Landor in England, the means of existence could be afforded for him in a lodging at Florence?" The means were found, but be it recorded to the honor of Robert Browning that it was by him funds were furnished at a time when they were absolutely needed. When he was wrestling with death in "fair Florence," in 1859, Browning writes of him, "He forgets, misconceives, and makes no endeavor to be just or, indeed, rational. He is wholly unfit to be anything but the recipient of money's worth rather than of money itself."

This dismal close of a long life was made more dismal by the affliction of poverty, augmented as it must have been by self-reproach. He had earned, if he had not deliberately worked for, the misery he was destined to endure. In September, 1864, he was laid in the English burying-ground at Florence, and the perturbed spirit was, so far as earth is concerned, at rest.

Swinburne wrote a poem that may be accepted as an epitaph:

"The youngest to the oldest singer."

Another of the poets, Browning, as I have shown, gave the hoary sinner more effectual aid.

FELICIA HEMANS.—In 1879 I visited, by no means for the first time, the church in Dublin where Felicia Hemans was buried, and the house, close at hand, in which she died, on the 16th of May, 1835. The church, St. Anne's, is in Dawson Street; those who desire to make a pilgrimage to the shrine, will have no difficulty in finding it; they will read the lines by which it is distinguished from surrounding monuments.*

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow,
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

Again, I called to mind the picture drawn by her sister of the death-bed that closed a brief but very beautiful life: "The dark and silent chamber seemed illuminated by light from above, and

* The vault that contains the body of Felicia Hemans holds also that of a faithful servant, Anna Creer, who died two years after her beloved mistress, whose faithful and devoted attendant she had been for many years, "cheerful and unwearied by night and by day."

cheered with songs of angels ; and she would say that, in her intervals of freedom from pain, no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than even those that were given to temporary repose." A short time before her death, she repeated the lines :

"Thou thy worldly task hast done :
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages"—

murmuring, "The words will soon be said of me !" Let it be so. Yet her work seemed but half done ; she was barely forty-one years old. Who will doubt that it is continued in another—a holier and a happier sphere ? Hers had not been a happy life here. In her eighteenth year she married Captain Hemans, an Irish gentleman of good family. A few years after they were wedded he became a permanent resident in Italy, his wife continuing to reside in Wales, rearing and educating five sons who were born to them, working for her own and their honorable independence. The eldest son was George Willoughby Hemans, afterward the distinguished civil engineer.

The reasons of their separation remain inexplicable ; and surely had now better not be inquired into. But it does not seem that any shadow of blame was attributable to the admirable woman who taught so much, and taught so well, in imperishable verse : no cloud rests upon her memory. That parting is a mystery, and must remain so. Yet there have been few women more calculated to win and retain the love of man ; being—as she was—handsome, gracefully formed, her personal charms considerable ; while her mind, at once of the highest and finest order, could not have failed to render her a delightful companion and a sympathetic helpmeet.

Hers was that beauty that depends mainly on expression. Like her writings, it was thoroughly womanly. Her auburn hair, parted over her brow, fell on either side in luxuriant curls. Her eyes are described as "dove-like," with a chastened character that appertained to sadness. "A calm repose," so writes one of her friends, "not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of her face."

I must leave imagination to picture her widowhood all these seventeen years. "What is fame?" she asks in a fragment found in her desk after her death. "What is fame to a heart yearning for affection and finding it not ? Is it not as a triumphal crown to the brow of one parched with fever, and asking for one fresh, healthful draught, the cup of cold water ?" At the distance of half a century, one may still hear in fancy her weary cry :

"Tell me no more
Of my soul's gifts ! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness ?"

I never saw Mrs. Hemans at Bronwylfa, or at Rhyllon, her homes among the Welsh mountains, or at Dove Nest by Lake Windermere, the beloved scenes of her much sorrow, some happiness, and continual toil. It was at Wavertree, a suburb of Liverpool, that I had the joy, which in memory is a joy to me now, of an interview with the estimable lady. But we had been frequent correspondents; some of the most perfect of her poems had been published in works I edited, and a prose paper on the Tasso of Goethe she gave to me for publication in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in January, 1834. It is the only prose paper she ever published.

I have a letter from Mrs. Hemans containing a poem—both in her handwriting. The letter contains these words, “*not published and never to be published.*” The poem was written beside the death-bed of her mother: the lines are so touching and beautiful that I print them, although they have been published in the graceful edition of her works in seven volumes, issued by Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh.

HYMN WRITTEN BY A BED OF SICKNESS.

“Father! that in the olive-shade,
When the dark hours came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy Son.

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blessed relief,
Or to the chastened let Thy might
Hallow this grief!

And Thou that when the starry sky,
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring Faith to cry,
‘Thy will be done.’

By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That we have mourned, the Chief,
Redeemer! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief!”

I find among some letters, given to me by Geraldine Jewsbury, the following concerning the sad loss:

“Affliction has fallen heavily on me—my mother’s death. I was aware that she had long been in a very critical state, but trusted to her naturally excellent constitution, or rather perhaps not conceiving the possibility of being separated from her, I had clung to the hope each little gleam of amendment brought, and persuaded myself that these were far brighter and more frequent than was really the case.

“Such life in this life can never be replaced. But we have cause to bless God for the recollections she has left us—for the cheerful submission to His will displayed throughout her long sufferings, and the deep tranquillity of her last hours. After a night of pain and sickness, during which my sister and I

had watched beside her, she fell into a slumber which we were so far from imagining to be the *last*, that we congratulated ourselves on its happy stillness, and yet, with an unutterable yearning to hear her voice again, looked for the time of her wakening.

"That time never came—she passed away from us in the very sleep which we had fondly trusted might revive her exhausted strength. Oh! the feeling that all is indeed over! that you have no more need to mix the cup of medicine, to tread softly, to hush the busy sounds of the household! But I will not dwell on these things—I will endeavor to look beyond. She was of the pure in heart, who are sure to see God: and this is a holy consolation. My dear mother's age was only fifty-nine, therefore we might have hoped for many more years of earthly union—I had hardly ever been separated from her, and all my children, except the eldest, were born under her roof. These things twine links round the heart, which to feel broken is for a time 'to die daily,' but I thank God that I have been enabled to return, though mournfully, to the duties which so imperiously call me back, and that my sister also has been mercifully sustained in the performance of hers.

"That exertion is of service to me—and she whom I have lost has left me an example of unwearied usefulness, which it shall be my ceaseless aim to follow.

"FELICIA HEMANS."

Some deeply touching and eloquently beautiful lines, "Stanzas on the Death of Mrs. Hemans," were written by Miss Landon, and published in the *New Monthly*, in 1835. (The original copy I had framed, and some thirty years afterward I had the pleasure of presenting it to George Willoughby Hemans.) I copy two of the stanzas:

"And yet thy song is sorrowful,
Its beauty is not bloom,
The hopes of which it breathes are hopes
That look beyond the tomb.
The way is sorrowful as winds
That wander o'er the plain;
And ask for summer's vanished flowers,
And ask for them in vain.

"Ah! dearly purchased is the gift,
The gift of song like thine;
A fated doom is hers who stands
The priestess of the shrine.
The crowd—they only see the crown,
They only hear the hymn;
They mark not that the cheek is pale,
And that the eye is dim."

Miss Landon also laid a yet worthier chaplet on the shrine of her gifted sister. Her prose tribute to the character of Mrs. Hemans's writings is exquisitely beautiful; but it is very mournful, as if she foreshadowed her own early doom, and saw the far-away grave that was to receive her before, as it seemed to us, half her earth-work was done. She quotes the lines of Mrs. Hemans that I have already referred to, lines as applicable to the poetess of the "Golden Violet"

as to her who sang of "The Better Land," and "The Graves of a Household":

"Tell me no more—no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! are they not vain
To quench its panting thirst for happiness?
Have I not tried, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place—a home for all
Its burden of affections?"

Seldom has a sweeter, tenderer, or more heartfelt tribute been offered by one poet to another! She wrote to Mrs. Hall thus of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans:

"Nothing can be more pure, more feminine, and exalted, than the spirit which pervades the whole; it is the intuitive sense of right elevated and strengthened into a principle."

"Ah!" (she adds; the sentiment strongly illustrates the tendency of her own mind) "ah! fame to a woman is indeed but a royal mourning in purple for happiness!"

THOMAS HOOD.—"He wrote the Song of the Shirt!" The line almost suffices to consecrate a lofty memory. He wrote it out of his deep sympathy with suffering, and knowledge of the bitterness of the bread that is earned by ill-paid and ceaseless toil; for he was a sufferer himself, almost from the cradle to the grave, and his always broken health was more completely shattered by need to be a slave of the pen—to be merry on paper when debts and difficulties were the specters that haunted his every hour—to concoct jokes for the benefit of his readers in the intervals of release from bodily pain. Such a struggle was not likely to continue till "threescore and ten": it brought Hood to the grave at the age of forty-six.

When I saw him first he was in his prime; when I saw him last he was on his death-bed; yet his dauntless propensity for jesting was even then paramount. I do not know that it was so much inbred as that use had become second nature. But his wife herself told me of the well-known joke he made when she had been preparing a mustard-poultice to place upon his chest. He pointed to his emaciated frame and said, "Dear me, Fanny that's a monstrous deal of mustard to a very little meat." Yes! flashes of merriment broke forth; frequently when he was enduring physical pain and mental anguish. And we find him a sad and touching picture! dictating from his dying bed matter for the printer which he had not strength to write; while, as long as the wasted fingers could grasp it, his pencil was also active; one of his latest engraved drawings for his Magazine (which unhappily was "Hood's Own," and brought no return) taking the shape of the "Editor's apologies," a plate of leeches, a cup of gruel, a blister, and three labeled vials. A few months later—for his struggle with death was long and painful—he

made the famous remark, "I am so near death's door I can almost fancy I hear the creaking of the hinges." Very painful must that neighborhood have been to him; for, although the sunshine of celebrity was tardily beginning to brighten his path, he found little that was golden in its beams. Happily his last days were lightened and cheered by a pension granted to him by Sir Robert Peel. Honored be the memory of that great statesman and good man! It is one of many acts for which he is now receiving his reward; perhaps in the company of the dying poet to whose death-bed he bade comfort go and drive away despondency—not despair: Hood's was too brave a spirit for that; but in passing away from wife and children, and leaving them heirs only to the poverty they had shared with him, he might well despond. No more kindly and timely aid was ever tendered, even by Sir Robert Peel.

In acknowledging that debt, he could not resist a pun. "Given over by physicians and by myself . . . it is death," he wrote, "that stops my pen, you see, and not my pension." He added, "God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country!" And so, almost before fame had found the poet, death came for him.

His admirable wife, the ministering spirit who watched over his death-bed, did not survive him many months. His son, the younger Tom, died when in early manhood (having established a reputation, inferior it is true to that of his father, but yet which that father would have learned of with pride); and his daughter, Fanny Broderip, is also dead. She left three daughters (to one of whom Mrs. Hall and I were God-parents). To the wife and the daughter the pension was continued; the granddaughters do not need it, ample provision having been made for their future by the will of one of the brothers of the Rev. Mr. Broderip, the husband of Fanny Hood.

Obviously, I could treat this sad yet happy theme at much greater length; but the space to which I am limited enjoins compression. I will content myself with copying a brief poem that, according to Lysons, was inscribed on the pedestal of a bust of Comus in old Brandenburgh House, and that seems to come in very aptly in writing of Hood:

"Come, every muse, without restraint,
Let genius prompt and fancy paint;
Let wit, and mirth, and friendly strife
Chase the dull gloom that saddens life.
True wit that, firm to Virtue's cause,
Respects religion and the laws;
True mirth that cheerfulness supplies
To modest ears and decent eyes."

His was slow wit: it was neither spontaneous nor ready: the offspring of thought rather than an instinctive sparkle; but it was always kindly, gracious, sympathetic; never coarse, never "free,"

never even caustic, neither tainted with distrust of the goodness of God, nor to rail at the ingratitude of man. His countenance had more of melancholy than of mirth, it was calm even to solemnity. There was seldom any conscious attempt at brilliancy in his talk; and so far from sharing in that weakness with which wits are generally credited, a desire to monopolize the conversation, he seemed ever ready in society to give way to any who would supply talk.

No, not a mere jester was Thomas Hood. He made humanity his debtor, to remain so as long as there are men and women with hearts to feel and understand the lessons he taught. He was the poet of the poor, above all, of the poor who are women, and whose sufferings seem perpetual. Alas!—

“O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!”

remains a cry of as fearful meaning as when “He sang the Song of the Shirt,” supplied an epitaph for the monument placed over his grave at Kensal Green.

He entered into his rest, the rest that does not imply indolence or idleness, but release from the burdens of the flesh, freedom from temptations, bodily needs, despondencies, and dreads, and, with all this, a continuance of work in a holier sphere—on the 3d of May, 1845. “Weary and heavy laden” all his life, he found “life in death”; and his last words (I quote them from a letter written to me by his daughter), “breathed painfully but slowly,” were these, “O Lord! say arise, take up thy Cross and follow me!”

We knew the younger “Tom” intimately when he was child and youth; but did not see much of him in his later years when he was the editor of *Fun*.

He dedicated one of his books to Mrs. Hall. It had been her privilege to print his first poem: thus, as he said, “ushering him into the world.” Poor fellow, his fate was not a happy one. Of late years, he avoided his friends, who saw little of him for some time before his death. He inherited largely the gift of genius of which his father had so much. Some of his poems might have borne the name of either “Tom.” But he lacked early guidance; at college he was altogether without restraint, and being remarkably handsome of person, with qualities that made way in “society,” he was, no doubt, courted by the many who liked him, and it is little wonder if for a time he went astray; contracting habits that certainly shortened his life—a life full of promise.

I do not think my readers will complain if I give, as a sequel to my memory of Tom Hood, Mrs. Hall’s memory of our dear and much-loved friend, his daughter, Fanny Broderip. This it is:

In what is now "the long ago time," Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens invited their friends to a juvenile party in honor of the birthday of their eldest son. Who would decline such an invitation? Who did not know how the inimitable story-teller made happiness for old and young—his voice ringing out welcomes like joy-bells in sweet social tune, his conjuring, his scraps of recitations, his hearty sympathetic receptions pleasantly mingling and following each other, while his wife—in those happy days the "Kate" of his affections—illuminated like sweet sunshine her husband's efforts to promote enjoyment all around. It was understood that after an early supper there was to be "no end of dancing." This was no over-dressed juvenile party, but a hilarious gathering of young boys and girls; not overlaid, as in our present days they too often are, with finery and affectation, but bounding in their young fresh life to enjoy a full tide of happiness.

We followed a crowd into the supper-room; as boy and girl trooped joyously on, we perceived a thin, pale little maid, who had drawn herself into a corner, folded in her white muslin frock tightly gathered about her; she seemed altogether unnoted and unnoticed; indeed, she evidently shrank from observation. But we were attracted by her loneliness in the motley crowd; so I laid my hand on her fair head and asked if she were not going in to supper?

She said, "No, there is no one to take me!" "Where is your mamma?" "At home nursing papa; but Mr. Dickens told them we must come, it would do us good!" "But where is your companion? You said *us*." "Yes, my little brother; he is such a merry boy and so fond of dancing, but he is too ill to-night. Yet papa and mamma would make *me* come."

I took her little damp hand in mine. My love for children overcame her shyness. We speedily reached the supper-room and promptly found her a seat. It troubled her that I would not sit down; and Mr. Hall made her laugh by the quantity he heaped on her plate.

"Well, Miss Hood," exclaimed our host, "I see you have found friends."

"Miss Hood!" I echoed.

"Yes," she said, "I'm Fanny Hood, and my brother is Tom Hood, after papa."

The young, pale, trembling little maid was the daughter of the poet whose "Song of the Shirt" was ringing its alarum throughout the world. How I longed to press that little girl to the heart she had entered! Her large, soft eyes beamed into mine; as she rose from the table she sought and found my hand, and said, "May I be your little girl for the evening?"

All relating to Tom Hood had been faithfully chronicled by his wife, children, and friends; what I have to say only relates to her we have loved and lost—the Frances Freeling Broderip, whose "mortality" was laid in earth on the third day of "chill November," 1879, in St. Mary's churchyard, in a sweet spot under the shadow of the old stone cross, close to her residence, Ivy Bank in Walton Bay, Walton-by-Clevedon.

Alas! that one so young that she might have been my daughter should have left earth so long before me.

She had resolved to relinquish for a time the income (her pension of £50 a year) she enjoyed, so that she might labor to keep her brother at college. She was going to live in a sort of farm-house. Oh, yes! of course she would miss her friends, but it would be such a happiness to work for Tom! And away she went. In a few weeks I had a charming letter, filled with violets, white and blue, and two or three early primroses. She praised the country;

it was very lovely ; and Tom had written a poem, which she inclosed. Had she not told me of his talent ? Yes, the neighborhood *was* lovely, but rather dull. Of course the gentry would not notice a young London girl whom nobody knew ; she did not care. But the place was sadly dull, nothing to relieve its monotony. By-and-by came another letter. Such a strange thing had happened. The vicar of the parish was a very amiable man. He had called on her. Observing copies of some of her father's books among others, he asked her if she was fond of reading, and did she admire Hood's poems ? "At first," wrote my young friend, "I thought he was rather a reserved gentleman, but when he spoke of 'Hood's Poems' he became quite bright and animated, quoted one of the most touching of his verses from the 'Bridge of Sighs,' but made a mistake, which I told him of, for I could not bear *that*. He seemed inclined to dispute the point : I produced the passage. He said he was so glad to find a young lady so conversant with his favorite poet. As I had lived in London I might have met him. With eyes full of tears I said, 'He was my father.' I can give you no idea of the worthy man's astonishment and delight. He had fancied that my name was Wood, but felt it his duty as a clergyman to call on a stranger who attended church regularly. Since then I certainly have not felt Cossington dull. Nothing can exceed his attention and kindness ; some of his friends have called on me ; and instead of a forlorn damsel, I find myself a sort of rural lioness ! indeed, not having as much time as I want to devote to my especial purpose."

After, very soon after, this information, came a short, a very short letter.

The vicar had proposed to her ! How could she express her sense of God's goodness to her, or prove her gratitude and affection for affection so disinterested ?

I had the details of the preparations for the dear girl's marriage ; in due time an account of their wedding tour, and of their greeting on their return to the vicarage—"her beautiful home."

Hers was a beautiful nature—gentle, sympathizing, good. A worthy child she was of him of whom it is enough to say, "He sang the Song of the Shirt."

I rejoice that one of the latest acts of my life is to lay a chaplet of remembrance on her grave, and render this tribute to the virtues of my friend.

Her many published books are so many "reflects" of her own life ; they are gentle, gracious, generous, kind. No relatives of her own were left to her on her brother's death, but the relatives of her admirable, excellent, and high-souled husband were her friends. They loved her dearly ; and one of them by a liberal bequest removed danger of necessitous circumstances from the home in which the three daughters live. May God bless and protect them, and continue to keep them worthy of their parents and grandparents !

I have but to add another fact to those I have narrated. It was my happy task to print, in a publication I edited in 1852, the first poem of her brother Tom—the younger "Tom." That is a pleasant memory. A yet more pleasant memory it is to know that the last letter my beloved friend Fanny Broderip wrote, was addressed to me. It was found among her papers after her death, and sent to me by my god-daughter.

LADY MORGAN.—I once said to her : "Lady Morgan, I bought one of your books yesterday. May I tell you its date ?" "Do," she answered ; "but say it in a whisper !" "1803." It was not the first of her publications. She was an author when the century com-

menced, and continued to write almost up to the period of her death, in 1859. She was born in 1783, in the sister island, from which, at the time of her death, she had long been "an Irish absentee," setting at naught the teachings of her previous life, and slurring over the fact that she deserved a share of the opprobrium she had heaped on sinners she denounced for a similar "crime."

Ah! she was a most pleasant Irish lady, proud of her country—so far as words went—and retaining a brogue to the last—the brogue that is never entirely lost. Why should it be? Lady Morgan did not seek to hide hers—perhaps because she knew she could not.

"Sydney Lady Morgan"—so she usually wrote her name.* I may describe her evenings, from the recollection of one at her house in Kildare Street, Dublin, so far back as 1822, and many at her house in William Street, Knightsbridge, where she lived long, and where she died. I would not say a word that might seem to cast a slur on the memory of one of whom much may be said in praise, if something must be said in censure. In Dublin "my lady" was the center of a coterie; from leaders of society she received much homage indeed; but it was the lesser wits of whom she was the worshiped star. Her large sympathy attracted many, and of embryo poets and artists in the shell she was the willing patroness and general helper. I myself owe something to her kindly nature; from her I received, in 1822, a letter to the publisher Colburn. When, in 1830, Mrs. Hall sought to recall that act to her memory, she had forgotten it, but wrote, "Although the applications I receive from aspirants for literary fame are beyond count or memory, it has rarely happened that I have received such acknowledgments as your unmerited gratitude has lavished on me."†

In 1837 she received from Lord Melbourne an annual pension of £300. The grant made her comfortable and independent; so she removed from Ireland, and became, as I have said, an "absentee."

Her easy-chair was her throne at Knightsbridge; seated there she exacted homage, and received it—the queen of assembled satellites. Her youth had long passed; but she sought to hide the knowledge even from herself; her exact age was a secret carefully kept: from all letters, account-books, *et cætera*, dates were scrupulously removed.

* Her father was an actor; his name was MacOwen, which he changed to Owenson.

† I print one of many letters we received from Lady Morgan:

"We have both—Sir Charles and I—read and admired your joint and admirable work on Ireland; it is written in the TRUE FAITH! full of useful facts and characteristic details; calculated to excite an interest for the country and its people, and to excuse their deficiencies and their faults by vivaciously ascribing them to third causes which your industry has detected through every page of the history of the "most unhappy country under heaven." I am charmed that the success of the publication has borne some proportion to its merits.

"January 15, 1843."

Her artificial aids were many; she was rather proud than ashamed of the "little red" that tinged her cheek. She never could have been handsome at any period of her life; *petite* of figure, her form was anything but graceful. Yet her ready, if not brilliant, wit had given her, without dispute, leadership in the best society of the Continent—Italy and France especially—and afterward made her evenings in London exceedingly attractive. Her rooms were crowded with memorial tributes, presented to her by many great men and women, and she was pardonably proud of directing attention to them. Her rooms were small, and always overcrowded; yet she managed with admirable tact to say a word or two to each of her guests. There was always an odd mixture—Poles and Russians, Whig and Tory, great authors and small, mature and embryo wits, the Papist of the south and the black Orangeman of the north of Ireland: yet, somehow, all behaved as if bound over to keep the peace, and I never witnessed there a quarrel that went beyond fierce and angry looks.

That she was a vain woman no one doubts. "Why should I not be vain?" she said to our friend Dr. Walsh; "have I not written forty books?" She had lived a long life of excitement; it was the inspiration necessary to her existence, and she continued to breathe that element to the last. In April, 1859, she died, and was buried in the cemetery at Brompton. We were present at her last party, on the 17th of March (St. Patrick's Day) preceding. It was clear to us that her lease of life was an unusually prolonged one, for, born in 1783, she was now seventy-six years old: yet she retained much of her vivacity, and all of that cordiality in word, look, and action that constituted her principal charm in society, and seems the natural inheritance of her countrywomen of all grades. On that evening Mrs. Hall said to her, "Why, Lady Morgan, you are really looking very well." "No such thing, my dear," she answered; "it's the rouge, it's the rouge!" The last time she drew her pension, when it was necessary that a magistrate should certify to her being alive, she refused to see any one—a difficulty hence arose. It was met and overcome by a friend arranging to raise a sort of a row in the street, and posting the magistrate on the other side of it. She naturally went to the window to see what was the matter; he saw her, and was able to sign a declaration that she was living.

If toward her close of life the *amor patriæ* was much less strong in Lady Morgan than it had been in earlier life, she was, nevertheless, essentially an Irishwoman from first to last—in her natural gifts of kindness, generosity, consideration, courtesy, and other qualities that constitute the charms of women and attract to them so often the devoted love of men—almost invariably returned a thousand-fold.

Vain, gay, and charming to the last, Lady Morgan lived and reigned; and the society in which such a reign as hers was possible,

and over which she exercised a fascination more potent than that of beauty, like the brilliant Glorvina herself, has passed away.

MRS. NASSAU SENIOR.—It was our privilege to know, and, with all who knew her, highly to honor, the estimable lady whose name graces this page; she left earth (an irreparable loss) so recently as 1877. She was the sister of "Tom Hughes," and wife of the Junior Nassau Senior. I extract from a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Nassau Senior, written on her death, by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Her claim to public gratitude is entirely her own. Few documents have been issued better fitted to be teachers and guides than that which bears her name—"A Report to the President of the Local Government Board on the Education of Girls in Pauper Schools." I make no comment on the marvelous industry the report exhibits; to do anything like justice to the theme would be to occupy much space. I think it would astonish the hardest worker I have ever known. It is full of wise and practical information, given from "the woman's view," and so blended with gentleness, kindness, and considerate Christian charity, that it may be accepted as a model for all compositions of the kind; and truly, if the writer be in her grave, she has bequeathed to humanity a treasure above price. It is of considerable length, for it treats of every topic essential to, or illustrative of, the main subject; if nothing was too high for her careful thought and minute scrutiny, nothing was too low for either. No topic in which the public is interested has been so thoroughly exhausted; not a single point is left unexplained or without comment, while every passage, more or less, seems to have been written under the influence of the Divine text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." This invaluable pamphlet-book is a huge volume of instruction to all persons and all peoples, who would promote the welfare of a very large class, scarcely less necessary to the comfort and well-being of the upper and middle classes than the air they breathe; the atmosphere of life may be made wholesome or unwholesome according to the regulation or neglect it receives, and our homes will unavoidably obtain much that augments happiness or increases its reverse according to the "bringing up" of those who are to minister to our lesser deeds—the domestic servants, who are, every hour of every day, necessities that enhance or impair the enjoyments, even the prosperity, of a household of any grade. From that most admirable report I could extract a hundred passages to act as guides and warnings; and, I repeat, I know of no work of the class so intrinsically valuable as a legacy to all mankind. But that which especially delights me, and will delight all who read it, is the "pure womanliness" it exhibits on every page. That was what I expected to find in any production of a lady I am proud and happy to have numbered among my friends. "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath" than the good and gentle and accomplished woman whose loss, it seems to me,

is a loss not only to her country, but to all human kind. Her accomplishments were many and of a remarkable order; her voice as a private singer was, I think, surpassed by no voice I ever heard; it was exerted now and then to sustain some useful charity; but it was always ready to gladden the domestic hearth. Yet that was among the least of her gifts. I have rarely known a woman at once so largely estimated out of her circle and so entirely beloved within it. She gave an example to all who might be influenced by it, that the duties usually described as public are by no means incompatible with such as are to be discharged at home. Those who are bent on doing good will always have time to do it, will never seek, much less find, excuse for the postponement or neglect of a task on which depends the happiness of others. I consider it a high privilege to lay this chaplet on her grave—the grave that hides the fair—indeed, lovely—form that enshrined so much of thoughtful care, persevering inquiry, indefatigable labor for holy purposes, zeal tempered by discretion, and wise work calculated, as well as designed, to elevate, and so to better humanity.

BARBARA HOFLAND.—Dear, good, sympathizing, unselfish Barbara Hofland! Is she forgotten—is her admirable book, “*The Son of a Genius*,” now ever read? and is the collection of her works, advertised as the “*Hofland Library*” (she would not have given them that ambitious title), a collection for few or many readers? They are principally for the young, and are all sound, healthful, and thoroughly good. Her second husband was the artist Hofland, one of the founders of the Society of British Artists. Miss Mitford thus characterizes her in a letter to Mrs. Hall: “She is womanly to her finger-ends, and as truthful and independent as a skylark.” She is buried at Richmond, a place she dearly loved, and where she died, in 1844. A monument has been erected to her memory by a few loving friends.

She was born at Sheffield in 1770, and was married to a manufacturer of that town; he died soon afterward, leaving one son, whom I knew, and who subsequently became a clergyman. She was left badly off; but published a volume of poems by subscription. The proceeds enabled her to open a school at Harrogate. After living ten years a widow, she married the painter Hofland, and settled in London.

The work by which she is best known, and that has gone through, perhaps, fifty editions, is “*The Son of a Genius*.” It was published by Harris, once a famous bookseller at the corner of St. Paul’s Churchyard, whose premises an excellent and liberal firm of publishers now occupy. She received for the book £10. It was so rapidly and frequently reprinted that the publisher made by it as many hundreds. I remember Mrs. Hofland telling me this—on the very day it occurred. She called upon Harris concerning a new

edition, time (twenty-eight years) having exhausted his claim to the copyright, which consequently reverted to her. The worthy publisher refused to acknowledge any such right, protesting against it on the ground that such a thing had never happened to him before ! The discussion ended in his giving the author, with a growl, another £10.

I found among the papers of Mrs. Hall some notes concerning Barbara Hofland, from which I give an extract :

I have had the good fortune to know many of my highly gifted and highly honored sisters in literature—several more brilliant than Mrs. Hofland—but none more free from affectation—more gentle or genial, more faithful as mother, wife, and friend, or more playful with, or tender to, the young. Children all loved and trusted her; she never paraded her own works; and some of the best receipts I ever had in my young housekeeping days were from her big book. In all things she was so womanly !

CATHERINE SINCLAIR.—There is another whom we were proud and happy to rank among our friends; she died in 1864, at the house of her venerable and most excellent brother, Archdeacon Sinclair, also a laborer in literature, and unsurpassed in efforts to do God's work as a parish clergyman. Him also we knew well, and honored much as our pastor and personal friend. Catherine was only one of a distinguished family. Her father obtained a distinction greater than even that he derived from the proud Scottish name he inherited. Many of his books, chiefly on agriculture, supplied information and instruction to a host of after-cultivators of the soil.* Among the third generation of this estimable family there are more than one who have come to the front in doing God's work for man.

Catherine was very tall, and would have been handsome, as all her sisters were, but that her face was grievously marked by the small-pox.† Who that knew her did not mourn the loss of a true and loving friend when she was removed from earth to heaven? Her admirable sister, Lady Glasgow (now also a dweller in the better land), wrote that she was "devoted without affectation, faithful to

* Not very long ago I found among some old papers, a pamphlet on waste lands—presented to Colonel Robert Hall by Sir John Sinclair, Bart., in 1803. The subject was one in which my father had taken deep interest; having formed and promulgated a plan for converting Dartmoor into arable land, by employing soldiers to do the work when so many regiments (among others his own) were idle or disbanded during the treacherous calm that ensued on the brief and hollow peace of Amiens.

† Are there many of the opponents of vaccination who can remember what I well remember, that is, a time when at least one woman out of every six was disfigured, more or less, by the terrible and ineffaceable signs of the pest—with its frequent resultant blindness? The matter is far too large, abstruse, and perplexing for me to enter upon here. I will merely observe in passing that nowadays you will not see one young woman in a thousand so marked by it as to impair beauty.

her Maker and her fellow-creatures, without guile, without an atom of literary jealousy, a woman whom it was a privilege and an honor to call friend!" So Mrs. Hall reported of her in an article for which she received the grateful acknowledgments of Lady Glasgow and the good Archdeacon. Mrs. Hall wrote of her in these words (quoted by Lady Glasgow in a brief memoir privately printed).^{*} She was claimed by all circles, the literary, the scientific, the artistic, the fashionable, the philanthropic, the religious; her large mind and quick sympathies finding and giving pleasure wherever she went; young and old greeted her advent with delight. I have seen a fair girl decline a quadrille for the greater enjoyment of a "talk" with Miss Catherine. Gifted with quietness, simplicity, gentleness and refinement of manner, she had also a certain dignity and self-possession that put vulgarity out of countenance and kept presumption in awe. She was gifted with a singularly sweet, soft, and low voice ("an excellent thing in woman"), with a remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in conversation without loquacity.

As an author, Miss Catherine Sinclair will be most frequently recalled by her two principal though by no means her only works, "*Modern Accomplishments*" and "*Modern Society*": yet these volumes, full of wisdom and goodness as they are, afford very insufficient evidence of the universality of her knowledge, and the depth and delicacy of her richly accomplished mind. She was a voluminous writer for the young as well as the old. A true Christian woman in all the relations of life as well as in her writings, she had the happy art (if an emanation from her own high and pure nature can be called an "art") of exalting the happiness and increasing the comfort of every house in which she sojourned—the house that she called her own above all others.

Great as was her merit as an author, as a philanthropist, she had loftier rank in the Book of the Recording Angel. She gave to her native city, Edinburgh, among other useful gifts its first drinking-fountain, a boon to man, and still more a mercy to animals; and to more than one charity she was a bountiful giver, out of the earnings of her fertile pen. Perhaps among the mourners who followed her to her grave in the vault of St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, in 1877, there was no group whose homage she would have more valued than that of the cab-drivers of the city. The Queen sent this message to her relatives: "Her Majesty was well acquainted not only with Miss Sinclair's literary abilities, but also with her constant, active, and successful exertions for the benefit of her fellow-creat-

^{*} I copy from this pamphlet an interesting anecdote. "Miss Sinclair conversing with the old Earl of Buchan, brother of Lord Chancellor Erskine, expressed astonishment at some instance of ingratitude." "Never be surprised at ingratitude," said the aged peer. "Look at your Bible. The dove to which Noah thrice gave shelter in the ark, no sooner found a resting-place for the sole of her foot than she returned no more to her benefactor."

ures." And there were few of the Queen's subjects who knew this good—even more than great—woman, through either her charities or her books, who did not echo the sentiment so graciously and gracefully expressed by her Majesty.

THOMAS MOORE was born on the 28th of May, 1779, at a house, the lower part of which was then and continues to be a grocer's shop—in Aungier Street, Dublin; and died at Sloperton, Wilts, on 25th of February, 1852.

On the 28th of May, 1879, a centenary gathering was held in the great hall of the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, to render honor and homage to his memory in the city of his birth. Lord O'Hagan delivered an eloquent oration; Denis Florence MacCarthy* had written an ode of great merit, which Chancellor Tisdall, D. D., admirably recited; and there was a large assembly to hear and to applaud.

This paragraph contains nearly as much as can be said on the subject. Of all the magnates of the city and country, there was not one present, if I except the Lord Mayor. No leader of any profession was there; no representative of "the Castle" came; no Fellow of the University; nor was there a single military officer of rank; no judge left the Bench to be in attendance; no eminent physician quitted his patient's sick-room to join in the tribute; and if there was among the throng a single member of Parliament, he did not "show"; while if a solitary peer, with the exception of Lord O'Hagan, were of the worshipers, he certainly did not grace the platform. And the men and women of letters—where were they? How many did England, Scotland, and Wales contribute to the gathering? Where was the native produce in Literature, Science, and the Arts? Florence MacCarthy represented the genius of Erin, and I was, alas, the only representative of England. Rarely was more emphatic illustration given to the sentence, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." While a Scottish man is, so to speak, born to an annuity, for his countrymen ever lend him a helping hand, and consider that on them is reflected some portion—though it be but a tiny ray—of the fame he achieves, it is piteous, yet true to declare of Ireland that with its natives the case is reversed: their countrymen not only take no pride in, but even seem

* Denis Florence MacCarthy has since died. It may suffice as a record of him here if I copy a paragraph from my response to a circular informing me of a proposed tribute to the memory of an eminent poet and excellent man:

"It can not but be a melancholy satisfaction to me to contribute to a memorial that will commemorate, not only the lofty genius, but the social and moral worth of one of the truest poets and best men it has been my lot personally to know, esteem, regard, and honor—the late Denis Florence MacCarthy. Such men do honor to your country. It is well that they should be remembered after they have left earth: their works live for generations to come, and will claim the gratitude of thousands upon thousands yet unborn. I rejoice that Ireland will make record of another of the many worthies of whom she is wisely, rightly, and justly proud."

to grudge them, the renown they win. Moore, in the latter part of his life at least, knew and bitterly felt that dismal truth.

The sight was humiliating ; it gave me, though an Englishman, a keen pang as I looked about me in utter astonishment : and that day has been a mournful memory to me ever since. Patriotism is a sound that has no significance in Ireland, and the poetry of Moore has found greater fame in every other country of the world than it has in his own. The reason is plain : he was, so to speak, of two parties, yet of neither ; the one could not forgive his early aspirations for liberty, uttered in imperishable verse ; the other could not pardon what they called his desertion of their cause, when he saw that England was willing to do, and was doing, "justice to Ireland." Moore was the eloquent advocate of his country when it was oppressed, goaded, and socially enthralled, but when time and enlightened policy had removed all distinctions between the Irishman and the Englishman, between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, his muse was silent, because content ; nay, he protested in emphatic verse against a continued agitation that retarded her progress when her claims were admitted, her rights acknowledged, and her wrongs redressed.

These are the impressive words of Baron O'Hagan : "It is the sorrow and the shame of Ireland—proverbially *incuriosa suorum*—that she has been heretofore too much in this respect an exception among the civilized kingdoms of the earth. And the sorrow and the shame have not been less because she has been the parent of many famous men—of thinkers and poets, and patriots, and warriors, and statesmen—whose memory should be to her a precious heritage, and of many of whom she might speak in the language of the Florentine of old :

‘ Tanto nomini nulla par eulogia.’ ”

As Moore wrote, "There are those who identify nationality with treason, and who see in every effort for Ireland a system of hostility toward England." "RANTIPOLES" is the mild term he applies to them in a letter to me. To say that Ireland is benefited when England is injured, he knew to be a willful and wicked perversion of truth.

This is my portrait of Moore as I recall him to mind at Sloper-ton in 1845, when it was our honor and happiness to spend a week with him at his humble cottage, not far from lordly Bowood, the seat of his friend the Marquis of Lansdowne.*

* Our intercourse was the result of his having quoted, in his "History of Ireland," some stanzas from a poem I had written, entitled "Jerpoint Abbey"—privately and anonymously printed in 1822. These stanzas may be found in the third volume of the "History" by any person who thinks it worth while to look for them. It was not a little gratifying to a young author to find Moore describing this poem, by one of whom he knew nothing, as "a poem of considerable merit."

The poet was then in his sixty-fifth year, and had in a great measure retired from actual labor; indeed, it soon became evident to us that the faculty for continuous toil no longer existed. Happily, it was not absolutely needed, for to meet very limited wants there was a sufficiency—a bare sufficiency, however, since there were no means available to procure either the elegancies or the luxuries which so frequently become necessities, and a longing for which might have been excused in one who had been the friend of peers and the associate of princes.

I had daily walks with him at Sloperton during our brief visit along his "terrace-walk"; I listening, he talking—now and then asking questions, but rarely speaking of himself or his books. Indeed, the only one of his poems to which he made any special reference was the "Lines on the Death of Sheridan," of which he said, "That is one of the few things I have written of which I am really proud."

I recall him at this moment—his small form and intellectual face rich in expression, and that expression the sweetest, the most gentle, and the kindest. He had still in age the same bright and clear eye, the same gracious smile, the same suave and winning manner I had noticed as the attributes of what might in comparison be styled his youth [I have stated I knew him as long ago as 1821*], a forehead not remarkably broad or high, but singularly impressive, firm, and full, with the organs of music and gayety large, and those of benevolence and veneration greatly preponderating. The nose, as observed in all his portraits, was somewhat upturned. Standing or sitting, his head was invariably upraised, owing, perhaps, mainly to his shortness of stature. He had so much bodily activity as to give him the attribute of restlessness, and no doubt that usual accompaniment of genius was eminently a characteristic of his. His hair was, at the time I speak of, thin and very gray, and he wore his hat with the jaunty air that has been often remarked as a peculiarity of the Irish. In dress, although far from slovenly, he was by no means precise. He had but little voice, yet he sang with a depth of sweetness that charmed all hearers; it was true melody, and told upon the heart as well as the ear. No doubt much of this charm was derived from association, for it was only his own melodies he sang. It would be difficult to describe the effect of his singing. I remember Letitia Landon

* Nearly sixty-two years have passed since that evening. The poet was then in the zenith of his fame. To the party at which I met him I was taken by the Rev. Charles Maturin. I had made some little reputation in Dublin by a poem I had published on the visit of George IV to Ireland. Moore's father, mother, and sister were present. When he was leaving the room, I addressed him: "Sir, may I have the honor to take your hand?" "Certainly, young gentleman," he said, and shook hands with me. I dropped on one knee and kissed the hand he gave me. I related the circumstance to Moore many years afterward: he recollected it perfectly, saying he had often wondered what had become of the young enthusiast

saying to me, it conveyed an idea of what a mermaid's song might be. Thrice I heard him sing "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow," once in 1821, once at Lady Blessington's, and once in my own house. Those who can recall the touching words of that song, and unite them with the deep yet tender pathos of the music, will be at no loss to conceive the exceeding delight of his auditors.

It would be foreign to my plan to enlarge these pages into a memory of Moore. I have given one at considerable length in my "Book of Memories," and I trust have rescued his character from the obloquy to which party spirit, *on two sides*, had subjected it. I can not repeat here what I have done in that work—vindicate by clear proof the high estimation in which I hold the man, even more than the poet; and it was my privilege to know the former somewhat intimately.

The world that has amply lauded the poet has accorded scant justice to the man. I have endeavored to show Moore in the light of virtues for which he seldom receives credit—as one of the most independent, high-spirited, and self-respecting of men. For evidence that this brighter view is also the true one, I may refer those of my readers, who desire to know with what proofs I sustain my assertions, to the book I have referred to.

When his Diary was published—as from time to time volumes of it appeared—slander seized on it to find means of tarnishing the fame of one of the best and most upright of all the men that God ennobled by the gift of genius. I seek in vain through the eight thick volumes of that Diary for any evidence that can lessen my high estimate of the poet. I find, perhaps, too many passages fitted only for the eye of love, or the ear of sympathy, but I read none that show Thomas Moore other than the devoted and loving husband, the thoughtful and affectionate parent, the considerate and generous friend.

On the tomb of Thomas Moore let it be inscribed that ever, amid privations and temptations, the allurements of grandeur and the suggestions of poverty, he preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts; having received no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward; seeking none, nay, avoiding any; making millions his debtors for intense delight, and acknowledging himself paid by "the poet's meed, the tribute of a smile"; never truckling to power; laboring ardently and honestly for his political faith, but never lending "to party that which was meant for mankind"; proud, and rightly proud, of his self-obtained position; but neither scorning nor slighting the humble root from which he sprang.

I repeat I never knew a better man than Moore in *all* the relations of life; the best of God's creatures may take him as a model without going wrong; and those who adopt literature as a profession can accept him as an example, in proof that genius may pass unscathed through seductions so perilous as to seem irresistible.

It is gratifying to record that the temptation (at that time scarcely regarded as a vice) to which he was peculiarly exposed was powerless to obtain influence over him.*

Let it be frankly confessed that some of his early poems were seductive incitements to folly, or even sin. May we not forgive the fault when we remember that they were written and published while he was still in early youth, and that up to the close of his life he deeply repented having written them? On this head it will suffice to quote the testimony of Rogers: "So heartily has Moore repented of having written 'Poems by Thomas Little' that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them."

A more devotedly attached, or more thoroughly faithful husband, the world has rarely known.

And a better, purer, and happier wife no man ever had. This is the tribute of Earl Russell: "The excellence of his wife's moral character, her energy and courage, her persevering economy, made her a better and even a richer partner to Moore than an heiress with ten thousand a year would have been with less devotion to her duty and less steadiness of conduct."

It was not merely as a poet that he wrote these lines:

"That dear Home, that saving Ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within when all grows dark
And comfortless and stormy round."

Mrs. Hall wrote at some length a memoir of the estimable lady, and did justice to her memory, as I am striving now, and have striven elsewhere, to do to his.

On the 18th of September, 1879, Mrs. Hall and I had the happiness to discharge a very happy duty to the memory of the poet. He is buried in the churchyard of Bromham, adjacent to Sloperton, in Wiltshire, where he lived from the year 1817, and where he died in 1852.† Charles Murray, the nephew of Mrs. Moore (who inherited the little she had to leave), placed in the church a memorial window to the poet's widow. Mr. Murray was an excellent and accom-

* At the memorable dinner of "the Literary Fund," at which the "good Prince Albert" presided (on the 11th May, 1842), the two poets, Campbell and Moore, had to make speeches. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope," heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." Moore came on the evening of that day to our house; and I well remember the terms of deep sorrow in which he spoke of the lamentable impression that one of the great authors of the age and country must have left on the mind of the royal and most estimable chairman—then new among us.

† The house at Sloperton is a small cottage, for which Moore paid originally the sum of £40 a year, "furnished." Subsequently, however, he became its tenant under a repairing lease of £18 annual rent. He took possession of it in November, 1817. Bessy was "not only satisfied, but delighted with it, which shows the humility of her taste," writes Moore to his mother.

plished gentleman, respected, regarded, indeed beloved, by all who knew him. He had much ready dramatic talent, inherited from his father, one of the lights of the early Scottish stage. He was a brilliant companion, sang sweetly, and occasionally gave marvelous effect to comic songs. He rightly considered that to the public belonged the duty of placing a "companion" window to the memory of the poet. But many years passed away, and nothing had been done. In 1879 I set to work to raise a sufficient fund for the purpose, and succeeded. On the day I have named, Mrs. S. C. Hall drew aside a curtain, and the memorial window was exposed to public view. It is an excellent Art-work by Mr. W. H. Constable, the eminent glass painter of Cambridge.

A simple inscription records the fact that "This window was placed in this church by the combined subscriptions of two hundred persons,* who honor the memory of the 'Poet of all circles, and the idol of his own'—THOMAS MOORE."

The little she had to leave she bequeathed to her nephew, who sent to us many memorials of the poet, as did his much-loved widow when he died. Among them was a small model of an Irish harp, and a little plain deal table, that had during many years stood in the terrace-walk at Sloperton, and "on which he was accustomed to pencil down his thoughts."† On Mrs. Moore's death I was sent,

* The list was, on the whole, satisfactory. The highest rank is represented; it was headed by H. R. H. Prince Leopold: Lord Lansdowne and his brother, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice (grandson of Moore's attached and generous friend), Lord O'Hagan (Lord-Chancellor of Ireland), and several other peers. There are representatives of literature in the Poet Laureate, the poet Longfellow, Sir Theodore Martin, Jean Ingelow, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Henry Wood, Samuel Smiles, John Francis Waller, Justin M'Carthy, M. P., A. M. Sullivan, M. P., and others. Several eminent lawyers and prominent physicians are contributors; so are many clergymen of various denominations; while the list included the names of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, the Attorney-General for Ireland, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, and a Member of Parliament for Dublin City. A contribution sent by the great American poet, William Cullen Bryant, was, I believe, the latest public act of his life.

The sum raised, however, would not have sufficed but for the liberality of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia (the proprietor of the *Public Ledger*), who generously offered to make up any deficiency, and sent a contribution of £50. Indeed, he offered to pay the whole of the cost, and so relieve me of all trouble and responsibility.

The window represents the Last Judgment, thus illustrating two of the sacred melodies. It is the west window; the "west" he dearly loved: often watching the setting of the sun: and, moreover, it is the point nearest to Ireland. It is not mere fancy to think the poet would have preferred the west to the east window. A brief service was held in the church by the estimable Vicar, the Rev. J. B. Edgell, who was the Vicar when Moore lived at Sloperton; by whom he was buried in the churchyard; and who continued the friend of the widow until her removal from earth.

† This table I have bequeathed to George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia.

Moore's Bible was presented to me. On the fly-leaf is this entry:

"Anna Jane Barbara, our first child, born at twenty minutes after eleven o'clock

by her request, "Crabbe's" inkstand—the inkstand that had been presented to Moore by the sons of Crabbe on the death of their father—with it I was given the original copy of one of the most charming of Moore's poems—"Lines to Crabbe's Inkstand." The poem and the letter from Crabbe's sons I gave several years ago to the poet Longfellow, inclosing them in a small waste-paper basket that Moore generally used, promising that he should have the inkstand also, when I died; but in 1881, on the death of Mrs. Hall, I sent it to him inclosed in a carved oak box in which she used to place the most loved of her correspondence. I received a most sweetly grateful letter of thanks from Longfellow not long before he died. To this incident I have alluded elsewhere.

Among the relics of Moore in my possession were two medals which I subsequently presented to the Royal Irish Academy: one was from the College Historical Society, for composition in 1798; and the other was awarded to him while at the Classical English School of J. D. Malone, for reading history, 1785. If the date 1785 is correct, Moore must have been only six years of age when he received the silver medal for reading history. I presented also to the Academy his diploma as an honorary member.

It was my happy task to place a marble tablet over the door of the house in Aungier Street. It simply said: "In this house, on the 28th May, 1779, the poet Thomas Moore was born." I also placed a marble tablet over the door of the house in Wexford where the parents of Moore lived till within a few weeks of his birth. It contained this inscription:

"In this house was born, and lived to within a few weeks of the birth of her illustrious son, ANASTASIA CODD, the wife of John Moore, and mother of the poet Thomas Moore; and to this house on the 26th of August, 1835,

at night, on Tuesday, the fourth of February, eighteen hundred and twelve, at Brompton. T. M."

"Anastasia Mary, our second child, born five minutes before six o'clock in the morning, Tuesday, March sixteenth, eighteen hundred and thirteen, at Kegworth, Leicestershire. T. M."

"Olivia Byron, our third child, was born five minutes after ten in the morning, August eighteenth, 1814, and died about five in the morning of Friday, March seventeenth, 1815, at Mayfield, Ashbourne. T. M."

"Our dear child, Barbara, died at Hornsey, on Thursday, the eighteenth of September, 1817. T. M."

"Our first little boy, and fourth child, born a quarter before four, on Saturday morning, October twenty-fourth, 1818, at Sloperton Cottage, Devizes. T. M."

"Christened, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, December twelfth."

"John Russell, our second boy, and fifth child, born ten minutes before twelve in the day, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth of May, 1823, at Sloperton Cottage. T. M."

"Our second-born child, Anastasia Mary, was taken away from us about twelve o'clock in the day, on the eighth of March, 1829. T. M."

"Our beloved boy, Russell, was lost to us about three o'clock on Wednesday, the twenty-third of November, 1842, aged nineteen."

"Our dear Tom died in Africa on his way home, in 1846."

came the poet in the zenith of his fame, to offer homage to the memory of the mother he honored, venerated, and loved. These are his words: 'One of the noblest-minded, as well as the most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures, was born under this lowly roof.'

Among some of Moore's manuscripts in my possession I found the following "fragments," still unprinted, but not unworthy to be introduced among his works. They are thus headed:

"Fragments of a work which I began many, many years ago, giving an account of all the most celebrated and pious women that have appeared in different countries."

"Be thou the dove that flies alone
To quiet woods and haunts unknown,
And there beside the river's spring,
Reposing droops her timid wing—
Then if the hovering hawk be near,
The mirror of the fountain clear
Reflects him ere he finds his prey,
And warns the trembling bird away!
Oh sister dear! be thou the dove,
And fly this world of impious love:
The page of God's immortal book
Shall be the spring, th' eternal brook,
Within whose current night and day
Thou'lt study heaven's reflected ray;
And if the foes of virtue dare
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou'lt see how dark their shadows lie
'Twixt heaven and thee, and trembling fly."

"Oh! lost forever—where is now
The bland reserve, the chastened air
That hung upon thy angel-brow,
And made thee look as pure as fair?"

"Whither are all the blushes fled,
That gave thy cheek a veil so bright,
And on its sacred paleness shed
Such delicate and vestal light?"

"All, all are gone—that paleness too!
Oh! 'twas a charm more heavenly meek,
More touching than the rosiest hue
That ever burned on rapture's cheek!"

"Those eyes in shadow almost hid,
Should never learn to stray,
But calm within each snowy lid,
Like virgins in their chamber stay.
Those sealed lips should ne'er be won
To yield a thought that warms thy breast,
But like May-buds that fear the sun,
In rosy chains of silence rest."

I have devoted some space to this memory of a man I esteemed, respected, and revered, honored and loved in common with all who knew him. Of "authorities" better entitled to confidence than I can be, I shall quote in conclusion but one—Dr. Parr, who presented a ring "to one who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity."

MARIA EDGEWORTH.—I write the name with respectful homage, no less than devoted affection. It was not an evening, but a week, that we spent at her house. The following note she placed in Mrs. Hall's album preserves the date :

"June 18, 1842.

"I rejoice to have this day the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Hall at my own home at Edgeworthstown—and I the more rejoice as I know they are on a tour through Ireland, which they will illustrate by their various talents—and truly represent, setting down naught in malice—and if nothing extenuating, nothing exaggerating.

MARIA EDGEWORTH."

In our work, "Ireland—its Scenery and Character," we fully described our visit to Edgeworthstown. It was not a little gratifying to receive on that head a letter from the estimable lady, in which she wrote, "You are, I think, the only persons who have ever visited me who have not written a line I should desire not to read." A chapter concerning her will be found in the "Book of Memories," and also one in Mrs. Hall's "Pilgrimages to English Shrines." Mrs. Wilson, Miss Edgeworth's sister, also wrote to us her "grateful thanks" for the delicacy with which we had avoided saying anything that could "violate the privacy of the domestic life in which my sister delights."

We had known Maria Edgeworth previously in London, when she was a visitor to her sister, Mrs. Wilson, at whose house we met also the very *élite* of literary society, who had gladly seized the opportunity to meet one whose celebrity had commenced before most of them were born : for in 1830, though she had still many years before her, she was more than sixty years old. Her personal appearance was that of a woman plain of dress, sedate in manners, and remarkably small of person. She told us an anecdote on that head. Traveling in a mail-coach, there was a little boy, also a passenger, who, wanting to take something from the seat, asked her if she would be so kind as to stand up. "Why, I am standing up," she answered. The lad looked at her with astonishment, and then, realizing the verity of her declaration, broke out with, "Well, you are the very littlest lady I ever did see !"

I recall to memory one of the evenings at Mrs. Wilson's, when among the guests were Hallam, Sydney Smith, and Milman. I seem to see the stately form of Hallam—"classic Hallam"—towering beside that of a man whose personal appearance was anything but

stately, Sydney Smith. The one a grandly-shapen image of majestic man; the other portly but obese. The one saying little, the lips of the other dropping sparkling diamonds of wit every now and then, attention to which was demanded by the speaker's own boisterous laugh. Milman, again, bent almost double, not by age but some spinal ailment, was a contrast to both. Especially was he so to his brother clergyman, the witty Canon, for he seemed to think *hauteur* an essential feature of the clerical office, and impressed, not agreeably, on the beholder, the text, "I am holier than thou," an assertion that Sydney Smith was entirely void of. Bowed and stooping though he then was, there had been a time when the assumption of dignity inseparable from the Rev. Henry Hart Milman was made imposing by an upright bearing and a graceful, if not stately, form. I had seen him in those days, in his rooms at Oxford, so long ago as 1829, when, absorbed in his task, he was preparing for the Triennial Commemoration of that year, in which I heard as well as saw him take a striking part.

I return to the theme of Miss Edgeworth. There was a charm in all she looked and said and did. Incessant and yet genial activity was a marked feature of her nature. She seemed to be as nearly ubiquitous as a human creature can be, and always busy; not only as a teacher of her younger brothers and sisters (she was nearly fifty years older than one of them), but as the director and controller of the household. We could but liken her to the benevolent fairy from whose lips were perpetually dropping diamonds; there was so much of kindly wisdom in every sentence she uttered. She was born on the 1st of January, 1767, "a God-given New-Year's gift" (as, in a letter to Mrs. Hall, she calls herself) to her almost boy-father: for, although she was his second-born (he was barely twenty-two years old when she was placed in his arms), ultimately she was one of twenty-two children born to Richard Lovell Edgeworth by four wives. Among Irish writers she continues to be *facile princeps*, the foremost and the best, as well as the earliest. The debt of mankind to her would have been large if her labors had had no other result than to stimulate Scott to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland.*

From the day we arrived at Edgeworthstown, to find a nosegay of fair flowers on our dressing-table, to the day we left it, there was not

* His tribute to the admirable lady says all that need be said of her works: "Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favorable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles."

an hour that yielded nothing of delight. A wet day was especially a "godsend" to us, for then Miss Edgeworth was more at leisure to converse. She did all her work in her library, household work and all; seated at a small desk, made for her by her father's hands, and on which he had placed an inscription—that there her various works for old and young were written, "never attacking the personal character of any human being, or interfering with the opinions of any sect or party, religious or political."

That eulogy she continued to merit during the whole of her long, happy, and prosperous life. She died at Edgeworthstown on the 22d of May, 1849, in the eighty-third year of her age. If ever there was "even tenor" in any life it was in hers. Her writings have been objected to on the ground that religion was kept too much apart from them; certainly the theme is not often advanced, and is never intruded. But that they were rightly toned on that sacred theme, who that reads them can doubt? Her first and latest teacher, her father, affirmed his conviction that "religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people, in every part of the world," and considered "religion, in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society"; while his daughter, whose mind he must naturally be considered to have, to a great extent, formed, protested against the idea that he designed to "lay down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion." A similar protest will those who truly appreciate Miss Edgeworth be ready to enter on her behalf. I may note here that family prayer always commenced the day at Edgeworthstown.

It seems to me that I might write a volume, and that I ought to do so, without exhausting this happy subject; for a memory of Maria Edgeworth is suggestive of happiness only. Forty years have gone into the past; yet Edgeworthstown is as fresh in my remembrance as it was in 1842; and the good woman who was its blessing, and the blessing of all humankind who can be influenced by holy example and holy teaching, is before me now as vividly as if in actual presence. It is indeed a privilege to render homage to the memory of this admirable woman. Trite as are the famous words that have been applied to so many, I venture to quote them in reference to her, and to declare of her works that they are "not of an age, but for all time." They came almost as a miraculous revelation of what fiction might be rendered, in the hands of an author as pure-minded as gifted, on the readers of her day—a day removed by more than two thirds of a century from our own. The circulating library was then too truly what Sheridan made "Sir Anthony Absolute" describe it as being, "an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge," and frivolity or coarseness were the chief characteristics of the writers who catered for it. Miss Edgeworth was the pioneer of Sir Walter Scott in bringing about a great reform.

Though her affection for Ireland was fervent and earnest, she

was of no party, even in that epoch of its history, when party-spirit ran so furiously high. She had enlarged sympathies and views for its advancement ; neither prejudice nor bigotry tainted her mind or heart. Her religious and political faith was *Christian*, in the most extended sense of that holy word ; though a literary woman, she was without vanity, affectation, or jealousy : in short, a perfect woman—

“ Not too bright nor good
For human nature’s daily food.”

Studious of all home duties, careful for all home requirements, ever actively thoughtful of all the offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life, the genius that inspired her pen never interfered with her active practice of domestic duties from early childhood up to the close of her lengthened life. Her life was indeed a practical illustration of Milton’s lines :

“ To know
That which about us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.”

Alas ! the memorials of her earth-life are very scanty. She once said to Mrs. Hall, “ My only ‘ Remains ’ shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown,” and she left a letter of request that no life of her might be written, nor any of her correspondence published. She lives, and will live forever, in her imperishable works.*

Frances Anne Beaufort, the fourth wife of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, was married to that admirable gentleman, in May, 1798, and died at Edgeworthstown in February, 1865, surviving her renowned step-daughter by sixteen years ; having attained the patriarchal age of ninety-five. From a little *brochure* privately printed, sent to Mrs. Hall soon after her death, I extract two passages :

“ Mrs. Edgeworth became the head of a large family which consisted of the two sisters of the late Mrs. Edgeworth, and the children of three previous marriages, with all of whom she lived in perfect harmony. She inherited a gentle cheerfulness and equanimity of temper, which with her never-failing kind-heartedness made all who came within her sphere happy and contented. She had six children of her own, but they never biased or lessened her affection for their brothers and sisters ; nor did she in the multifarious business, and complicated accounts, which fell to her share in her new position, neglect her accomplishments.

“ Her funeral was attended by a vast multitude, without a word or a crush, all in silent sorrow for their friend. Her charity had been ceaseless

* From the very earliest of their intercourse, Mrs. Hall received the warmest encouragement from Maria Edgeworth.

When Mrs. Hall published her “ Sketches of Irish Character,” she ventured (I well remember) to send a copy to her renowned countrywoman ; she received in reply a thorough analysis of the book, a note upon each and all of the stories, with very warm praise of the whole. There was not only no tone of jealousy, there was a strongly expressed joy that another author was rising to continue in a safe, right, and holy spirit, the work Maria Edgeworth had done for Ireland.

for the sixty-seven years she had resided at Edgeworthstown; at the time of the famine in 1846, she employed a great number of poor spinners and knitters and work-women, many of whom continued in her pay to the day of her death, industrious and happy under her care. In the long years in which she had lived there she never spoke or thought of any one, nor did any one ever speak or think of her, but with kindness and regard."

It is to me a happy memory, that which associates the name of Anna Maria Hall with the name of Maria Edgeworth. Well I know the one would have gloried in the belief that she had done for her country a tithe of what had been done for it by the other—the illustrious lady she admired, honored, and loved: that the prophecy of the one when "making up her books" for the final closing, had been realized, even in a degree, by the other who was still trembling on the threshold of fame.

It is a memory that carries me back forty years, that which is associated with one who was born more than one hundred and fifteen years ago, thirty-three years before the nineteenth century commenced.

THOMAS CARLYLE.—I call to remembrance, as the happiest memory I preserve of that great man, Thomas Carlyle, his appearance as I saw him often presiding at meetings in defense of "Governor Eyre," the question of whose deeds in Jamaica was very prominent in 1865. Carlyle had no pretension to eloquence, in the ordinary sense of the term; but in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" he was a leader and a guide whenever and wherever he spoke—ardent, vehement, bitter; his tongue retaining to the last a marked Scottish accent, that naturally became broader and more noticeable when the speaker was under the influence of excitement, which he did not control, or attempt to control. Far from doing so, he gave way rapidly and unrestrainedly to the impulse of the moment; and, shaking his long locks as an enraged lion might have shaken his mane as he sprang upon his prey, would suffer himself to be carried away in a torrent of fiery talk.

It was said of the elder Kean that his stage combats were "terribly in earnest." Those who encountered him in mimic strife, perpetually dreading that deadly wounds would follow what should have been mock encounters. So it was with Carlyle. He addressed his audience as if in its midst had been seated his mortal foe, pouring out execrations without stint, *imagining* an opponent he was bound to crush, and so "threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down"—as a challenge to fresh strife. He had entered—warmly is too weak a word—into the cause of Governor Eyre, that "a blind and disgraceful act of public injustice might be prevented." His example was followed by some of the leading men of England, among them the Poet Laureate, John Ruskin, and Henry Kingsley. They protested against "hunting down a man who had preserved to

the British Crown the Island of Jamaica and the lives of all its white inhabitants."

The event has now passed into the oblivion awaiting the side issues that lie apart from those main events of history whose decision convulses the world, and is forgotten by nine tenths of ordinary readers; but it was productive of intense excitement in England at the time. Some reference to it will not be out of place. A grand jury had ignored the bill by which it was sought to indict Governor Eyre for murder. A Jamaica committee was formed consisting of some eminent men and prominent philanthropists, who combined to avenge an accused and punished man, whom, it can not be doubted, they considered unjustly done to death. They sent a deputation of inquirers to Jamaica, who brought over a large number of witnesses.* To oppose that movement a society was inaugurated, entitled "The Eyre Defense and Aid Fund." The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot was president of the committee; Carlyle was one of its vice-presidents.

Governor Eyre is living in retirement or seclusion. If he was—nearly twenty years ago—exposed to persecution unmitigated—unreasoning hatred, indeed—and was sacrificed, as he undoubtedly was, to the clamor of party, he took with him, and has kept, that which is of infinitely greater value than would have been the applause of listening senates—the approval of his conscience. But that was not his sole consolation. Some of the most enlightened, upright, and benevolent men of the age, the loftiest minds, and the most righteous men of his country—and not of his own country alone—sustained the verdict of honorable acquittal delivered in the West Indies by impartial inquirers and witnesses whose intelligence was obtained on the spot, a verdict which pronounced that he saved Jamaica from the horrors witnessed in St. Domingo, and prevented the massacre of all the white population of Jamaica, and, for a time at all events, the loss of that island to the British Crown. But he obtained a monstrous reward for his great services to the state—he was deprived of office and all hopes of restoration to office, had to sustain his defense out of his own funds, and was rendered, in fact, a man utterly ruined.

Many men well competent to speak deposed to the antecedents of Governor Eyre in New South Wales and New Zealand—as "a great traveler, a philanthropist, a protector of the aborigines in Australia, and as having through life maintained a high and spotless character." Such is the testimony of his friend Sir Roderick Murchison; it was borne out by that of other authorities equally reliable.

* Their programme was thus introduced: "The Jamaica Committee have resolved to undertake the duty, now finally declined by the government, of prosecuting Mr. Eyre and his subordinates for acts committed by them in the so-called rebellion, and especially for the illegal execution of Mr. Gordon."

John Ruskin, who contributed £100 to the fund, thus spoke of him :

"From all that I have heard of Mr. Eyre's career, I believe that his humanity and kindness of heart, his love of justice and mercy, and his eminently Christian principles, qualified him in a very high degree for the discharge of his arduous and painful duties at a most critical period of the history of the colony whose government he had to administer."

Carlyle said :

"For my own part, all the light that has yet reached me on Mr. Eyre and his history in the world goes steadily to establish the conclusion that he is a just, humane, and valiant man, faithful to his trusts everywhere, and with no ordinary faculty of executing them ; that his late services in Jamaica were of great, perhaps of incalculable value, as certainly they were of perilous and appalling difficulty—something like the case of 'fire,' suddenly reported, 'in the ship's powder-room' in mid-ocean, where the moments mean the ages, and life and death hang on your use or your misuse of moments."

The Bishop of Jamaica, in speaking about him, said :

"I firmly believe that the speedy suppression of the murderous insurrections in Jamaica is attributable, under God's providence, to the promptitude, courage, and judgment with which he acted under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger."

The Poet Laureate subscribed to the fund, "as a protest against the spirit in which a servant of the state, who had saved to us one of the islands of the empire and many English lives, seemed to be hunted down."

The negroes had shown of what metal they were made by atrocities that were considered, and rightly, as the foreshadowings of a gigantic and indiscriminate massacre : the bygone horrors of past revolts loomed out of the distance of years. The extermination of the whites in St. Domingo was remembered by some, and the terror it had excited remained an inherited memory with many. In Jamaica at that time the blacks numbered forty to one as compared with the whites ; they were sheltered by thick forests, inaccessible mountains, and almost impassable rivers ; they had been encouraged by ferocious leaders, and supplied with arms that would be sufficiently effective in such hands.

Under these circumstances, a mulatto named Gordon, a member of the Legislature, who, beyond all doubt, led the "rebellion," was taken, tried by court-martial, and hanged at Morant Bay. Ample proof was obtained that he was the "Obeah Man," to whom the mass of the negroes looked up as at once their priest and leader. He was clearly proved to be "chief cause and origin of the whole rebellion" ; to quote the words of Professor Tyndall, "the tap-root from which the insurrection drew its main sustenance."

He made no secret of his intentions. They were, that the negroes should be the possessors of the island, from which the whites were to be expelled. How that object was to be accomplished was clearly

shown. A ruthless band of fiends commenced the work at Morant Bay. The news of the massacre—the men butchered, the children slaughtered, and the women worse than dead—was communicated to Kingston, and Governor Eyre was called upon to act. These few facts will suffice as a record of the proceedings of the Committee of "The Eyre Defense and Aid Fund" in which Carlyle took so eminent a part.

It seemed to me, then, that if the negroes of Jamaica had been dealt with by this fierce man of letters instead of the meekly brave and considerably resolute Governor, how much stronger would have been their protest against the fate to which they had been subjected. Assuredly Governor Eyre looked what he was—a merciful man who could never either deliberately or heedlessly commit a cruel act, in whom wrath was bridled by conscience, and to whom the duty of punishing could never be other than a dismal and revolting necessity. He seemed to be, what then—as now—I believe him to have been, a man to whom the approval of his conscience was necessary in committing himself to any course of action, and who did what he and many more believed to have been his simple duty—and no more.

Of the Philosopher of Chelsea I knew but little apart from our meetings on the Committee of the Eyre Defense Fund, and I think I visited him but once from the time when, in 1834, "a poor pair of emigrants" settled in Cheyne Row, in a house (No. 24) which they never quitted until their removal to the churchyard.*

I humbly think his "Reminiscences" as given to the world by his executor, Mr. Froude, is a very unsatisfactory book, and does not show the sunny side of his character—that society would have lost very little if it had been suppressed; indeed, the writer himself seems haunted by a suspicion that it would have been "so best." It inculcates no sentiment akin to religion, impresses no feeling of loyalty, and if any of the virtues are advocated it is so rather in the manner of a lawyer who finds a few words concerning them in his brief. His domestic relations, I have reason to know, were not healthful, and his frequent allusions to his wife, whom he here calls his "darling," and concerning whom he writes much, but says little, I fear are to be regarded rather as a confession that requires absolution than the outpouring of a loving soul that perpetually mourns separation, while not a solitary word occurs to intimate the hope of a reunion hereafter. If "truth will be cheaply bought at any price," so well; but I greatly fear the book teaches more of what should be avoided than of what it would be wise to imitate and copy.

* Carlyle is buried in the ancient burying-ground of Ecclefechan. The stone bears the following inscription: "Here rests Thomas Carlyle, who was born at Ecclefechan 4th December, 1795, and died at 24, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, on Saturday, February 4, 1881."

Posthumous honors were lavished on him when he died ; the wreaths of his admirers were thickly strewn on his tomb. If he had earned, he received, homage from all humankind, and perhaps no man of letters ever went to the grave with a larger gathering of worshippers. He had long passed fourscore years of life ; the books he produced make a library, and surely no man ever had so large or so grand a "following."

LADY BLESSINGTON, when I saw her first, was residing at Seamore Place, Park Lane. That was in 1831. She had written to Colburn tendering her services as a contributor to the *New Monthly* ; in consequence of which I waited upon her. She received me with kindness and courtesy, and conversed with me regarding the writings of her countrywoman Mrs. S. C. Hall, with which I found her well acquainted. But the subjects she suggested for the magazine were not promising. Some objects in her charmingly furnished drawing-room led to remarks concerning Byron, of whom she related to me some striking anecdotes. It was natural to say, as I did say, "If you desire to write for the *New Monthly*, why not put on paper the stories you are telling me about the great poet?" Out of that simple incident arose the "Conversations with Lord Byron," which infinitely more than all her other works put together associates her name with literature. Not long afterward she removed to Kensington Gore, and I had a general invitation to her "evenings."

At that period she was past her prime no doubt, but she was still remarkably handsome ; not so perhaps if tried by the established canons of beauty ; but there was a fascination about her look and manner that greatly augmented her personal charms. Her face and features were essentially Irish ; and that is the highest compliment I can pay them. Although I knew her history sufficiently well, I attributed to this particular daughter of Erin her share of the "wild sweet briery fence that round the flowers of Erin dwells," and felt conviction that for the unhappy circumstances of Lady Blessington's early life, the sins of others, far more than her own, were responsible, and that she had been to a great extent the victim of circumstances. To that opinion I still hold--some thirty years after her death, and more than fifty since I first saw her.

Her "evenings" were very brilliant. Her guests were the leading men of mark of the age, and of all countries. There was certainty of meeting some one who was thenceforward never to be forgotten. The sometime Emperor of the French was seldom absent. Prince Louis Napoleon looked and talked in those days as if oppressed by a heavy dread of the future, rather than sustained by an unquenchable flame of hope, and gave one the idea of a man whose omens of his after career were far more gloomy than sanguine. He seldom spoke, except on trivial matters of the day ; and of a surety

few who met him there had the faith which it is said her ladyship held, that he was destined to be "great hereafter."

It was a dark day for him that time of exile, and destined to be followed by an astonishing blaze of prosperity ; and then—by darkest night ! Many who often saw him at Gore House, condemned to an apparently hopeless exile, the much-ridiculed knight-errant of a fallen cause, lived to behold him in "glory and in state," reigning at the Tuileries the third emperor of his name ; and some encountered him yet again a wanderer, humbled, deserted, and expatriated, dwelling in lonely solitude at Chiselhurst. It was affirmed that he had been ungrateful to Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, who "believed in him" when few others did ; but ingratitude was not one of the Emperor's vices. It is certain that both expected too much ; that after the events of 1848 her ladyship demanded from the Prince-President social recognition and admission to his private parties, the inevitable consequence of granting which must have been that from receptions where Lady Blessington was present, Lady Cowley, the wife of the English Ambassador, would have been absent.

The old road of a disproportion between income and expenditure conducted Lady Blessington in 1849 to a disastrous termination of her brilliant career. Gore House was deserted, its treasures were brought to the hammer, and, to escape her creditors, its mistress became that which her ancient guest had recently ceased to be—an exile, and, retiring to the Continent, died at Paris June 4, 1849. Her friend, Count d'Orsay, that once "glass of fashion and mold of form," had preceded her to the Continent—like herself, encompassed by debt, and he followed her to the grave in 1852. Before his death he had erected a huge monument over the grave of Lady Blessington in the burial-ground of Chambourcy. His own remains were laid beside hers, and under that monumental pyramid, in massive sarcophagi, the two bodies molder into dust. Among those who attended the burial of the Count was his sometime friend, the Emperor of the French.

Gore House is now obliterated. It may be said without exaggeration that the downfall of that splendid and famous mansion broke Lady Blessington's heart. To see all her household gods, that were endeared to her by a thousand brilliant associations, made the prey of the auctioneer—to be driven from England a hopeless fugitive—was more than her sensitive nature could bear.

Whatever the faults and errors of her life, I am sure that, as Mrs. Hall said in a letter written in 1854 to Lady Blessington's biographer, Dr. Madden, "God intended her to be good." She was inherently generous, sympathetic, and benevolent : with much of the charity that "covereth a multitude of sins." Her name will not live by reason of her many published books. They are forgotten, and perhaps it is as well they should be. I believe none of her family live ; her niece and namesake, who wrote two or three novels, died young ; she

was a sweet and handsome girl, but it was evident that the shadow of early death was over her youth. Lady Canterbury, sister of Lady Blessington, also a beautiful woman, left no children.

Count d'Orsay, who married Lady Harriet Gardiner, the daughter of Lord Blessington by a former wife, was in person what readers may imagine "the Admirable Crichton" to have been—tall, remarkably well formed, handsome, yet with features inclining to the effeminacy that was conspicuous in his character. Stories are recorded in abundance of his reckless extravagance and utter want of principle; yet perhaps as many are told that indicate generous sympathy, a warm heart, and a liberal hand.* It was said that his tailor never asked him to pay a bill; he was very largely recompensed by the circulated report that he was the fashioner of the glass of fashion. So it was with other tradesmen. And at bottom D'Orsay was not a mere fop; he was an accomplished gentleman, who led, if he did not make, the fashion; accomplished in many ways, for nature had endowed him with other gifts than his remarkable ones of form and feature. He was a good artist—painter and sculptor. Mitchell published from time to time, I think, as many as one hundred and fifty outline portraits by him of his personal friends, free in treatment and striking as likenesses. He spoke several languages. It was rarely that he greeted a visitor without conversing with him in his own tongue.

Of the many persons eminent in letters and in art who were frequent attendants at the receptions of the Countess of Blessington I can not name one who is now living. Her visitors were all, or nearly all, men. Ladies were rarely seen at her receptions. Mrs. Hall never accompanied me to her evenings, although she was a frequent day-caller. We were not of rank high enough to be indifferent to public opinion; for, putting aside the knowledge that slander was busy with her fame, there was no doubting the fact that she had been the mistress, before she became the wife, of the Earl of Blessington. And Count d'Orsay was so little guided by principle that he could not expect general credit for the purity of his relations with Lady Blessington; yet, I think, he might honestly have claimed it.

I believe man may feel for woman an affection as free from sensuality as any affection he can feel for man—that a friendship may exist between man and woman such as God, who knows all things,

* I know an anecdote of D'Orsay which, as admirably illustrative of the man, it is right to record. A major, hampered by debts, came to London to pay them by selling his commission. D'Orsay strongly urged him against such a course. The answer was, "I *must* either do so or lose my honor." D'Orsay surprised him by asking the major to lend him ten pounds. It was lent, though reluctantly. The next morning D'Orsay handed to him £750. He said: "It is yours. I took your ten pounds to Crockford's, staked it, and won that money. It is justly yours; for, if I had lost, *you would not have had your ten pounds returned.*"

from whom no secrets can be hid, does approve, and which the world would sanction if it could see into the heart and mind. It is not enough for a woman to *be* pure; she must *seem* pure to be so; her conscience may be as white as snow, but if she give scope to slander and weight to calumny her offense is great. She taints those who are influenced by example, and renders vice excusable in the estimate of those whose dispositions incline to evil.

It would occupy large space to describe the gatherings at her *salons* on the evenings when she "received." The very highest in rank and the loftiest in genius were there. Yet amid the reflected light that still shines on me, in memory, from the many stars whose glitter then dazzled me—some of them stars in a less figurative sense—I seem to recall most vividly the gout-worried author of "Rejected Addresses," JAMES SMITH. He found at these evenings an anodyne as well as a cordial, and seldom failed to roll in, in a sort of carriage-chair, which left him in one of the corners of the room where he had always something pointed and witty to say to all who approached him. His face gave no token of the disease under the effects of which he suffered, so as to be always enduring physical pain. His wit was never ill-natured; there was no sarcasm in anything he said; indeed, a desire to give pleasure seemed ever uppermost in his mind. Cheerfulness was a part of his nature that suffering could not drive out. His younger brother, Horace, was perhaps a loftier character if less genial. He had taken the wiser course, and was a happy husband and father, while James lived and died a bachelor. I have known few better men than HORACE SMITH. It would be easy to supply a long list of recipients of his well-administered bounty—more especially to needy men of letters.

The world knows that one morning the brothers woke and found themselves famous—through the success of their poems in imitation of renowned poets, "Rejected Addresses." "Rejected," indeed, had the "Addresses" been at first, for Murray, when the work was offered to him for the modest sum of £20, declined to purchase. Years afterward, when the brilliant *jeu d'esprit* had gone through fifteen editions, Mr. Murray bought the copyright for £131; and, although published so long ago as 1812, "Rejected Addresses" is still high in favor with all readers who can appreciate the gentle, genial wit that always delights and never wounds. Nor can it be said of the novels of Horace Smith that they have ceased to be read, and lie, covered with dust, on the shelves of circulating libraries.

SAMUEL ROGERS.—What a contrast to the poets I have named was Rogers, the banker-poet of whom the past generation heard so much! He was born at Stoke Newington in 1763—one hundred and twenty years ago!—yet, until the year 1855, when he died, he was more frequently seen in society than any other man of renown. You could not fancy, when you looked upon him, that you saw a

good man. It was a repulsive countenance; to say it was ugly would be to pay it a compliment,* and I verily believe it was indicative of a naturally shriveled heart and contracted soul. What we might have done is surely recorded as well as what we have done, and God will call us to account for the good we have omitted to do, as well as the evil we have committed. Such is the teaching of the New Testament. With enormous power to do good, how did Rogers use it? If he lent—and it was seldom he did—to a distressed brother of the pen, he required the return of the loan with interest—when it could be had; if he gave, it was grudgingly and with a shrug. He was prudence personified; some one said of him: “I am sure that as a baby he never fell down unless he was pushed, but walked from chair to chair in the drawing-room, steadily and quietly, till he reached a place where the sunbeams fell on the carpet.”

In all I have heard and read concerning him I can not find that he had at any time in his long life “learned the *luxury* of doing good.” Yet his means of increasing the happiness, or alleviating the misery, of others were large, and his opportunities immense.

He himself records that, when Madame de Staël once said to him, “How very sorry I am for Campbell! his poverty so unsettles his mind that he can not write,” his reply was: “Why does he not take the situation of a clerk? He could then compose verses during his leisure hours.” In this cold, unsympathizing fashion the author of “The Pleasures of Memory” continued to look on the troubles of others to the last.

FREDERIKA BREMER.—Among the most esteemed and honored of our guests, when we resided in Surrey, was Frederika Bremer. A little, plain, simple woman she was, who conveyed no idea that she had been in countries rarely visited, traveling and encountering many perils—alone. Her avidity to “inquire” was great, and as great was her power to obtain information; the smallest hint seemed to lead to acquisition of knowledge: her books evidence that quality of mind. She seemed always striving to see something she had not before seen, something that might be useful to her to talk about and write about when she went back to her home in Stockholm. We gave her much insight into some things that, but for her visit to us, might have continued strange to her, especially as regarded the interior habits of English cottage homes, and more especially as to English farms—a gentleman farmer in our neighborhood being her instructor. We took her to many country churches, some of them very old, and, above all, we showed her over royal Windsor. Al-

* Rogers's cadaverous countenance was the theme of continual jokes. Lord Alvanley once asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and Sydney Smith, it is said, gave him mortal offense by recommending him, “when he sat for his portrait, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face hidden by his hands.”

though not one of her Majesty's subjects, the Queen would not have found in her realm a more devoted lover than that simple Swedish lady. We heard from her very often after her return to Sweden, and there was no one of her letters that did not contain some allusion, some words of respectful and affectionate homage for her most gracious Majesty. There was some personal feeling mixed with her admiration ; for as she was driving home with us from Windsor, in deep regret that she had not seen the Queen—suddenly the royal carriage came in sight ; we, of course, drew up to let it pass. In her eagerness, Miss Bremer dropped from the window a venerable parasol, that had been her traveling companion in many lands. In impulsive alarm, she opened the carriage-door to reach it ; the good Prince Albert saw the movement, guessed its cause, pulled the check-string, and sent a footman to pick it up and hand it to her. It was a gracious act ; little did the Royal Lady and her illustrious husband know whom they had thus befriended. At all events she had what she earnestly longed for—a sight of the QUEEN ; and there can be little doubt that an incident, at once small and great, bore fruitage in her heart and mind.

REV. C. C. COLTON.—It was somewhere about 1825 that I knew the Rev. Charles Caleb Colton, the author of a work that obtained much celebrity, and passed rapidly through eight editions—"Lacon ; or Many Things in few Words." I do not suppose there are a dozen persons now living who have read the book.* It was full of judicious counsel and wise thought ; but unhappily he did not carry his theories into practice. Though a clergyman—he was Vicar of Kew—he courted the company of the vicious ; he chose his associates from among the lowest class ; he was a professed gambler, and ended his life by suicide, to avoid the pain of a surgical operation his medical advisers had informed him he must undergo :

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward slinks to death, the brave live on."

JOHN KITTO.—Till very recently there was standing in Seven Stars Lane, Plymouth, the humble dwelling in which the deaf traveler was born. Seven Stars Lane, now a portion of Stillman Street, is one of the very oldest by-ways in time-honored Plymouth. I visited it in the summer of 1882. The birthplace of Kitto had been swept away to give place to a factory ; but the worthy owner of the latter, desirous to pay fitting honor to the memory of one of the most remarkable among Devon worthies, has caused to be placed over the main entrance a tablet, whereon is recorded in suitable

* He had also published in 1810, "A Plain and Authentic Narrative of the Stamford Ghost," and offered £100 (which he certainly could not have paid) to any one who would explain the cause of the phenomenon.

terms the fact that in the house that formerly stood there the great traveler and Biblical scholar was born.

Kitto's was, indeed, a noteworthy career. The son of a laborer, he owed to the loving care of an aged grandmother what imperfect education he received in his childhood. John's love of books was intense from a very early age. He was soon set to work, however, to assist his father in his trade of a mason; and one day, while carrying a load of slates up a ladder, slipped in the act of stepping on the roof they were meant for, fell some thirty-five feet, and was taken up fearfully injured. When he at last rose from his sick-bed, it was to find that the accident had left him deaf for life. The poor boy was then only thirteen. His only friend, his aged grandmother, had become too poor and decrepit to assist him, and, after trying every means to earn a living, he was compelled to find a melancholy asylum in Plymouth workhouse.

Yet from that unpromising shelter he emerged to journey into the remote East; and after years of fruitful labor and diligent study in Syria and Persia, to return home and impart the mental riches he had acquired to a wide public, in the forms of some of the most valuable contributions that have been made during the present century to Biblical literature. That well-known publisher and most excellent man, CHARLES KNIGHT, became his liberal and discerning patron, and by his encouragement Kitto wrote for the *Penny Magazine* and *Penny Cyclopædia*—afterward producing the "Pictorial Bible," a "Pictorial History of Palestine," etc. It was at this period of his career that it was my privilege to know him.

About 1850 one of the Crown pensions of £100 a year was granted by Lord John Russell to the deaf scholar, whom neither that painful infirmity nor the apparently insurmountable obstacles that barred his path had prevented from winning his way to a manhood of earnest, excellent, and profitable missionary and literary labor. The grant was made in consideration of Dr. Kitto's "useful and meritorious literary work." Some time before, the degree of D. D. had been conferred on him by the University of Giessen. He was also a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

He died in 1854 at Caastadt, on the Neckar, to which place he had been sent for the benefit of the waters there. A monument is placed over his remains: surely it is a pleasure to record that it was erected by the publisher of his latest books, Mr. Oliphant, of Edinburgh. The good man has made his mark in the literary history of his age and country.*

* A neat little *brochure* was recently printed at Plymouth, recording the principal events and incidents in the life of Kitto. It was written by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, the able and energetic secretary of the Plymouth Free Library. Mr. Wright is also the editor of a very interesting and valuable publication, *The Western Antiquary*, issued monthly, but previously published weekly in the *Western Morning News*.

To this brief sketch of the celebrated deaf traveler I may fittingly annex some reference to a man, in some respects even more remarkable than Kitto, as pursuing his journeys under the weight of an affliction that might well have rendered them impossible, or at least fruitless. I refer to HOLMAN, the "blind traveler," whom I met frequently at the evening receptions of the painter, JOHN MARTIN. He had walked over most of the countries and states of Europe, and described with amazing accuracy places he had visited—but had never seen. It was at once a delight and a marvel to converse with him on the subject of his travels.

EDWARD WILLIAM COX.—I knew him so long ago as 1829, when he wrote a poem for the *Amulet*. Even so early in life he had published a volume—poetry, of course—"The Opening of the Sixth Seal." He was a prominent member of the Bar, and became a judge, though of a minor court. Like Judge Edmonds, of the United States, he had been more than once questioned as to his capability of "judging" rightly—being a believer in Spiritualism.

That Cox was a Spiritualist in all senses of the term it is hardly necessary for me to say: in platform speeches and in published books his opinions were made known. Though he guarded the expression of them somewhat—on the ground that prejudice might weaken his decisions delivered in a court of justice—he never hesitated to declare his conviction as to the verity of the phenomena he had witnessed. Nor was he in doubt as to their cause—having obtained and accepted sufficient evidence that those who are called the "dead" do appear and converse with those who are termed the "living." Frequently, in his own house and in mine, sometimes in one company, sometimes in another, the marvels of spiritualism were opened out to him. A few weeks before his removal from earth I was standing with him on the platform of the Great Western Railway. He used these words—I little thought I should have had to record and recall them thus—"I am as sure and convinced that I have seen and conversed with friends I have known and loved in life, who are in the ordinary phrase *dead*, as I am that these are railway-carriages I see before me; and, if I did not so believe, I could credit nothing for which the evidence was only my senses and my intelligence."

Exactly, or as nearly as possible, such words were said to me by Robert Chambers and by William Howitt. It would be hard to find three men whose testimony would be more readily received in any court of law or equity; men of larger experience, sounder judgment, more enlightened integrity, less likely to be deceived, less subject to be affected by imposture or influenced by delusion, could not anywhere be found in the ranks of intellectual Englishmen.

I have rarely known so fortunate a man as Sergeant Cox. He commenced life with no commercial, and with little intellectual, capi-

tal—with, in fact, so few prospects of success, that he who had prophesied his marvelous "luck" in life would have found few to credit him. His personal advantages were small; his voice was not calculated to arrest the attention of any assembly; his manners were by no means impressive or refined; there was no evidence of force of character; he had received but an indifferent education—hence his acquirements were limited; he had failed in his efforts to enter Parliament, his native town (Taunton) having twice rejected him; his legal knowledge could never have been large, for he had given no time to study, and his earlier necessities had forbidden him to "take in" in order that he might "give out." In short, if his career had been merely respectable, and he had filled a third-rate place in his profession, he would have seemed to do all that nature, opportunity, fair industry, and moderate application, intended him to do. "Genius" is a term not in the remotest degree applicable to him from the commencement to the close of his career.

Moral courage he lacked, or he would have boldly and bravely resigned his office as Junior Judge of Sessions (the salary being no object to him), and have avowed the opinions he was known to hold, which in private he did not disavow—on the contrary, which he maintained and upheld, although their open and declared advocacy would have, in the estimation of many, so invalidated his decisions as a judge, by calling in question the soundness of his intellect, as to have rendered his withdrawal a duty, if not a necessity.* As it was, he has gone down to the grave—as one to whom the world owes but a small debt for benefits conferred. Yet he died in possession of enormous wealth, computed to be between a quarter and half a million sterling. In view of this fact it is mournful to have to add that while he lived he made little, and, at his death, no effort "to do good and distribute," omitting the "sacrifices" with which God is "well pleased." In the way of hospitality I think he spent little:

* Judge Edmonds, of New York, was placed in a precisely similar position. He did not resign, but he did plainly, boldly, and emphatically avow his belief and defend it. I quote this passage from his avowal and defense:

"It is now over fifteen years since I made a public avowal of my belief in spiritual intercourse. I was then so situated that the soundness of my intellect was a matter of public interest. I had just retired from serving my term in our Court of Appeals—the court of last resort in this State. I was then the presiding Justice of the Supreme Court in this city, with the power of wielding immense influence over the lives, liberty, property, and reputation of thousands of people. The soundness as well as the integrity of the administration of public justice was involved, and all had an interest in watching it. The cry of insanity and delusion was raised then as now. I remained on the Bench long enough, after such avowal, to enable people to judge how well founded the clamor was; and for the fifteen years that have since elapsed I have been somewhat before the world as a lawyer in full practice, as a politician, active in the organization of the Republican party, in a literary aspect as the author and publisher of several works, professional and otherwise, and as a public speaker, thus affording to all an abundant opportunity of detecting any mental aberration if there was any in me."

his dinner-parties were plain ; he certainly could not be accused of any show of extravagance. I dined at his table often in Russell Square ; there was commonly but a poor gathering of men of note, and never any women of distinction. I can not recall many representative men among the guests I met there ; certainly there were none who were prominent in the good works that glorify names—that nature and all humanity hold in honor. Nor was he—I believe I am safe in saying—a foremost upholder of any institution that was calculated and intended to advance the cause of religion, morality, social progress, or charity. I do not think there is one such that owes its foundation or advancement to direct aid from Mr. Sergeant Cox.

At his death he left behind him a sum of probably £400,000—gained without wrong-doing certainly ; no foul work can be charged against him ; I do not believe he ever added a penny to his store by a dishonest or dishonorable action, and I fully and entirely acquit him of aught that was injustice to friend or “neighbor” : an unjust judge he assuredly never was. But the condemnation of him “who hid his lord’s money,” and neither misused nor abused it, is emphatic ; his sentence to go where there is “weeping and gnashing of teeth” is pronounced by One to whom the secrets of all hearts are known, and the abstaining from doing good with wealth is as strongly condemned as the will to do evil with it.

His death made no mourners (excepting his own immediate family), and no institution was the better because he had lived. He was a man of letters, yet he bequeathed nothing to the Literary Fund—to aid hereafter his suffering sisters and brothers in their struggle through the Slough of Despond. He was a member of the Press—he gave nothing to the “Newspaper Press Fund”—a most excellent society—with a long list of suffering widows and children, the needy families left by men who had lived laborious days as ministers to public knowledge. He was a member of a learned profession that provides generously for unfortunate members—he left them no contribution in aid. He was, in a degree, an art-lover—the Artists’ Benevolent Fund was no richer for his demise. He was a Spiritualist, printing books (never issued gratis), concerning the phenomena, but he left us nothing that could further or guide “inquiry,” and possibly lead to a discovery or development of truth, on which he well knew—none better—that mighty issues depended. In fact, there are a hundred fields for the liberal and useful expenditure of wealth, with whose existence he was, better than are most men, acquainted—yet to no one of which, out of his enormous wealth, has he bequeathed a farthing ; while to no personal friend—not even to those in his employ, and who must have largely contributed to make his fortune—did he leave the value of a shilling sterling.

This long and prosperous career has its lesson ; there are practical lessons that warn and scare, as well as others that stimulate and

encourage, and the biography that teaches by example does so often by the force of an example that is to be shunned. Some one has said, if hell is paved with good intentions, it is roofed with lost opportunities. That Sergeant Cox now deeply laments over "lost opportunities" I no more doubt than I do his now existing in some new state of being, with memory strong upon him—no more than he, when on earth, doubted that life continues after this life.

WILLIAM HOWITT.—A devoted champion of honor, virtue, temperance, rectitude, humanity, truth, was lost to earth when on the 3d of March, 1879, William Howitt "died," if that must be called "death" which only infers the removal from one sphere of usefulness to another. Although fourscore and five years old, in physical and mental vigor he surpassed many who were half his age; laboring to the last in the service of God, for the good of all humankind and the humbler creatures He has made. I do not here seek to write a memoir of this most estimable man; that duty must be discharged by one who has at command better means than I have.* He has, however, left behind him an autobiography that will in due course be published.

More than sixty years ago, his name, linked with that of his honored and beloved wife, became famous. The writings of "William and Mary Howitt" were familiar in youth to many who are now grandfathers and grandmothers; and it may safely be declared that if there is one of them who did not profit by the teachings of this husband and wife the fault did not lie with the authors. Theirs—for I will not divide them, although one lives and the other is "gone before"—was a singularly full life; active, energetic, upright, useful from its commencement to its close. Within a few weeks of his death, William Howitt wrote for *Social Notes*, which I then edited, three grand articles: one concerning the accursed practice of vivisection; one exposing the danger of the habit of smoking—in the young more especially; and one denouncing cruelty to animals. These articles had all the fire of his manhood and the enthusiasm of

* His daughter, Anna Mary Watts, is engaged on that holy work; it is publishing, monthly, in the *Physiological Review*, a most excellent periodical; no doubt the several chapters will be issued as a volume. Mrs. Watts has made an enduring and an honorable reputation as author of several excellent and useful works; she is the wife of Mr. A. A. Watts, who is the son of Alaric Watts, well known and highly esteemed as nearly sixty years ago editor of the *Literary Souvenir*—certainly, the best of the annuals; many of his poems, of great beauty and power, may be found scattered among books of examples of the best productions of the century. His wife, Mrs. Alaric Watts, was also an author of some valuable books for the young: she was the sister of Wiffen, a Quaker, and a poet of great ability. Mrs. Anna Mary Howitt Watts has found fame by the publications of serial works, but it rests mainly on a volume that has passed through several editions—"The Art-Work of Munich." It is happy knowledge to know that the renown obtained by William and Mary Howitt is continued into another generation.

his youth. It was difficult in reading them to believe they had emanated from the mind and pen of a writer long past fourscore. They were the last warnings uttered by the great and good old man, who is gone to his rest. Yes, there was another addition to the hierarchy of heaven when William Howitt was called from earth!

Thus another link drops from the chain that unites the present with the past. He was almost the last of the glorious galaxy of authors who, early in the century, glorified the intellectual world—almost the very last. He was the acquaintance of all, the friend of many of them, and of a right assumed a high place among the best, if not the loftiest. His was, at least, a more useful life than were the lives of most of his contemporaries.

Nearly sixty wedded years fell to the lot of William and Mary Howitt. They celebrated their golden wedding ten years ago. They were then dwellers in the Eternal City, and in Rome, William, some years later, died. By his bedside were his two daughters and his son-in-law, Mr. A. A. Watts. One may be sure the retrospect of his long life made him happy—that the prospect of a longer life, “even a life for ever and ever,” made him yet happier; for the faith of William Howitt was the faith of a Christian, and his trust was in the Rock of Ages.

Some years have passed since I saw them last; much more than half a century since I knew them first. Honored, esteemed, respected were they then, and so have they remained from that time to this. William Howitt's grave in the Protestant cemetery at Rome contains all that was mortal of the useful laborer in a wide and broad field where the seed he planted will bear fruit for all time.

In 1881 I visited the house at Esher where the Howitts some time resided. It still contains many memorials of their long and useful work—books, portraits, domestic adornments, gifts, many things associated with a life-history that suggests only matter for thankfulness and joy.

The “mingled life” of William and Mary Howitt teaches one especial lesson that can not in the nature of things be often taught. It is, that two persons, man and wife, can follow the same pursuit, and that pursuit the one that is above all others supposed most to excite jealousy—not only without diminishing confidence, mutual dependence, affection, and love, but so as to augment each of them, and all. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt will in time to come be named whenever question arises as to “compatibility of temper,” in husband and wife, to be not only life-helpers, but laborers, in the same field—the vineyard of the Lord.

“A wretched faith is their faith who believe
The vineyard workers small rewards receive;
That God neglects the servants He engages,
To do His work—and grudges them their wages.”

I should but ill discharge my task if I made no reference to William Howitt's ever-brave defense of Spiritualism against mocking, incredulous, scientific, and "religious" assailants. Few books have been produced so exhaustive of a subject as his "History of the Supernatural in all Ages." But in all possible ways he stood foremost in the van, and was the champion of the new-old faith against all skeptics, no matter on what ground they took their stand. We know he was so to the last; although, like many others, he retired from a contest, the leading fighters in which had ceased, as he thought (and as I think), to struggle for the truth, while many of them excused, if they did not sanction, deception and fraud.

It was in the house of William and Mary Howitt, at Highgate, that I became assured there was more than I had hitherto "dreamt" of in the mysteries of Spiritualism, and was convinced of their truth. It was there Mrs. Hall and I first heard and saw things that could be accounted for in no other way than by admitting the presence of those we had known "in the flesh," and that we had, aforetime, believed were existing after death in some other state; in a word, whose souls had not ceased to exist when their bodies died. It was there I first heard what I could by no possibility have heard unless the spirit of one I had dearly loved, respected, and honored, was in actual communication with me.

To suppose that William and Mary Howitt would have lent themselves to a blasphemous fraud was out of the question. We were convinced; and the conviction, arrived at five-and-twenty years ago, never left us, or lessened, from that day to this.

All I desire here to do is to accord honor and homage to a good and great man; and as regards his venerated wife, to give to her a full moiety of my tribute to high worth and my testimony of strong affection and respect.

I am nearing his age, and shall, I trust, meet him ere long. Who shall say that we may not together be summoned by a beneficent and merciful Master to labor for this earth in the sphere to which we shall have been removed—to extend the blessings of Spiritualism far more effectually than all our toil has enabled us to do here?

I close this brief notice by extracting a passage from one of the many writings of William Howitt. It is memorable, can not be read too often, and should be accepted as the Shibboleth of all Spiritualists who desire to learn from angels—the just made perfect, those nearest to the God Christ himself—instead of spirits frivolous, misleading, wicked, or altogether evil:

"The true mission of Spiritualism, and it is a great and magnificent mission, is to recall to the knowledge, and to restore to the consciousness of mankind, the Christian faith with all its divine and supernatural power. Its business is to exhibit the reality of its connection with God and his angels—

with the life and spirit of the divine Word—and to open our earth-dimmed eyes to perceive all the wealth of celestial wisdom in the Christian revelation!"

SAMUEL LOVER.—A pleasant companion, an excellent man, and a poet of no mean capacity was Samuel Lover. I knew him soon after he settled in London. He brought with him high reputation as a *raconteur*, evidence of skill and power as a miniature-painter (for that was his profession), and a certain amount of renown acquired by the production of songs, serious and comic. His first wife was then living, so were two lovely little girls, their daughters. The mother died, and he again married. Both marriages were auspicious. His first wife helped him up the steep, cheered him on the way, and appreciated his efforts to obtain distinction; his second comforted and consoled him in his decline, and made happy the close of a career not greatly checkered. His life, therefore, was eminently fortunate. In another way he was happy also; for, although he did not marry until he was thirty years old, he avoided the pitfalls, then more than now, strewn in the path of all young Irishmen seeking fame, and especially so in the path of one with peculiar talent for "Society," who not only wrote but sang melodies, pleasant or pathetic, that were certain either to set the table in a roar, or to touch the hearts of sympathetic listeners.

Surely, it was fame that Lover had achieved when every street hurdy-gurdy made the listener recall his name—when "Rory O'More" was the stock piece of the popular *répertoire*,* and there was not a mechanic who could catch up a tune who did not hum it to lighten his labor or by his fireside at home. But not only that, in every drawing-room throughout the kingdom, in the colonies, in America, wherever was known the language in which it was written, the sweet and touching song "Angel Whispers" made its way—to every heart through every ear, for to feel and appreciate it no educated musical taste or knowledge was needed; the strain was the voice of nature—I should say *is*, for it keeps its place among the choicest of British melodies, although one seldom hears it now. Young ladies nowadays possess loftier power than it demands, and do not often condescend to sweet and simple ballad melodies, preferring so to discourse as to "enchant the ear" in place of touching the heart!

That is, alas! not only true as regards the songs of Lover; the lament applies with almost equal force to those of Moore. Their melodies are not often the delights of the drawing-room now. Many ladies would consider themselves insulted if asked to play and sing the "Mother dear" or "As a Beam o'er the Face of the Water may glow," of the two lyric poets to whom Ireland and the world owe so

* Driving in a stage-coach, from Brussels to Waterloo, I was surprised and not a little gratified by hearing the guard play "Rory O'More" on his key-bugle.

much. Indeed, in most cases, such young ladies generally carry their music with them, in order, one is tempted to think, that if they do not delight an audience, they may, at least, be sure of gratifying themselves. But we of the old world found deeper and tenderer chords respond in our hearts to the once-familiar "Melodies," and the undying lyrics wedded to them, than are ever reached by the most brilliantly "difficult" music of to-day.

Whenever Lover was our guest (which he was very often) he seldom failed to sing some song he had not then sung in public, and frequently it was in our circle it was heard for the first time. To hear him sing one of his songs was the next best thing to hearing Moore sing one of his.

He reminded me much of his great prototype: in voice they were not unlike; in singing both moved restlessly, as if they went with the words; they were both small, yet not ungraceful of form; both now and then affected Irish intonation, and both had round faces of the Irish type.

It was not uncommon to hear Lover described as "a Brummagem Tom Moore." That he certainly was not. Far from it. The one was as original as the other, but each in his own way. He was neither copyist nor imitator, and, if he had less of the inventive faculty than Moore, he had the art of making his own the thoughts for which there was no other owner. But it was as a teller of Irish stories Lover most delighted an audience. Few who heard him will forget the inimitable humor, the rich oily brogue, and the perfect ideal, he conveyed into the character when relating "New Pettaties" and "Will ye lend me the loan of a gridiron?" The only man I knew who surpassed him in that faculty was a contemporary of his, an Irishman named Jones, an architect who became a sculptor, and was mediocre as both.

A dangerous illness, hæmorrhage of the lungs, having necessitated a milder climate, Lover settled at St. Helier's, Jersey: there he died* on the 6th June, 1868, mourned by many friends, and respected by all who knew him.

It is not the least of his merits that in his songs and stories he avoided political discussions—even allusions. He was a generous sympathizer with all parties, but ranked himself with none; and, although by no means wavering in his religious views—as a Protestant—there was rarely evidence of preference given to any creed.

In his seventy-second year he became deaf and almost blind, but he continued cheerful and comparatively happy, amply meriting the words in which his good wife described him, writing to Mr. Symington on the 1st June, 1868, "He is all love, gentleness, and patience."

* "You know how, in our dear old native Ireland, every disease is called by the peasantry an "impression of the heart," and I really think that is the very disease I've got—that is, if I have any heart left at all."—*Lover in a letter to Mrs. Hall.*

The following are nearly the last lines he wrote: "May Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me through the valley of the shadow of death." *

I knew intimately FRANK MAHONEY, a Roman Catholic priest, known in literary circles as "Father Prout." It is said, I believe truly, that he was a Jesuit. It was rumored that he was a Jesuit spy; perhaps he was in the sense that all of his Order are so. His father was a respected merchant of Cork, and Mahoney inherited from him independence in the monetary sense of the term. In 1835, or thereabout, he took up his residence in London, and soon became closely associated with the band of literary free-lances that for some years made *Fraser's Magazine* a name of terror. Most of them were able men undoubtedly; but self-indulgence was the principle that mainly guided the lives of them all. Mahoney took me to one of their "Symposiums" on an evening when he was in the chair. "Father Prout" spent most of his latter years in Paris, living the life of a mingled anchorite and sensualist. He occupied an attic there, where I once saw him, toasting a mutton-chop on which he was about to dine, while on a corner of his table, among letters and MSS., was laid a not very clean *serviette*—his table-cloth. But in these later years of Mahoney's life his room of reception was the reading-room at Galignani's, where, however, he seldom held any intercourse with his kind, usually entering, remaining for an hour or two, and departing without exchanging a word with any one; and if earth gave him any sources of enjoyment they were not those to which the good, the generous, the sympathetic resort for happiness. He was not often a visitor to London; but I believe he was rarely in the metropolis without paying a visit to us. Yet he never came with any apparent motive in view, and sometimes his conversation as to past, present, and future was limited to half a dozen sentences. Occasionally he would enter our drawing-room, keep his hands in his pockets, look all about him, make some such observation as, "You have changed your curtains since I was here last," bid us good morning, and retire, his visit, from first to last, having perhaps occupied some three minutes.

Few, I imagine, looked on Mahoney with regard—none, probably, with respect. His was an unlovely as well as a lonely life. Without a home, cut off from domestic ties, and dwelling apart from his kind, he may have "lived laborious days" indeed; but his rec-

* Two volumes of a life of Samuel Lover were published in 1874 by Bayle Barnard, who has since died. Barnard was a playwright, and it was not a fortunate chance that made him Lover's biographer. A much better work is "Samuel Lover, a Biographical Sketch with Selections from his Writings and his Correspondence, by Andrew James Symington." Publishers, Blackie and Son. The author of this charming work has done full justice to the memory of his friend the Irish poet. It is a little book, but sufficiently full and comprehensive.

ompense for them was very different from such as the poet anticipates for those who toil—stimulated by love of God and love of man.

An attempt was made some years ago to erect a monument of some sort to his memory in his native city. It fell through, however, the subscriptions raised being insufficient for the purpose contemplated. Mr. Dillon Croker, who suggested the effort, wrote (as honorary Treasurer of the Prout Memorial Fund):

“For reasons which it is not necessary to discuss, the simple addition of Prout’s name does not appear on the vault of the Mahoney family, which is situated immediately under the shadow of Shandon steeple.”

His poem on the “Bells of Shandon” is, I suppose, the best known of all his songs.

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU.—I knew the brothers Joseph and William Le Fanu when they were youths at Castle Connell, on the Shannon; both became famous—one as an author, the other as a civil engineer. They were the sons of Dean Le Fanu, a most estimable clergyman, whose mother was a niece of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—a descent of which the family was justly proud. They were my guides throughout the beautiful district around Castle Connell, and I found them full of anecdote and rich in antiquarian lore, with thorough knowledge of Irish peculiarities. They aided us largely in the preparation of our book—“Ireland, its Scenery and Character.” William flourishes in active and useful life. Joseph died comparatively young, at his residence, Merrion Square, in February, 1873, having obtained renown as a novelist, and bequeathing to his family a name of which his sons and daughters may be as justly proud as their father was of that he inherited on both sides—for his not very remote ancestors were Huguenots who settled in Ireland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.*

Both the brothers were men of marked personal advantages. Joseph had taken honors at Trinity College, became a political writer, purchased and edited the *Warder* newspaper, subsequently *The Mail*. On the death of his wife in 1858, Le Fanu, in a great measure, retired from the society of which he had been an ornament, was seen (and that not often) only in his study at work, and died comparatively young. I never went to Dublin without visiting him. But for the domestic affliction that darkened the later years of his life, he might have taken a far more prominent place than he occupies in Irish history, for he had extensive knowledge based on solid education, was a reader and thinker, and in many ways fitted to shine either at the bar or in Parliament.

* Alicia, elder daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and favorite sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, married Joseph Le Fanu. She wrote numerous works. She was buried in St. Peter’s grave-yard, Dublin, where many members of the Le Fanu family have been interred.

I indorse the opinion of a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*: "To those who knew him he was very dear; they admired him for his learning, his sparkling wit and pleasant conversation, and loved him for his manly virtues, for his noble and generous qualities, his gentleness, and his loving, affectionate nature."

So long ago as the year 1821 I knew the REV. CHARLES MATURIN, the author of some novels that are forgotten, and of two successful tragedies—indebted mainly for their success to the acting of the elder Kean. He died in 1824. A debt of gratitude is due from me to him. He it was who introduced me to Dublin society, and to him I owe much of the comparative ease with which my first steps in the profession of literature were made. I had printed a book, to which I refer elsewhere—on the King's visit to Ireland. I was in the shop of Martin Keene (a well-known bookseller who lent money, and was paid interest by borrowers, who purchased *old* books at fancy prices), when Maturin entered, took up my poem, read a stanza, and put the copy down, merely saying, "That's a bad stanza." It was certainly mortifying; but, resolving he should have the chance of reading it all, I took a copy to his house. A dirty, slipshod, girl-of-all-work bawled at me from the area, "What do ye want?" I threw down the book and departed. Maturin did read it, found me out, and the result was his "patronage"—not a small matter to me then. Tradition has preserved many of his singularities. When he was composing, it was perilous to interrupt the thought that might "enlighten" the world. On such occasions he walked up and down from parlor to attic, with a red wafer stuck on his forehead to "warn off" all who drew near him. Lady Morgan tells us that once, when he was in difficulties (he was seldom out of them), Sir Charles Morgan raised for his relief £50. It was spent in giving an entertainment to a large party of guests—who were welcomed to a reception-room somewhat barren of furniture; but at one end an old theatrical property-throne had been set up, and on it, under a canopy of crimson velvet, sat Mr. and Mrs. Maturin! Whatever his peculiarities, Maturin was undoubtedly a man of genius, and of very kindly nature.

Of very different character was CHARLES PHILLIPS, who obtained reputation in Dublin by the publication of certain poems, and by orations at the bar, notably in a case of seduction, "*Guthrie versus Sterne*," his flowery eloquence obtaining large damages. He became the Irish bar-orator *par excellence*. He brought with him to London all his alliteration and flowers of rhetoric, and became a famous pleader at the Old Bailey. He afterward obtained one of the Commissionerships in Bankruptcy, and was a prosperous absentee—no very great loss to his country. He was one of the assailants of Moore, *when the poet was dead*. Concerning that attack I

wrote a strong comment in the *St. James's Magazine*, then edited by Mrs. Hall; Phillips threatened an action for libel—which, however, he thought better of.

REV. GEORGE CROLY was a somewhat severe and bitter political Tory partisan; but as the author of two enduring novels, a successful play, and a work that professes to interpret the Apocalypse of St. John, he holds higher rank as an author than he did as a clergyman of the Established Church—first as curate of a parish on barren, beautiful Dartmoor, then as, for a time, Chaplain to the Foundling Hospital, and subsequently as rector of one of the City churches—St. Stephen, Walbrook. During the mayoralty of his friend Sir Francis Graham Moon his parishioners presented him with a testimonial—a marble bust of himself. His was not a pleasant face to perpetuate, neither was his a genial nature to commemorate; a fierce politician, he hated his opponents with a hatred at once irrational and unchristian.*

WILLIAM CARLETON.—I have not much to say of Carleton, and very little that is good. Undoubtedly he was a powerful writer, a marvelous delineator of Irish character—seen, however, not from its best side. He was essentially of the people he describes, peasant-born and peasant-bred, and most at home in a mud cabin or shebeen-shop. Of the Irish gentry he knew none beyond the “squireens”; his occasional attempts to picture them are absurdities. To him was accorded one of the Crown pensions—£200. It is to be feared the greater portion was spent in low dissipation. At all events he never obtained, never earned, the applause of his country or the respect of those whose respect was worth having in Dublin, the city where he dwelt. He was a Catholic to-day and a Protestant to-morrow, turning from one religion to the other as occasion served or invited.

It is requisite to name him here, among the many Irish authors I have known; but I did not feel for him while he lived, nor can I feel for him now, any respect.

* I have a letter from Croly, so curious that I print it; it arose out of an application I made to him for some notes to aid me in compiling a biography for the *New Monthly Magazine*:

“In reply to your note relative to notes for my biography, I must protest against the idea altogether. When I am dead, the world may, of course, do what it pleases with me. But until then I shall not permit any biography of mine to be at its mercy. I must request that nothing shall be said about me in any work where you may have any influence. I should regard it as *the last personal offense*. There is, therefore, an end of the matter.”

Notwithstanding this very decided expression of opinion, he did, however, some years afterward, supply me with material for a biography, which I published in the “Book of Gems.”

Croly wrote weekly, from 1839 to 1846, the leading articles for the *Britannia* newspaper, of which I was for some years the directing editor.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.—It seems but yesterday—it is not so very long ago certainly—that I saw for the last time the Hon. Mrs. Norton.* Her radiant beauty was then faded, but her stately form had been little impaired by years, and she had retained much of the grace that made her early womanhood so surpassingly attractive. She combined in a singular degree feminine delicacy with masculine vigor ; though essentially womanly, she seemed to have the force of character of man. Remarkably handsome, she, perhaps, excited admiration rather than affection. I can easily imagine greater love to be given to a far plainer woman. She had, in more than full measure, the traditional beauty of her family, and no doubt inherited with it some of the waywardness that is associated with the name of Sheridan.

All who are acquainted with our literary annals know that she was the daughter of Tom Sheridan, and the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Early in life she married the Hon. George C. Norton, a brother of Lord Grantley ; in 1875 she became a widow, and in 1876 married a second time—Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart. Her grandson is now Lord Grantley.

In 1840 Mrs. Norton furnished me with materials for a memoir in the “Book of Gems” ; from that memoir I extract a passage :

“At the age of nineteen, Miss Sheridan was married to the Honorable George Chapple Norton, brother to the present Lord Grantley. He had proposed for her three years previously, but her mother had postponed the contract until the daughter was better qualified to fix her choice. These years had enabled her to make acquaintance with one whose early death prevented a union more consonant to her feelings. When Mr. Norton again sought her hand he received it. It is unnecessary to add that the marriage has not been a happy one ; the world has heard the slanders to which she has been exposed, and a verdict of acquittal from all who for a moment listened to them, can scarcely have atoned for the cruel and baseless suspicions to which she has been subjected.”

The dark cloud thus early cast on her life continued to overshadow it for many years ; if it vanished, as I believe it did, when her husband died and left her free to enter into new bonds with an estimable gentleman in all ways worthy of her, it was but a brief gleam of sunshine, for her own life soon afterward closed. Her second marriage was one of compensating happiness ; but it formed only the serene “finis” to a weary pilgrimage—weariness, in spite of her literary triumphs and the homage that beauty had made hers—without effort—wherever she appeared.

JANE PORTER.—I had promised Jane Porter that, whenever I visited Esher, I would place a flower on the grave-stone that covers the remains of her mother and sister in the churchyard of that pretty

* Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan.

rural village of Surrey. I have done so more than once, for the last time in the month of March, 1881, having previously visited the house in which the sisters had lived,* for the pretty cottage-home is still there, inhabited by a most kindly lady, always willing to show the small low rooms consecrated to a glorious memory.

There, during several years, lived and wrote the sisters Jane and Anna Maria Porter, authors of many novels, which, though now forgotten, obtained when they were written—the greater part of a century ago—more than renown—popularity of most extended order. The one was born in 1776, the other in 1780. Though children of the same parents, they were strangely dissimilar; the one was a brunette, the other a blonde; yet they were handsome women both. The one being somber, the other gay, we used to speak of them as *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Maria was an author in 1793; Jane not till 1803. The "*Scottish Chiefs*" was Jane Porter's most famous work. Who reads it now? Who knows even by name "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*"? or who can talk about "*The Pastor's Fireside*"? Yet seventy years ago those works were of such account that the first Napoleon, on political grounds, paid Jane Porter the high compliment of prohibiting the circulation of "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*" in France.

I remember talking with Jane Porter on the subject of her then lately printed book, "*The Adventures of Sir Edward Seaward*." It is a kind of copy of "*Robinson Crusoe*"—the story of a shipwrecked mariner, cast with a young maiden upon an uninhabited island, which they converted into a paradise. I mention the romance because it was so like truth that (as I was told by one of the Admiralty clerks) three intelligent members of the staff were employed for several days searching for evidence whether the island did or did not actually exist, whether any proofs of the history given of the castaways were traceable, and whether, of the many persons named, any had places in veritable history.

The sisters were admirable and good women, "lovely in their lives," acting, through a long career of success and honor, upon the principle which suggested the record placed by them on the grave of their good mother, who died aged eighty-six, and that declared them to "mourn in hope, humbly trusting to be born again with her into the blessed kingdom of their Lord and Saviour."

We met once, with his sisters, their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, who had obtained renown in Russia and fame in England, by the production of huge panoramas. He had been educated as an artist, and was, in 1790, a student of the Royal Academy—the President being Benjamin West. His famous pictures are "*The*

* It is not likely I shall ever again discharge that happy duty. May I delegate it to some kind and sympathizing reader—to whom they, and I, and their friend my beloved wife, may owe, though in our graves, a debt of gratitude—and, perhaps, be able to pay it?

Battle of Agincourt" and "The Storming of Seringapatam"; but he painted both from descriptions and fancy, and was present at neither. He was, however, with Sir John Moore at the siege of Corunna, and probably took part in the "burial" of the General when they

"Buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with their bayonets turning."

He had been appointed historical painter to the Emperor of Russia, and married a Russian princess. He died at St. Petersburg, of apoplexy, in 1842.*

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—Poor Sherry! the last time I saw him was at a dinner given by a gentleman, who may surely claim a line in this assemblage of memories, Dr. ANDREW URE, a man to whom the world is indebted for a work of great value—"A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines." Though Sheridan Knowles was then already failing, it was before he became a Baptist minister, which he did in 1852, but after his second marriage—an incident that all his friends lamented. Well I remember his acting the part of Master Walter in his play of *The Hunchback* in 1832. It was a great success—the play, I mean, not the impersonation, for an actor Sheridan Knowles was not. He lived a long life, and did not waste it.

* A nephew of excellent John Britton, the renowned antiquary (one of Sir Robert's best and most valued friends), wrote, in 1880, a description of the two great pictures. "The Storming of Seringapatam" was 200 feet long: it is said to have been painted in six weeks! As regards the "Battle of Agincourt," Mr. Britton printed the following statement:

"Regarding the history of the immense painting of Agincourt in the possession of the Corporation, it appears, by minutes of the Court of Common Council so far back as September 22, 1808, that a letter was read from Robert Ker Porter, Esq., dated Stockholm, May 10th, addressed to Lord Mayor Ansley, requesting his Lordship to present 'the large picture of the Battle of Agincourt, my *last*, and I think best work, to the City of London. The subject is so grateful to the patriotic breast of every Briton that I need not comment on its propriety as a recommendation rendering it worthy a place either in the Mansion House or the Guildhall. To know that the capital of my native country possesses the *last* of my productions will be an ample and valuable recompense for my exertions in having produced it.' Thanks were ordered to be returned, by the Lord Mayor, and the Committee for Letting the City Lands was requested 'to consider the best place to display the picture.' It was hung up in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, but removed to enable certain alterations to be made in that room, and consigned to oblivion for about twelve years. It was then disinterred, in 1823, and hung up at Guildhall, crowds of people flocking thither to see it. Then, although its preservation and public display were advocated by members of the Corporation, it was rolled up and again committed to its former sepulchre under the Hall. It seems afterward to have been taken out, unrolled, and hung up for a week or two every three or four years to 'keep it from perishing!' This brings its history down to about 1850. In a letter to the late John Britton, May 15, 1851, Mr. John Sewell says, 'It is a fine performance, fit to be exhibited as a panoramic painting, and I think it is a pity it should remain lost to the public.'"

Where the picture now is, it will be for others to find out.

Up to a good old age he was healthy and hearty. Macready described to me their first interview, when the actor received the dramatist in the green-room. Sheridan Knowles presented himself—a jolly-looking fellow, with red cheeks, a man obviously full of buoyancy and good-humor—and read to the great manager his tragedy of *Virginius*. “What!” cried Macready, half-pleasantly, half-seriously, when the reading was over, “you the author of that tragedy—you? Why you look more like the captain of a Leith smack!”

Nature had endowed Sheridan Knowles with a rare gift, but it was not improved by learning or study, and he owed little, if anything, to his great predecessors in dramatic art.

In his later days, as I have remarked, the celebrated dramatist became a Baptist minister. I regret now that I never heard him preach, although I am told it was a performance that one might have been satisfied to witness only once. But I am sure that, whatever and wherever he was, in the pulpit or on the stage, Sheridan Knowles was in earnest—simple, honest, and hearty always. His was a nature that remained thoroughly unspoiled by extraordinary success. He was born at Cork in 1784, and died at Torquay in 1862.

THE SISTERS JEWSBURY.—In September, 1880, I was present at the burial of Geraldine Jewsbury in the cemetery at Brompton. Her grave is adjacent to that of her friend Lady Morgan. Geraldine had attained the age of sixty-eight. Her many published works bear witness to her industry as well as ability. We knew her when she was little more than a child, and had much affection for her during the whole of her long life. Her health was never good; it would have surprised none of her friends to have heard of her death much earlier than it occurred. She lived in her latter years at a pretty cottage at Sevenoaks, but died at an excellent institution for invalid ladies in Burwood Place, where we frequently visited her. Her mind was not weakened by illness, and it was in a happy state of preparation for the change that was inevitable. Among the very earliest of our literary friends was her sister Mary Jane, whose signature, M. J. J., obtained wide celebrity between the years 1825 and 1830. In 1832 she was married, in a little church among the Welsh mountains, to the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, one of the chaplains of the Hon. East India Company. She accompanied him to India, and fourteen months after her marriage she was laid in the grave at Poonah, a victim to cholera.

It was a brief life, but not inglorious; she has left much that is calculated to do good, and merit, if not obtain, fame. Mrs. Hemans much loved her, and wore mourning for her; and great Wordsworth was proud to call himself her friend.*

* Soon after her death Mrs. Hemans conveyed this message to Wordsworth: “Will you tell Mr. Wordsworth this anecdote of poor Mrs. Fletcher? I am sure it will interest him. During the time that the famine in the Deccan was raging,

She had a foreboding of early death. In one of her latest letters before leaving England she wrote :

"In the best of everything I have done you will find one leading idea—*Death* ; all thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow."

One of her letters to Mrs. Hall contains this passage : "I am melancholy by nature ; cheerful on principle."

Mary Jane Jewsbury was thus one of the earliest friends we lost, as her sister Geraldine was one of the latest—nearly half a century having elapsed between the death of the one and the death of the other.

LEIGH HUNT.—Some fifteen years ago, I ascertained that the grave of my old friend Leigh Hunt was without a memorial stone to mark his resting-place in the cemetery at Kensal Green. It was a reproach to all who knew him, and hardly less so to those who were familiar with his books. I desired to remove it, set to work, and after some delay and difficulty the movement took satisfactory shape, and it was done* Less useful men of letters have their stately monuments in Westminster Abbey. At all events those who seek for Leigh Hunt's grave among the many illustrious dead who lie in Kensal Green Cemetery may now be assured of finding it. A pillar, surmounted by a bust, the production of the sculptor, Joseph Durham, marks the spot, and on it is inscribed the memorable line from the most famous and beautiful of all his poems, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," and also a line written concerning him by Lord Lytton, "He had that chief requisite of a good critic—a good heart."

It was a bright day when the monument at Kensal Green was uncovered, and a touching and eloquent address was delivered at the grave by Lord Houghton. The reproach that had endured from

she heard that a poor Hindoo had been found lying dead in one of the temples at the foot of an idol, and with a female child, still living, in his arms. She and her husband immediately repaired to the spot, took the poor little orphan away with them, and conveyed it to their own home. She tended it assiduously, and one of her last cares was to have it placed at a female missionary school, to be brought up as a Christian."

* The Committee was not large, but it contained the names of Carlyle, Dickens, George Godwin, Macready, Sir Percy Shelley, Procter, Robert Chambers, and Sir Frederick Pollock. There were one hundred and twenty-two subscribers, among whom were Lord Lytton, Mr. (now Sir Theodore) Martin, Earl Russell, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward, Edmund Yates, W. H. Russell, John Bright, Martin Tupper, Blanchard Jerrold, J. R. Planché, Edwin Arnold, Tom Hood, jr., Alexander Ireland, Charles Knight, Albany Fonblanque, John Forster, Sir Charles Dilke, Wilkie Collins, Sir Rowland Hill, etc. The sum collected amounted to £218 13s. 8d., which sufficed. George W. Childs, of the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, offered to furnish the *whole* estimated sum : that generous offer I declined ; but I accepted from him a large subscription in aid.

1859, the year when he died (in High Street, Putney)—two months before he had completed his seventy-fifth year—was removed by the erection of the monument on the 19th of October, 1869 (his birthday).

He was born at Southgate in 1784, and, like Coleridge and Lamb, was educated at Christ's Hospital.

I did not know Leigh Hunt in his prime; but I knew him well when he lived at Edwardes Square, Kensington. He was then yielding gradually to the universal conqueror. His son tells us, "He was usually seen in a dressing-gown, bending his head over a book or over a desk." Tall and upright still, his hair white and straggling, scattered over a brow of manly intelligence, his eyes retaining much of their old brilliancy combined with gentleness, his conversation still sparkling, though by fits and starts—he gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin that, in donning the mossy vest of time, had been recompensed for gradual decay of strength by gaining ever more and more of the picturesque.

One of the latest passages of his autobiography is this: "I seem—and it has become a consolation to me—to belong as much to the next world as to this."

His son tells us that his whole life was one of pecuniary difficulty. It was a mournful fact—one from which a dismal picture might easily be painted, and a dreary moral educed. Though there is no stigma of dishonor resting on his memory, Hunt was too ready, as so many men of letters had been before him, to live—

"As if life's business were a summer mood,
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith."

The words that I have italicized seem to me to be an epitome of Leigh Hunt's life.

Savage Landor told me a story that remarkably illustrates the simplicity, as well as the heedlessness, of his character. Sir Percy Shelley made him an allowance of £120 a year. One day Hunt called upon the Baronet, and said, "As you intend to give me that sum as long as I live, I ask you to extend the favor by putting on paper a memorandum to that effect." Sir Percy, startled, asked him—why? "Oh, only," said Hunt, "because it would be easier to raise money upon it." I need not say that was the very thing his generous friend had intended his bounty to prevent. Among the most constant of Leigh Hunt's friends—as to loans—was the good man Horace Smith; but, in fact, he had many such. In his turn he was ever ready—no matter how straitened his circumstances might be—to open his house or his purse to any friend that stood in need of his hospitality or his aid.

Testimonies to his kindly, sympathizing, and affectionate nature are abundant. His famous sonnet, "Abou ben Adhem," may have

been inspired by an Eastern apothegm, but it was none the less an outpouring of his own large heart. As for his life it was one of the utmost simplicity and frugality; indeed, he carried the latter virtue to such an extreme that his son, in writing to me, describes his father's diet as consisting often only of bread.

The following is a passage from one of his writings:

"Surely there are myriads of beings everywhere inhabiting their respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all perhaps inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realized their heaven and are resting. Some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee or the wounded bird: spirits, perhaps of dear friends who pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper into our hearts belief that they are present.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Perhaps the tropical blood which his friend Hazlitt said ran in his veins had its share in inducing his disposition to let all things take their course, with a cheerful faith that in the end they would come right—somehow! Though a tithe of the annoyances and privations he endured would have prepared for most other people a nightly bed of thorns, he did not seem to heed them, or, indeed, to give to their memory a painful thought. Struggling half his life in muddy waters, he usually had a haven—even if only a fancied one—in sight, and was confident he would reach land somewhere. No man was more easily contented; of the joys of the epicure and the sybarite he no more thought than of swallowing pebbles by the seaside. His feasts were really the feasts of the poets.*

It was Leigh Hunt who wrote for me the memoirs of Keats and Shelley in the "Book of Gems."

"No man," his son wrote to me, "had a more abiding sense of religion; . . . the authority of his mind was Christ himself, whose example and preaching he continually held up as the one most neglected and most to be followed." But Hunt was not, in the true sense of the word, a Christian. He recognized Jesus only as a "martyred brother" of Confucius, Socrates, and Antoninus—nothing more. Dying, he had not the joyful hope of the Christian to sustain him, but could only breathe as a parting prayer the infinitely less rational and less consoling aspiration, "May we all meet in one of Plato's vast cycles of re-existence." Alas!†

* Thornton Hunt in a letter to me, dated January 4, 1865, said: "I have read your memory of my dear father (in the 'Book of Memories'), and I trace in it the hand of a friendly, sympathetic man. I do not suggest the slightest alteration in it."

† His son, Mr. Thornton Hunt, thus touches on the subject of his father's religious views in a letter written to me soon after the publication in the *Art Journal* of my "Memory of Leigh Hunt":

"He followed Schiller in his estimate of Moses as a grand reformer: he was constantly referring to Scripture, with which he was familiar, especially the New

JEREMY BENTHAM.—One day, very many years ago, I met Dr. Bowring in St. James's Park. He was on his way to Queen's Square to visit Jeremy Bentham. He offered to introduce me to him—an offer I gladly accepted. He was pacing in his garden when we arrived.

Bentham was then nearly eighty-five years of age, of very striking appearance, his long white locks floating about a magnificent head, the intellectual organs strongly prominent, the expression full of benevolence, with a smile generous and thoroughly sympathetic.

I quote a passage from the *New Monthly* (1832)—the year in which he died—written, I believe, by Bulwer :

“ Personally, Mr. Bentham was like so many other great men, all simplicity and playfulness. He had that thorough amiability which arises from the warmest benevolence. He was without guile—the very antipodes of a worldly man : he who could unfold all the secrets of jurisprudence and legislation, and lay down regulations for the accurate conduct of whole nations, and resolve society and human nature into their last elements, was as simple as a child, and lived in the center of a vast capital, as far removed from actual contact with the world as if he had seated himself on the Andes.”

I may add another passage from that paper :

“ He died, it seems, as he would have gone to sleep—this was sure to be the case with the calmest, pleasantest, and most innocent body that ever partook of mortal frailties. His long life passed in perfect, though far from robust, health ; he was never, in all his scores of years, guilty of an excess ; his fame had never been stained, for a moment, with intemperance : the old man left his body as pure as that of a child.”

Yes, it is a gratifying memory to me now—as I accounted it a high privilege then—to have looked on that great man while in life, to have beheld that nobly-molded head, that most benevolent face, in which almost child-like simplicity contended with godlike intellect, both blended in universal sympathy, while his loose gray hair streamed over his shoulders and played in the wind as he pursued his evening walk of meditation, around the very garden wherein the poet-patriot John Milton was erst accustomed to think his mighty thoughts.

MRS. BALFOUR. — A most good and sweet and very beautiful woman (though aged threescore and ten) left earth when Clara Lucas Balfour was called from it to do her Master's work elsewhere. Not long before that we had taken part in a joyous ceremony—the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding-day. Husband and wife had been joint-toilers in Christian labor in the fertile fields of sin and suffering, of crime and misery, to be found at the East-

Testament : in opinion he was very near the Unitarians. He had a perfect confidence in a future existence, often citing an English bishop, who said that “ heaven is first a temper and then a place.”

end of London. They were but a short while separated by death, and are now reunited. Both of these zealous workers had, by writings, preachings, and lectures, led many of the seeming lost into the paths of peace. It was a large array of "the repentant" that good woman conducted to the foot of the great white throne. It demands but little force of fancy to see them gather round her, when she crossed the celestial river and rested on its heavenward side. She was one of the emphatically GOOD—good in all the relations of life—and they ought not to have been *mourners* who, at the Kilburn Cemetery, saw her remains (as I did) laid in earth on Monday, July 8, 1878.

CHARLES DICKENS.—So much has been written concerning Dickens—he occupied such a prominent position in life and in letters—that any lengthened comments respecting him are needless on my part. It is a general opinion that his biographer did not fulfill his task in such a manner as to do justice to its theme: the three big volumes have been not inaptly described as "Memoirs of John Forster and Charles Dickens."

I knew the great novelist when he was a boy; again in the days of his early celebrity, while he was still a bachelor; and later, Mrs. Hall and I were present at the christening of his first-born. We had known Mrs. Dickens also while she was Miss Catherine Hogarth.

Much has been said on the unhappy subject of their separation, and some of the most unfortunate utterances were those put in print by Dickens himself at the time. It is a theme that all will feel bound to treat with a reserve similar to that discreetly maintained by his biographer. Undoubtedly, sympathy was largely felt for Mrs. Dickens—and rightly so.

I well remember my sensations of astonishment and interest when the first number of "Pickwick" was brought me, and I looked it over. Forster was with me at the time. How, on the introduction of Sam Weller, the work took the town by storm, and its author, who, only a short time before, had been an unnoticed parliamentary reporter, reached at a bound the summit of success, and became *the* literary lion of the day, I need not here describe.

No man since Walter Scott has so amply and efficiently supplied in fiction the intellectual need of the age; but that great man did not do a tithe of what Dickens has done to quicken its social and moral progress. Further eulogium is unnecessary: but I can not resist a desire to quote this passage from Charles Dickens's last will and testament:

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter."

I have elsewhere in these volumes alluded to the circumstances under which I first made acquaintance with Charles Dickens—so far back as the year 1826. Who would have dreamt then that the intelligent-looking lad who, from time to time, brought “penny-a-line” matter to the office of the newspaper on which his father was a parliamentary reporter, would one day be laid, amid national grief, in the mausoleum of our British worthies, while over the grave that would receive his body an eloquent funeral sermon would be preached by a high dignitary of the Church, proclaiming Charles Dickens one of the foremost teachers of his time?

As I can write of Dickens nothing new, nothing important, nothing valuable, as I can make only very trifling additions to what is known to the whole world of readers, I prefer the course I adopt, and leave the subject comparatively untouched.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.—Of the grave of this unhappy poetess at Cape Coast Castle Dr. Madden thus writes in the “Memoirs of Lady Blessington”:

“A few common tiles distinguish it from the graves of the various military men who have perished in this stronghold of pestilence. Her grave is daily trampled over by the soldiers of the fort. The morning blast of the bugle, and roll of the drum, are the sounds that have been thought most in unison with the spirit of the gentle being who sleeps below the few red tiles where the soldiers on parade do congregate. There is not a plant, nor a blade of grass, nor anything green, in that courtyard, on which the burning sun blazes down all day long. And this is the place where they have buried L. E. L.!”

Her fame, like herself, is but a memory now. But how bright it was half a century ago!—how intoxicating! So quickly won, too, that she might, like Byron, have written, “I awoke one morning and found myself famous.” Alas! Dead-Sea fruit, indeed, was to her the fruit of her genius—of all the women of letters whose pens have assisted feminine charms to make them famous and flattered, few have been more completely miserable; none can I bring to mind who ever closed a career of brilliant unhappiness by a death so tragical. Her marriage wrecked her life; but before that fatal mistake was made, slander had been busy with her fair fame—the slander that most cruelly wounds a woman. She took refuge from it in union with a man utterly incapable of appreciating her or making her happy, and went out with him to his government at the Gold Coast—to die. And not even—tragical as such an ending would have been to the career of the applauded writer, the flattered woman—to wither before the pestilential influences that steam up from that wilderness of swamp and jungle; but to die a violent death—a fearful one—and to leave to the coroner’s inquest, that the manner of her end made necessary, the task of delicately veiling under a verdict of accident the horrid doubts that her fate suggested. Suicide or murder

—which was it, the voice of the public of that day asked, that had so tragically closed the career of the gifted “L. E. L.”? For my part, that unhappy “L. E. L.” was murdered I never had a doubt. Her marriage in 1838 to Maclean, who had accidentally met her during a visit he paid to England while he was Governor of the Gold Coast, was speedily followed by her departure with her husband for what was to prove her grave. She landed at Cape Coast Castle in July, 1838, and on the 15th of October she was dead—dying, according to the verdict of a coroner’s inquest, from having accidentally taken a dose of prussic acid. But where was she to have procured that poison? I learned by inquiry from her physician that it was not among the contents of the medicine-chest she took out from England, and I have no reason to suppose that any one at Cape Coast Castle was guilty of the culpable negligence of accidentally leaving it in her way.

When the ship that bore them to Africa arrived in port, Maclean left her on board while he went to arrange matters on shore. A negro woman was there, with four or five children—*his* children; she had to be sent into the interior to make room for her legitimate successor. It is understood the negress was the daughter of a king; at all events she was of a race “with whom revenge is a virtue,” and from the moment “L. E. L.” landed her life was at the mercy of her rival; that by her hand she was done to death I am all but certain, although in the only letter she wrote to Mrs. Hall from Africa she assumed an air of cheerfulness and content.

It was a fate that many of her friends foreboded. I was not at her wedding, where her friend Bulwer Lytton gave her away. Few were; but not many days afterward I was one of a party assembled at the house that was then her home, to bid the wedded pair farewell. It chanced that I was the oldest of her friends present; it was therefore my duty to make her the congratulatory speech. I threw into it as much feeling as I could, appealed to Mrs. Hall for confirmation of my statement that during many years we had known her intimately, each year having increased our affection, regard, and respect, which she could not have so long and continuously retained if they had not been earned and merited. It was, indeed, but an emphatic mode of confuting slanders that had embittered her life, and of which, no doubt, her husband had heard. The bride wept; the bridegroom replied. It will not be difficult to guess our feelings when we heard this reply: “If what Mr. Hall says of my wife be true, I wonder you let her go away from you”; that was all he said! Laman Blanchard looked at me and I at him, and on afterward comparing notes we found that a similar gloomy foreboding of her future doom had seized us both.

Poor child, poor girl, poor woman, poor wife, poor victim—from the cradle to the grave, it was an unhappy life! I have seldom seen her merry, that the laugh was not followed by a sigh.

Her poems and her novels are but little read now ; the latter have not been reprinted, the former are forgotten ; but between the years 1825 and 1845 she occupied a very prominent position ; her admirers were the whole reading British public. I have, I think, done justice to her in the "Book of Memories." I can not find space here to go into the history of the slander breathed against her ; but Mrs. Hall is authority sufficient to brand as calumnies the whispers that pursued her during the later years of a grievous and mournful career.

For, perhaps, years before her departure from England she had lived as an inmate at a boarding-school, 22 Hans Place,* where a number of young ladies were educated. That fact alone might have sufficed to silence the slanders that assailed her. She there received her friends, and seldom a week passed that she was not a visitor at our house in Sloane Street—close by.

Mrs. Hall, writing in 1839 of Miss Landon, says, "How evanescent were her smiles, how weary were her sighs !" and pictured her then as very fascinating. Small of person, but well formed ; her dark silken hair braided back over a small, but, what phrenologists would call, a well-developed, head ; her forehead full and open, but the hair grew low upon it ; the eyebrows perfect in arch and form ; the eyes round—soft, or flashing, as might be—gray, well formed, and beautifully set, the lashes long and black, the under-lashes turning down with delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which, when she enjoyed good health, was bright and blushing ; her complexion was delicately fair ; her skin soft and transparent ; her nose small (*retroussé*), slightly curved, but capable of scornful expression, which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any despicable action was alluded to.

"Weary, beset with privations, unkindnesses, disappointments, ever struggling against absolute poverty"—these were the mournful words "L. E. L." applied to herself. In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall she wrote : "Envy, malice, and all uncharitableness—these are the fruits of a successful literary career for a woman." Thank God, there are many happy exceptions ! To one of them I shall refer in this book.

I have placed her maiden name at the head of this chapter ; let the one she bore for so short a time be forgotten. On the evening of her death she was buried in the courtyard of Cape Coast Castle. The grave was dug by torchlight amid a pitiless torrent of rain :

* Her constant companion, fellow-inmate, and faithful friend, was Miss Emma Roberts—the author of some pleasant and useful books. She went to India and died there, comparatively young.

Miss Landon used to say of Hans Place, that the single policeman whose sole duty it was to stroll up and down and look at nothing, petitioned his superior for removal on the ground that its loneliness was draining the life out of him.

active workmen hurried through their dismal work, and her body was put out of sight. Mrs. Hall and I strove to raise money to place a monument there; but objection was made, and the project was abandoned. Lady Blessington directed a slab to be placed at her expense on the wall. That, also, was objected to. But her husband, for very shame, at last permitted it to be done, and a mural tablet records that in that African courtyard rests all that is mortal of Letitia Elizabeth Maclean.

LAMAN BLANCHARD published a biography of "L. E. L." It is kind, generous, and full of interest. He was a dear friend of ours: we had introduced him to the poetess. As a poet, essayist, and editor he took prominent and honorable rank. A more estimable man I have rarely known. He died sadly; his mind had become gloomily o'ercast by the death of his admirable wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. He died in a moment of madness, brought on by despondency that had reached despair.

As an editor—first of the *True Sun*, and afterward of the *Courier*—both papers long ago extinct—he was liberal, discriminating, just; as a critic sound, generous, and upright. I drew his character at that time, as I draw it now: "The eloquent and tender poet; the brave advocate of natural rights; the brimful and active but generous wit; the sterling and steadfast essayist; the searching yet indulgent critic." He was all that.

"The sunny temper, bright where all is strife;
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles;
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles."

His godson, the son of Douglas Jerrold—who has made for himself a high renown, both as a man of letters and a political writer—married Blanchard's daughter, and they have many children, who may have inherited the genius of both grandsires—the wit of the one and the genial nature of the other.

Of a thoroughly opposite nature to the kindly biographer of "L. E. L." was DOUGLAS JERROLD. They both had their trials—the one succumbed to, the other defied and defeated, them. How different their characters, how opposite their fates! Jerrold lived to be a prosperous man; but no one ever accused him of generosity or sympathy; his wit, which, unlike that of his associate, often

"Carried a heart-stain away on its blade,"

was ever biting, bitter, and caustic, and careless as to distinguishing friend from foe. Many of his brilliant *bonsmots* and witticisms are current in literary cliques; but I have rarely heard one repeated that was not calculated to give somebody pain. Long neglect, doubtless, soured his temper, and when reputation and comparative

wealth came to him—somewhat late in life, and, I believe, after years of privation—they found him, like the wholesome draught which the thunder-storm has converted into a sour and deleterious drink.

Few countenances expressed a character more truthfully than did that of Jerrold; it was highly intellectual, but severe, and exceedingly sarcastic—just that of one whom a prudent man would not covet for a foe, and would hardly expect to hail as a friend.

WILLIAM JERDAN first appeared in print so long ago as 1804.* During many years the *Literary Gazette*, of which he was the editor from 1817 to 1850, was a power in the Press; its good or ill word went far to make or mar an author's reputation, and the sale of a book was often large or limited according to its fiat. It is but justice to him to say he "did his spiriting gently," and was far less given to censure than to praise. It is true that in his later years he was, as Hawthorne said of him, "time-worn, but not reverend"; yet in old age he retained much of his pristine vigor, and when he was past eighty could be, and often was, witty in words and eloquent in speech. Yet his life is not a life to emulate, and certainly not one for laudation. Many liked, without respecting, him. No doubt he was of heedless habits, no doubt he cared little for the cost of self-gratification, and was far too lightly guided all his life long by high and upright principles; but I for one will not turn a deaf ear to the prayer, that is half an apology, to which he gives utterance in his autobiography—a hope "that some fond and faithful regret might embalm the memory of the sleeper, who can never wake more to participate in a sorrow and bestow a solace, listen to distress, and bring it relief, serve a friend and forgive a foe, perform his duties as perfectly as his human frailty allowed, never willfully doing injury to man, woman, or child, and loving his neighbors of one sex as himself, and of the other better."

Unhappily he wrote another passage—at least as true: "I have drained the Circe cup to the dregs!" Alas! the dregs were pernicious to heart, mind, and soul.

Jerdan, although always intensely occupied with his editorial labors on the *Gazette*, was a voluminous author; in 1830 he edited and wrote nearly the whole of the "National Portrait Gallery," short and pithy yet comprehensive sketches of character based on interesting facts. There are few works so good of the period, or of any period.

He left an autobiography; considering his vast opportunities it

* He was born at Kelso in 1782, and died at Bushy Heath, Kent, in 1869. Not long before his death I heard him make an earnest and impressive speech at the Society of Noviomagus: of which society—although then retired from it—he had long been a prominent member. He was eighty-five years old and in marvelous vigor, notwithstanding the gay life he had led for nearly three quarters of a century.

is deficient in interest, of little use for reference, and giving us but a shadowy idea of the many great men and women to whom it makes reference, and whom he had personally known. Indeed, he had personally known nearly all who flourished during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. I have myself vainly sought in his four volumes for the help he might have given—and ought to have given—the writers who should come after him.

I wish I could say something to honor the memory of William Jerdan, for personally I owed him much; I had always his good word, and so had my wife; there is no one of her books that did not receive generous and cordial praise in the *Literary Gazette*. I grieve that now he is in his grave I can give so little for so much.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—I owe a tribute of grateful memory to Allan Cunningham, not only for the friendship he gave us, but that at his house, 27 Lower Belgrave Place (near to the atelier of the sculptor Chantrey, whose works he “oversaw” and directed), I met several of the celebrities I might not otherwise have known—notably Scott and Southey. The inscription I would place over his grave in Kensal Green is this:

“Love him, for he loved Nature!”

That love was as strong in him after long years of toil in London as it was when in early youth he wooed the Muse in the dales of the Scottish shire he dearly loved, and of which he was fondly proud.

He was born in 1784, came to London in 1810, and having soon after written to persuade the bonnie Scottish lassie he had wooed in green Nithsdale to follow him, married her in July of the following year. Honest, sturdy, loving, true, seldom did a better man take service in the ranks of “Letters”: for Allan was, “by profession,” an author, although authorship was in his case the staff and not the crutch.

He was a tall man, powerful of frame, and apparently of an iron constitution. Of a genial, kindly, courteous nature, these qualities gained for him not only esteem but affection, yet to the last he gave the idea of a man self-taught, or rather whose teacher was Nature; and his tongue, always when he warmed to a subject, smacked of the heather. There is a pile of granite reared over his grave in Kensal Green—granite from Aberdeen it is true—but it would seem more in keeping with the memory of Allan Cunningham if daisies grew where he was laid: or as his friend Theodore Martin wrote, in a noble poem that commemorated the burial of Campbell:

“Better after-times should find him—
To his rest in homage bound,
Lying in the land that bore him,
With its glories piled around.”

His admirable wife, the bonnie Jean of his earlier poems, rests by his side. They were little more than children when they loved

first ; they were still young when a prospect of independence to be won by hard toil encouraged them to marry. I do not think it can offend any one of their descendants if I relate an anecdote that does special honor to the wife. Mrs. Cunningham, calling one afternoon on Mrs. Hall, told her she had had visitors that morning. Her old master and mistress from Dumfries had visited London, and of course had called upon Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham. The servant brought in cake and wine ; Mrs. Cunningham took from her hands the tray, closed the door upon her, and with her own hands offered the refreshments to her guests. As she told the touching little story, her Scottish accent seemed to become more broadly Doric, when she said, "I wasna goin' to let anybody but mysel' wait upon my auld master and mistress." I have never known a better example than Mrs. Cunningham of what natural grace and purity can do to produce refinement. Though peasant-born, she was in society a lady—thoroughly so. Not only was there no shadow of vulgarity in her manners, there was not even rusticity, while there was a total absence of assumption and pretense.

I reluctantly refer to their son Peter, although his name is honored in Letters as that of a successful worker in fields somewhat fallow when he wrote. His researches into the history and remains of Old London are especially valuable, and of great use to all who follow in his wake. Most unhappily he impaired intellectual vigor and destroyed life, by habits of intemperance—the curse of so many of large capacity, whose promise was thus negatived and blighted before the flower had produced the seed.

Two other sons of Allan became general officers in the India Company's service. One, if not both, have left sons to inherit the honored name : honor which both these estimable officers fully maintained.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.—A thorough sailor to outward seeming was Frederick Marryat, the greatest of all the writers of sea-stories ; and a sailor in truth he was—daring, energetic, and brave, thoughtful, far-seeing, and enterprising. One fancied the scent of tar was clinging to his thick-set, manly frame. At least that is the way I call him to memory. He died, after having done an immense amount of work afloat and ashore, in the vigor of his life, in 1848, when he was but fifty-six years old ; his daughter tells us, "He was murmuring passages from the Lord's Prayer when he fell asleep—a shiver passed over him and he was gone."

His sister, MRS. BURY PALISSER, author of several excellent and useful books, was during many years our frequent and always welcome visitor. She was one of the much-esteemed friends of Baron Cuvier, at whose house we first met her in 1830. A very kind, charming, and most intellectual lady she was, and very handsome.

Many of her most valuable writings, on china and lace more especially, she contributed to the *Art Journal*.

JOHN BANIM died in his native city, Kilkenny, in 1842, at the early age of forty-five. Poor fellow, he was in deplorably bad health all his life. I knew the author of the "O'Hara Tales"—their joint-author rather with his elder brother, Michael—so long ago as 1822, when he was, for a time, my fellow-lodger in the cottage assigned to me by Ugo Foscolo, at South Bank, St. John's Wood. He was but eighteen when he produced his tragedy of "Damon and Pythias," and was the editor of a provincial journal when but seventeen years old. At twenty he married a peasant-girl, of much beauty, though in delicate health. He began life as an artist, though when he settled in London, about 1820, he earned a precarious livelihood by writing for periodicals, and fame, and a corresponding increase of income but slowly overtook him. Subsequently he was awarded one of the Crown pensions—£150 a year.

In 1853 a meeting was held in Dublin, a "Banim Testimonial Committee," to render homage to the writer of so many novels admirably illustrative of Irish life and character, and to aid in comforting those who were left behind to mourn him—the wife and daughter he fondly and devotedly loved.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE was, as his name indicates, of pure Saxon descent, and his personal appearance tallied with it. He was of herculean build: tall, robust, large-limbed, and handsome, with keen blue eyes and flaxen hair, representing fifty generations of Saxon ancestors; yet he died early. He produced a remarkable poem of great power, merit, and beauty, which probably not one in a hundred thousand has read. Some idea of the nature of this work may be formed from its title, "The Fall of Nineveh." It was illustrated by more than one picture painted by his friend John Martin.

MRS. JAMESON, whose works "do live," was of Irish birth; her father, Mr. Murphy, was miniature-painter to the Princess Charlotte. Her husband, a barrister, obtained an appointment in Canada, but she did not go with him to that colony; she remained in London, what in her country is called a "grass widow." Yet her husband, to whom she introduced us during one of his few visits to England, seemed, in all senses of the word, a gentleman—handsome of person, amiable in disposition, a man to whom any wife might have been fondly attached. During the long period of thirty years she may be said to have been a wedded wife without a husband. Why it was so was a secret they wisely and rightly kept to themselves.

Though greatly admired and respected, she was one of the few exceptions I have met with as regards Irishwomen—not made to be loved.

Her first book, "The Beauties of the Court of Charles II," was not a seemly introduction to a literary career in the case of a woman, but her name is attached to volumes on holier themes; her greatest work was "Sacred and Legendary Art," commenced in 1848, and completed in 1852. Some of her best works appeared originally in the *Art Journal*.

She was a "liberal" as regards education and religion, and delivered lectures on the grievances that affected her sex—a pioneer of the army that has since arisen to wage war for "woman's rights."

Among literary women such advocates have been, and happily continue to be, very few. Indeed, I do not think I could name half a dozen of the women who were famous during the first half of the nineteenth century, nor do I think there is a greater number of those who now live, whom the "strong-minded" of to-day can claim as sister-soldiers in the contest for "woman's rights"—as they are advocated by some women who wrangle at public meetings and annually assail Parliament, so to alter their accustomed legal and natural rights as to place woman in all ways on what they term an equality with man.

HANNAH MORE.—In February of the year 1745, when the Prince Pretender, the young chevalier, was hiding in the caves at Arasaig, trusting his life to needy comrades who would have consigned their souls to Satan sooner than betray him, there was born to a poor schoolmaster, at Stapleton, near Bristol, a daughter (one of five) who was destined to occupy a premier rôle in the literary history of her country; and in 1763 there visited Bristol an Irish lecturer on rhetoric, companioned by his son, Richard Brinsley Sheridan; among his frequent auditors was a young girl—Hannah More. Not long afterward, among her friends were Bishop Porteous, David Garrick, William Wilberforce, Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, John Locke, Gibbon, De Lolme, and Sir Joshua Reynolds—names, the sounds of which seem as far off as are those of Harold and William the Conqueror.

In 1825 it was my happiness to visit that lady, Hannah More: she was then in her eightieth year; but much later, in 1832, I was again her visitor; in 1833 she passed from earth to heaven—the heaven she had so long and faithfully served; she has her reward, and is again the companion of the good men and women she had known on earth.

Between the day of her birth and that on which I write there are nearly one hundred and forty years.

Barley Wood is at Wrington, a village eight miles from Bristol; the pretty cottage was reached through grounds that contained many memorials of her friends: urns that commemorated some worthy who was a benefactor, and whose name obtained renown about a century and a half ago. She left it not long after we were there,

and we again saw her at Richmond Terrace, Bristol. She was in sound health and good spirits, enjoying life in the prospect and the retrospect.

At Barley Wood she met us at the door, gave us a cordial greeting, tripped before us up the stairs to the drawing-room, chatting all the way, and at once commenced her task of showing to us the relic-reminders of friends gone before. One by one she took them from her table, told us what they were, and of whom they were the cherished gifts. At length she took from a drawer a play-bill, printed in the last century; it was the bill of her tragedy of "Percy," the prologue and epilogue of which were written by David Garrick. He had left the stage some two or three years previously, or he assuredly would have acted the part of the hero in that play. At the time it was acted, in 1777, and long afterward, it was classed among the most successful dramas produced on the British stage.

I likened her to a benevolent fairy, as she flitted to and fro, her very small person clad in pea-green silk. Mrs. Hall has pictured her, and that picture I copy :

"Her form was small and slight; her features wrinkled with age; but the burden of eighty years had not impaired her gracious smile, nor lessened the brilliancy of her eyes: bright and searching, clear and far-seeing eyes they were, even then. She tripped from console to console, from window to window, to show us some gift that bore a name immortal, some cherished reminder of long-ago days—almost of another world, certainly of another age, for they were memories of those whose deaths were registered before the nineteenth century had birth.

"Her work was principally for women; but she never sought to lead woman out of her sphere: and it is at once an example to the 'strong-minded.' She sought by all means to elevate, and thoroughly succeeded in elevating, her sex. She wrote for me in my album this memorable passage: 'A habit is more powerful than an act: and a previously indulged temper, during the day, will not, it is to be feared, be fully counteracted by a few minutes' devotion at night.'"

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.—Miss Landon called her "Sancho Panza in petticoats;" yet among the lanes and glades of her own sunny Berkshire she might have aptly seemed a merry milkmaid—proper to the place. Her round figure, jolly face, perpetual smile, ready greeting, kindly words, seemed of kin to the nature that is away from crowded streets. Assuredly she was more at home at Three-Mile Cross than she was in London. In London she seemed always *en garde*, thought an air of patronage the right thing, and that an author about whom the whole world was talking, and who had achieved the greatest of all literary successes—the production of a tragedy—was bound to be stately as well as cordial—to have company manners that she would have thrown off as a paralyzing incumbrance where the breezes blew among the trees that shaded her native heather. I have elsewhere told the story that one even-

ing at our house, soon after "Rienzi" had become town-talk, and when she was the observed of all observers, some wags were tittering behind her chair; we ascertained the cause—she wore a huge turban utterly out of keeping with her countenance: there was a card pinned to it, on which was printed in large letters, "Very chaste; only five and threepence." She had purchased it at Cranbourn Alley (then a famous mart for second-class finery), had placed it on her head in the carriage, and, not noticing, had not removed the ticket. Mrs. Hall, making some pretense to arrange her head-dress, unpinned and took away the obnoxious advertisement, and she never knew how or why so many wags had been merry at her cost.

A pleasanter day was that we spent with her at Three-Mile Cross, in a small and somewhat dismal cottage with a poor bit of garden, which her feeling and fancy had magnified into the perfection of a rural retreat—*rus in urbe*, where her pet greyhound, Mayflower, gamboled about her feet; and where the "neighbors," each and all of whom she had pictured with graceful and kindly pencil in her "sketches," dropped courtesies as she passed.*

Mary Russell Mitford sleeps in the prettiest of old village churchyards, where village lads and lassies pass every Sabbath-day beside her grave; fit resting-place of one whose delight was in picturing "the humble loves and simple joys" of the Sylvias and Corydons who still gather round an English homestead. I hope her dreams are not disturbed at Swallowfield by gas in the highway and the scream of the railway-whistle, but that swallows yet build in the cottage-eaves, and the blackbird's trill is heard among the fragrant limes, that the nightingale sings there yet, and that roses still bloom in her "Vale of Cashmere."

There was not much of romance in the career of Miss Mitford; at least, of such little is known.† She lived chiefly with her father

* They were not angry because of the freedom with which they were treated. It was otherwise with Mrs. Hall, who did something of the same kind in her earliest book with her humbler acquaintances and friends; they were mortally offended, "never thought Miss Maria would do the like—putting them in a printed book"; and more than one greeted her with reluctance when she visited her native home; yet it is unnecessary to say they have been portrayed with feelings not only of regard but affection. The humbler Irish have always had a horror of "being in print."

† We may accept, however, the piece of luck that gave her, when a child, a prize in the lottery.

On her tenth birthday Dr. Mitford took the child to a lottery-office, and bade her select a ticket. She determined—guided, to all appearance, by one of the unaccountable whims of childhood—that she would have none other than that numbered 2,224. Some difficulty attended the purchase of the coveted number, but the little lottery patroness had her way at last, and on the day of drawing there fell to the lot of the happy holder of ticket No. 2,224 a prize of £20,000. Alas! the holder of the fortunate ticket was happy only in name. By the time his daughter was a woman, there remained to Dr. Mitford, of all his lottery adventure had brought him, a Wedgwood dinner-service with the family crest!

in sunny Berkshire. He was a selfish old man—drinking, gambling, worthless—who having squandered his own money lived upon hers; that which she earned, but did not inherit.

Miss Mitford was a voluminous correspondent. I do not know how many volumes of her letters have been put into print by her friend the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. He has been, however, a generous and sympathetic biographer; * so, indeed, has been another friend, much loved and respected by her, Francis Bennoch, F. S. A. To give a list that included all her correspondents, literary and artistic, would be to give a very long list indeed. I found among my letters one from Barbara Hofland to Mrs. Hall, an extract from which, I think, is worth giving, principally because of the "fun" it exhibits in the attempt to write Irish brogue:

"Och! to be sure, my dear honey, and it's your own swate self that is quite ignorant of the most wonderfulest, astonishing surprise that is just come upon a body, and that has done a body's heart good to think about—and niver a word the spalpeen rascals i' the *Times* has told us about it, bekase, you see, she commanded her nibour to hould their black and white tongues, an' niver mention the partickler case. But as to not tellin' o' you, my dear, all as I just happen to know, why it's out o' the question, honey—so here goes. Miss Mary Mitford is married, honestly married, to one of her own kith and kin, a true Mitford of Northumberland, tho' his relationship is a mighty way off. And he have taken her down to his own fine estate and noble ould mansion, and made her who was a rale lady, just aisy for the rest of her days, and her parents aisy too; and if that isn't good news, I don't know what is, honey dear."

"Life to the last enjoyed"—in "sunny Berkshire" she loved so long and so well—Mary Russell Mitford died at Swallowfield on the 10th of January, 1855.† Her tragedies may be forgotten, but her

* Very recently—in 1882—Mr. L'Estrange published a book of letters to and from her, which he terms "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford." It is a most deeply interesting book; her correspondence was with a very large number of the celebrities of the age.

Her conversation, Mrs. Barrett Browning considered, "even better than her books"; and Mr. Fields writes of her, "Her voice was as a beautiful chime of silver bells."

† "Sunny Berkshire" was a very Arcadia to Mary Russell Mitford: she fought for it against all comers. Now and then she was forced into admission that it was not quite perfect; and very reluctantly confessed that its peasants were sometimes boors. She told me this story—how one day she was taken aback. A lady was walking with her through one of the lanes; they had a tussle of words; one asserting, the other denying, that the peasantry lacked natural courtesy and politeness; and both had warmed with the discussion. They had to pass through a gate; suddenly a boy who was leading a cow started forward and opened the gate for them. Miss Mitford was delighted: it was a death-blow to her antagonist. The lady was more than surprised: "Ah," said she to the lad, "you're not Berkshire, I'm sure!" This was the answer: "*Thee'rt a liar, vor I be!*" I contrasted this illustration of natural courtesy with an anecdote I have heard my father tell. He was in a boat with the daughters of Puxley, of Berehaven; the six rowers did their best; each was rewarded by a glass of whisky; but a merry lass of the party aiming to

village sketches never can be. To them she is indebted for her fame. In one of the latest of her letters she writes: "I sit by the open window enjoying the balmy air; . . . The trees, and the sky, and a bit of the distant road. . . . My roses are very beautiful, delicately sweet, and the common white pinks almost like cloves in their fragrance."

It is very pleasant to know that her love for the sweet things of earth continued up to the brink of the grave, but how far happier, for her, it would have been to have known that earth was but a preparation for heaven—that the sweetest and brightest of her joys here were as dust! Alas! we must admit that to the joys to be revealed hereafter she gave no thought.* On the 3d of October, 1854, Mary Russell Mitford murmured, "I cling to life."

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH died so recently as 1882, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He produced a score, at least, of novels, and was for some years the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he purchased (in 1845) from the executors of Colburn. Probably at one period of his career he might have boasted that he had almost as many readers as Dickens.

I knew Ainsworth when he obtained an unenviable notoriety by his novel of "Jack Sheppard," a work that effected an enormous amount of evil. It became a sort of sacred book to the ruffians, demireps, and all who were dishonestly or immorally inclined among the lowest orders, and, in fact, made, as well as encouraged, thieves and other moral and social pests of society. I hope before he died he "repented him of the evil." God gave him time in which to do so.

I saw little of him in later days, but when I knew him in 1826, not long after he married the daughter of Ebers, of New Bond Street, and "condescended" for a brief time to be a publisher, he was a remarkably handsome young man—tall, graceful in deportment, and in all ways a pleasant person to look upon and talk to. He was, perhaps, as thorough a gentleman as his native city of Manchester ever sent forth. Few men have lived to be more largely rewarded not only by pecuniary recompense, but by celebrity—I can hardly call it fame. His antiquarian lore was remarkable, and he made brilliant and extensive use of it in his long series of historial romances.

play a joke, observing that one of the boatmen was looking away, dipped the wine-glass into the water and presented it to him. He drank it off seemingly without notice, returned her the glass, saying, "Thank ye, mee lady," instead of the sputtering she expected. In much astonishment she said, "What, Pat, do you like salt-water?" This was his answer: "No, mee lady, I don't like salt-water; but if yer ladyship had given me a glass of poison, I'd have drank it!"

* One of the dearest of her friends writes of her, shortly before her death, "Would to God I knew more certainly than I do that the great thing of all is not wanting!"

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY had the ear of the drawing-room fifty years ago, and from the pianos and harps, and well-trained voices of the polite world, each new song of his speedily made its way to the ruder choristers and humbler instruments of the street. "I'd be a Butterfly," and "Oh, no! we never mention Her" exercised the hurdy-gurdies and ballad-singers throughout the kingdom. Bayly was of a respectable family in Bath, his father having been a solicitor in that city; and he was himself articled in his youth to an attorney, but never followed his profession. He was a thorough gentleman, of handsome person and refined manners. His talent did not approach genius, but he hit the popular taste, and his verses, wedded to simple music, long delighted ears not over-fastidious.

Born in 1797, Bayly died in 1839, at the comparatively early age of forty-two. He is one of the numerous worthies whose names are intimately associated with Bath; for, in addition to his having been born there, all, or nearly all, his most popular songs were written in that pleasant city.

SIR JOHN BOWRING was better known as Dr. Bowring, LL. D. He was knighted in 1853 after having been consul at Hong-Kong, and was subsequently the Queen's representative in China. He was some time editor of the *Westminster Review*, an advanced Liberal, and member of Parliament, first for Kilmarnock, afterward for Bolton, and literary executor of Bentham.

He was a native of Devonshire, of a very old family in that county, and was born at Exeter in 1798. It was that fact perhaps that brought us into harmony, for I was not at any time an admirer of his politics—those of "The Philosophical Radicals," as his school was styled—or styled themselves, taking James Mill as their idol.

As an author, his reputation mainly rests on translations from languages with which few persons are acquainted, but his public services were considerable; as an advanced Liberal he largely aided his party, and was foremost as a promoter and advocate of many good and useful measures in Parliament; while as a man and a gentleman he was in all ways beyond reproach. He is one whom his native county may be proud to rank among the worthies of Devon.

JOHN BRITTON, F. S. A.—I prefer to give my memory of this eminent antiquary—the pioneer of more recent archæologists—as of an extract from the *Art Journal*. I wrote thus nearly forty years ago:

"It is in contemplation by some personal friends of Mr. Britton, in conjunction with others who are cognizant of his services, to 'testify by some public acknowledgment the debt due to him from all who are interested in our ancient architectural glories.' To this testimonial we shall very gladly contribute. Few men have been more useful in their generation. Mr. Britton was a brave and zealous preserver of our national antiquities, when the duty

was neither so simple nor so creditable as it has since become. Architecture and archæology owe him much—he has worked long and ardently for both: a veteran in the cause of Art, he retires from the contest only when the victory has become certain and easy. His experience extends, we imagine, over half a century: fifty years of hard work have, we trust, secured him sufficient to make the down-hill of life a facile descent; and the object contemplated is only some unequivocal sign that his amiable qualities, his kindly disposition, and his ready zeal to communicate information have their just influence upon a very large circle of friends; while those who know him only through his numerous works—every one of which has been more or less beneficial to his country—will be equally willing to aid in adopting some mode of recording their sense of his services. Such episodes in a life of labor are not only salutary rewards; they act as direct encouragement to honorable exertions, and are stimulants to useful energies. In this country ‘the public’ does that which governments do—wisely and honestly—elsewhere.”

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.—I can not pass in memory through Sheffield without taking note of the Anti-Corn-Law Rhymer, whose dismal, yet grand and patriotic poems, I do not doubt, aided largely to bring about the repeal of the Corn Laws, when Cobden and Bright were assailing them from many platforms. It was Bulwer Lytton, prompted by William Howitt, who brought the dawn of fame to Ebenezer Elliott. Howitt sent to Bulwer a coarsely-printed pamphlet-poem, entitled “Ranter,” and Bulwer sent a review of it to me, as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

No man could be more happy than Elliott in a green lane; though an indefatigable and successful man of business, he devoutly and devotedly loved Nature. If absolutely rabid when he wrote of the “tax-fed aristocracy”—sententious, bitter, sarcastic, loud with his pen in his hand and class sympathies and antipathies for his inspiration—all evil thoughts evaporated when communing in the woods and fields with the God by whom the woods and fields were made; among them his spirit was as fresh and gentle as the dew by which they were nourished. I saw him but once, yet I had much pleasant correspondence with him; and in the “Amulet” some of the sweetest and best of his poems were printed. He was also a frequent contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*.

JOHN CLARE was, far more truly than Ebenezer Elliott, of the class of uneducated poets. I recall him, poor fellow, with his huge, overburdening head, that might have dreamed dreams and seen visions, but obviously was not the throne of productive thought. His life was cheerless, or gladdened only by a brief ray of sunshine that speedily gave way to blacker and blacker clouds of calamity, under the gloomy influence of which his mind sank; and after long years of confinement he died in the Insane Asylum at Northampton, the town with which his name is inseparably associated—though not to its honor. He was not buried in a pauper’s grave; a few pounds

were kindly subscribed to preserve his body from that indignity ; that, and a small annuity purchased for him by subscription, while he was yet free from the most terrible of maladies, is the sum of what his country did for the poor peasant-boy who lived through penury and suffering to leave his mark in the literary annals of his time. I knew him in 1826 or 1827, and printed in the "Amulet" some of the best of his poems, notably, "Mary Lee." At a later period a memoir of him in the "Book of Gems," with some examples of his genius and a reference to the sad story of his life,* brought me a letter from the noble Marquis who took his title from Clare's native town ; but I never heard that it resulted in substantial aid to the poor poet. Yet he had been guilty of no other crime than poverty, and his errors were only those that are unhappily so frequently found in combination with the highest order of genius. London society, certain coteries of it, at least, made a lion of him for a time, and then consigned him to utter and withering neglect ; what had been sport to the lionizers was death to poor Clare, whom flattery and patronage had disgusted with his former life of hopeless poverty, and who found himself suddenly plunged back into it.

AMELIA OPIE.—I have described Mrs. Opie as "at home" in the gay capital of France.

"At one moment," as Mrs. Hall wrote, "discussing some point of natural history with Baron Cuvier ; the next, talking over the affairs of America with Fenimore Cooper ; the next, explaining in very good English-French to some sentimental girl who craved her blessing, and called her *mère*, that she never was and never would be a nun, and that her dress was not the garb of any such laborious, useful, or self-denying order as the *Sœurs de Charité*. Mrs. Opie was, to perfection, the elderly English lady, tinged with the softest *blue*, and vivified by the graceful influence of Parisian society."

Twenty years later, I saw Mrs. Opie for the last time—only a brief while before her death. It was in the autumn of 1851, at her quiet, pleasant dwelling in the Castle Meadow of Norwich ; and not

* JOHN CLARE, THE PEASANT-POET.—It is well known that this amiable man and highly distinguished poet, has been for some years subject to such aberration of mind as rendered it necessary that he should be removed from his family, and placed in a situation where the best medical treatment and most judicious means of management could be engaged in contributing to his recovery. He has now been under the care of Dr. Allen, of Fairmead House, Epping Forest, for nearly four years ; and it is with much pleasure that all the friends of humanity and admirers of genius will hear that, in Dr. Allen's opinion, Clare's recovery would soon be complete, if his anxiety for the welfare of his family could be relieved by the consciousness that he had an income more adequate to their support."—Extract from an advertisement in the *Art Union*, 1845.

The hopes referred to in the above unhappily proved transitory, and the luckless poet was consigned to the public asylum at Northampton—to be liberated only by death.

long after its mistress had paid her last visit to London, to see the Great Exhibition of that year. She greeted me with a cordial welcome. Time had touched her lightly, and had not robbed her of her grace, but had only replaced the charms of youth with the beauty of old age. At eighty-four she was a charming picture of what goodness of heart and cheerfulness of disposition can do to make age lovely to the last.

Although a member of the Society of Friends, and bound by that connection to be sedate, a leaven of gayety clung to her through life, innocently and harmlessly, and there need have been no self-reproach in her occasional murmur to herself: "Shall I ever cease to enjoy the pleasures of the world? I fear not."

In truth she never did. And so her Diary oddly mingles gayeties with gravities: May meetings with brilliant evenings, labors of love and works of charity with half-idolatrous hero-worship; and there occur records of worldly joys, over which an elder among the Friends might shake his head and sigh, side by side with such passages as these: "Went to the jail, have hopes of one woman. . . . Called to see that poor, wretched girl at the workhouse; mean to get the prayer-book I gave her out of pawn."

She was earnestly and sincerely philanthropic, though her name seldom appeared in the list of subscribers to public charities—for it was her way to give, not letting her left hand know what her right hand did.

Feminine—essentially feminine—in her gifts, her graces, her strength, her weakness, a true, and therefore a lovable woman, was Amelia Opie.

In 1882 I had the great pleasure to meet at Plymouth a grand-nephew of the painter Opie.

Mr. Opie submitted to me a number of letters from Amelia Opie, several of them dated not long after she became a widow. They made it clear to me that she had been the devoted and loving wife of a devoted and loving husband. Such was by no means the opinion I had previously held; writing a memory of her, barely ten years ago, I had recorded a very opposite belief, describing Opie as a coarse man, unworthily mated to a charming woman. I rejoice to do justice to his memory. She loved and honored him. He was, I am sure, worthy to be loved and honored. It will suffice that I quote a passage or two from one of her letters. He died in 1807. In a preface to his life—published in 1809—she wrote of her "dear and ever-lamented husband," of her "affectionate duty to his memory."

"If I ever valued the power of writing, it is now that I am enabled to do him justice. . . . While I write I shall feel as if he was not entirely lost to me."

"I swear to you that nearly every day of my life (a blank, indeed, to what it was) I go through fits of anguish and regret, for him I have lost, as violent, if not more so, than I have ever felt. He who reads the heart knows

how often I cry to Him for mercy in the bitterness of my soul and frenzy for resignation to His will. My father came in this moment, and seeing me crying, asked what was the matter; as if any new sorrow was necessary to make me cry.' "

BERNARD BARTON, the poet, was also a Quaker; but he was to the manner born, and formality sat better on him than it did on Amelia Opie, who certainly never got, perhaps never tried to get, the world out of her heart.

Bernard Barton, if a poet, was also a banker's clerk. Dissatisfied with his lot in life, he sought the counsel of successful authors concerning a project he had formed of abandoning the desk, and trusting for bread to the progeny of his pen. Byron, to whom he referred his plan, reminded him of the common lot of those whose sole dependence is literature:

"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

And Charles Lamb, after quoting his own experience to show that "desks were not deadly," went on: "Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support, but what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!! Throw yourself rather from the steep Tarpeian rock—slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. . . . Oh, you know not—may you never know!—the miseries of subsisting by authorship."

Barton was wise enough to listen to the warning; and continued forty years longer at the desk he had dreamed of quitting—happier than if literature had become the serious business of his life.

I recall him as he walked the streets of London on his visits there, in a broad-brimmed hat and coat of Quakerish cut: a tall man, with a complexion telling less of the counting-house than of walks among the fields and lanes that environ Woodbridge in quiet Suffolk. His simple poetry has for its theme, domestic virtues, and homely joys; and its characteristics are rather feeling and fancy than imagination. A letter he wrote to me in 1845 well illustrates his character. It accompanied a little volume entitled "Household Verses"; and I find in it these words:

"I am a lover of the quiet household virtues—can breathe most freely in that purer atmosphere in which they live, move, and have their being; and have felt restrained, not less by my taste than by my religious creed, from seeking to gain popularity by the use of those exciting stimulants so much in vogue of later years with the followers of the Muses."

A Christian poet, who loved and studied the works of God—such is the briefest and best description of Bernard Barton.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—If the latest earthly hope of Leigh Hunt was that he might meet his earth-friends "in one of Plato's vast cycles of re-existence," it was far otherwise with the Christian poet, James Montgomery. Yet he seemed perpetually burdened with

that curse—the weight of which Hunt never felt—mental depression such as haunted the poet Cowper from boyhood to the grave. I knew him in London, where, however, he never was a dweller; and saw him once seated in his editorial chair at Sheffield. He was usually in ill health; and as I think, judging by the much I heard and the little I saw, seldom cheerful, yet always (paradoxical as it may seem) happy; but he looked beyond this life, and had the consolation of faith, trust, and hope. Like Leigh Hunt, he suffered fine and imprisonment for libel; but the offense in Montgomery's case was far less grave: indeed, we should be astonished now to find it pronounced an offense at all. But when he conducted the *Sheffield Iris*, a libel was a thing easy to fall into; and so perilous was it for journalists to speak out that the "liberty of the press" was practically a myth.

Montgomery, though usually classed among Scottish poets, was an Irishman. His father, mother, and all his family were Irish; and in the North of Ireland he was reared and educated, although born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, where his father had for a brief while the charge of a small congregation. Father and son were Christians of the sect of the Moravian Brethren. But Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England may be proud of a man who did so much that was good and so little that was bad; in whose long life, indeed, we find nothing that was not designed, and calculated, to advance the temporal and spiritual welfare of humanity. He is one of the Band of Immortal Poets, who, while they confer honor on their country are foremost among missionaries sent to do the work of God for man.

In 1830, James Montgomery came to London to deliver lectures on English literature at the Royal Institution. It was then that he visited us in Sloane Street.

Few poets ever suffered more severely at the hands of critics; and, acting on a naturally sensitive nature, the attacks of Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh*, and of lesser Zoiluses in other reviews, probably had the effect they were designed to produce. In a letter I received from him in 1837, Montgomery thus alludes to himself: "The disappointment of my premature poetical hopes brought a blight with it, from which my mind has never recovered. For many years, I was as mute as a molting bird; and when the power of song returned, it was without the energy, self-confidence, and freedom which happier minstrels among my contemporaries manifested."

GRACE AGUILAR.—A pure, good, and greatly gifted woman—Christian in all but creed—left earth when the Jewish maiden died. Her nation owes her much: her people have, I believe, raised a monument to her memory in the burial-ground at Frankfort, where she died in 1847, just thirty years old. Her books have done a great deal to remove the prejudice that succeeded persecution by which the Jews were for centuries oppressed; and if she did not live to see

them on a platform of perfect equality with Christians in England, she foresaw the great act of policy and justice that removed all their disqualifications : and I can not doubt aided largely to achieve the triumph. We knew her personally and loved her—and she loved us. She was a “woman of Israel,” truthful, upright, charitable, just and true. We echo the sentiment we read many years ago on her monument : “Let her own works praise her in the gates.”

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.—While at Bath, I wrote this memory, recalling also others who have given fame to the renowned city of King Bladud's founding, where his baths continue to be healing sources in the most beautiful and graceful of all the assemblages of houses in the British Dominions.

So long ago as 1826, I knew the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the author of many poems, especially “The Omnipresence of the Deity” that attained a popularity which for some years threw into the shade the poetry of his namesake James—a far greater poet, of a far loftier nature. Robert was, I have reason to believe, the son of a celebrated clown, Gomery, who had dropped the aristocratic syllable, Mont. The son of right reassumed it, and Robert Montgomery has a place among British poets of the century.

In 1826 I had a visit from him ; he had written a poetical satire, “The Age Reviewed,” and his object was to consult me as to its publication. It consisted of a series of assaults on all the leading poets and critics of the time : a David assailing a hundred Goliaths without knowing how to use his sling. His rhymes were, no doubt, clever—that was the most that could be said of them, except that they were just such as inevitably made a mortal foe of every one he attacked. When he had read the production to me, I gave him earnest counsel at once to put his poem into the fire beside which we were sitting. My advice was angrily rejected, and “The Age Reviewed” saw the light in due course. It was a wanton act of aggression that, before long, no one had reason to lament more bitterly than its author.

But the portrait I draw of him can not and ought not to be all shade. Beyond his vanity, there was no harm in him ; nay, his nature was generous and kindly. Many years subsequent to 1826, we were brought together again, in consequence of our mutual interest in the Brompton Hospital for the Cure of Consumption—a charity for which he exerted himself ardently and zealously. I will leave this pleasanter side of his nature to be described in some words of Mrs. Hall, written subsequently to his death :

“We knew that the desire of his heart was to do good, and that one institution (the Hospital for the Cure of Consumption at Brompton) has had its fund increased more than a thousand pounds by the earnestness and frequency of his sermons ; and we mourned for his ‘departure’ as a public bereavement, even on that ground alone ; though that was but one of his many ‘outlets’ of Christian charity and love.

"Gifted by nature with great good temper and unflagging cheerfulness, he had endured the rebuffs formerly heaped upon him without evincing bitterness or disappointment, and determined, nothing daunted, to 'try again.'

"The Reverend Robert Montgomery was born in Bath in July, 1807, his boyish days were passed at Dr. Arnot's school—near his birthplace, and in 1843 he made a most happy marriage with Rachel, the youngest daughter of A. McKenzie, Esq., of Bursledon, Hampshire. Robert Montgomery died at Brighton at the end of November, 1855. Had his lot been cast in England instead of Scotland (where for some years his sermons filled one of the principal Episcopalian churches in Glasgow), he would not have died only the minister of Percy Chapel.

"The poor, in every sense of the word, were very near his heart; by his preaching and collecting for them he was enabled (we speak having authority from one who knew him well) to distribute a *thousand a year* in charity, and this when the net income of Percy Chapel hardly yielded him four hundred a year.

"The world knew him as a poet; his congregation as a faithful, eloquent gospel minister; the poor as an unfailing friend; but in his home, no more tender or unselfish husband, father, or relative ever left a hearth desolate! 'Restless as was his nature, he could tame it down at any time to watch by the couch of sickness, or relieve the pangs of sorrow.'"

REV. ROBERT HALL.—So long ago as 1828, I knew the renowned Baptist minister, the Rev. Robert Hall. I heard him preach at Bristol, and more than once visited him there. Though he lived to be an old man—born in 1764, and dying in 1831—he was a sad sufferer all his life, from some internal ailment, and his eloquent sermons were often delivered while the speaker was struggling with bodily anguish.

In 1799 he preached and published his famous sermon on "Modern Infidelity," concerning which Bishop Porteous recorded his "applause, veneration, and gratitude," as "due to the acute detector, perspicuous impugner, and victorious antagonist of the skeptical, infidel, and anti-Christian sophist." No doubt it contributed much, at that perilous period, to arrest the progress of the atheistical principles that were then making way in England—blighting emanations from diseased Republican France.

It would be a great boon to society to republish it now; for perhaps no pen has so ably encountered—to vanquish—the twin demons of "democracy and atheism." I think I never heard a pulpit orator so effective as Robert Hall; yet his eloquence flowed without effort, and was totally devoid of ostentation. He impressed on all who heard him the conviction that he spoke for his Master and not for himself.

REV. ADAM CLARKE, the distinguished Biblical commentator, whom I knew in Cork so far back as the year 1819, was of another type of physique. He conveyed little idea of a man who labored by lamp-light; but rather that of one whose work was done, at all seasons, in the open air. In the pulpit he had only the eloquence that

proceeds from perseverance and convincing zeal. It is something to have known a man who was the associate and friend as well as one of the chosen missionaries of John Wesley. Dr. Clarke loved much to speak of his knowledge of that great man, who, in 1782, had laid his hand on the head of the young neophyte, and dedicated him to the ministry: and when the subject of this brief notice died, his mortal remains were interred in the burial-ground of the Methodists in the City Road, close beside those of the Gamaliel at whose feet he had sat.

In those days the Wesleyan Methodists considered simplicity in all things the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace; and would have shrunk as much from wearing, at worship, a flower or a feather in the bonnet as from appearing in theatrical gauze and spangles in the street at mid-day; moreover, their "houses of God" were plain even to rudeness, rigidly destitute of aught that could tempt to the sin of adoring the creature. Now they are not unfrequently unsatisfactory imitations of a cathedral; the organ pours its full diapason over the pew in which are ladies who are patterns—not of the grave simplicity of the primitive Methodists, but of whatever absurdity of dress may be the fashion of the hour. I heard not long ago in a Wesleyan "church" one of the most eloquent speakers and powerful preachers it has ever been my lot to hear, whose every sentence seemed to have been written and rewritten, considered and revised, again and again—so perfect was it in construction and composition: yet the Rev. MORLEY PUNSHON was, in the strictest sense, an extempore preacher. He called back to memory some of the able and gifted men I had heard more than half a century ago; men who appeared as thoroughly inspired as were the Apostles, who did the Master's work because they loved to do it, and sought to plant the seed only that they might see the harvest. I was, moreover, reminded of the Methodism of my young days; the preacher was entirely free from canonicals, and appeared in the plain dress of everyday wear.

I can not tell if vital religion has gained or lost by the concessions to the world to which I have referred; more cheerfulness there may be, in the stead of unseemly dolor, when offering the heart to God, and many may be led, who must of old have been driven, to salvation: but possibly the aspirations of the soul are less heavenward in presence of so much of the world's pomps and vanities, than they would be in an atmosphere of greater simplicity.

GERALD GRIFFIN, the author of "*The Collegians*"—that remarkable novel, on which the play of *The Colleen Bawn* is founded—lies in the little burying-ground at Shandon Hill, Cork, within sound of

"The bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

He died just as he was about to leave the world for a religious life, and his broken spirit passed away from earth, instead of taking refuge in the monastery he contemplated entering. "Lie lightly on him, earth"—on the dust of one who found the struggle for fame so bitter that he resigned it in very weariness of heart when victory was well-nigh within his grasp.

I knew Griffin when I was like him—a young man toiling hard for a future. John Banim—who had, between sickness, disappointment, and poverty, something like the lot of a literary martyr to endure himself—was his useful adviser and steadfast friend; and at Banim's house I met him more than once. He was then a delicate, or, rather, a refined-looking young man, tall and handsome, but with mournful eyes, and that unmistakable something which prognosticates a sad life and an early death.

He had come to London at the age of nineteen, with some poems in his pocket and an unfinished tragedy. For a long time he continued to pick up a precarious living by literature, struggling with absolute poverty, without friends, without prospects—almost without hope. Sickened by numberless disappointments, brought face to face with actual starvation—for it had come to that, when a friend once discovered him, and ascertained that he had been three days without food—his pride yet held him back from seeking the aid that relatives he had left in Limerick would certainly have tendered, could he have prevailed on himself to make known to them his extremity of distress. Banim—himself hardly in better circumstances—proffered help, and it was rejected. At last—too late—"The Collegians" and "The Munster Festivals" found their way into print, and to success; then their author's dreary path was lighted up with the first dawning of fame. Too late—for, though the struggle was at an end, it had crushed him. He determined to burn his manuscripts and write no more, but withdraw himself from the world. Alas! even while he was preparing for long years of penance and prayer, Death came and removed him to heaven.

I saw him for the last time in Cork in 1840, shortly before his death. He was then preparing to take orders as a priest, and had joined the "Society of Christian Brothers" (he was "brother Joseph" there), an Order that, "besides fulfilling all the pious exercises of the monastic state, devotes its best energies to the religious and moral instruction of the children of the poor." In this new vocation he might have been useful, but the oil in the lamp had run too low—the wasted flame soon afterward flickered out. He died in 1840.*

WALSH.—There are three persons, renowned Irishmen, who have conferred honor on the name of Walsh. First, Dr. Edward Walsh,

* Macready, after the death of Griffin, brought out at Covent Garden his tragedy of *Gisippus*, with entire success.

Physician to the Forces ; secondly, his brother, the Rev. Robert Walsh, Chaplain to the Embassies in Constantinople and Brazil ; and thirdly, his son, John Edward Walsh, some time Master of the Rolls in Ireland. They were of our dear and long-loved friends. To one of the sons of the latter I am godfather.

Dr. Edward Walsh was a native of Waterford, of a family of early English settlers. Having served as an army surgeon during the Irish Rebellion—and his memory was vivid as to the incidents and terrors of that time—he accompanied the troops to Holland, and subsequently published an account of the ill-fated Walcheren Expedition. He saw service in many countries of Europe, and was in Russia when the Emperor Paul was assassinated. While quartered in Canada he made the acquaintance of Thomas Moore, and was with him in the boat in which Moore penned the lines :

“Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.”

His military career terminated with the battle of Waterloo, and the latter days of his life were passed in tranquil happiness in his own country up to 1832, when he died. How much I regret having made no notes of his anecdotes and conversation ! He was a most kindly, generous, and thoroughly upright man—of the best school of Irish gentlemen.

If Edward Walsh was distinguished, his brother Robert was even more so. He became early known in Letters by a large work, which he did not originate, but continued—a history of Dublin. He was chaplain to Lord Strangford while the “melodious” peer, whose poetry is now quite forgotten, was ambassador at Constantinople and in Brazil, and published two valuable books relative to the Porte and the Brazilian Empire—books that must have been of great value to subsequent travelers. He was at Constantinople when the memorable slaughter of the Mamelukes took place, and describes the massacre in his “Records of a Residence” there, with all the terrible minuteness of an eye-witness. Dr. Walsh closed a long life of useful work in comparative quiet as Rector of Finglas, near Dublin—honored and beloved. I knew him intimately so far back as 1826, soon after his return from the East. I have known few with whom intercourse was in all ways so profitable. His only son, John Edward, was our dear friend. As an author, the work of JOHN EDWARD WALSH was chiefly limited to contributions to the *Dublin University Magazine*, for which he wrote the series of papers “Ireland Sixty Years Ago,” subsequently collected and issued in a volume that has obtained high repute and large circulation. He held office as Attorney-General for Ireland from July to October, 1866. I heard him make his maiden speech in Parliament as representative of Dublin University. He was afterward Master of the Rolls, and had he lived would have been Lord Chancellor of Ireland ; for he was not

only a sound and able lawyer, but a most accomplished gentleman and most estimable and upright man, respected and honored by men of all creeds, and of all political opinions.

Thus *four* generations of the family of Walsh have been our friends. The son of the Master of the Rolls is the Rector of Malahide, and another son (my godson) a barrister, and I have lived to see their children. Their fathers, "gone before," were of high intellectual power, and of the purest moral, social, and religious integrity. So may their successors be! The great-grandchildren of Dr. Robert Walsh have a lofty, unstained, and honored name to transmit to their posterity.

LONGFELLOW.—So much has been written and published during the past year concerning Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and I could add to it so little of value, that I prefer to say very little indeed. Ample justice has been rendered to his memory, not only in his own country, but in this—wherever, indeed, the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken or read. I give him very high rank among the poets of the century, placing him, perhaps, next to Wordsworth; while of the modern poets—those of to-day—assuredly he is as a Triton among the Minnows. I except only TENNYSON; but the Poet Laureate must not be named with the poets of to-day. His place is with his contemporaries, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Moore, Southey, Campbell, Coleridge, and other "giants."*

I not only honored Longfellow as a poet, I loved him as a man. I did not see much of him when he was in London; he was my guest but twice. The evenings I refer to are of my most cherished memories, that nothing but death will remove from me—nay, death can not do that evil work. †

"There is no death: what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death!"

* So far back as 1838, it was my high privilege to include Tennyson in "The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists." For that brief biography, Leigh Hunt gave me some excellent remarks, which I introduced into my memoir—foretelling the future fame of him who has since established it. Of the fifty poets, specimens of whom are given in that book, only two now live—Alfred Tennyson and Mary Howitt.

† I have elsewhere recorded that I presented to Longfellow the inkstand of the poet Coleridge, given to me by Mrs. Gillman. Several years afterward, as I have also recorded, I presented to him Crabbe's inkstand, which had become the inkstand of Thomas Moore. In acknowledgment, I received the following letter; it is dated December 7, 1881, barely three months before his death—March 24, 1882.

"CAMBRIDGE, December 7, 1881.

"DEAR MR. HALL: I have this morning had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 21st November.

"On my return from my summer rambles, I found the beautiful oaken casket, containing the bronze inkstand of Crabbe, safely deposited in my study.

In addition to Longfellow, I have had the happiness to number among my acquaintance various distinguished Transatlantic men and women of letters—notably Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Sigourney, and N. P. Willis.

I met COOPER often during my residence at Paris in 1831. I have referred to him elsewhere. He seemed to me the *beau-ideal*—let the term be translated at will—of an American citizen, and gave me, more than any other man I have ever seen, the idea of a Puritan of our own Commonwealth days, with a bearing that might perhaps be termed stern, and certainly was not cordial: a firm step, a massive head and figure, and commanding look. He was not a man to whom one would readily apply the adjective “lovable”; but he seemed eminently calculated to extort respect, or even—if circumstances should make it his object to do so—to inspire fear.

HAWTHORNE was his very opposite. That most lovable of writers was also—to those who knew him intimately—one of the most lovable of men. My acquaintance with him was slight; but it has left on my mind a vivid impression of his painful shyness in general society, and the retiring—nay, morbid delicacy—with which he shrank from notice, instead of courting, or rather commanding, it, as was the manner of his brother-novelist.*

“How shall I sufficiently thank you, dear Mr. Hall, for these precious relics, and for the kind and generous feeling which prompted your sending them to me? I can only do so by telling you how highly I value them, and with what care I shall keep them.

“I should have written sooner to say this, but immediately on my return home I had an attack of nervous prostration, from which I have not yet fully recovered: as you see by my not writing with my own hand. Recovery is a slow process.

“I rejoice to see, by the firmness of your handwriting and by your own assurance that your health is so good.

“I am looking forward with eager interest to your ‘Recollections of a Long Life.’

“Believe me always, dear Mr. Hall,

“Yours faithfully and sincerely,

“HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.”

I need not say I joined “heart and soul” in the movement that will result in placing a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey; he has been a great teacher in England and all its dependencies, as much so as in the United States—extending the power and influence of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, that will be—perhaps, ere another generation has come and gone—spoken and read by the half of humankind. Longfellow is no more the poet of America than he is of Great Britain. The record that preserves his memory in the venerable abbey will give delight here as well as there: for he is the pride of the millions here as he is the glory of the millions there. The sentiment that accords honor of Longfellow is as universal in the one country as it is in the other.

* I once sat next to Hawthorne at a lord mayor’s dinner. He was then the United States Consul at Liverpool, and knew that his name was included in the list of toasts. The prospect gave him, what it is no exaggeration to call, intense agony. His hands shook, his lips quivered. I said to him: “Now, if you attend to me, you may be safe from all apprehension; and be sure to make a good speech. When you hear your name, and I take the glass in my hand and drink the toast,

WASHINGTON IRVING, when I knew him, was past the zenith both of his life and his fame. He was inclined to rest and be thankful, to wear placidly the crown of bays that his intellectual activity had woven for him in earlier years; and so I found him, as others had found him, sleepy in a double sense—physically and mentally.

N. P. WILLIS was introduced to me by Lady Blessington, with a view to his contributing to the *New Monthly*; and in the result, several of his most spirited prose sketches were published in that magazine. He had then but newly arrived in London after a lengthened tour in the East, and was not long in making his way into the best English circles; his person being in his favor and his manners essentially those of a gentleman, though somewhat overlaid with what was then called "dandyism." Willis had seen much, read much, and was a keen observer of men and manners.

I may add to these brief tributes of remembrance one concerning that most estimable lady and writer, MRS. SIGOURNEY. Our personal acquaintance with her was short; but we maintained with her a frequent correspondence extending over many years. She was a mild, sweet, and gentle woman, of an essentially feminine nature, and gifted with a high order of mind. Those who knew her well bear testimony to her many noble and lovable qualities. She has left works that the young especially may study with great profit; for the writer trod faithfully in the steps of those teachers who inculcate much that is right and nothing that is wrong.

The list of authors I have known is not exhausted: but my space is. I must resist the temptation to treat at greater length a very seductive theme.

look only at me: do not turn your eyes toward the lord mayor, or on any of the magnates. Consider you are thanking *only me* for the honor done you." He acted on the suggestion: saw *me* alone: and as I nodded approval of every sentence he uttered, bowed to me in acknowledgment, seeing and consequently acknowledging my nods and compliments, of "Yes, yes," and "Good, good." And so he made an excellent speech—which certainly he would not have done had he not accepted and acted on my advice. I give that advice to all nervous speakers at public meetings.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTISTS I HAVE KNOWN.

IT is unnecessary for me to say that all the artists of the earlier half of the century have been my personal acquaintances ; I have known them all, and it seems to me that I might write something of each that could not fail to interest a reader. But exigencies of space demand that my memories must be comparatively few—those only of professional Leaders. I commence with “the greatest, yet the meanest” of them all.

J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.—Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, in the latter half of the last century, numbered among its unpretentious dwellings the abode of a barber in no very fashionable way of business. The lane is a narrow, crowded way, through which carriages can not pass. At that period, the neighborhood was a dense labyrinth of courts and alleys, from St. Martin's Lane to Covent Garden. Here was crowded together an abundant population ; each of the stories, or even rooms, of the houses held separate families ; it was therefore a fitting locality for a busy hairdresser. His name was Turner, and his parti-colored pole hung beside the archway leading into Hand Court ; the house is a small one, with only one window in front ; it is now added as a storehouse to adjoining premises, but is unaltered in its general features. Here the painter was born in the year 1775 : he was christened in the adjoining church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.*

Millions have admired his works, but none loved, the great landscape-painter. Perhaps a meaner soul was never linked to so lofty a genius. His was not a happy life ; far from it. He seems to have had no measure of enjoyment except art, unless he obtained it from nature—physical nature, that is to say, for he could see no inner beauty in other of God's many beautiful works. He amassed an

* Cyrus Redding, in his “Forty Years' Recollections,” states that Turner told him—when Redding was enumerating the number of artists to whom Devonshire had given birth—“You may add my name to the list : I am a native of Devonshire.”

enormous fortune*—for heirs to wrangle over, much as curs would snarl over a banquet of bones. An ungenial, uncheered, unhopeful life, resulted in a discreditable death, amid associations that can be only termed loathsome. While living, he never sought to help or benefit any of his fellow-creatures, and when he died it was sorely against his will that he conferred on others advantages for which he was to receive nothing in return. There are not many now who, pausing before Turner's masterpieces at the National Gallery, can recall the man who created them. A short, thick, stubbed, ungainly and ungraceful form, hair gray, straggling over a big head overladen with flesh, a keen penetrating eye, a broad but not high brow, deficient of the organs of benevolence and veneration. Such, those who remember Turner, will recall him as they have seen him at the private views of the Royal Academy (he was not often seen elsewhere), with gloves that had been thrice cleaned,† and a blue coat with brass buttons, creases in which made patent its recent removal from the drawer where it had probably been in confinement since the private view of the year preceding. It is a miserable character I thus describe, and I have pleasure in quitting a theme on which I might enlarge greatly. Of a surety I might apply to him the line of the poet—

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind":

for Turner was essentially selfish—in youth, in manhood, in old age.

The illness which led to Turner's death required him to seek change of air; but he dreaded expense, and found, by chance, a small lodging to let in a little house fronting the Thames near Cromorne Gardens, Chelsea. Retaining his dislike of visitors, he never gave his name to the mistress of the house, nor did she know it until after his death, which happened there on the 19th of December, 1851. One bright winter's day, a short time before he died, the painter was carried to the first-floor window to see the sun set—with a calm glow over the Thames.

He was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Prout told me a story, that illustrates his character. Turner, Prout, and Varley had been together on a sketching tour in Devonshire. They had to cross a ferry; Varley had not at the moment a sixpence in his pocket, so he borrowed one from Turner. The next morning Prout and Varley left Exeter to return to London. Although the coach started at six o'clock on a very cold morning, to their surprise, but greatly to their satisfaction, they saw Turner at the coach-office waiting to see them off. "Ah!" cried Varley, "this

* It was said by Lord Erskine when told of a person who had died worth £200,000, "Well, that's a pretty fair capital to begin life with in the next world!"

† I well remember an audible whisper running round the great room at Somerset House: "Do look at Turner, he's got a new pair of gloves!"

is really very kind of you, Turner, to be up so early to bid us good-by !” “ Oh,” said Turner, “ it isn’t that ; but you forgot to pay me back the sixpence you borrowed from me yesterday ! ”

I can well believe what Prout told me, that, when traveling together on the top of a diligence, Turner sketched, on the back of a letter, Heidelberg, the theme of one of his greatest pictures, where they arrived late at night to leave it at early morning. It was material enough.

DAVID WILKIE passed the later years of his life in comparative prosperity in a large house in Church Street, Kensington, and obtained better prices for his pictures than in the days when a peer of the realm bought his “ Village Politicians ” for £30, and grumbled at the exorbitant price.

My visits to the great painter were pleasant to me, and, I believe, also to him. He was purely an artist, indisposed to talk on any subject other than art, and, although a Scotchman, his education must have been niggardly. Yet he came of an intellectual race, his father being a Scottish clergyman, his grandfather the author of poems that might be beneficially taken from the grave to which they were long ago consigned ; while he himself had not been without advantages derived from travel.

I remember Wilkie asking me to call upon him and see his picture of “ An Irish Whisky-Still.” I made sundry objections to his treatment of a subject entirely unsuited to his handling—since an Irish “ private still ” was a thing he could never have seen. The illegal distillery of the picture presented various features that betrayed to any one acquainted with the reality the artist’s ignorance of this theme. One of the rough brewers of the mountain-dew wore red breeches ! Another was handing to a friend a “ sup of the crathur ” in a *glass* (!) instead of the invariable goblet, an egg-shell (often that of a goose). Vain was my protest against such incongruities, so thoroughly out of place, so utterly opposed to truth.

I remember a valuable criticism being passed on Wilkie by an old Irish servant of ours. She knew nothing of art ; but she knew her business—as a house-maid. An engraving of “ The Recruit ” was pinned against a bookcase, that I might study it to write about it. In came old Alice, looked at it, exclaimed, “ Dirty house-maid ! ” and retired. I called her back, to ascertain what she meant. In the corner of a neat and tidy Scottish cottage had been placed a mop, from which water was trickling along the floor. None but a dirty house-maid would have placed it there without first wringing it out.

But although these two anecdotes would seem to indicate that in his pictures he was careless of exactness in details, it was really far otherwise. No painter, as a rule, gave more heed to truth, or more closely studied the objects he desired to introduce into a

picture. Hart tells us that "he had a model for everything he did."

The life of Wilkie was on the whole a happy, and, certainly, an honored life. He labored for fame, and won it. His death took place on board ship as he was returning from the East, and one of the most characteristic of the later pictures of Turner depicts Wilkie's burial at sea.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, who succeeded Lawrence as President of the Royal Academy, if not holding the highest rank as a portrait-painter, was a most estimable gentleman, of large acquirements, goodly presence, refined manners, generous, sympathizing, good. He died so long ago as 1850—an Irishman of whom his country has a right to be proud. His poems are forgotten, although probably he was indebted for fame more to his pen than to his pencil. It was no light praise that which Byron gave to his "Rhymes on Art":

"Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace."

Shee carries me a very long way back in my art-memories. His first picture was exhibited in 1789; in 1798 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and invested with the full honors two years after. He survived the thirty-nine members by whom he had been elected.

SIR CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE, P. R. A., D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S., etc.—It must be admitted that the high position Sir Charles Eastlake obtained in the art history of his country was due far less to his talent as a painter than to his knowledge of art—and to the general qualifications he possessed for presiding over the academic body. His pictures in no single instance show remarkable genius, but they are distinguished by great delicacy of feeling, by pure taste, and by a pervading grace that rarely fails to win attention, though never forcing it. As a colorist they show him to have had no ideas in common with the best painters of the English school; and, though he studied in the chief schools of Italy, he acquired none of the glowing tints of Titian or Giorgione; his life-size female heads, however, have, in elegance of composition and sweetness of expression, some affinity to those of Titian. It may be that the knowledge of how much more developed was his ideal of perfection than his power to attain to it inspired a humility of character, a distrust of himself, that impeded his justification of the choice that made him President of the Royal Academy.*

* I may note, *en passant*, that Eastlake was of a good and highly respected family at Plymouth. Some members of it, much esteemed, still reside in the vicinity; and a younger brother is now Keeper of the National Gallery, an office which Sir Charles long held.

He was a thorough gentleman, of calm and refined manners ; so over-cautious that he would risk nothing to work out a purpose. If he was not greatly loved he was greatly respected ; if with power to do much he did little to advance the interests of British art, he, at all events, added largely to its literature ; and has educated by his pen much more effectually than he did by his pencil. A little more of the self-esteem of Haydon would not have ill become him, and would surely have made him a greater man than he was. He seemed so perpetually afraid of doing wrong that he omitted many opportunities of doing right. The most commonplace letter he usually prefaced with the word "Private," as if he dreaded the publicity that was, after all, the breath of his life. Among the worthiest of Devonshire worthies let his name be classed, for he was in all ways an honor to his native county.

His person was much in his favor ; he had fine though not expressive features, tinged—tainted, I might say—by what, I think, was constitutional timidity ; his manners were the very opposite of presuming or overbearing ; and if the younger members of his profession did not owe him much gratitude, they could bring against his memory no well-founded reproach on the score of arrogance or harshness.*

SAMUEL PROUT.—In the autumn of 1882 I visited at Plymouth the street in which he was born in 1783. The house itself has been pulled down ; in it his father carried on the trade of a bookseller. It is fully fifty years ago since I first knew the artist. No member of his profession ever lived to be more thoroughly respected—beloved, indeed—by his brother artists ; no man ever gave more unquestionable evidence of a gentle and generous spirit, or more truly deserved the esteem in which he was so universally held. His always delicate health, instead of souring his temper, made him more considerate and thoughtful of the troubles and trials of others ; ever ready to assist the young with the counsels of experience. He was a fine example of upright perseverance and indefatigable industry combined with suavity of manners, and those endearing attributes of character which invariably blend with admiration of the artist affection for the man. During the last six or seven years of his life I sometimes (not often, for I knew that conversation was frequently burdensome to him) found my way into his quiet studio at Camberwell, where, like a delicate exotic, requiring the most careful treatment to retain life in it, he would, to use his own expression, keep

* One of the most valuable of his pictures is a portrait of the first Napoleon, as the deposed Emperor stood on the gangway of the *Bellerophon*, when the vessel destined to convey him to St. Helena was anchored in Plymouth Harbor. The artist had seen him thus more than once, and pictures him with singular fidelity. Many years afterward I obtained a loan of that picture, and an engraving from it is one of the illustrations of the *Art Journal*.

himself "warm and snug." There he might be seen at his easel throwing his rich and beautiful coloring over a sketch of some old palace of Venice or time-worn cathedral of Flanders; and, though suffering much from pain and weakness, ever cheerful, ever thankful that he had strength sufficient to carry on his work. It was rarely that he could begin his labors before the middle of the day, when, if tolerably free from pain, he would continue to paint until the night was advanced. A finer example of meekness, gentleness, and patience I never knew, nor one to whom the epithet of "a sincere Christian," in its manifold acceptations, might with greater truth be applied. The profession lost in him a member of whom brother artists might be proud, and who was in every way worthy of their veneration as of their love. He died at his residence at Denmark Hill, on the 9th of February, 1852, aged sixty-eight. Notwithstanding the lingering nature of his illness, death came to him suddenly at last, a fit of apoplexy terminating the valuable life of one to whom the poet's line has rarely been applied with greater truth and force:

"Death never comes amiss to him prepared."

Prout was born at Plymouth in 1783, and died, as I have said, in 1852, at Denmark Hill, where he had been, in the latter years of his life, the neighbor as well as the friend of John Ruskin. The great writer has done justice to the memory of the great painter, whom he honored as an artist and loved as a man.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.—I have written elsewhere sufficient concerning Haydon. His was a sad life with a very sad ending. The theme, therefore, is not a pleasant one. I once said to him, "Haydon, if you had more pride and less vanity you would be the great man you aim to be." The evil of failure must be attributed all to himself. Yet let his name be honored without scruple in his native county of Devon. The house at Plymouth, in which his father was a bookseller and he was born, is no longer there; but I stood on the site not long ago, and removed my hat as a tribute of homage to one of the greatest artists and the most remarkable men of my time.

DANIEL MACLISE, R. A.—In the year 1820 I was living in Cork. Entering one day the hall of the Society of Arts, the few models in which had been recently augmented by gifts from George IV, I noticed a handsome and intelligent-looking boy drawing from one of the casts. I entered into conversation with him, examined his copy, and remarked, "My little friend, if you work hard and *think*, you will be a great man one of these days." In the year 1828 I again encountered him; then in London, with a portfolio under his arm. He was about eighteen years old; he had become an artist, and was

drawing portraits for any who would commission them, and at such prices as content young men, distrustful of their own papers, and who have merely dreamed of fame.

A rich faculty of invention—combined with great power—marks almost every work that proceeded from the hand of Maclise; yet vigor of conception, and a wonderful boldness of handling, were united with the utmost attention to detail—even to pre-Raffaelism. It is said he was no colorist; in one sense that may be true, for his pictures, although brilliant with color, are often deficient in the harmony that satisfies the eye; hence a certain harshness far from agreeable, and a want of that repose which, even amid a blaze of splendor, is not beyond the reach of the painter's art. Vigor of composition and force of realization seem to have been the aim of the painter, and in working to these ends he appears to have cared little for aught else; but whether his canvas showed only a single figure or was crowded with stirring incident, it manifested the mind and hand of a master.

I could say much, from long experience, of the genial nature, the high mind and generous heart of Maclise, but I could not say it half so well as it was said by his friend Charles Dickens at one of the annual dinners of the Royal Academy:

“Of his genius in his chosen art I will venture to say nothing here, but of his prodigious fertility of mind and wonderful wealth of intellect I may confidently assert that they would have made him if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter. The gentlest and most modest of men, the freest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants, and the frankest and largest hearted as to his peers, incapable of a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true dignity of his vocation, without one grain of self-assertion, wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, ‘in wit a man, in simplicity a child,’ no artist of whatsoever denomination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the art-goddess he worshiped.”

A more eloquent tribute to the memory of man was never uttered. I can indorse every word of it. That is nearly all I need say of one I honored and regarded with sentiments of respect and affection.

Between the years 1830 and 1838 there appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, written by Maginn, a series of biographical sketches accompanying portraits of living celebrities from the facile pencil of Maclise. The series consisted of eighty-three portraits, characteristic and capital as likenesses. They were collected into a volume and published, with all the original letterpress, in 1873 by Chatto and Windus, the successors of John Camden Hotten, who had communicated with me on the subject, and had asked my advice. They were fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of Mr. William Bates, B. A., Professor of Classics in Queen's College, Birmingham, by whom the book is edited. He has done his part (and a large part

it is), not only with great industry and painstaking research, but in a spirit of kindness, generosity, and sound judgment. As a record of so many heroes and heroines of the pen, of the past generation, the book is invaluable. How many of the eighty-three are now living? Living, that is to say, on earth, for nearly all of them live in their works, and can never die! Not one! I knew Maclise intimately when he was making these sketches; there was an affectation of secrecy about the procedure, and certainly few or none of the "sitters" sat for a portrait; they were all done from memory, possibly aided by a few stolen memoranda; but he had a wonderful faculty for "catching" a likeness—a keenness of eye from which, it is said, the phrenologist Spurzheim augured his after-success in art. Indeed, the first impression he made was by an outline likeness of Sir Walter Scott, whom he had seen for a few minutes in a bookseller's shop in Cork, while the Great Magician was with Maria Edgeworth in that city, *en route* to Killarney. It was lithographed, and brought the embryo artist repute and what he then needed—money.

In 1829 he made the drawing of Mrs. S. C. Hall, engraved by Lumb Stocks, R. A., published with this book. It was, I think, in the following year, 1830, that Segur, then Keeper of the National Gallery, and one of the Committee of the Gallery in Pall Mall, called upon me to inquire if I knew anything of a young Irish artist, whom he named Maccles. I soon corrected him. Segur told me the directors had been astonished at the marvelous merit of a picture, "Mokanna raising the Veil," from "Lalla Rookh." Thenceforward his rise was rapid and sure; and, although he died when hardly beyond his prime, he has left to the world a vast amount of art treasure, evidencing not only genius, but indefatigable industry.

MULREADY.—I have said elsewhere that my recollections go back to a time when British Art had little encouragement, and British Artists few "Patrons." Houses held at moderate rents were then inhabited by even our best-known painters, the freehold of which might be purchased by the sum that a single one of their pictures would fetch now. Mulready's house, in Linden Grove, he rented at perhaps sixty pounds a year, and did not find it easy to pay that; he, however, gave lessons in painting, and so obtained a sufficient income.

I recall Mulready in his prime as a tall, handsome man. He died very aged, in 1865. His first picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy, dates so far back as the year 1806. Full of years and honors he departed—enjoying all his faculties and much of his power to the last; for his most recent productions may be pronounced marvels of Art. A very few days before his death, I saw him in apparent vigor after a walk of two or three miles; and that same evening he passed in social enjoyment at the house of his friend E. M. Ward, R. A. Even on the evening immediately preceding his death, he was, it has

been stated, in the life school of the Academy at work with the students. The obituary announcement in the *Times* mentioned his age as seventy-eight, but he must have been older, for I have elsewhere stated he showed me a small picture of a gravel-pit, and said he had painted it on the site of Russell Square. That could not have been long after the year 1800.*

He was born at Ennis, in the County Clare, Ireland, where his father carried on the business of a breeches-maker—a lucrative trade at that time, when almost every man who owned a horse of any kind ‘sported the buckskin.’

In person, Mulready was tall, manly in form, and even in his old age presented an appearance scarcely less vigorous and handsome than it had been in his prime of manhood. His features were finely cut, his eye bright and clear to the last, his mouth severe but by no means sensual; his face had, when circumstances called it forth, a sarcastic expression, and his frown, as I have sometimes seen it, was positively terrible. Though unhappy in his domestic relations, he was generally beloved by those who knew him intimately, and especially by the younger members of the profession, to whom he was ever ready to tender serviceable advice.

ALFRED ELMORE.—In the year 1815 I chanced to be at Clonakilty, in the county of Cork. A friend of my father’s, Dr. Elmore, who had resided there, was the surgeon to a regiment with which he was then serving abroad. He had taken part in the battle of Waterloo, and on that memorable day a son was born to him far away in that small Irish town. Dr. Elmore was not an Irishman, but his wife was an Irish lady. Naturally I paid my respects to her on visiting Clonakilty; and, of course, the infant “hope of the family” was exhibited to me.

Some twelve years afterward, Dr. Elmore was settled in London, and became our family doctor. One day he consulted me as to what he should do with his eldest son, who wanted to be an artist, while the father destined him for his own profession. He showed me some sketches, early efforts of the lad. I was startled by their merit and promise, and said, “You will try in vain to prevent Alfred from being anything but an artist, and you ought to shrink from so doing, if you could.” I have reason to think that opinion greatly influenced the destiny of the painter, who ultimately took foremost rank in his profession. He died on the 24th of January, 1881, leaving one child, a daughter, to whom he bequeathed a large fortune (mainly, if not entirely, the produce of his pictures), no part of which, I regret to say, was shared by his brethren in art—such of them as are in distress—or by any

* A picture of a similar subject was exhibited at the Academy in 1848: it was called in the catalogue “A Gravel-Pit, painted in 1807 or 1808,” but that was a different work.

one of the many benevolent institutions which he could have helped so easily by a small offering of his wealth. For example, the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, an admirable society that has for many years brought gladness to many suffering hearts and needy homes—but the income of which has always been sadly restricted—might well have figured in the will of a prosperous artist.

I grieve to make this note of one I had known in infancy, and in watching whose career I received much gratification—from his honorable progress in achieving fame and fortune.

Dr. Elmore had over his chimney-piece a small painting of the Crucifixion, by Vandyke, presented to him by one of his patients; it is a work of wonderful power. I have no doubt that to that grand picture young Elmore was largely indebted for his early attraction to Art, and for much of his subsequent greatness in his profession.

JOHN LINNELL I visited in 1850, at his house in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater. His large painting-room was hung with his pictures: *there were no buyers*. He complained to me—it is not disrespectful to his memory to say—in a justifiable wail—that nobody bought a picture of his painting; and I verily believe if at that time he had received an offer of a thousand pounds for the whole “lot” that was scattered around him, that offer he would have accepted. “I can not,” he said to me, “live by my profession. I have tried portrait-painting, and can not get a commission.” (I remember a wonderful small portrait of Mulready, and another of, I think, Collins, were hanging in the room.) “I have tried engraving, but with no result” (there are some etchings of his in the hands of collectors: I have one); and he wound up by repeating more than once the melancholy complaint, “*Nobody will buy a picture of mine!*” It touched me as it would have touched any hearer. A few months afterward he exhibited two pictures at “The British Institution,” in Pall Mall; one, “The Storm,” was hung on the screen, which, many will remember, usually contained gems. Mr. Vernon was living two doors off. He was in bed, the bed he never afterward left. I went to him and said: “Sir, there is a picture at the Institution which I wish you would let me buy for you. It is a work of great merit, by John Linnell.” He said, “You know I can not see it!” “No,” I answered, “but you may take my judgment; its price is but forty guineas.” He directed me to purchase it, and I did so. He also bought, by my advice, for one hundred guineas, the picture of the “Wood-Cutters”: both are now among the priceless gems of the Vernon Gallery. The sale to Mr. Vernon of these paintings was soon known; and from that day Mr. Linnell had no moan to make concerning lack of purchasers: he sold his pictures as fast as he could produce them, and has been known to produce in a fortnight a work that he sold for a thousand guineas. He died possessed of very large wealth; yet wealth of which he made little use to obtain happiness for himself or

others. I regret to add another passage to this somewhat singular story. A few years ago, at a private view of the Royal Academy, I was conversing with him on the topic of the Vernon purchase. We were in accord in the matter, except that he said it was fifty, and not forty, guineas that Mr. Vernon had paid him for "The Storm." But I am quite sure it was priced forty guineas when I bought it. He said: "Mr. Hall, I have never given away a sketch; for when one gives away sketches, there is no end to it. But I must make an exception in your favor; come and see me at Reigate." A few months later I responded to the invitation. In his studio I saw a large number of sketches, and audibly admired two or three of them; taking care not to admire such as were of size and seemed commercially valuable; but I left his house without the promised sketch. He could not find it in his heart to *give*.

I will not apologize for the introduction of this anecdote. No doubt the change that was taking place as regarded national estimates of British artists must soon have brought ample "custom" to the *atelier* of John Linnell—one among the chiefs of the profession; it would not have come to him so soon as it did, but for the accident of my visit to Porchester Terrace, followed by my subsequent visit to Mr. Vernon.

John Linnell died in 1882. He had been born in 1792, and was consequently a very aged man: but he painted up to the last; although his later works are, by comparison, little more than washed out copies of his earlier productions. His first picture was exhibited in 1807.

He died a wealthy man; but his wealth was all obtained by the sale of his works after the year 1850, when I saw him first. He was not a charitable man. I know of no institution, artistic or otherwise, that was the better because he had lived. He grudged himself reasonable and rational enjoyments; and if not an absolute miser, did not understand the line—

"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."

W. J. MÜLLER.—He was a man in whom genius was associated with modesty, independence with courtesy, and generosity with prudence; his highly educated mind and refined sentiments never unfitted him for mingling with the rough and rugged, where was to be found the recommendation of talent or character; his naturally sound and upright principles had been strengthened by practiced judgment; he, in every way, ranked foremost among those whose destiny it is to exhibit the advantage to the individual himself and to the world of blending high intellect with moral and social virtues.

Müller's primary instructions in Art were received from J. B. Pyne; but he soon quitted other instructors for that great guide, Nature, and in the years 1833 and 1834 made a tour through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, returning to Bristol and pursuing his

profession (but with only partial success) in that city. Some interesting letters furnished to the *Art Union* by Müller during his journeyings, supply evidence of his great ability as a thinker and writer, as well as an artist.

I have alluded to the treatment he received at the hands of the Royal Academy in 1845. It caused the illness from which he died; the shock was so great that it affected his heart—from disease of which he had previously suffered.

Indignation is a weak word to express the feeling of Müller's friends when they saw that the whole of his noble contributions were placed so as to induce a belief that there existed a conspiracy to ruin him. Accident might have led to the injurious hanging of one, or even two; but when they saw six of his pictures* hung either close to the ceiling or along the floor, it was difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that there was a deliberate design to crush and destroy a man of genius. Deliberate or not, the effects on Müller were mortal, and I do not hesitate to say that the Royal Academy as certainly killed William Müller as if they had stabbed him to the heart with a more material weapon. The bar thus sought to be placed in the path of his professional advancement produced results that could scarcely have entered into the imaginations of those who set it up.

Müller lived in lodgings—in the Charlotte Street that neighbors Oxford Street—and so moderate were the prices paid him for his works that he never but once in his life received for a picture so large a sum as £100. I knew him when he was a lad in Bristol (his father was Curator of the Institution in that city), and he then made a drawing for me. I knew him afterward intimately, and loved him much; a truer gentleman never lived—perfect in his art, yet as modest and unassuming as man could be. I was by when he sold for £80 his picture of the "Chess-Players." I saw it not long ago on the walls of Mr. Bolckow, and that gentleman had paid for it more than four thousand guineas.

Müller also wrote for me some valuable letters, which I published in the *Art Union*. They were sent to me during his travels in the East—where he had gone in company with the Government expedition to Lycia, but entirely at his own expense. He died in the September following that mournful 1st of May. A month before his death he wrote to me: "I have," he said, "much reliance on medical aid; I place my reliance on it next to the Almighty, and then, fully believing it to be under His loving aid, I leave the issue in His hands." I rejoice to make this record of my friend; a purer spirit never passed from earth to heaven; his nature was unsullied by a single blot; it was entirely felicitous for good; he left us nothing to regret concerning him but his loss.

* I have seen one of these very pictures sold at Christie's for nearly £2,000.

JOHN MARTIN.—Between the years 1825 and 1835 the painter John Martin, then residing at Alsop Terrace, Marylebone, gave weekly parties, at which many men of celebrity, and others who were commencing lives that afterward became celebrated, were guests.* The artist was a small and delicately formed man, with gentle yet handsome features, and bland and courteous manners. His gatherings are remembered with gratitude by the few who still live to recall them. I am one of the few who acknowledge the debt. One evening, when I was present, there came to Martin's house a young man who greatly amused the party by making a doll dance upon a grand piano, and excited a laugh when he said, "You will be surprised if I tell you that is done by lightning!" It was Mr. Charles Wheatstone, then a music-publisher in Conduit Street, afterward Sir Charles Wheatstone, F. R. S. In that doll, perhaps, the first suggestion of the electric telegraph lay hidden—the germ of an invention by which every day the British people learn what was doing yesterday in every part of the world, a discovery that has belted the globe with an electric zone of a thousandfold more marvelous character than that which Puck promised Oberon to put about the earth in forty minutes.†

Among the most constant of Martin's guests was Allan Cunningham, and always with him his admirable wife.

I remember Martin, Cunningham, and myself chatting over early experiences, more especially our struggles to attain positions of independence, as the reward of labor: such struggles as most men go through *en route* to distinction. In the course of our talk, Martin told the following story of himself: "I had a shilling, and it was needful to take care of it; but getting very hungry I went into a baker's shop to buy a penny loaf. To my horror, my shilling proved to be a bad one. So, for a long time afterward, when I had a shilling, I took care to get it changed into penny-pieces as soon as possible, that I might not have another disappointment."

Martin "scraped" in mezzo-tinto the major part of the many engraved plates he produced. He was always at work. Sometimes

* The social intercourse of artists with men of letters is now carried on at the clubs. Unhappily there has been no successor to John Martin in bringing them together for mutual pleasure and mutual instruction.

† I heard Faraday say at a lecture at the London Institution, "If you were to place a wire three times round the globe and touch it at one end, you would receive a response at the other, while I can do that!"—waving his hand with a motion that occupied two seconds.

I more than once, in after-times, reminded Wheatstone of the circumstance to which I have alluded; and urged him to consider—that indulgence to those who held beliefs to which he was decidedly hostile was a lesson inculcated by his own experience. For the wildest flight of imagination could not, on the night of that gathering at Martin's, have grasped the idea of its being made possible to send a message to New York while at dinner, and to receive an answer before the cloth was removed.

he had before him a bare idea of the design to be engraved; he composed it as he worked. It was certainly so in the case of his illustrations to Milton. It is folly to deny to him the attributes of high genius; yet they were, and perhaps still are, denied. He was cried down as a quack in art, and never had a chance of admission into the Royal Academy. Yet he who has a fine copy of the "Belshazzar's Feast" has an art treasure that may be classed among the choicest productions of the century and the school.

I met once, at Martin's, his brother Jonathan—the maniac who set fire to York Cathedral. It would not have been hard to fancy that John possessed the genius that to madness nearly is allied.

SOLOMON ALEX HART, of the race of the ancient people, was born at Plymouth in 1806. When I knew him, about 1830, he was living with his father in Gerrard Street, Soho, and had already achieved some fame. He was cheered by selling a picture for twelve guineas, but soon afterward received £70 from Mr. Vernon for a picture now in the Vernon Gallery: that led to success. The struggle had been so hard that at one time he often wanted a loaf of bread; but his life as a whole was fairly prosperous, and we may account him one of the lights the Jews have given to a modern world.

Hart left some reminiscences of his contemporaries, and a brief memoir of himself. They are printed in a neat volume by his friend Mr. Alexander Brodie; they are of little value, yet interesting as records of an "eye-witness." Hart was a scholar as well as a painter, and might have gathered together and handed to successors a vast amount of useful information. It is to be lamented he neglected that duty—imperative on one who was for some time Librarian to the Royal Academy.

Not long ago I had the gratification so see in the Town Hall at Plymouth the best of Hart's pictures, a work of large size, and of merit so great as to rank it among the very best productions of the English school—"The Execution of Lady Jane Grey," presented by the artist, in 1879, to his native town, is an art-treasure of which the citizens may well be proud. Unfortunately he persisted in exhibiting at the Royal Academy (which, as a member, he had the right to do) pictures painted in his decadence—so sadly bad that when spectators read the letters R. A. after his name, they marveled how they came there. None will so wonder who see this masterpiece. It may place Hart beside Opie, Briggs, Brockedon, Eastlake, and Haydon—also Devonshire worthies—and justify his claim to rank high among the foremost artists of the nineteenth century.

EDWARD MATHEW WARD, R. A., born at Belgrave Place, Pimlico, in 1816, was the son of a gentleman who held a responsible and lucrative post in the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts. Ward en-

tered upon his professional course under more than ordinary advantages; he had Chantrey and Wilkie to encourage him; the latter stood sponsor for him when admitted as a probationer to the schools of the Royal Academy, whose walls were in after-years so brilliantly ornamented with the results of his genius, skill, artistic knowledge, and patient industry. It has been too much the fashion of late years among some art-critics and assumed art-patrons to decry the school of painting of which Ward was so distinguished a disciple; but so long as the public can have access to such pictures as the "Last Sleep of Argyle," "The Execution of Montrose," "The South-Sea Bubble," "The Disgrace of Clarendon," "The Family of Louis XVI in the Prison of the Temple," "Dr. Johnson perusing the Manuscript of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,'" and "Alice Lisle," there will be few to deny that his works are such as any nation might be proud of. The future will do him more justice than he met with from his own generation—classing him among the very foremost painters of the century. There is always a consummate knowledge of his subject in his compositions, whether taken from English or French history.

Ward was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1846, and Royal Academician in 1855. He was a man held in great respect, independently of his art, by all who knew him; of a kindly disposition, though somewhat rough in manner; a true and sincere friend, and a ready helper where aid was needed. The large troop of artists and friends who gathered round his grave in Upton Old Church, on that bleak wintry morning of January 21, 1879, testified to his private and social worth.

I do not write at length concerning my long-valued friend Ward. The mournful close of his life forbids my doing so. To account for that awfully sad event is impossible—otherwise than on the certainty of temporary insanity. I am as sure that insanity prompted the fatal act, as I am that I write these words. No man was happier in all the associations of home: united to a devoted woman, with tastes and occupations entirely in harmony with his, who also was respected and honored in art, and especially as an art teacher. A faithful wife, a tender and careful mother, a true friend; she had earned the affectionate respect of all with whom she came into contact. All who knew her loved her, as surely did her husband.* All his children were doing well. In that household there was no extravagance, not a shadow of recklessness characterized the hospitality always exercised there. Of few men who have ever lived can it be said that their past had been less clouded, or that Providence had given them a future freer from gloom. At no time of his life had there been any

* I had seen Henrietta Ward (his namesake, but not a relative) when an infant in arms: she is the daughter of G. R. Ward, an artist of eminence who, in early life, was a miniature-painter, and the granddaughter of James Ward, R. A., the best animal painter of his time.

struggle with adversity. From his youth upward there had been no unpropitious circumstances in his surroundings tending to originate mental disease; and assuredly in the period of his ripe manhood if I had been called upon to write a single word that could better than another characterize his career, it would have been the word "prosperity." Yet such is the inscrutable mystery of our lives that of a mind diseased—suddenly and momentarily diseased, it may be—Ward assuredly died.

A better man in all the relations of life—as son, husband, father, friend—I never knew. I think of him often—never without affection, and always with respect.

CLARKSON STANFIELD.—Some of my readers will remember that when Stanfield had reached the highest point of his renown, he painted scenery for his friend Macready; it is a treat even to call to mind its marvelous beauty. The last time I saw Stanfield was at a private view of the Royal Academy; he was breaking fast. I recall his words as he leaned on my arm while descending the staircase at Trafalgar Square. In reply to my observation that we should meet there again next year, if we did not meet before, "You will never see me here again," he answered. He lived over the next private view, but did not attend it, and before the month of May was out, he passed away. A good, as well as a great, man, was called from earth when he died.

His father, James Field Stanfield, was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, and had been educated in France for the priesthood of his church; but he never took orders, and in the end went to sea, where—strange contrast to his original destination—he was for some time employed in the slave-trade, and learned, from what he saw, to loathe its horrors. He was afterward associated with Thomas Clarkson and Wilberforce in their efforts for the abolition of slavery. After the philanthropist, Clarkson, his son, was named. James Field Stanfield was a man of ability, cultivated by education, and published several works of interest. Clarkson Stanfield had the misfortune to lose his mother in 1801, and in the same year his father married again. Shortly afterward Clarkson was sent to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to a herald painter, and in that occupation gained much useful knowledge for his after-career, as he had inherited from his mother a considerable talent for drawing.

In 1808, Clarkson went to sea and was employed in the merchant service until 1813, when he entered a king's ship. While on board the *Namur*, he was sent ashore to do a painting for the admiral's ball-room, which gave so much satisfaction that Stanfield was promised his discharge from the navy. He became an A. R. A. in 1832, and an R. A. in 1835.

The effects of his boyhood afloat are traceable in nearly every work that came from his brush. He retained, from those early years,

vivid impressions of the sea, and a love of it that clung to him through his whole life. Some of his happiest hours in after-times were passed on or near the ocean. His home life, like his public life, was a happy one: his genial manners and warm heart endeared him to a large circle of friends, numbering among them some of his most distinguished contemporaries in art, science, politics, and literature.

He died on the 18th May, 1867, and was buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Kensal Green, where a handsome marble cross is erected to his memory.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was born before the nineteenth century commenced, and was an art professor almost from his cradle—a boy doing the work of a man. Second to none as a humorist, and a master in his own department of art, he stands also in the front rank of philanthropists. His faithful, earnest, and unselfish labors in the great cause of temperance, as opposed to reckless indulgence in the terrible vice of drinking, would alone have secured for him a niche of honor among the worthies of his generation and his country. His claim to loving admiration and remembrance rests not upon a single isolated quality, however high its character; but upon a rare combination of qualities, all of them great and excellent; and the man joined with the artist to render Cruikshank's claim to the homage of posterity indisputable.

Of his subtle perception of character, of his keen sense of the humorous and ridiculous, of the masterly ability with which he imparted a natural air to the grotesque and extravagant, and of the life and vigor, and movement of his figures and groups, it would be superfluous for me here to speak. That is all known as widely and familiarly as his name; and wherever Art has extended her benign influence, there the name of George Cruikshank is happily associated with the ever-welcome productions of his delightful and essentially instructive pencil—truly a great teacher was my friend George Cruikshank.

Cruikshank's death occurred in 1878. Born in Bloomsbury in 1792, son of an artist, who was himself skilled in caricature designs, the boy at a very early age helped his father in the work of drawing. When he was but seven years old he made drawings—which were exhibited, with a very large number of others of later date, at Exeter Hall, in 1863. Cruikshank, during the life of his father, from whom he seems to have had very little encouragement—and still less of help in the matter of instruction—attempted to get admission into the Schools of the Royal Academy when Fuseli was Keeper; but whether he was admitted as a student is a disputed point. The elder Cruikshank died while his son was still young, and the latter took up and completed some blocks the former had left unfinished; thenceforth his vocation in life was fixed.

Two monthly political satires of the day, the *Scourge* and the *Meteor*, he illustrated with caricatures; and for the politician and publisher, William Hone, he did a considerable amount of work of a satirical character reflecting on the government of that time, and especially on the subject of the trial of Queen Caroline, the unhappy consort of George IV.

To enumerate even a hundredth part of Cruikshank's labors with the pencil would be sufficient to demonstrate not only the versatility but the unwearied industry of the artist. In the "Universal Catalogue of Books on Art," published by the Science and Art Department in 1870, we find the name of George Cruikshank associated with no fewer than one hundred and seventeen distinct publications—the majority having "numerous plates."

As an oil-painter, Cruikshank exhibited pictures occasionally—not till toward the middle of his life—at the Royal Academy, and at the British Institution; but his works of that description attracted little attention. His most famous production of this kind is "The Worship of Bacchus," a remarkable composition in all ways, of very large dimensions, and containing about eight hundred figures, including all classes and conditions. It was painted to aid the Temperance Movement, as also were the series of designs known as "The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Home"; the artist being in his later years a zealous advocate of "teetotalism," with which his name is very closely identified, and in aid of which movement he worked diligently in every way whereby he could further the interests of the cause.

Almost to the very day of his death, Cruikshank retained that elasticity of spirit, vigor of mind, and comparative activity of body, which he had enjoyed through a lifetime extended far beyond the allotted term of man's existence. He lived to a good and useful purpose, and his memory will long be enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him, and valued his genius and the good objects to which it was so often dedicated.

I should ill discharge my duty if I omitted to render honor and homage to one who has been so prominent and great a benefactor to his age and country.

So much has of late been written concerning "Teetotal George," that I may be pardoned for having compressed my sketch of him into slender limits. My latest memory of Cruikshank is connected with his funeral. I was one of the pall-bearers when his body was interred at Kensal Green. He had passed on earth eighty-five years of a singularly active life: beginning work, as I have said, almost in infancy, and ending it only on his death-bed.

JOHN FLAXMAN.—To the leading sculptors of my time I can devote but a few pages. I saw great Flaxman once at the Royal Academy, and once at his house; a small, delicate man with a lofty fore-

head, in appearance just such as he is pictured by his friend Jackson, who as a portrait-painter almost takes rank with Vandyke ; but he was too poor to produce works that demanded time and labor, and the productions that gave him such high rank are few. For several years Jackson painted portraits that are engraved in early numbers of the *Evangelical Magazine*, usually having one sitting only, and producing one portrait in a day—heads that were seldom favorable examples of nature, and could hardly furnish material to the painter for splendid results in art. More than once I have been with him during the hour the sitting occupied, and easily comprehended the current of undergrowth with which the work was accompanied. Jackson's portrait of Flaxman, I think, is the greatest and best of modern portraits. It conveys a perfect idea of the almost divine expression of the great artist and good man.

I quote a passage from the inscription in the church of St. Giles's "in the Fields," that district of St. Giles's where still exist the remnants of a rookery that not many years back was a disgrace to the metropolis. Here rest the ashes of the great artist, and on his tombstone it is recorded that beneath lies the body of

" John Flaxman,

" Whose mortal life was a preparation for a blessed immortality. His angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver on the 7th of December, 1826 ; in the seventy-second year of his age."

JOHN GIBSON.—During many years prior to his death, in 1866, Gibson was a resident in Rome, only visiting England occasionally. On the occasion of such visits he usually gave an evening to us. Throughout his long life he was honored as an artist of the very foremost type, and greatly esteemed and regarded as a man. In Rome his *ateliers* were freely opened to students, who might there study what he worked on and how he worked. They were, at least, as free to the American as they were to the British, and among those who availed themselves of the facilities he granted were Miss Hosmer and Miss Foley. Dear Peggy Foley died young, and so an artist of great ability and an estimable woman was lost to the world, not, however, until she had been a grand contributor to the art-sculpture of America. Indeed, in more recent times the sculptors of the United States have been carrying off the laurels from Europe. In the long list of American sculptors I might give would surely stand foremost the name of Hiram Powers, whose "Greek Slave" (engraved for the *Art Journal*) has perhaps borne off the palm from all modern competitors. I must pass rapidly over the names and works of Bailey, Westmacott, Macdowell, and other sculptors of an epoch now closed. The best productions of all of them may be seen at the Crystal Palace, and if the grand remainder and reminder of the fairy building in Hyde Park, in 1851, had only that source of

attraction to recommend it, there would be a debt owing to it for good work done.

WILLIAM BEHNES.—Henry, who took the name of Burlowe, avowedly because he would not seek to attract to himself a share of the professional honors of his elder brother, but really because already there was a tarnish on the name, was in all ways steady, upright, conscientious, just ; and he would certainly have attained distinction, but that almost on the threshold of his career that career was suddenly stopped by his death, of cholera, at Rome. He is known as Henry Behnes Burlowe.

William Behnes had many commissions, especially for busts, in the production of which he greatly excelled. I have his bust of the Queen when a child of nine or ten years old. It is a charming work, and gives assurance of the goodness, virtue, and lofty mental qualities by which the Sovereign has been distinguished during a long, auspicious, and prosperous reign. It is the portrait of a good child destined to be a good woman. It was given to me by the artist. The original, from which it is a cast, is, I believe, at Windsor. Poor, unhappy William Behnes ! he fell into evil habits early, and, after indulging in them so long as to sap the constitution, impair the mind, and disease the soul, he became a confirmed drunkard, and one night was found literally in the gutter, with threepence in his pocket, somewhere close to the Middlesex Hospital, to which he was taken, and where a few days afterward he died, January 7, 1864. So passed from earth another victim to the pest of drink—another sad addition to the long list of men of genius who have outraged lofty gifts, and blighted careers that were meant to be, and capable of being, useful to all human kind : not indeed by actual suicide, but by acts that as surely lead to willful and self-inflicted death as if the hand had deliberately sent by a pistol-shot the body to the grave.

Behnes was generally considered a native of Ireland ; he was born in London, about 1794. His father was a Hanoverian, the son of a physician, but his mother was an Englishwoman. He might have died ripe in honors and laden with riches honorably won. Fortune became at last weary of lavishing her bounties on one who constantly perverted them ; but had the prodigal even late in life made any effort to amend his shortcomings, he might yet have acquired a competence : as it was, he died in penury. The story of the latter part of his career is indeed melancholy. He had begun life as a miniature-painter. I have a small drawing by him—a likeness of Mrs. Hall, taken in 1818. He rose somewhat rapidly to fame as a sculptor, to terminate his career in the miserable way I have described.

JOHN HENRY FOLEY, R. A., was born in Dublin on the 24th of May, 1818, and died at Hampstead on the 27th of August, 1874.

At the age of thirteen, he commenced to draw and model in the schools of the Royal Dublin Society, where he gained several prizes. In 1834 he came to London, and attended the schools of the Royal Academy, where he rapidly achieved distinction. When I first knew Foley, more than forty years ago, he was living in one of the streets leading out of the Hampstead Road (Robert Street), and in the small parlor was his model of Ino and Bacchus, afterward destined to become famous: but then nobody had made a bid for it. It was ultimately commissioned in marble by the Earl of Ellesmere, and is now one of the boasts of the country.

Foley equaled, if he did not surpass, the best of his contemporaries in every department of the art—in his busts, his monumental bas-reliefs, his groups, his single statues, and especially in his equestrian statues. No sculptor living or dead has produced works more grand than his Lord Hardinge and Sir James Outram. There exists no statue more perfect than that of Oliver Goldsmith, in which he had untoward materials to deal with, and which is beyond question such a triumph of genius over difficulties as, I think, is unparalleled in art.

Foley was not only a great artist, he was emphatically a good man, ever ready to help a struggling brother, and foremost in any work of charity. He lived simply and without ostentation, was happily married, and was always at home—always in his studio, indeed, when in health, and only absent when active labor was impossible. For the two or three years preceding his death it was obvious that his upright, honorable, and prosperous career was drawing to a close. He dated his illness from one fatal day of frost and keen east wind, when striving to arrange on its pedestal the statue of the Prince Consort in Hyde Park. From the attack that followed he never recovered, and it was a grief to his many friends to perceive the increasing bodily decay that heralded comparatively early death.

I recall him as I knew him in the long ago—slight, but well formed, the face long and sallow, pensive almost to melancholy; I do not think he was outwardly of what is called a genial nature. He was not "robust" either in body or mind; all his sentiments and sensations were graceful; so in truth were his manners. His leisure was "consumed by thought"; he seemed to me to be at work when apparently doing nothing; he was never idle although his hands were at rest. So completely had early neglect been exchanged for fame and recognition that when he died he had more "commissions" on hand than he could—notwithstanding some very efficient aids—have executed during ten years of active and energetic life. Yet he died poor; he *must* have died poor, for he was perpetually giving away—ever liberal in helping others. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was the period of the year when most people are away from London, and the attendance at his funeral was not large. A dozen members of the Royal Academy and a few men of letters

only were present, when the earthly form of a great genius was laid beside many workers of the past who yet live, as Foley will live, as long as brass and marble endure.

JOHN GRAHAM LOUGH.—The career of this sculptor, who died on the 8th of April, 1876, after a few days' illness, is one of no very unusual occurrence in the annals of art. Born at the beginning of the century of humble parents, and with little aid in achieving success—beyond his own perseverance, energy, and ability—he raised himself to a very honorable position as a sculptor, though he may not have quite realized the expectations the painter Haydon formed and recorded of his genius.

In private life no artist has been more largely esteemed and respected. His personal friends were numerous, including many of the most famous men and women of the age in science, art, and letters. There frequently assembled at his house persons not only high in rank, but renowned for intellectual and social worth; their regard for the man was great as was their admiration of his genius as an artist. He was estimable in all the relations of life, was essentially, in manner as well as in mind, a gentleman. He had the qualities that convert acquaintances into personal friends, and few men have died more regretted by a very large circle. His widow, a sister of the distinguished surgeon, Sir James Paget, survives him; but he leaves no son to inherit his name and honors.*

There are three sculptors, my personal friends, who have died recently—Joseph Durham, A. R. A., Edward Bowering Stephens, A. R. A., and Joseph Edwards. Each had well earned the fame he had attained; each has left to us works that will be classed among the best productions of the nineteenth century.

I knew the sculptor JOSEPH DURHAM intimately. He takes a foremost place among the greater artists of the period. Abundant proofs of his poetic taste and fancy may be found in the *Art Journal*, where as many as seven of his works are engraved, while the testimonial monument in the South Kensington Horticultural Gardens must be ranked among the best adornments of the metropolis. I saw Durham first at the dwelling of Jenny Lind, in Old Brompton. He had asked and obtained permission to make a bust of her. The result was a production of considerable merit. It was easy thence to prophesy success for the young artist. He found patrons, obtained commissions, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and, after the death of Foley, was advancing to the head of his profession, when so recently as 1877 he died—it would be wrong to

* His widow presented his sketches and unpublished works to his native town—Newcastle-on-Tyne; they weighed many tons. The corporation erected a structure in which to "house" and exhibit them.

conceal the fact, he has left no relations to be shamed by recording it—another victim to the curse that has consigned so many men of genius to graves before they had done half the work they might have done.

The theme is sad to me, as I think it will be to many others of his friends, and I will abridge a memory that yields me pain rather than pleasure, for I regarded him with much affection.

JOSEPH EDWARDS was altogether different. He was a native of South Wales: pure and upright and essentially good in all the relations of life—a character amply sustained by the refined delicacy and purity of his works, the principal of which were sepulchral. A small production of his graces the memorial tablet to Mrs. S. C. Hall, in the church at Addlestone. His many friends subscribed to erect a monument to his memory at Kensal Green.

STEPHENS I knew even better than I knew Edwards. He, too, was a man of large worth in private life—a sculptor of the highest genius. There are in his native city of Exeter four statues, unsurpassed in British art. Devonshire lost one of its truest “worthies” when Edward Bowring Stephens died at a comparatively early age, but not until he had established high fame.

If in treating of the authors I have known I had to apologize for very many omissions, surely I must do so as regards artists—repeating that, although the list is not exhausted, my space is.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME ACTORS I HAVE KNOWN.

My intimacy with actors has been limited ; but I have known some whose names are famous, and may devote to recollections of them some pages of this book.

I saw John Kemble act in 1815 ; he sustained with marvelous power the character of Coriolanus, and trod the stage with apparently youthful vigor—"the noblest Roman of them all." The next day I waited, for some time, beside his door in Great Russell Street, to see him in "his habit as he lived," and was not a little astonished and shocked when I saw an old and decrepit man totter out, leaning on the arms of two servants to be helped into his carriage. For several years before his death he was a sad sufferer from a complaint peculiarly terrible to an actor—asthma. In 1817, on his retirement from the stage, there was heaped on him his full share of honors. At a dinner given to him in Freemasons' Hall he listened to the stanzas written by Thomas Campbell :

"Pride of the British stage,
A long, a last adieu."

While he yet trod that stage he had reformed it in many ways—notably as regarded costume. Until his advent, Greek and Roman were usually represented in knee-breeches and flowing wigs. In 1817 Mrs. Siddons, for her brother's benefit, played the part of Lady Macbeth. If we are to credit Macready, the acting of both supplied proof of "occupation gone" ; the time had come for repose on laurels won.

Edmund Kean's last appearance was at Covent Garden on the 25th of March, 1833, as Othello ; he could not go through the part, broke down after uttering the words—

". . . forever
Farewell the tranquil mind,"

and was removed from the boards which he was to tread no more. Probably he was intoxicated. He certainly was so, when, a very

few evenings before, I saw him play *Lear*. I have not forgotten the shock sustained by the audience when Kean fell flat on the boards, and brought the play to a close—as melancholy as it was abrupt.

He had been, if not the greatest actor on the British stage, certainly the greatest favorite of the British public, since the days of Garrick. He may, as Macready says, "have been too eager a student of startling effects"; but he produced them at will; his insignificant form, so singularly contrasting with that of Kemble, was lost sight of in his terrible "earnestness." I have heard actors say they had often felt disposed to run away from the terrible light of Kean's coal-black eyes.

He was comparatively young when laid in his grave in the churchyard at Richmond. His public life had not quite reached twenty years. In 1814 he first appeared at Drury Lane, and Death called him from the boards in 1833. His drawback was that he was great only by fits and starts, that he seemed to care only for sudden effects, and rarely showed a character as a whole, preferring the noisy plaudits of the pit and gallery to the silent but expressive approval of the cultivated few. He would do little for a character, seeming not to enter into it at all until the opportunity came for making "a point," when it would be made with terrific effect, and his reward was measured by the extent to which his audience "rose at him." I have seen him absolutely frighten a whole circle by a look, and it was common enough for him to receive an outburst of enthusiastic cheers before he had uttered a word.

He was not a bad man; he had generous sympathies, would give with a liberal hand; he was *only* a drunkard; but that "only" implies habits disastrous—duties undischarged, low and debasing associations, reckless occupations, degrading pursuits, always unworthy and often infamous companionships, brutalizing even a nature originally high and good.

Alas! in the prime of manhood he willfully blighted the tree of life at its root, and while he was still young the expressive, if not handsome, features, even the dark, sparkling, and powerfully eloquent eyes, gave sad indications that he was paying the rigidly-exacted penalty for indulgence in vice. His frame, once so energetic, buoyant, and at times dignified, had become weak and tottering. It was lamentable to note, as I did more than once, when conversing with him, that he was willfully destroying his physical and intellectual powers, and insuring an early as well as a degraded death. No doubt he had many warnings—added to his own thorough conviction that he was bringing his triumphant career to a premature close.

The name of Edmund Kean is included in the fearfully long list of illustrious men who have been guilty of deliberate suicide—wantonly, willfully, and of "malice aforethought," abridging

lives that might have been extended into old age, honorably and usefully.*

Very different was the character, and very opposite were the habits, of his son Charles; in all ways he was respectable—the word, perhaps, describes the actor as well as the man: although in some parts he rose very far above mediocrity, and in a few characters might have taken rank with his famous father. Charles was estimable in all the relations of life; a good husband, father, and friend; married to an admirable wife, who, as an actress, took a professional status among the highest. He left but one child, a daughter, who is happily married, and still lives.

I knew Mrs. Keeley before she married the excellent actor of that name. She was introduced to us so long ago as 1828 (as she still lives she will, I hope, pardon me for recording the date) when, as Miss Goward, she was commencing the dramatic career in which she afterward achieved such success, attaining and long maintaining a well-earned renown. She was introduced to us by a musical composer, Alexander Roche, who set the songs in Mrs. Hall's play of the *Groves of Blarney*. There has been no actress who identified herself more completely with the character she represented; there are some, no doubt, who recollect how thoroughly, in the *Maid of All Work* she looked the part of a ragged, slatternly, dirty, slut. Mrs. Keeley did not hesitate to look as well as act the character she was impersonating, even when in so doing she sacrificed for a time all the *personnelle* that women hold dear.

I may ask leave to say a word concerning "Miss P. Horton"—Mrs. German Reed—a grandmother now—who has won, or rather earned, "golden opinions" in public and in private life—for a time approaching half a century. When a young, delicate, and very pretty girl she was one of the protecting outworks of Macready's citadel; he may have taught her much; no doubt he did; but her dramatic genius was inherent. As Ophelia, as Ariel, and especially as the Fool in *Lear*, no acting ever surpassed hers in natural grace and refined subtlety; her voice, if not of large compass, was singularly melodious; it was like the warbling of a bird, attuned to perfect and comprehensive harmony, so "discoursing" as to "enchant the ear." I must certainly rank her among the most exquisitely accomplished performers I have ever seen—enchanting at once the eye and the ear, while thoroughly satisfying the mind.

I ask pardon of these two ladies for introducing their names

* Solomon Hart tells a story that when he was painting a portrait of Kean, the actor seemed in a downcast mood; the painter complained. "Sir," murmured Kean, "I damned a tragedy last night." He had been drunk, and had forgotten the text of the part.

between those of men who might have been their grandfathers, for they are both living—of matronly years now, I suppose I may say ; but if women are never old until they cease to be charming, Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. German Reed must be reckoned as young as were Mary Goward and Priscilla Horton.

The last time I saw John Braham was at Brussels ; but I knew him well when he was residing at the Grange, Brompton, when "little Fanny Braham," afterward Countess Waldegrave, was a singularly pretty and fascinating child. John Braham was a short, "pudgy" man, with unmistakable evidence of his descent from "the ancient people" ; his wife was a remarkably handsome woman, tall and stately, and presenting the appearance of one who, had she been born a duchess, would have borne her ducal coronet right well.

In his old age, Braham committed the fatal error of building and becoming the proprietor and manager of a theatre—"the St. James's." All his life he had shrunk from speculations of that kind ; and when he entered on this he was advanced in years, his energies had much decayed, and he required, and might have been expected to covet, repose rather than exertion. Yet not long before he took the perilous step, when asked, during an examination before a Committee of the House of Lords, whether he was the owner of any theatre, he emphatically answered, "No, thank God !" He embarked all his savings in this venture, and, as if that were not enough, added to his incumbrance by purchasing the Coliseum in Regent's Park ; the inevitable consequence ensued—he lost all he had gained. Happily the remainder of his journey was made comparatively easy by the sustaining hand of his daughter, who had become wealthy, and, though his wife was dead, he had the constant care and companionship of her sister, so that the down-hill of life was smoothed for him into a gentle and easy descent to the grave at Brompton Churchyard, where he is buried, and where the remains of his excellent wife also lie.

In 1836 Mrs. Braham, with whom the management of her husband's theatre chiefly rested, applied to Mrs. Hall to write a play. At that time an actor, Morris Barnett, had made a great "hit" in a piece entitled *Monsieur Jaques*, the chief character in which, sustained by him with much ability, was that of a Frenchman ; he required a new part, and Mrs. Hall wrote, mainly for him, a play—*The French Refugee*. It was a "success," running through the remainder of the season of ninety nights. One of the parts was played by Madam Sala (mother of the eminent author—a very charming lady), who sang with much sweetness and skill ; I well remember the little boy, who was destined to be a great man, frequently accompanying her to the theatre, and once to our house.

Mrs. Hall wrote for the theatre another play, *Mabel's Curse*, in

which the actor Harley sustained the leading part. That also was successful.

Mrs. Hall also produced a play at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Yates. I recall the day when the estimable and admirable lady brought her boy to see us—the boy who is now one of the men of mark of the century. The play was the *Groves of Blarney*, dramatized from one of her own stories in “Lights and Shadows of Irish Life,” and the main purpose in writing it was to supply a character for the renowned actor, Tyrone Power, subsequently “lost” in the *President*, the ship in which he was returning to England from a prosperous tour in the United States (and, by-the-way, he had with him a one-act piece of Mrs. Hall’s, of which she neglected to keep a copy. It was called, I think, *Who’s Who?* I can not say if he had brought it out in America).

In the *Groves of Blarney*, Power sustained three parts—an Irish gentleman, an Irish “natural” (half-idiot), and an Irish yeoman—for either of which impersonations he was eminently fitted, and all of which he sustained with marvelous fidelity. No one within my memory has represented an Irishman so well; there was inimitable “oiliness” in his rich brogue, seldom exaggerated, and certainly never vulgar. He rather elevated than sunk the stage idea of a native of the Green Isle, although preserving the main features of the long-accepted stage-type—a conventional creation that was very rarely flattering to the country. We saw much of Power during the periods of rehearsal; he carved and cut, struck out and inserted sentences, with the despotic freedom of an autocrat: but assuredly improved the piece. It ran through a whole season at the Adelphi, but died with the actor to whom it owed so much; at least it has never been represented since his death. Power was a somewhat short and slight man; his features were poor, and he was pitted with the small-pox; but there was a singular sparkle in his eye that told of latent humor, although off the stage he was as little of an actor as could well be imagined. He was quiet of demeanor and gentlemanly in manners, and had in no way lent force to the then popular notion that an actor could not well live an orderly life nor an Irishman be free from habits of dissipation. He has left with those who knew him a very agreeable memory, although he was by no means “a society man.” There has been no Irishman to succeed him on the stage, in the characters he made thoroughly his own.*

* I copy the following from Webb’s “Cyclopædia of Irish Biography”:

“Tyrone Power, an eminent actor, born about 1795, according to one account in the county of Waterford, according to another at Swansea, of Irish parents. His real name was Thomas Powell. He served his time as a compositor, but ultimately abandoned printing and went on the stage, where he soon obtained a high position. After some experience in tragedy he took up Irish comedy, to suit which he “manufactured” an admirable brogue. In 1818 he retired from the boards,

I call to memory Charles Mathews, the elder, and his inimitable "At Homes"; compared to which those of modern times are as a basin of skimmed milk to a dish of clotted cream. In private life, Mathews was full of wit and fun, and rich, racy humor. I met him often in divers places. As an actor he had great and original merit. But it was in monologues that he surpassed all competitors. Yates attempted to follow him, and was but a diluted copy. The rapidity and dexterity with which he effected changes in dress were marvellous; seldom leaving the stage; for he could slip under a table, sometimes talking all the while, and rise the next instant a new man—going down perhaps a corpulent Welshman, and rising up a sleek "Monsieur." He was not only perfection in lively comedy—now a clown, now an elderly beau, and presently an antiquated spinster. He was as wonderful in pathos as in humor. Who of those who have seen it can have forgotten his picture of "Monsieur Malet," an aged French *émigré*, in some town of America, who haunts the post-office in the vain hope of finding there a letter from his daughter? "Any lettere from my chère daughter to-day? Any letter for Monsieur Malêt?" being regularly answered by the postmaster with "No, there ain't no letter for Muster Malley," on which the disappointed sire complains: "Day after day, I come, no letter. Ze child forget her old fazere!"

But when suddenly the poor exile sees one in the window, directed to him in his daughter's well-known hand, the change from deep despondency to frantic rage was marvellous, as he seizes the postmaster by the throat and exclaims: "Dere *is* a letter for Monsieur Malêt; scelerat, you lie!" "That," says the postmaster, "that's been here a month; it ain't for Muster Malley, it's for Mr. Malet."

In these "At Homes" Mathews sometimes sang with great effect, in addition to representing seven or eight different, and very varied, characters in an evening—each to perfection. Irish, Scotch, French, Welsh, American, no nationality came amiss to him, and in each he seemed a genuine son of the soil. His followers of to-day would hide their diminished heads if they could form anything like a correct idea of what their great predecessor was. Whether he chose to convulse his audience with laughter, or move them to tears, he was alike unrivaled.

but returned in 1821 and became manager of the Olympic Theatre in 1823. He appeared at Drury Lane in the same year. In 1824 he achieved a triumph as Paddy O'Halloran, and thenceforward devoted himself to Irish character. Mr. Power traveled in America in 1833-'35, and published his *Impressions of America* in 1836. In 1840 he made a second tour in the States, and sailed from New York on his return in the steamship *President* on March 11, 1841. Nothing was ever heard of the ill-fated vessel, and it was supposed to have foundered in a storm or come in collision with floating ice. Mr. Power was the author of some novels. An interesting note of his last appearance in Dublin, June 20, 1840, will be found in *Notes and Queries*, Second Series. His son, Sir W. Tyrone Power, has written several books of travel."

Mathews was not a mimic; he was a great imitator; the best, perhaps, that has ever lived. Julian Young remarks on his "quickness of observation, flexibility of voice, mobility of feature, and suppleness of muscle," and tells us that often, when dining with the Duke of Richmond, his Grace would drink his health, not as Mr. Mathews, but as Mr. Sheridan, Lord Erskine, Mr. Curran—as the case might be; and was invariably responded to in a speech, after the manner of the person indicated, so as to electrify the hearers. Coleridge said of him, "You call him a mimic, I define him as a comic poet acting his own poems." * A satirist, his arrows were only aimed at vice; a taker-off of peculiarities, he never sought to make a mock of deformity. In short, nothing can be written of his theatrical career that would not be to his honor. Add, again, that he was estimable in every relation of private life. Julian Young bears hearty testimony to the intrinsic worth of his character, his untarnished integrity, his love for his wife (by whom a biography of her husband was written), and for his son, his fidelity to his friends, and other admirable traits.

Of the younger Mathews I knew little. He was what is understood by the term "a loose fish"; a key to his character is furnished by the anecdote told of his preferring to hire a fly to traveling in an omnibus, and assigning as his reason that he could not afford to journey in the latter—*they always wanted ready money*. He must, however, have had qualities that endeared him to many; for he had troops of friends, and was popular both on and off the stage.

Frederick Yates, the sometime associate of Mathews, I knew long and somewhat intimately, and also his estimable and admirable wife. Mrs. Yates was one of the many women who have conferred honor on the profession; an excellent actress she was; in parts that demanded delicacy and pathos, she did not fall far short of being great. Yates was a pleasant, agreeable, and lively "society man," †

* Caroline Fox relates of the elder Mathews: "When very near death, he drank by mistake for his medicine, a bottle of ink; the doctor, when told, exclaimed, 'Why, it is enough to kill him!' 'No, no,' answered the dying man, 'I'd only to swallow a sheet of blotting-paper.'"

† I remember Yates telling me an anecdote of himself that I may here reproduce. A Welsh clergyman, who had been attentive and hospitable to Mr. and Mrs. Yates during one of their provincial tours, had promised to visit them whenever he came to London, and before long duly kept his word. Of course he received an invitation to dinner and to the theatre afterward. It happened, however, that Yates had quite forgotten his name; so had his wife when appealed to on the subject; and their visitor had left no card. Mathews, who was to be of the dinner-party, was made acquainted with the dilemma, and during dinner led the way to a discussion on the various modes in which people spelt their names; then, suddenly turning to the great unnamed, "By-the-by," said Charles, "how do you spell yours, sir?" "Oh," said the other, "I spell it with two p's." Mathews and Yates looked at each other, and no further attempt to solve the riddle was made. But to Yates's

cursed with an irritable temper. It was not uncommon for him to vent his indignation against his audience at the Adelphi in audible words, and I once saw him, in an impulse of wrath, fling his wig at a person in the pit. I have elsewhere stated that Mr. and Mrs. Yates played in a piece written by Mrs. Hall for the theatre of which he was manager, the Adelphi. One of the leading parts was filled by Harley, an actor somewhat famous at the time; one of the good old school of players, an agreeable gentleman as well; with a varied stock of information, and full of anecdotes of his calling in times past, when the barn was the actor's college.

I had seen Miss O'Neill in 1815 in London, and in 1819 in Cork; seen her in her best parts. She was very lovely when young; had a sweet gentleness of expression and manner; that probably supplied half her charm. But those who have seen "*Helen Faucit*" have seen a better actress, one of higher mind, more educated intelligence, more thoroughly comprehending the character depicted, and certainly more graceful in the eloquence of motion, that does so much for personations on the stage. I met Lady Beecher (Miss O'Neill) so recently as 1870, and conversed with her freely of her younger days; though their date went back half a century and more, she did not shirk the reminder—as women too often do when age has taken the place of youth. If she was old, she was beautiful, there was the same gentle sweetness that gave her attraction when a girl; the same gracious manner; evidence of a happy and loving nature.

The only other actor, excepting one, of whom I need speak is Charles Young; if not among the first in his art, he held a rank more than respectable; he would have been great in these days when mediocrity comes to the front. Happily for our existing dramatic lights, the mighty men of the past are in their graves. Young was essentially a gentleman, on and off the stage; of easy and self-possessed deportment; he acted as if he could not overdo his part; it was neither to the gods nor the groundlings, but to true and discerning critics, he looked for applause. Largely informed—"much had he read, much more had seen"—his mind was of a high order; respect-

horror the stranger at parting had a peculiarly embarrassing request to make. Said he: "I have left my watch at Dent's to be cleaned; I wish, Yates, you would be kind enough to get it and forward it to me." Yates promised; and felt as he did so that there was small chance of the promise being redeemed. How was he to get the watch from Dent's without knowing the owner's name? However, Mathews came again to the rescue. By his advice Yates went to Dent's, and explaining the case, asked to have the names of all persons who had left watches during the week to be cleaned, read to him. Presently came that of Philips. How is it spelt?" asked Yates. "Philips," was the answer. "Put in another p," said Yates, "that's the man." Luckily it was; and the watch duly reached its owner, and Yates's mind was set at rest.

able is a weak word to apply to him, but it is perhaps the best suited to describe his character. He seemed what he was—an admirable gentleman in all the relations of life.

I spent a most pleasant week with him at the house of a mutual friend near Tring, and many hours with him at his residence, the northeast corner-house of the Old Steyne at Brighton. I esteemed him highly, and honor his memory as that of a largely accomplished and thoroughly estimable man.

I knew more of Macready than I did of any other actor; indeed, Mrs. Hall was the godmother of one of his sons; yet with Macready it was very difficult to be always on good terms. He was overbearing and exacting, a despot in the theatre and a "master" at home. Yet no one was more revered and beloved by his own household; none more respected for the blameless tenor of his life; the high example he gave to all who came within the sphere of his influence, the untarnished honor that marked all his dealings with his fellow-men, and his strict performance of the duties of husband, father, and friend. The shadow on this bright picture was his temper; it was terrible.* Mrs. Macready has told us that every night he prayed to be protected from its perilous power, a power that so often marred his prospects—negatived his good intentions, and rendered wretched those it was his dearest wish to make happy. We saw sad proofs of this while spending a week with him at his residence at Elstree, in or about the year 1835, when among the guests were Robert Browning, then beginning his career, and John Forster, who certainly tried him often by needless contradictions—an assumed right to dictate even as to how a Shakespeare sentence should be emphasized, and a manner doubly irritating because at the same time that it seemed his aim to humble the great man, his language, intonation, and bearing were all modeled in foolish imitation of Macready's, until John Forster seemed only a bad copy of the actor.

It was a pleasanter week I spent with Macready when he resided at Sherborne. He had retired from the stage, and his family were all with him—all excepting his admirable wife, who had then left earth. She was one of the best women, as wife and mother, I have ever known, gentle, conciliatory, utterly unlike the idea one forms of a lady who had been an actress in her youth. But in fact it can

* Its outbreaks were always bitterly repented of. After thrashing the manager Bunn—a very natural if not strictly justifiable proceeding, for Bunn had repeatedly and grossly insulted him—he makes allusion to his violence in the following somewhat exaggerated strain:

"My shame has been endured with agony of heart, and wept with bitter tears. The fair fame of a life has been sullied by a moment's want of self-command." There occur frequent references in his Diaries to this "untoward event," as he terms it. It deserved no harsher name, considering the provocation he had received.

hardly be said that Mrs. Macready had ever been so. It is a generally accepted story, that acting at Dublin, in Knowles's play of *Virginius*, the lady who was to be the Virginia was taken suddenly ill; it was too late for the manager, without dangerous inconvenience, to substitute another piece. Some one said that a young girl, "Kitty Atkins," could play the part; she was called up, scrutinized by Macready, and did play the part; but once only, Macready having so arranged with the needy actor, her father, sent her to school; inducing his admirable sister to reside there with her; and, after a lapse of two years, they were married.

That is the usual story; but, in fact, there was no peculiar romance about the attachment; he had seen her when a mere child, and she had impressed him then; at the age of fifteen she was introduced to him as his Virginia of the next night. He "recognized her as the same little girl he had rebuked at Glasgow for supposed inattention." "There was," he says, "a native grace in her deportment and every movement, and never were innocence and sensibility more sweetly personified than in her mild look, and sparkling eyes streaming with unbidden tears." That was at Aberdeen (in 1820); and he found that, though still such a very juvenile actress, she was the support of her family. The devoted attachment, thus commenced, led to marriage on the 24th of June, 1824. A better wife—one who fell more entirely into his "ways," he who was ever the god of her idolatry—no man ever had. Her educated mind and graceful manners well supported him in his claim to that status of gentleman to which he more aspired than he did to be hailed the foremost actor of his time. She brought up her children tenderly and wisely, discharging faithfully and systematically all her duties as wife, mother, companion, and helpmate. Whatever brawls, perplexities, and vexations (and there were plenty of them) Macready found outside his house-door, none passed his threshold. She and her children, it may be feared, had to bear much at times from the outbreaks of his ungovernable temper; but all was borne meekly; for they truly and devotedly loved him; and if his will was law, it was happily the exception for it to be other than a law of kindness to them. He was beyond all doubt a devoted husband and father, an elevated gentleman in all his thoughts and habits; pure of life, scorning debasing pleasures; and carrying, indeed, this loftiness of mind so far that he was rather ashamed than proud of the profession of which he was so illustrious a member. It is said that, except in his personation of one or two truly heroic characters, his children had never seen him act. I know it was so until within a short period of the close of his professional career. He dreaded danger of their respect for him being lessened if they witnessed his personation of some of the characters of Shakespeare, such as Iago and Richard III, the parts in which he most deeply studied to seem the villain he represented.

As a manager, if a despot, he was prudent, liberal, and honorable; he greatly advanced the art of the stage; the pieces he brought out were perfect, as regards scenery and costume. He resolved (greatly to his pecuniary loss) to revise the "free list," by excluding from it questionable women; and in all ways purified the theatres over which he ruled.

I think I see him now in the domestic circle at Sherborne. He had well earned the repose on his theatrical laurels which he was there enjoying; but idleness was distasteful, perhaps impossible, to his nature. He became the teacher of his children.* His eldest daughter, Kate, had much natural talent, indeed none of them were without ability, and more than one had hereditary dramatic power, which it may be noted he studiously sought to repress. On the whole, it was a happy family. But, one by one, the golden links were broken. His admirable wife died in 1852, and Macready went to live at Cheltenham. I visited him there.

Sir Frederick Pollock has given to the world Macready's Diary, and, in a measure, his Life. Like most books of the kind, it is defective; lowering and not elevating its subject; and would largely benefit by abridgment.

No man can thoroughly succeed in a profession of which he is ashamed: in any pursuit, the nature of which he despises: that is clear. The story told of the dancer, Vestris, is the key to all success. "Eh! la Philosophie est quelque chose—mais la danse!" Perhaps, however, Macready assumed more than he felt, when expressing scorn of the career of an actor.

Of the vast number of men and women of mark who were his friends and acquaintances he names hundreds; but merely names them. There are very few concerning whom he records a passage worth recording; yet to some of them we know he was attached, while to others he was under weighty obligations—in a word, his sins were not of commission but of omission; for it is, alas! too apparent that all who came in the way of William Charles Macready were nothings—or less than nothings. I have made some reference to Miss Helen Faucit, who acted with Macready through many London seasons, and was his main support in all his leading parts. What would Shylock have been without Portia, Romeo without Juliet? In short, is there one of Shakespeare's plays that could have borne

* And not only of his own children: he had an evening school for the youths of the village. It was amusing to see him playing the pedagogue there, to an audience of country louts.

"What is the capital of Italy?" he would ask of one of them. "Paris," would be the answer. Then Macready, in a voice sepulchral enough for the gloomiest soliloquies of Werner, would slowly assure the hopeful listener: "No, sir—Paris is *not*—the capital of Italy: the capital—of Italy—is Rome." Perhaps his manner impressed on hearers the desired information, but the performance was something like using a steam-hammer to drive in a nail.

revival without a lady competent to satisfy the audience in the part of at least equal importance to that of the hero? Helen Faucit was more than that: she was at least as good, as pure, as true an actress as Macready was an actor, as high in favor with the critic and the public; and for much of his prosperity as well as his fame Macready was indebted to her. Yet (it is difficult to believe) she is not recognized in any passage of the *Diary* beyond the faintest possible praise, such as might have been accorded to one of Lady Macbeth's gentlewomen. Clearly, professional jealousy was Macready's bane, and probably originated much of the morbid sensibility that in a measure poisoned his life.

We have, however, to consider Macready in the light in which the volumes of Sir Frederick Pollock place him. They are not satisfactory; indeed, they leave us little for gratification; much for regret; undoubtedly, his place will be higher in the estimation of those who do not, than of those who do, read them.

Macready was essentially, I would almost say instinctively, a pious man; his faith in revealed religion was deeply rooted. Religious, rational, consistent, Christian, in the best sense, Faith was a part of his nature; his continual prayer to God was for strength to master his dangerous temper, and for aid in bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*

There are those who think the life of an actor incompatible with a religious life. They are much mistaken; the story of William Charles Macready may set them right. But the number of such persons has greatly lessened since the century was young; and the public in general is ready, not only to acknowledge the great and peculiar temptations to which actors are exposed, but to admit that by a majority of the profession those perils are triumphantly surmounted.

Macready died at Cheltenham on the 27th April, 1872, and was buried at Kensal Green, where lie so many who were his friends as well as his contemporaries. Of his family, very few are living; his brother, the excellent major, who had served at Waterloo, died in 1848; his sister Isabella, who had been his mainstay during nearly the whole of his career, followed; and his first wife died in 1852—a death that “took,” as he wrote, “the sunshine from his remaining life”; six of his children had preceded him to the grave; one of

* I copy a passage in illustration. There are many such passages in his autobiography: “March 3d, my birthday: Lifting up my heart in grateful prayer to God for a continuance of His mercies vouchsafed to me, I begin this day the 43d anniversary of my birth. Humbly and earnestly do I supplicate His goodness for the health, and peace, and virtue of my beloved family, and that He will be graciously pleased to sustain me in all righteous intentions, and to purify my mind from all low and debasing thoughts and inclinations, that by His gracious help I may live through what He allots to me of further life, in peace of heart and increasing wisdom, educating my dear, dear family in His faith, fear, and pure love, and being myself a blessing in my affection and assistance, to my dearest wife, and also my dear family. Amen.”

them, dear, sweet, kindly, and good Kate, the very apple of his eye, was buried at sea!

Death had levied a heavy toll on his home before he was himself summoned, and finding his age lonely he took another wife. She was in all ways an excellent helpmeet, and an accomplished lady; an estimable woman; of good descent also, for her grandfather was the artist Sir William Beechey, R. A.

In February, 1882, died at the age of eighty-eight, the Dowager Countess of Essex, famous sixty years ago as "Kitty Stephens." There are not many now living who can, as I can, recall her in the zenith of her beauty and popularity. She quitted the stage in 1838 to marry George Capel Coningsby, fifth Earl of Essex; and, although left a widow, just a year after her marriage, she resisted all inducements to a second union. Amply dowered, and retaining, even in middle age, a considerable portion of her early attractions, her suitors were doubtless many.

Lady Essex was respected as well as admired from the earliest days of her theatrical career to the close of her long life. I recall her as she was in 1824 or 1825, and continued to be for several succeeding years—sweetly beautiful (that is the best term I can use to describe her), possessing a manner exceedingly graceful; and, though but slightly endowed with dramatic power, an effective actress because of the delicious voice with which God had gifted one of the most charming vocalists that ever made music of English words.

In 1881 I had a lengthy conversation with her concerning a long-departed past. I met her at a bazaar in the Town Hall at Kensington; the day's business being the sale of artificial flowers, the handiwork of "The Flower-Girl Brigade"—young girls who have been rescued from poverty, and worse, by the efforts of several benevolent ladies, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts being their president. We conversed of many people we had known nearly sixty years ago,* no one of whom was in 1881 surviving. She retained much of the gracious expression that characterized her in girlhood and womanhood:

"Age has its loveliness no less than youth,
For kindness, gentleness, and love, and truth
Make beauty—beautiful at every stage:
Make beauty—beautiful at any age."

* I am indebted to a friend for the following anecdote: "Lady Essex told me that when very young she was taken to call on Mrs. Siddons, whom she regarded with great awe. When addressed in the oracular tones of the English tragic muse, her reply was inaudible through fright. 'Little girl! little girl!' said Mrs. Siddons, 'open your little mouth and let us hear your little voice,' a command the child mustered up courage enough to obey." The same friend adds: "Her kindness of heart was especially visible in her love of animals. Every day in winter the street before her door was strewn with crumbs for birds; and many a stray dog found a home under her hospitable roof."

At parting I said, "Perhaps there have been grander and greater singers, but a *sweeter* singer than you were God never made!" The compliment gratified her, certainly. She shook my hand warmly, and said, "Ah! it is pleasant to live in a memory of the past!" I little thought that within four months from that day she too would be numbered with the departed. She invited me to call on her. It is unfortunately one of the many opportunities I have lost; I never saw her again.

It can not be needful to say there were many other actors famous in their day who were personally known to me, but whom the present generation knows not. They live to be forgotten when they are dead. It is the actor's penalty for fame—that must be evanescent. Of their successors I have nothing to say; but I have reason to believe they would shrivel up like perforated bladders if they could compare themselves with the great actors and actresses who preceded them in their grand art.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCOTLAND.

IN 1845 and 1846 Mrs. Hall and I made tours in Scotland ; our intention was to write a work after the manner of "Ireland : its Scenery and Character." We found we could not do the subject justice, and although several drawings had been made for us, and some of them engraved, we abandoned the undertaking. Of Ireland we had previously known much : it was therefore comparatively easy to write about that country. Of Scotland we knew little : the difficulties appalled us, and nothing came of our two autumn visits to all the famous places in that delightful and heroic country—nothing, that is to say, in the shape of a book. Yet we had more than common advantages : tenders of information were generously made to us, facilities of all kinds were furnished to us, even to the placing at our disposal a steamship to visit Staffa and Iona, and the giving instructions that coaches by which we traveled should wait our leisure at show-places *en route*. Some notes of our travels may be interesting to my readers.

The artist who was commissioned to make the drawings, and who "companied" us to all the places we visited, was Mr. R. R. Mac-Ian, an artist of very great ability, who had been an actor. He is since dead. His mind was richly stored with legends, and he drew on its stores for our benefit wherever our steps were stayed. Mac-Ian sang Scottish ballads with inimitable point and humor ; once, indeed, when at our house and singing Burns's song, "We are na fou," he imitated the drunkard so naturally that the man in waiting whispered a hint that it would be wise "to call a cab."

He was full of clan prejudice, and I believe would "have lifted a coo" right gladly, and without a scruple of conscience, if the victim had been a Southron, or of a clan whose far-away ancestors had been foes of the Macdonalds. He would hardly let us stop an hour, and permitted us to admire nothing, on the mountains or in the glens, of any who bore the name of Campbell, and was indignant when we spent a night in the house of Macintosh, though the chief claimed to be captain of the Clan Chattan ; but in the pass of Glencoe he was, so to say, ferociously wild with excitement and delight. He asked me if I dared to follow him through the glen, and

I rashly accepted the invitation. It was nothing to him to run, climb, and scramble in his kilt, but to me it was a serious undertaking—embarrassed by the Saxon trews. Nevertheless, it was done, and for three hours I walked and ran, climbed ascents, and waded through water-courses, until we reached the end of the glen, where, according to my “authority,” the massacre of the Macdonalds had taken place. Here he grew absolutely wild with excitement, and the curses he heaped on the doomed heads of the murderers were as earnest and bitter as if they had been “in presence there.” He was a Roman Catholic, and I am sure he believed his curses had effect on the souls of the assassins. It would have been difficult to have found a pleasanter companion, one better informed on all that concerned the Highlands, better read in the history of the clans, the traditions and legends of the wild country through which he continually led us. The pass of Killiecrankie, where Dundee was slain, and Glenfinnan, where the clans gathered to greet the young Pretender, the prince of so many hopes, and of their crushing and terrible disappointment—were to him as sacred as Thermopylæ or the scene of the defeat of Porsenna were to the Greeks and Romans. With him, too, we visited the field of Culloden (Drummossie Moor), but we had there a still better guide—the estimable and accomplished author of many excellent works—Robert Caruthers.

It might be said of MacIan that the heather grew in his heart. His experience of the foot-lights had not chilled, in the faintest degree, his love of Nature—that is to say, of Highland nature—and the scream of the bagpipes on the hill-side was sweeter music to him than any orchestra that ever played. It would astonish some people to learn that, though a keen lover of field sports, one who had lived weeks among the hills in the shooting season, and who could not pass a river without peering and “speering” as to the chance of finding a “saumon” in its depths, MacIan’s tenderness toward the brute creation was remarkable—the tenderness of a girl, indeed; I have seen him shed tears over a sick dog.

He seemed to know every inch of the Highlands; he accompanied us both by daylight and moonlight through the pass of Glencoe, through the wilds of Arasaig, round and over the well-known lakes, and to the renowned islands of Staffa and Iona, paused and pondered and conjectured with us beside Rob Roy’s grave, and listened to the rush of the waters and the sough of the wind in the island burying-ground of the MacNabs, where the last of their graves has been dug—for the clan has found a home in the new world. How we enjoyed Blair Athol, and reveled in the pass of Killiecrankie! MacIan’s ready and rapid pencil caught the aspect of every scene, and transferred it to his sketch-book; and then in the mountain inns he would tell us stories and sing us songs—all in keeping with the time and place. I can never forget the spirit with which he poured forth, from the summit of the monument in Glenfinnan, his friend

Bennoch's song of "The Old Highland Gentleman," or how eloquently he described there the march, in costume, of the clans to meet their Prince. The commemorative tower is reared in the center of the glen. Standing there, MacIan and I gazed around us, the one to murmur over, the other, perhaps, to be thankful for, the fruitlessness of the heroic efforts that followed the gathering of the clans in that valley at the call of the Prince in "Forty-five." Schooled by my guide, it was not difficult to realize the scene that had taken place there as nearly as possible, nay, I believe it was the very day, one hundred years before we stood there, and in our own way commemorated the event.

From surrounding mountains there descend a number of bridle-paths, and along each one of these strode a band of sturdy Highlandmen to swell the slender army of the Prince. MacIan, thoroughly versed in the topography of the district, could point out the road by which each clan had arrived. The task was nothing to him, for he knew precisely where each clan had dwelt, from what direction it must come, and through which pass it would descend into the valley. Story, or history, goes, that when the Prince reached the place of meeting, not a soul was in the glen. Suddenly, from behind a distant crag there sounded the pibroch of Clanranald, soon to be joined by another, then by another, until the gathering of the clans was complete, and threescore bagpipes outdid each other in hailing bonnie Prince Charlie.*

One of the pleasantest days of our tour we spent in the dwelling of Sir Alexander Cameron, at Inveroilart, between Glenfinnan and Arasaig. The brave old soldier had been through the whole of the Peninsular War, and had fought in nearly every one of its battles. He had commanded the Rifles, the regiment in which he had served as a cadet in the ranks, and may be literally said to have fought his way up to the highest honors the service could confer upon him. It is not an exaggeration to say that he was covered with wounds. One day, when talking the subject over with him, he stripped to show me the unobliterated marks these stabs and shots had left. I think I am correct in saying they were near fifty. He was much crippled, yet he could still make a good cast over the river close by, and, aided by his henchman, land a salmon.

Honored be his memory! Proud of his name and nation, he was—the glory of his clan, and the pride of his country! He had passed through innumerable perils and seen thousands fall by his

* No doubt the piper of every clan played his own pibroch—and all together. I once heard a Scottish Highlandman declare that the greatest enjoyment he ever had in his life was one night when, sheltered from a storm in a bothie some twenty feet square, there were eight pipers shut up with him, and as each insisted on playing his own pibroch, all of them played together. "Oigh!" ejaculated the Highlander, "tat was music!"

side—to enjoy in his venerated age the repose he had so well earned, and to rest, crowned with laurels, in the land that gave him birth. A noble and heroic old man was General Sir Alexander Cameron : it is a privilege to have been his guest.

I recall with much pleasure a visit we paid to Macintosh (it would insult him in his grave to entitle him Mister), the Captain of the Clan Chattan, as well as the chief of his own clan. A kind and courteous gentleman he was. He had been, I understood, a sea-captain, and had mixed much with the world. He honored us with peculiar honor—sending us to sleep in the bed in which the “young Prince,” the Pretender, had slept ; the curtains were wrought with embroidered cats rampant, with the well-known motto which Scott has immortalized : “Touch not the cat without the glove.”

It is “a life-long memory” that which I retain of the view (what a weak word it is !) I witnessed from the summit of “lofty Ben Lomond”—a sunset on a summer evening. I shall not attempt to describe it : I do not think that any pen could do it justice. We were above the clouds that passed before or underneath—rolling, as it were, and unfolding ; clothed in most glorious light, in beauty that imagination fails to convey, that language is not expressive enough to suggest. But it is pictured on my mind to-day as vividly as on the day when it was painted there by the delicate hand of Nature. There—all around us, forming subordinate features of that glorious panorama, were a score of lesser mountains, while Loch Lomond was visible in its whole expanse.

The silence was intense ; it seemed profanation to break it. It was, however, broken—suddenly and singularly. MacIan and I had, of course, taken care to reach the mountain-summit in time to witness the setting of the sun. The gloaming (that delicious Scottish word) had scarcely commenced, when, to our great surprise, we encountered a group of sappers and miners, whose hut was hidden by an intervening rock. They were employed in making “observations,” and had been “huttèd” there during several days and nights. We naturally fell into conversation with them, and an incident occurred that surely I can not help recording. I asked how they contrived to amuse themselves in that utter solitude. Did they play cards ? No, they had cards, but seldom used them. How then ? “We read,” said the corporal. “And what do you read ?” I asked. The reply certainly startled but gratified me. “We read Mrs. Hall’s ‘Sketches of Irish Character.’” “Will you let me see the book ?” It was brought to me, and bore indubitable evidence of having been much in use. I said : “It may please you to know you are talking to the husband of the lady who wrote that book.” The soldier looked at me and smiled. I repeated the words. “Oh, yes, I dare say,” was his response, with a look of entire incredulity, not removed

when MacIlan strove to confirm my statement. Fortunately my card-case was in my pocket; its production was accepted as conclusive evidence, and the men seemed as much gratified as I was by the occurrence. It appeared that the corporal had been for some time quartered in Wexford, where he acquired the book, the scenes of which are laid in that county.

Scarcely less interesting was the ascent of Ben Nevis, then assumed to be the monarch of mountains in Great Britain; "they crowned him long ago": but science meanly and cruelly robbed him of his glory, and transferred it to his rival, Ben Wevis. It was a hard day's work to ascend and descend Ben Nevis; but our climb was well worth the labor it cost and the time it consumed, from early morn to near midnight, for we were continually pausing to rest and look, as every fresh furlong of ground we traversed, nay, almost every yard, gave us some new view to wonder at and admire. On the summit of the mountain we drank—though the month was July—the health of the Queen in snow-water, twenty feet above (as we then supposed) the highest point in her British dominions. There chanced to be a cairn of that height erected on the mountain-top to facilitate some observations of sappers and miners, and on that we stood; the snow-water having been obtained from a crevice in a not-distant rock.

At Oban the authorities placed a steamboat at our disposal to visit Iona and Staffa, and surely the time occupied in that journey was well spent. I need not say more on a theme that has been copiously treated in so many books. I may, however, here bring in an anecdote. Among our few fellow-passengers, for it was an act of grace to admit him, was a substantial Scottish grazier. On our return, his friends met him on the quay, and in reply to their natural question, "And what did ye think of Staffa?" his answer was, "Weel, ye ken, they led me to believe there was only grass for one coo, and I saw three coos feeding on it."

Of Rob Roy's country we trod every inch, supping at the Clachan of Aberfoil. I will not say it was the actual clachan where the "Dougal creature" defended the good bailie; but of a surety we were shown at Perth the veritable stone house of Simon Glover. It may be as well to let imagination have free license on such occasions: at all events, nature was but little changed, in that immortally-chronicled district, and we followed in the footsteps of the "Wizard of the North," trying to persuade ourselves that we saw and conversed with the actual heroes and heroines of his immortal fictions and verse. That enjoyable self-deception was ours many times as we trod the streets of Perth, loitered in old Stirling, looked over heroic Bannockburn, paced the sand of the Lady's Isle, watched

the mists thickening round Ben Lomond, in short revived our acquaintance with Scottish annals by recalling amid the scenery the magician had pictured, the incidents and events he had narrated, for we gathered, as so many others have done, our knowledge of Scottish history largely from the "Waverley Novels."

Wherever we went, some source of enjoyment and information opened up to us: we found everywhere friends who were helpers, and in not a few cases peculiar and exclusive means of obtaining information were placed at our disposal. If we had produced our contemplated book, it would have been full of gratitude for courtesies, attention, and services received; of high appreciation (based on confirmation of that which had previously been our theory) of the greatness of the Scottish character, of delight procured from the study of Scotland's heroic and romantic history, and of perpetual admiration of the beauty and grandeur of its scenery.

Our guide in Edinburgh was ROBERT CHAMBERS, and it is needless to say that with such a companion there was nothing left unexplored in and about "high Dunedin," that we reveled in Holyrood, laid siege to the Castle, rambled among Salisbury Crags and the Pentland and Corstorphine Hills. So guided, too, we visited Melrose, Abbotsford, Dryburgh, the Yarrow, the Clyde—in short, the hundred romantic and famous scenes in the Lowlands of which we had all our lives been reading.

For Scotland has, what unhappy Ireland has not—a history: which all Scottish men may review with pride, no matter whether their sympathies be with the winning or the losing side. The defeats of a clan, and even sometimes of a cause, do not compel the loser to be less proud than the gainer—those, that is to say, those who are the descendants of either. Yes, the Scots have a history, not enveloped in mists that give to it the dim obscurity of fiction, but one that is everywhere suggestive of glory—very rarely of shame.

One of the most interesting days of my life was spent with Robert Chambers, as our guide in going over and about the memorable field of Prestonpans. He knew the associations connected with every spot, could show where he who, to some, was "the Prince," to others the "Pretender," stood—where the brave and generous Colonel Gardiner fell—every incident, in short, that was memorably connected with that eventful battle was referred by him to the scene of its occurrence, his facts being taken from history, and illustrated by the fiction of Scott in his story of "Waverley."

I may sum up in a few comprehensive sentences the famous things we saw, while pursuing what has now so long been the tourist's line of march, and that any tourist may still see even more easily than we saw them forty years ago.

Duly did we explore Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, exclaimed in the good city, "Let Glasgow flourish!" steamed up the Clyde in

the track of the first ship that ever plowed the sea on wheels ; heard "Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie O !" saw the tombs of a hundred chieftains around the ruins of Icolmkill ; beheld the grand structure built by Nature in the little Island of Staffa, the cave of which it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, as a renowned traveler has said, "I have seen the ruins of Thebes, I have seen the Cave of Elephanta, I have seen the Pyramids, but they are nothing to this !" We rowed, too, across Loch Gyle, where were drowned the chief of Ulva's Isle and his winsome lady ; bade "God bless the Duke of Argyle" in his own clan-land—a heritage of which he may be, and no doubt is, prouder than of his dukedom ; rambled about the "Land o' Burns," guided by the sons of the poet ; were guests "in the auld clay biggin" in which he was born ; heard "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" sung beside that river ; saw the sad chamber in Dumfries where the Scottish poet died, and the church where, centuries before, the Kirkpatrick had "made siccar."

We viewed Melrose "aright" by the light of a harvest moon ;* traced the line of fight at Killiecrankie ; bowed the head in reverence when crossing the threshold of Abbotsford ; pondered over the wonders of ancient art at Iona ; looked across Bannockburn from under the walls of old Stirling ; traced the devious course of Loch Lomond from the mighty Ben that overlooks it, and fancied it was almost as beautiful as all-beautiful Killarney, and the Trosachs as lovely as the Long Range at Lough Lene ; ate collops in the Clachan of Aberfoil ; danced a reel with a "flower of Dumblane" ; mourned the curse that will forever rest as a blight upon Drummossie Moor ; saw a possible descendant of the stag that Fitzjames "chased in vain" ; visited the glover's house in the fair city of Perth ; marched with Waverley through the pass of Ballybrough—for in this district veritable history is so interwoven with invented story that it is difficult to separate the one from the other ; saw the silver strand of Ellen's Isle, and murmured in recitative, line after line, of the "Lady of the Lake." Alas ! there now plies a steamboat on Loch Katrine, to the pollution of its waters, and in lieu of the eagle's scream is heard the shrill whistle of the railway ! We talked with Rob Roy—at all events with a red-headed Highlandman who was christened "Robert" ; worshiped in the venerable cathedral of Dunkeld, and breathed in gloomy Glencoe a prayer for the Macdonalds, living and dead ; saw Birnam Wood and the hill of Dunsinane, names that will be familiar as long as our language endures ; missed our way in the

* The story of Scott being asked by some friends to visit with them Melrose by night, they at the same time quoting his lines—

"If you would view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

And his prompt answer, "Yes, let us go by all means, for I have never so seen it," has been often and variously told. Maria Edgeworth told us the circumstance actually occurred to her.

pass of Killiecrankie, searching for the spot where was slain the "bloody Dundee"; heard the "Birks o' Aberfeldy," sung by a bonnie lassie in the glen and under the fall; profitably expended hours in the "auld toon" of Edinburgh, and reveled in its history that is romance, and in its romance that is history.

It was of course a strong desire on the part of Robert Chambers that we should make the acquaintance of Scottish artists. There are not many I need to recall; but I may be content to make record here of a few. The President of the Royal Scottish Academy then was Sir William Allan, a painter of much ability and repute, who had to a great extent resided and worked abroad, especially in Russia. Sir George Harvey, who succeeded him, was an excellent artist and a most intelligent and agreeable gentleman. I may mention also D. O. Hill, a landscape-painter of great ability, and Macnee (Sir John Macnee, the late President of the Royal Scottish Academy), who continued to paint admirable portraits up to the close of his life, and, I hope, to tell Scottish stories, with the excellent zest, humor, and "nature" I witnessed in him forty years ago.*

Of the men of letters we met, there are not many who demand especial record; the greatest of Scottish writers were then dead or had made their way south. We did, however, meet, and often, various of the contributors to *Blackwood*, and other writers; the historian Alison, Glasford Bell, Hugh Miller, and especially and above all, the eloquent and truly noble Dr. Chalmers, with whom we had

* I recall one of Macnee's stories. A woman, whose soul was in her farm, and who had good knowledge of kine and crops, was listening to the arguments of a band of artists concerning art and its varied and numerous productions—listening with utter astonishment that such childish things should so largely occupy the thoughts of bearded men. At length, turning to the artist, she exclaimed in broad Scottish phraseology, "Lord save us, Mr. Macnee, if they don't think as much about pictures as if they were sheep!"

The anecdote recalls another told me by the artist, J. D. Harding. As he was sitting under a hedge sketching a distant view, a shadow suddenly came over his paper, and a voice followed. "I could do that: first you make a scrat here, and then you make a scrat there; any fool could do that!"

Harding told me another story. During one of his sketching rambles he saw a cottage exceedingly picturesque, made so by neglect, that had left Nature to work her own sweet will. It was literally covered with brambles, wild roses, and honeysuckle, lichens, and mosses. He resolved to paint it, and asked leave of the owner, who was lounging at the door-post; received a ready assent; and said he would return to accomplish his task next morning early. Well, with early morning he was there. It is easy to picture his disappointment and disgust, when the landlord met him with a smile and a smirk, and with some pride and much self-congratulation informed the painter that he had been up since daybreak and had made *all ready*. The picturesque cottage had been transformed into a neatly and carefully trimmed house: every loose branch had been cut away, the wild roses, honeysuckles, and brambles were all ruthlessly lopped; and the whole had been made as neat as the tenant himself would have been when "dressed in his Sunday best."

the honor to breakfast, and whom we heard preach to the heart and understanding—which no man ever reached by a surer path and with safer assurance of convincing results.

Among the most pleasant memories I preserve is that of David Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

In the biography prefixed to Moir's works, Mr. Aird has furnished a most interesting memorial of his friend. Delta's life was singularly uneventful. It served, however, to illustrate the strength of the manly worth, backed by perseverance, which made his character respected by all who knew him. An earnest student, a good husband, a wise and loving father, a true friend, most active in a profession (M. D.) which he practiced with honor, and with an amount of unostentatious beneficence toward those who, while they most needed, could least have purchased his help, an accomplished man of letters, who contributed much, both to the instruction and the amusement of the public, by his works in prose as well as verse, at the same time that he discharged all the duties of a good citizen. David Macbeth Moir may not take rank with the great poets of the world, but he has left behind him the pattern of a life in which, whatever powers he was endowed with, were used to their fullest extent, and to the noblest ends.

It was at a slightly earlier date than I have been referring to that our first visit to Scotland was paid. Our tour was limited as to extent, and was made without any special purpose, except to describe and report "the Burns Festival" held at Ayr on the 6th of August, 1844. I had been engaged by Mr. Herbert Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, to write the descriptive article, which was to be illustrated by wood-engravings. I was fortunate in obtaining the aid of a young Scottish artist, then but commencing a career in which he has since advanced to the highest eminence, occupying now one of the foremost positions in the profession. Sir Noel Paton is the Queen's Limner for Scotland, and ranks among the great painters of the century.

In the "Book of Memories" I have given full details concerning our visit to Ayr—a day remembered as one of the brightest of our career.*

* We had spent the evening preceding the day of the festival in the cottage where Robert Burns was born. There were present besides ourselves and our friend young Noel Paton—the three sons of the poet, the daughter of Colonel James Glencairn, McDiarmid, who wrote Burns's life, Mrs. Begg, the sister of the poet, and her son and daughter, and a very aged man—a plowman still—who had worked at the plow with Robert Burns; no others.

Mrs. Hall had her album with her; Colonel James Glencairn had previously written in it, his name being prefaced by the following: "This is confessedly a collection of the autographs of 'Lions,' and as it is impossible Mrs. Hall can get that of my father, she probably thinks the next best thing to obtain is that of one of his cubs. I therefore have much pleasure in transcribing at her request the

THE BURNS FESTIVAL! I do not think, if we ransacked the annals of the world from the earliest ages, they would furnish the record of a ceremonial more truly glorious. Was it a stretch of fancy to believe the poet was present on that day, to receive part of his reward?

It was not in "the Pavilion," when two thousand guests drank in silence the toast, "The memory of Robert Burns," and with cheers that shook the canvas of the tent, the healths of his three sons, seated at the side of the chairman, the Earl of Eglinton, that the real business of the day, was, so to speak, transacted. The glory and the triumph were for the prodigious crowd of peasants and artisans who passed slowly and in order before the platform, where the family of the poet had their seats, bowing or courtesying as each passed on receiving in return a recognition, the memory of which, no doubt, all of them carried to their graves.

It was the cheers in Gaelic or "broad Scotch," and the waving of Glengarry bonnets, tartan shawls and shepherd plaids, that made the triumph and glory of that marvelous day, when one continually asked, "Was it only a man who had written verses, who was of no account in the world's estimation during his earth-life, who was born in the hovel within ken, lived in a continual struggle with poverty, and, to say the least, died needy—was it really to commemorate such a man that these plaudits went up from a Scottish field to a Scottish sky?" Frequently afterward I conversed with Colonel Glencairn Burns, and also with the elder brother, Colonel William Nicol Burns, as to their feelings on that memorable day, and on the evening that preceded it, when the whole family met in the very small house in which the poet was born.

As I have said, the record of those two days is fully given in my "Book of Memories." I have been tempted to enlarge upon the subject here to a greater extent than I had intended. There are few of my "Recollections" from which I derive more happiness, augmented, as no doubt it was then, and is now, by the fact that the "Health of Mrs. Hall" was one of the toasts proposed—by Glasford Bell,* and responded to with a warmth that was—not Irish but Scottish.

first verse of the 'Address to a Mountain Daisy.' " When assembled in that cottage at Ayr it was suggested by our friend the Colonel that on the page which contained his name and the passage quoted, the names of the other members of the family should follow, as they never had met altogether before, and probably would never meet all together again. They all wrote their names accordingly; all but the plowman, who could not write: and the page thus became one of the most prized and remarkable in the album of Mrs. S. C. Hall.

* "I have to-day seen that not the gifted sons alone, but also some of the gifted daughters of Ireland, have come as pilgrims to the shrine of Burns; that one in particular—one of the most distinguished of that fair sisterhood who give by their talents additional luster to the genius of the present day—has paid her first visit to Scotland that she might be present on this occasion, and whom I have myself

At the Burns Festival we were associated with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chambers, whose guests in Edinburgh we were. There was a mournful lack of attendance on the part of the English aristocracy of letters, indeed, even that of Scotland but slenderly gathered. Professor Wilson, Aytoun, Alison, Glasford Bell, William and Robert Chambers, were the chiefs of the Scottish group, while England was represented, except our humble selves, only by Douglas Jerrold and Charles Mackay, who came in the train of Herbert Ingram.

However much I may desire to condense matter concerning our visit to Scotland, I can not while treating the theme omit further mention of one who was present at the Burns Festival—one of the greatest and most famous of Scottish men of letters—PROFESSOR WILSON. I saw him often afterward, and once in London, where he honored our house with a visit. But I prefer to retain him in my memory as I saw him at the "Burns Festival." I thus described him in connection with that day :

"On the platform, on the seat immediately beneath us, sat a man of powerful frame, large-limbed and tall, who in youth was of a surety 'the best wrestler on the green,' and who in age seemed one of the elder sons of Anak, of whose 'boisterous vigor' many pens and tongues had written and spoken. Look at his massive head, his clear gray eye, his firm-set and finely-chiseled mouth, his broad and intellectual brow, and you will be sure it is not physical force alone that makes him greatest of the many great men by whom he is surrounded. His hair, thin and grizzled and unusually long, was moved by the breeze as he rose to speak, in a voice manly as his form, richly and truly eloquent. He was master of his theme and loved it; but then and there, a stoic would have been an enthusiast with the cheers of such a multitude booming in his ears. While he was speaking, and his long, thin locks waved about in the wind, I thought I might steal, unperceived at such a moment, a single hair. I saw one that I believed had been accidentally detached, and I ran the hazard of taking it. The professor felt the touch, and turning round, flashed upon me one of those fierce looks of which I had heard so much from those who had seen the 'lurking devil in his keen gray eye'; but at once perceiving that no insult was meant, and perhaps appreciating the motive of the theft, as I murmured out something like 'It is but one to keep forever,' his lips as suddenly assumed a smile of such lovable grace as might have won the heart of an enemy."

At a good old age Professor Wilson died, robust of mind and body all his life; its close was tranquil and consoling. There are monuments to his memory in Scotland, but none more enduring than are his many and glorious works. He was not reluctant to receive the call when it came. On the coverlet of his bed was the Bible; and, as his good, devoted, and accomplished daughter, Mrs.

seen moved even to tears by the glory of the gathering. She is one who has thrown additional light on the antiquities, manners, scenery, and traditions of Ireland, and whose graceful and truly feminine works are known to us all and whom we are proud to see among us."—*Report in "Blackwood's Magazine."*

Gordon (his biographer) wrote, "He humbly looked in the coming days of darkness for the light that rises for the upright, and hopefully awaited the summons that should call him to rest from his labors and enter into the joy of his Lord."

JAMES HOGG.—Among the few of many Scottish worthies of whom I give memories in these pages, surely I must not omit "The Ettrick Shepherd." How I should have enjoyed a day with him on the Braes of Yarrow ! Even now, across all the years that have passed, I can hear his hearty voice and his jovial laugh, and see his sunburned face not yet paled by a month of "merrie companie" in London. "I like to talk about myself"; so begins his autobiography. No doubt he was an egotist, but so is every shepherd when he talks of sheep; so is the mariner when he speaks of perils in sailing a ship; so are all men who dwell on matters which constitute their "personality," and which they understand better than others do. In short, so are all teachers. The accusation of egotism, and also that of plagiarism, are easily made, but are not so easy of proof. Few men have so thoroughly triumphed over difficulties; none came more triumphantly out of them. James Hogg was a more marvelous man than Robert Burns; far less great as a poet certainly; but marvelous in the dauntless energy with which he struggled against circumstances, yet more adverse than those of Burns, and reached—not an untimely grave, but a secure position in the world of letters. Hogg was, as much as Southey, "a man of letters by profession"; and surely one of the most remarkable men of the century passed away, when

"Ettrick mourned her shepherd dead."

A wrestle with fortune, indeed, was his: checkered yet successful, and marked during the whole of his fairly long life by good spirits, that were partly the result of a good constitution, and greatly perhaps derived from his sanguine self-esteem.

I remember one of the evenings he passed with us: he had dined with Sir George Warrender, whom some wag suggested must have been Sir George "*Provender*" to Hogg, for the shepherd had evidently enjoyed the good fare provided for him before he came to us. He sang some of his own Jacobite songs with great gusto; and as many then present saw him for the first and last time, they did not quickly forget him of whom they had heard and read so much.

The visit of the Ettrick Shepherd to London took place in the year 1832. It is scarcely too much to say that the sensation he produced in literary circles may be likened to that which might have been created by the temporary presence of Ben Nevis on Blackheath. A striking sight it was to see the Shepherd *fêted* in aristocratic *salons*, mingling with the learned and polite of all grades—clumsily, but not rudely. He was rustic without being coarse; not

attempting to ape the refinement to which he was unused ; but seeming perfectly aware that all eyes were upon him, and accepting admiration as a right.

He was my guest several times during that visit ; and at my house he met many of his literary contemporaries, whom he might not otherwise have known. Among them was Miss Landon, then in the zenith of her fame. When the one poet was presented to the other, the tall Shepherd looked earnestly *down* for perhaps half a minute at the *petite* L. E. L. "Eh !" he exclaimed, in a rich manly "Scottish" voice, "I didna think ye'd been sae bonnie ! I've said many hard things aboot ye. I'll do sae nae mair. I didna think ye'd been sae bonnie !"

At the dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern on January 25, 1832, given nominally to commemorate the birthday of Robert Burns, but really to receive the Shepherd, many men of note were present ; the Scottish element naturally predominating. When the usual toasts had been given, THE toast of the evening was announced, or, rather, should have been. But the toast-master had no idea that the guest thus honored was originally a simple shepherd : and consequently conceived that he was satisfactorily fulfilling his duty when he called on the assembled company for "A bumper toast to the health of *Mister Shepherd*." A roar of laughter throughout the hall was the result, and the hero of the evening joined in it as heartily as the rest.

It is needless to say that I can not write my "Recollections" of Scotland without making grateful record of a Scotchman to whom we owed much, not alone for hospitality, but for gratification and information.

We had known William and Robert Chambers previously to our visit. Mrs. Hall had contributed to their *Journal* a series of Irish Stories, and an acquaintance had been commenced, that, I think I am justified in saying, ripened into friendship.*

Robert Chambers, in association with his elder brother William, has conferred a weight of obligation on his country ; not only as examples to cheer, to stimulate, and encourage all who would build up fortune on foundations of perseverance, industry, integrity, and righteousness, but as laborious collectors of useful and instructive legendary and traditionary lore, principally found in by-paths, seldom

* It is pleasant to record an anecdote of that series—subsequently collected and published in a volume—"Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." Messrs. Chambers had agreed to pay a fixed sum for each story ; when the third or fourth appeared they doubled the amount. It is one—but I fear it is the only one of the kind—of the gratifying incidents connected with her or my career. I have good reason to know that notwithstanding this liberality, the book has been a profitable one to Messrs. Chambers during the forty years they have enjoyed the copyright, for it is among the most popular of Mrs. Hall's productions.

trodden by the many who are averse to anything like a troublesome search. Especially, however, is a large debt due to Robert, and to his brother William even more than to him (nor are their debtors confined to those of their own country), for the publication of the weekly periodical, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and a score of educational works that have largely strengthened the progressive powers of the age.

They were "self-educated": but the term has widely different meanings in England and in Scotland. In England it infers, or did infer, in times gone by, a total leaving to chance of the method of preparation for "the battle of life." In Scotland it was rarely that any youth went out into the world without having to some extent fitly armed himself for a struggle with fortune. Self-educated in the main, Robert Chambers was; but a mind, naturally discriminating as well as eager, had not failed to make a sound choice of the intellectual aliment it fed on. Years, as they passed, were marked by successive steps in the ascent from a humble position to an honored station; and while William rose to be Lord Provost of his native city, Robert received the affectionate homage of leaders and guides of thought in every part of the world. He never passed beyond the rank of a plain citizen, and was unable to amass the fortune his brother acquired. The reason was plain: he had eleven children, ten of whom were girls, while William, though married, had none.

A better man in all the relations of private life than Robert Chambers never lived. Devoted and faithful as husband, thoughtful and affectionate as father, true as friend, useful as citizen, among Scottish worthies (and they are many) Robert Chambers holds a very prominent place. He would, no doubt, have obtained any public position he had sought for; but, excepting the degree of LL. D. conferred on him by the University of St. Andrews, he had nothing resembling rank or title. I remember his telling me the great drawback to his success in this respect, was his lack of the organ of self-esteem; it was remarkably deficient in his head.

Robert Chambers had that inestimable blessing, a devoted wife, who was also an accomplished woman, skilled in most of the accomplishments that are supposed to enhance feminine charms. It was a treat to hear her play on the harp, and a still greater treat to hear her sing an old Scottish ballad or a touching melody, to which she could give a wonderfully moving effect. During our stay in their house at Musselburgh, it was a beautiful sight to see her surrounded, by, I think, as many as seven daughters, the eldest of whom may have been twelve years old, the youngest not as many months. Three of the ten daughters born to Mr. and Mrs. Chambers died young, but the others married happily and well, and the descendants are numerous, although few of them bear the honored name of Chambers.

His admirable wife died before him, his children had gone out into the world, and when he retired from active life, companioned only by one of his daughters and two grandchildren, he was alone, or comparatively so, and committed the error of a second marriage.

When I saw him last, not long before his death, he exhibited unmistakable evidence of a mind that was giving way. He was not unconscious of that gloomy fact, and he told me it was so. But he was a Spiritualist and had full faith in a life to begin when this life is ended. I am by no means sure he always entertained such faith; indeed, his views had probably in earlier years been widely different. I can not of my own knowledge affirm that he wrote the "Free-thinking" book (which I never read), the "Vestiges of Creation."* I believe he wrote a part and superintended the publication; but that the major portion was written by Leitch Ritchie, sometime editor of the "Journal." Whether he did or did not write it, certain I am that he would not have written it, *after* he received the convictions of spiritualism and admitted the truths he had long resisted. Returning, one night, after a spiritual sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Newton Crosland, at Blackheath, he told me that so entirely changed were his opinions and views concerning Immortality and Hereafter, he had burned a manuscript on which he had been some years occupied, "A History of Superstition." I could much more largely illustrate this phase in the life of Robert Chambers.

His brother William, in his interesting "Memoir," only admits that Robert "considered the phenomena of spiritualism worthy of patient investigation." That is not much: I affirm that he was as thorough a believer in the verity of these manifestations as I am; that it was impossible for any just, reasonable, and thinking man to resist the evidence supplied to him—several times in my presence and at my house—that out of patient inquiry and thorough conviction came the belief of Robert Chambers; and that the "prayers and graces to be said at meals all breathing the purest religious spirit" we read of in connection with his later years were the fruit of that belief, as well as his work on the "Life and Preachings of Jesus Christ, from the Evangelists." I can not doubt William Chambers will admit that Robert Chambers would have written nothing of the kind before he became enlightened and instructed by Christian spiritualism; and if his brother is able to describe him when this life was closing, and the higher life about to be entered as

* It was said that an "artful dodge" was practiced to mislead—as to the authorship of the book. Proof-sheets were transmitted through the post to half a dozen persons to whom such authorship was likely to be attributed. The recipient, ignorant of the trap, left them heedlessly on library or drawing-room tables, where they were seen by visitors. There consequently existed no doubt as to the identity of the author in the minds of persons who had actually examined the unrevised proofs of the work in the dwellings of those who would have been most readily suspected of producing it.

"uniting the piety of the Christian with the philosophy of an ancient sage," William very well knows that of Robert, nothing of the kind could have been said before he reached the sixtieth year of his age.

We traveled together to Paris when the city was not quite so accessible as it is now. It was his first visit. I determined he should see and partake of a French dinner in all its perfection. In the morning I gave my order to a renowned *restaurateur* in the Palais Royal. When we two went to partake of the feast, *petit* dishes came up one after another, and at length one of which with apparent indifference, I asked his opinion. He seemed really to be pleased; another of the same material came next; but there the disguise was insufficient, and Robert Chambers at once detected the tender limbs of frogs. Of that dish he declined to partake, but wrapped a portion of his share in paper, and no doubt showed it when he was at home in Scotland.

When William was—as for three years he was—Lord Provost of Edinburgh, he lost an opportunity of making himself, or, at least, his official career, famous, and of linking his name with the great names in Letters and in Art of the century. He might have invited to the "Modern Athens" all the men and women of renown, who would have accepted the invitation—a "call" would have been received as a "command." The list would not have been limited to those of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales—foreign realms would have sent their intellectual celebrities, and there might have been such a gathering of the truly great as no city has ever witnessed, and as probably no city ever will witness.*

William will die rich, leaving a fortune honorably acquired by the industry, energy, and rectitude of more than half a century.† Robert could have left to his successor and only son (another Robert) little beyond the incalculable wealth of a name of which he may be more proud than if it had been that of a baron of seven descents. But Robert the Second is now, I rejoice to know, one of the long-honored and prosperous firm. It is still the firm of W. and R. Chambers—in 1883, as it was in 1823, sixty years ago.

* A project of the kind had been successfully carried out by Alderman Spiers while he was Mayor of Oxford. He invited to be his guests at a feast in the grand old city, to every part of which he was on subsequent days their guide, about fifty persons eminent in Science, Letters, and Art. It was a great day even for stately and learned Oxford, marking an honorable epoch in its grand history and doing honor to the citizen who, if not himself a man of letters, was the personal friend and largely esteemed correspondent of many men and women who have thus made mankind their debtors.

† Mr. William Chambers has published an interesting account of his early life, with some particulars concerning his later life, entitled "Story of a Long and Busy Life." I much wish it had been written from his notes by another hand; but that will be done when he has left earth. He could not praise himself; that duty also must be the work of another hand. He was born at Peebles, on the 13th of April, 1800; and is thus just a month older than I am. 1882 was the jubilee year of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

In 1871 the valuable and valued career of Robert Chambers terminated, in so far as earth is concerned. Of such a man we may truly write that "his works do follow him." All who knew him will indorse this passage from the funeral sermon preached by a minister of the Episcopal Church of Scotland :

"He was a man of high endowments, great and varied knowledge, deep philosophy, sound judgment, and refined taste. He was also what is far better than all this—a man of upright and unostentatiously religious life. Noble and kind in his nature, gentle and modest in his manner, genial and warm in his sympathies, faithful in his friendships, and generous in his dealings." *

There is, no doubt, much concerning our interesting tours in Scotland that I have left unsaid : and many persons who are remembered by me with respect and affection ; men and women who, while adding to the fame of their country, have made all humanity their debtors for all time.

* Among the anecdotes (and there are not many) that illustrate the character of Robert, in William's Life of him, there is one that touches me, as it must have touched all readers deeply. In early youth he loved a maiden who became the wife, and the unhappy wife, of another. Robert was then poor and obscure—he afterward rose to be prosperous and honored. Many years passed, and the object of his early affections became indebted to his considerably administered bounty for her relief when in deep poverty. They were both aged when he paid her a farewell visit. What memories it must have stirred in each ! She dropped a tear on the hand he held out to her, and they parted. Again on this side of the grave they never met ; but by his will he left her an annual sum "sufficient for her moderate wants." She needed it but for a short while, dying within three months after him who had been her lover and was her benefactor. Surely that pure and holy friendship was not dissolved by death.

Scotland has not yet sufficiently discharged its large debt to Robert Chambers ; perhaps next to Walter Scott he is its greatest benefactor. For he has largely contributed to make Scotland known, and the boast that he is "a Scottish man," to be as high a one as a man can make in any part of the civilized world.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

TWENTY—FORTY—SIXTY—YEARS AGO.

My task in this chapter is to picture Ireland and the Irish as I knew the country and its people before the enacting of laws that abolished distinctions of race and religion : so unreservedly and effectually that the Englishman and Protestant has now no privilege either of birth or creed, in which the Irishman and Roman Catholic does not participate—and as fully enjoy.

I shall show also that prodigious changes have been wrought in Ireland, during half a century, in matters of domestic interest ; and that numerous minor improvements have been progressing, side by side with the mighty revolution in the policy of England toward the sister island. Ceasing to regard Catholic Ireland either with apprehension or distrust, Protestant England has removed as far as was possible—or in one word *entirely*—the blots that for many centuries defaced the statute-book of these realms, and has studied the policy of justice : while striving to give to Ireland every advantage that could be derived from close union with the “Kingdoms” of Scotland, Wales, and England, each of which kingdoms, be it noted, continued to be ruled by a separate sovereign long after the English Henry II had established his authority over Ireland.

With this brief introduction I proceed to my task of comparing the PRESENT with the PAST.

These are my qualifications for the duty I undertake : Between the years 1815 and 1820, my father, Colonel Hall (of whom I shall have more to say hereafter), was engaged in working copper-mines, in the South of Ireland, principally in Kerry County, and in the west of the county of Cork. I was much about the country then ; and, later in life I paid to Ireland almost annual visits. Between the years 1839 and 1844, I posted on the common car—the time-honored but nearly obsolete “jaunting-car”—six thousand miles according to a pretty accurate calculation I made at the time. There is hardly a corner of the country, between the Giant’s Causeway and Cape Clear, or Clew Bay and the Saltees, into which I have not

penetrated : seeking and obtaining the information I had undertaken to communicate to the public, in volumes which are not yet forgotten.*

The work was dedicated to H. R. H. the Prince Consort : the first number, when it commenced, and the last number, when it was concluded. It was issued in twenty-seven monthly parts.

In 1879, my last visit to Ireland was paid, and that tour was the final opportunity of the many that in the course of a long life I have enjoyed of witnessing the changes that have resulted from time, education, numerous legal enactments, a larger and more generous and enlightened policy, more intimate intercourse between the two nations, augmented facilities for travel, and, above all, considerate thought and indulgent sympathy.†

* "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. 3 vols. Illustrated. 1840, 1841, 1842.

The work was successful ; receiving much encouraging aid from the Press. I extract some passages from many reviews :

"Written professedly to induce the English to see Ireland and to judge for themselves ; and both their verbal descriptions and their graphic illustrations are very likely to have that effect, which we too are willing to assist by our commendation of the general spirit and execution of the work. . . . We may say, on the whole, that the literary, legendary, and antiquarian portions of the work are compiled with laudable diligence ; the illustrations, for the most part, clear and interesting ; and the statements and opinions are in general as sensible, candid, and trustworthy as could be expected from writers who fairly confess their 'unwillingness to say anything discreditable to the country and the majority of its people.'"—*Quarterly Review*.

"The book presents us with a body of facts relating to the sister kingdom, which, being the result of personal observation and investigation, ought to command the attentive consideration of all who are interested in its welfare and prosperity."—*Times*.

"For its impartiality and truthfulness the two editors have been more than once complimented by persons of every party ; partisans may differ from the conclusions at which Mr. and Mrs. Hall have arrived, but no one will venture to say that either the lady or her husband have misstated or misrepresented anything."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"This undertaking has all the elements of the useful, informing, and agreeable. Useful, as tending to make the sister country better known to the British public, and so dissipating prejudice, attracting the tourist to Ireland, and, what is of much more importance, the capitalist."—*Spectator*.

† Forty or fifty years ago, "No Irish need apply" was a common addition to advertisements for servants, in newspapers—indicating a very general sentiment of aversion on the part of the English toward the Irish, when the one knew little of the other, receiving impressions almost exclusively from bad examples : judging, according to Churchill—

"The many by the rascal few,"

and having their prejudices strengthened by Irish authors, painters, and actors, some of whom did their "best" to picture the Irish gentleman as a blackguard and the Irish peasant as a ruffian. At the outset of these details, I do not hesitate to say that this prejudice was continually and *effectually* combated in several of the works of fiction written by Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Sketches of Irish Character," "Stories of the Irish Peasantry," several of her novels, and notably in our joint work, "Ireland, its Scenery and Character."

The voyage across St. George's Channel, at the time of which I write, and long afterward, was a far more serious matter than it is now. Sometimes, weeks were consumed in covering what we now regard as the brief distance between port and port. The packet could not sail in the teeth of the foul wind, or after starting had to "give in" and put back to wait for a change. In 1815, on my embarking at Bristol, six weeks had passed before I landed at Cork. The accommodation on board was wretched: there was no woman-steward; the berths for women were never separated from those of men—even by a screen. Often the "sea-stores" ran short before half the voyage was over; and between contrary winds, miserable accommodation, and the scarcity and bad quality of provisions, a passage to Ireland was often a more serious and expensive undertaking than is now a voyage to New York. On landing, the traveler was conducted to the Custom-House—to have his luggage examined, and pay duty on articles taxed; and then he had to change his English money for Irish money, the coinage of one country not being current coin in the other. Ireland had her "tenpennies" and "fivepennies": now found only in the cabinets of collectors.

Sometimes, to shorten the journey by sea, the traveler lengthened his journey by land; and instead of sailing from Bristol, started, as now, from Holyhead. In that case the period of discomfort afloat and sea-sickness was likely to be a brief one; but what a wearisome journey it was by coach, especially from the metropolis! If Bristol was twenty hours from London, Holyhead was more than forty.

But the road to Holyhead had one special peril and annoyance. Between the port and Chester City is the Menai Strait, which the traveler now crosses in a few seconds, over, or rather through, a bridge. A marvelous work it is, one of the glories of modern science—a grand victory of engineering skill, which our forefathers would have as little expected could be achieved as the construction of a turnpike road between the earth and the moon.* But at the time of which I write, the coach stopped on one side of the estuary to discharge its cargo of passengers and luggage into boats, in which they were ferried across and consigned to the coach that waited for them on the other side †—in the Island of Anglesea.

* In March, 1850, "the first railway train rushed over the Menai Strait by means of the tubular bridge."

† It would be difficult to exaggerate the annoyance to which passengers by this route were subjected. Fancy removal from the inside of a coach—bad as it was—to the ferry-boat, in any weather, often while rain poured in torrents and frequently when snow was a foot deep on the ground. These were not the only evils. The ferrymen were inconceivable savages—Welshmen who spoke no English—cared nothing for the guard, and exacted what they pleased from passengers. Once I nearly lost my life in passing. The men had grossly insulted a lady, a stranger to me, who had resolutely refused—right or wrong—to pay for a little dog she carried in a basket on her arm, and which they seemed inclined to destroy. I naturally interfered for her protection, pushing her assailant away and holding him back,

The coach conveyed the passengers to the wretched inn at Holyhead, where they were "refreshed" before embarking on board the miserable packet-boat that lay alongside the quay, prepared—"wind permitting"—to make the voyage across, or waiting till the wind did permit, to the great joy of the innkeeper, whose beds and "shakedown" were all engaged—and paid for, for one night at all events, in anticipation of the necessary endurance of purgatory from Welsh fare and Welsh fleas. The voyage was shorter but not better than that made from Bristol, or Liverpool, or Milford Haven.

Few went from England to Ireland, or from Ireland to England, except those who were compelled by necessity or duty. I have often thought that among other patriotic impediments to the honor of M. P. —in 1800—among the especial "curses of the Union"—was this, that Irish representatives would be forced to cross the channel in a sailing-packet, and make the journey to London in a mail-coach.*

It is needless to contrast these enormous drawbacks with the comforts of the voyage now; less than twelve hours takes the traveler from London to Dublin; he will not encounter a single annoyance *en route*; and may from any part of Ireland make an engagement, at any hour, in any part of the kingdom, with a certainty of keeping it; while two posts daily convey letters from places hundreds of miles distant; the London newspapers of the morning are in Dublin in the evening; and the telegraph communicates a message within an hour.

Irish journals that bear the date of fifty or sixty years ago, are full of passages like this—"No news from England for a week."

thus giving her free passage to the shore. In an instant I was attacked by half a score of ruffians, who were dragging me to the side of the quay in order to push me over. I had presence of mind enough to fling myself on the ground and kick out. One fellow seemed more resolute than the rest, when luckily my hand lighted on a large flat stone: with that I struck my assailant full in the face, and while he ran screaming to his comrades, I was up, running "for dear life" to the coach, and mounted "in a jiffy"; Mrs. Hall being inside. The coachman, who had been waiting for me, whipped up the horses, and before the gang could rally, we had left them behind. On returning by the same route I succeeded in avoiding recognition, and although I had received a lesson anent

"Those who in quarrels interpose,"

I did not, I fear me, profit by the teaching: although a pair of black eyes made me a recluse during some days in Dublin. I hope, however, that what I did in 1825, I should do, or try to do, in 1883.

* Before the advent of the steamship upon the Irish Channel it was not an unusual thing for six English mails to be due in Dublin, and upon many occasions two or three weeks passed without any delivery of English letters. . . . How, with better accommodation and the spread of knowledge, the correspondence intrusted to the Post-Office Department has increased, may be inferred from the fact that whereas half a century ago a couple of small sacks held the English mail, now the mails weigh about eight and a half tons daily.

Traveling *in* Ireland was on a par with traveling *to* Ireland as regarded delays and discomforts. Fifty years ago, journeys in the Green Isle were ordinarily made at the rate of twelve hours to fifty miles. Somewhere about that time I journeyed from Cork to Skibbereen by a mail-coach on its *first* journey; I can recall now the rush from every cabin, and the crowds in every town it passed by and through; some astonished, others terrified at the new wonder.* In general there was no way of traveling except by the old jaunting-car. [The Irish car has been compared to Irish reciprocity, which lets you see only one side of a subject, and to Irish character, that limits the vision to a one-sided view of everything.]

The old roads in Ireland were solicitous only of taking the straightest line of approach; and that was indeed a formidable obstacle which could prevent them from being laid down as the crow flies. Regardless of acclivity or declivity, of cliff or rock, of stream or torrent, few mountain elevations, however bristling with crags, or formidable the aspect of their precipitous sides, deterred the engineer who planned an Irish road. He carried it over the loftiest summits, the wildest moors, to the bottoms of the deepest glens, and along the most dizzy steeps, overlooking the most precipitous descents. Before railways made journeys easy and comfortable, the roads had been greatly improved; but I can remember when many of them that led from town to town were barely passable to wheel-carriages. So lately as 1840, going from Glengariff to Kenmare, we had to leave the car and walk some distance, while peasants helped it over the ruts. Irish roads are now foremost among the best in the kingdom.

Turnpikes are now all gone; but in 1843, "Bianconi's" charge for passengers from Clonmel to Waterford was three shillings and sixpence; from Clonmel to Kilkenny (about the same distance) it was four shillings and sixpence—in consequence of heavy turnpike-tolls. The roads are now kept in order by Grand Jury presentments.

Bianconi, a native of Milan (he was one of the "alien" mercies given to Ireland), ran his first car from Clonmel to Cahir, some six or seven miles, on the 5th July, 1815 (it should be kept as a day for public remembrance in Ireland). In spite of much discouragement

* Derrick, so late as 1760, wrote that he set out from Cork to Killarney "on horseback," the city of Cork not affording at this time any sort of carriage for hire. I remember a popular caricature that had for its subject Irish traveling. The chaise let in the rain at the roof, while the traveler's legs were protruding through the floor; a girl was advancing with a red-hot poker, "just to give the baste a burn, yer honor, to make him start."

"From the inn-yard came a hackney-chaise, in a most deplorable state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs; one door swinging open, the blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness."—*Maria Edgeworth*.

he persevered; when I saw and conversed with him—one of the best friends Ireland has ever had—in 1841-'42, his cars traveled 3,600 miles daily, visiting 128 cities and towns, and he had horses more than enough to mount a regiment of cavalry. Talking with him one day at the door of his office in Clonmel, while his car, always punctual, was about to start, and there was just five minutes to spare, "Come this way," he said, "it's a short cut, and will save two minutes." It was the key to his success: he knew the value of time; a knowledge denied almost entirely to the country of his adoption.* Bianconi's drivers carried no weapons, even in the more disturbed districts, in perilous times. His cars were never injured; never even once stopped; well might he say, as he did say to me, "That fact gives me more pleasure than all the other rewards of my life."

It will be readily imagined that in the days before railways the small Irish farmer had difficulty in finding a market for his produce. There were itinerant dealers who traveled the country, buying from the peasantry to sell in the towns; but the farm produce, to be disposed of, so far exceeded the means available for bringing it to market that it was frequently left a dead weight on the farmer's hands. Another difficulty was the extreme scarcity of money, causing barter to be a far more common mode of dealing than sale. In the locality where I lived, as a boy, it was easy to obtain eight eggs for a penny, and a couple of chickens for eightpence, while a "weight" (a stone and a half) of potatoes seldom cost more than twopence.

And the wages of laboring men, what were they? Sixpence a day was a liberal wage. My father at one time employed, at one of his mines, three to four hundred men, and fivepence was the sum each earned daily. No doubt it was above rather than below the average rate of pay. In fact, the earning of wages was uncommon; fortunate were they who could *sell* their labor. As a rule, each man dug his patch of ground, planted it; the fruits just supplied him with food enough to prevent hunger becoming famine, and enabled him and his family to drag on in a state of semi-starvation from the cradle to the grave.†

To English rural districts, as well as to Irish, the iron road has opened up markets that were not before available. In England,

* "Sure it's only my time," was a sort of Irish aphorism. It is the title of one of Mrs. Hall's most characteristic stories. I once sent a man on a message from Skibbereen to Cork—thirty miles; it took him two days going and coming. He had no idea of demanding more than his two days' wages. Sure 'twas only his time!

† The "garden" was the quarter or half acre usually attached to the cabin in which the potatoes were planted, always, of course, by spade-labor, and from whence they were dug to be eaten. Cabbages were seldom planted, carrots and turnips never—nothing but potatoes!

too, the tillers of the soil were, fifty years ago, wretchedly housed ; but the hovel of the Irish peasant was by far the more miserable of the two, and the changes in his dwelling have been proportionately greater. I found the "cabins," as they used to be called, and perhaps are called now, bad enough in 1879, yet greatly improved from what they were in 1820. It may not be the best, but certainly not the worst of those cabins that I picture, as I recall their wretched aspect to memory. This is the sight I see : a growth of diseased vegetation covers the thatched roof (a roof of slate distinguished the houses of the doctor, the landlord, and the priest) ; a cesspool of stagnant water oozes from the dung-heap, at either side of the door ; a big slab or flat stone forms a sort of bridge across it ; the mud walls have given way in parts, and there is a gradual sinking of the fabric ; the door is hanging by broken hinges ; two holes indicate windows ; into one of them, if the weather be damp, the tenant's top-coat is thrust to keep out the cold, the other is partially boarded. The inevitable consequence is, that within, when the turf-fire is lit, there is an atmosphere of smoke. Go in ! In one corner is a heap of turf, crowned by the kish. In another corner is the potato-heap, kept somewhat in order by a strip of board. Generally the rain finds its way through some part of the roof, and there is a consequent puddle on the floor. The pig goes in and out as he pleases ; there is a perpetual "hurrish" to drive him from the "pratee" corner. Of course there is no grate (often no chimney) ; and, although the hut may be at times divided into two rooms, as a rule there is but one, in which a whole family live and sleep. The bed is a mass of damp straw with a single blanket or quilt, and there is a straw shakedown for the children. Heather, though a hundred times better than straw, and always at hand, is a luxury seldom resorted to. To complete the bedding there are the extra coats and gowns of the household. When the family retire to rest at night it is likely that as many as eight or ten human beings of all ages, and both sexes, will be crowded into this one miserable room. Water is seldom used for any purpose, personal or domestic ; * in-

* I do not know how it is now, but in my younger days it was rarely an Irish peasant used water—except to drink it. A sea-bath was a rarity and never a luxury. To "take a dip" was seldom thought of. I have known many grown-up young men who had not taken one in a year : women never bathed, except their feet, which they washed often in running brooks. I am reminded of an anecdote told me by the sculptor, Margaret Foley. A friend of hers at Florence had a pretty waiting-maid ; the Florentine valet was "sweet on her." He was asked if he meant to marry her. This was his answer : "Marry her ? Oh, no ! *She is English, and she would wash me, and I should die !*" I am also reminded of an anecdote told to me by Ugo Foscolo—who meant it to illustrate Irish character. Two lazy Irishmen were stretched on the sward of a fig-garden in Italy. They were hungry, but had not energy enough to rise and pluck and eat. At last a fig fell from a tree right into the mouth of one of them. "Ah," said the other, "you are lucky, Pat ! It didn't fall into my mouth." "Yes," was Pat's comment ; "*but it didn't come chewed, though !*"

deed, there is nothing about the place in which to collect and keep it. The food is potatoes—eaten twice a day. Buttermilk sometimes ekes out the feast: now and then there is the luxury of a salt herring, over which boiling water is poured to make a sort of sauce, into which the potato is dipped. "Butchers' mate" is never thought of, and bread but seldom [I have known old men who had never tasted the former, and young men who had never eaten the latter]; fish is a rarity, although shoals are to be met with all along the coasts, and the rivers and lakes abound in trout—ready to be caught and eaten.

The furniture consists of the kish, a table, two chairs, a three-legged stool, a dresser, seldom absent, but usually empty, or containing two broken plates; a wooden pipkin, an iron pot, which rarely leaves its place over the turf fire, and the bedding, such as I have described—sometimes raised by blocks of bog-oak from the floor:*

"An Irish cabin, architecturally described, is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, or perhaps less, built of sod (mud) or rough stone, perhaps with a window or a hole to represent one, it is thatched with sods, with a basket for a chimney. It generally admits the wet and does not pretend to keep out the cold. A hole in the ground in front of the door, or just on the side, is the receptacle for slops, manure, and other abominations. This one room, wretched as it is, is generally all the shelter that is afforded for the father and mother, with the children, and perhaps the grandmother, and certainly the pig."—Tite's "Report to the Irish Society," 1836.

The house of the well-to-do yeoman farmer (the position such a man as I describe would have held in England) was not much better than that of the peasant. In the year 1840 I visited such a man in Wicklow County, near to Glendalough, and noticing the air of penury and misery that pervaded the dwelling, I left a shilling on the dirty dresser. The guide who was with me said, when we had left the cabin, "May I make so bould as to ask what yer honor left the shilling for?" "Well," I said, "though but a trifle, I thought it might help them in their poverty." "Poverty!" exclaimed my guide. "Yah! Poverty! He has ten cows and fifty sheep upon the mountain, and is, may be, richer than yer honor." And such I found, upon inquiry, to be fact; yet for squalor, dirt, discomfort—all that makes home wretched—there were not many worse hovels. That was by no means an isolated case.†

* "There was just room, with care, to ride my horse on the crooked pathway between the dunghills and cesspools. I went into one of these cottages. It had one room, no chimney, and a turf-fire on the mud floor. Its furniture consisted of a bedstead with some hay on it, and one blanket, a deal box, and an iron pot. There were five children in it, so ragged that they were nearly naked, and two pigs begrimed with the soil from the cesspool at the door. The mother was scarcely clad and barefooted. Cottage, children, pigs, and mother, were all equally dirty."—Foster's "Ireland." Description of a cabin in Mayo.

† In Mayo, in 1845, I measured a cabin in which a family lived, and had lived

I rejoice to believe there has been in this respect a great change. Thus spoke Lord O'Hagan at the Social Science Congress in 1881 :

"I may confidently say that, in a department so deeply affecting the comfort and the happiness of a people, Ireland need not be ashamed of the progress she is making and has made. And for her that progress is especially important. Health and social morals run closely together. Cleanliness and godliness are in alliance; and wholesome and commodious dwellings are important instruments of civilization. The squalidness of his home drives the artisan for light and solace to the public-house. The mud cabin, with its single room and crowded foulness, is not very compatible with the formation of habits of ordered industry; and, save in a country still marvelously pure, its inmates would be subjected to many dangers."

Picture the Irish cotter of fifty or sixty years ago. The "caubeen" that covered his head was a fragment—the brim in nine cases out of ten gone; shirts were rarities; his coat was always torn, and never mended, or, if patched, was a coat of many colors; his breeches were usually of corduroy, never buttoned at the knee, for the buttons had departed, but sometimes tied by shreds of twine. His stockings, when he wore any, were loose and hanging about his heels; and through his brogues, when he had them on, his toes protruded. Often he wore a large cloak-coat with a cape, descending from the neck to the heels, and as worn and ragged as other portions of his attire. His clothes, such as they were, served him, as I have said, in lieu of blankets at night. The clothing of the "childre" consisted of one ragged covering of discolored stuff, called a frock. The peasant's wife or mother (a cabin was seldom found without both) might have compressed her whole wardrobe into a handbox had such a thing been known.

Such was the figure the Irish peasant everywhere presented in my boyhood. Three or four years ago I saw about four hundred men and women—belonging to the peasant class of to-day—assembled at Killarney. *There was not among them a man in rags or a woman barefooted.* Sixty years ago it would have been difficult to find in a similar group a man with a decent coat or a woman who wore shoes.

"The pig paid the rent," and when sold a "boneen" was obtained to be reared for another year. A litter of pigs was rarely seen about a cabin, and to bring any part of one "to table" was a thing never looked for. Of course a sty was out of the question; never was such a thing seen in any village or town of moderate extent.

And what sort of a pig was he? A long-legged and sharp-

for two years; it was exactly ten feet long by seven feet broad and five feet high; it was built on the edge of a turf bog; within, a raised embankment of dried turf formed a bed: a solitary ragged blanket was the only covering.

snouted creature that no amount of food or training could ever fatten. The breed was called "the Connaught pig." You could count its ribs without feeling them. Fat was never found anywhere about the animal, living or dead. He was fed on offal, with sometimes the luxury of potato-skins, and was the general, the only scavenger of a town or village, where he roamed at large without let or hindrance. Like the dogs of Pera, he averted the evils that arise from impurities. When converted into bacon his flesh was so thin and coarse as to be marketable only among the poorest classes; those who could afford better food imported it from Yorkshire or Wiltshire. Even the wealthiest farmers failed to make salable material out of the Connaught pig—the only pig that up to a comparatively recent period was to be seen in the streets and roads of Ireland.

How is it now? Every cabin has a pig-sty. That was the result of a legal enactment making the erection of sties compulsory. Although now, as heretofore, he often enters the parlor, it is only as a visitor—no longer as an inmate. The Connaught pig is now completely gone. The pigs of to-day are short in the legs, broad in the flank, rich in lard; in a word, the dittos of those you meet in Wiltshire. Irish hams that, half a century ago, were rejected with scorn in all decent shops of England, are now in high favor with dealers, and bring prices equal to those of York.* Every cabin has such a pig, and it "pays" to give him food, often better than that upon which his owner feeds. Russell, of Limerick (another "a lien" mercy), was, I believe, the first to perceive the benefit that might be wrought by this wholesome innovation—to show that there was no good cause why pigs born and bred in Ireland should be a whit inferior to those grown in any other country in the world.†

I have intimated that poverty—despairing poverty—was the almost invariable lot of the Irish peasant fifty years ago. The men wore shoes, for work could not be done without them; the women were always barefooted. I have been told by shoemakers in country places that *shoes for women formed no portion of their stock in trade*. A shawl was usually the common property of the females in a household; a needle and thread were frequently not to be found in a whole town-land—sufficient reason why the proverbial rags were seldom mended. When means of mending were obtainable, a black or gray coat would generally be patched with a bit of red or blue cloth.

* This statement will be confirmed by any dealer in hams and bacon. I have consulted several.

† A pleasant anecdote was told to me by Chief-Justice Doherty. He was visiting at the house of a country gentleman; the steward was showing him the improvements, when they approached to examine a series of recently erected pig-sties, his lordship much commended their neatness and order, saying, "My friend, the pig is well provided for here." "Yes, yer honor," was the reply, "he has every convenience that a pig can ax."

Men and women looked on rags as matters of course. It was not a libel when the English traveler declared that he never knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes until he went to Ireland; while the story, told by either Lover or Carleton, of an Irish haymaker gleefully changing his habiliments with a scarecrow in an English field, is scarcely an exaggeration.

When a lad, I was present at a dance, and had to make my bow to a merry lass, who was sitting in a corner. To my surprise, she declined to be my partner, declaring she could not dance. There was a loud protest in the assembly, and an assurance that she was the best dancer in the barony. Upon her still objecting, a stout fellow pulled her from her seat, exclaiming she should not balk the young gentleman. The cause of her coyness was then obvious—she had on neither shoes nor stockings. It was the work of a moment for me to take off mine; and we footed it bravely, in bare feet, on the clay floor of the cabin.

On such occasions the piper had invariably a strong tumbler of whisky by his side, from which he often imbibed till he could play no longer; and it was also the custom that a hat went round to receive the pennies that were to pay him for his night's work. The whisky (for him, *ad libitum*) was generally the contribution of mine host of the shebeen-shop, and its distiller was a "boy" from the mountains, who had made it where "kings dinna ken"; and who was among the dancers.

In country parts the houses of the smaller gentry were not very much better than the cabins around them. What of the people who inhabited them?

The "half-sirs" or "squireens," a class peculiar to Ireland, are, I believe, unknown now.* Each was usually blessed with a household of sons and daughters, who considered idleness a sign of gentility, and scorned to do any useful work. Trade of any kind, except in horses and smuggling, was a degradation to which they could not condescend. The young men were rambling vagabonds, who roamed the country with a dog and gun, while the young girls were tawdry slatterns, ill-dressed, flaunting creatures, to whom poverty never seemed to teach any useful lesson. Though their only chances of marriage were with men as poor and improvident as themselves, they

* Thus wrote Arthur Young, about a century ago: "I must now come," he says, "to a class of persons to whose conduct it is almost entirely owing that the character of that nation has not that luster abroad which it will soon merit. This is the class of little country gentlemen, tenants who drink their claret by means of profit rents, jobbers in farms, bucks, your fellows with round hats edged with gold, who hunt in the day, get drunk in the evening, and fight the next morning. These are the men among whom drinking, wrangling, quarreling, fighting, ravishing, etc., are found as in their native soil."

Sixty years back the evil was in but a small degree diminished.

could neither order a household thriftily nor cut out a gown, and were content to drag on lives of slatternly monotony, varied only by occasional visits to rich relations, or rather relations a degree or two further removed from poverty.

We must turn to the novels of the period for the Master Jacks and Miss Biddys of this class: such social phenomena are now things of the past. In the works of all Irish writers are to be found portraits of the reckless Irish gentleman of sixty years ago. I may instance the "Castle Rackrent" of Maria Edgeworth as containing a well-drawn example of this improvident order. The hero in question is a true type of the gentry of the period, who were always in need of money, and whose fixed idea was that it must be had "anyhow"—the anyhow implying that tenants were to be racked to the utmost, and loans raised as long as there was a scrap of security left to borrow on. The household was supplied in a hugger-mugger fashion; as long as powder and shot could be obtained, there was generally some sort of flesh or fowl to help out the meal, while for the horses there was at any rate grass to be had.

Are there many who recollect the taxes levied on tenants by the ladies of the landlords when a new lease or the renewal of an old lease was to be signed—taxes in the form of "duty fowls," "sealing money," and other names, were exacted? The custom of propitiating the dames was not so limited; their claims were put in whenever any transaction took place; the choicest produce of the farm was generally considered their perquisite. The practice is now only a tradition.

It is no fancy picture I draw of the gentry, and the families of the gentry, in old times—the class just above the squireens to whom I have been referring. They were in a great measure destroyed by the Encumbered Estates Bill,* and of the "old Irish gentleman" there are few specimens now remaining to recall a dismal picture in Irish history.

In the above remarks, I have been referring exclusively to the families of "half-sirs" and "squireens," whose hereditary "rights" were poverty and pride, and considered any efforts at labor for self-maintenance only a degradation or a disgrace. It will be, I hope, sufficiently obvious that I in no degree refer to the Irish GENTRY, who command everywhere respect and admiration.

And of the women of Ireland, who can say in praise too much? I quote a passage I wrote in 1840; time has confirmed, rather than lessened, my conviction of its truth:

* The Encumbered Estates Act was not in actual operation until 1850. Its effect has been to create a class which Ireland sadly wants—a middle class—a class between the aristocracy and the peasantry—by dividing large insolvent properties into comparatively small properties, the buyers and owners of which are in many cases Roman Catholics.

"The women of Ireland—from the highest to the lowest—represent the national character better than the other sex. In the men, very often, energy degenerates into fierceness, generosity into reckless extravagance, social habits into dissipation, courage into profitless daring, confiding faith into slavish dependence, honor into captiousness, and religion into bigotry: for in no country in the world is the path so narrow that marks the boundary between virtue and vice. But the Irishwomen have—taken in the mass—the lights without the shadows, the good without the bad: to use a familiar expression, 'the wheat without the chaff.' Most faithful, most devoted, most pure, the best mothers, the best children, the best wives; possessing pre-eminently the beauty and holiness of virtue in the limited or the extensive meaning of the phrase: they have been rightly described as 'holding an intermediate space between the French and the English,' mingling the vivacity of the one with the stability of the other—with hearts more *naturally* toned than either. Never sacrificing delicacy, but entirely free from embarrassing reserve; their gayety never inclining to levity; their frankness never approaching to freedom; with reputations not the less securely protected because of the absence of suspicion, and that the natural guardians of honor though present are unseen. Their information is without assumption; their cultivation without parade; their influence is never ostentatiously exhibited; in no position of life do they assume an ungraceful or unbecoming independence. The character is, indeed, essentially and emphatically feminine; the Irishwoman is 'a very woman,' with high intellect and sound heart.

"In writing of Irishwomen, I refer to no particular class or grade. From the most elevated to the most humble, they possess innate purity of thought, word, and deed; and are certainly unsurpassed, if they are equaled, for the qualities of heart, mind, and temper which make the best companions, the safest counselors, the truest friends, and afford the surest securities for sweet and upright discharge of DUTIES in all the relations of life."

Such testimony is not due to Irishmen. I would, on this topic, rather than my own, give the testimony of Sir Emerson Tennant, M. P., an Irishman, who writes:

"Thus it will be observed that the character of the Irishman is made up of extremes, and that his most conspicuous virtues border upon their neighboring vices. His patriotism is asserted by fits of riotous and extravagant fanaticism: his generosity runs into profusion, the brilliancy of his wit is occasionally tarnished by his devoting it to flattery, and the ardor of his friendship is too often the result of the influence of impulse."

Akin to this topic—as being another proof of thriftlessness—is that of EARLY MARRIAGES. They were fertile sources of overpopulation and its attendant miseries, of household discomfort and awfully restricted means. I refer more especially to the humbler classes.*

* "A Killarney car-driver told me he married at sixteen: two pounds were collected for the priest, neither he nor his wife having a shilling beforehand. A waiter at the hotel at Kilkenny where I staid, I was told, had a collection of £18 made at his wedding for the priest: and I have heard of instances among respectable farmers of much more extravagant sums being thus given. Now is it human nature to suppose that any priest, depending for his livelihood on fees—the marriage fee among others—will not promote marriages? I have heard of many in-

It was no uncommon thing for the bachelor to borrow a friend's "dacent clothes" for use on the wedding day, to be returned the next morning; and when the priest's dues were paid, and the whisky laid in for all comers (for that night at any rate), not a single shilling was left for housekeeping to begin the world with.

I was present at a wedding where the bride, the bridegroom, the parents of both, and their neighbors, could not together make up the priest's fee of ten shillings; he refused to marry them until it was paid; * there was much "colloguing," and evidence of grave disappointment; I went forward and made up the deficiency.

Imprudent marriages are now comparatively rare; yet I do not hear that there is any increase in the number of unwedded mothers.

Although sixty years ago "abductions" were no longer carried out on the systematic and daring scale of half a century earlier, cases were by no means unfrequent, and were still barely regarded as crimes. Though every assizes contained records of trials for such offenses, and though the usual result was the handing over to the hangman of the leading culprit and one or two of his abettors, these Sabine weddings could not be wholly put down. Again and again, young girls would be torn from their homes and hurried up into the mountains, where some degraded hedge priest was always in waiting to make "the twain one." The unhappy bride had no choice but to submit, and when brought back to her parents generally thought it better to consent to the marriage that had been forced on her than to lose caste and character.

SAVINGS BANKS.—So long ago as fifty years, the Savings Bank was the cabin thatch—the inside of the thatch of course—and the purse that held the "Banker's Book" was usually an old stocking. The study of the tenant was to "make-believe" that he had no money at all; his rent being always in arrear, outer mainifestations of poverty were essential to security. Now and then, when a lease was to be renewed, there were drawn from odd hiding-places numbers of old guineas; but as to savings that bore interest and so fructified, such investments were never thought of. Concerning the

stances of their doing so. I do not blame the priests, I blame the system. The priests must live; they live by fees, for the state gives them nothing, and the best fee they get is at a wedding. Depend upon it, that as long as the priests are thus paid, early marriages, with all their attendant evils and mischiefs and miseries, will continue."—Campbell Foster, 1846.

* Not long ago I heard a whimsical anecdote of a young couple similarly placed; the refusal of the priest was to this effect: "Ye must beg, borrow, or steal the money before I marry you." So they retired. But, passing through the chapel yard, the young man chanced to see the priest's unmentionables drying on a hedge: he took them, pawned them, and returned to the chapel, paid the required amount, was married, and, when the ceremony was over, handed the priest the pawn-ticket, reminding his reverence he had told him he must either "beg, borrow, or *steal*," the required amount.

change that has come over the spirit of Irish thrift since those days, it will suffice to quote a brief extract from Hancock's report for 1875-6 as made public in the newspapers :

"Last year the deposits increased to the extent of £980,000, and in ten years the increase has amounted to £12,067,000. The aggregate of savings in the Joint Stock Banks, deposits in Savings Banks, and Indian Funds is now £70,180,000. In the Joint Stock Banks there was an increase last year of £1,785,000 and of £14,900,000 in ten years. In Post-Office Savings Banks the deposits increased £70,000."

Private banks were frightful evils in Ireland in the old days.* Sometimes, pound and thirty-shilling notes accumulated in the old stocking for years, to be drawn out at last and to prove of no value whatever—the bank having "broke." Few now living can recall the terrible sight of a wrathful and mournful crowd round a bank on some morning when the shutters were not taken down and the door remained unopened at mid-day. One such scene is in my mind's eye at this moment—that attending the stoppage of the Roches, in Cork, I think in 1818. I can see now the enraged men and moaning women who battered at the closed doors of the bank, holding in their hands bits of soiled paper; and, with vain fury and horror-stricken looks, protesting against the robbery for which there was neither remedy nor relief. But Savings Banks!—many years ago the Irish peasant would as much have thought of crossing a river by making a bridge of a rainbow.

NEGLECTED LAND.—Sixty years ago, you might have walked a score of miles in some parts of the country, and over a hundred farms, such as they were, without encountering a plow or harrow: all the work of husbandry was done with the spade. And in what state was the land? The dung-heap at the hall door supplied manure for the "garden"; but to get it for the fields was out of the question, except near the sea-side, where sand and sea-weed were easily obtained. There was no desire to reclaim and improve—the fatal characteristic of the Irishman at home. A disposition to let things remain as they were, illustrated by the common expressions, "Sure it 'ill do," "Sure it was always so," was in nothing more fatal than in the management of the land: every writer concerning Ireland has commented on that disastrous fact. The certainty of obtaining offers for any bit of land that was to be let, a score of applicants being always, not only ready but eager to outbid each other: the fatal proneness of landlords to close with the biggest offers, heedless as to the sort of tenants they were procuring, was the main

* It was not uncommon for men who had saved money to pawn it and pay pawnbrokers' interest on the sum pledged. It was considered safer in the pawnbroker's hands than in their own, or in the keeping of frequently failing banks.

source of evil. Once the land was secured, the single study of the tenant was to get the most he could out of it, without expending aught to enrich it.*

Ireland—that more than any other country of the world depends on tillage—has more than any other country of the world neglected to practice it scientifically. No doubt agriculture has made great strides there of late years; but even now, according to indisputable authorities, one half of the soil is left uncultivated; while the other moiety does not produce half the crops that, by skill, capital, industry, and science, it might be made to yield. For the land is still divided into what have been called “microscopic farms,” and we find a score of acres often cut up into nearly as many lots, each portion being a separate holding; so divided,† sometimes by leases often at will, partially planted; a third of it perhaps covered with the pest of the Irish farmer, “the yalla boucklaun,” while a cow picked up a scanty living from such grass as grew between these huge weeds that a boy would, in the spring, have eradicated for twopence.‡ Well might an English grazier, traveling in Ireland, exclaim, “Did you ever see a country so brutally used?”

* Many years ago I was standing beside Grogan Morgan, of Johnstown, Castle Wexford, when a man addressed him and asked for the lease of a certain farm. “I have no objection to you,” was the answer, “if you offer me a fair rent for it.” A few days afterward, I was walking with Grogan Morgan, when the same man came up and protested he had been ill used, another person having got the farm, although “his honor had given him (the man then present) a promise of it.” “I made you no promise of the kind,” said the landlord, “I told you I should have no objection to you if you offered me a fair rent for the farm. Your offer was considerably more than the offer of the person to whom I have given the lease. You did not offer me a *fair rent*, for you offered me more than the land was worth. Too much is as *unfair a rent* as too little. If you paid it and I took it, I should be a rogue and you would be a fool. Go home and think over this matter, there will be another farm vacant soon. If you become a tenant of mine you must make enough by your industry to live comfortably, have a sufficiency of good food, bring up your children respectably, and keep your land well manured and stocked, instead of draining it of all it is worth in a couple of years.” I give this one example of a just landlord.

† “Their farms,” wrote a schoolmaster addressing the Lord Lieutenant, concerning poverty in Donegal, “are so small, that from four to ten of them can be harrowed in a day with one rake.” And in the same county, when (in 1837) Lord George Hill bought an estate there, among eighty tenants on one of the properties, ten shillings annual rent was the highest rent paid by any one of them. It was by no means uncommon for a tenant to pay five pounds for that for which the head landlord received five shillings. There were whole districts in which the rents were so small as not to be worth the trouble and hazard of collecting.

‡ It would seem that this evil still flourishes. I copy part of a letter published in *The Times* of a recent date. The writer makes mention of “the pest of the land called ragweed,” which, like a cancer in the human breast, sucks the vital principle out of the land wherever it grows, and at maturity sends forth broadcast its millions of seeds. Every one I speak to on the subject acknowledges what a pest this weed is, but no one puts forth a hand to eradicate it. “What’s the use,”

On this subject I may subjoin another extract :

"Let any one look at the armies of docks and thistles, enough to seed a parish in every field he passes—even in the beloved potato gardens—and the matting of couch besides—which the farmer and wife and children look at with idle hands because such weeds are supposed to keep the crop warm."—*Bence Jones on Ireland.*

Where were the sheep?—nowhere. Yet there was fodder running to waste on the slopes of every mountain on which flocks might have fed luxuriously. I traveled thirty miles through Connemara, the then recently alienated estate of Dick Martin, where the grass was sometimes up to my knees, and saw not only no flocks and herds, but not a solitary sheep or bullock turning into beef and mutton the wealth of food that nature had supplied. Let that most excellent landlord and estimable gentleman, Mr. Mitchell Henry, draw a picture of Kylemore as it is now. As for domestic fowls, what was the method pursued to prepare them for markets? It was a universal practice periodically to pluck the geese and send them, bare of feathers, to the common, to roam over it and live as they could. The fowls were left to peck up anything they might find ; as to systematic feeding, that was never attempted. The ducks were better off ; they had always the manure-heap—the filthy pool at the cabin door.

As with the land so with the sea : fish were there in plenty ; but the fisherman waited until they came to him instead of putting to sea in search of them. Sometimes a shoal would appear ; but before the nets were ready they were off, "bad luck to them" ; and it was seldom that it entered into the fisherman's mind to follow. Even when they were taken in large quantities there was no market at which they could be sold ; and, as to household preservation for household consumption, that was only one more of the many things in Ireland that might have been done but never were done. I have seen mackerel exposed for sale at a penny a score, and herrings for sixpence a hundred—there was no means of curing and preserving them. More than once I have seen the land manured with sprats. Fishermen, English or Scotch, came across the Channel, loaded their boats, returned home, salted their catch, and exported to Ireland the very fish they had taken out of its own bays. I tested that fact in Galway—the finest fishing bay in the world, perhaps. I had ordered fish for dinner : two salt haddocks were brought to me. On inquiry, I ascertained where they were bought, and learned from the seller that he was the agent of a Scotch firm, whose boats were at that moment loading in the Bay.

say they, "when the neighbors will let it grow thickly in hedge, ditch, and field, and seed our land again." "The other day I drove over some forty miles of road, and had the best opportunity of witnessing the enemy of the farmer, flaunting in immense abundance its rich golden-hued head of flowers right and left."

"MIDDLEMEN."—It is with almost a shudder I write of the MIDDLEMEN of sixty years ago, so keenly do I recall the misery of which they were the cause. The term is hardly known to this generation, except as it occurs in Irish novels that deal with life in the Sister Isle as it was half a century back; as a system, the system itself being no longer a curse to Ireland.

My father had leased from Lord Audley some lands in which were veins of copper ore. His lease, however, only made him lord of the estate underground; all the soil above was in the hands of a man named Swanton. This Swanton was what was termed a "squireen" (another name now obsolete); and, though he had himself sprung from the people, was totally without bowels of compassion for them. He let and underlet the estate in acres or half-acres, as might be; and usually for twice or thrice the fair rent. It was impossible for the tenant to pay it and live comfortably or even decently; there were always "arrear" ; they were neither asked for nor expected to be paid; they could not be paid; but their effect was to make the tenant the bond-slave of the middleman. His landlord the poor wretch had never seen. "My Lord" was an absentee whose interest in his Irish estate was confined to the regular receipt of a sum the middleman had agreed regularly to furnish to him; so that the amount was raised the noble owner never inquired how. He left his representative to wring that sum, and as much over as might satisfy himself, out of the sweat and sinews of the tenants, and contented himself with regularly forestalling the time of payment by requests for "advances." Swanton had but one unchangeable excuse for grinding down the wretched peasantry: "His lordship *must* have supplies. See his letter." I do not think Lord Audley had ever seen the barren tract of country he inherited from his ancestors—"forfeited estates," of course.

No expenditure of a nature that might incur the hazard of his appearing to be in prosperous circumstances was ever thought of. Woe to the man who appeared in a new hat or coat, or whose wife boasted a decent gown! It was as much a sign for the middleman to swoop down on him as the sight of a well-filled purse to a robber. True, the next installment of rent might not be due for months; but there were always the "arrear." The money spent in buying gown or coat ought to have gone to lessening *them*. To my certain knowledge it has often occurred that, when a farmer contributed a respectable sum toward the repairs of a chapel, the dangerous fact was kept a profound secret by the priest.

I was once present when Swanton distrained for a very small sum. The "sticks" of furniture had been removed; but there lay in a corner a little heap of potatoes. When the poor man saw these about to be taken away, he fell on his knees, held up his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Swanton, for God's sake don't take the bit

from the mouths of the childer!" It was, however, taken and in my presence. I could tell other tales of the kind. Swanton ultimately died in his bed; but he was seldom seen out of doors unaccompanied by two armed men. Though but a boy then, I used to feel that I could scarcely have sought to turn aside the hand that aimed a murderous blow at him.

I am not giving an exceptional instance. This man was the representative of a class—a large class. A great proportion of the landed property of Ireland was in the hands of middlemen—not a whit better or worse than the one I have pictured.

TITHES.—I have elsewhere treated this subject, yet recur to it. There were always circumstances attending the collection of tithes that made the debt, the distraint, and the ruin, that frequently accompanied the latter, exceptionally odious. The farmer or cotter knew that his own priest needed the money; that he was living, at best, with restricted means, and sometimes in positive poverty. He knew, on the other hand, that the Protestant clergyman whose *legal* dues the tithes were, and in whose name they were collected, was rich in this world's goods; sometimes a pluralist, and not unfrequently an absentee, who lived comfortably in Cheltenham or Bath on money wrung from poverty-stricken creatures of another faith than his own. Even if he were resident, what did he give in return for the tithes so mercilessly extorted? His flock might be counted by units, while the priest's numbered hundreds. Yet the peasant saw him dwelling in a mansion that was a palace in comparison with the wretched shelter that fell to the lot of the Catholic priest; and riding a good horse, while the priest, when summoned to a distance to administer the rites of his church, had either to borrow a steed or trudge afoot. But bitterer than all to the Irish peasant was the thought that the law did him the double injustice of forcing him to pay for the good things that fell to the share of the Protestant clergyman, and of hindering him from ameliorating the lot of his own priest. No wonder that the collection of tithes in Ireland was a work of difficulty and danger.

In the Ireland of to-day, the tithe-proctor is as much a memory of the past as is the Pillory.

Under the rule of the middlemen it was worse than labor wasted for the holders of the miserable little farms to reclaim land. When some poor wretch had, with incredible toil, converted a waste piece of ground into soil that made an approach to fertility, all he had to look for, on the expiration of his lease, was to be charged with a largely increased rent in consideration of the land he had literally *made*, or else to be evicted from it and replaced by some stranger who had outbidden him. It is scarcely astonishing that ignorant and passionate men, when goaded by such cruel wrongs, often dipped their hands in the blood of the middlemen who turned them

out of their holdings, or of the new tenants who leased their farms over their heads.

Similar wrongs are now almost impossible, for not only has recent legislation labored to make them so, but public opinion is instantly and fiercely stirred up against any act of the kind—sometimes too easily and too hotly—and its power is greater than that of any Act of Parliament to excite sympathy for the oppressed and detestation of the oppressor.

I am justified in classing evictions of the sort I have just described among the things that have all but passed away in Ireland.

The cry is often raised that Ireland is over-populated. Under-cultivated would be a more fitting term. It was so even when the population was eight millions instead of five.* If the country had its millions of acres either not cultivated at all, or only half cultivated, in every direction there were “lands wanting hands and hands wanting lands.” On this vast farm, the peasantry, as it were, squatted, the bond-slaves of landlords and middlemen, and tilled in a makeshift way the acres their fathers had tilled before them, winning from the land the half or third of the harvest that skillfully-applied industry would have made it yield. “Over-populated” meant, in the case of Ireland, that for every three human beings the land ought to have supported, it was barely made to furnish food for one.

ABSENTEES.—This famous Irish grievance is of such old standing that it was sought to provide a remedy for it five centuries ago. In the reign of Richard II, legislative enactments were made “to prevent gentlemen of estate and office from living abroad.” I have seen a book—printed in 1729—enumerating the “lords, gentlemen, and others who, having estates, employments, and pensions in Ireland, spend the same abroad”; and making also an estimate of the yearly sum thus drawn from Ireland as computed from data obtained in the months of May, June, and July of that year. But many Irish landowners may urge the plea that, if they lived on their Irish estates, they would be absentees from their English estates; nay, there are “absentees” who actually dwell in Ireland; I have known persons living in Kerry County who owned in Donegal land they had never seen.†

* In 1841 the population of Ireland exceeded eight millions, by the Parliamentary census it was 8,175,124. In 1851 it had fallen to 6,515,794; in 1861 it was 5,764,543; in 1871 it was 5,402,755; and in 1881 it was 5,159,839. In 1882 it barely exceeds 5,000,000. In 1841 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was 26,707,065; and the public expenditure was £49,285,396. In 1881 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was 34,852,495; and the public expenditure was £83,108,000.

† The writer of a quaint book published in 1729 divides them into three classes. First, “those who live constantly abroad, and are seldom or never seen in Ireland.” Second, “those who live generally abroad, and visit Ireland now and then

But the absentees were not always persons of wealth or rank; the aristocracy of Irish intellect has also generally avoided the land of their nativity. Even Swift, in the zenith of the popularity his "Draper's Letters" had given him in Dublin, looked longingly toward a deanery in England, and vainly sought to obtain one. "Ireland gave me birth," exclaimed the painter Barry, "but she would never have given me bread." The visits of Moore to Ireland were short and far between; and Lady Morgan, though the brilliant central star amid a host of satellites in Dublin, had no sooner obtained a pension than she transferred herself for the remainder of her life to London. The list might be enlarged!

Absenteeism is still an evil; but it is by no means now the evil it was sixty years ago, and for centuries before. During the reign of the first Edward, and later, during that of the eighth Harry, absenteeism became a ground for such complaint that the defaulting landowners were threatened with forfeiture. For the most part Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans, these lords of lands, they had usually won by the sword, and held by the same title, got what they could out of their Irish estates, and were utterly indifferent to the means employed in getting it. All their desire was to spend in England the fruits of the toil of their miserable serfs, whose "four bones" created the wealth their conquerors squandered. I forget which of the "Ladies lieutenant" it was who said there was but one good prospect in Ireland—the west wind, for it usually blew toward England. Some of these very serfs were lineal descendants of former lords of the district, and might look from the summit of any adjacent mountain over lands spreading in all directions, east, south, north, and west, that had been the hereditary estates of their ancestors.*

for a month or two." And third, "those who are occasionally absent, their numbers being commonly the same, for if some come home others go abroad and supply their places."

He adds, "'Tis melancholy to observe that now we are laboring under great disadvantages of trade and struggling with penury and want, the humor of living and spending abroad still increases among our men of quality and station."

*During one of my journeys in wild Kerry, I spent a day at a poor shebeen-shop among the Carra mountains; it was kept by a fine handsome young man named O'Sullivan. He could see, from the mountain-top, a hundred thousand acres, of which his forefathers had been the owners; he was as truly, legitimately, and lineally their descendant as Lord Salisbury is a scion of the Norman Cecils. He knew it well, and all the "neighbors" knew it well. I forget who it is that tells a story of driving toward Macroom, when he heard "the keen," and asked what the cry was for. This was the answer of the car-driver: "Sir, *the Prince* is dead! We heard the Banshee last night, and knew what it was for." The travelers found a large assembly of mourners gathered around a cabin door. It was "The O'Leary" who lay dead within.

Walking in the neighborhood of Cork with a gentleman named Parker, he pointed out to me an aged laboring man hoeing a potato garden, and told me he was the lineal descendant of a family that had owned all the land between Monks-town and "the beautiful city," much of which had been to his (my informant's family) "assigned."

Very few of the old families hold estates, and some of them long ago accepted the religion of "the oppressor"; for examples, the O'Kavanaghs of Carlow, the O'Neals of Antrim, and the O'Briens of Cork and Limerick. Not even for these "Irish" will Ireland be "reconquered and regained": and, surely, not for the Bodkins and Blakes of Galway, the Herberts of Mucross, the Blackwoods of Clandeboy, the Whites of Bantry, the Chichesters of Donegal, the Browns of Kenmare, the Devereux and Percivals of Wexford, the Howards of Wicklow, and the Forbes of Granard.*

It is recorded of a famous Irish chieftain who, riding by a castle and asking who lived there, was answered by a name that denoted English origin, and was told his family had been settled there for two centuries. "No matter," was his comment, "I hate the Saxon churl as if he came over but yesterday." As it was with the Norman conquerors, so it continued to be with the native chieftains, while any independent septs remained. So it had been from the earliest times. All that chronicle or fable preserves in connection with the ancient Irish kings is the record of the wars they made on one another.†

The Irish are, perhaps, the most "homogeneous" people on the face of the globe; no traveler can fail to observe the remarkable varieties that indicate descent through many channels—the Celt, the Dane, the Saxon, the Norwegian, the German, the Spaniard, the Norman, the Frenchman (after the repeal of the Edict of Nantes), the Scotchman, and the mere Englishman. Perhaps it would be difficult to find in all Ireland a score of pure-blooded Milesians.

A Parliamentary return of 1870 supplies evidence that the evil of absenteeism is by no means what it was. More landowners reside on their properties than of old; and even in the instances where landlord and tenant seldom or never see each other's faces, the fact is often productive of a blessing instead of a curse; for the representatives appointed are of a far other type than the middlemen of old days; and the Irish estates of many great absentee landlords—

I knew a domestic servant who would cheerfully do any amount of in-door drudgery, but nothing could induce her to wash the hall-door steps. It was her habit to say *that* would be a degradation to the blood of the O'Briens. I found her boast that it flowed in her veins not unwarranted.

I might multiply cases. There is no county, nor any barony of any county, in which there is not a peasant who expects to enter on possession of his forefathers' estates when they are wrested, by treaty or by force, from "the Saxon oppressor."

* "Out and out, the best, the cleanliest, the most improved and improving of the people of Ireland are the people of Wexford; there is seldom a cabin without a pig-sty attached to it, and if you meet a woman without shoes and stockings you may be sure she is a stranger. The people of Wexford are the descendants of the Anglo-Norman settlers: in customs and in language they preserve traits of their ancestors of six centuries ago."—"Ireland: its Scenery and Character."

† "In the list of one hundred and seventy monarchs of the Milesian line, enumerated by Irish historians, only forty-seven died natural deaths; seventy-one were slain in battle, and sixty murdered."—COOKE TAYLOR.

as, for instance, the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Lansdowne—are among the most liberally, and at the same time judiciously, managed in the island.

But the fact must not be passed too lightly over, that many of those landlords who are still absentees are so because they dare not incur the hazards attendant upon residence. To seek one's own is still in Ireland a crime on the part of a landlord; to prefer Donald to Patrick as a tenant, though Donald may be an honest, industrious man, and Patrick a lazy scoundrel, is a deadly crime. He who presses for overdue rent, or evicts a worthless tenant, is often forced to do so through an agent, simply because he knows that, if he were on the spot, action in defense of his rights would be taken at the peril of his life.

Before closing this division let me once more repeat that the Irish agent of to-day is almost invariably a very different type of man from the middleman of the past. Where he is determined, as well as far-sighted, and courageous, as well as enterprising, he frequently accomplishes wonders, both for his employer and the tenantry—though the benefits done to the latter have, as a rule, to be forced on them in spite of themselves: often at risk of the benefactor's life. I may illustrate these remarks by quoting a passage from the "*Realities of Irish Life*," by Mr. Stuart Trench—a gentleman, who for years, literally carried his life in his hand, and, under Providence, preserved it only by the exercise of iron determination joined with sleepless vigilance. The writer is referring to the estate of an absentee—Lord Digby—for which he was the agent:

"When I recollect," says Mr. Trench, "the miserable condition of this estate not quite ten years ago, the tenants disaffected, industry paralyzed, Ribbonism rampant, and conspiracies to murder those who were most anxious for their welfare, filling the minds of many of the peasantry, it is some consolation to find that steady and persevering determination, combined with kind and liberal treatment, will, even in much-abused Ireland, produce the most satisfactory results."

I could from my own knowledge adduce many instances of estates similarly improved, and by similar means. In our work on Ireland we described at length a visit paid in 1842 to an estate in Donegal, managed for an absentee landlord by Colonel Pitt Kennedy. He had literally made the desert to blossom like a rose. The same happy results have since been achieved on numerous estates in Ireland, where the tenantry hardly know the actual owner of the land even by sight.

What resident landlords are better landlords than the London Companies who purchased estates in the "bleak north" in 1613 (which in 1883 they continue to hold)—when four "wise, grave, and discreet citizens" went to view the country they were to colonize, and reported that "it yielded store of all necessary for man's sustenance"—as it does to-day?

The houses of the gentry in country parts exhibited the same carelessness of appearance—as did the cabins and dwellings of the “squireens.” Nor did they, as in some countries, atone by elegance for the absence of the qualities that give ease and pleasantness to life. Gardens they had, through which you drove to the hall door; but they were potato-gardens. Flower-gardens were seldom seen; fruit-trees were scarce, and ornamental trees and shrubs scarcer. Verandas, or any exterior decoration, one never saw. Naturally the prevailing aspect of the Irish gentleman’s mansion was that of bleak and bare discomfort. I regret to add that in some parts of Ireland these attributes of the old days linger still.

I have given some gloomy pictures of the realities of Irish life in the early years of the century; but I appeal to all who knew Ireland sixty years ago to say if the picture is overdrawn. Indeed, the most highly colored “pictures” would hardly exaggerate the deplorable aspect presented by the hovels and small houses of the country in the days of which I am writing.

Certainly attempts were even then being made to effect a change, and introduce a better order of things, but for a long time with little or no effect.

I could give many illustrations, but may content myself with one or two. In 1842, while a guest at Johnstown Castle in Wexford County, the seat of Grogan Morgan, I found his lady had built not only a healthful and well-lit school for the children of the tenants, but a row of comfortable cottages for the tenants themselves, in place of the miserable cabins they had previously inhabited. I was walking with her one day when a woman addressed her, asking some favor, which was refused. Out came instantly the woman’s indignant comment: “And shure, my lady, is that the thanks I’m to get for making the children go to school and wear shoes to plaze ye?” On another occasion I entered with her one of the neat slated cottages. We actually found a man thrashing corn in the parlor, and as the ceiling was not lofty enough for him to use his flail, he had dug a hole in the floor, in which he was standing, and so was busy at work. I knew a gentleman who imported a number of smock-frocks, as at once cheap, convenient, cleanly, and pleasant to wear. Not a peasant could be tempted to put on one of them, and they were converted into dusters, but even then enjoyed pretty much of a sinecure. There was a village in which a considerate builder had appended to each cottage a small but convenient out-building. So universal was the ridicule to which he was subjected, in consequence, that he found it expedient to take all the conveniences down. It was nearly the same with those landlords who erected pig-sties; the tenant could not be persuaded to submit his pig to durance vile within four walls. It would be easy to enlarge upon this topic. There is no person who has had experience of Ireland of the long ago who

will not testify to the exceeding difficulty, almost impossibility, of effecting beneficial changes in the habits of the Irish "people."

I rejoice to record a recent testimony, that of the estimable (late) Knight of Kerry, to the effect that, at all events, things are very far from being what they were,* and that, if legal compulsion was found the only means of providing accommodation for the pig, of white-washing the cabin, and removing the dung-heap from the hall-door, other degradations, "sanctified by time," have been voluntarily done away with. Though there remains much to grieve the philanthropist, and make the political economist angry, there is much to gladden and render hopeful those who can compare the Ireland of the present with the Ireland of the past.

Of THE INNS of Ireland fifty years ago, what shall I say? In country places even now they may not be all the English traveler desires and expects; but in frequented parts, and especially along the lines of railways, they are quite as good as they are in England. All through the country, even the humblest of existing Irish inns are great improvements on the wretched accommodation of days long past.

I slept in Connemara, at an "hotel" where some boards, placed across, from wall to wall, separated the ground-floor from the first floor; that was in 1843. Immediately underneath me were a cow, a litter of pigs, and a number of fowls. About daybreak, when weariness had at last induced sleep, a rattle at the door aroused me, and, on inquiring what was the matter, I was informed that the priest, having been summoned in haste, wanted his vestments, which were locked up in a closet in my chamber.†

And the Irish inn-waiters of old times, they exist no longer; the inns are hotels; the waiter is at least as well dressed as the landlord,

* I rejoice to have this opportunity of testifying to their wonderful general advance, within the last few years, in material prosperity, in practical intelligence, and above all, in independence of mind. That independence often exhibits itself in ways very little agreeable to the landlord. It even occasionally runs full tilt against the clergy of their own faith. Such ebullitions are almost inevitable in the exercise of a newly-acquired faculty, but he must be a very sorry and short-sighted patriot who would wish for a retrograde action on this account, or desire to see a return to the miserable state of subserviency in which they once were, whether in relation to the priest or to the landlord.

† "The look of the inn was most unpromising. A pile of lime and sand for building a wall adjoining blocked up the doorway, but a bright peat-fire and a boarded and sanded floor—a luxury not to be met with everywhere in Ireland—made me hope for a comfortable rest. The brightness of the fire gilded over the discomfort of the room. It was perfectly Irish. Two large and apparently much-frequented rat-holes showed no want of company of that kind. The table was propped; its cover torn and dirty; one of the windows had before it a broken looking-glass to dress by, a corner of which still remained in the frame; the white-washed walls were marked round with candle-smokes, where candles had been stuck with their own tallow, and two beds at one side of the room had a most unpromising appearance."—*Foster's "Ireland."*

wears a white "choker," receives your orders and executes them, but with no word of greeting, no smile of welcome, no sentence of advice asked or unasked ; no joke, no fun, no question ; you come and go ; he takes no note ; "service" is charged for in the bill. The most original of the race I ever knew was Charley, at the Victoria Hotel, Killarney. He was a natural wit, and had always something to say that raised a laugh ; but he was prompt and ready at call, and his bow might have been studied at Court during the Regency.

How altered are the ways of the Irish CAR-DRIVER of to-day from those of his father and grandfather ! They were pleasant fellows, the drivers of forty and fifty years ago—always pleasant in the country, and commonly so in the towns—full of wit, attentive and obliging, and though poor to the extent of raggedness, ever rich in repartee. Rags are no longer the badges of the car-driving fraternity ; but in putting on decent clothes they have put off much of their humor, and more of their courtesy, and I can not say that in these respects the race has improved, although in all other ways it has. Perhaps I could select nothing that to me so strongly indicates the improved condition of Ireland, as the contrast of the neat and well-kept cars of to-day with the jaunting-car of the past. Years ago, whenever a lady was compelled to use one of them, the precaution was seldom omitted of spreading her pocket-handkerchief on the seat, which was invariably dirty, and often greasy. To wash the wheels and body was considered a work of supererogation. The horse was generally a used-up animal that it was cruelty to drive ; the driver was always in rags ; his caubeen was proverbial as an illustration of Irish head-gear, and the harness was generally a mixture of rope and leather straps. Such was the Irish car-driver fifty, forty—even thirty years ago.*

The honesty of the race was proverbial ; indeed, honesty was everywhere, at all times, one of the admirable features of Irish character. [I may note here that during all my traveling in Ireland—sometimes in very queer places indeed—I never lost by theft the

* But the old race of car-drivers is nearly gone now. It went out with the whisky, and has not come back with its return. The drivers are now short in their answers, and seem as if they thought the person who seeks to stimulate conversation has some offensive motive for what he is doing. I doubt if a traveler who journeys from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear will pick up a dozen anecdotes from that source worth telling again ; while half a century ago it would have been a barren harvest that did not yield a dozen in a day. I may give two samples of the yield of former times. A driver was wrapping himself in a thick great-coat because the heavens gave some threat of a storm. "You seem to take good care of yourself, my friend," said his fare. "To be sure I do, yer honor ; what's all the world to a man *when his wife's a widdy* ?" "I'll not *give* you anything," said a gentleman to a driver, "but I'll *lend* you a shilling." "Ah, thin, may yer honor live till I pay ye," was the answer.

value of a shilling, though I rarely locked my portmanteau, and never my chamber-door.] *

Will any one, whose acquaintance with Ireland dates a quarter of a century back, imagine such things as "cabmen's shelters" in Dublin streets? and not in that city only. If he desires to realize a still wilder dream, will he fancy street fountains, at which any passer-by may take "a sup" that costs nothing? These and their like may be minor matters: but they are sure and certain indications of progress—of the "march of intellect" that has brought Ireland nearer to England than even the huge steamships that make the voyage from one island to the other a mere pleasure-trip—easier than, and almost as quick as, used to be the car-drive from Merrion Square to Dunleary.

"THE BIT OF LAND."—One of the most important and valuable of the results of increased means of obtaining employment, created by the opening-up of the natural resources of the country, is that land is not so eagerly coveted and competed for as it was in days gone by. It would be difficult for an Englishman to understand the eagerness with which the Irishman of fifty years ago coveted "the bit of land." It was to him a necessary of life; for without it how was he to obtain the scanty supply of potatoes—his only food, and the food of his family?

I have described how "the land was let and underlet, and underlet again, till six rents had sometimes to be provided by the actual cultivator before he was allowed to feed himself and family."

Thomas Campbell Foster, Q. C., the *Times* Commissioner in 1845, gives a list of alleged causes of Irish "degradation, misery, and consequent outrages." He adds one to which he attributes all, or nearly all, the evils of Ireland—"want of employment." That was, indeed, a national curse in 1845; it is no longer so in 1883. There are now in Ireland as few persons able and willing to work who have little or no work to do as there are in England.†

In considering the melancholy history of Irish crime, all, or nearly all, agrarian outrages are found to be traceable to disputes concerning "the bit of land." Forty or sixty years ago the retention of his little holding was a life-and-death matter to the occupier.

* It is not out of place here to state that I was never but once injured or insulted: that once was when I was seated on a "low-backed car," with Mr. Isaac Butt, M. P., who in the midst of a mob refused to shout for O'Connell and Repeal. I was in his company and shared the beating that followed on his refusal, from the effects of which I did not recover for a week.

† In 1845 when the *Times* Commissioner wrote, the average wage, except during harvest-time, was eightpence a day, and it was rarely that employment at that rate was obtained for more than six months of the twelve. I have elsewhere stated that at Ballydehob, early in the century, my father employed in working one of his mines between four and five hundred men, women, and children; the wage of a man was fivepence a day.

In England a tenant who was unable or unwilling to pay his rent could, at least, become a day-laborer; in Ireland labor was so little sought for and so wretchedly paid that eviction meant in general to the wretched tenant the exchange of insufficient food for absolute starvation. "Death by hunger"—such was the sentence he saw pronounced on his family and himself, and in madness he turned to seek revenge on all who had been concerned in uttering it.

"You take his life,
When you do take the means whereby he lives,"

reasoned Mr. Blackburne, Attorney-General for Ireland about 1840, in discussing this subject. He added, "Land is to the Irish peasant a necessary of life, the alternative being starvation."

Turned out on the world to starve, the evicted tenant readily lent an ear to the suggestion that "the State was not his friend, nor the State's law," and that, as he had nothing to hope for in that direction, to take vengeance on those who had reduced him to utter misery would be but an act of wild justice. It is well known that the form such revenge commonly assumed, and continues to assume, was the murder of the man who dared to take a holding from which the previous occupier had been evicted.

Out of this dark phase of Irish character has grown much of the prejudice that still, to some extent, prevails in England against the Irish people. Unhappily, in spite of the disappearance of the race of middlemen, the immense extension of means of obtaining a living apart from the cultivation of the land, and the most sweeping reforms of the land laws, agrarian crime is still the darkest blot on the fair fame of Ireland. Why it should be so let those pests and curses of the country—secret societies—answer. The Irish peasant is no longer the crushed serf of sixty years ago. Eviction and starvation are no longer synonymous terms in Ireland. Yet the hand of the assassin is still as readily lifted as in the days when an impartial observer, while lamenting and abhorring the deed, could not but lament and abhor also the cruel provocation that had led to it. Bad though the excuse may have been for the agrarian crimes of 1822—it is wholly wanting in the case of the horrible and dastardly murders of 1882. One is inclined to take a gloomy view of the future of Ireland when the fact is made so terribly apparent that, although almost every provocation that could goad the Irish peasant into crime has been removed, the old readiness to shed blood is still so prominent and hideous a feature of his character.

The most hopeful direction in which efforts for the benefit of Ireland can be made is that of the development of her natural resources and advantages. With seas swarming with fish, harbors that are among the safest and most capacious of the world, water-power everywhere abundant, and the mineral riches of the country

at once varied and extensive, the wonder is that, instead of being one of the poorest, Ireland is not the richest country on earth.

The failure of schemes for working mines in Ireland to repay their projectors has generally been traceable to one of two causes—bad management or insufficiency of capital, and sometimes to the two combined. Of the more precious metals, Ireland will probably never again yield enough to repay the expenses of obtaining them, though her ancient legends, confirmed by the abundance of ornaments that have been dug up at various times, would seem to point to a period when the yield of native gold and silver was considerable ;* but in copper, lead, sulphur, and marble various districts are rich, and greater rewards than have already been obtained probably await those who shall in the future bring capital, skill, and energy to the working of these deposits.†

Surely the most casual looker-on, no less than those who go deeply into the matter, can not fail to see that Ireland needs nothing but tranquillity, freedom from the fatal thrall of agitation, and the consequent inflow of capital, to become a manufacturing country, as well as “a country of raw material.” The failures, and they have not been many, bring conviction that failures they would not have been if they had not, so to speak, been willful failures. Certain “industries” in the north have been successes. In Belfast several flourish. Irish linen maintains its supremacy in all the markets of the world. It may be a comparatively small matter, but it is, at least, evidence of what may be—that Marcus Ward has established a trade in art paper-work, perhaps more extensive, certainly more meritorious, than that of any other country in Europe ; and in Fermanagh County there is an art pottery that long ago entered into

* In our work “Ireland,” etc., we fully described our visit to the Wicklow gold-mines, where we saw the bits of native gold taken from the gravel and sub-soil. The mine was worked, indeed, but did not pay for the labor of working it : yet that gold, native gold, is there is certain ; although the lines of Moore are verified :

“ Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,
 Where sparkles of golden splendor
 All over the surface shine ;
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.”

† The estuaries of several Irish rivers have long been celebrated for yielding pearls. These are sometimes of great purity and very respectable size. So far back as 1688, Sir Robert Reading reported to the Royal Society that he had seen a pearl found in the Bann that weighed thirty-six carats ; and though the yield is now much less considerable than formerly, pearls continue to be found. Mrs. Hall had one of large size and much purity that came from the River Slaney. Perhaps a reason for the decay of Irish pearl-fisheries may be found in the fact that the fishing has only been carried on in shallow water ; whereas, if the experience of pearl-collecting in other parts of the world may be taken as a guide, it is in deep waters that the best pearls generally lie.

competition with the best of either Staffordshire or Worcester.* I am aware I write of comparative trifles, but the national produce of Ireland is a powerful aid to make the small the great and to remove that ever-fatal bar to progress, the total and entire dependence for employment of the people on labor of the hands with which the brain has nothing to do.

Of this vitally important subject I am merely skimming the surface; it is for those who are better able than I am to bring it fully before a willingly-listening public.

TITHES.—With this subject, always odious and unbearable, I have sufficiently dealt as one of the prominent evils of the older time, but which came continually under the consideration of all who gave thought to Ireland fifty years ago. Tithes are now as thoroughly forgotten as any other relics of the penal laws. The long dominant Church was disestablished in 1869, but several years previously, tithe payments had ceased to exist in the old oppressive form. It is, however, impossible to treat of Ireland toward the close of the nineteenth century without adverting to the impost by which the Church clergyman was sustained, when the Roman Catholic priest of the parish was living in miserable and degraded poverty in the midst of the flock, the fatness of whose land fed the clergyman by law established. I believe the Protestant clergy at least as thoroughly rejoiced as did the Roman Catholic priests when that evil impost was removed from Ireland, and ceased to be a sign of serfdom.†

I for one do not consider the abolition of the Irish Church by any means *entirely* a good for Ireland. Whatever they may have been in long ago times, of late years the clergyman was often, I will

* It is some years ago since I visited the pottery at Belleek, in the County of Fermanagh, not far from beautiful Lough Erne. I engraved many of its art productions in the *Art Journal*. It was then, as it continues to be, a struggling concern; its main difficulty insufficient capital, but of its capabilities there was not then, and there is not now, any doubt. The manager, and I believe principal proprietor (but it is in the hands of a company) is Mr. R. W. Armstrong, a gentleman of great intelligence, much judgment and taste; and sound practical knowledge and experience. The productions of the works are by no means limited to art utilities—things for daily use: although these have been subjected to marked improvement. The household pottery is certainly as well decorated and as good as any made in Staffordshire. Its issues of high-class works are of admirable character, exhibiting originality of conception, refined manipulation, beautiful in form and in color. Is there in Ireland no patriotic capitalist who will invest capital there, so that while promoting and extending the interests of his country, he may enrich himself? For sure I am that a few judicious changes at Belleek would make that manufactory of pottery one of the most flourishing establishments in the kingdom.

† “At the Quarter Sessions at Gort one tithe proctor processed eleven hundred persons at Gort for tithe. They were all of the lower order of farmer or peasant. The expense of each process was about 8s.”—From the *Galway Advertiser*, October 18, 1822.

say almost universally, a boon and blessing to the parish in which he was located. His wife was generally its "Lady Bountiful," to whom the peasant applied in all ailments with a certainty of obtaining gratuitous relief, the nearest dispensary being perhaps a dozen miles off. His few school-children were models of well-clad cleanliness that became examples; of his little he was ever ready to give a little; the beggar seldom shunned his door; he was in a word the only "respectability" in his neighborhood, the only person in whose integrity the people had confidence. It was notorious that whenever remittances came from emigrants—gifts to relatives at home—it was to the clergyman, and not to the priest, they were sent. It was known and felt that with the one they would be safe and sure, while if transmitted through the other a host of accumulated "dues" would have to be deducted before delivery. For aught I know, the practice may be in operation A. D. 1883, as it certainly was during the earlier half of the century.

DUELS.—With the subject of dueling I have dealt elsewhere. I refer to it here as exemplifying one of the many changes wrought by time in Ireland. Many years have passed since a duel was fought on Irish ground. He who sent or accepted a challenge now would not be the pride and glory, but the shame and scorn, of his countrymen and countrywomen of all grades, from the highest to the lowest.

THE OLD SCHOOLS AND THEIR TEACHERS.—Sixty years ago in "country parts" the only schools for educating the children of the peasant were "Hedge Schools." Whether the locality and the name were due to the fact that not very long before, it had been penal in Roman Catholic priests to teach at all—and so they taught out-of-doors "on the sly"—or whether because in consequence of the dense atmosphere of the cabin that was the school-house, the lessons were for the most part learned under a hedge, I can not say, but certainly the whereabouts of a dominie was always indicated by groups with their slates or worn "Goughs" (arithmetics) gathered under the shelter of hedges, or, as they were generally called, "ditches."

The humbler Irish have been always eager in the pursuit of knowledge, and a peasant must have been brought very low indeed if he failed to send his children to a school, although often it was distant four or five miles from his dwelling.

The master was usually a low, pretentious, ignorant, and evil man, not unfrequently the leading member of a secret society, and under his roof most of the seditious plots were concocted. He was paid usually in "kind," money being rarely at command. Sods of turf, pieces of bacon, occasionally a fowl, and when a pig was killed, part of him—were the coin in which decenter farmers paid the school bills. The master was almost invariably a drunkard, the presiding spirit of the shebeen-shop (the pot-house), and exercised

merciless and brutal sway over the girls and boys he "taught." Books for study there were few or none; those for entertainment and consequent "instruction" were the lives of rogues and rapparees—"Redmond the Horse-stealer," "Freney the Robber," and so forth: with books even more pernicious, such as not only made vice appear laudable, but inculcated bigotry, intolerance, and hatred of neighbors as sacred duties. The Protestant was execrated as at once the personal and national enemy of the Catholic. I can write nothing concerning hedge-schools so strong as that which was written by an Irishman, Carleton, who knew such schools well, and had been educated in them.*

Other educational influences were at work, but they were Protestant in character, and equally tainted by bigotry and intolerance with the Catholic hedge-schools. Consequently the peasantry looked on them with aversion: few would consent to send their children to schools where they were reared in an alien faith.

Mr. Froude writes:

"From the beginning of the eighteenth century, and perhaps earlier, charity day-schools had been scattered about by the exertions of individuals, where the children of the peasantry had been taught the catechism, and had received some kind of industrial training. In 1710 there were thirty of these schools, where seven hundred boys and girls who would consent to become Protestants were being taught to read and write, to cultivate the ground, to grow hemp and flax, and spin, and knit, and sew. In 1719 an educational association had been formed, one hundred and thirty of these day-schools had been established and the number of children receiving education was 3,000."

I can picture the hedge-school from personal knowledge. I was a "pupil" in one of them. During our residence at Glandore, a village distant a few miles from Ross-Carberry, my father was anxious that we should be learning something, or, at least, should not quite forget what we had learned; and sent my younger brother and myself to a famous "philomath" in the neighborhood. As young gentlemen, we were of course subjected to no rough treatment, did exactly what we pleased, taking a "spell" at the Latin grammar now and then, but usually rambling the fields or "mitching" altogether, and had more often a rude fishing-rod than a "Gough" in our young hands. The evil influences of the "scholastic establishment" we could not then perceive. I may, on that head, safely accept the testimony of Carleton; but I well remember the miserable cabin, the

* "Their (the pupils') education, indeed, was truly barbarous: they were trained and matriculated to cruelty, revenge, and personal hatred in these schools; knowledge was directed to evil purposes, disloyal principles were industriously insinuated into their minds by their teachers, most of whom were leaders of illegal associations. The matter placed in their hands was of a most inflammatory and pernicious nature, as regarded politics; and as far as religion and morality were concerned, nothing could be more gross and superstitious than the books which circulated among them."—"The Hedge School," Carleton.

atmosphere of smoke, the ragged boys under the hedges, and the dissipated master who was preparing them for the battle of life. The darkest picture I could draw of the scene, and its several accessories would not be overdrawn.*

There were, however, some happy exceptions to the general character of the hedge-schoolmaster—such exceptions as Mrs. Hall has drawn in her sketch of “Master Ben,” the schoolmaster at Bannow, in Wexford County.

At all periods of the history of the Irish peasant there was a desire amounting to craving for the acquisition of knowledge. The poor scholar is not a fancy sketch; I remember him in the West, when we resided in West Cork, almost a daily passer-by, sometimes a visitor, and not unfrequently an invited guest, from whom it was pleasant to hear news of the world he was traversing, the world being to him the high-road from one end of the country to the other. The poor scholar was always a Latin and sometimes a Greek scholar; but of useful knowledge he had only a bare smattering, and it was rarely with any result he was consulted on any subject. I do not know how it is now, when a “boy” of this caliber can find his way into the Roman Catholic University. I believe it was a very rare thing indeed to find that a “poor scholar” had become a mechanic or settled down to any reputable trade.

You may journey far and wide through Ireland without finding a hedge-school now; but you will scarcely travel a dozen miles in any party of the country without coming upon one of the National Schools that have replaced them. When the enlightened policy that permitted the children of Roman Catholic parents to be taught in State-supported schools without seeking to make proselytes, was first inaugurated, the Protestant population of Ireland raised a great outcry against the scheme. “Better,” said one clergyman, who did but express the sentiments of many others, both lay and clerical, “better that the Government should leave the Irish children ignorant than bring them up papists.”

Although the National Schools of Ireland have been brought more completely under the control of the priesthood than was the intention of the Legislature, great good has resulted from their establishment. Only in the wildest parts of the country is it at all common now to find a peasant who can not both read and write. Sixty years ago the X-mark was affixed to nineteen out of twenty of the leases or other documents that required the signatures of peasants.

In those days, English was a language as foreign to the majority

* I quote another passage from Carleton: “When we consider the total absence of all moral and religious principles in those establishments, and the positive presence of all that was wicked and immoral, need we be surprised that occasional crimes of a dark and cruel character should be perpetrated?” The truth is that it is difficult to determine whether unlettered ignorance itself were not preferable to the kind of education which the people there received.

of the peasantry as French or German. When you landed in Ireland it was by no means unlikely that the porter who came to take your luggage from the boat to the inn could speak no word of English. If you chanced to land at any out-of-the-way port, that difficulty was almost sure to be in your way. When a lad, the ship in which I was a passenger struck on a rock in the harbor of Kinsale. I can well remember the despair of the captain when he ascertained that among the boat's crew that came alongside to render assistance there was not one man who could understand a word of English. Now, probably, there are not two in a hundred "natives" who are entirely ignorant of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In fact, Irish is rarely heard, even in the cabins in remote districts.*

We have the authority of Mr. Sullivan for the assertion, that there is now scarcely a farm-house or working-man's home in all the land in which the boy or girl of fifteen, or the young man or woman of twenty and upward, can not read the newspaper to the old people and transact their correspondence.

There are now in Ireland more than seven thousand National Schools, with above a million of enrolled pupils. "The coming race" will very rarely have to make their marks instead of writing their names.†

How very, very different it was fifty or sixty years ago, when, excepting the priest and the schoolmaster, when there happened to be

* At the Social Science Congress in 1881, Lord O'Hagan thus said: "I can not refrain from giving a few figures which tell a marvelous tale of twenty years' endeavor and success. In 1860, the schools of the Board were 5,632; in 1880, they were 7,590; in 1860, the pupils on its rolls were 804,000; in 1880, they were 1,083,020; in 1860, the children in average attendance were 262,823; in 1880, they were 468,557; and the Parliamentary grant, which in 1860 was £284,468, was in 1880, £722,366. These figures exhibit the information obtained in 1861 as to 1860, and the information obtained in 1881 as to 1880. They need no comment, and are, in themselves, happily demonstrative of a great increase in the means of primary public instruction and the number of those availing themselves of it; notwithstanding that, in the mean time, there has been no corresponding advance in the amount of the population of Ireland. The apparatus of teaching has been ample and effective."

In the year 1840, the total number of persons over fifty years old in Ireland unable to read or write was over three millions, or fifty-three per cent of the entire population; but in ten years the percentage had fallen to forty-seven. In 1861 it was only thirty-nine per cent, and in another ten years it had been reduced to thirty-three per cent. There was an increase of over twenty per cent between 1841 and 1871 in the number of those who could both read and write, a similar large increase in the number of those who could read only or write only.

The Irish-speaking population numbered in 1861 over 1,100,000, over 940,000 being able to speak both English and Irish; but in ten years afterward the number had fallen to 817,875 and 714,313, so that in 1871 only 103,562 people in the country spoke Irish only, a decrease of 60,000 in the ten years.

† To buy a book, or stationery, except in the larger towns, was an impossibility a few years ago; now at every railway-station there is a book-stall, where there is an ample supply of both; a most beneficial system, introduced and sustained by one who has been in that way a public benefactor—William Henry Smith.

one, it was hard to find in a whole parish a single person who could write a letter, or even read a printed book !

I have referred to the schools scattered through the country in old days, where the chief object pursued was to bring up as Protestants the children who attended them. These were the CHARTER SCHOOLS, incorporated by Act of the Irish Parliament in 1733. So avowedly were these establishments machines for the manufacture of proselytes, that not only were they described at the time of their incorporation as designed to teach "the poor Irish" the English language and Protestant religion, but at a later date it was resolved, while the scholars continued to be brought up in the Protestant faith, "not to admit any but the children of Papists into the schools."

Language can hardly do justice to the intensity of the abhorrence with which the charter schools were regarded by the mass of the Irish people. "Few Catholics," said a writer on Ireland early in this century, "pass by these schools without looking on them with a jealous eye, and venting their feelings by curses and execrations, with gestures and emphasis which bespeak their heartfelt anguish." Protestant landlords refused to allot ground for the erection of schools, and from this refusal, and the exertions of the priesthood, it ensued that in most parts of Ireland the National Schoolhouse was made an appendage to the Roman Catholic chapel—the chapel-yard being the only ground that could be readily obtained. Still, with all their internal evils, and the detestation in which they were held by the Catholic Irish, the charter schools continued to the last to obtain pupils, for they held out powerful temptations to the baser feelings of human nature in the fact that they took both day-pupils and boarders, educated them all *gratis*, and lodged, fed, clothed, and apprenticed the boarders at a similar easy rate.

The children were, for the most part, either the offspring of vice, or of parents too degraded to care for the reproach that the fact of having attended these schools would attach to their children's names. Commonly, indeed, such immature "renegades" returned, as soon as they quitted the school, to the creed they were supposed to be converted from ; or, if they continued Protestants, afforded examples by their lives at which Catholic fingers might point with scorn and loathing.

DOMESTIC QUARRELS.—It is a very fertile theme I have to deal with here. Mr. A. M. Sullivan hit the nail on the head when he wrote concerning the earlier Irish contests, "The Irish chiefs may be said to have fought each other with one hand, while they fought the English with the other." What the Irish chiefs did so long ago is precisely what the leaders of the Home Rule party are doing now.

Let us go back so long ago as the year 1661, when the then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond, was accused of favoring Papists by permitting them to hold a public meeting in

Dublin, he indignantly repelled as a calumny, the accusation that he in any way favored them; but admitted that he gave them leave to meet, "*because*," said he, "*I know by experience that Irish Papists never meet without dividing and degrading themselves.*"

Yes, division has been the curse of Irish counsels, and "divide to reign" was for century after century the golden rule of the English conquerors in their dealings with the native tribes. From the day when Strongbow and his Norman knights landed to assist one of the petty kings of Ireland against another, down to the day when the disgraceful squabble took place at the banquet that commemorated the centenary of the Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, the Goddess of Discord has never ceased to be adored in Ireland. So recently as October, 1882, we find two Home Rule Members of Parliament quarreling fiercely at a public meeting in Dublin, the one "thrusting back in his teeth" the assertions of the other, and entreating indulgence for the Irish faction in Parliament, as having "*to face not only the enemy in front, but the more bitter enemies behind!*"

There is an Irish saying that is given as the invariable excuse for all short-comings, wrong-doings—all sins of omission, if not commission—

"Sure 'twas always so!"

The words apply with peculiar force to the domestic quarrels of Irishmen with Irishmen.

The whole story of the agitation for Repeal may be summed up in some words that I borrow from Mr. A. M. Sullivan: "Dissension and doubt among the leaders." In the same words is told the history of the periods of veiled rebellion or of Fenian outbreaks that have followed the death of the Liberator.* As it has been in the past so will it surely be in the future, and "'twas always so!" will remain to the end an appropriate comment on the disputes of Irish agitators with one another.†

As well might a number of spiders be expected to combine for the purpose of spinning a single web as a band of Irish "patriots" to pursue one and the same policy. Every man of them has invariably his own threads of intrigue, and labors to combine them for his personal advantage. When, in pursuing his own ends, one Irish politician happens to get in the way of another, the Saxon world has long since learned to expect that there will follow, what Sir Lucius O'Trigger terms "a very pretty quarrel."

There needs very little, either of evidence or argument, to show what a restored Parliament in Ireland would be, and how little it

* One is reminded by the history of Irish agitation against England, of Curran's story concerning a new lodging in which he had passed a single night—finding the "fleas so numerous and so ferocious that if they had but been *unanimous* they would have pulled him out of bed."

† I once heard these words uttered by an indignant patriot: "I'd let every man be free to hold his own opinions; and if he wouldn't, *be jabbers, I'd make him.*"

would differ (except in religion) from that which the Union abolished. The revived Parliament in Stephen's Green would retain all its ancient, odious features and evil principles—except that from being, like that which existed up to 1800, exclusively Protestant—it would become, from the Speaker to the door-keeper, entirely Roman Catholic—or, at all events, a senate in which Roman Catholic members would so largely predominate that Protestants would be nonentities. It is to-day, as it was eighty years ago, impossible for the two parties to act together for the common good of their common country. While the Parliament for the three kingdoms meets at Westminster there is little scope for the display of religious animosities; but let a so-called national Parliament be set up in Dublin, and everywhere throughout Ireland the Catholic and the Protestant would soon be at “daggers-drawn.”

If Ireland was a kingdom before the arrival of Strongbow, it had many kings. To restore to his throne a chieftain whom four others had combined to expel was the assigned motive of Strongbow's invasion; secretly, it was from the first intended to attach Ireland to the English crown. But for internal dissensions, one ruler striving against the invaders, another assisting them, a mere handful of English knights and their followers could never have subjected the country. At first the English rule had at least the recommendation that, wherever it extended, it to a great extent substituted order for anarchy, and law for savage license. Among the Irish, things were then pretty much as Sir John Davies described the state of Ireland to be, at a later period: “No man could enjoy his life, wife, land, or goods in safety.” But the spirit of the conquered race began, in process of time, to make its influence felt among the conquerors. “Imbibing the genius of the Irish soil,” writes the author of “Ireland and its Rulers,” “the Anglo-Normans and the Anglo-Saxons quarreled among themselves, as the ‘mere Irish’ had done. The Fitzgeralds of Desmond and the Butlers of Ormond, each with their hundred castles and tens of thousands of followers, having vanquished the O's and Mac's, fought it out between themselves. “Where is now the proud Earl of Desmond?” was tauntingly asked of the wounded chieftain by a band of Ormond's adherents as he was borne on their shoulders from the field. ‘Where he ought to be,’ was the answer; ‘still on the necks of the Butlers.’”

It is a long stride from the days of the O'Briens and O'Haras, or even from those of the Desmonds and Ormonds, to Napoleon at St. Helena. But the genius of the Irish for squabbling among themselves had remained as marked as ever, and the keen eye of Bonaparte had noted the fact. “If,” he said to O'Meara at St. Helena, “the Irish had sent honest men to me, I would have certainly made an attempt on Ireland. But I had no confidence either in the integrity or the talents of the Irish leaders that were in France. They

were divided in opinion, and were constantly *quarreling with one another.*"

COURTS OF JUSTICE, sixty years ago, were rotten to the core: from the High Court of Chancery down to the "Courts of Conscience," as they were called, over which generally presided a citizen-tradesman (Protestant, of course) whose decision was "Law," who administered "Justice," and whose knowledge of the one was on a par with the amount that he dealt out of the other. The decisions of these Solomons of the bench—their "Honors"—were frequently matters for laughter: being indeed, as a rule, more merry than wise, for they were often wits, and always "jolly companions every one."

Higher up in the world of law matters were very little better. An Irish judge of those days did not so much hold his dignified office during good conduct as by virtue of being a ready hand with the pistol. That was always the final arbiter both with the Bar and the Bench. In 1821 I knew Lord Norbury, of whom it was said—and correctly said—he had *fought* his way to the judicial seat.

Sixty years ago the declaration that a Roman Catholic might be an impartial judge would have been hooted down. The thought of a Roman Catholic Chancellor on the woolsack would have been sufficient to stir the whole Protestant population of Ireland to frenzy. But ever since the Catholic was admitted to full civic rights, a gradual but mighty revolution has been in progress. I, who knew Ireland in days when there was not, and could not be, a single Roman Catholic on the bench, have lived to see a time when the majority of Irish judges are of that religion; and a Catholic, in the person of Lord O'Hagan, has worthily upheld the dignity of the woolsack. Yet the Bench and the Bar in Ireland are now, to say the least, impartial and upright as regards the former, and irreproachable in conduct in the case of the latter. That could not have been said at the beginning of the century. Lord O'Hagan, during his occupation of the woolsack, was never once suspected of bias toward a plaintiff or defendant—because he was of his own religion.

Murmurs are still heard sometimes against Irish juries, but how seldom can they be justified by anything deserving the name of evidence! It was not so sixty years ago. The GRAND JURIES in especial—always exclusively Protestant—were notoriously given to preferring party interests to the claims of justice. Their presentments were invariably one-sided—often shamefully, or rather shamelessly, so. I can not find space to sustain this assertion by the quotation of facts; but who that knows what Ireland was early in the century will question it? Another fertile source of grievance was the *packing of juries*. Perhaps the evil was sometimes exaggerated; for the limited choice exercised in the matter of juries resulted in a class of men

being available for the panel who were intellectually much superior to the Irish juries of to-day; but still to set twelve "good men and true" who were all Protestants to try a Roman Catholic was utterly unjust. In such cases, especially when the offense was political, the verdict was generally a foregone conclusion.

I once saw at Castlebar a slip of paper, perhaps sixty years old, that some curiosity-monger had preserved. It contained simply this sentence—"The Right Honorable expects you'll acquit the prisoner." I learned its origin; it was as follows: While a man was on trial for his life, "the Right Honorable"—in other words the High Sheriff, a brother of the Marquis of Sligo, who ruled with a rod of iron the counties of Mayo and Sligo—had handed to the crier the slip, in open court; and the crier in turn handed it to the foreman of the jury. The accused was, of course, acquitted; but the result would have been quite as certain if the Right Honorable had informed the fearless and independent jury that he expected them to *convict* the prisoner.

If any thoughtful reader of these pages will look into the records of the Irish Courts of Law and Equity early in the present century, he will find the tale told to be one of systematic oppression. From the highest in the State downward, tyrannous injustice prevailed, and venality was its common accompaniment. How is the government of Ireland conducted now? No matter what may be his religious or political creed, an impartial observer will answer that it is based on rectitude, and animated by the conviction that even-handed justice is politically wise as well as morally right. Yet Mr. Parnell did not shrink from describing this altered state of things as the subjection of Ireland "by the power of a perfidious, cruel, and unrelenting English enemy."

What would Lord Palmerston have said had he lived to read such a comment as that on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, such a response to the words I quote, addressed by him to the House of Commons more than half a century ago?—

"‘I can not sit down,’ said Lord Palmerston, ‘without expressing the satisfaction I feel, in common with the nation at large, at the determination which the Government has at last adopted to give peace to Ireland. The measure now before us will open a career of happiness to that country which for centuries it has been forbidden to taste, and to England a prospect of commercial prosperity and national strength which has never yet been recorded in our annals. The labors of the present session will link together two classes of the community which have long been dissevered; they will form in history the true mark which is to divide the shadow of morning twilight from the brilliant effulgence of the risen sun: they will form a monument, not of the crime or ambition of man, not of the misfortunes or convulsions of society, but of the calm and deliberate operation of benevolent wisdom watching the good of the human race—an act which will pass down to the latest posterity as an object of their respect, gratitude, and admiration.’”
—“Lord Dalling’s Life of Palmerston,” p. 341.

It was long *after* the passing of the "Relief" Bill, that placed the Roman Catholic on a level with the Protestant without any qualifying clause—for, as the Duke of Wellington said in the House, on the 2d of April, 1830, "He had so framed the measure as to concede everything, and ask nothing"—that attempts were made to obtain civil rights and freedom of conscience for THE JEWS.

In 1830 an effort was made to relieve *them* of *their* disabilities. Mr. R. Grant moved in the House for leave to bring in a bill to that effect, and, although supported by Macaulay and Mackintosh, no issue at that time followed. It was stated by the mover that in Great Britain the Jews were excluded from holding any office, civil or military, under the Government; that they were excluded from practicing law or physic; from holding any corporate office, and from being members of Parliament; and they might be prevented from voting for members of Parliament if the oath were tendered to them; that in the metropolitan city they could not obtain the freedom of the Companies, nor exercise any retail trade. Mr. R. Grant little foresaw the time when an estimable and honored Jew was Lord Mayor of London, another Jew was Master of the Rolls, and several Jews had become members of the Imperial Parliament.

It was but natural that supporters of the motion should refer to the rights so recently accorded to the Roman Catholics. Here, it was argued, there was no foreign head; no divided allegiance; no bulls; no indulgences; no priests exercising a despotic influence over their flocks; no agitations; no violent addresses; no mobs disciplined with almost the regularity of men-at-arms; no attempts at proselytizing. The Jews "were proud *not* to make proselytes." It could not be said, as it had been said in the other case, the Government was showing its weakness by yielding to clamor. The Jews asked for relief in a calm and temperate tone.

Among the leading opponents was Sir Robert Peel—mainly on the ground that, if Christianity was not the basis of representation in Parliament, atheists and infidels would not be refused admittance. He asked why Quakers were excluded. They were not long so. The Jews were within a very few years afterward placed politically and socially on a par with Christians of all denominations.

It has surely proved a wise as well as a just decision. There are no more loyal subjects, no better citizens, no abler or more willing constitutional helps. *They* have not taken advantage of the power given them to excite hostility and hatred to England, making it a foreboding boast that England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity, threatening to shackle the right arm of England in the event of any perilous dispute with any foreign nations; exciting, in time of domestic difficulty, to shake public credit by a run upon the banks; counseling domestic discord as evidence of wisdom.

The Jews were thus made thoroughly English, and it is well for England that so powerful, so wise, and so loyal a body became

"part and parcel of the State." A people who were a great people centuries before

"Great was Diana of the Ephesians,"

and had historians and poets long before the wolf suckled two brothers on the barren plain where after-ages saw the Colosseum.

These notes concerning the admission of Jews to the benefits of the Constitution—more recent than that of the Roman Catholics—will not be considered needless or out of place by those who think what "Catholic Ireland" might have been had Ireland received the boon in the same spirit—in grateful remembrance of conceded rights. What, by this time, might not Ireland have been if her patriots had directed their energies into channels at least as favorable for progress to tranquillity, happiness, and prosperity!

Alas! it was the vain hope of Richard Lalor Sheil, when all he asked for, in addressing the famous meeting on Penenden Heath—nay, far more than he asked for—had been accorded to Irishmen by Englishmen: "You will make a permanent acquisition of the affections of Irishmen, and make our hearts your own."

In fact, sixty years ago, the Irish peasant had right good reason for believing there was law enough in Ireland; but he had almost equal reason for refusing to believe that the Irishman by nationality and Catholic by religion could anywhere find justice. What confidence could a Roman Catholic have in the justice dealt out by courts where the judge, the jury, the leading members of the Bar—nay, the very officials of the court, down to the jailer and the tip-staff—were all of them zealous Protestants?

While dealing with the subject of Irish Courts of Justice I may take occasion to revert to one that did not exist sixty years ago, but was the creation of comparatively recent times. I refer to the Encumbered Estates Court. In 1848 the bill that called it into being became law; and the court set to work to deal with numerous Irish estates that were in the hands of broken bankrupts, impoverished spendthrifts, or (as was often the case) of men whose fathers' excesses had left them the nominal owners of large properties, while their actual incomes were so small that they sometimes failed to keep the wolf from the door.

To comment on the immense changes effected by the passing of that bill would require much more space than I have at my command; but some idea of them may be formed from the words of John Francis Maguire, M. P.:

"From October, 1849, to August, 1859, the gross amount realized by the property sold in the Court of Encumbered Estates reached to the prodigious sum of £25,190,839. The sacrifice of property during the first years of the operation of this court was sad to contemplate. It ruined many and enriched

others. It annihilated the owner, robbed the later incumbrancers, and conferred estates for half their real value on purchasers lucky or daring enough to speculate in land at such a period of general depression and alarm."

Nevertheless, the operation of the act was eventually productive of the extensive and material benefit to Ireland that its framers had in view. It took a large portion of the land out of the hands of owners, too extravagant and too deeply in debt, to expend capital in the improvement of the soil, and transferred that soil to men who were possessed of both the will and the means to develop its resources. All over Ireland prosperous landlords replaced poverty-stricken predecessors, and by this change the tenantry largely benefited.

Very recently a crowning improvement has been effected in the administration of Irish justice. I refer to the reform of the jury system due to the act of 1871. That act, in the words of Lord O'Hagan, "took away the possibility of any malversation on the part of the sheriff by depriving him of his power of arbitrary choice, and for the first time since the introduction of English law to Ireland, gave the people an absolute assurance that, for no purpose and under no circumstances, should a sheriff thereafter select a jury to perpetrate injustice."

"Packing" juries in Ireland was the regular thing; and it was certain that sheriffs were often bribed. Mr. Brougham, speaking in the House in 1823, "would not say that the man who would pack one jury to acquit a prisoner of felony might not readily pack another to convict a man of high treason."

In many cases the sheriffs received regular fees not to call to serve on juries the persons who paid them. Thus the wealthier and better educated classes were exempt, while those who were less able to discharge the duty, and more easily influenced for or against, were "to well and truly try and true issue make."

Moreover, the proof is not left to novelists that money was regularly paid to the sheriffs by persons who anticipated writs to give due notice in time to keep out of the way of them.

CITIES AND TOWNS.—I have pictured the cabins, and the men, women, and children who lived in them, fifty or sixty years ago—the one miserable, the other wretched, if judged by the standard of rural life in England. The peasantry born and reared in these hovels were—and are—the men, examples of fine physical manhood, the women, unsurpassed in any country of the world, for the purity that hallows the sex. It was not so in the cities and towns. While the rural atmosphere was healthful, that of the congregated houses, many or few, was poisonous to body and mind. Let us picture the capital, Dublin, as it was sixty years ago, and continued to be up to a much later period. I borrow details from Whitelaw's "History of

Dublin," left incomplete by him in 1817, and finished by my friend the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL. D. The statements found therein may be relied upon.

Speaking of the district called "The Liberty," Whitelaw says "the greater portion of the streets were occupied by petty shopkeepers, the laboring poor, and beggars, crowded together to a degree distressing to humanity."

Three or four families inhabited a single apartment, so as to lighten the rent two shillings to one shilling per week. "Hence we may find ten to sixteen persons of all ages and sexes in a room not fifteen feet square, stretched on a wad of filthy straw swarming with vermin, and without any covering save the wretched rags that constitute their wearing apparel. . . . Thirty-two contiguous houses contained nine hundred and seventeen inhabitants. There was not one covered sewer in the district, the filth from each house being flung out of the window into the back-yard, where it accumulated until sometimes it reached the level of the first floor before it would be removed. Some houses were without back-yards, the inhabitants being obliged to throw all filth into the street, into uncovered sewers."

Mr. O'Connell in 1824 stated that "within ten miles of Dublin, out of fourteen or fifteen families there were only two found in which there was a blanket"; that in many parts they "slept in their clothes"; seldom having bedsteads, and "no covering for their beds."

Whitelaw further says: "On the subject of dram-shops, the most alarming of all nuisances," one street, Thomas Street, had one hundred and ninety houses; of those fifty-two were licensed to sell raw spirits, "a poison productive of vice, riot, and disease, hostile to all habits of decency, honesty, and industry, and, in short, destructive to the souls and bodies of our fellow-creatures. They are open day and night, causing scenes of unceasing profanity, which even the sanctity of the Sabbath can not suspend."

Notwithstanding the naturally salubrious position of Dublin, he complains of nineteen church-yards and nine slaughter-houses tainting the air, the death-rate being about one in forty-one. Small-pox was very prevalent, one person in three dying, the prejudice against vaccination being very strong.*

In twenty years the coal consumption of Dublin has been doubled. This is largely attributable to the greatly increased consumption of the article in manufacturing and other purposes quite apart from domestic duties. The Alliance and Gas Consumers' Company used,

* Thomas Reid, F. R. C. S., writing in 1822, says: "I invariably found the increase of children in Ireland to be in an inverse proportion to the means possessed by their parents to support them. I have often seen nine, ten, or eleven children all of one family—some ragged, others quite naked—existing, rather than living, in places that would shock the humanity of an English gentleman to see his dogs or swine driven into."

during the last twelve months, about 100,000 tons, and the various railways having their termini in Dublin use probably another 100,000 tons. The harbor-dues in Dublin increased in the three years ending 1879 by nearly £14,000. There was an increase in the period 1841 to 1871 of over 18 per cent in the number of inhabited houses, and of 5 per cent in the population.

I append to this retrospect of the past of Dublin the warning of Mr. Justice O'Brien, uttered in November, 1882, and leave the case to speak for itself. It is a warning of what the fair city may be hereafter. "It was," he said, referring to Dublin, "only too evident that decay was silently, but speedily, invading every interest which depends upon the prosperity of the city. Trade was languishing, if it was not entirely extinct. Houses—he might almost say streets—are deserted. Every person who could carry his fortune elsewhere was fleeing from it as from a place infested with the plague, and destitution was settling down steadily but surely upon the humbler classes of the population—upon all those who depended upon employment for their daily living." Truly the agitators of to-day are to be congratulated: but not by Ireland or the Irish.

It would be a curious and an interesting calculation to estimate the loss to the country by the forced absence of the Empress of Austria from Ireland during the hunting season of 1882; adding to it that which has been caused by expressed, and, in some places, executed threats against the gentry of the country who keep hounds—mainly for the enjoyment of their neighbors, and who dare not venture on the almost national custom of following them to cover. These are but minor results of the war—peasants against gentry—stirred up by the evil men who have been worse than evil advisers of the people.

The ASSASSINATIONS of 1882 gave a shock to humanity. Fifty years ago such crimes were more numerous—and worse. That assertion will hardly be received as truth; but it is capable of proof. The murder of a household at Cong—the Maamtrasna tragedy—has a frightful parallel in the butchery of the Sheas. If it were my design to excite horror I could supply a very long list of appalling atrocities perpetrated in Ireland forty, fifty, or sixty years ago.*

Yes, things may be bad in Ireland now, but they have been worse. Let any one turn to the hundred and fifty volumes of the *Annual Register*, and he will find, year after year, nay, month by month, startling and gloomy records of its condition during a cen-

* In 1831 Mrs. Hemans thus described a visit to Kilkenny, the residence of her brother, Colonel Browne: "We paid a visit to a clergyman's house, . . . and found a guard of eight armed policemen stationed at the gate: the window-ledge were all provided with great stones for the convenience of hurling down upon assailants, and the master of the house had not for a fortnight taken a walk without loaded pistols."

tury before the present time. "Fearful state of that country, and increase of homicide and outrages," seems to be a stereotyped sentence in every Report. Landlords were shot by scores every year, and arms were stolen from every respectable house.

I well remember the horror excited by the burning and butchery of the Sheas in 1821. Their offense had been only the dismissal of an obnoxious tenant. Their thatched cabin was set on fire by a gang of miscreants, and its inmates, to the number of seventeen, were either burned to death or slaughtered as they sought escape. Seventeen bodies in all were found in the yet burning embers, when the police arrived at the terrible scene. Among them was a young woman, who, during the burning, gave premature birth to a child. She strove to conceal it in a tub in which was some water; the bodies of both were found among the dead. The number of the murderers was about forty. All of them were known to the neighbors—some were "friends" of the Sheas, and several persons were actually looking down on them from an adjacent height, and therefore well able to identify the miscreants. These were examined by the magistrates, but denied all knowledge. The eager, anxious, and busy police failed to procure a tittle of evidence; a year and a half passed before any was obtained. Large rewards were offered in vain. At length the remorse of one of the witnesses prevailed; her priest had urged her to confess publicly, and the awful story at length came out. For the murders of the Sheas a number of people, I forget how many—eight, I think—were hanged close to the blackened ruins of the cottage, that for a long time afterward continued to appall those who visited the Golden Vale of Tipperary.

I reluctantly recall this awful event—describing it thus briefly. The murder of the four victims at Maamtrasna—bad enough, truly—was as nothing compared with the butchery of the Sheas sixty years ago.

The murder of the policeman, Kavanagh, in 1882, excited general abhorrence. The victim was doing only his duty; he was as much the guardian of the poor as the rich, of the tenant as the landlord. In the churchyard of Kilmogany (Kilkenny County) were, in December, 1831, laid the bodies of fourteen policemen and their commanding officer, butchered at a place called Carrickshock. The police had been lured into a narrow defile; the ascents on either side were thronged by more than two thousand men, armed with scythes, pitchforks, and reaping-hooks; but their most effective weapons were stones. Of the party of thirty-six, fifteen were slain, others being wounded, of whom two died, while but two of the peasants were shot.*

* The historian of this tragedy must state, however, that when the police were in the defile, and found themselves surrounded by more than fifty to one—with the almost certainty of death—the peasantry offered to retire and do them no harm, on

On the 14th of December, 1831, that frightful massacre took place. Although the worst, it was but one of many fatal fights that arose out of tithes—fifty years ago the most detested and loathsome of all the tax-oppressions to which the Irish had to submit.

True, we have the Fenians now; but are the Whiteboys, the Peep o' Day Boys, the Carders, the Steelboys, the Oakboys, the Ribbonmen, the Thrashers, the Caravets, and the Shamavests—are they and their doings forgotten, not to go so far back as the times of the Rapparees, and a score of rebel—utterly lawless—associations under other names, that have infested Ireland in the past?

[In 1838 or 1839 Government offered a reward of £5,000, and a hundred acres of land in any of the colonies, for information that would lead to the conviction of the murderers of Lord Norbury, and about the same period £3,000 in the case of the murder of Mr. Butler Bryan. They are undiscovered to this day.]

INFORMERS.—There is nothing in the Irish character so fruitful of evil as the "crime" of being an "informer," "crimes"—at least some of them—that applied to other people, and under other circumstances, would be characterized as heroic. There are few brighter scenes in Scottish history than that which shows to us "bonnie Prince Charlie" hiding in the caves at Arasaig, sleeping every night in the hovel of a peasant, to whom a single guinea would have been wealth; yet none betrayed him. There are hundreds now in Ireland, and there have been during every period of its history, to whom treachery would have brought riches.

I dare not pursue a topic that would lead me upon dangerous ground; but while I know the principle to be most calamitous and fruitful of evil, I can not admit it to be altogether evidence of the darker, and not the brighter, side of Irish character. I might give many cases to prove it is often the one and not the other.*

condition of their giving up to "wild justice" the person of the tithe-process server they were protecting in his perilous business of serving writs. The demand was, without a moment's demur, refused; to the honor of the constabulary be it recorded. The process-server was mortally wounded.

* While at Limerick, in 1840, I heard this anecdote. The incident had just occurred. A man named Byrne was well known to be in possession of full knowledge as to who had committed a murder for which some "suspects" were in jail. A shrewd attorney induced him, on some pretense concerning his lease, to visit him at his office. It was market-day: many persons were passing by his window, and the window was open. Byrne suspected nothing. But while he was in consultation with the attorney, several witnesses of the audience were sent about with rumors that Byrne had become an informer. The rumors obtained ready credence, two men actually being arrested while he was the attorney's guest; it was more than intimated such arrests resulted from his visit. And when the attorney told him of the "mess" he was in, out of which there was no escaping—that in fact he was caught in a trap—the man saw and knew there was but one way out of it; that he was *forced* to become an informer. He did so become, and on his evidence three men were hanged.

Yes, the name of "informer" was always inconceivably odious in Ireland, and the people almost universally joined in execrating that which they believed to be the blackest of all crimes. Unhappily the principle remains when the excuse for it has ceased : but I could tell stories, and not of a very far-off period, that would make the Law, as it operated in Ireland, almost as detestable in the sight of the readers of these pages as it was in the view of those who suffered from it.

In Tipperary, some forty years ago—a county, by-the-way, in which I spent a week, distant from any town, and in the house of a wealthy holder of land, where *not a single bar or bolt was ever drawn upon door or window*—I remember making the acquaintance of one of a singular class—a man who had been a process-server there for a quarter of a century, and was still alive ! It is needless to say that his escapes had been many ; some of them, indeed, were so extraordinary as almost to exceed belief. He was a tall, powerfully made fellow, known by the sobriquet of "Long Jim," and as he lived in the good old times, and in a locality where the law seldom ventured to touch gentle or simple, both his daring and his cunning were often exercised. I contrived to obtain his confidence, and the stories he related to me of his perils and escapes might fill a goodly volume. I have only space here for one or two of them.

There was one gentleman who had long set at defiance all legal missives. He lived in the midst of his tenantry in a very secluded part of the country, where a sheriff's officer would as soon have ventured as into a den of hungry lions. Jim at length undertook to serve him with a writ. How to deliver it, and get off with a sound skin, was, of course, the dilemma. In this perplexity, Jim happened to learn that his intended victim was very partial to a goose-egg for his breakfast. That was cue enough. Jim set out at midnight, arrived at the mansion before daybreak, and climbed a tree that directly fronted the hall door—having first taken care to place a goose-egg on the steps, and under it a narrow strip of paper. All turned out as he expected ; the gentleman issued forth early to breathe the morning air, and at once perceived the egg that had been deposited at his threshold. "Ah, ah !" said he, "that's the gray goose, I'll go bail ; that always has such consideration for my breakfast," and seeing a piece of paper on the ground he very naturally took it up to examine it. On the instant a voice from the tree bellowed out, "That's the copy, and here's the original" ; and, added Jim, when he told me the story, "while he ran in for his pistols, didn't I show him the heels of my brogues !"

I remember the story of another fellow who had to serve a writ on a fire-eating magistrate. He so managed as to be caught cutting sticks in the gentleman's demesne, was brought before him by the policeman, charged with the offense, and committed to prison. Immediately upon which he served the writ, and, turning to the police-

man, said, "I'm under your protection," and was marched off safe and sound.

Though I might fill several of these pages with anecdotes of "Long Jim's" shrewdness, I prefer to close my brief notices of the race of process-servers with a story related to me by another of the proscribed tribe.

A man who turned from his wicked ways and had become a car-driver, once drove me some twenty miles through a very disturbed and dangerous county. Dick, who was, unlike Jim, a small and delicately formed man, was "out" one day with a comrade serving writs. They had but one horse between them, and as evening was drawing on, their duty being done, they were about to commence their homeward journey, when they saw the peasants gathering on the hills about them. They well knew what was meant, and his comrade, who was on the horse, called to Dick to mount instantly; but in the attempt he fell. His companion galloped off, and Dick, thus deserted, made a rush into the nearest cabin, which happened to be empty. His enemies were soon after him. Dick fixed himself in the farthest corner of the cottage, and took out his solitary pistol. Now Dick squinted terribly, and as his foes gathered about the door he presented his weapon, his eyes rolling frightfully as he exclaimed, "I can only shoot one of ye, and *I have my eye* on the man I'll shoot." The obliquity of his vision made each of the party think himself the man doomed; they shrank back, and retired to deliberate, and had actually proceeded to remove the roof, in order to stone him to death in comparative security, when Dick's comrade, with a party of police, hove in sight, and Dick's life was saved.

And what of the POLICE? Sixty years ago they were few in number, and worse than useless. When not objects of hatred, they were of indifference; never liked, and seldom feared. Powerless to prevent or detect crime, evil-doers rarely took them into account at all; and, generally, they were better away than at hand, when any outbreak threatened or any private conspiracy against a landlord was on the point of breaking out.

Anthony Trollope, in describing them in one of his novels, divides the force into two parts. The one body, he tells us, was employed to prevent the distillation of potheen—illicit spirits brewed in the mountains, "where kings dinna ken"—or to seize it when made; the other was intended to quell the riots created by its consumption.* Early in the century it was with the Irish police literally a case of "their hands against every man, and every man's hand

* Dr. Walsh states that the first appointment of a night-watch in Dublin was so late as 1723, when an Act was passed under which the different parishes were required to appoint "honest men and *good Protestants*" to be night-watchmen. Sixty years ago, if there was a Roman Catholic in the force he kept the secret of his religion to himself.

against them." It was almost the same with the Coast Guard—the "preventive service" organized to suppress smuggling. A large proportion of the gain made by seizure was given to the officers and men; consequently, notwithstanding the unpopularity of the force, which inferred continual danger, there was no difficulty in obtaining recruits among either the gentry or the commonalty of the country.

The first introduction of an *armed* police force into Ireland was in 1787; prior to that time constables were appointed by *Courts Leet* and by magistrates at Quarter Sessions. By the 27 Geo. III. some improvements were made. Powers were given to grand juries (all, without exception, being Protestants) to appoint sub-constables, "being Protestants," and payments were ordered to be made to "armed Protestants" who assisted them in conveying prisoners, etc. In 1792, 32 Geo. III, there were other alterations made; but no Papist was admitted into the force. The constables wore no uniform, and generally continued to follow their customary avocations. In 1814 Sir Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary, introduced some salutary changes. The force, as a term of scorn, and in evidence of hatred, were thence called "Peelers." It became so obnoxious to the peasantry, and consequently the service so perilous, that few men of good habits joined it. The appointments were generally given to "followers" of gentlemen of influence—in many instances the men were their gamekeepers, and in some cases their domestic servants. It was not until 1836 (6 Will. IV) that the force, as it is now constituted, was introduced into Ireland. Thenceforward all distinctions of religion ceased; and it is of very rare occurrence that the mixing of Catholics with Protestants has led to disputes in the force—certainly not more frequently than happens in any marching regiment. The change has been a blessed change. The old idea that all persons in the service of the law were to protect the rich from the encroachments of the poor has been abrogated; in a word, the police force has the *confidence* of the people, and by degrees, from being a most unpopular body, it has become almost universally popular. Not only in the detection, but in the prevention of crime, it works well. The knowledge that it is invariably on the alert to detect crime has naturally been efficacious in preventing it.

"The constabulary force has been of the greatest advantage to Ireland, whether considered socially or morally." That was my view in 1842,* and succeeding years have confirmed it. I may add to it the declaration—concerning these men—of the historian Froude:

* The Royal Irish Constabulary force consists of an effective strength of about 11,000 men and 230 officers, costing about £1,100,000 per annum; but the Exchequer collected from counties and proclaimed districts for extra police force in 1878-'79, nearly £27,000, nearly £28,000 in 1879-'80, and £19,000 in 1880-'81. The Dublin Metropolitan force, established by Act of Parliament in 1836, consists now of 158 officers and 978 men, the service, with that of the Courts, costing in 1880 £138,938, the Treasury contributing £88,000 of the amount.

"They are at once the most sorely tempted and the most nobly faithful of all subjects of the British race"; and Dr. Forbes, a physician of rare intelligence and keen habits of observation, after spending "a Holiday in Ireland," thus wrote of them in 1852: "They are the picked men of Ireland, and being so, I verily believe it is scarcely an exaggeration to say are also the picked men of mankind." This passage is from Dr. Macaulay: "The more I saw of the force, the more I was impressed with its efficiency and its peculiar adaptation to the requirements of the country."

Testimony equally strong has been supplied by every writer concerning Ireland. That which I gave in 1842, when the force, if not in its infancy, was in its youth, is the testimony of all who have since had opportunities of testing and estimating its worth. Courteous, obliging, always ready and willing to communicate information and render aid, every traveler has found them; loyal to their oaths; trusted, and invariably to be trusted; patient under the severest tests of temper; faithful found when avoidance of duty might have seemed excusable; shirking no personal peril, never counting the odds, though often half a score have been surrounded by hundreds of infuriated enemies—it would be difficult to praise overmuch the police of to-day, when contrasting them with the force of the times to which I have taken my readers back.

Surely it ought to be added, even at the risk of repetition, that though the major part of the force is Roman Catholic, cases of quarrels between the members of that faith and their Protestant brethren have been so rare as not to have been taken into account at all. They live together in harmony, each, no doubt, preferring his own, but neither considering *creed* a subject for acrimony—even for discussion—as interrupting or disturbing discharge of duty.

DRUNKENNESS.—On this subject I have written so fully elsewhere, that reference to it only is necessary here—as manifesting the changes wrought by time in Ireland. I have said that a drunkard in an Irish drawing-room now is as rare as a pickpocket; while the peasant, when drunk, skulks to his home from the public-house through by-ways, ashamed to let the "neighbors" see him. These blessings remain—the bequests of the good Franciscan friar, the Rev. Theobald Mathew. "God be wid ye!"—you who carried the Sunday-Closing Bill, and will coax or force through Parliament even greater and more important measures for averting from Ireland the national curse.

So it is of FACTION FIGHTS. Now and then the ghost of one is seen—to terrify instead of gratify a parish—and magistrates are called upon to inflict nominal fines for breaches of the peace. But those who would study them, in association with the calamities they brought and wrought, must go a long way back into the history of things that have been.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL.—The passing of the Bill for emancipating the Roman Catholics is, of all the debates to which I have been a listener and have reported, that which has the strongest hold upon my memory. The great advocate of their claims—Canning—was dead ; so was Macintosh ; so was Tierney ; while their great opponent—Peel—and he who had opposed them with equal bitterness—Wellington—were still living. But it had been for some time known that both of these famous leaders of the Tory party had changed their opinions and had become what some termed “converts” and others “renegades.” When the Iron Duke felt that the time had come to bow to the force of circumstances and of public opinion, no man could longer doubt what the end would be. It was not long deferred, in spite of the weak King’s reluctance to the proposed measure and feeble attempts to defer it. In his speech of the 5th February, 1829, George IV published to all his subjects the fact that his Ministers had persuaded him against his will, by directing Parliament to “review the laws which imposed civil disabilities on his Majesty’s Roman Catholic subjects.” The main battle was preceded by a skirmish, or rather by a mere parade of forces ; for the Bill that provided for the suppression of the “Catholic Association,” as dangerous to the public peace, inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution, and “effectually obstructing every effort permanently to improve the condition of Ireland,” passed through both Houses with little difficulty—the friends of the Catholics regarding it as the stepping-stone to emancipation. On the day the Royal Message was read, Mr. Peel, who sat for Westbury (Oxford University, which he had previously represented, having rejected his appeal for re-election to the seat he had voluntarily resigned on declaring his change of opinion, with a view to taking the opinion of his constituents on such a change of front) rose on the 5th of March and moved that the “House resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House to consider the laws imposing civil disabilities on his Majesty’s Roman Catholic subjects,” and began by stating that the advice given to the King was the advice of “a united Cabinet.” In a long argumentative speech, full of facts and clear in reasoning, he gave his reasons for believing that “the time had come” ; that the necessity for yielding to the claims was irresistible ; but, as may readily be imagined, there was lacking in his long speech the tone of earnestness ; for Peel was not speaking with the vigorous convictions of a man who saw the cause he had long battled for about to triumph, but as a statesman conquered by the force of circumstances and convinced against his will.

He was supported by the old advocates of the claims and by the converts, Huskisson, Goulburn, Charles Grant, North, Sir George Murray, and Sir Thomas Lethbridge.

The majority was much larger than was expected : 348 voted for the motion and 160 against it.

The country was "agitated"; and the protesting voices of those who foreboded in Catholic Emancipation disaster to Church and State were everywhere heard; but their demands that the constituencies should be appealed to were negatived; and Peel triumphantly carried his Bill into the House of Peers, where it was also passed by a large majority, 213 voting for the third reading, and 109 against; that was on the 10th day of April, 1829; and the Bill received the Royal assent on the 13th April, 1829.

Up to that time, or very nearly so, the three estates of the realm had opposed Emancipation earnestly and with resolute determination. And not only was the majority in either House hostile, but George III, by his stubborn declaration that he would never consent to Emancipation, had made the full enfranchisement of the Catholics impossible while he lived.* Nor had George IV been sparing of similar declarations; but his will, less obstinate than that of his father, yielded when the King found himself hard pressed by Wellington and Peel.

Great as was the boon of Catholic Emancipation, its good effects to Ireland were largely neutralized by the unhappy agitation for Repeal. What might not O'Connell have done for his country if, instead of leading millions after him in the chase of a will-o'-the-wisp, he had directed his energies and theirs to turning to practical account the freedom obtained in 1829?

"Let us," said Macaulay, long ago, "let us consider what by this time the condition of Ireland would have been if, after the passing of the Bill, a system of conciliation had been inaugurated in Ireland; if its great leader, at that time more powerful to sway and direct its people than any sovereign who ruled over any community, had set his mind and heart to the work of—in a single word—improvement."

POOR LAWS—WORKHOUSES.—I need not go over the Act intituled "An Act for the more effectual Relief of the destitute Poor of Ireland," that received the Royal assent on the 31st July, 1838.† The words "more effectual" were inserted as showing that some kind of relief had been given in Ireland, though it had not proved effectual, e. g., hospitals, dispensaries, etc., supported principally by County Cess: but no State provision previously existed. The halt, the

* The opposition of George III was based on his interpretation of the Coronation Oath. His speech on the occasion is on record. "I can give up my crown," said the King, "and retire from power; I can quit my palace and live in a cottage; I can lay my head on a block and lose my life; but I can not break my oath."

The words of the Duke of York, spoken many years afterward, when the speaker was heir to the throne, were, as I have elsewhere stated, equally emphatic in refusing the claims of the Roman Catholics to be admitted within the pale of the Constitution.

† The Poor Law for Ireland, when introduced into the House of Commons was strongly opposed by O'Connell; but so it was by Mr. Shaw, a prominent representative on the other side.

maimed, the blind, and the afflicted of all diseases, the destitute, the aged, and the forsaken infant, were left entirely to private charity. Those who know Ireland, know that charity is there a fountain that is never dry. Among the poor this duty of man to man is considered as the most solemn and sacred of all; next to man's duty to God! To render the appeal of the hungry and naked more forcible, superstition came to the aid of nature; and to turn away the starving, or refuse shelter to the houseless wanderer, was considered to evoke a curse under which none could thrive. No worse a character could be given to any man than that "he was a hard man to the poor." But in spite of these generous features of the Irish character, it was none the less a disgrace to civilization that the highways and by-ways were crowded with the destitute of all ages, of whom the State took no charge, and to whom the Legislature had given no thought. That evil exists no longer. It is by no means my intention to canvass this subject, a subject in England, as in Ireland, very difficult, intricate, and upon which opinions are much divided. I must consider the change as fruitful of benefits incalculable to the Irish people. In the workhouses cleanliness is not only inculcated as a duty, but rendered imperative; and out of this must arise immense benefit, if not to the present, certainly to the after generation. Ventilation is made to contribute to health, and to give the valuable influence of example. Decent beds in place of miserable heaps of wet and filthy straw, not only contribute to existing comforts, but they become necessities—necessaries that will be procured thereafter by those who have had experience of their advantages. Wholesome food—poor as it would be considered by the English pauper—and in sufficient quantities, instead of food insufficient in amount and of bad quality; shelter from the weather; warm and comfortable apartments, both by day and night; good and ample clothing; habits of cleanliness, decency, and order—such are, in brief, the advantages which the workhouse presents; if they are advantages to be described and treated as the RIGHTS of the English poor, they are, in truth, "novelties" with which the Irish poor had been theretofore utterly unacquainted. The love of liberty—or, to speak more correctly, the hatred of restraint—that has ever characterized the Irish peasant, will always prevent the workhouse from being over-full. In truth, the marvel is not that so many resort to "the house," but that it is avoided by any who are in penury and want. The natural love of liberty and abhorrence of restraint, added to the force of family attachments, keep many back from the refuge provided, until the extreme of destitution compels application for relief.

As a consequence of the establishment of a Poor-law system in Ireland, the beggars are all gone, or very nearly so. Those who remember Ireland fifty years ago will recall the terrible scenes of wretchedness they encountered whenever the coach stopped to

change horses at a wayside inn, or when they were walking abroad to take the air. Frequently, when traveling, our car was surrounded by beggars, numbering from a score to a hundred. One evening I remember (it was at Macroom) I had promised, in order to induce the beggars to leave us alone while we visited the castle in quiet, that I would give them nothing then, but would give to each a penny the next morning. I had actually to produce twelve shillings to redeem my promise.

The wit of the beggars in Ireland, supplied, perhaps, the rarest and best examples of its natural growth. It was of course ever mixed with blarney—that particular mode of speech which the Americans term “soft sawder,” but which the Irish only know how to use to perfection—flattering so speciously and so delicately that offense is out of the question.

The most remarkable assemblage of beggars I ever encountered was during a visit I paid to Maria Edgeworth, at Edgeworthstown. Driving with her one day into the neighboring town of Longford, the carriage was soon surrounded. She said to one of them, “You know I never give you anything.” Quick and ready was the answer: “Oh, the Lord forgive ye, Miss Edgeworth, that’s the first lie ye ever told.”

I am not inventing or drawing on imagination when I repeat the sentences I caught, to remember and record, from that very group. “Good luck to your ladyship’s happy face this morning, sure you’ll lave the light heart in my bosom before ye go.” “Oh, then look at the poor who can’t look at you, my lady; the dark man that can’t see if your beauty is like your sweet voice.” “Darlin’ gentleman, the heavens be your bed, and give us something.” “Oh, the blessing of the widdy and five small children that’s waiting for your honor’s bounty be wid you on the road.” “Oh, help the poor craythur that’s got no children to show yer honor; they’re down in the sickness, and the man that owns them at sea.” “They’re keeping me back from the penny you’re going to give me, lady dear, because I’m wake in myself, and my heart’s broke with the hunger.” “Oh, then, won’t your ladyship buy a dying woman’s prayers—chape?”

At the time of which I write, the poor, if they would live, were compelled to beg. The destitute condition of the very poor in Ireland had been for centuries a reproach to the Legislature; but, although the state made no provision for the aged and incapable of labor, the tax of their maintenance had been always a grievous tax on the country—pressing not the less heavily because it was voluntary—for it fell upon the generous and released the mercenary—being levied to a considerable extent on the classes only a degree removed from the destitution they relieved.

Although beggars are still encountered, as they will be everywhere, they are not the frightful nuisances they used to be, when

towns and villages swarmed with them. What else but beg could the poverty-stricken do? The most attractive scenes in Ireland were usually the most infested with the plague. At Killarney, the evil was frightful: beggars swarmed at every point where tourists were expected to stop. The moment the car halted, it was surrounded by what might be termed an animated mass of disease, infirmity, and dirt, that disgusted the fastidious, and filled nervous people with fears of infection. In fact, the Irish beggar had been, time out of mind, one of the chief impediments to intercourse between England and Ireland; presenting sights that made humanity shudder. The misery witnessed, and the discomfort endured, were but partially compensated by the often touching eloquence of the appeals made, and the genuine bursts of wit that would have elicited applause and laughter had they come from other sources. That sort of beggar is entirely gone. The police would soon put in durance him or her who plied such a trade now. They must be searched for in the pages of Carleton and other writers. There are not many now living old enough to have met them at Lough Dearg and the other holy wells of which they were the pests and the oracles.

I must again remind the reader that my anecdotes of this description are mainly derived from the past. He will travel through the country now without meeting a score of professional beggars. Be sure, then, that those who beg will be in sore need.

The language in which they framed their petitions was always pointed, forcible, and generally highly poetic. I remember a woman with a huge mass of red hair; some one called out to her "Foxy head, foxy head." "Yah!" said she "that ye may never see *the dyer!*" I was traveling outside a stage-coach, and while we were changing horses at Naas where, it was said, the "native beggars exceeded the population," a persevering beggar was asking for pennies; one irate inside passenger hastily drew up the window telling her to go to —. I shall never forget the inimitable humor of her look and manner as she said, "Ah, then, it's a long journey yer honor is sending us; may be ye're going to give us something to pay our expenses on the road."

To beg was in truth a business: there was first the beggar by profession, often a strong and sturdy fellow, able, but not willing, to work, having pride rather than shame in the calling he had taken up. Such sturdy mendicants were to be counted, not by hundreds, but thousands, and were of both sexes; the occupation was chiefly that of men. This kind of beggar was usually a wit, full of sly, and even wicked, humor; pandering to vice; the running medium of scandal; the worker of mischief in families; a gross flatterer where he expected alms; a pretender to religion; a devotee and a canting upholder of his Church; a quack, who pretended to cure ailments; often a seller of "*bades*"; a haunter of the chapel-door; and gen-

erally, though less for love than fear, a welcomed guest at the tables of well-to-do farmers, as well as at the hearth of the peasant.

It was a common course, when harvest-time approached, for a man to make his way to England, and send his wife and children out "on the road," that is to beg, until he returned with the money he had gathered by his labor, paid the rent, and so insured shelter for another year. He had worked and lived miserably; saving all he could; remembering the home claims, he grudged himself a single luxury; often resorting to mean and discreditable shifts to earn, or rather to prevent the spending of, a penny.*

It is not tradition of a very remote past, that which relates how, at the pass between Cork and Kerry counties, the agents of the landlords, at certain seasons, awaited the home-coming of beggars and took from them the moneys they had gathered—thus securing the payment of their rents; I can credit a story I was told of an agent who received so many rents in pennies and half-pennies, that the horse he rode was unable to carry the load.

Yes! the Irish beggars are far-off memories; a part of old Ireland, that the remodeled Ireland of those days has forgotten. The Poor Law provides for the very poor; and although it was at first bitterly and indignantly opposed, the immense benefits wrought to the country by the introduction of the system have gradually made themselves felt and silenced clamor, while the improvement of such portions of it as were found to work badly, removed objections that had ground in reason.†

* In illustration of this custom I recall an incident. On board a packet from Bristol to Cork there were a number of Irish laborers homeward bound. When the captain was gathering his fares, one fellow protested he had not the money, or any money. He was searched, but none was found. The captain said he would have his coat, a bundle of rags that had been taken from his back; looking at it with loathing he suddenly jerked it overboard. The deck rang with the scream that followed the act. The agony of the man was so great that one of the passengers said he should have another coat. It was then discovered that sewed up in his wretched jacket were sundry pound-notes which he was taking home to the "gawls." The man was rightly punished for his duplicity; but his utter misery was a sight I have not forgotten, though it was sixty years ago.

† When last I was in Ireland I heard but one new story. It illustrates the old characteristic of the ready wit of the Irish. Two boys were sleeping together; one was Catholic, the other Protestant. When they woke in the morning the latter thought to get a rise of the former. "Oh!" said the one, "I had a horrid drame last night." "Well, tell it to us," said the other. "Well, I will," said the Protestant boy. "Ye see, I dramed that I saw Purgathory opened, and all the Papists fell down into hell." "Och, murder!" exclaimed the Catholic boy, "the poor Protestants—*won't they be crushed!*"

This story was told me by Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate at Liverpool: Paddy Mallowney was brought before him and ordered to pay five shillings for being drunk and disorderly. "Pay five shillings for being drunk!" he exclaimed. "Och! the divil a five shillings ye'll git out of me." "Very well," said the magistrate; "take him to prison for seven days." "Is it take me to prison—barring I pay the five shillings?" deliberately counting them one by one, and he said, "there

There are now no towns, and few villages, that are without DISPENSARIES, and not many districts without a diploma'd doctor. Sixty years ago medical and surgical practitioners in out-of-the-way quarters were "fancy men" and "bone-setters"—man, or horse, or cow were patients alike. The class is now extinct in Ireland; but half a century back such was the medical administrator and surgical operator for a score of miles round.

REPEAL OF THE UNION.—"Repeal the Union—Restore the Heptarchy!" The sentence was uttered by George Canning more than half a century ago. "It is madness," said Sir Robert Peel, in 1830, "to attempt to sever the Union." These are the words of Lord Althorp: "I sincerely hope that the object of those who are in favor of the Repeal of the Union will not succeed; and knowing that they can not succeed, except by successful war, I must say that though no man is more averse from war, and particularly a civil war, than I am, yet I must confess that to me even civil war would be preferable to the disembodiment and destruction of the empire." And this passage is quoted from a speech by Macaulay; commenting on O'Connell's demand for Repeal in 1833: "Copious as his vocabulary is, he will not easily find in it any foul name that has not been many times applied to those who sit around me, on account of the zeal and steadiness with which they supported the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. His reproaches are not more stinging than the reproaches which, in times not very remote, were endured un-

they are, yer worship, and now I'll trouble ye for mee resate." "Oh, we never give receipts here." "Och! the divil a bit o' me 'ill pay the money without a resate," he answered, as he gathered the shillings together. But as he was about to be removed by the tipstaff, he took wit in his anger, restored them, and was about to withdraw, when the magistrate, tickled, said, "Now, my man, tell me what you want of a receipt—what's your motive for seeking one?" "Well, I'll tell yer worship," answered Paddy. "Ye see yer worship when I go up to take mee trial there'll be St. Peter there, and he'll say to me, Paddy Mallowney, he'll say, we're glad to see ye, and we're going to let ye in; but before we do, we must ax ye a few questions: first, while ye were on earth, did ye pay all yer debts? and I'll say, every one of 'em, yer holiness, every one. And he'll say, well if ye paid them all, where are your resates? and I'll say, I have 'em all here, yer holiness, in mee big coat-pocket, every one, barring one. And he'll say to me, Paddy Mallowney, ye must go and get us that one, for we can't let ye in widout it; and a mighty inconvenient thing it 'ud be to me, your worship, to be *going down below*, looking for yer worship to get mee resate."

Not long ago this incident took place in Kensington, where the "pro-Cathedral" was in process of erection. A man was busily making mortar; a gentleman passed by and addressed him: "What are you building there?" "A church, yer honor." "Oh, a church; of what denomination?" "Of no denomination at all, yer honor; it's a holy Roman Catholic Church." "I'm very sorry to hear it." "Yes, sir, *that's what the devil says*," said Paddy as he resumed his work.

I doubt if a traveler who journeyed from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear would pick up a dozen new anecdotes; while half a century ago, it would have been a barren harvest that did not yield a hundred.

flinchingly in his cause. Those who faced the cry of 'No Popery' are not here to be scared by the cry of 'Repeal.'"

There has not been a statesman in England since the year 1800 who has not declared Repeal of the Union to be as utterly out of consideration as would be a solemn proposal to erase from the statute-book the Habeas Corpus Act.

Sordid as were the means by which the consent of the Irish Parliament to its own extinction was secured, the measure has been productive of incalculable benefit—not to England alone, but in a still greater degree to Ireland.

The Bill for the Union was read a third time and passed on the 10th of June, 1800, and received the Royal assent on the 1st of August in that year. Nobody questioned that Ireland had been bought and sold; but if those who bought it were English, those who sold it were Irish. That outspoken member of the Hibernian Parliament who "thanked God he had a country to sell," only gave expression to the secret sentiments of a majority of his colleagues. Lord Castlereagh, the English "Commissioner," came to Dublin on his mission of "Union," armed with golden weapons that proved irresistible to the patriots of the Parliament House.

It was Grattan's prophecy that Ireland would be revenged on England for the Union by sending eighty "rascallions" to the Imperial Parliament. How many installments of the debt have been paid between the year 1800 and the year 1883?

There is abundant evidence that the Union was, from the first, to Ireland a gain and not a loss. But what is the worth of evidence to those who will not hear it, or are predetermined to reject it? But the Irish Parliament was no more a national Parliament than the Irish Church was a national Church. Both were exclusively Protestant.

In 1831 a "declaration" was issued, signed by a very large number of the leading noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland, concerning the political discussions upon the question of a Repeal of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland; it contained this comprehensive passage:

"We are of opinion that such repeal is a measure totally impracticable, and we are convinced that the agitation of it is peculiarly injurious to the prosperity of Ireland by diminishing that public confidence in her tranquillity without which it is vain to expect that capital or enterprise can largely or beneficially be directed to the cultivation of her resources and the profitable employment of her people."

It was signed by Roman Catholics as well as Protestants: indeed, the document was prepared by one of the then most prominent of the Roman Catholic leaders—Pearce Mahony. The Orange Society drew up a document to the same effect.

It was true in 1831, it is true in 1883, that the agitation for Repeal

has frightfully retarded the progress of the country. The vain pursuit of a shadow, while the substance of national prosperity is neglected, has been a blight to Ireland even more disastrous than the potato famine of 1847.

Although, as I have shown, the present agitation for Home Rule is by no means parallel with that of the last century, it will not come amiss to inquire here what sort of Parliament Ireland had previous to the Union.

Lord Russell said that the Irish Parliament was "chiefly remarkable for intolerance and corruption."

Of three hundred members of the Irish House of Commons two hundred were the nominees of private persons—peers or commoners—and forty of these members represented constituencies varying in number from one to twelve "voters."*

Both Houses of Parliament were hot-beds of corruption. The few really sincere and honest politicians in them were lost among a crowd of venal upholders of the Government of the day, and of equally venal opponents to it, whose noisy pretenses of patriotism could always be silenced when necessary by similar arguments to those that converted so many patriots on the occasion of the Union.

When, on the 5th of June, 1800, Grattan's motion for an address to the King protesting against the Union was negatived by 135 votes to 77, the majority of the supporters of the Government had sold their votes as distinctly and directly as the electors for their respective boroughs sold theirs.

Such was the Irish Protestant Parliament of last century. Who can doubt that a Dublin Parliament of to-day would speedily present a spectacle of even more hopeless anarchy? Two hundred years ago, the appeal of James II to the native Irish called, for a short time, an assembly of Irish Catholics into power. That "senate" was speedily scattered by the crushing overthrow of James, but it had sat long enough to give evidence of its total incapacity to govern. The edicts it issued were alternately calculated to provoke the rage of the Protestants and their derision. Who can doubt that, in these particulars, history would repeat itself—that a Home Rule Parliament would combine insult to England with incapacity for domestic legislation? And what would be the end of the perilous experiment? Either that Ireland would have to be bribed into surrendering the privilege of making laws for herself, as in 1800, or

* One example will suffice. Bannow sent two members to Parliament. There was no dwelling better than a hovel in the "borough." A dilapidated chimney in the churchyard indicates where a house had been; seated upon its bricks and stones the "representatives" were returned. The chimney yet remains. I have stood upon it often. It is one of the few relics of the Irish Herculanæum; a town swallowed up by sea-sand; but there is not even tradition to describe it; all the evidence of its existence is a list of some streets, with their inhabitants, preserved among old records in the city of Waterford.

conquered again as in 1649 and 1689—some would add, as in 1798, If ever Irish clamor should succeed (but that is incredible) in obtaining Repeal of the Union, those who have labored to that end will have called down on their country, not a blessing, but a curse.

In November, 1843, I published a letter on the subject of Repeal addressed to Irish Temperance Societies, included in which societies were at that time two thirds of the Irish people.*

What I wrote thirty-five years ago is as directly applicable now as it was then. Repeal is as much an impossibility now as then. Mr. Butt knew it, as did O'Connell; Mr. Parnell knows it as well as did either of his predecessors.

It could be obtained only at the cost of a civil war; the most powerful nation in the world opposed to a people ill-supplied with the means of making war, divided and subdivided in interests, in affinities, in race, in blood, with a strong and determined adversary in their very midst—the Protestant who can not forget the warnings he received in 1798.

Yes; "Repealers" know Repeal to be an impossibility,† that England would "rise as one man" to prevent it—to prevent Ireland from being given over to one part of the Irish—the part infinitely the least capable of self-government. They know well that Repeal, however much it might injure England, would utterly ruin Ireland; they know more than that: they know that civil war would be the inevitable result of Repeal, that—as in 1641, in 1688, and in 1798—there would be frightful massacres; but they know also that, even if England were to look calmly and indifferently on the struggle, not sending a single soldier to aid "its own" in a war between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, the Protestants would triumph;

* The letter had the fate of all attempts to steer a middle course between parties in Ireland. It gave offense to both the Liberal Catholic party I desired to conciliate, and the Protestant Conservative party with which surely I was allied. It led to a hostile message to me from Charles Lever, the then editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, who had assailed me as a person "hired" to do the work. I was indignant, and replied—certainly with bitterness. We were both soldiers of the pen, and it was the only weapon with which we ought to have fought; Mr. Lever did not think so, but came over to London, and, in the parlance of the time, "called me out." Fortunately, we had sensible "friends" who saw the absurdity of a duel between two men of letters. While they discussed the affair at Chalk Farm, Mr. Lever was in one house and I in another close at hand waiting their decision.

The marvelous peace-maker, *if*, settled the affair. *If* the offensive term had not been applied to me, I should not have written the offensive letter. The one was "withdrawn" and the other was "withdrawn." Mr. Lever and I never met, either metaphorically or literally. I went home, he returned to Dublin, and so the affair ended; the present Lord Ranelagh saying pleasantly to my friend Colonel Clarke, as they two were homeward bound, "he believed it was the first time three Irishmen had met to kill one Englishman—and didn't do it."

† O'Connell, in 1843, declared that the Repeal of the Union "could not be delayed longer than eight or ten months, when your country shall be a nation once more," and added, "believe me who never deceived you!"

the numbers would be, indeed, one against four (not as it was in '98, one against seven), but the one would be well fed, well armed, well clothed, well disciplined, well led, while the four would be a rabble destitute of all these guarantees of victory.*

I can not close this chapter better than by quoting the words of Macaulay, uttered in the House of Commons in 1833. Having stated he was prepared to show that Repeal of the Union would not remove the political and social evils that afflict Ireland, but that it would aggravate every one of those evils, he added, "For my part *I should prefer the total separation which the honorable and learned gentleman (O'Connell) professes to consider a calamity to partial separation, which he has taught his countrymen to consider as a blessing.*"

EMIGRATION.—In the twenty-two years prior to 1871, 2,670,664 Irish people emigrated from Ireland, and in 1880, 95,800. Possibly, however, the famine period, which began in 1845, may have had something to do with the large exodus of the earlier years. For in 1851 there were over 250,000 paupers in the workhouses throughout the country, whereas in 1861 the number was but 50,010, and in 1871 only 48,000. Of the emigrants in 1880 seventy-five per cent were between fifteen and thirty-five, fourteen per cent under fifteen, and only ten per cent over thirty-five years of age. How greatly emigration has affected the population is shown by the fact that in 1821 the number of people in Ireland was, roughly speaking, 6,800,000, whereas in 1881 it was but 5,160,000, there having been a decrease of over four per cent during the past ten years. Between 1841 and 1851, however, nineteen persons in every hundred, or nearly one fifth, left the country.†

* Milo McCaskey, one of the generals of the Pope, said in a warning letter to O'Donovan Rossa: "If it ever came to a fight, four thousand regular troops in Ireland will rout fifty thousand of your undisciplined rabble. In all that you see strength, I see weakness; and where you read power, force, resource, and victory, I only infer debility, dissension, and defeat. Out of such miserable materials you think to make an army—you might as well stock a jeweler's shop with paving-stones, and tell him to make rings and bracelets of them. Tell me, if you can, what popular rising ever made even a decent stand where the men of station held aloof and refused their assistance to it? Irish Republicanism! Do you not know that respect of rank, and especially for the rank that is associated with ancient blood, is among the most cherished feelings of all Irishmen? You want to put in the place of your priests a gin-juleper from New York, or a tailor from Dame Street. The gallows or the hulks is a smart price to pay for a drill in the dark, or the possession of a Federal uniform and a six-shooter. I have no desire to grace the dock of Cashel or Tralee, and I decline the command of an army that does not exist, and which will only muster to be hanged or transported." The letter from Milo McCaskey is dated from Rome in October, 1865, and was found by the police in searching the lodgings of O'Donovan Rossa.

† The number of emigrants who left Irish ports in 1881 was 78,719, the number of males being 40,317, and of females, 38,402. Of the 78,719 emigrants in 1881, 78,417 were natives of Ireland, and 302 were persons belonging to other countries. Of the 78,417 persons—natives of Ireland—who left in 1881, 16,232

On this important subject I offer no remarks; satisfied with merely giving "Returns," except that I fully coincide with the view taken by "An Ulster Farmer," writing to the *Times* in 1881: "There is but one escape for the Irish peasant, and that is to carry him where land is a drug and labor at a premium." The subject *must*, ere long, find its way to the front. Emigration and immigration (the infusion of new and healthy blood into the body politic) would do that which I believe may be done—place Ireland on a par with England in all that produces contentment, prosperity, and happiness.

RAILWAYS.—One of the earliest passages in our work—"Ireland, its Scenery and Character," 1840—is this: "In Ireland there are no railways." It is needless to dwell on the disadvantages that hence arose. How is it now? Let us compare the present with the past as regards this immense power over *all* the ramifications of life.

The first railway in Ireland, that from Dublin to Kingstown (six miles), was opened in December, 1834, and it was for some years the only one in the country. In 1849, however, several others had been made, there being then 428 miles open, and the receipts that year for goods and passengers being £418,066, the passengers having numbered six million. Ten years afterward, 1,265 miles had been opened, and in 1859 the receipts were £1,296,063. In 1869 the receipts had increased to £2,260,000, and the length open was 1,975 miles. In 1880 the mileage was 2,370, the revenue was £2,262,619, and the number of passengers carried in the year was over sixteen million, with twenty-one thousand season-ticket holders. The average cost of these lines in Ireland has been £16,000 per mile, and it is stated that the capital held by resident proprietors is about seventeen millions. Several new lines have recently been finished and opened, and others are in course of formation.*

The PRINTING-PRESS, with its enormous increase of power during the last forty or fifty years, has done literally nothing to aid and advance progress in Ireland. Forty or fifty years ago, so few of the

were from Leinster; 21,752 from Munster; 24,101 from Ulster; and 16,332 from Connaught, the total number being equal to 15.2 per 1,000 of the population of Ireland in 1881.

The total number of emigrants, natives of Ireland, who left the Irish ports from the 1st of May, 1851 (the date at which the collection of these returns commenced), to the 31st of December, 1881, is 2,715,604—1,446,582 males and 1,269,022 females. Munster contributed 939,092 persons; Ulster, 802,649; Connaught, 352,792; and Leinster, 510,403. It appears that 76.0 per cent of the persons who left Ireland in 1881 were between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five years, the percentage over that age being 9.3, and of children under fifteen years 14.7.

* The usual lack of business habits in Ireland is, I fear, the curse of the railroad, as in more important matters. I send generally thrice a year a large package to "Kenmare, *via* Cork or Waterford." It rarely arrives at its destination under ten days—as long a time as it would take to transmit it to New York. The last package I sent—in 1883—had not arrived at the end of twelve days.

"common people" could read—according to Mr. A. M. Sullivan, there are now as few who can not read—that efforts to produce suitable literature for them would have been futile. But, even then, such publications as those of "Martin Doyle" (my friend the late Rev. William Hickey), on agriculture and kindred topics, had a large circulation, and by no means exclusively among cultivated classes.

It is true, we have now the railway book-stalls of "W. H. Smith & Son" in towns where formerly there was not a book to be had "for love or money"; but the Stations are not often visited by men or women of the peasant class, nor are the books found there such as are likely to be appreciated and valued by them. Moreover, there is sometimes the certainty, and always the dread, that the cheap sheets they might purchase will contain something hostile to their faith, and prejudicial to what they consider their interests; while, as importations from England, they are met, on the threshold, by a greeting of—unwelcome.

While it is undoubtedly true that some well-meaning and, it may be, well-intentioned, societies, work solely with this view—*making instruction subordinate to proselytizing*; ostentatiously caring more for the "souls" than they do for the bodies and minds of those to whose "needs" they profess to minister. Such was always the curse that crept into literature intended for the Irish people—the production of pamphlets and books that never were read, never could have been read, by one out of a thousand who were desired to be readers.

I am strongly of opinion that if cheap and good books, pointing out many of the changes that have taken place, explaining others that may be made or are in progress, manifesting the blessings of tranquillity, and exhibiting the virtues of social life, were circulated among the peasantry, they would be accepted and read. They might be subtle, but by no means delusive—there is no human being so hard to deceive as an Irishman. Especially they must touch upon no points calculated to excite alarm, on the ground of either religion, politics, or rights, real or presumed. Surely there are prudent, wise, and good men who might devise such a series as—while risking no offense, stirring up no suspicion, disturbing no rational prejudice—might work its way among the people as antidotes to the fatal poison they now greedily take—most of it foul and evil, thoroughly atrocious importations from the United States of America.

I have no doubt whatever that such a series might be devised as would obtain the sanction of the Cardinal-Archbishop, several of the bishops, and a large proportion of the clergy of the Catholic Church—while receiving the approval of those of the Protestant Church. It would not be easy to produce such a series. I am fully aware of that; but it may be done, taking especial care that every questionable topic is carefully excluded, that the subjects treated be, as far as possible, interesting as well as instructive—and involving no fear that the writers and editors have given thought, directly or indirectly,

to "conversion." I repeat, it would be a task of much delicacy and some difficulty; but it may be done, and national money, spent to do it, would be wisely and profitably spent.*

Will any person obtain information—not difficult to obtain—as to how many mayors and how many town councilors, being Roman Catholics, represent in corporate bodies the several cities and towns of Ireland? To contrast the returns of the present with those of the past, when—some forty years ago—the seven millions of Irish Roman Catholics were represented by *one* person—Major Bryan, of Kilkenny, a popular gentleman, well known and largely appreciated—not as a politician, but as a performer in amateur plays! I leave others to comment on the change from *then* to *now*.

Does it ever occur to Irish "patriots" that if "Boycotting" is found to answer in Ireland, it may be resorted to in England; that—if the million of Irishmen employed in that part of the Queen's dominions, Irish emigrants to the sister country, where they receive good wages, good food, good raiment, good treatment, as truly and as fully as English workmen of their grade do, or can, obtain, the same measure of liberty being accorded to the one as can be enjoyed by the other—there may come a day when the master-builders, the merchants, and mill-owners of England may restore to newspapers the long rejected and condemned paragraph, "No Irish need apply!"

I have said before, and I repeat, that the teaching is infamously wicked which tells the people of Ireland to rejoice at any evil or misfortune that may befall England, on the ground that "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity"—that the English and the Irish can not, and ought not, to mingle any more than oil with water. The propagators of such doctrines are not only the foes of England: they are the worst enemies of Ireland. Their teaching, while pregnant with incalculable evils to both nations, has brought down in the past, and must again bring down in the future, if listened to, infinitely more terrible mischiefs on the weaker than on the stronger country.

It is one way of serving Ireland—the way counseled at Wicklow in December, 1882—that "patriots" should be surrounded (?) by "fighting-men," "serried phalanxes," whose properties were taken from them "seven hundred years ago" (I quote the speaker, one of the "rascals" sent to the Imperial Parliament in revenge for the Union of eighty-three years back—with whom Grattan threatened

* Some years ago Mrs. Hall published a little book (Partridge & Co.) entitled "God save the Green!" It was a kindly and affectionate address to the men and women of her country: full of anecdote, and valuable as presenting a contrast between the present and the past; but not such as I should advise in a series I contemplate and presume to recommend.

us in 1800). But the "fighting-men" would not be all on one side; there are those—not in the "Black North" only, but in all parts of Ireland, who protest against such teaching—none the less wicked because it infers insanity. (I quote from the *Times*, January 1, 1883):

"They proclaim hatred of English rule and law, to brand with infamy and hold up to execration the loyalists who are true to the Crown and union of the two countries, and to preach a crusade against property, inflaming the passions and exciting the cupidity of the populace."

Evil men they are who teach to a credulous people the evil doctrine of what they term "felonious landlordism"—which in so many instances means persons buying land and paying for it, using it not for their own benefit alone, but for the interest of all, of every class—that it is to be "eradicated" by teachings and bowie-knives imported from the United States of America, openly advocated by men who are no more Irish than are the existing leaders, a large proportion of whom are merely "*Hibernes ipsis Hiberniores*," which a high authority pronounces to designate "Anglo-Normans and Anglo-Saxons sunk into savages." There are plenty of Anglo-Normans and Anglo-Saxons now, who, if not themselves "sunk into savages," patronize, comfort, encourage, and aid those who are.

These memorable words are the words of Lord Aberdare:

"I have striven to show, not with the poor aim of exalting the present over the past, but with the just object of inspiring hope and courage and perseverance by pointing to victories already won, and conquests which may yet be made. . . . We have received from those who immediately preceded us a world much better than they found it. Let it not be our fault if we do not transmit it to our successors improved, purified, and invigorated."

On the subject of the changes that have given good government to Ireland in the place of bad, let me, before I close this chapter, cite the evidence of Lord O'Hagan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has been—to his own honor, and greatly to the content of the British people of all religions, all parties, and all grades—Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.

At the Social Science Congress in Dublin (1881) the noble lord delivered an address dealing with a period of Irish history much less remote and infinitely less oppressive than that to which I have taken my readers back. He contrasted the present with that comparatively recent past, and drew from the reforms of abuses he enumerated a cheering augury for the future. I copy from the *Times* a portion of an article commenting on his speech:

"Lord O'Hagan's claim for his countrymen is of having made 'steps of real and cheering progress, improvements permanently conquered from the past, and auspicious, as they will be fruitful, of a happier future.' Twenty-one years back the judicial bench was crowded, and suitors waited long years before they could gain a hearing. In criminal cases juries were ostentatiously packed. Towns large and small were abandoned to untempered squalor and

filth. The stranger wondered as much in Dublin and Cork as in the poorest village how pestilence could fail to be chronic. . . . Jobbery and waste and universal recklessness, which once distinguished everything Irish, have been retrenched, if not abolished. The materials for resting national life on a sound basis hardly existed in Irish institutions at the date from which Lord O'Hagan commences his reminiscences.' At present the structure for securing public order is practically as complete in Ireland as it is in England.

"Lord O'Hagan can quote chapter and verse for his catalogue of 'amended laws, cheap and facile justice, education liberal, unconditioned, and available to all; the enforcement of the crowning virtue of a Christian civilization by sheltering the friendless child, and watching over the unhappy lunatic, free and equal exercise of the rights of conscience, increased provision for the national health and comfort, and security in his possessions and encouragement to the tiller of the soil.' Ireland, within a short generation, has advanced along all these lines of national amelioration."

It was an Irish member of Parliament, Mr. Mulholland, who said this :

"The fact is that the spring forward which Ireland made when she was admitted to a free partnership with England was surprising. The people in their habits, their dress, and their food, had since that period shown the most extraordinary advance ever made by any country in the world."

I quote the yet more forcible language of another member, Mr. A. M. Sullivan. Referring to hereditary and instinctive "hatred and aversion," he describes himself as one who had been nurtured under the influence of that feeling, but he adds, "as he approached manhood and had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the great and noble characteristics of the English character, he looked back with intense regret upon the unreasoning hatred in which he had grown up from the days of his youth."

I again quote Lord O'Hagan :

"There is no reason why the North and the South should not emulate each other in doing homage to the magnanimous endurance of Limerick and Derry, and associate in honor the gallant clergyman who held the maiden city against all comers, and the noble exile who caught up the life-blood welling from his heart, in a foreign quarrel on a foreign field, and murmured with his latest breath, 'Would that this were for Ireland!'"

Thus far Irish testimony. Let me, in quitting the subject, subjoin the words in which on the 30th of June, 1876, a distinguished Englishman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, then Irish Secretary, summed up the changes that had placed the Ireland of to-day in a very different position from the Ireland of half a century ago :

"Seventy-six years ago, when Dublin was a week or more distant from Holyhead, when railways and telegraphs were unknown, when communication from Dublin with the South or North of Ireland took as long as it did now with Egypt, when as far as regarded facilities of communication with the Government, Ireland was as far from London as Calcutta was now, then Parliament and the country abolished the separate Parliament of Ireland. What had those seventy-six years produced? Increased prosperity in Ire-

land, all those facilities of communication of which he had spoken, common interests in banking, railways,* and every kind of trade and commerce between England, Scotland, and Ireland, and more than that, an emigration of more than three quarters of a million of Irishmen *now resident in England*; and yet in the face of those facts honorable gentlemen propose to us to accept an anachronism."

I quote the passages that follow from Dr. Macaulay's "Ireland in 1872," a small book written by an enlightened and liberal Scotchman, who has viewed the intricate subject in all its bearings with sound discretion, great wisdom, and generous sympathy :

"If half a century ago Ireland would have not only been willing to accept, but proud to assume the title of 'West Britain,' as Scotland has that of 'North Britain,' in addition to an ancient title, what a country of prosperity Ireland would ere this have become !

"The Highlanders of Scotland are as purely Celtic as the Irish : and were at no distant period in chronic rebellion against the Southerners. They are now the most loyal and orderly and exemplary of all the people under her Majesty's rule.

"The same revolution has taken place in North Wales, where the hatred of England was as intense as in any part of Ireland."

I quote also this passage from an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, November, 1882 :

"All the causes that have for centuries tended to keep Irishmen apart from Englishmen were originally at work in Scotland itself. The measure of 1700 was as much hated in the north as the statute of 1800 by the Irish Catholics of the time. The Scottish Presbyterian detested Episcopacy and all its works quite as fiercely as the Catholic Irishman did the Protestantism of the English Church. . . . Central Scotland during this period was as poor and as lawless as the Ireland beyond the Pale at any period of its history. A description of the country and the people quoted by Sir Walter Scott has many points that make it resemble an account of the worst parts of Ireland. The writer says of the Highlands : 'There is no culture of ground, no improvement of pastures, and, from the same reason, no manufactures, no trade—in short, no industry. The people are extremely prolific, and therefore so numerous that there is not business in that country according to its present order and economy for the one half of them. Every place is full of idle people, accustomed to arms, and lazy in everything but rapines and depredations. Here the laws have never been executed, nor the authority of the magistrate ever established. Here the officer of the law neither dare nor can execute his duty, and several places are about thirty miles from lawful persons. In short, here is no order, no authority, no government.' . . . By what magic has the country emerged from that condition to its present state? Why is it now enabled to support a population probably sixfold what it maintained

* Sir M. Hicks-Beach might have added that railways have not only united distant localities, but they have liberalized the people, invading and scattering the narrow prejudices of provincialism, infusing in every direction new blood and social health and vigor, encouraging commercial relations, opening new markets and sources of industry to remote districts, and inculcating the necessity of a strict observance of "law and order," better than a whole century of unintelligible legislation.

two centuries ago? Why has Scottish prejudice against England and the Union died down? Why have Englishmen ceased to treat Scotchmen with the rancorous contempt shown faintly and half in jest in Johnson's constant gibes against Boswell? The explanation is that Scotland has lifted itself from a condition as low as any in which Ireland has ever been placed by the exhibition of qualities we have yet to desire on Irish soil."—*Daily Telegraph*, 30th November, 1882.

What does the awfully sad story of the Scottish "Covenanters" tell us? Consult history, or the scarcely less reliable evidence of Scott and other writers of fiction—of *their* struggles for freedom of faith. They endured and suffered far more than the Irish had to endure and suffer in the very worst days of *their* persecution. They were hunted to death by ruthless destroyers; butchered whenever they were "caught praying" to the God of love and mercy; worshipping in caves and in mountain crevices, always with out-watchers—warning when to disperse. Whole counties were given up to be "harried" by a profligate soldiery; infant children, child-bearing women, and white-headed men were victims of a cruel oppression, defended only upon the principle that it was crime to worship God contrary to rules laid down by a British Parliament, ratified by a Scottish Parliament.

What were the slaughters of Oliver Cromwell at Drogheda and Wexford compared with those of "bloody Claverhouse" and his trained bands of butchers, of which we read with a shudder to-day, though perpetrated just two hundred years back? Persecution "for righteousness' sake" was the curse of a long time ago; it no more exists at the close of the nineteenth century than do the burnings of witches or the hangings for passing base coin.

I have stated that in 1843 I printed a pamphlet concerning "Repeal," which I addressed to the Temperance Societies of Ireland. It contained this passage, which, in 1883—just forty years afterward—I repeat. It applies as forcibly now as it did then to the "patriots" who are crushing and, for the time, ruining their country:

"But when the obstacles to the on-progress of Ireland were removed, what—I humbly ask—was the duty of your patriots? What, in especial, was that of your great leader? How much are you—the Irish people—the better for the removal of all civil and political disqualifications? How much the better might you not have been if your leader had expended these thirteen years—since the great triumph to which alone he will be indebted for a place in history—these thirteen years in counseling, inducing, or compelling practical improvement of his country, instead of wasting his mighty energies, his wonderful talents, his indomitable perseverance, and his abundant resources, in agitating topics worse than useless, in striving after objects unattainable, or mischievous if obtained! Alas! the history of the world supplies scarcely a stronger example of a man endowed

with almost unlimited power to do good effecting so very little. Where is the agricultural society of which he is a foremost and active member? What scheme for draining bogs, fertilizing mountains, and reclaiming 'slobs,' has had the aid of his convincing eloquence? Which of your thousand harbors has he converted into a profitable fishery? Where are the mines he has explored? What railway has been created under his fosterage? Into what salutary channel has he directed the tide of emigration? What factories have created trade, employment, and wealth—having the sanction of his name? Where are the vessels his voice has chartered? Which of your institutions for promoting the arts of peace owes a debt to him? In how many of your public charities has his name been heard? Alas! his course has been like that of one of the many rivers that run in all directions—west, east, north, and south—through the Evergreen Isle: angry and brawling, not producing and fertilizing; possessing strength—any one of them—greater than that of the whole steam-force of Manchester, yet spending it all in wrangling with mountain stones. We see what it is and what it does—and know what it might be made to do. Ah! if your great leader were to fall asleep—continue sleeping for the next ten years, and then awaken to become a living witness of the changes these ten years might produce—contrasting them with the ten years of misery, want, and agitation by which they had been preceded, I can conceive no repentance so bitter as his."

INJUSTICE TO IRELAND!—The latest grievance is that an English company undertakes to carry to Dublin the mails for £40,000 a year less than the sum paid to an Irish company for that service.

I was, a few years ago, standing at a railway station in Liverpool when up ran a person saying, "I'm going to London!" "Too late," said the station-master, "train's gone." "Why," exclaimed the person, looking at his watch, "it's not nine o'clock." "Ah, you've forgotten that our time is twenty-five minutes before yours!" "Twenty-five minutes before ours! Do you call that justice to Ireland?"

Once a gentleman bitterly complained to me of English maltreatment of Ireland. "They send us their coals and make us buy them—when we've plenty of our own in Kilkenny!"

"Bad luck to 'em, the Scottish nagurs," said the waiter at Galway when he served for dinner two salt haddocks, "they catch our fish and send 'em back to us—and make us pay for 'em!"

I was in court one day, when a stalwart fellow entered the witness-box to prosecute for an assault another stalwart fellow who was in the dock. The lawyer saw he had a "character" to deal with, and thus addressed him: "Now, my fine fellow, what are you going to swear to?" This was the answer: "Anything at all, be J—s—*for satisfaction!*"

We had an Irish cook. Two Irish dealers supplied us with potatoes; one of them was jealous of the other, and tried to blarney Kitty into giving him a preference. Upon her protesting that his rival gave as good potatoes as he did, "Ah, Katty, dear," said he, "*can't ye spile 'em in the biling!*"

I have thus shown what Ireland was within my memory—what it continued, to a great extent, to be within the memories of many who are much younger than I am. While picturing the unhappy condition of the country and people forty, fifty, or sixty years ago I have endeavored to show that England has been for many years striving to make amends to Ireland for centuries of mismanagement and misrule; and I have pointed out that up to a comparatively recent period the odious and evil principle of religious tyranny was everywhere the guide of nations, and that, as far as British subjects were concerned, Nonconformists and Jews had to endure persecutions similar to those that oppressed and enthralled the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and all its dependencies,* but especially of Ireland, where the persecuted faith was that of the majority of the "nation."

If I needed evidence to sustain my assertions that the nineteenth century has witnessed an entire change in England's policy toward Ireland, I could produce it in abundance; evidence to prove that for many years connection with England has been an advantage to Ireland and the Irish people—to show that the old unwise and wicked policy of governing Ireland as an alien country has been entirely abrogated; that the vile motto—"divide and conquer"—written in blood under the quarterings of the arms of the wedded countries, is at length worn out, and has been displaced by that of "conciliate and unite"; that the atrocious principles which distinguished a dark age and bad governments—which treated Ireland only as a conquered country—are now as intolerable to Englishmen as they ever were to Irishmen.

Let me solemnly record my conviction that I may say for nine tenths of the English people—there are no rights, no privileges, no advantages to which Protestants and Englishmen are entitled, that they would not strive to obtain for Irishmen and Roman Catholics—

* O'Connell, in one of his documents, gives a list of places in Ireland, "offices of trust, honor, and emolument," from which Roman Catholics were excluded previous to the granting of Catholic Emancipation. The list, amounting to 30,400, includes the Lord Chancellor, Master of the Rolls, Judges, Law Sergeants, King's Counsel, Mayors and all Corporate officials, all Ministers of State and their officials, and, of course, seats in the Houses of Parliament.

It would be interesting to know how many of the 30,400 places are now filled by Roman Catholics. Probably much more than the half; and let it be remembered that besides the late Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, eight out of twelve judges are Roman Catholics.

if they have them not. That is mere, simple, *rational* JUSTICE—which, infinitely more than mercy—

“Blesseth him that gives and him that takes.”

I may fittingly append to the above some striking words from one of many letters published in the English Press, written by the excellent and estimable Duchess of Marlborough, to whom Ireland owes a large debt for valuable services during a heavy visitation of misery, yet larger debt for sympathy and affection :

“I write in order that you should know that England loves Ireland, and is ever ready to help her in her hour of need.”

THESE EVIL MEN—THE VERITABLE FOES OF IRELAND—KNOW THAT IN NO COUNTRY OF THE WORLD, DATING FROM THE REMOTEST PERIODS OF RECORDED TIME, HAVE THERE BEEN SO MANY PRIVILEGES GIVEN, SO MANY RIGHTS RESTORED, SO MANY BOONS GRANTED, AS HAVE BEEN, DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, ACCORDED TO IRELAND BY THE RULING COUNTRY.

Who despairs of Ireland? Not I for one! And I have known the country and its people WELL—for much more than sixty years.

I do not apologize for the length to which I have carried these details. They may serve as records and guides when Ireland is in arts and manufactures, as well as civil and religious freedom, on a par with England—when she is competing with her in the race for the glory that is practical and useful—perhaps to arrive first at the goal. And that will be when the present accursed agitation has ceased; it will not be long afterward, for many things are tending to a consummation so devoutly to be wished—when, in addition to their high natural qualities, the Irish will have acquired forethought, prudence, patience, charity, and continuous industry.

Thus Edmund Spenser wrote in the sixteenth century :

“And sure Ireland is a most sweet and beautiful country as any is under heaven, besides the soil itself most fertile, and fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto.”

And thus, in the middle of the nineteenth century, wrote one of the wisest, kindest, and best of the many travelers who have made Ireland the subject of close observation, continuous inquiry, and generous report—CAMPBELL FOSTER :

“I have been over every part of Great Britain; I have had occasion to direct my attention to the natural capabilities, to the mode of cultivation, and to the produce of many parts of it. This very year I have traversed the country from the Land’s End in Cornwall, to John o’Groat’s in Caithness; but in no part of it have I seen the natural capabilities of the soil and climate surpass those of Ireland, and in no part of it have I seen those natural capabilities more neglected, more uncultivated, more wasted than in Ireland.”

Am I indulging in a vision—if I hazard this prophecy—as one that will be reality to the generation that succeeds the present? I see in the prospect advantages to which those already obtained are but as dust in the balance: bigotry losing its hold; the undue or baneful influence of one mind over another mind ceasing; habits of thrift and forethought becoming constitutional; industry receiving its full recompense; cultivation passing over the bogs and up the mountains; the law recognized as a guardian and a protector; the rights and duties of property fully understood and acknowledged; the rich trusting the poor, and the poor confiding in the rich; absenteeism no longer a weighty evil; and capital circulating freely and securely, so as to render the great natural resources of Ireland available to the commercial, the agricultural, and the manufacturing interests of the United Kingdoms of England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland!

It will be when the all-powerful arm of constitutional Law arrests in their course, and justly punishes, the evil and wicked men (it is with intense sorrow I add, and women also) who are curses of the country—moral and social pests, that blight the moral and social harvest.

According to the evidence of the “informer,” Robert Farrell, the “Society” of which he has been a member is “a complete delusion, that enables designing men to live on the people.” He can not have referred to those who fatten on weekly four-pennies and twopence-halfpennies; or rather, the residue of such “subscriptions,” after “bowie-knives, revolvers, and breech-loaders” have been paid for. The commonest comprehension must understand him to mean their “Representatives”: among them being, certainly, some who flourish and have seats, not only in the Town Council of Dublin city—mayors, aldermen, and town councilors—but in the Imperial Parliament; men, who, in the sight of God, are as guilty of the murders that disgrace, degrade, and despoil Ireland, as are the acting assassins who stab with the steel, and shoot down with the revolver. They are as much of the “Inner Circle” as are the miscreants who do the actual work of assassination.

While such men dictate to the Irish what they shall think, say, and do, we may as well expect to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, and gather the fruitage into garners, as to see Ireland “great, glorious, and free,” while the hell-broth is brewed by those who are stirring the caldron.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. S. C. HALL.

I MUST treat this subject briefly—briefly, that is to say, as compared with the space I might devote to it : for a thousand memories crowd upon me as I take up my pen—all of them happy, and suggestive of so much that was sweet, and bright, and good in her whose name consecrates these pages, that I may describe them as holy. Had I a volume to devote to the theme, I could fill it, with delight to myself, and, I hope, with interest to my readers. But there is not space enough at my command to treat it otherwise than briefly and imperfectly. Perhaps, when I am gone from earth, better justice may be done to it by the loving pen of some dear friend ; a biographer will have no difficulty in finding abundant materials.

It is not easy for me to separate that which concerns her from that which belongs to me. We were so thoroughly one in all our pursuits, occupations, pleasures, and labors, never having been separated for more than a month at a time, visiting together places either for enjoyment or business—to write about them : producing our books not in the same room, but always under the same roof, communicating one with the other as to what should be or should not be done ; our friends the same, our habits the same—as nearly as they could be. It is no wonder that I find it difficult to separate her from me or me from her. I shall not try to do so. If I tried and succeeded, it would be for the first time during our “mingled” life of more than fifty-six years.

I pass over, with but slight reference, the birth of Anna Maria Fielding, in Anne Street, Dublin, on the 6th of January, 1800 ; her removal, when but a few weeks old, with her mother, to the seat of her mother’s step-father, George Carr, Esq., of Graige, in the county of Wexford, in whose house she remained until her fifteenth year—his adopted daughter who was looked upon as his heiress.*

* He died suddenly and left no will ; consequently, not being of his blood, Maria inherited nothing. His nephew was his heir, but a very few years sufficed for him to squander an already involved property. No part of the estate is now owned by any one of his descendants ; yet the name of “Carr” is not obliterated in Wexford County. It is the name of several estimable men and women in New Ross, the descendants of a brother of George Carr.





From infancy to childhood she lived at Graige, under the watchful and loving care of her mother—one of the best women God ever made. I ought to know : for she lived with me for more than thirty years. I never saw evidence of wrong thought in her, or even of erring judgment. As to all that makes woman loving and beloved, the inscription I caused to be placed on the gravestone over her remains in Addlestone churchyard sufficiently indicates my estimate of her character :

“Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Fielding, the good and beloved mother of Mrs. S. C. Hall, died on the 20th of January, 1856, in the 83d year of her age. Her life was a long and cheerful preparation for death, and her whole pilgrimage a practical illustration of the text that was her frequent precept and continual guide, ‘Keep innocency and take heed unto the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.’”

She must have been very handsome when young ; she was so when old—beautiful with the beauty proper to age. Judged by women of her time, Mrs. Fielding was highly accomplished. She sang sweetly, drew prettily, wrote verse with more than grace, and French may be said to have been her native tongue. Very proud she was of her Huguenot descent, though dating back two generations. Her mother and herself were of English birth ; but her grandfather had been one of the refugees from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and established a silk manufactory at Spitalfields. He was of illustrious birth and descent, of the family De Jaout (I am not sure that I spell the name correctly), in Renz en Champagne. Mrs. Fielding’s grandfather was killed in the “Lord George Gordon riots.” She has more than once described to me her sensations of horror when his body was brought to his home.

Graige is on the sea-side, at Bannow, Wexford County, opposite to—

“Bag and Bun,
Where Ireland was lost and won” ;

in other words, where Strongbow landed with his knights. Bannow, a peninsula that runs out into the sea, is the scene of nearly all Mrs. Hall’s early sketches. She loved the district very dearly ; every association connected with it was vivid, and continued to be as truly a source of happiness up to her extreme old age as it had been in her early childhood. To the last, she dearly loved the sea.

She drew this portrait of her childhood, in some introductory matter to her “Sketches of Irish Character,” published in 1828 :

“In the early morning, returning from my sea-bath, up the “long walk,” lingering amid the old trees, or reading beside the stream in the domain, which encircled an ornamental cottage that was covered with ivy, and formed a very city of refuge for small birds, from the golden-crested wren to the overbearing starling, that cottage with its gable, its rustling ivy, its low dark windows, its mossy seats and grassy banks, and pure limpid stream creeping over the smooth pebbles after escaping from a cascade, which for years was my ideal of a

waterfall, its mysterious arch, composed of the jawbone of a whale, which I used to gaze upon with such grave astonishment—that cottage was my paradise! I could hear the ocean rolling in the distance; the refreshing sea-breeze, passing over fields of clover and banks of roses, was freighted with perfume. The parent birds would fearlessly pick up crumbs at my feet."

A petted yet singularly unspoiled child she was in those days, loving all beautiful things even then, and making pets of all living objects that came in her way, from the dog to a spider.* A more admirable and valuable teacher than her mother, no child ever had. I loved that mother very dearly: and she as dearly loved me. I think if the angel of death had said to her, "I am coming for one of your children—which shall it be?" she would have paused to consider before answering.

In 1815, some years before the death of Mr. Carr, the three—he, his step-daughter, and his adopted daughter—came to London to live. Mr. Carr died not long after my introduction to them in 1823, and in 1824 we were married. Easy to foretell was it that the happiness of my life was then secured; for beautiful, accomplished, good, was the wife that, on the 20th of September, 1824, God gave me, to be that life's chiefest blessing and most precious boon.† Perhaps—

"We married too young, and it may be too poor,"

but of the thousands who knew my wife there is no one of them will doubt that the fifty-six years that followed were—in so far as she was concerned—"blessed in every deed."

* "She was a light-hearted, merry little maid as ever lived, and had learned the happy art of manufacturing her own pleasures, and doing much in her unfinished way to contribute to the pleasures of the few around her. In summer she walked, and ran, and bathed, and gathered shells and samphire and sang with the birds, and galloped old Sorrel; and on Sundays always went, in the old carriage, driven by the old coachman, drawn by the old horses, and escorted by the old footman, to the very old church."—"Grandmamma's Pockets," Mrs. S. C. Hall, published by W. & R. Chambers.

† On the 23d of September, 1824, I received from a publisher, James Duncan, in Paternoster Row, a sum of £40 for a book, one of the series of "The Modern Traveler: Brazil," the editor of which was Josiah Conder. The volumes were merely condensations, skillfully and "readably" put together. The £40 sufficed for the church-fees, and the wedding-trip to Petersham, near Richmond. I was then a reporter with a fair salary, and so we began life together.

It is worth recording that the anniversary of our fiftieth wedding-day was on a Sunday. We went to our parish church at Kensington. It chanced to be Sacrament Sunday. We knelt at the altar. Our good and much-loved friend, Archdeacon Sinclair, was astonished and displeased to hear me whispering, and looked so as he shook his head; but when a word or two conveyed to him the purport of my words, he smiled and held up his hands in token of a blessing, for the words that caught his ear were these, "With this ring I thee wed," as I slipped another ring on the third finger of her left hand. The two rings she wore during the after-years of her life, and they were buried with her in her grave at Addlestone.

In 1825 Mrs. Hall had written nothing. There had been no token of her power given to her or to me ; the rich vein of ore was, as yet, undiscovered. Her first essay was brought about thus : One evening she was telling me some anecdotes of her old Irish school-master, "Master Ben." Said I, "I wish you would write about that just as you tell it." She did so. I printed her story in *The Spirit and Manners of the Age*, a monthly periodical I then edited, and from that day dates her career as an author. Other tales of the friends and acquaintances of her childhood and girlhood followed. Eventually they were collected into a volume, entitled "Sketches of Irish Character," and she became "an author by profession."*

It is a voluminous subject—that of her sketches and stories of Irish character : my limited space forbids any attempt to do justice to it here. Generally they were taken from life, for the most part being memories of childhood and early girlhood. A very small incident often sufficed to form a long story. Her mode of working may perhaps be best illustrated by the following words of her own :

"I remember having a conversation on this topic with my friend Maria Edgeworth. She did not see, so clearly as I saw, the value of the imaginative in literature for the young, and was almost angry when she discovered that a sketch I had written of a supposititious scene at Killarney was pure invention. She told me, indeed, that she had been so deceived by my picture as actually to have inquired for, and tried to find out, the hero of it ; and argued strongly for truth in fiction. I ventured, notwithstanding my homage for that most estimable woman, to ask her if her portrait of Sir Condy, in 'Castle Rackrent,' was a veritable likeness, and endeavored to convince her that to call imagination to the aid of reason—to mingle the ideal with the real—was not only permissible but laudable as a means of impressing truth.

"I think so still. I believe the author who does what I suggest may be, and ought to be, done, is no more guilty of wrong than was He who 'Spake in Parables.'"

Of the reciprocity that, in Ireland, means all on one side, she knew nothing. Reading some of her books lately, I am astonished at her "liberality" (according to the loftier reading of the term)

* Her sketches and tales of that order are numerous ; yet, even when their number is kept in view, the reader may find it difficult to credit the accuracy of the following anecdote : Somewhere about 1860 we were traveling from Liverpool to London. I had bought for amusement on the way some of the serial publications of that time. I saw her reading one of them with great attention. She put it into my hand, saying, "*Read that ; it's a capital Irish story.*" I looked at it and said, "Well, that's modest, at any rate ; for *it's your own.*" She had read it through, and had evidently pondered over it without the slightest idea that she had written it. The story may be comprehended when I add that whatever she wrote she rarely read after it was written, leaving it entirely for me to prepare it for the printer and revise proofs, never thinking to question my judgment as to any erasure or addition I might make. Several of her Irish sketches—one I particularly remember being, "We'll see about It"—she wrote between the morning and evening of a summer day. I remember seeing her reading "The Whiteboy," pondering and wondering how "the author would manage to dispose of the hero of the tale."

toward Roman Catholics. I could quote a hundred passages in point : but as many to prove how with all her heart, mind, and soul, she preferred the Reformed Faith as better, happier, and far more in accordance with the teachings and example of the Master Christ.

I will quote only one extract from "The Whiteboy," a novel published in 1835 :

"There are few things in the world so touchingly beautiful as the respect and affection that subsist between the Roman Catholic priest and his flock ; those who study the people can not wonder at their strength and endurance. From the cradle to the grave, the priest is the peasant's adviser and his friend ; who knows all his concerns—not only the great business of his life, but its *minutiæ* ; his private cares and sorrows, his faults, and his crimes, are all in the priest's keeping. His judge, his advocate, his punisher, he is also his protector—very, very rarely his tyrant. The sympathy and kindness of the priest win and keep his heart."

I am very sure that no one can read her stories without feeling sympathy—I will add, affection—for the Irish people ; their faults are recorded, or exhibited, with so much considerate and generous allowance ; their virtues are detailed with such evident delight !

Her books were never popular in Ireland, though very popular in every other country. She tried—as she did by her bonnet-ribbons—to blend the orange and the green. She saw in each party much to praise and much to blame ; but what one party approved the other condemned, and "between two stools"—the adage is trite. Yet her stories are fertile of sympathy, generous, considerate, loving, and kind ; pregnant with true wisdom, and indulgent as to faults on both sides—perhaps to excess. To pursue this topic would require greater space than I can give to it. It must suffice to say she loved her country and its people very dearly.

Her freedom in writing of her old friends of the humbler classes gave them dire offense ; they "never thought Miss Maria would have done it !" I remember one incident in point. We had an Irish cook, who, far from possessing the loquacious qualities of her countrywomen in general, was extremely taciturn, giving her mistress the shortest possible answers to all questions. A "yes" or "no" seemed the most that could be extracted from her. Finally, she gave warning. When asked her reasons, she admitted she had no fault to find with the place ; but, on being still pressed to declare why she left it, she turned suddenly round and quitted the room, exclaiming, as she reached the door, "Arrah, ma'am, lave me alone ! *Ye know ye're going to put me into a book !*"

I can not here write at any length of the numerous books Mrs. Hall produced from time to time ; they number, perhaps, two hundred and fifty volumes, including edited volumes, and small tracts that often may have done more vital service to humanity than her illustrated quartos. Of that long, varied, and admirable list there

was, I think, none on which she looked back with greater joy than a little book entitled "Thanksgiving," an attempt to record the expression of a nation's gratitude (on the 27th of February, 1872) for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, when the prayers of a whole people ascended to—and, as she believed, were heard at—the Throne of Grace. That was a prize essay, for which £100 was awarded to her by the Beaumont Institution. I quote the concluding passage of the little book, concerning the universal joy for the convalescence of the Prince :

"It is impossible to overestimate the blessing it will take to every land on which the sun rises and sets. It will powerfully strengthen any government that may direct the destinies of this kingdom, its colonies, and dependencies ; it will convey a sense of security to hundreds of thousands of British homes ; it will remove all pretense that the sympathies of the country are with the band of treason-agitators who are speaking and doing evil against *all that are in authority*. It will be an example—at once an encouragement and a warning—to the well-affected and the disaffected, of every other kingdom and state ; it will carry conviction everywhere that the Queen and her family are very dear to the hearts of the people ; it will greatly advance and spread the principle of Christian loyalty under which Great Britain has prospered, and will, by God's help and blessing, continue to prosper.

"The nations not so blessed as thee,
May in their turn to tyrants fall,
But thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all !"

In all our joint books her pen was ever ready to labor side by side with mine. Usually she gave me for every chapter or monthly part a sketch or short tale intended to vary and lighten descriptions of travel, details, or traditionary facts. The tale or sketch was humorous or pathetic as her fancy and the theme might suggest ; but, whatever the locality we had in hand, it was sure to furnish her with a subject. The slightest groundwork was enough ; any incident, however simple, supplied her genius with materials to work upon. I have shown as much in the anecdote of Maria Edgeworth recorded just above.

When I was editing the *New Monthly* and other works, she reviewed many books for me ; but it was her stipulation that I was to hand to her none that were either to be abused or condemned. Such tasks were to be assigned to others. Many a time she has said to me : "That is a book I can not like ; you must get somebody else to review it." I doubt whether she ever wrote a review that was disagreeable to the author of the work reviewed. Yet I have no doubt I might affix her signature to at least a thousand reviews of published books.

Her work for the sacred cause of TEMPERANCE lives after her, and will continue to have mighty influence as long as that cause

needs to be advocated, and the curse of intemperance remains to afflict and disgrace humanity.

I have made reference to Mrs. Hall's first published work. Her last, written after an interval (that was by no means one of rest) of nearly fifty years, was "Boons and Blessings," published in 1875, and dedicated to the good Earl of Shaftesbury. The book is a collection of temperance tales, most of which had, in the form of tracts, done previous duty in many ways. They are here brought together in a volume, illustrated by several of the best artists—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward, P. R. Morris, A. R. A., Frederick Goodall, R. A., George Cruikshank, Alfred Elmore, R. A., G. H. Boughton, A. R. A., N. Chevalier, etc. Some of the stories, however, were original. The engravings were costly; the book was published at a low price, and the result was, of course, a loss to the author. So, also, it was with two books written by me, and issued about the same time—"The Trial of Sir Jasper" and "An Old Story"—temperance tales in verse. We did not look for gain; far from it; but we did not anticipate the somewhat serious loss in which these publications involved us. Subsequently I disposed of the stock and copyrights to the Temperance League, and thus my main purpose was achieved. The sales had been extensive; but under no circumstances could the expenditure have been defrayed by the receipts.* The "presentation copies" numbered nearly a thousand. "Sir Jasper" was translated into French, Dutch, and Welsh, and *clichés* were supplied by me, without charge, to all periodicals from which applications came for them. At least, if our pecuniary loss was somewhat serious, we had the reward we most prized—in the belief that by our labor in writing, and our sacrifices in publishing, these works, we had advanced and strengthened the sacred cause of Temperance.

I may fitly append to the above a brief reference to that portion of Mrs. Hall's and my own literary labors in which temperance principles were more distinctly advocated, the following copy of a memorial drawn up by her at the request of the Rev. Canon Ellison, one of the most indefatigable and most estimable of the many clergymen of the Church of England who are engaged in combating the evils of the liquor traffic:

* In fact, the books were "too good for the money"; for in issuing them it had not been my object to make the publications remunerative. My main purpose was to introduce into temperance literature a higher class of pictorial Art than was usually found there, and that object I achieved, with the assistance of the distinguished artists I have referred to. To the poems I added notes, embodying copious evidence of the terrible evils of intemperance, showing what a social plague-spot is the public-house, and how rapid and easy is the descent from "moderate drinking" to habitual drunkenness; and furnishing, in the shape of the emphatic declarations of judges, magistrates, coroners, doctors, clergymen, and so forth, a body of testimony conclusive and convincing. I have reason to believe the books continue to be effective in disseminating the principles of temperance, and I humbly thank God for that belief.

"Memorial from the Women of England to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria (issued by the Ladies' Committee of the Church of England Temperance Society).

"The women subjects of your Majesty presume to address your Majesty concerning a matter of vital interest and importance to them, as mothers, daughters, sisters, or wives.

"They learn, with deep sorrow and alarm, that it is proposed, by measures now before Parliament, to lessen the restrictions which, by law, are placed on the sale of intoxicating drinks.

"They believe that to do this, especially as regards the hours of closing public-houses, could only be to bring heavy discouragement on the labors of the many societies, of the many clergymen and ministers of all denominations, and the other earnest workers, who have been for years endeavoring to arrest the progress of the 'national vice,' and thus to augment an evil that is threatening more and more to undermine the prosperity of the country. They see, in this widely spreading intemperance, that which is adding greatly to their own sorrows and troubles, destroying the capacity for work on the morrow, trenching upon their home requirements, diminishing their home comforts, promoting discord, making them the victims of numberless outrages, visiting their children with the curse of hereditary disease and of neglected education, crowding with husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, the jails, poorhouses, and lunatic asylums maintained at the public cost, throughout your Majesty's dominions.

"It is as a woman's question, therefore, they respectfully claim to view it: and they humbly approach your Majesty with the confiding hope that the same gracious influence which has always ranged itself on the side of suffering of every description, may be exerted to shield them in the present instance, and further, by all legitimate and constitutional means, to promote the growth of those temperate habits on which their own happiness, no less than the well-being of your Majesty's dominions, so largely depends."

We always considered—and, as far as we could, proclaimed—that to plant the seeds of Temperance in the hearts and minds of the Little Ones, was the first, the highest, the holiest duty, of its advocates and upholders. It often gave us great delight when a Band of Hope (honored and glorified be the title) headed by their pastors and teachers, marched by our house at Kensington, stopped for a few minutes at the door, and gave a cheer of grateful recognition. We used to contrast their outer condition with that of the poor pariahs of our streets; clean in person and neatly clad; healthy in aspect; orderly as if they had been regimentally trained; amenable to discipline; armed *cap-a-pie* for the battle of life, with the armor of righteousness newly put on, to be never laid aside; they gave hostages to the future—to be thereafter good in *all* the relations of life: as fathers, mothers, wives, sons, daughters, subjects, citizens; in fact, to do the work of God for the benefit, temporal and eternal, of all humanity.

Much of Mrs. Hall's writing was addressed to these bands. They are at the commencement of a journey, long or short, for which due preparation is being made. No self-denial is required here; no abandonment of a perilous habit that demands sacrifice—always

difficult to make. They begin at the beginning, with almost assured security of endurance to the end: "happy and glorious," and by consequence "victorious"—victorious over sin and death. Their bodies made healthful, their minds invigorated and strengthened to learn any good lesson; their souls enlightened for the Hereafter in this world and the next. The little soldiers, from infancy to girlhood and boyhood, thus paraded, frequently cheered our hearts and set us thinking what we could do, and how we could do, that which might give them vigor for their work.

I think I never saw my beloved wife made so happy as she was often made by such a procession as that I have thus weakly endeavored to describe. I well remember her arresting such a group, kissing several of the tiny ones, and breathing a blessing with the imprinted kiss.

I will give with these brief and comparatively inefficient remarks an anecdote. It is one of the earliest on the subject we heard, and there is no saying how much it influenced Mrs. Hall in urging her ever-active pen to advocacy of Temperance in all its bearings and relations, but more especially as regarded the young.

A drunkard went to the public-house for his glass. While drinking at the bar he heard the flashy landlady angrily exclaim, "There are those nasty children again—turn them out!" He chanced to peer through the window, and saw they were *his* children at play with the children of the publican. They certainly were ragged and dirty—quite unfit to be the companions of the boys and girls; well fed and well dressed, of the public-house where he spent money that they might be so.

Seized with a sudden terror of remorseful shame, he put down the half-emptied glass on the counter and passed out. From that hour he resolved that ere long *his* children should be as clean, as duly fed, and better dressed than, the children of the publican's wife, and that they should become playmates of little ones in a higher social grade than theirs. And, God aiding him, he kept his word. It was his last visit to the gin-palace: the first and only good lesson he had learned there. And long afterward, when he told this story to Mrs. Hall, it was with thanksgiving prayer—for his children then occupied positions much higher than those the children of the publican filled—when the incident happened that changed the whole current of his life.

Yet another story I am tempted to tell. Some five or six years ago, while at Bath, we were called upon by Mr. Gray the temperance missionary in that city. He told us that, a short time previously, he had visited a widow who lived with her children in her own house. All about indicated respectability, order, and comfort. She informed him that her husband had been a drunkard, and that her home was then the usual drunkard's home—miserable, filthy, degraded; she and her little ones in rags, often hungry. One memo-

rable day a stranger left at the door a tract-story. The man read it; from that time he deserted the public-house, never took a drop, and as a result restored his family to happiness, saw them well clad and comfortable, and after a time succeeded in saving money enough to purchase the house in which the widow and her children were then living. She told Mr. Gray she still had the tract, and would keep it as long as she lived. Mr. Gray asked to see it: there were brought to him some leaves of a soiled and evidently well-read pamphlet. It was "The Drunkard's Bible," by Mrs. Hall. Some of my readers may know it. It was originally published, about forty years ago, in the *Edinburgh Journal* of Messrs. Chambers, reprinted with their consent by (I believe) the temperance publishers at Norwich, and subsequently several times by other workers for the cause. It was republished in "Boons and Blessings."

I think there must have been more than half a million of that tract circulated.

I leave my readers to guess the feelings of Mrs. Hall when this anecdote was communicated to her by Mr. Gray. They may be sure there was sent to the widow a book that was then "in good condition," but which I fervently hope is now also soiled sufficiently to indicate that it has been put to frequent use.

In taking leave of this portion of Mrs. Hall's long literary career, I may repeat my conviction that, as a writer on temperance, she was, and is, a power. Her appeals came from the heart: their persuasive and womanly eloquence was powerfully aided by the magic of the tales she had to tell of the evils of drink, and knew how to tell with such unpretending simplicity, and yet with such admirable mingling of humor and pathos.

There was another subject in which she was almost as deeply interested as in that of Temperance; but in this instance the cause was not one she labored to extend. On the contrary, she viewed the spread of the movement with aversion and apprehension, and earnestly desired to see its progress checked. I allude to the agitation for so-called "WOMAN'S RIGHTS."*

As regards the evils to which it was her earnest conviction that the sweeping changes clamored for by a few of her sex would lead—

* "I have given 'Memories' of seven remarkable women. Each was a benefactor by her writings; these writings were specially designed and calculated to uphold the position of women in the several relations of mother, wife, daughter, friend, teacher, and companion; but neither Hannah More, nor Maria Edgeworth, nor Barbara Hofland, nor Jane nor Anna Maria Porter, nor Grace Aguilar, nor, later, Catherine Sinclair, foresaw a period when a wrangle for what is wrongly called 'Women's Rights' would not only be forced on public attention, but be pressed, with unseemly compulsion, on the Legislature. These truly great and essentially good women would have 'entered their protest' if they had lived to see the peril in which certain foolish brawlers are striving to place their sex."—*The Book of Memories*: S. C. Hall.

though it must occupy much space—I think I can not better express her views than by reprinting here her own words :

“It is matter for deep regret, for intense sorrow indeed—‘be it spoken, to their shame’—that women have recently inaugurated a ‘movement’ for the creation of what they call ‘Woman’s Rights,’ and that among its zealous but unthinking advocates are a few—very few—Women of Letters. I do not find many, if any, whose views are entitled to much attention, or whose claims to be heard are indisputable; but those who push and clamor will force aside the judicious and just: the foolish are proverbially bolder than the wise. Some will ‘rush in’ where others ‘fear to tread’; and it may seem that those who are silent give consent.

“I believe the ‘movement’ to be pregnant with incalculable danger to men, but especially to women; and that, if the ‘claims’ be conceded and women be displaced from their proper sphere, society, high and low, will receive a shock such as must not only convulse, but shatter the fabric—which no after-conviction and repentance can restore to its natural form.

“I address this warning to my sex, from the vantage-ground of ‘Old Experience,’ that—

‘doth attain
To something of prophetic strain,’

and I earnestly entreat women to beware of lures that in the name of ‘Electoral Rights’—the beginning of the end—would deprive them of their power and lower their position under a pretense of raising it.

“I warn women of all countries, all ages, all conditions, all classes!

“And I humbly urge upon the Legislature to resist demands that are opposed to Wisdom, Mercy, and Religion.

“When women cease to be women, as regards all that makes them most attractive—and *that* must inevitably be the result of concessions which are asked for as ‘rights,’ which are, indeed, daringly demanded on the principle that the constitution shall recognize no distinction between women and men; that whatever men are required to do, women shall be, at the least, entitled to do—it is surely a mental blindness that can not foresee the misery that must follow the altered relations and changed conditions of both.

“I do not consider it a degradation; but whether it be so or not, I am quite sure the leading, guiding, and controlling impulse of women is to render themselves agreeable and helpful to men—whether by beauty, gentleness, forethought, energy, intelligence, domestic cares, home-virtues, toil-assistance, in ‘hours of ease,’ in sickness, or amid the perplexities, anxieties, disappointments, and labors that environ life. It is so, and it ever will be so, in spite of the ‘strong-minded’ who consider and describe as humiliation that which is woman’s glory, and should be her boast.

“That custom and law press heavily and unjustly on women can not be doubted. They will be benefactors who succeed in guarding her against oppression, in obtaining for her *protection*, and in securing to her those ‘rights’ which are based on policy and justice;* but the rights that are calculated to

* It is easy to fancy women doing men’s work—with a smile and a sob. We have some sad examples of so revolting an evil; a few such cases in England, many more in continental countries. I have seen, in Bavaria, a woman harnessed with a cow to the plow, the men and horses being away drilling for war; and in the “black country” there are women bending all day long under shameful burdens

make women happier and better are very different from those that are designed to give to them equality with men—as regards pursuits, avocations, and duties, from which the minds of all right-thinking women will turn with instinctive dread.

“I believe the originators, and a large majority of the sustainers, of this monstrous project are not members of any Christian church. I hope it is so; for those who accept the New Testament as their guide can have no fellowship with those who put aside the first principles of its inspired teaching, and utterly ignore the precepts and example of our Lord and his Apostles. It is Christianity that places woman in her true position; and those who would remove her from it, repudiate the faith by which she is elevated, purified, and upheld. A woman without an Altar is even more degraded than a woman without a hearth.

“Those who might be expected to make their way to high places in professions, or as merchants or bankers, or even manufacturers or traders, must, admittedly, be the best of the sex. With men it is so; the intellectually weak seldom succeed in gaining the winning-post. But is it not the best who are most needed to rock the cradle, and, in the higher sense of the phrase, to sweep the hearth, ministering to the needs and comforts of man, and so promoting his interest and happiness as well as her own? Are the feeblest and the worst to be put aside for the duties of wifehood and maternity? or are all ‘emancipated women’ to ignore the sacred influences of Home?

“Woman has immense power; of a surety, it will be lessened, and not increased, by public manifestation of it—by a proclamation that ‘she rules’—by an independence that destroys all trust—by a spirit of rivalry and a struggle for pre-eminence which, in fact, imply moral and social death!

“Yes; woman *has* immense power. It is the mother who makes the man. Long before he can lisp her name, her task of education is commenced; and, to be effective, it must be continuous. Alas for those who can teach but occasionally—by fits and starts—at wide intervals, between which there must be blanks, or worse! There are many to whom that destiny is inevitable; but what woman so utterly sins against nature as to wish for it and seek for it?

“It is no exaggeration to say that ‘those who rock the cradle rule the world.’ The future rests mainly with the mother; foolish are all, and wicked are some, who strive for the enactment of laws that would deprive her of her first, her greatest, her holiest ‘rights,’ to try a wild experiment by which, under the senseless cry of ‘equality,’ women would be displaced from the position in which God has placed them since the beginning of the world, for all Time—and for Eternity.

“In these our times, unfortunately, women have in many instances been so busied about their rights as to ignore or forget their duties; striving to set aside the laws of God and Nature; untuning the sweet and gentle voice, given for the expression of prayer, of supplication, or mercy, charity, patience, hope, and faith—in *screaming* for more liberty. Proving their unfitness by the very temper of their demand for an impossible equality, they lose sight of the beautiful balance that constitutes society. Even in savage life it is the man who seeks the hunting-ground while the woman remains in the wigwam

from the coal-pit to the barge. Agitation to limit women's work to work for which they are designed by nature—work, physical and intellectual—would be, indeed, a duty and a glory. But that is not what the “strong-minded” want.

to nurse the infant and prepare the food, which the man seeks for and obtains. In every condition of humanity it is the universal law. That is indeed the great lesson taught by the teacher we call Nature. It is solely by the softening influence of the Christian faith that women are elevated to the position they hold in Christian lands; and the only course beneficial to them is that of strengthening and augmenting the qualities that will enable them still more to cheer and enlighten the social system, which it is their peculiar province to guide and adorn. A well-organized and properly harmonized woman has so much occupation in the sphere so clearly defined in the Book of Life, that she appreciates the high privileges of womanhood, in the several relations of daughter, friend, wife, and a 'joyful mother of children,' too highly to exchange them for 'advantages,' unseemly, out of keeping, and out of character. She values the power of forming the minds of those who are to be the great acting principles, the mental mechanists, the heroes, statesmen, rulers of the land, hereafter. Her proper sphere is so extensive, that she only fears her life may be too short, her power too limited, to fulfill its duties. What a spirit of harmony pervades her dwelling! Be her means large or small, she has still something to bestow. Her humanity extends to all around her; she never keeps the seamstress waiting for her work or her pay, and is too just to beat down the value of a necessary to obtain a luxury. A knowledge of her own defects instructs her to be merciful to those of others; and though her servants at first are not better than those of her neighbors, her patience and good management render them so at last. She has so early taught the infant at her bosom the duty of obedience, that his pliant will bends without distortion; and instead of rebellious brawls racking his father's heart, the well-trained child already imparts the consciousness of future happiness to the parents. Woman, in the quiet noiseless circle of her domestic duties, has even more to do with the future characters of empires than man, whose bolder brain and stronger muscle must fight life's battle till life is done. For after all it is not an exaggeration to say—

“‘Those who rock the cradle rule the world.’

“If woman but ‘knows herself,’ she can work miracles; be she high or low, rich or poor, her influence is unbounded—if it be properly exercised. It is possible to combine a perfect fulfillment of arduous literary or other labor with the devout and fitting attention to the more pleasing duties of a home-cherishing life. Those women are certainly the happiest whose occupations and pleasures are strictly of a domestic nature; but no woman pursues a safe course who calculates her happiness to consist in any but the path of duty, while she remembers that the road to real renown lies, not through mental endowments, however brilliant, or intellectual achievements, however great.”*

* I venture to add in a note copied from “Rhymes in Council,” some lines that may strengthen Mrs. Hall’s views of woman’s duties:

“CONTRAST! Friend, counselor, companion, wife,
 Cherished for love, in this, and after life;
 Reflective, prudent, wise, and sweetly kind;
 A generous heart, a liberal hand and mind.
 Giving a ready help to each who needs;
 Though to her ‘household’ first, as wise and just;
 Yielding with grace, and not because she must;
 While she of greater troubles takes her share,
 She treats the lesser as the garden weeds,

Mrs. Hall wrote also some other words that I think may be fitly appended to her view of Woman's Rights. They take the form of a letter to a young wife; and express "a woman's view of woman's duty."

"'I have no words,' she says, 'to express the bitterness of my contempt for any woman who gives voice to her husband's faults. It is her duty to woo him from them within the sacred sanctuary of home—to entreat, to reason, to struggle against them heart and soul; but never to betray. Never—never put faith in a woman who, having knelt at God's altar, would go free of her bond, or abate her duty to the head and heart of her existence. I tell you, Mary—Mary dearest, believe me—this new seeking of womanly independence among married women is an outrage against God and nature; it is one of the works of Antichrist; it is what no Christian woman can dare to countenance. She can never remove the seal from the bond. Let her beware of signing it. If she find she can not bend, let her not enter into the covenant; but having entered, no human law can unbind—no word of man can unloose—what God has joined. Man was created to protect and cherish—woman lovingly to serve; there is no reasoning, no arguing, 'If *you* cherish, *I* will serve.' If the man forget his duty, let the woman be protected; but under all circumstances keep the bond inviolate. The one great poet, in a world of prose, has happily expressed the nature of this holy union:

'As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him.
Though she leads him, still she follows—
Useless one without the other.'

Marriage, in my eyes, is no more a *civil* contract than baptism or the most holy Sacrament of our Lord; it is in every sense of the word *sacred*, only to be dissolved by death—if by that!"

In passing from the subject, I venture to append some other lines of my own extracted from "Rhymes in Council":

"Away with women of new-fangled schools—
God pardon them—who would unsex the sex:
Of all their natural rights make ghastly wrecks;
And let none rule who does not show she rules!
Shadow for substance giving—where they bring
A taint more deadly than an adder's sting."

There is another subject in which she took deep interest. In 1878 one of God's good women established, at 4 and 6 Kerbey Street, Poplar, a house of safety and shelter for the "friendless and fallen"—to be either would be bad enough: "in London there are tens of thousands who are both!"

To be removed, and yet with gentle care,
That flowers as well are not uprooted there.
Thus love endures through all a checkered life,
In calm in sunshine, or when tempest-tost,
The husband found, a lover is not lost,
The sweetheart still remains—a sweetheart-wife!"

The locality is about the worst of metropolitan outlets—in the neighborhood of the “London Docks,” where sailors are often trapped by women specially unsexed, inconceivably odious ; where the brawls, the blows, the curses, are continuous by day as well as by night. Yet here these God’s good women live and do His work :

“ Among the drunken and the dissolute,
The rag-clad Circe, and the human brute,
With fiends that slay by fetid atmospheres—
They walk, and breathe, and toil : yet have no fears.
Strong in God-given strength, what should they dread ?
Guarded, and armed, and guided as they go,
By Angels, passing with them, to and fro :

ALONE THESE PERIL-PATHS THEY NEVER TREAD.”

“ There are sacred places in England to which pilgrimages are made, places in which battles have been fought for freedom, where grand and holy work has been done for God and man. Only ruined walls are some of them, yet often the wayfarer is tempted to cast the shoes from off his feet, for he is treading on holy ground !

“ Coarse and common houses are these houses in Kerbey Street, but many Magdalens will visit them in grateful homage, and date their salvation from the day they saw them first. Shrines they may be to which rescued sinners converted into good mothers and good wives, will make pilgrimages hereafter.”

“ The visitor to Kerbey Street will see two shops, No. 4 and No. 6. It was, I believe, an original thought—certainly it was a happy one—to devise that arrangement. A woman who has ‘fallen’ hesitates to knock at a hall-door ; she must stand in the street before it is opened, and she may be watched. But into the *shop* she glides unnoticed, to buy it may be, or seem to buy, a halfpennyworth of pins or a cotton-ball ; thence the passage into the parlor is brief and easy. There one of the good ladies meets her, with loving look, a cordial hand-grip, a hopeful smile, a cheering word, a word of welcome, and a gently-breathed prayer—and together they enter the inner room.

“ Yes, it *was* a happy thought ; the thought has borne seed. The friendless and fallen find their way to home, to repentance, to virtue, to happiness ; and thank God (as I did) for the wise thought—a very small thing, yet, I verily believe, inspired.

“ A front-door, shame-lowered women will not enter ; a back-door infers a sense of degradation : but a shop is a place as free as the causeway of the street.

“ Let the hint be taken, let the example be acted upon by all such Institutions in all parts of the world.

“ The door is never closed—all day it is open ; and at any hour of the night a ring of the bell is sure to have a response. It is often that at midnight, the summons of a forlorn and outcast sister is answered by one of these grand almoners of Christ—a woman, God taught, God inspired, and God blessed !”

I have quoted these passages from an appeal by Mrs. Hall in *Social Notes*, December, 1878. It was responded to, I know, by several persons who, having read it, desired to be helpers of the women who did the work ; but there were results even more cheering than theirs. One of them reached the eyes and ears of the

writer. Verily, we do not often plant good seed and enjoy nothing of the fruitage. It will be sufficient if I print a letter received from Mrs. Wilkes, dated May 27, 1881, addressed to me.

“ The Elms, Coppermill Lane,
“ Walthamstow, Essex,
May 27, 1881.

“ MY DEAR SIR :

“ At our last general committee, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Wortley in the chair, a vote of sympathy to you for the loss you have sustained was passed, and I am requested to write you by the ladies of that committee, of which Mrs. Hall was a member.

“ I shall not ever forget the sympathy she felt and expressed in my work when I came to her, or the words she wrote in *Social Notes*.

“ There is another who will never forget her words either—a poor girl of nineteen, betrayed by a man who had known her from childhood. He took her to Brighton, left her there *enceinte* without a shilling; she pawned her clothes, came to London, and walked up and down the Tottenham Court Road, trying the dreadful life upon the street. Some one took her into a coffee-house, and there she picked up the number of *Social Notes* in which Mrs. Hall spoke of us. She walked over to Poplar, and was taken in at once. Her baby was born in course of time; we kept her twelve months, and she is now in a good situation, earning her own living and paying for her little girl. I often get a grateful, cheery letter from her; in my mind she is always associated with Mrs. Hall.

“ We are full in Kerbey Street: full here. I wish you could see this lovely home; it is quite beautiful.

“ I am, dear Sir,
“ Very faithfully yours,
“ ANNA WILKES.”

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.—Mrs. Hall left some wise—and useful—observations, the birth and growth of experience, on this important subject. I think a page or two may be well occupied in printing them as one of the Memories of her :

Servants are, generally, not what they were when I first endeavored to put in practice the training I had received in home duties from a mother whose varied accomplishments rendered her the admiration of those who knew her; neither are mistresses what they were in those days.

But much can be done by judicious management to obtain and keep good domestics.

For many years my servants, as a general rule, have only left me to get married. When obliged to replace them, I make the closest investigation, not only as to their characters, but the characters of those with whom they have lived. I explain what is to be done and must be done; and either in health or sickness they find their mistress their friend. As long as they perform their duty I can honestly say I discharge mine; and if they stumble, and I can no longer retain them in my service, I do not forsake them, and have more than once had the happiness of knowing that my efforts have been rewarded, and the sheep that might have been lost has been saved—and happy in another land.

I wish I could influence my fellow-mistresses to superintend their house-

holds, and to deal more patiently and kindly, yet firmly, with their servants. I wish they could see the happy result that, in my home, is produced by mingled firmness and kindness. We leave home with the knowledge that when we return we shall find everything in as perfect order as when we left it—for all our household gods are as much cared for by our servants as by ourselves.

I am quite ready to admit that there are many "black sheep" among servants, but I fear it is so in all orders and classes. Servants have much for which to be grateful: few anxieties, few expenses, few wants that are not supplied to them without efforts of their own—reasonable time for rest, and not often a doctor's bill to be settled out of their wages. No doubt there will be "draws" upon their purses, needy relatives requiring help. But these are seldom numerous.

It will be the fault of the mistress if they squander too much on dress; and her fault if there is not a nest-egg in the savings-bank.

After all, perhaps the simple secret is this: Let your servants be treated as part of your family; see to their comforts as they see to yours; lessen their wants, and be sure *your* wants will be less and less. There is a "familiarity that breeds contempt." But if we can be "familiar, yet by no means vulgar," we can be so without sacrificing an iota of dignity. The servant who presumes upon it is one to get rid of as certainly as she would be if you knew her to be a thief.

As in all cases that concern humanity, the door through which happiness enters a household should have above it the words, "Bear and forbear." He or she who would strive to get much and give little is as foolish as was the dog of fable, who by grasping at the shadow lost the substance.*

"Labors of love" is not a sentence of mere sound. They are so numerous and so palpable that to detail them is needless. Like all other works, to be really, practically, and continuously serviceable, the heart must be in the work.

Those who expect to get good servants must be good masters and mistresses; if they are so, I have not so utter a disbelief in human goodness as to think they will be often disappointed.†

FORCED BLOOMS.—To this comprehensive subject Mrs. Hall devoted much thought. One of the most valuable of her stories in "Tales of Woman's Trials" has that title. I hope it may be read by parents who think children can not learn too much; who rear them as they do flowers in a hot-house—to bring out "forced blooms," and die early, or, at all events, fade to premature decay.

* "His is a miserable soul who tries
How little he may give for much he gets:
To *gifts* the truth more specially applies.
All obligations are but honest debts—
Debts which the honest debtor gladly meets:
Those who would try to shirk them are but cheats."

† "I think we do not, in England, sufficiently appreciate the repose and support we derive from—if I may be permitted to combine two words that, according to popular opinion, have very different significations—I think we do not sufficiently value our *servant-friends*. We feel sensibly the annoyance and injury we sometimes endure from bad servants, but we are seldom grateful enough for comforts we derive from good servants."—"A Woman's Story" (1857), Mrs. S. C. Hall.

She had a strong belief that children's books were by no means always books for children, and in that view was powerfully sustained by her honored friends William and Mary Howitt. William wrote to her thus :

"I am convinced that, with half the work and a proper amount of play and relaxation, our youth would ultimately acquire far more knowledge, and possess far more of the inventive and creative faculty. I am confident that from the free and ample exercise I enjoyed as a boy, I have not only passed through life free from all kinds of ailments, have been able to do an immense amount of literary work, and now, in my eighty-sixth year, feel all the freshness of my faculties and possess an amount of physical energy that amazes all who witness it. I think nothing of rambling away into the mountains, up steep and rugged roads, for three or four hours together, and without any sensible fatigue. Will this generation, driven relentlessly through the factories of knowledge, with no eight or ten hours' bill, compelled to anticipate the energies of their manhood in their growing and unripe years, be able to do the same? In a word, is our superabundance of knowledge, are the mountains of facts that we accumulate, wisely purchased by the sacrifice of a large amount of those years of confirmed manhood, when our early efforts should naturally produce their fruits and yield us their rewards?"

"Nature demands for all young and growing creatures relaxation, unbending of mind, sport in the fresh air, and, in fact, the means of vigorous health, in order to enable them to bear the wear and tear of mental tension. But this is totally disregarded in modern education. All is work, work, force, force, and no play.

"A boy we knew in England who was thus drilled into premature knowledge by a very clever mother of the mathematical school, used to startle us by such remarks as seemed to come not from himself, but from some familiar that possessed him. Mrs. Howitt gave him a book that was a great favorite with those of his own age—about eight—but he found it infinitely too juvenile, and informed her that for his occasional light reading he had just finished Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' and was beginning 'Don Quixote'!"

These pregnant words of our venerable friend were comments on some articles written by Mrs. Hall and printed in *Social Notes*. I do not think my readers will complain if I reprint some passages from them. They can not, I humbly think, be without effect on the future of children who are to be men and women :

"There are plenty of children's books, but few books for children. The 'cause why' is easy of explanation. The little ones are to be treated as men and women before they have entered their teens. With not many exceptions, the volumes prepared expressly for them—in art as well as in literature—should be prefaced by a motto-line from the 'Night Thoughts'—

"'Imagination's airy wing repress!'

and, perhaps, there are more boys and girls, under ten, who could take respectable rank at a competitive examination than there are who could tell us 'all about' Puss in Boots and Red Riding Hood. I had a little girl on my knee, not long ago, who, desiring to inform me as to the distance of the planet Jupiter from the moon, or some such calculation, too abstruse for me,

looked at me with astonishment when I hummed for her a bit of the old rhyme—

“‘Three little kittens had lost their mittens,’

and wanted to convince me that ‘Jack and the Bean-stalk’ could not be true! Many of the little men and women of tender age would join in the reproof administered to one of their ‘order,’ who was caught leaping over chairs and tables in the drawing-room, and, singing to her own tune the old nursery rhyme—

“‘Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon’—

a reproof, instead of a blessing, on the merry heart that had not forestalled a weight of care and a burden of troubled thought.

“I believe it is Dr. Johnson who says he would rather see a boy throwing stones at an apple-tree than doing nothing; but there is a worse state than even that of listless idleness: it is when the mind is crammed with food it can not digest. I consider the perpetual inculcation of *facts* to be not only detrimental to a child’s present but pernicious to its future; and that to leave imagination entirely barren is a crime against nature. It is against this evil—speaking from the vantage-ground of ‘old experience,’ that

“‘. . . doth attain
To something of prophetic strain.’

I enter my protest—against a principle that seems to guide and govern those who are to ‘rear up’ the men and women of hereafter—against a system—for it is a system—which excludes imagination from its curriculum, and so depresses sympathy and puts charity out-of-doors, contracting and depressing judgment—hardening nature by limiting its exercise to granite facts.

“My convictions on this head are so strongly supported by a physician who has conferred immense benefit on humanity, Dr. B. W. Richardson, that my duty may be limited to indorsing his—as resulting from experience during a long life of intercourse with the young, and of large happiness derived from such intercourse. These are his ‘burning words’:

“‘The present modes of education are not compatible with healthy life. The first serious and increasing evil, bearing on education and its relation to health, lies in the too early subjection of pupils to study. Children are often taught lessons from books before they are properly taught to walk, and long before they are properly taught to play. Play is held out to them not as a natural thing, as something which the parent should feel it a duty to encourage, but as a reward for so much work done and as a rest from work done, as though play were not itself a form of work, a form of work which a child likes while he dislikes another form because it is unfitted to his powers. For children under seven years of age all teaching should be through play.’

“An authority more immediately suited to my purpose is the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, who, when distributing prizes to pupils at the Liverpool Institute, spoke on the subject of fostering and strengthening imaginative power:

“‘He wanted the heart to be stirred as well as the intellect, the better to neutralize the dwarfing effects of necessarily narrow careers and necessarily stunted lives. . . . It was not good for a man or woman to be always breath-

ing the atmosphere of business; they should sometimes inhale the bracing ozone of the imagination, . . . and he pitied children whose imaginations were not stimulated by fairy tales, and carried far away from the world in which their lot was cast. . . . It was not only for the individual but for the national advantage that imagination should be cultivated.' "

STREET MUSIC.—There is another topic—comparatively insignificant—on which the heart of Mrs. Hall was much "set." She witnessed with sorrow the crusade against street musicians—placing it in the list of cruelties. A neighbor at Kensington had written to the newspapers, complaining of the "organ-boys" as "intolerable nuisances," complaining that while he was "thinking," one of them was "grinding under his window," and another "working away in the mews at the back." The grievance was—that the wandering musicians "disturbed his thoughts." I select the following passages from some comments on that letter :

"From *his* door there will be a threatening order to 'move on.' Not so from mine; although I too am a 'thinker,' and the sounds make me put aside my pen—for three minutes, at least.

"'Disturb my thoughts!' Yes. So would the coo of the cushat dove, so would the song of the up-springing lark, so would the hum of the honey-laden bee, so would the laughter of merry children; so would any of the God-given sounds that greet me where there is green grass, leaf-clad trees, and healthy breezes all around.

"'Disturb my thoughts!' Yes; for I am thinking in a suburb of a vast city where all sounds are noises—excepting, perhaps, that solitary one.

"Music has ever been to me the chiefest joy of life—

"What know we of the Saints above,
But that they sing and that they love?"

"If 'the meanest flower that blows' could delight the poet, the simplest or the rudest melody can give to me intense enjoyment, and make me almost fancy the sense of hearing is a happier gift than that of sight.

"'In the mews!' Did you see that lonely seamstress put aside her work, open her window, and listen with intense delight? Did you mark the glow that made homely features beautiful, as she leaned over the sill and with thin fingers beat time? For her it was a rare treat, a source—perhaps her only source—of happiness, as full of joy as a chorus would be to you, when a thousand mingled voices glorify the sublime creations of Handel or Mozart. She can give the poor organ-grinder only her blessing.

"But she does give him that.

"Is she too refined to say of the coarse strain—

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor!"

"And in the street, too—even while you write and 'think'—there is—another! Up starts Mary Jane from her den of pots and pans, runs up the area-steps, and has a feast of music, such as you will have when you visit the

Albert Hall. She will miss the penny she gives him; but she has had her penny's worth; and to make her entertainer 'move on' is to rob her of a pleasure that lightens toil and is a huge recompense for labor.

"Wait a minute longer, and what will you see? Out creep, or rush, the tiny little ones from the alleys near at hand; they are striving to sing and trying to dance. At all events, they jump up and down with unshackled glee, pull one another about, rudely it may seem to those who are in training of some professor, and ungracefully, no doubt, according to the judgment of practiced waltzers, but with thankful joy in all their little hearts.

"Surely it must be a selfish nature that would deprive so many of so much happiness; and all because for a few minutes of the day he must put aside his pen and cease from 'thinking.' We do not laud the dog of fable who denied the ox the hay on which he lay, and which he himself could not eat. The lares and penates of a hovel may be the coarse bits of broken pottery a connoisseur despises; the coarse meal of unmentionable dishes may be to some the luxury the epicure abhors.

"Even so the music of the hurdy-gurdy, that 'disturbs' my neighbor and rouses him to unseemly wrath, may be—nay, of a surety is—the sole treat of music that a major part of *his* neighbors can, by any possibility, enjoy.

"I appeal for considerate mercy on behalf of these 'nuisances intolerable'—the organ-grinders that 'disturb' our streets. Who knows how much they may teach by their coarse editions of melodies—unforgotten through life? Who knows how much of good seed, early planted but long unwatered—to all seeming, dead—they may revive and strengthen to bear fruit?

"I heard a story of a rude and rough sailor who had long warred with foes and storms. He was dying in one of our hospitals, heedless of Hereafter. Suddenly he started up—a note of street music had entered through an open window. The physician was startled by a sudden return of voice and strength: 'Mother, mother!' he exclaimed, raising his right hand and gazing intently at the bed-foot; 'mother, mother! I have it; I have it—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.'

Calmly, and with a smile that lit up his weather-beaten features, he lay back on his pillow and died."

And surely I may not forget the aid *The Art Journal* received in actual work as well as in sweet and wise counsel to me, its editor. Here were published the major part of her "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," and here the most beautiful of all her books, "Midsummer Eve." Here she gave to my dry details concerning "The Thames" and "South Wales," the sparkling episodes from which they derived great value.

There is a sun-dial somewhere with the inscription:

"Horas non numero, nisi serenes."
(I record only hours of sunshine.)

I do not know whence I borrow this passage:

"Let it be remembered that her wit was never employed to scoff at goodness, nor her reason to dispute against truth. In this age of wild opinions she was as free from skepticism as the cloistered virgin: she never wished to

signalize herself by the singularity of paradox. Her practice was such as her thoughts naturally produced. She was charitable in her judgment and opinions, grateful for every kindness she received, and willing to impart assistance of every kind to all whom her power enabled her to benefit."

I have preferred to give as memories of my wife these teachings of her love and wisdom, to filling my pages with anecdotes, that might more directly exhibit and illustrate her personal character. I can not have space for both. I believe her thoughts on some essential matters may be accepted as seed that will bear fruit. She did not live in vain: and verily "her works do follow her."

Mrs. Hall has written nine novels, while her sketches and shorter stories number hundreds. Her novels are—1, "The Buccaneer"; 2, "The Outlaw"; 3, "Uncle Horace"; 4, "Marian"; 5, "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life"; 6, "The Whiteboy"; 7, "A Woman's Story"; 8, "Can Wrong be Right"; 9, "The Fight of Faith."

I hope before I leave earth to issue these nine volumes as a series—revised, annotated, and prefaced by me. I shall add to them much that is interesting.

Most of them have long been out of print. I can seldom find one of them in a catalogue of old books for sale, and I have laid the flattering unction to my soul that those who possess them are not desirous to part with them. Although I have eagerly sought for copies, at present I do not possess them all. Most of them may certainly be classed among "scarce books."

In recalling to memory the actors I have known, I made some note of three successful dramas written by Mrs. Hall. I have always regretted that she did not produce other and more ambitious works for the stage, believing that she might have achieved great things in that class of literature. I am not singular in that opinion. I will add to my own the opinion of Lytton Bulwer (Lord Lytton), who in 1832 made this record on that subject ("Asmodeus at Large," in the *New Monthly*). Speaking of "The Buccaneer," he says:

"An admirable historical romance, full of interest and with many new views of character. It is an historical romance, and yet, unborrowed from Scott, it is *sui generis*, which is saying a great deal. The author has introduced Cromwell in the foreground as the principal character, and done justice to the genius of the man."

"Mrs. Hall has a considerable mastery of style. Her Irish sketches possess great beauty of composition, and there is a little tale of hers in 'The Amulet,' 'Grace Huntley,' which is written and conceived with extraordinary skill—the idea is even grand. I esteem the conception of that story to be one of the most dread and tragic in modern composition. Mrs. Hall evinces in it, as in 'The Buccaneer,' very marked talents for the stage, and if she would devote her time and skill to a village tragedy that should contain the simplicity and power of 'Grace Huntley,' I feel confident that it would have a startling success."

Her Children's books are numerous: three of them were published in the series issued by the Brothers Chambers. The others are, I think, all out of print; they would certainly bear republication. I know of no one who understood children better than she did, catered for them with greater ardor, or loved them more truly. She was never so happy as when a little maid was sitting and listening at her knee.

In one of her letters I find this passage: "I would not give much for a man, and less for a woman, who cares nothing for dress.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy: rich, not gaudy.'"

The counsel of Polonius specially applies to the sex: the woman, who is heedless in that way will be careless of her household, and, figuratively speaking, seldom "sweep the hearth." I think I may safely say that no visitor ever saw Mrs. Hall *en déshabille*. She thus refuted the idea that literary women need be slovens.* Perhaps they are too often so. I remember seeing Miss Benger, the author of several important historical books—famous at the time—at one of Campbell's parties in a sort of flannel dressing-gown.

As are all persons of refined minds, she was very sensitive, and could be easily "put out." It was not often, however, she was in the way of being so, as regarded either things or people. Courage she regarded as wholly a masculine quality, and the peril of giving offense she had very rarely to encounter. I have one or two anecdotes to tell as illustrations. In 1845 she commenced, in *The Art Journal*, a story entitled "The Artist"—four chapters of which were there printed. Some one sent her, anonymously, a caricature of her hero—an old French drawing-master. It effectually paralyzed her hand: I could never induce her to finish the tale.

An anecdote of a different order I am pleased to relate. One day she received an anonymous letter; it contained merely these words—

"Psalm xci, verses 4, 5, 6, 10, 11."

* "I hope the reproach of slovenliness is passing away from literature, or rather, I should say, from its professors. A well-organized mind can not fail of being orderly in all things, and a mind that is not well organized can rarely inform or even amuse, except by its absurdities. I never could fancy why a gentleman wrote best unshaven and in slippers, or how a lady improved her genius by neglecting that neatness of attire which is the outward and visible sign of a well-regulated mind and a comfortable home. I would earnestly entreat the young of my own sex, who possess, or imagine they are possessed of, literary talent, carefully to avoid contracting slovenly or even peculiar habits. Sir Walter Scott (blessings and honor to his name forever!) set a glorious example of simplicity and propriety in all things, that we ought to follow in gratitude and humility."—*Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*.

No more ; while the post-mark on the letter told her nothing. On turning to the Psalm she read these verses :

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust ; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night ; nor for the arrow that flieth by day ;

"Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

I think that letter gave her more veritable joy than did any secondary letter she ever in her life received. I believe it to have influenced her thoughts and pen during the many after-years of her career. It must have emanated from some one to whom she had rendered a service that could be repaid only in that way—by a blessing that is so often a large recompense ; the payment of a debt, perhaps—recorded by Him who "seeth in secret," and often rewards "openly." It gave scope to her imagination ; how, when, where, to whom had she done the service there acknowledged ? I believe the speculative thought, thus excited, often brought sleep to the head wearied by labor and the mind over burdened with toil—acting as an anodyne when care and anxiety pressed upon both.*

She would speculate as to which of her good works brought this acknowledgment and reward : came it from a fallen sister rescued from sin ? some half-famished, relieved suppliant ? some reformed drunkard ? the mother of some child to health restored ? some widowed wife whose husband had died on a borrowed pillow ? some consumption-stricken patient, who had exchanged a damp straw bed in a fetid alley for wholesome air and food at Old Brompton ? some "worn-out" governess, some home-nurse, or some broken soldier who shouldered his crutch as he issued from a convalescent home ? some "incurable" who thanked God for a death-bed unappalled ? some seamstress who sang, though not in the actual words of the poet, "The Song of the Shirt" ? some overworked laborer at the counter whose hours of overtoil had been lessened ? some skeptic groping in soul-darkness, to whom her words had brought light ?

Such speculations as to whence came the prayers breathed, into her mind, heart, and soul, by the prayers and prophetic blessings of the ninety-first Psalm—are not mine : they were hers. Whoever the sender may have been, the object was fully answered. I believe

* The Irish have a saying, "The prayers of the poor are in heaven before ye !" I have recorded that when Humanity Martin was reported to have been drowned, his old housekeeper was observed to receive the news with indifference. On being questioned, she said : "The master is not drowned—not he ; if he were drowning, there are souls enough about him to keep his head above water."

nothing in her long life was to her so fertile of happiness. The words were as sunshine over a bed of flowers on which the dew had plentifully fallen.

They cheered her in her work ; they stimulated, encouraged, and —recompensed ; and I am very sure much of the good she did may be traced to that simple source. We no more know where we give or get a blessing than we know the course that will be taken by Him who—

“ Moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ! ”

Her memory was marvelous. When I first visited, with her, her native Bannow in 1825, there was hardly a stick or stone, and certainly not a person, she did not recognize. I remember an old easy-chair in the dining-room : she said there used to be a large hole in the back. I turned it round, and there, sure enough, was the hole. Every step she took was a reminder. What a day it was—that I recall, when we visited the grave of her grandmother in old Bannow church ; and the days we rambled together about the scenes and among the people she recorded in her “ Sketches of Irish Character ” !

I think she could have described the dress of every lady she had met at any party twenty years after it occurred. She was ever silently observant ; taking mental notes of all that was said and each thing that was done, whether at a stately reception or in the cabin of the humblest peasant. Nothing, however trivial, escaped her notice. Happily her nature—generous, considerate, and sympathizing nature—enabled her to transmute the baser metals into gold. She saw only what it was wise and good to preserve in memory, never that which was ugly, or mean, or evil. What might have been revolting she never saw at all. Even disagreeable things seemed without power to enter through the eye or the ear into her mind : while her spirit never, never wandered from gratitude to God for blessings—to be acknowledged by sharing them with all things beautiful and good that God has made. So it was through her life up to the very day of her death.

The precepts she practiced and taught are set forth, with a view to impress them, in all her many books. There is no one of the teachings of God’s word that has not received augmented force from her pen. The maxim, “ Order is Heaven’s first law,” she strove to impress not only in its loftier view, but in the smaller matters that influence life : there is no principle of religion, loyalty, duty to God, neighborly love, she has not in some way illustrated and sustained. None came to her for sympathy, counsel, and aid, who went “ empty away.” Surely the blessing of God was over all she thought, wrote, and did.

I had meant to leave her character in the hands of some loving

friend—to whom, perhaps, it would have been better to have left it—but as I draw nearer to the grave, the conviction is more and more forced upon me that I should neglect a solemn duty if I left it altogether to the future.

LADY MARTIN—HELEN FAUCIT.—Happily, she is yet with us, though the stage she so brilliantly adorned knows her no more. It would be apart from my plan to say much concerning her; but I can not write of my wife without mentioning one who was her esteemed, respected, and much-loved friend—from the time of Miss Faucit's first appearance when a very young girl at the Richmond Theatre. In those days Mrs. Hall's pet name for her young friend was "Ladybird," and I called her "Lady Helen," little thinking the title would one day be veritably hers. We lived to see her as much honored in private as in public life: valued for herself—for her high qualities of mind and heart: the wife of a most accomplished and most estimable gentleman.

Lady Martin recently published—originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*—a series of papers on the "Female Characters of Shakespeare." One of them she thus dedicated to my wife—or rather to her memory, for she had left earth when the essay was published:

"The second of these letters was not completed when tidings of the death, after a very brief illness, of the dear friend for whom it was intended, reached me. She was present to my mind when I wrote it, and I dedicate it to her memory. The world knew her great talents and her worth; but only her friends could estimate her goodness, her charity in thought as well as in deed. Her kindness, like her sympathy, knew no limit. It was as constant and loyal as it was encouraging and judicious. In loving, grateful memory, she lives, I doubt not, in many hearts, as she does in mine."

I think—could she have read Lady Martin's words—no tribute she ever received would have given Mrs. Hall more intense happiness than this—from a lady she had known from her very dawn of womanhood, loving her and respecting her more and more as years rolled on and developed her intellectual power, and with it her purity and goodness of mind and heart. I am sure there is no woman whom, in her early youth, and in matured womanhood, Mrs. Hall more truly loved than she did Helen Faucit—Lady Martin; and I feel how gratified by the compliment she would have been if she had lived to read it. I gratefully thank that dear and good lady in the name of my wife and in my own.

I received from many friends, and several "strangers," tributes to the memory of Mrs. Hall. They form for me a very precious volume. I should like to print a number of them: I must be content to copy here but one. I find it in a little unpretending book, "Songs of Humanity and Progress," written by my esteemed and valued friend John T. Markley, of the *Sussex Daily News*, who

had long been the able, earnest, and zealous advocate of the highest principles of order, social good, temperance, loyalty, morality, and religion :

“ Amid the tumult, tempest-tongued, of State—
 Her own wild, wondrous land in throes of pain,
 She leaves to God earth's sorrows—but to gain
 A home of holy rest : there to await
 And meet her lover at the golden gate.
 'Tis not a parting, 'tis a soul's first pace,
 Smile-welcomed by fond spirits into grace,
 That life which glory may but consummate !
 Could April's laughing sweetness break through snow,
 And yield soft rainbow-hues to frost-stung skies,
 The pictured clouds and air, all winterless,
 Would typify the gifted mind, aglow
 With passion, eloquence, and mysteries—
 A summer, changing not, but quick to bless.
 Although a shift of thrones, she reigneth still
 In hearts unlimited by clime or caste,
 With all her charmed sway : a sway to last,
 As conquerors gain new power from heights and hill.
 The magic of her soul could but fulfill
 Warm mission of a consecrated pen,
 To picture scenic whims, and joys, of men,
 And fancy ran obedient to her will.
 What lofty love ! What beaming tenderness !
 Sad Ireland's better self redeemed with smiles ;
 New worlds in cottages awoke to sing,
 Chaste music of her muse will ne'er grow less,
 Nor pall upon the crowd which it beguiles,
 'Till remnant voices meet in final Spring.”

Mrs. S. C. Hall died at Devon Lodge, East Molesey, on Sunday, the 30th January, 1881. It was on the Sabbath-day—“*the day of rest*”—she was called from earth to Heaven. Her illness was so slight, up to that time, as to give no warning of departure “nigh at hand.” I was leaning over her pillow when she said one word, “Darling,” breathed into my lips, and was with the Master—to hear His greeting, “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” On her birthday, but twenty-four days before her death-day, she had welcomed a large number of friends and neighbors, had sung for them, and was in her usual health and spirits. It had long been my custom to write to her a letter on her birthday. I did so on that day, sending it into her room before she had risen. I print the letter. I need not say *it was not meant to have been printed*. Little thought had I, on the 6th January, 1881, of seeing it in type.

All Scripture “written for our learning” confirms the natural—so to speak, instinctive—faith that when the body perishes the Soul does not die. Such faith is sustained by proofs so numerous, convincing, and conclusive, as to leave no shadow of doubt on the mind

of any just and rational inquirer concerning the matter—all-important as regards destiny here and hereafter.

I am but one of a host of witnesses—beyond suspicion of fraud, delusion, or want of capacity for judging rightly and righteously—of firmly based religious belief—who supply indubitable evidence, from repeated experience, during many years of constant and minute inquiry, that the Soul, when removed from earth, can, and does, communicate with Souls that yet continue in the “natural body,” which the Apostle so markedly distinguishes from the “spiritual body.”

I am grateful for the knowledge thus accorded to me by God. While I know that when another good man or woman is gone from earth, and another saint is added to the Hierarchy of Heaven, I know also that God permits the beatified saint to watch and guard, as well as pray for, the beloved who remain on earth yet a while longer.

If I did not so believe, I could not trust in a God just as well as merciful : a God who is Love : a God whose Revealed Word is given to us for “our learning”—to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest—that the Soul, thus enlightened, may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life.

I know well that she is in Heaven ; but, with reverence I say it, Heaven could not be Heaven to her—a state of bliss—if, *retaining consciousness and memory*, she knew that God would not permit her to comfort me when I most need comfort, and guide me where I most need guidance. That is not the way in which God rewards his “good and faithful servants.”

In a word, I KNOW that those who are called “the dead” do not die ; that they are merely removed from the earth-sphere into some other sphere—to one of the “many mansions” of which our Lord emphatically speaks—the first, but not the only, removal ; and that under certain conditions which, at present, we can not comprehend, much less control, the Soul that has left earth can, and does, communicate with the Soul that remains on earth.

I add these lines from a small poem—“Hereafter” :

“Change there will be : as flowers from branches burst ;

But I shall see thee—as I see thee now :

Yet more resembling what thou wert, when first

I kissed thy smooth cheek and unwrinkled brow :

“As in the glory of thine early prime :

Through all thy earth-life : bright at every stage :

THE SOUL IS NEVER OLD : and knows not Time ;

GOODNESS IS BEAUTIFUL AT ANY AGE.

“Together still : if one have earlier birth

In Paradise : divided : and yet near :

Though one in Heaven may wait for one on earth :

A guiding, guarding spirit : THERE AS HERE !”

How any thinking and rational person, who believes in God and the immortality of the Soul,* can for a moment doubt this, I have difficulty in imagining. Yet surely I may not forget that I myself had such doubt before the beneficent Master, knowing that Scripture light had not sufficed for my guidance, sent to me, in His mercy, an additional light, that *did* suffice—a light that enables me to read rightly Divine revelation, and to see how best and safest to walk in the footsteps of the Lord and Master, Christ.

It is the teaching by which my wife was taught—and taught—during the whole of her long and useful life. It is “peace and good will” based on His precepts and example. Call it by what name we may, who will question that such Faith is an inexhaustible blessing?

Here is the letter to which I have referred :

“This is the 6th of January, 1881. Surely, surely, I may thank God for the blessing He gave to me, and to hundreds of thousands, eighty-one years ago ; and bless the memory of your dear mother, on whose portrait I look while I write.

“It was indeed a vast, incalculable blessing God gave me fifty-six years ago. Gratitude from me to Him has been increasing year by year, and day by day, since the ever-memorable day I saw you first. You have been to me a guide, a counselor, a comforter, a companion, a friend, a wife, from that day to this ; ever true, faithful, fond, devoted ; my helper in many ways, my encourager and stimulator in all that was right : the same consoler in sunshine and in storm ; lessening every trouble ; augmenting every pleasure.

* I quote these passages from “Bishop Pearson on the Creed” : “If I have communion with a saint of God, as such, while he liveth here, I must still have communion with him when he is departed hence, because the foundation of that communion can not be removed by death.” “First, therefore, this must be laid down as a certain and necessary truth, that the soul of man when he dieth, dieth not, but returneth unto Him that gave it, to be disposed of at His will and pleasure—according to the ground of our Saviour’s counsel, ‘Fear not them that kill the body, but can not kill the soul.’ That better part of us, therefore, in and after death, doth exist and live, either by virtue of its spiritual and immortal nature, as we believe, or, at least, by the will of God, and His power upholding and preserving it from dissolution, as many of the fathers thought. This soul thus existing after death, and separated from the body, though of a nature spiritual, is really and truly in some place. . . . Again, the soul of man in that separate existence after death, must not be conceived to sleep, or be bereft and stripped of all its vital powers, but still to exercise the powers of understanding, and willing, and to be subject to the affections of joy and sorrow.”

I give these quotations only, but I might add many other “authorities” equally entitled to the confidence of Christians—all, indeed, who believe that the Soul has continued existence, after what is called “Death.”

“Spiritualism teaches, on the authority of Scripture, and of all spirit-life, that *there is no such thing as Death* ; it is but a name given to the issue of the Soul from the body.”—WILLIAM HOWITT.

“There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.”—ST. PAUL.

“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the Soul.”

Wisely upright yourself, you have been mainly instrumental in making me wisely upright. I should have shrunk from wrong-doing if from no better motive than that of dread to sink in your good opinion; you have given me a far better motive—that which arises from faith in the Redeemer, and faith and trust in God.

“Well I know we shall be together—inseparable—for ever and ever! that you will be to me in Heaven what you have been to me on earth.

“God bless you, my soul’s darling: the love of my youth, the love of my age: more beautiful in my sight to-day than you were fifty-six years ago. Such adoration as I may rightly render to a fellow-mortal who will be immortal, I render to you: praying God to bless us both; blessing me in blessing you, and blessing you in blessing me.”

And this is the poem I addressed to her on the fiftieth anniversary of our wedding—in 1874:

“Yes! fifty years of troubles—come and gone—
I count, since first I gave thee hand and heart!
But none have come from thee, dear Wife—not one!
In griefs that saddened me thou had’st no part—
Save when, accepting more than woman’s share
Of pain and toil, despondency and care,
My comforter thou wert, my hope, my trust;
Ever suggesting holy thoughts and deeds:
Guiding my steps on earth, through blinding dust,
Into the Heaven-lit path that Heaven-ward leads.

So has it been, from manhood unto age,
In every shifting scene of Life’s sad stage,
Since—fifty years ago—an humble name
I gave to thee—which thou hast given to fame—
Rejoicing in the wife and friend to find
The woman’s lesser duties—all—combined
With holiest efforts of creative mind.

And if the world has found some good in me,
The prompting and the teaching came from thee!

God so guide both that so it ever be!

So may the full fount of affection flow;
Each loving each as—fifty years ago!

We are going down the rugged hill of life,
Into the tranquil valley at its base;
But, hand in hand, and heart in heart, dear Wife:

With less of outer care and inner strife,
I look into thy mind and in thy face,
And only see the Angel coming nearer,
To make thee still more beautiful and dearer,
When from the thrall and soil of earth made free,
Thy prayer is heard for me, and mine for thee!”

On our twentieth wedding-day (in 1844) I had addressed to her a poem of some length—of which I print a few passages :

“ Yes—beauty in that happy face
 The husband-lover still can trace ;
 Goodness, and gentleness, and truth,
 May live to mock at change and time ;
 They *were* the graces of thy youth—
 They *are* the graces of thy prime.

We've toiled together side by side,
 Proud—yet it was no selfish pride—
 That toil brought honor, if no wealth ;
 Our hearts have gathered little rust ;
 But ours are peace, and hope, and health,
 And mutual love and mutual trust !

Companion, counsel, friend, and wife,
 Through twenty years of wedded life !
 Dear love, sweet heart—why not address
 Warm words to thee—my hope and pride ?
 I have not lived to love thee less,
 Than when I hailed a fair young bride.

Ah ! let me think how deep a debt,
 Sweet friend, dear wife, I owe thee yet :
 In toil, in trouble, weak and ill,
 Thy zealous care, thy active thought,
 Thy *spirit*—meekly trusting still—
 Calmed the hot pulse and brain o'erwrought.

I gave to thee an humble name,
 Which thou, dear wife, hast given to fame :
 And surely 'tis no idle boast
 That many laud and flatter thee ;
 But when the world hath praised thee most,
 Thy woman's heart was most with me !

'Tis thine to prove that strength of mind
 May work, with woman's grace combined ;
 To show how Nature's debts are paid
 In studies small that sweeten life ;
 And how the loftiest thoughts may aid
 The duties of a loving wife.”

I print also some lines we both signed on our fifty-sixth anniversary—its last commemoration on earth :

“ Yes ! we go gently down the hill of life,
 And thank our God at every step we go :
 The husband-lover and the sweetheart-wife.
 Of creeping age what do we care or know ?
 Each says to each, ‘ Our fourscore years, thrice told,
 Would leave us young ’ ; the Soul is never old !

What is the Grave to us ? can it divide
 The destiny of two by God made one ?
 We step across, and reach the other side,
 To know our blended Life is just begun,

These fading faculties are sent to say
Heaven is more near to-day than yesterday."

Twenty-four days after my letter was written she was removed from me, from the many dear friends who loved her, and from a "public" by whom she had been largely appreciated since the publication of her first book in the far-off year 1828.

From what I have said concerning so-called "Spiritualism," in recalling memories of Lord Lytton, Sergeant Cox, Robert Chambers, William Howitt, and others, the reader will have no doubt that I am a believer in the reality of the phenomena known as spiritualism. So was Mrs. Hall; as thoroughly and entirely as I am.

It is a very long list—I might print of persons, entitled to all trust, who believe as I do in the phenomena. It has been well said by an eminent Roman Catholic divine, "It is quite impossible that about such facts such a cloud of witnesses should be all deceived"; and by a Protestant clergyman of high rank, "Testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be such as they are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."

I do not intend to give any details as to the evidence by which belief in spiritualism is sustained; it would demand treatment at some length, for which I have no space: moreover, it would be distasteful to many of those who I expect will be my readers. Such testimony may be easily obtained by those who require it; there are six periodical representative publications, and some hundreds of printed books that give it fully. In treating the subject here, I shall merely strive to answer the question why should there be any doubt that the spirits of those who have been in the "natural body" can and do communicate, when in the "spiritual body," with the beloved of earth who are yet remaining on earth, to be removed thence to another state when what is called "Death" releases them from earth-bonds?

I make no appeal, no effort at conviction, no attempt at inducing inquiry on the part of those who have no belief in Hereafter—"the immortality of the Soul." But to those who believe in both I put a simple question. Where is the Soul when it has ceased to be linked with a perishable body—a body that is not the same to-day as it was yesterday, and will ultimately be restored to the elements that compose it?

It is not enough for me to say I have had palpable convincing and conclusive evidence that those we call the "dead" are "living," and can and do communicate with us—those who are yet living. I *have* had such evidence, not once, but many hundred times, in various

places and countries, in the presence of persons who had never before met, and were totally unknown each to the other, under circumstances that rendered collusion out of the question and fraud an impossibility—such intercourse with “spirits” continuing to be repeated year after year for more than thirty years.

“We speak what we do know, and testify what we have seen”; and if we are answered by him who will “answer a matter before he heareth it,” I can but say, as the wise king said, “It is folly and shame unto him.”

Spiritualists, then, demand to be heard on the ground that their antecedents are such as to justify confidence—confidence in their integrity and in their capacity for arriving at correct conclusions based on the evidence of their senses, sustained by their intelligence; because they have subjected Spiritualism to such tests as the Almighty has given them by which to detect error and discover truth; because these things are not done in a corner; because alleged facts are attested by tens—nay, by hundreds—of thousands, who have witnessed them at various times, in several places, now in one company, now in another; testified to, not by “ignorant and unlearned men,” but by men and women of capacious minds, and of great experience in all the affairs of life—sound and practical thinkers; who affirm that if their testimony on *this* subject is not to be accepted by just and intelligent judges, it must be considered worthless for *any* purpose by any public or private tribunal—that they are unfitted for the discharge of any of the duties of citizens, because of either cupidity, deliberate imposture, mental incapacity, or continuous self-delusion.

The highest authorities in the Church of England, and the oracles of the Dissenters from that Church, contend that “miracles” have *not* ceased, but that they continue to be wrought, not only by good angels, but by evil spirits. Thus wrote Bishop Hall: “So sure as we see men, so sure we are that holy men have seen angels.” And thus Archbishop Tillotson: “The angels are no more dead or idle than they were in Jacob’s time or in our Saviour’s, and both good and bad spirits are each in their way busy about *us*.” Bishop Beveridge contends that “though we can not *see* spirits with our bodily eyes, we may do so when they assume, as *they sometimes do*, a bodily shape.” I have already quoted Bishop Pearson.

Among Nonconformists there are many authorities equally convincing and conclusive. Baxter, in reference to apparitions, says, “I have received undoubted testimony of the truth of such.” Isaac Watts reasons that “the appearance of apparitions is a strong proof of an intermediate state, whence they can return for special divine purposes.” The venerable founder of Methodism contends not only that good and evil spirits worked in the apostolic times, but that they are as busy now as they were then—to lead and to mislead, to enlist

soldiers under the banner of Christ, and to augment the armies of Satan !

“Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

Such was the faith of John Milton. I might fill many pages with “authorities.”

“Progress” is the universal law of both worlds. Responsibility never ceases—here or Hereafter. Where Progress ends who will dare to say, or guess or speculate as to the “many mansions” into which there may be many removals ?

If there be not annihilation of all we associate with the Soul, there must outlive *this* life, affection, memory, reflection, comparison, intelligence—to use a familiar word, REASON : surely these faculties are not lost or lessened, but vastly strengthened in the Soul after its removal from the body. They *must* be exercised : there *must* be a continual recurrence to the events of this life : there *must* be meaning in the words “well done good and faithful servant,” and in these—“depart from me, ye wicked.” Only by the unlimited exercise of these powers could there be reward and punishment : without them “Hereafter” would be a sound “signifying nothing !”

“For MEMORY lives—of what thou wert and art—
In ‘many mansions’ where the Soul may dwell ;
And to REMEMBER is of Heaven a part,
As to REMEMBER is a part of Hell.”

If the Soul, on its departure from the body, its sometime tabernacle—the house in which it has dwelt—loses all consciousness of a past, what can be its future ? If it cease to take any interest in things of earth, if the affections are to die when the body dies, and although parents, children, friends, while “living,” enjoy the bliss that memory brings, the Souls removed are denied all such sources of happiness—surely, to maintain such a doctrine would go very far to destroy all honor and glory to God, all faith and trust in Him, in His justice and His mercy, and all the hope that sustains more or less every human being born into the world, and what is, so especially, the blessing of the Christian.

Yes : Spiritualism progresses, and will continue to progress. There are now millions where, twenty-five years ago, there were scores. To “stop” it is impossible ; as easy would it be to stay the inflow of Ocean by a wall of shingles. Our pastors and teachers leave the mighty power for good—or for evil—in the hands of those who will use, to abuse, it—who do use, and do abuse, it. I solemnly warn such as are inquirers, neophytes, or acolytes, to avoid, as they would contact with a plague-spot, fellowship and communing with “mediums” who, under the sway, influence, and dictation of spirits,

low, or base, or evil, inculcate principles repugnant to natures that are good—and sometimes teach “Doctrines of Devils.”

It is a blessed faith ! that keeps us ever watchful, knowing ourselves to be perpetually watched : that gives us conclusive and continual evidence how very thin are the partitions that separate this world from “the next”—the next, where ingratitude is a crime, and “sins of omission” exact penalties as do “sins of commission” : where those who, having neglected their “talent,” are guilty as those who misuse it. “Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these, ye did it not unto me,” implies condemnation for opportunities neglected, as well as abused.

“For what we will, yet lack the power to do,
Be it for good or ill, God counts as done.”

It is a blessed faith ! that brings closer and nearer those whom death has not—even for a time—separated from us : that makes “certain sure” the actual presence of those we love ; sharing our daily walks : our hourly talks : watching us with hopeful love : participating in all our anxieties : in all our joys : guiding us, helping us, averting from us evil and the influence of evil : bringing around and about us the holy and the good : giving us a foretaste of that “overpowering of delight” of which the poet speaks : bringing palpably to our hearts and minds “the substance of things hoped for : the evidence of things not seen” : and prompting to continual prayer, that when our Lord cometh He may find our lamps bright and burning in the Household of Faith.

It is a blessed Faith ! that enhances a thousand-fold the joy that is given by the Christian dispensation ; that removes all doubts of hereafter—answering the prayer (I quote the most beautiful of our church collects) : “O everlasting God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order ; mercifully grant that as Thy holy angels always do Thee service in heaven, so by Thy appointment they may succor and defend us on earth, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

I conclude this brief summary of my views concerning spiritualism with fervent thankfulness to God for the blessing it has been—and is—to me. I do not touch on kindred themes that can not be approached with sufficient reverence—even here. It must suffice to say I *know* that the souls of those who loved us, while with us on earth, can, and do, hold communication with us now that they are in heaven. I *know* it is well as I know the plainest and simplest truths—as well as I know there are four fingers and a thumb on my right hand. I know also that such faith is not only consistent with the Christian religion—sustained—nay, inculcated—by the Divine word—but that without it there can be no vital Christianity.

The "natural body" of Mrs. S. C. Hall was laid in the church-yard at Addlestone on February 5th. It is a village in Surrey, where the happiest years of our life were spent.* The coffin was of oak, grown in her native Bannow—the scene of her early Irish "sketches." It was an old chest, brought by her family to England in 1815. She had often expressed a wish to be buried in it—and was : in its altered character.

At the grave-side a group of little children sang a hymn ; they came from the school close by, which school she, in 1855, built. It is an infant school.

The church is clothed with ivy almost to the summit. That ivy we planted with our own hands, bringing it (in 1856), for the purpose, from all-beautiful Killarney.

Among the few friends, honored and beloved, present, was Sir Theodore Martin, who brought me a gracious message of condolence from the Queen—God bless her!—and also a chaplet to place upon the grave.

There was an abundance of flowers and wreaths sent by loving friends : but I did not suffer them to be crushed to premature death by heaping clay upon them in a grave that was not theirs. Before the coffin was "lowered" they were removed, and conveyed to the children's school-room, to give a little more healthful joy before their natural death.

I quote two passages from a touching and beautiful poem, "A Plea of the Flowers," written by our valued and much-loved friend Mrs. Newton Crosland :

"How have we sinned, that we should be consigned
To the dank grave and sepulchre of stone,
In darkness doomed to wither, one by one,
Where sense is dulled and close-shut eyes are blind?"

"Send us to homes where poverty has sway ;
Send us to school-rooms, and to places where
The sick and suffering bear their load of care ;
Send us where eyes can see and hearts can pray."

* In our grounds, if so I may term a somewhat extensive lawn at Addlestone, it was our custom, whenever a distinguished visitor was our guest, to get him, or her, to plant a tree. The place was named Firfield, so a small tree-shrub of that kind was always ready to be transferred from a flower-pot to the ground. Trees were thus planted by Bulwer, Dickens, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Jameson, Frederika Bremer, Thomas Moore, Samuel Lover, Jenny Lind, William Macready, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and others. The trees are now as high as the house. Moreover, I built a conservatory, seventy feet long. It contained some twenty statues by eminent British sculptors, and some by sculptors of Germany and France ; while the wall was covered with the best bas-reliefs of the period. I rejoice to know that my successor, a man of taste, estimated them as I did ; and that it is still one of the most charming residences in the richly beautiful county of Surrey.

RECOLLECTIONS—PERSONAL.

A FEW incidents of my life I shall give in this chapter : but nothing like an autobiography. In fact, much of what I might think I ought to say I have already said : my own story is so closely interwoven with the stories I have had to tell of things I have seen and people I have known, that to give it here at length would be to incur the charge of needlessly repeating myself. I shall be contented, therefore, with detaching from my life's history a few episodes, that mark various stages of the long path I have trodden. I am mistaken if there be not a desire in all readers of a book of Personal Recollections to know something of the Author.

I was born at Geneva Barracks, in the county of Waterford* (where my father's regiment was then quartered), about six miles from the "*urbs intacta manet Waterfordia*," on the 9th of May, 1800 : and if any person is disposed to cast my horoscope, I can tell him that my first breath on earth was drawn at daybreak. My mother has told me that the *reveillé* was sounding as I was ushered into the world. I ought, therefore, to have been a soldier : a fate from which I had a narrow escape.

My father died at Chelsea on the 10th of January, 1836. He entered the army as ensign, by purchase, in the 72d Regiment, in 1780, and shortly afterward joined his regiment at Gibraltar, where he continued to serve during the remaining period of the memorable siege. In 1794 he embodied a regiment for service within the United Kingdom, and raised it in the unprecedentedly short space of eleven weeks from the date of receiving the order, displaying an activity of mind and energy of character that have seldom been surpassed.†

* I have in a commonplace-book of my father's this entry : "Robert Hall, a native of the city of Exeter, was born June 20, 1753. Ann Kent was born at Ottery St. Mary, in the county of Devon, on the 30th of September, 1765. Robert Hall and Ann Kent were married at Topsham, in the county of Devon, April 6, 1790." Their issue was seven sons and five daughters, nine of whom were born at Topsham : three in Ireland, while the regiment was quartered there.

† The Exeter historian, Jenkins (1806), states that in Devonshire there were *two* Fencible Regiments ordered to be raised. That for which Colonel Stribling was

Immediately upon the completion of the regiment, thenceforth denominated the "Devon and Cornwall Fencibles," it was ordered on active service to Ireland, where it devolved upon its colonel to mold the crude mass of heterogeneous materials into an effective and disciplined regiment.* The regiment served in Ireland from the commencement of 1795 till the middle of 1802, with credit and efficiency, having frequently received the marked commendations of the general officers in command of districts. The Honorable W. M. Maitland was its lieutenant-colonel. The regiment returned to England in 1802, when, on the reduction of the army, consequent on the "Peace of Amiens," it was disbanded.

In raising his regiment, it was a first requirement that it should be done quickly. He therefore enlisted any one who offered; no recruits were either too young or too old. An aged father or uncle brought with him his sons or nephews. The latter would not enlist unless their elders did so. Gradually the old men obtained their discharge, the youths grew into young men, and ultimately the regiment was one of the best in the service. A large proportion of it volunteered into the Line, and no doubt became efficient, as they were well-trained and well-taught soldiers.†

THE COPPER MINES.—As I have elsewhere stated, Colonel Hall, while quartered in Ireland, was tempted, chiefly by the circumstance of many of his soldiers being Cornish miners, to embark in mining speculations. They were highly beneficial to the country, but in the end ruinous to himself. Of thirteen mines he opened, the most important was that on Ross Island, Killarney, from which ore to the value of nearly £100,000 was obtained. After giving employment for a con-

commissioned was a failure, while that of Colonel Hall was a signal success. I quote the historian: "By vigorous and prudent exertions, he soon completed his quota of men, and they were regimented under the name of Devon and Cornwall Fencibles. Just after they were embodied they were ordered to Ireland, where they continued during the remainder of the war, and by strict discipline and good behavior they not only preserved the tranquillity of the southwestern parts of that kingdom, but gained the esteem of the inhabitants in every station they were quartered at." I learn, too, from a subsequent passage in Jenkins's valuable book, that "Colonel Stribling (after spending a large sum of money) failed in his endeavors to complete a regiment by the time agreed upon, and those enlisted by him were drafted into, and incorporated with, other corps."

* It was one of six Fencible Regiments ordered to be raised by the Duke of York, to serve in any part of the British Islands. They differed from the Militia, who were at that time limited, in their service, to their native counties, and essentially from the Volunteers, who were then, as they are now, only a force to be called into operation—and to be "aye ready"—when needed.

† I remember seeing a quizzical caricature—two venerable women dressed semi-military, with the cockade in their bonnets. A passer-by was addressing them. On being told they belonged to the Devon and Cornwall Fencibles, he asked the natural question, "What! does Colonel Hall enlist women?" "No, sir; only us two." "And what are you for?" "Oh, sir, we are to nurse the old men and children!" was the answer. But my father's object was effected.

siderable time to hundreds of men, women, and children, that mine was eventually ruined by the bursting in of the water of the Lakes.* It was not the only one he worked in the neighborhood of Killarney.

At Ross Island was found unquestionable evidence of previous workings by prehistoric races—many stone hammers, and the remains of charcoal-fires, obviously lit to extract the veins of ore from the limestone in which they were imbedded. I recently gave one of the hammers to the Exeter Museum.

The following incident is, I think, worth printing : While walking in the neighborhood of his residence at Glandore (I was with him at the time), my father noticed some fish-bones of a green hue among turf-ashes. His curiosity was excited to discover by what means they had become of so singular a color, and, on analyzing them, he found they contained copper. His next object was to ascertain where the copper came from. He speedily traced its source to the contact of the bones with the ashes of turf cut in a neighboring bog, and known to the peasantry as "the stinking bog." He was told that neither dog nor cat would live in the cabin in which the turf was burned. Having gathered so much information, his path was plain. He first collected from the heaps adjoining the cottages as large a quantity as he could of these copper-impregnated ashes, and shipped it to Swansea, where it brought, if I remember rightly, £8 or £9 a ton—a remunerative price. His second step was to take a lease of the bog, build kilns upon it, and burn the turf. That plan he continued until the whole of the bog was consumed, and sent, to the extent of several hundreds of tons, to the Welsh smelting-houses, the ease with which it was smelted greatly enhancing its value.

It was a curious sight, and one I recollect well, to see scores of workmen cutting the turf, conveying it to one kiln to dry, and then to another to be burned, while carts were bearing the ashes of that already burned to the river-side to be shipped for Wales. The particles contained in the turf are supposed to have been conveyed

* An attempt was vainly made to drain the mine by a steam-engine. I believe the engine was the first that was introduced into Ireland. The chimney-shaft may yet be seen in Ross Island. Other mining speculators in the district were equally unlucky. Chambers, in the "Book of Days," says that the author of "Baron Munchausen" was "a learned and scientific German named Rodolph Eric Raspe, and that he died in 1794 at Mucross, in the south of Ireland, while conducting some mining operations there." I have never been able to obtain any information on the subject, but have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement. Raspe's sinking, I fancy, must have been a certain *cobalt* mine, abandoned after being worked for a short period. I know my father long sought to obtain a lease of that mine from Colonel Herbert, who strongly objected on the ground that it was within sight of his house. But ultimately Colonel Hall did obtain such lease. At that time cobalt was a costly mineral, and the produce of the mine was likely to enrich all parties. Just, however, as his hopes were most buoyant, a so much cheaper substitute was discovered that it, to a large extent, displaced the cobalt, except for the finer and most costly pieces at the Staffordshire potteries, and the mine at Mucross ceased to be worth working.

into the bog by a stream from one of the surrounding hills, that, passing through a copper-vein, took them up in a state of sulphate, but meeting with some iron-ore in its progress, or in the bog, the copper became deposited in the metallic state, though a large proportion of the deposit was still in the form of sulphate, as was proved by allowing a knife to remain in the bog a few hours, when it became incrustated with a coat of copper. The working of this singular mine repaid my father for the capital and labor expended; but, unfortunately for him, when the bog was burned out, he considered operations as only commenced, his object being to discover the vein of ore by which the bog had been supplied with copper. In a vain search for the source, technically called the "lode," he expended all he had made by the sale of the ashes. Shafts were sunk in several of the surrounding hills, and he continued the pursuit until his capital was exhausted.

I claim for my father the merit of having been a pioneer in the development of a source of profitable employment for Irishmen, and of immense wealth to Ireland. "Mining speculations" ruined him, as they have ruined many. The prosperity of the future, however, often dates from the misfortune of the past. During the years in which he conducted mining explorations, not only did he find employment for hundreds of workers, and sell in Swansea vast quantities of ore, but he showed what might be accomplished under more auspicious circumstances, and his name should not be omitted in the list of those who have been benefactors to Ireland.

In 1794 Ireland was almost as much *terra incognita* to the people of Devon as the Fiji Islands are to them now. The order that the regiment raised by my father should embark for the Green Isle was received with terror by the mothers of recruits, and the women generally: a greater display of feeling could scarcely have been evoked by a sentence of transportation to Botany Bay. My mother was perpetually waylaid by applicants entreating "mercy" for a son, or brother, or for some one dearer than either. After all, it was not the Irishmen, but the Irishwomen, of whom the Devonshire recruits had reason to be afraid; not the Pats and Jerrys who made havoc among them, but the dark eyes of the Norahs and Biddys. Warnings, expostulations, and punishments, were equally ineffectual to prevent the Fencibles from surrendering wholesale to such "foes": within a few months after landing in Ireland nearly two hundred youths of the regiment were married men.*

* Not very long ago, I met at Topsham an old man who told me his father had been a soldier in my father's regiment. I asked him what was his mother's maiden name. He answered, "Norah Mahoney." Clearly his father was one of the "victims." The priest of the parish frequently came to my father with such words as, "Colonel, you must let William So-and-so marry Biddy So-and-so"; to which my father would angrily reply, "I will not let another soldier in the regiment

My most admirable mother—revered and honored be her memory, for truly she was a good and heroic woman—conceived the idea of establishing a business in Cork. That was some years after my father had, by his mining speculations, lost all (and it was much) that he had to lose. In the city, where her husband had long commanded the garrison, where she had many staunch and powerful friends, she so conducted that business as to be enabled to bring up her large family of children. Those who remember her—and they can not be many—will recall her as possessing personal advantages, in all senses of the word: a lady (as much so in adversity as in prosperity) upright, generous, just, teaching by example as well as precept the lessons that are received in youth to fructify with increase of years.* I have reason to be proud of my mother. So, indeed, I have of my good father: a better or more conscientious man, I think, never lived. Though he spent his substance, he did not waste it; he enjoyed through a very long life the affection of his children and the respect of troops of friends. He survived my mother many years, and his ashes rest in Kensal Green cemetery, where there is a monument to his memory.† He left me nothing but a name unstained: a better heritage than would have been a rich estate without that blessing.

My eldest brother, Revis, was killed at the battle of Albuera, fought on the 16th of May, 1811. We heard the particulars of his death from a brother officer. He was a little fellow: indeed, he was very young, not quite eighteen; and in the midst of the engagement he turned round to a tall officer who stood behind him and said,

marry!" The good priest would hum, and ha, and murmur, "Well, if ye don't, colonel—worse will come of it!" Of course the Colonel's consent was extorted—for "positively the last time."

* My mother died in Cork, of typhus fever, caught when visiting the stricken house of a poor dependent. I extract two or three passages with reference to that mournful event from a commonplace-book of my father's; they illustrate her character and his own: "For this happy union, and for my having met with so good a woman, I can never be sufficiently grateful and thankful to God Almighty. If my soul should be 'saved alive,' and I trust in the mercy of God it will be, under God it will be owing to my union with her. As her life was gentle and blameless, so her end was peaceful and quiet, and without doubt she is now in heaven, praising and glorifying her Maker and Redeemer, with saints and angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. Oh, shall I meet her there? God grant that I may! . . . I can not but feel and mourn the loss of so good a woman, so faithful a partner, and so true a friend; a comforter and consoler upon so many trying occasions, a sharer with me of prosperity and of adversity: neither proud nor overbearing in the one, nor repining in the other. Without her for many years past what a miserable man should I have been! Her resignation and mildness of temper often tempered mine, and reconciled me to myself."

† The monument contains also the name of "Hannah Davey," the faithful and devoted servant of our family during upward of fifty years. There also is inscribed the name of Maria Louisa, the only child we had who lived: and her life on earth was very brief. We buried in 1865 another old servant, an Irishwoman, Alice Myers, who had been in our service over half a century.

"Harris, the ball that goes over my head will kill you." A few minutes after he received a musket-ball in the forehead, and fell. In 1845 I met at dinner the brother of Mrs. Hemans, Major Browne, who then held a high position in the Irish constabulary. He chanced to speak of the 23d. I said, "If you were in the 23d you may have known my brother." He told me that when, after the battle, they missed one who was the "pet of the regiment," he headed a corporal's guard to search for the body, and found him on the field—stripped of his clothes by field-robbers. "I carried him in my arms to the hospital," added Major Browne, "and in my arms the next day he died."

In Cork, it was known that a great battle had been fought, and the *Gazette* that gave the list of killed and wounded was eagerly and tremblingly looked for. A copy had been received at the post-office. My father went there to learn the news. Pale as death he returned to where we were all waiting together, and his words as he entered were, "Let us pray." Even the youngest of the group knew what the words meant. With prayers that were sobs, we submitted to the will of God: my father breathing something of the feeling of the old French marshal, who, when the body of his eldest-born was brought to him, murmured, through the tears that fell on the slain youth, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom."

I am indebted to the kindness and courtesy of the Rev. Mr. Bartlett for a series of entries, copied from the church registry, from which it appears my father had nine children born at Topsham and three in Ireland, all of whom lived to manhood or womanhood, excepting one. Of my two elder brothers, William Sanford, born at Cork, in 1795—having for some years prior to his death dwelt at Topsham—died in 1877, at the ripe age of eighty-two.

His life was not an idle life. On leaving the army (on half-pay) he devoted his time and energies to forming and establishing a Mechanics' Institute (a then new invention) in Cork. He was also for many years assistant-editor of the *United Service Magazine*, and originated, if he did not found, the *United Service Museum*.

The third of my elder brothers, Robert Revis, was born at Ross Castle, on the romantic and ever beautiful Lake of Killarney. The castle was then a barrack, and not very long ago I ascertained, by convincing evidence, the room in which he first saw the light. He was, although a renowned swimmer, drowned on a calm moonlight night, off the Cape of Cood Hope, in 1822, I think. It is supposed that he fell overboard, and was seized by a shark before time was given him to make an alarm. He had quitted the navy, in which he was a midshipman, and was then chief mate of an East India trader. His whole life was a romance. He was thrice shipwrecked, and once lived for three months on an uninhabited island. He

fought with the Greeks against the Turks, and with the Turks against the Greeks: he was a leader in the Mexican War for Independence. It is deeply to be regretted that he left no details concerning his career. I may, however, describe him as a man of the highest sense of honor; and, notwithstanding his recklessness, always in high favor with his commanding officers.

The farthest removed of my memories carries me back to the period of the most glorious of Britannia's sea-fights—immortal Trafalgar. I remember it distinctly, partly because of the following incident: At Topsham, in Devonshire (where my father then resided) in common with all the cities, towns, and villages, of the United Kingdom, there was a general illumination. My father's house was, of course, lit up from cellar to attic; in each pane of glass there was a candle—the holder being a potato, in which a hollow had been scooped, to supply the place of a candlestick. The universal joy was blended with mourning: Nelson was dead, and in losing him the nation had paid dearly for victory. My father had, therefore, twisted a binding of black crape round each candle—emblematic of the grief that had saddened the triumph. Few are now living who shared with me the sight of the rejoicings blended with mourning that commemorated the 21st of October, 1805.

In the September of 1881 I visited Topsham, the port of Exeter, in Devonshire. Former acquaintance with the town dated, as I have intimated, a very long way back: yet it was fresh in my memory as if barely a year had passed since the last day I spent there, as a boy. I visited first the house (it is the Manor House) that was so long our home, and where nine of my brothers and sisters were born between the years 1792 and 1807. I entered every room; each was as familiar to me as if I had seen it yesterday—every path, step, porch, door, "where once my careless childhood strayed," though I had not seen them for upward of seventy years. I recognized in the flowers descendants of those that had gladdened my childhood; at least, I fancied they were such. Once, there was in the yard a large chestnut-tree, which, in its fruit season, tempted the boys to "rob": without any very heavy penalty, I am sure; but a poor lad fell from one of its branches, and was killed. My father then ordered the tree to be cut down. The school I attended up to my eighth year is now a dwelling let out in apartments; the playground borders the churchyard, and the latter has absorbed much of the former. A mantle of venerable ivy still adorns the wall of the old house: the ivies were old when I was young.

My main purpose in visiting my old home was one that I think my readers will care to hear of: the memories it revived were such as to make me proud of the name I bear.

When the Devon and Cornwall Fencibles, commanded by my father, was disbanded in 1802, he presented the colors of the regiment to his parish church. They had remained over the altar for just seventy years, when the vicar *sold* them. Certainly the proceeds went to restore the ancient and venerable structure ; but the act was utterly inexcusable—to say the least. I resolved, if possible, to discover what had become of those colors, in the dim hope of replacing them in the church. I found they had been purchased by a Major Keating, an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, whose hall they then adorned, and by whom they were greatly prized. He generously offered to present them to me. I tendered to him the sum he had given for them ; but he declined to receive it. I had the happiness to spend a week with him and his estimable lady at their beautiful dwelling, Westwood, near Teignmouth (her grandparents were relatives of my mother), during which visit arrangements were made for the restoration of the colors to the church, the present vicar of which—the Rev. John Bartlett—was as anxious to receive as I was to restore them.*

It was a proud and happy day for me when such presentation took place—on the 20th of September, 1881, the fifty-seventh anniversary of my wedding-day.

I walked from the old Salutation Inn (the inn that was my father's headquarters when recruiting the regiment in 1794,† and which in all important features remains unchanged), leaning on the arm of Major Keating, on either side a sergeant-major of the volunteer artillery (each bearing one of the flags), followed by many of the present Devon volunteers and large numbers of the townsfolk. We were received by the vicar ; the church was full. Mr. Bartlett preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion ; I unrolled the colors and placed them on the altar. Over that altar they now rest ; and there, where they had reposed through so many years that are gone, they will continue, I hope, to meet the eyes of the men and women of Devonshire through generations to come. They will remain, I trust (to borrow the words of Mr. Bartlett to the congregation), "where their children's children may see them—to hang there till they crumble into dust."

My share in the proceedings of that day will be, there is very little doubt, the last public act of my life. Surely the public life of any man could not have been more gracefully or more happily concluded. For with those colors are connected associations of which the counties of Devon and Cornwall may well be proud. There is

* It is a somewhat singular fact that the vicar of Topsham who consecrated the flags in 1794 was also named Bartlett.

† I had to express much regret that Sir Stafford Northcote was unable to attend the ceremony. He had expressed a great desire to be present on the occasion, if at all possible, and to bring with him his grandfather's commission as a captain of yeomanry, granted in 1794.

not the stain of a single drop of blood on those banners of the Devon and Cornwall Fencibles. War is ever a horror; but no Christian man or woman can look at those flags in the church at Topsham without the reverence of love and honor. They dignify and grace the temple in which peace and good-will are preached.

During the Irish Rebellion of 1798 the regiment was quartered in one of the most disaffected Irish counties—Kerry. Under the considerate and humane sway of my father, well seconded by the mingled forbearance and firmness of his men, *not a single life was taken in the district* over which he ruled with almost autocratic power. Nor was any officer or man of the Fencibles so much as ill-treated, I think, during the time the regiment was quartered in “wild Kerry.” To all who have read of the horrors elsewhere perpetrated in Ireland—both by rebels and loyalists—during that unhappy year, such a record will be eloquent.* The colors presented by my father to Topsham church—that I was the happy means of restoring to their resting-place within the sacred walls—are more hallowed by the memories connected with them than they would have been if they had been carried in triumph over the reddest fields of victory.†

My father, no doubt, had the feeling I have toward Ireland—that of sympathy with her people—and could make allowance for

* In Ireland, in 1798, there were two other Fencible regiments: the “Ancient Britons” (Welsh) and the Caithness Fencibles (Scottish). *They* managed matters very badly indeed; were perpetually at feud with the people; killed whenever they were provoked; and were slaughtered whenever they were met—singly or in small bands.

† I may add here an anecdote that has a very direct bearing on the above tribute to the memories of my father and his regiment. In 1816, while residing at Ballydehob, where my father was carrying on his disastrous copper-mines—disastrous to him, but very beneficial to Ireland—a friend lent me a horse on which I rode to Bantry. I remained three days at an inn there, and when I thought my purse exhausted, called for my bill. “Sir,” said the waiter, “there’s no bill.” So I sent for the landlord to explain. He met my demand by a half-angry rejoinder. “Sir,” he said, “no son of your father shall ever pay a shilling in my house, and I hope you will stay as long as you can.” He answered my request for explanation, “I’ll not tell you, but ask your father.” Of course I did so, and, after raking his memory, he told me that the landlord kept the inn in 1798, and had been very kind, attentive, and serviceable to him. My father had received secret intelligence that the man, a captain of rebels, had arranged on a certain night to attack a certain house, into which several soldiers had therefore been introduced in private clothes. But on the afternoon of the day, the landlord was arrested and conveyed to the barracks, no member of his family being cognizant of the arrest. He was imprisoned in a room whence there could be no communication with the outside. The rebels met, but where was their captain? None could tell. For that night they postponed the attack. The next night it was the same; the third night, finding their captain again absent, and not knowing why, how, or where, they relinquished their project. The landlord was released, returned to his house, and was made aware of the cause of his imprisonment, but for which he was certain to have been either shot or hung. Hence his words—twenty years after the rebellion, “Sir, no son of your father shall ever pay a shilling in my house!”

their being goaded into rebellion by the action, on excitable temperaments, of shameful and oppressive laws.

He was, as Mr. Bartlett, on the day of the restoration of the colors to Topsham church, in his address, described him: "A good man, a religious man, a faithful member of the Church of England, true to his God, loyal to his sovereign, and loving to all human kind."

I know it was with him, all his life, a subject of earnest thankfulness to God, that, while he held military command in disaffected Kerry, with the peasantry everywhere ready and willing to rebel, and with civil war actually raging in other parts of Ireland, he had maintained order *without spilling a drop of blood*.

THE FRENCH IN BANTRY BAY.—In 1796, when the French attempted to land in Bantry Bay, my father's regiment was quartered in Kerry and in the west of the county of Cork—the headquarters being at Killarney.

He received orders from the general commanding at Cork to proceed to Bantry Bay, and "prevent the landing of the French." All the troops he could muster numbered seven hundred men—principally raw recruits. If the French had landed there would have been a seasoned army of ten thousand to oppose those seven hundred. I have heard my father say that no other course was open to him than to have fired one volley, in obedience to orders, and then have surrendered his small force as prisoners of war. His own counsel was that his men should be employed to break up the roads between Bantry and Cork, and so arrest the progress of the invaders to that city. I have heard my mother describe the state in which she was left in Ross Castle, without a single soldier for protection; but I hope, and I think, also, that the people, among whom her lot was at that dismal period cast were far more inclined to protect than to annoy her, and that she was as safe as she would have been amid the garrison of Cork.

The result of the effort of France to obtain possession of Ireland belongs to history. I have often heard my mother describe the terrible storm of December the 23d, 1796, which scattered the French fleet, and destroyed several of the ships. None of the invading troops landed, except, I believe, thirteen, who were conveyed prisoners to Cork, together with a carriage of singular construction, richly gilt and decorated. That was the only trophy of victory; it became the subject of a song sung in the streets and roads, the burthen of which was—

"And so they tuk the coach
Intinded for General Hoche."

So ended danger from that source. It is hard to say how the attempt would have terminated but for the tempest that so thoroughly defeated it.

At that time, however, the Irish, it is certain, were neither prepared nor willing to receive the French. Dr. Moylan, the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese, in a pastoral, urged the people to repel the invaders, entreating his flock to bear in mind "the sacred principles of loyalty, allegiance, and good order."

"We have been now," wrote Wolfe Tone in his diary, "six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing; we have been dispersed four times in four days, and out of forty-three sail we can muster but fourteen."

Repelled by the elements, and not by any force assembled for the protection of the Irish coast, the baffled invaders at length retired. Had the sailing of the armament been delayed until two years later, the results of such an attempt might have been very different. In 1798 the French would have found the peasantry friendly, whatever their reception from the winds and waves might have been.

AN INCIDENT IN A LIFE.—I extract the following from a Cork newspaper, 1876: "On Sunday, July 9th, there entered Christ Church, Cork, and took a seat where his family (an English family, some time resident in that city) a very long time ago worshiped—a white-headed man, who held in his hand a prayer-book, one of those presented to the young of both sexes by an "Association" formed at the beginning of the century "for Promoting the Knowledge and Practice of the Christian Religion." It contained his name and an engraved tablet; it was awarded to him as a prize at a competitive examination in that church, and bore the date 1812. Sixty-four years have passed since then: he had kept the prayer-book all that time. He read from it the service—substituting the name of Queen Victoria for that of King George III.; and gave thanks to God for the blessings of a long, a successful, a happy, and a very busy life: the fruit, these blessings may have been, of seed planted by the book given to him—sixty-four years before that memorable day in his life's history. The white-headed man was Mr. S. C. Hall."

Yes: in that parish church, in that very pew, I received that prayer-book as a prize in a competition with nineteen other boys in the year 1812. Who can say how much of the seventy years of my after-life has been ruled and guided by the event of that memorable day? I must have read, and studied much, the Holy Scriptures to have been the one who won in the race. The seed then planted could not but have borne fruit. The bread cast upon the waters must have returned to me after many days. The prayer book I shall bequeath to the Society in Dublin: for it still exists.

Not long ago, I was in Bristol, where, in the years 1814 and 1815, my happy holidays were spent, a guest in the house of a dear friend, a famous surgeon of that city. My old schoolfellows were all dead

and gone. I paced the streets striving to bring back the old familiar faces—in vain.

There is no loneliness so utter as that of a populous city, where every face you meet is that of a stranger: no look of welcome, no word of greeting! You are jostled by those you have never seen before, and will never see again. With their business of life you have nothing to do. If you dropped dead on the pavement, a thousand—after a brief look—would pass heedlessly on without a sigh. Talk of the lonesomeness of a desert! It is by comparison joyous and populous: that which you see all about you; if there are neither birds nor animals, there is the pure fresh air: there are the clouds: every step you take brings you nearer and nearer to some oasis: hope supplies you with water and with trees: you can think—and you can pray. In such solitudes angels and spirits are ever at hand—God is felt in the works of His creation. It can not be all barren where *they* are palpable and in sight: in sight either of eye or mind. You seem to be, if not really and truly, “out of humanity’s reach.” Under the depressing influence of a stroll through the lonely streets of a populous city, one is perpetually forced to murmur the line of the poet Cowper—

“Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness!”

During six years I had chambers on a second floor in Lancaster Place, Strand. An architect of some eminence occupied the first floor. Toward the close of that period I met one morning a gentleman on the staircase, and addressed him: “Pray, sir, may I ask if your name is Curry?” The reply was in the affirmative. “Then,” I said, “let us shake hands, for though we have for six years been neighbors—dwellers in the same house—the one has never seen the other until to-day.” That could only have happened in London, where men attend to their own business. I might have been coining base money in my rooms, and he forging bank-notes in his, for aught the one knew of the occupation of the other.

Among the memories of recent years most cherished by Mrs. Hall and myself was one that has reference to the year 1874. I am bound to ask my readers to allow me some space in dealing with the gratifying episode in our lives, to which I refer. I condense what I wish to say regarding it—from a small pamphlet to which the occasion gave birth.

In 1874 it was arranged by some honored private and public friends to present to us a Testimonial commemorating our Golden Wedding, and a large assemblage met with that view at the house of our friend the treasurer, Frederick Griffin, Esq., in Palace Gardens. The good Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and the presence of “one whose whole life had been employed in doing good,” a servant of God, whose public career is the history of a series of benefits done to humanity—gave to the occasion grace, dignity, and force. The

"committee" of a hundred and forty members included men and women of high rank and lofty social positions, leading men of letters, science, and art : and the list of subscribers numbered six hundred. A sum of nearly £1,600 had been collected, the greater part of which was spent in the creation of an annuity for our joint lives ; that annuity I continue to enjoy. Added to the generous bounty of the Queen, it has averted from me a calamity by which so many men of letters are overtaken toward the close of their careers, and—in conjunction with my retiring pension from the *Journal* of which I was so long the conductor—has removed all dread of poverty in an extreme old age. To one of the oldest and most valued of our friends, George Godwin, F. R. S., was delegated the duty of presenting to us this testimonial, the value of which was largely enhanced by the accompaniment of a beautifully bound album—bound by Marcus Ward, of Belfast—containing over five hundred letters received, from time to time, by the hon. secretary, Beauchamp Halswell, J. P., any one of which would have been a reward to any public man who has ever lived.

I give this extract from Lord Shaftesbury's address on the occasion :

"Mr. Hall, fifty years ago, obeyed the great precept that 'it is not good for man to be alone.' He sought and found one of whom we know he is, and may well be, proud ; a helpmeet who has helped him largely during the whole of his career ; who brought to him a mine of good and refined taste, of healthy and invigorating influence, and who has herself given to the world a long series of publications, not only to amuse but to instruct, and greatly to elevate the mind. Her works are known and valued wherever our language is read. In my time I have witnessed three Jubilees : the first was that of the reign of George III, the second was that of the Bible Society. This is the third : I think I can see in it the completion of the other two : the completion of loyalty—a completion secured by piety and religion ; honoring the wedded life ; giving an example of that which is an undeniable truth—that domestic life, especially in the early wedded, and by the all-merciful Providence of God, is the refuge and stronghold of morality, the honor, dignity, and mainstay of nations. To sum up all in one very serious and solemn sentence, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, you have been lovely and pleasing in your lives. If it shall please God in His mercy, His wisdom, and His providence, that you shall be divided in your deaths, we pray, and we believe, that you will be again united in a blessed eternity."

I must copy some portion of my reply :

"A story is told of the Prophet Mahomet that when his young and beautiful wife, Ayesha, said to him, 'Surely you love me better than you loved the aged Khadijah,' he replied, 'No, by Allah ! for she believed in me when nobody else did !' So I say of her who stands by my side ; I say more ; she has faith in me after fifty years. And this may be, and shall be, my boast ; she who knows me best loves me best—whatever is good in me, whatever is bad in me, no one but God can know so well. During all these years, we have, no doubt, passed through many struggles, encountering many difficulties, but overcoming them all by 'mutual love and mutual trust,' at once our spear and shield in our contests with the world. I would not laud her over-

much ; the praise she values most is that which she receives when nobody is by ; but this I must say, that though literature has been her profession, as it is mine, and though she has to show as its produce more than two hundred printed books, I know there is no one of the womanly duties she has neglected—the very humblest of them has been at all times her study and her care : she is, in truth, a ‘very woman’ in all womanly avocations, pleasures, and pursuits ; but she has been none the less my companion, my friend, my counselor, my guide—I *must* say it here as I have said it elsewhere, and in verse—my comforter in all trouble, my helper in all difficulties, by whom I was ever prompted to think rightly and to act rightly ; by whose wise counsel, when I followed it, I was ever led to right from wrong.

“I will not refer to the many books we have together produced, on so many and varied subjects : there is no one of them that was not intended to do good. Some of them *have* done good. Those that relate to Ireland certainly have, by diminishing or removing prejudice and inducing the English to visit the country—believing that for every new visitor Ireland obtained a new friend. . . . Dear friends, we thank you fervently and earnestly for the honor you this day accord to us. I will not be so mock-modest as to say we have done nothing to deserve it. We have done our best to deserve it. That you think we deserve it we have indubitable proof. It is before us on that table, and is manifested by your presence here this day. It has been the guiding principle of my life (and surely if it has been mine it has been hers), that there is no happiness which does not make others happy : we can not possess it unless we share it. Well, I have my reward to-day, and so has she who stands by my side ; a reward for herself, and—well I know it—a double reward to her in the honor you accord to *me* !”

There is a brief anecdote that will bear relating : though it might have “come in” better in another place.

In 1848 I was a guest at Ardington, the seat of Robert Vernon, Esq. He was at that time in failing health, and died the following year. I knew him, and his collection of pictures, when he lived in Halkin Street, Grosvenor Place, and was made aware of his intention to bequeath his rich store to the nation. His pictures had cost him a small sum in comparison with their worth : he had bought them at the slender prices artists then expected for them. [I had some hopes of being able to supply a statement of what they actually did cost, but I have been disappointed.] Yet Mr. Vernon was anything but a haggler about the prices he paid. He was a bachelor who had amassed great wealth by dealings in horses, had held profitable “contracts,” and been fortunate in supplying Government wants in that way. Probably he considered he thus contracted a debt to the country—that his collection of pictures gave him the power to repay. He had in aspect, form, and manner much of the sternness and self-confidence of those who are bred to control and subdue fierce animals, and was a man whom few even of his human subordinates would have cared to disobey.*

* I have fancied I could trace the immense boon I received when he accorded to me the privilege of engraving for the *Art Journal* the whole of his collected pictures, to a circumstance to which I, at the time, attached little importance. Some

The prosperity of the *Art Journal* is to be dated from the day when Mr. Vernon gave to me the boon : it was continued when her Majesty and the Good Prince bestowed upon me a boon of still greater magnitude. For many years before and after that event I was accorded the privilege of dedicating the *Art Journal* annually to the Prince Consort ; and after his death I was permitted to dedicate it to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. I should not have again referred to the subject, but that it is my duty to say I note with exceeding regret that from the volume for 1882 the name of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been removed.*

THE SOCIETY OF NOVIOMAGUS.—This society will be remembered by many who have been its guests : but nearly all its old members are removed by death. Of those whose names figure in the earlier lists, George Godwin and I only are left.

The Society of Noviomagus was founded in consequence of a small party of Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries having agreed to make an excavation at Holwood, near Keston, in Kent, on the spot that is supposed by Stillingfleet and other antiquaries to be the Roman station of Noviomagus—mentioned in the itinerary of Antoninus.

About a quarter of a mile from the Roman works called “Cæsar’s Camp” is a tumulus known, even at the present day, as the “Warbank,” and here the party commenced operations. They discovered the foundations of a temple, and several ancient stone coffins, Roman remains, etc. These were described in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries on the 27th of November, 1828, by Alfred J. Kempe, followed by another paper by T. Crofton Croker.

After a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries on the 11th of December, 1828, a small party interested in the matter adjourned to

years previously he had lent me a small picture by Bonington to engrave for the “Book of Gems.” I got it copied, and soon afterward took it to him with the copy. They were both the same size, and that fact displeased him. He remarked that “one was so like the other, that the one might hereafter be sold as the other.” He said : “So long as it remains in your hands I shall have no fear ; but hereafter it may go out of your hands.” The truth and force of his remark struck me. I at once said, “I will effectually prevent that.” I took my penknife from my pocket, and sliced the canvas of the copy thrice all across. To that unpremeditated act I fully believe I owe the interest he subsequently took in my welfare.

* An impressive and comprehensive address has been recently delivered at Nottingham by George Wallis, F. S. A., so long the able “Keeper of the Art Collections at the South Kensington Museum,” and during many years the Art master-teacher in the schools of Birmingham and Manchester. Mr. Wallis takes precisely the view I take as regards the progress of Art and Art-manufactures in Great Britain during the last thirty or forty years. He records one singular fact that he has raked from the archives of the Royal Academy. In 1839, 14 works were sold, amounting in value to £1,118 12s., and in 1840, 13 works, returning £946 2s. In 1872, 283 works were sold, the value of which was £22,900 ; in 1882, 251 works, returning £22,335.

Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, and a society, to be called the "Society of Noviomagus" was then and there instituted, T. Crofton Croker, F. S. A., becoming its first president—"Lord High President," as he is officially styled. Thus a social club was formed, the only qualification for membership being, as it continues to be, that the candidate must be an F. S. A. He is elected by ballot: but—the society being constituted on the topsy-turvy principle—in order to admit to its honors there must be in the voting a preponderance of "Noes."

The society has ever since 1828 met six times in each year to dine together—originally at Wood's Hotel, Portugal Street, now at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street.*

On the death of Croker, William Wansey became president; in 1855, I succeeded Wansey, and on my retirement in 1881, B. W. Richardson, M. D., F. R. S., succeeded me. I had continued president, elected annually, during nearly twenty-five years. It is but natural that in writing of this social club in 1883, I should lament that its past is now indeed the past—rather than find food for cheerfulness in its present. Its happier associations are for me connected with the "long ago."

My later visits to the society were saddened—as I marked the vacancies caused by the departure of old friends, and foreboded the time that was not far off when I too should leave earth, and a time that *has* come when I should leave a society with which I had been associated during forty years, and during twenty-five of the forty as its president.

The society has been always in high favor with its guests, among whom have been included a large number of the men of mark of the century—authors, artists, professors of science, eminent travelers, inventors, antiquaries, distinguished soldiers and sailors. To give a list of them, if I had the means of doing so, would be to occupy several pages of this book. My principal duty was, at each meeting, to propose the health of the visitors, and to do so in terms that painted each in colors the very reverse of truth; for the governing and peculiar rule of the society is that a speaker shall say what he does not mean, and mean what he does not say. This rule gave rise to much "fun," as will be readily credited when it is considered who the guests of the society were, and often led to keen and happy contests of wit between assailant and assailed. As, however, the society duly remembers its origin, and does not consider the sole object of its existence to be that its members may make merry—it is a rule that each, at every meeting, shall produce some

* Once a year—on the first Saturday in July—there is a "country outing," when ladies as well as gentlemen are guests. Thus have been visited Oxford, Cambridge, Canterbury, Winchester, Windsor, St. Albans, and a score of other attractive cities and places. A brief historical and antiquarian paper is read on such occasions by one of the members.

object of antiquarian interest, to be handed round, explained, and commented upon, after the dinner.

The period of my fullest love and honor for the society must therefore be dated back some years. For a long period it was a fruitful source of enjoyment to me, and in taking leave of the subject of my connection with it I can, at least, say this—that in resigning my seat to Dr. Richardson, I was succeeded in office by the man of all others I would have selected for that honor. May he hold it as long as I did—nearly a quarter of a century ! *

Alas ! in carrying back my thoughts to the days of my earliest connection with the society, the mournful exclamation that forces itself from me is—

“All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.”

The present hon. secretary is Henry Stevens, F. S. A. His predecessors were George Godwin, F. S. A., and Frederick William Fairholt, F. S. A. The hon. treasurer is Francis Bennoch, F. S. A. The principal duty of the secretary is to read at a meeting the “minutes” of the meeting preceding, to preserve a careful record of all the “jokes”—to make note of the various “curios” exhibited, and especially to misrepresent, as far as possible, what any member or guest had said.

It is worth stating that four of the members are total abstainers : the Lord High President being one of the most powerful existing advocates of that “reform”—a physician in large practice, univer-

* If the Society of Noviomagus is to be called a club (which I do not consider it), it is the only club of which I was a member—or very nearly that. I was indeed elected a member of St. Stephen's Club, and paid the entrance-fee and first year's subscription. When the year had expired, I was applied to by the secretary in the usual form for my second year's subscription, which I declined to pay—a decision, I told him, I did not think he would be surprised at when I added that I had never once been inside the club doors. My home was my club. I have followed the advice of Theodore Hook (how much happier would it have been for him if he had himself followed it !), that a married man should be “like Hercules, who, when he wedded Omphale, *laid aside his club.*”

“I have a truly feminine antipathy to clubs. The only women, I do believe, who tolerate them are those who are on bad or indifferent terms with their husbands, and are, consequently, very glad to be rid of them at all hours of the day or night. If you want a man to indulge in luxuries to which he has no right, because he could not afford them at home, let him go to his club ; if he wishes to enjoy intercourse with a ‘fast’ friend, without the healthy restraint of domestic habits, let him go to his club ; if he desires to win or lose more money at play than, as a prudent family man, he should do, let him go to his club. It is the man's first home : where his family live is but his second. He looks to the former for his enjoyments, to the latter for his duties. It is all very well for pretty young wives to laugh and say the club keeps their husbands out of the way in the morning ; if not wooed to their home, they will in due time become ‘club men’—going one way while their wives go another. I don't like—I never shall like them : the club is the axe at the root of domestic happiness.”—“*A Woman's Story,*” Mrs. S. C. Hall.

sally respected, having the regard as well as respect of patients, many of whom are, in a Noviomagian sense—very profitable customers.

On the 17th of January, 1883, it was my happy privilege to dine with the society as—then and now—its “Grand Patriarch.”

I quoted the lines of Moore—

“When I remember all
The friends long linked together,
I’ve seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather.”

I did not add the lines—

“I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.”

The existing members—many of whom occupy high positions in letters and art—gave me the cordial greeting I anticipated, and was justified in anticipating.

Although the following incident might have been more “in place” in the chapter that details our tour to Germany, I must ask the reader’s permission to relate it.

During our tour in Germany, we arrived late one evening, much fatigued, at Hoff, *en route* to Nuremberg. The hotel was full: so was the only other inn of the town. There was no possible chance of obtaining a sleeping-room—hardly any of getting food and drink. German landlords are proverbially rough and rude: mine host here was no exception to the rule—manifesting a disposition to turn us over to the elements outside. He had shown us, indeed, a huge apartment, in which there were eight beds, and told us we might occupy two of them, but laughed at the notion when I objected to the accommodation of the chamber being shared with six others—considering it, no doubt, an English prejudice. I was in despair; saw that nothing was to be done except improvising places of rest on sofas or chairs, fully persuaded that such boons would be grudgingly granted. He protested against my indignant affirmation that cross his threshold into the street—I would not. A happy thought inspired me: I gave him a *Masonic sign*. Instantly his face, attitude, and manner changed: he rushed up to me; threw his arms round my neck, eagerly exclaiming, “Ya! ya!” kissed me on either cheek; pulled me along a passage; pushed me into a snug chamber, casting out the baggage of a guest who had pre-engaged it; handed me a key as a signal that I was to adopt the motto of “No surrender,” which, as Mrs. Hall was with me, I did not hesitate to do; and not long afterward brought me with his own hands an exquisite supper, with some of the choicest vintage in his cellar. More than that: when I was leaving in the morning, he smilingly informed me that I

need be under no anxiety on my arrival at Nuremberg, where I might be assured of receiving another fraternal hug from the landlord of the Rotter Ross, the most famous of all the inns of that renowned city.

In 1881 I published a small book, entitled "Rhymes in Council : Aphorisms versified" (Griffith & Farran), a series of one hundred and eighty-five little poems, each of which contains a rhymed maxim. I desired to dedicate the volume to the grandchildren of the Queen. On applying for sanction to do so, I received from Sir Henry Ponsonby the gracious reply that "Her Majesty has much pleasure in giving her approval to the dedication." This was the preface to that—my latest if not my last—book :

"Since these rhymes were written—while they were passing through the press—the partner of my pilgrimage, the participator in all my labors and cares, my companion, friend, counselor, and wife, during fifty-six years, has been removed from earth and from me, from many friends who dearly loved her, and from a public by whom she was largely appreciated since the publication of her first book (followed by, I think, two hundred and fifty books) in the far-off year 1828. These verses are hardly less hers than mine. If I have striven—in humble, but fervent and prayerful, hope—to inculcate rectitude, goodness, love, sympathy, gentle and generous thinking, humanity, patience, virtue, and piety, Faith, Hope, and Charity—my work was suggested, encouraged, sustained—I will reverently add, inspired—by her.

"This book, therefore, although written by me, I hope may be regarded as a MONUMENT TO HER MEMORY."

I think the foregoing is all of my personal history I need to give my readers : even so little is perhaps too much.* Nearly sixty-three years have passed since I began my career as a Man of Letters by profession. In the spring of 1822 I came to London from Ireland, with few resources, or aids in fighting on the battle-field that lay before me, beyond those I might find in myself. "The world was all before me," and I

"No revenue had
But my good spirits."

Were I to sit down deliberately to the task, and draw on my memory for material, I could add one more to the stories of early struggles endured by young men fighting their way to independence—through difficulties such as those over which Crabbe gloriously triumphed, to which Chatterton ignominiously succumbed.

I have written all through this book under a strong impression—I might almost say conviction—that its publication would be *posthumous* ; for I began it nearly six years ago. By God's blessing,

* I need not say I shall be grateful to any person who will enable me to correct dates, or to remove any errors, of which, no doubt, there will be many in these volumes.

that foreboding does not seem likely to be realized when I close my task in the January of 1883. I hope I need not apologize for introducing here my solemn "FAREWELL" to those who are either my readers, or my friends—or both :

"Through mist that hides the Light of God, I see
A shapeless form : Death comes : and beckons me :
But gives me glimpses of the summer land ;
And, with commingled joy and dread, I hear
The far-off whispers of a white-robed band.

Nearer they come—yet nearer—yet more near.
Is it rehearsal of a "welcome" song
That will be in my heart and ear—ere long ?
Do these bright spirits wait, till Death may give
The Soul its franchise—and I die to live ?

Does fancy send the breeze from yon green mountain ?
(I am not dreaming when it cools my brow.)
Are they the sparkles of an actual fountain
That gladden and refresh my spirit now ?
How beautiful the burst of holy light !
How beautiful the day that has no night !

Hark to these Alleluias ! 'hail ! all hail !'
Shall *they* be echoed by a sob and wail ?
Friends 'gone before' : I hear your happy voices,
The old familiar sounds ! my Soul rejoices !
I know the words : they laud and thank The Giver,
On the Heaven side of the Celestial River.

Ha ! through the mist the great white throne I see :
And now a Saint in glory beckons me.
Is Death a foe to dread ? The Death who giveth
Life—the unburthened Life that ever liveth !

Why shrink from Death ? Come when he will or may,
The night he brings will bring the risen day.
His call, his touch, I neither seek nor shun ;
His power is ended when his work is done.
My Shield of Faith no cloud of Death can dim :
Death can not conquer me ! I conquer him !

How long, O Lord, how long, ere I shall see
The myriad glories of a holier sphere ?
And worship in Thy presence ? not, as here,
In shackles that keep back the Soul from Thee !
My God ! let that Eternal Home be near !

Master ! I bring to Thee a Soul opprest,
'Weary and heavy laden,' seeking rest :
Strengthen my Faith, that, with my latest breath,
I greet Thy messenger of Mercy—DEATH !"

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