W. Harrison Ainsworth

AND

His Friends

... HOUSE AT KENSAL GREEN, NOW BECOME A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



About a mile from Kensal Green Cemetery, where Harrison Ainsworth was buried, there stands on the Harrow road an old-fashioned plaster-faced house with a high garden wall, known by the name of the Manor House. There was a local belief that the house was built by the novelist, but when a few weeks ago it was leased by the proprietor of the local journal, the "Willesden Citizen," there was some dispute in the district as to the correctness of the tradition. The owner of the house, however, possesses the papers, and has now proved that this was really the novelist's home in the forties. In the library, on the right, with a window to the street, or in the garden under the twisted oak tree that gives a needed touch of the grotesque and age to the dry gentility of the architecture, Ainsworth is said to have written "Guy Fawkes," "Old St. Paul's," "St. James's," "Windsor Castle," "The Miser's Daughter," and "The Lancashire Witches."

The house is typical of good suburban houses of the early Victorian period. The library contains some of the bookcases shown in a Cruikshanks' drawing of Ainsworth at home. The drawing-room, which is on the same floor, with windows in a large, flattened bay opening on the garden lawn, has the old glass cupboards for china on either side of the fireplace. A peculiarity of the ... the ten bedrooms on the top floor, which indicates the truth of Ainsworth's reputation for hospitality. Thackeray and Cruikshanks (who also lie at Kensal Green), Dickens and Jerrold were frequent visitors here. It is said that Dickens first met Foster at the Manor House. Although the city of the living and the city of the dead have spread out to it, the house has still many country features. The long garden behind the wall has been much neglected, but in its tangle there is still abundance of fruit and old-fashioned flowers. York and Lancaster roses that Ainsworth is said to have plan... ...ere just now, and ma... ...single roses, zarin... pinks, and hollyhocks are running wild. Little red apples and black cherries are hanging on the trees, and there is a promise of peaches on the wall. A luxuriant vine has burst from the wall to the ground. The little paved courtyard at the stables is green and sturdy with weeds, the bell has gone from the stable belfry. At one end of the house is a colonnade where a great printing ma... is being set up, where Ainsworth a... friends are said to have sat and lis... the nightingales. The new tena... ing the garden back to trim... preser... wi...

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THE GUARDIAN.
MANCHESTER, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1905.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

DOMESTIC.

Mr. John Morley addressed an enthusiastic Liberal meeting at Newbury last night, and sharply criticised the Premier's indefinite attitude on the fiscal controversy. The real questions for the electors were—Was the Premier going to tax foodstuffs? and Were prices going to rise? Surely Mr. Balfour, as a Prime Minister responsible to the country, ought to give plain answers to these questions.

Mr. Bryce, speaking at Stroud last night, after replying in detail to Mr. Chamberlain's recent arguments, said that against this farrago of fancies and fallacies Liberals set a policy which would benefit the whole people, and not merely landowners and large manufacturers. There were enough economic reforms waiting to be dealt with to occupy five sessions of Parliament. As to Mr. Balfour's policy, if the fiscal ideas he threw out meant anything they meant that he would bring the country by a long and crooked lane to the same morass to which Mr. Chamberlain would lead it by a more direct road.

Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P., at Warrington last night pointed to some of Mr. Chamberlain's unfulfilled predictions. Trade refused, he said, to "think Imperially." Mr. Cleveland Dean, owing to the perversity of facts, had been proved to be a false prophet. Free Trade, instead of making it possible for a British merchant, armed only with freedom, to beat everywhere the foreigner armed with scientific tariffs.

Lord Stanley of Alderley, speaking in Manchester last night, said it was not in the power of the House of Commons always to remedy every evil which arose from the acts of past legislation. A Board of Education with a Liberal majority in the House would be unable to do more than palliate practically all-powerful in palliating, if it could not remedy, the evils of the Education Act. The people had got into their minds that the advocates of efficiency should be more powerful than the advocates of privilege.

Mr. Chamberlain has informed a correspondent that he "does not see any conceivable probability of his setting up for a party leader in place of his friend Mr. Balfour."

A joint Conference was held yesterday in Manchester of representatives of the Employers' and the Operatives' Associations in the cotton weaving industry to consider the application of the operatives for an advance in wages. The Conference was adjourned until March 24, when the employers will make a definite reply to the application.

The case for the prosecution of William Kemp, a salesman at the Shudehill Market in Manchester, and of six market constables was laid before Mr. Justice Wills and a jury at Manchester Assizes yesterday. The accused were indicted for stealing and conspiring to steal goods from the stalls of market tenants, and for receiving the stolen property. No witnesses were called on behalf of any of the men. Counsel for Kemp also said he did not propose to address the Court. The prosecuting counsel in his concluding address to the jury said the evidence on which he would ask for a conviction was that contained in the statements made by the men themselves. The case was adjourned till to-day.

At the Manchester Brewster Sessions yesterday the justices heard a number of applications for new licences, most of which were refused. A wine licence for a restaurant and two beer-off licences were granted, and in one case permission was given to rebuild a licensed house. The conditions imposed on the applicants by the justices involve the surrender of eight existing beerhouse licences and two existing beer-off licences.

A Conference of delegates from the Poor Law Unions of Bolton, Blackburn, Bury, Leigh, Wigan, and Haslingden at Bolton yesterday appointed a committee to draw up a scheme of a Lancashire labour colony for discussion at a subsequent Conference.

The earlier condition of the short money market caused a rally in most high-class investment stocks on the London Stock Exchange yesterday. In the South African department more cheerfulness was also shown, and nearly all the changes were to higher prices.

There was a rapid advance in the price of futures at the opening of the New York cotton market yesterday. Front-taking ensued a partial decline later, but on the close, which was very steady, there was a rise of 13 to 16 points on the day. Spot cotton also advanced.

Generally fair and mild weather, with local showers, is predicted for to-day.

FOREIGN.

General Gripenberg, commander of the 2nd Manchurian Army, has resigned on the ground of ill-health. The supplementary squadron of the Baltic Fleet has left Jibuti for Madagascar. There has been vigorous fighting between the outposts of the armies in Manchuria, but in one case the Russians sent forward as much as a division.

Strikers have been fired on by troops at Lodz, in Russian Poland, and according to one report, more than fifty have been killed or injured. Disorders are reported from other towns; at one the strikers wrecked a railway station. Order has been restored in Warsaw, but occasional outrages both by military and strikers are reported. The Tsar has received another workmen's deputation.

The North Sea Commission yesterday held a secret sitting.

Count Julius Andrassy had an audience of the Emperor Francis Joseph at Venice, and was deputed to sound the other Hungarian statesmen with a view to forming a Ministry.

The rising in Russia is over, all but the shooting and the exiling. The people by failing have proved Tolstoy to be right when he says that the Russians do not understand revolutions, and the Government to be wrong when it suspected the St. Petersburg working men of a belief in Socialism and other abstract political creeds. It was not a rising of doctrinaires; the procession to the Winter Palace was not organised by the Liberal or the Socialist parties; it was rather the gambler's throw on the old idea of the Tsar as the father of the people. An English critic once objected to one of the innumerable schemes of reform drafted for Russia that it left the proletariat and the peasantry unrepresented. "Oh," was the answer, "the Tsar is their representative." When Father Gapon said that there was no longer a Tsar he meant that this theory had finally broken down. This is the revolution accomplished in the last fortnight—a revolution in the soul, not in the body politic. For a physical revolution Russia, as Tolstoy says, is not yet prepared. We are all apt to underestimate the part played by the writers and the thinkers in the making of revolutions; and though the Russians have produced a long line of them, Tolstoy is evidently right in thinking that it has not reached the masses, and that education must spread further before the revolution can be accomplished. But the ground has been prepared, and it will be assiduously cultivated. The Socialists and Terrorists have already taken advantage of the Government's blunder to obtain political capital; and quite possibly it will be found that a rising which in St. Petersburg was purely spontaneous was in Riga and other centres which joined in the later part of a distinctively party propaganda. The first effect of the Government's crime will be to increase the influence of the professedly violent revolutionaries. Are there any influences at work to counteract theirs and convert what, when it comes, is certain to be a terribly violent and catastrophic revolution into a peaceful one? There is Count Tolstoy, who, however, is mainly interested in agrarian rather than political and industrial problems; there are the Liberals, reduced to a despondency that is in painful contrast to the extravagant hopes of December last; and lastly there is the Tsar himself. Is it possible that the weakness, which has so diminished people's respect for him may turn out to be saving political virtue?

At least one observer, Dr. Dillon, the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," thinks so. According to this able student of foreign politics the Tsar has already signed a document which he describes as the Magna Charta of Russia. M. Witte is said to have been charged by the Tsar "to extend and develop the principles of reform laid down in the Ukase of Christmas-day"; and a draft of the "Order is to be restored by peaceful methods" and the Russian people are to be invited to "co-operate with the Government. These methods are left largely to the discretion of M. Witte, and may include the convocation of a General Assembly." On the other hand, the "Standard" correspondent states, on the authority of M. Yermoloff himself, the Minister who is said to have drawn up the scheme of reform signed by the Tsar, that no suggestion was entertained of a National Assembly. All that he urged upon the Tsar was the "necessity of consulting the people about national affairs." If M. Yermoloff has persuaded the Tsar to go even as far as that he has done extremely well, for the only way in which the Tsar could consult the people about national affairs would be through some general assembly. The whole hope of the Liberals in the last two reigns has been fixed on a General Assembly which should fulfil the same function in the development of constitutional government in Russia as the States General in France in 1789 or the United Diet summoned by Frederic William IV. of Prussia in 1847. An assembly of representatives, even if it were not vested by the Government with any special powers, by the mere fact of its existence would, as at one night, Russian Liberals have thought, act as a moral restraint on absolutism. It would not necessarily imply a Constitution. When Frederic William summoned his United Diet it was to inform them that "no written sheet of paper shall ever thrust itself like a second "Providence between the Lord God in heaven "and this land." The Revolution of 1848 had still to come in Prussia, after the summoning of the United Diet. The step, therefore, is only a short one; it would not be inconsistent in the Tsar's case, as in the King of Prussia's case, with the most fantastic notions about the divine rights of kings. But, though a short step, it would be an important one. If the Tsar's reforms go so far, Russia will have entered definitely on the road to constitutional government; if they stop short of it they will be without political value.

While the Government has been fighting with its own subjects in St. Petersburg, the Manchurian army has suffered another reverse. True it has been on a comparatively small scale, but it is large enough to discourage an army which has still to win its first victory. General Kuropatkin evidently intended his last movement to be a counter-offensive, but it has come to a large scale. It was allowed to develop into a serious attack, in which, though the losses on both sides were about equal, the Russians were once more defeated. A still more serious consequence is the Russian failure to relieve Port Arthur, which was already, there was a strong chance that it would be relieved



THE HARRISON AINSWORTH CENTENARY.

KING-STREET IN 1825.

Harrison Ainsworth's house is the last shown fully on the right of our drawing; the front door is above the circular stone which surmounts the pillar at the corner of Red Cross-street. Since those days the word "Red" has disappeared, and the street, of course, now bears the common name of Cross-street. The large house approached by the steps was Dr. White's house. On the site of this house stands the old Town Hall, now the Free Reference Library. King-street, it will be seen, had in those days an upper walk above the roadway, and it is curious that a return to this old custom has been advocated for some of the new streets in London. Harrison Ainsworth himself is drawn in the foreground at Red Cross-street corner.

William Harrison Ainsworth, who was born a hundred years ago to-day, is the most popular name that Manchester has given to literature. De Quincey stands on an altogether different plane of thought and expression. Mrs. Gaskell, incomparably greater as an artist than Ainsworth, though long resident in the city, was not a native of Manchester. Mrs. Linnæus Banks, who came later, shared Ainsworth's liking for local colour, but never attained his popularity. It cannot be doubted that Ainsworth has had the greatest number of readers, both at home and abroad, of all the Manchester men who have tried their hands at literature. His first success was made with "Rookwood" in 1834, and his last novel was published in 1881. Between those dates he produced forty novels, most of which have never been out of print. To the English editions must be added the American reprints and many translations into foreign languages. In 1851 the late Sir Thomas Baker stated that in the Manchester Free Libraries there were in 1881 some 300 volumes of Ainsworth's works, and that these had been issued in twelve months to 7,660 readers, mostly of the artisan class. For 1903, the corresponding figures are 455 volumes and 6,183 readers. From this we may draw the not unexpected conclusion that some of the newer writers of historical romance are claiming a greater share of attention. There has never been a complete uniform edition of all Ainsworth's romances owing to certain copyright difficulties. Mr. John Dicks has the copyright of "Talbot Harland," "Tower Hill," "South Sea Bubble," "Morris England," "Chetwynd Calverley," "Goldsmith's Wife," "Fall of Somerset," and "Beatrice Tyldesley." These are mainly Ainsworth's later writings, done when his hand had certainly lost some of its cunning, and the sales of them have for the last ten years been steadily declining. But the earlier writings, also issued by Mr. Dicks, have an extensive sale. The order of popularity is "Jack Sheppard," "Guy Fawkes," "Windsor Castle," and "Old St. Paul's." Mr. Dicks issues Ainsworth in sixpenny volumes, all illustrated, and some containing fac-similes of Cruikshank's wonderful illustrations. Messrs. George Routledge and Sons also issue the most popular of the romances at sixpence, but in addition they publish long series at higher prices. The "Original Illustrated Edition," with 433 plates by Cruikshank, Phiz, and other artists, extends to sixteen volumes at 5s. each. The "Author's Copyright Edition," also illustrated, is in 21 volumes at 3s. 6d. The Windsor Edition runs to 21 volumes at 2s. each. A "Thin Paper Edition" in twelve volumes at 2s. each, with six photogravures from the original drawings, will shortly be put upon the market by this firm, who have evidently great faith in the abiding popularity of the Manchester novelist.

Ainsworth was born at his father's house, 5 King-street. The house has long since been pulled down. The entrance to the Cheshire and London Chambers corresponds to the position of the front door of Mr. Thomas Ainsworth's house at the beginning of the nineteenth century. At the corner of King-street stood the large house occupied by the famous surgeon Dr. Charles White, whose anatomical museum included the skeleton of Higgins the highwayman and the mummy of Madam Beswick, as we know from De Quincey's graphic narrative. The portion of Cross-street between King-street and Princess-street was then known by the more picturesque name of Red Cross-street. The centre of the town was still a residential quarter, though many of the wealthier inhabitants were finding abodes for themselves at a greater distance from their places of business. Though the birthplace of Harrison Ainsworth has disappeared, a house occupied at a later period by the family—Beech Hill, in Smedley Lane—is standing. Ainsworth's father was a well-to-do solicitor; his grandfather was a mathematician of some fame. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Ralph Harrison, the composer of some popular hymn-tunes. The boy was in this way connected with the Bayleys, Touchets, and other old Manchester families. At the age of twelve he was sent to the Manchester Grammar School, and in "Mervyn Clitheroe" he has drawn an amusing picture of the masters and boys whom he met there. His younger brother was a pupil at the same time. The two boys were both handsome and clever, but Fate dealt hardly with the younger. Thomas Gilbert Ainsworth fractured his skull by a fall, but appeared to recover completely from the accident, and went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, as an exhibitioner. He was attacked by brain fever, possibly the result of over-study, and had to renounce his intention of graduating. His health improved and he resumed his studies, but there came a second attack, and his mind remained clouded until his death in 1876. The future novelist had health, high spirits, and, after a temporary affection for fireworks, an abiding ambition for distinction in literature and the drama. In 1820 he was stage manager and playwright for a drama produced in the cellar of his father's house amid the unbounded applause of sympathetic friends. The prologue to this performance was written by Mr. James Crossley, and may be read in "Blackwood's Magazine" for 1820. Some of Ainsworth's youthful dramas appeared in "Arliss's Magazine," and, by a boyish freak, appeared there as the work of a schoolfellow, Thomas Hall, of Salford. He contributed to more important periodicals, printed one or two poetical pamphlets, and made friends with Charles Lamb. Ainsworth was articled to a solicitor, and on his father's death went to London to finish his legal training. Here he was introduced to Mr. John Ebers, who was manager of the Opera-house, the head of a publishing firm, and the father of more than one pretty daughter. Ebers published a pamphlet by Ainsworth and also "Sir John Chiverton," an imitation of Scott, written in conjunction with Mr. J. P. Aston. Ebers also consented to Ainsworth's marriage with his daughter, to whom the handsome young lawyer had addressed verses of the type prescribed by the literary orthodoxy of the day. This was in 1826, and Ainsworth became a publisher himself. The experiment was not very successful, and his future was still uncertain when he made a lucky hit by the publication of "Rookwood" in 1834. It was as frankly and melodramatically romantic as the stories of Anne Radcliffe, but its "mysteries" had the additional charm for English readers of having an English atmosphere. Dick Turpin became the hero of the piece in the eyes of the public which was not the author's intention. The account of the highwayman's ride is a fine piece of descriptive writing, and the performance, which had impressed Ainsworth in childhood, and no doubt helped him to idealise that sorry rascal. This was followed by "Crichton" in 1837, and in 1840 by "Jack Sheppard," another criminal, selected, as the novelist declared, not because he was a housebreaker, but because he was a prison-breaker. There were Cheshire traditions of Turpin's ride to York, and Ainsworth visited the scenes of the highwayman's exploits. This appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany," with Cruikshank's vivid pictures. Ainsworth was now in the front rank of popular authors, and was familiar with Dickens (who first met Forster at his house), Talfourd, and the other notables of the period.

Mr. James Crossley, afterwards known to fame as a book-lover and book-collector, was an articled clerk to Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, and succeeded him in his business as a solicitor. He was a few years older than Harrison Ainsworth, and did much to encourage his love of literature and the development of his powers as an author. They were both frequenters of Chetham's Library. The famous window recess in the reading-room has been the favourite seat of many Manchester authors besides Ainsworth. The friendship began in youth continued without interruption until the death of the novelist. When Ainsworth was in London he kept up a constant correspondence with his literary friend and mentor. He writes from London, November 22, 1837:—

> On Saturday last we celebrated the completion of the "Pickwick Papers." We had a capital dinner, with capital toasts and capital speeches, Dickens, of course, was in the chair. Talfourd was the vice, and an excellent vice he made. He speaks with great tact and tact, and, being really greatly interested on the occasion, exerted himself to the utmost. Just before he was about to propose *the* toast of the evening, the head waiter—for it was at a tavern that the carouse took place—entered and placed a glittering temple of confectionery on the table, beneath the canopy of which stood a little figure of the illustrious Mr. Pickwick. This was the work of the landlord. As you may suppose, it was received with great applause. Dickens made a feeling speech in reply to the Serjeant's eulogy. There were present Tom Hill, Jerdan, Forster, Macready, Dickens, sen., Hogarth (Dickens's father-in-law), one or two private friends, the printers, publishers, and engravers. The same party were invited to celebrate the christening of the next work. Just before dinner Dickens received a cheque for £750 from his publishers.

On another occasion he writes:—

> I asked Lockhart what he thought of "Pickwick." He said he thought "it was all very well—but," with one of his usual laughs, "damned low."

This was in April, 1838, when it was believed that the public were not taking to "Nicholas Nickleby" with the same zest as to "Pickwick." On this Ainsworth remarks:—

> But the truth is, to write for the mob one must not write too well. The newspaper level is the true line to take. In proportion as Dickens departs from this he will decline in popular favour—of this I am certain. I think, however, he has so much tact that he will yet retrieve himself—and become bad enough to suit all tastes.

It must be admitted that Dickens succeeded in "retrieving" himself, though it may be doubted whether his success was due to the methods pointed out by Ainsworth. There is another interesting reference to Dickens in a letter written on October 31, 1838:—

> I write a few hasty lines to apprise you that you are likely in the course of this week or the beginning of the next to have some illustrious visitors. Dickens has just started for Stratford-upon-Avon and Chester, accompanied by Mr. Browne (the "Phiz" of "Pickwick" and "Nickleby") the artist. He will reach Manchester on Saturday, I believe. On Sunday next Forster starts, per Rail-road, to join him, and I suppose on Monday they will call on you, as they are armed with letters of introduction to you. Dickens's object is to see the interior of a Cotton Mill. I fancy with reference to some of his publications. I have given him letters to G. Winter and Hugh Beaver. Forster is anxious to see you. He has spoken to Colbourn, since I last wrote, on the subject of North's Diary, and will tell you what he heard. It appears that Colbourn is now not unwilling to undertake the book. You will find Forster able to give you the best *practical* advice on the subject, as he knows all the publishers and their tricks.

When Ainsworth was engaged on "Crichton" Mr. Crossley noticed in one of Thorpe's famous catalogues a rare volume of tracts relating to the adventurous Scot. He had it sent to Ainsworth, and also furnished a prose translation to help him in the not too easy task of turning Crichton's conventional Latin into fluent English verse. A friend who gave useful ethical and legal advice, who suggested topics for historical romances and supplied rare books containing the necessary information for their construction, a friend who could even lend money at a pinch, and who from first to last expressed a genuine and generous admiration of his talents—such a friend was James Crossley to Harrison Ainsworth.

The titles of Ainsworth's forty novels need not be recapitulated. The best of them have already been named. An admirable exhibition of his writings, including many of his rare juvenile efforts as well as the books famous for the illustrations of Cruikshank, "Phiz," and Sir John Gilbert, has been arranged in the show-cases in the entrance hall of the Manchester Reference Library. For the most part Ainsworth's stories are historical romances, and he took pains to secure local information, though he always maintained an artist's freedom in the use he made of his materials.

Whether resident in London or Tunbridge, Brighton or Reigate, Ainsworth's thoughts often turned to his native Lancashire. This is curiously shown by the fact that a series of his stories can be arranged so as to form a novelist's history of Lancashire from the Pilgrimage of Grace in the sixteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. This gave special appropriateness to the happy thought of Sir Thomas Baker, who, when Mayor of Manchester, entertained Ainsworth at a banquet in the Town Hall. This literary festival—unique in the annals of Manchester—remains a pleasant memory in the minds of the rapidly decreasing band who then assembled to do honour to Ainsworth. It was no longer the dashing, handsome dandy of the early Victorian period—the Harrison Ainsworth who has been drawn for us by Maclise and Pickersgill,—but an old man, grey and bent, who stood up amidst friendly plaudits. The banquet was held on September 15, 1881. He died at Reigate January 3, 1882.

The Manchester recognition was just in time to gladden the evening of the life of William Harrison Ainsworth, before the shadows finally closed around him.



THE READING ROOM, CHETHAM LIBRARY.
(SHOWING THE WINDOW RECESS.)

W. Harrison Ainsworth.
An Appreciation

Doffing the Court dress and the aspect wise
Thou ~~got~~ giv'st to History a romantic guise;
And with the magic of thy facile pen
Re-shapest events of monarchs and of men.
Yet not so altered as to be quite strange
Nor shock thy readers with too great a change.

Heroes thou drawest as it pleaseth thee
And brandest villains with due villainy;
If lovely maid by scoundrel be beguiled
Her lover triumps and the wretch is foiled;
If mad assassin slay a faithful friend
Some brave avenger tracts him to his end;
If fate demand some beauteous Queen must die
Or gallant noble on the scaffold headless lie
We view the tragedy with bated breath
Yet feel that virtue triumphs over death.

Through many a Protean scene thy Fancy strays
And dark intricacies of Statecraft's ways
Callest up "old Innes" to please the reader's eye
And paints the manners of our ancestry
Thou turnist Time's hour glass o'er and o'er
And "merry England" in thy pages lives once more

G. T. Lawley
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(3)

Autograph Letters: Ainsworth (W.H.) & his friends, also cuttings & portraits & fine collection
an interesting

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Aut. letter from G. Cruikshank

see over for 1st leaf of Contents

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WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

W. Harrison Ainsworth. 1

the minutes coming up for confirmation, Dr. Horrocks again referred to the matter, and said he had f... thought the questio...

Act on the whole, said it had good features. Discussion followed, several members taking part. ... of thanks was accorded the lecturer

COLLIERY ACCIDENT
FALL OF ROOF KILLS ONE ...

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Newspaper Cuttings

referring to

William Harrison Ainsworth.

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WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

M.G. 4 Jan: 1882.

We much regret to report that Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth expired yesterday at his house in Reigate, Surrey. His death, which appears to have been rather sudden, is attributed to an affection of the chest.

William Harrison Ainsworth was born in King-street, Manchester, at the house of his father, on the 4th of February, 1805. He could boast of a literary ancestry. His paternal grandfather, Jeremiah Ainsworth, was the compiler of the well-known Latin dictionary which bears his name; and is described in the first Manchester directory (published in 1772) as an "Accomptant, and a Teacher of Mathematics, Long Millgate." He is also alluded to elsewhere as a schoolmaster, and was a distinguished geometrician. By the side of his mother, Ann, daughter of the Rev. Ralph Harrison, one of the ministers of Cross-street Chapel and a tutor at Manchester College, he was descended from a line of Nonconformists, some of whom are delineated in the pages of Calamy. His uncle, the Rev. William Harrison, occupied for the long space of 40 years the pulpit of the old Presbyterian (Unitarian) Chapel at Blackley, and three of his cousins were surgeons of high repute and extensive practice. He was gifted by nature with a fine constitution, high spirits, and a happy temperament. After receiving his elementary training from his uncle, the Rev. William Harrison, he became on the 20th March, 1817, a scholar of the Manchester Free Grammar School, where he remained for some years. There is a vivid sketch, in which he has brought the school and its masters with such life and spirit before us, in the early portion of his "Mervyn Clitheroe." At the annual recitations he appeared to great advantage, and his remarkably handsome face, excellent delivery, and perfect self-possession, are still recollected by the surviving attenders of those interesting occasions, and never failed to bring down plaudits from the audience. Of Dr. Smith he was always a great favourite, and that sagacious master well understood that he was no common boy. While at school, and afterwards, he went through a large amount of miscellaneous reading, in which, besides recourse to his father's collection, which was a good one, he had the advantage—a benefit which Thomas de Quincey had availed himself of before him—of the old Exchange circulating library, in which there was an ample, if not select, table provided with dishes of all sorts, from "Amadis of Gaul" and "Palmerin of England" to "Bryant's Mythology" and "Cudworth's Intellectual System." On leaving the Free Grammar School he was placed by his father with Mr. Alexander Kay, an able and experienced solicitor, afterwards mayor of Manchester, with a view to his succeeding to the well-established business which his father carried on in partnership with his son's early and intimate friend Mr. James Crossley, the accomplished president of the Chetham Society. Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, the father, to whose energy and public spirit some of the earlier improvements in Manchester were materially indebted, died at a comparatively speaking early age in 1824. In the preface to a later edition of "Rookwood," the author says:—"If I should hereafter realise a design I have always entertained of illustrating the early manners and customs, as well as the local peculiarities, of the commercial town to which I owe my birth, I would inscribe that book to my father, as a fit tribute to the memory of one whose energies were so unremittingly and so successfully directed towards the promotion of the public improvement of Manchester, that his name may with propriety be connected with its annals." Mr. Harrison's labours for the community were the more meritorious, because rendered amidst the absorbing duties of a solicitor engaged in an extensive practice. In addition to his town residence he occupied Beech Hill, then considered a somewhat remote country house in Cheetham. In the house in King-street, which occupied part of the site on which Brooks's Bank now stands, a private theatre was constructed, of which the following interesting notice was furnished by an accomplished literary friend:—

The architect, manager, and what-not was William Harrison Ainsworth, then a fine handsome youth of fifteen, full of literary and dramatic ambition, and who possessed the power of infusing his own spirit into others. He was assisted by his brother Thomas Gilbert Ainsworth, who died very recently, and in whom a career of great promise was overclouded by an accident which he sustained when a boy. The play performed at the opening of the theatre was "The Brothers." I am not certain as to the day, but the period of the performance would be the latter end of the year 1820. The second play brought out, and which would be not long afterwards, was "Giotto, or the Fatal Revenge." One or both of these dramas will, I believe, be found in *Arliss's Magazine* of the above date, the author of course being William Harrison Ainsworth. The extemporised theatre on these two play days was attended by the beauty and fashion of King-street and its neighbourhood, for Manchester had not then gone out of doors. The youthful manager performed his parts excellently, and was well supported by his companions, amongst whom on the second occasion was John Wheeler, a brother of the present learned Serjeant; Joseph Reyner Stephens, the future well-known Wesleyan minister, styled in the playbill Mr. Fairnell, who wrote the prologue, and enacted three characters, two of which were Fusbos and a bandit; and Thomas Hall, the son of a dyer in Salford, who afterwards went out to the Cape of Good Hope, and, I think, died there. The applause of the select company of spectators was, as might be expected, enthusiastic, and no misadventure occurred that I recollect except that Mr. John Harrison, Mrs Ainsworth's brother, who embodied in his person the musical orchestra, was found on the curtain suddenly drawing up seated on the stage instead of in front of it, and that the worthy Doctor who so ably fulfils the duties of chairman of the Royal Institution, then a little boy, and who was perched on the edge of a copper, fell backwards into the water, but was rescued from his critical situation without any material injury.

William Harrison Ainsworth went through the regular legal curriculum, and from Mr. Kay's office in Manchester proceeded to Mr. Jacob Philips' chambers in King's Bench Walks, to be perfected in the higher mysteries of conveyancing. Here he copied precedents, and there is a folio volume in which his labours are embodied; but the rule in "Shelley's case" and "Fearne's Contingent Remainders" had no charms for him. His aspirations were of another kind,—to give new associations to the name of Ainsworth unconnected with law, mathematics, or lexicography—in short, to enter upon a literary career; and to know and be known by the leading authors of the day, exchanging Manchester with all its prospects for the great metropolis. In this resolve he was confirmed by marrying, October, 1826, Anne Frances, daughter of Mr. John Ebers, of Old Bond-street, the lessee of the opera house, whose London connections were large and extensive; and he accordingly became settled in the midst of the world of letters and fashion. For some time he carried on the business of a publisher, and several works of interest and value may be found with his name attached; but this, after giving it a fair and full trial, he thought fit for wise reasons to discontinue; having, however, acquired an experience from his publishing operations, which was afterwards undoubtedly beneficial to him. During all this period—at school, while going through his professional education in Manchester and London, and the years which immediately followed—he devoted the greater part of his leisure to contributing, sometimes solely, sometimes with a friendly collaborateur, to various periodicals, commencing with Arliss's little but elegantly-illustrated magazine, and proceeding onward to such as "The Ira," "Edinburgh" and "London Magazine." But, leaving these prolusions, as well as the separate works in poetry and prose, of what we may style the pre-Rookwoodian Era, to be indicated and enumerated by his future biographer—and biography has nothing more interesting than the examination of early works of successful writers—we must come to the production which first gave Mr. Ainsworth a solid footing as an author. This was the striking and, in many respects unequal, story of "Rookwood," but in which was contained what was at once acknowledged to be a masterpiece of descriptive power; we need not add that we refer to Turpin's celebrated ride to York, which, at once delighting the young and the old, established the writer as a favourite with the reading public. "Rookwood" was followed by "Crichton," which sustained, if it did not increase, the reputation of Mr. Ainsworth had acquired. Most of the works which succeeded appeared originally in a serial form, either in Bentley's Miscellany" (of which he became editor on the retirement of Mr. Dickens in March, 1840), Ainsworth's Magazine,' the "Sunday Times," or in monthly numbers, and were afterwards collected into volumes. The first of these was the wonderfully popular and much criticised "Jack Sheppard," which, admirably illustrated by George Cruikshank, was universally read, was dramatised at eight different theatres, and, by its extraordinary success, called forth attacks on all sides and a spirit which, to many of his friends and admirers, looked very much like persecution. On this subject we cannot do better than refer to Laman Blanchard's very sensible remarks in the memoir prefixed to the later editions of "Rookwood." The storm which "Jack Sheppard" had evoked was in a great measure appeased by the "Tower of London," which deals with a higher class of criminals, and must always be placed amongst the best, if it be not indeed the best, of the author's historical novels. During the last 30 to 40 years it has lost none of its original popularity. Its great success gave occasion to a large dinner, at which were present the leading authors, critics, artists, and publishers of London, and at which Serjeant (afterwards Judge) Talfourd presided. We doubt much whether amongst the many similar celebrations which have since occurred in London there has been any which went off more brilliantly, or with which the author in compliment to whom the gathering took place had better reason to be satisfied. It is impossible here to give more than a simple enumeration of the titles of the novels which Mr. Ainsworth's creative power and extraordinary fertility have produced. One of them we must not, however, omit to single out from the rest—"Mervyn Clitheroe,"—as it supplies many graphic sketches of the friends and scenes with which he was familiar in boyhood. Another, "The Lancashire Witches"—dedicated to his old friend the President of the Chetham Society—in which, with great artistic skill, he has worked up the materials contained in two works in the Chetham series of very different character, "Pott's Discovery" and "Nicholas Assheton's Journal,' will always have a peculiar interest, as a powerful and striking delineation of the grim superstition of his native county. Nor should it be omitted that to the very pleasing story, "The Flitch of Bacon," we owe, under the auspices of Mr. Ainsworth, the temporary revival of one of the most curious and interesting of the old customs of England, the giving of the flitch at Great Dunmow. The following works appeared at the dates specified, viz:—"Rookwood," 1834; "Crichton," 1837; "Jack Sheppard," 1839; "Tower of London," 1840; "Ovingdean Grange," 1860; "Constable of the Tower," 1801; "Lord Mayor of London," 1802; "Cardinal Pole," 1863; "Guy Fawkes," 1841; "Old St. Paul's," 1841; "The Miser's Daughter," 1842; "Windsor Castle," 1843; "St. James's, or the Court of Queen Anne," "Lancashire Witches," 1848; "Star Chamber," 1854; "Flitch of Bacon," 1854; "Spendthrift," 1856; "Mervyn Clitheroe," 1857; "John Law the Projector," 1864; "The Spanish Match, or Charles Stewart in Madrid," 1865; "Myddleton Pomfret," 1866; "The Constable de Bourbon," 1866; "Old Court," 1867; "The South Sea Bubble," 1868; "Hilary St. Ives," 1869; "Talbot Harland," 1870; "Tower Hill," 1871; "Boscobel," 1872; "The Manchester Rebels," 1873; "Merry England," 1874; "The Goldsmith's Wife," 1875; "Cheiwynd Calverley," 1876; "The Leaguer of Lathom," 1877; "The Fall of Somerset," 1877; "Beatrice Tyldesley," 1878; "Beau Nash," 1880; "Auriol," 1880; "Stanley Brereton," 1881. These have all had a large sale at home and in America, and several of them have been translated into the German, French, Dutch, Russian, and Spanish languages. That in so long a series, and dealing with scenes, and periods, and subjects so diversified, Mr. Ainsworth should still have retained his hold upon public favour, as is sufficiently evidenced by the continually repeated impressions of his works both here, on the Continent, in America, and our colonial dependencies, and the translations of them into most of the languages of Europe, is an ample proof that he possesses those sterling qualities as a writer of fiction which will ensure permanence to his name as an author. To continue to please the public by successive productions during a period of nearly forty years is a distinction accorded to few. The collection of Mr. Ainsworth's ballads, published in 1855, makes it a matter of regret that he has not continued to cultivate a species of composition for which he seems to have a peculiar talent. "The Combat of the Thirty," from an old Breton lay of the 14th century, 1859, is an most splendid and excellent version.

Mr. John Forster, in the first volume of his Life of Charles Dickens, has referred with evident pleasure to the kindly intercourse which existed between the far famed Boz himself and Mr. Ainsworth in the days gone by. "Four days after the date of the last quoted letter there came the birth of his eighth child and sixth son, whom at first he meant to call by Oliver Goldsmith's name, but settled afterwards into that of Henry Fielding, and to whom that early friend Ainsworth, who had first made us known to each other—welcome and pleasant companion always—was asked to be godfather." It was Ainsworth who in one of his rare visits to Manchester introduced Dickens to Daniel and William Grant, and thus originated the famous portraits of the "Brothers Cheeryble." There is, perhaps, no one connected with literature who has been brought within the range of the genial sympathy, the considerate feeling, and hearty and liberal hospitality of the subject of this notice who will not have equal pleasure in looking back to the occasions when they met. No reminiscence can be more agreeable than those of the days when Kensal

manor house, on the Harrow Road, where Mr. Ainsworth resided for many years, was a central point for literary men, and when, after enjoying the conversation of men whom it was always a delight to meet, the guests were serenaded on those fine summer evenings by the nightingales which had not then deserted that part of the suburbs of London. From Kensal manor house Mr. Ainsworth removed to Brighton, and thence to Tunbridge Wells, and then resided with his eldest daughter at Hurstpierpoint. He had likewise a residence at Reigate.* With the love of old customs which was a passion with Mr. Ainsworth, he determined in 1855 to revive the antique observance, which originated with the Priory of Dunmow, of awarding a flitch of bacon to faithful married couples who could conscientiously subscribe to the required qualifications. These were, that after a twelvemonth of matrimony the worthy pair should make oath that during the whole time they had never had a quarrel, never regretted their marriage, and if again open to an engagement would make exactly the same choice. Mr. Ainsworth met with some opposition to his proposed revival of this ancient custom. The lord of the manor refused to allow the ceremony to take place at Little Dunmow, and some of the clergy and gentry strenuously objected to its transference to Great Dunmow. On the 19th of July, however, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, of Chipping Ongar, and the Chevalier de Chatelain and his English wife, appeared before a mixed jury of spinsters and bachelors in the Town Hall of Dunmow. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth was appointed to the office of judge, Mr. Robert Bell was counsel for the claimants, and Mr. Dudley Costello conducted the examination in opposition. After two hours and a half of close questioning and deliberation both couples were declared to have fulfilled the necessary conditions, and the court, counsel, and claimants adjourned to the Windmill Field, where the oath was administered in the presence of fully seven thousand people, and the flitches presented to the deserving quartett.

Mr. Ainsworth was a widower, his wife Anne Frances having died on the 6th March, 1838, leaving three daughters now living—one, Fanny; two, Emily Mary; three, Blanche, married to Captain Swanson, Royal Artillery. His mother, Mrs. Anne Ainsworth, who inherited all the business talents of her father, the Rev. R. Harrison, one of those prescient spirits who looked forward to the immense growth of Manchester, died in March, 1842. "Rookwood" was dedicated to her in an eloquent strain of tender and devoted affection.

Mr. Ainsworth was present at the grand banquet in October, 1871, commemorating the new erections of the Manchester Free Grammar School, the Earl of Derby presiding; and in an interesting and very appropriate speech took a review of the alumni who in former days had done honour to the school. He lost no opportunity of testifying to his attachment to his native town. He thus refers to it in his preface to "The Manchester Rebels:"—"All my early life being spent in Manchester, where I was born, bred, and schooled, I am naturally familiar with the scenes I have attempted to describe in this tale. Little of the old town, however, is now left. The lover of antiquity—if any such should now visit Manchester—will search in vain for those picturesque black and white timber habitations with pointed gables and latticed windows that were common enough sixty years ago. Entire streets embellished by such houses have been swept away in the course of modern improvement. But I recollect them well. No great effort of imagination was therefore needed to reconstruct the old town as it existed in the middle of the last century; but I was saved from the possibility of error by an excellent plan, almost of the precise date, designed by John A. Berry, to which I made constant reference during my task. Views are given in this plan of the principal houses then recently erected, and, as all these houses were occupied by Prince Charles and the Highland chiefs during their stay in Manchester I could conduct the rebel chiefs to their quarters without much difficulty. One of the houses situate in Deansgate belonged to my mother's uncle, Mr. Touchet. This is gone, as is Mr. Dickenson's fine house in Market-street Lane, where the Prince was lodged. Indeed, there is scarcely a house left in the town that has the slightest historical associations belonging to it." The following picture of St. Ann's Square will

* For much of the foregoing we are indebted to an excellent sketch of Mr. Ainsworth in "The Admission Register of the Manchester Grammar School."

show that its use by the belles and beaux of the city is of ancient date:—"On either side of the Square was a row of young plane trees. At the further end stood the church, of the architectural beauty of which we cannot say much; but it had its admirers in those days, and perhaps may have admirers in our own, for it still stands where it did. In fact, the square retains a good deal of its original appearance. Here the beau-monde of the town was wont to congregate in the middle of the last century, . . . to criticise each other, and talk scandal, in imitation of the fine folks to be seen on the Mall, at St. James's."

One of Mr. Ainsworth's earliest, most constant, and distinguished friends, was Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A., president of the Chetham Society. There can be no doubt as to the identity of the "distinguished novelist" alluded to in the following note, by Mr. Crossley, in the "Addenda to Admission Register of the Manchester School, vol. 2," under the head of James Watson, of whom he says:—

His best title to be remembered is, however, as the editor, selector, and, in a small degree, author of a publication which came out in numbers in the years 1806 and in 1807, and was printed in six closely-printed octavo volumes, with illustrations, under the title of "The Gleaner," first and second series, and the "Harvest Home." It is the best selection of short tales, anecdotes, sketches, &c., that has yet been made, and well do I remember the delight it afforded me in my early days and the eagerness with which I went for each number as it appeared. Even now I never pass Bury-street, Salford, where it was printed at Cowdroy's press, without a feeling of respect for the place which produced a work so delightful; and in this sentiment I shall, I am sure, have as a sharer a distinguished novelist, to whom, perhaps, it afforded the first impulse which led him to that career in which he has been so successful."

One of the advantages of the eminent authors of the present day is the admirable manner in which, as a rule, they have been represented pictorially. The portraits of Pickersgill and Maclise will always give, as far as painting can, to to those unacquainted with the original a perfect idea of the author of "Rookwood" when in the full bloom of age and authorship. Maclise's portrait has been engraved by Finden. Equally characteristic is the sketch of him in the Fraserian group, which has been several times reproduced. The full length portrait by Pickersgill was presented in 1878 by Mr. Ainsworth to the Chetham Library, where it hangs in the Byrom Room. In this institution he took a warm interest, and amongst the few modern novels admitted to its grave shelves a prominent

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS 14. 1. '82.

THE LATE MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

The death of this gentleman, in his seventy-seventh year, was announced last week. He was a native of Manchester; and it is not many weeks since he was entertained with a complimentary dinner, presided over by the Mayor of that city, and attended by many admirers of his literary talent and of his social character. William Harrison Ainsworth, the eldest son of a Manchester attorney, was educated in the Manchester Grammar School, and was articled to his father's profession in his youth. But, at a very early age, he wrote, and determined to devote himself to literature. In 1834 appeared the first of his more popular novels, "Rookwood," in which the highwayman Dick Turpin makes a conspicuous figure. Its success was very great, owing in great measure to the spirit with which the famous ride to York was described. He then turned his attention to Jack Sheppard; and at the beginning of 1839 the first number of his novel relating to that notorious burglar appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*. "Jack Sheppard" was read with avidity by the vulgar and silly; and several different versions of it were played on the stage, one of them, an opera, with Mr. Rodwell's spirited and pretty music. The illustrative sketches contributed to the story by George Cruikshank did something to increase this popularity. But the voice of criticism was not silent in regard to the deleterious effect which such tales might produce; and Mr. Ainsworth having reason to fear that "Rookwood" and "Jack Sheppard" might serve as a stimulus to crime, abandoned what had come to be known as the robber school of romance. In 1840 he succeeded Dickens as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, but retired from the post at the end of the following year, to establish the magazine issued under his own name. In 1845 he became proprietor and editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Meanwhile he had begun that long series of historical romances, on which his fame chiefly rests—"Crichton," "Guy Fawkes," "Old St. Paul's," the "Miser's Daughter," "Windsor Castle," "St. James's," "Lancashire Witches," "The Star Chamber," "The Flitch of Bacon," "Ovingdean Grange," "The Constable of the Tower," "The Lord Mayor of London," "Cardinal Pole," "John Law," and other stories of past times in England. In 1854, Mr. Ainsworth became the proprietor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in which one of his sketches, "The Spendthrift," was originally published. He had also considerable talent as a writer of verse. In early life, under the *nom de plume* of "Cheviot Tichebourne," he brought out a volume of songs, dedicating them to Charles Lamb. Many pieces in verse are scattered over his prose with excellent effect; but the best proof of his poetical gifts is to be found in his "Combat of the Thirty," founded upon the old Breton legend. Mr. Ainsworth married a daughter of Mr. Ebers, the publisher, and was at one time connected with the publishing trade.

The portrait is from a photograph taken about ten or twelve years since, by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE LATE MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH, NOVELIST.

up with barrels of provisions and water, and with the baggage of the crews to be put on board the ten light-ships; besides which we had several large buoys on our foredeck. The crew of a light-ship consists of a master, a mate, three lamp-keepers, and eleven seamen, seven of the seamen on board, while four are on shore; the master or mate has one month on board and one on shore; the seamen two months on board and one on shore. During their stay on shore, they are employed on certain days in the week about the wharf at Blackwall.

The first light we called at was the Mucking, a pile light-house, connected with the shore by a long bridge, the [illegible]

vicissitudes were so striking and whose opportunities were so great for observing the conduct of men in high places and the course of memorable events, are necessarily instructive as well as deeply interesting; but it is a question whether the reader will not derive the greatest pleasure from the descriptions which are given of various places in the different countries wherein the author became a sojourner. From the historical point of view, great advantage may be gained from collating the memoirs with those of Madame de Rémusat, with "The Marriages of the Bonapartes," and with the many similar works which have lately been published.

The series of volumes devoted to the commemoration of "English men of letters" could not, of course, do without a notice of "the opium-eater," and, no doubt, *De Quincey:* by David Masson (Macmillan and Co.), is an instance of the right man in the right place, in respect both of the subject handled and the handler of the subject; but it is probable that, with the exception of the "Confessions," which have now lost all their novelty, and the "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," which is a piece of humour scarcely "understanded of the people," there is nothing in the life or writings of De Quincey which is likely to have much attraction for the ordinary reader, who has, perhaps, picked up all that he cares to know from reviews of Mr. Page's elaborate publication. That De Quincey belonged to an ancient family which "came over with Richard Conqueror;" that he resuscitated the nobiliary "de," which his antecessors had dropped; that he was not born at the country-house of Greenhay, but in Manchester itself; that he was of insignificant physique but notable intellect; that he ran away from school, and became a temporary vagrant; that his vagrancy led to his romantic and touching intimacy with his gentle "Anne of Oxford-street;" that he lived on close terms of friendship with Wordsworth at the Lakes; that he took to opium with such results as he has himself described; that, notwithstanding his weakly constitution, and the way in which he tried it, he lived, perhaps by his very opium-eating, to the great age of seventy-four or more; and that he won, by mere magazine-writing, or by little else, a reputation equal to that of great poets, historians, philosophers, metaphysicians, and theologians, is as much as anybody need care to know about him. So much, and a great deal more, if it should seem desirable, may be learned very pleasantly from Mr. Masson's book, in which there are specimens of De Quincey's style and some very noteworthy remarks about it.

Illustrations are sometimes but an ornamental accompaniment of letterpress, and letterpress is sometimes but a subventional accompaniment of illustrations, and in *The Prince and the Pauper:* by Mark Twain (Chatto and Windus), it would seem as if the latter arrangement had been intended. For there are nearly 200 illustrations, some of them excellent, representing such persons and places and incidents, with costumes and other appurtenances, as may be supposed to have been characteristic of England, and of London especially, in the reign of Edward VI.; and the letterpress is really little more than a running commentary upon the illustrations. Both illustrations and letterpress seemed to have been conceived in a partly funny and partly serious strain; but the fun is by no hundred illustrations, moreover, not only attractive and ornamental, but wonderfully helpful from the explanatory point of view; and let it be added that there is an index. In the volume the inquirer may read about "carnivorous" plants, sun-dews, fly-traps, butterworts, and pitcher-plants; about the "gyration of plants," about "heliotropism," or the tendency to turn towards the sun, about "twiners" and "climbers," about "sensitive" plants, about the "sleep" of plants, about "meteoric" plants, and about interesting peculiarities too numerous to mention, providing an inexhaustible stock of marvels for the intelligent mind to examine, rejoice over, and ponder upon with reverence. Of the curious "snake-nut," of "giants" among trees, of the "luminosity" attributed to certain flowers, and of "mystic" plants, the volume contains notice enough to awaken a longing for much more information, and enough to make an enthusiastic reader follow the example of the great Linnæus, who, at sight and smell of the lovely English gorse, fell then and there upon his knees and thanked God who had graciously spared him for the enjoyment of a thing so beautiful.

A very pleasant company, to judge from the group portrayed upon the frontispiece, must have been gathered together to take part in the experiences recorded in *Our Mission to the Court of Morocco:* by Philip Durham Trotter, Captain 93rd Highlanders (Edinburgh: David Douglas), a large, handsome volume, well and freely illustrated, containing an appendix, an index, a map, and all, in fact, that is necessary for perfection and conducive to the comfort of the reader and the intelligibility of the narrative. It is a matter for regret, perhaps, that, to adopt the author's own estimate of time, the account given should refer to a mission undertaken so long ago as 1880; but it is a matter for still greater regret that the publication of the account has been so long delayed by reason of a fever contracted by the author amid the scenes he has described in his book or "in that valuable but pestilential possession of her Majesty, the Rock of Gibraltar." Better late than never, at any rate, is a saying which may be fairly applied to so agreeable and interesting a work, though there may be a few readers who will be inclined to wish occasionally that the author had not entered upon his undertaking with so evident a determination to play the part of the "funny man." The head of the mission was Sir John Drummond Hay, K.C.B.; and Miss Hay, presumably his daughter, who accompanied the expedition and had taken upon herself the duty of collecting plants for Sir Joseph Hooker, was the cause, in consequence of her occupation and the attendance she required therein, why some of the most attractive portions of the narrative came to be written. A list of the plants she collected during the pilgrimage from Tangier to Fez appears in the appendix, and that fact alone will be sufficient to recommend the volume to botanical enthusiasts. It is not everybody who is aware that the sweet-smelling mignonette is indigenous to Morocco, whence it was imported first into France, and thence, in 1742, into England. So, at least, says our author, who saw it growing wild, "though the scent is not so strong as the garden species at home." The mission had no very startling adventures, but they saw, di-

place is occupied by the fictions of the author of "Rookwood." A portrait of Mr. Ainsworth appeared only last year, and it is interesting to compare the looks of the veteran of '77, "frosty but kindly," with that of the dashing young man who was one of the literary "lions" when the gay group of "Fraserians" were delighting the town with their prose and poetry.

The last public appearance of Mr. Ainsworth was on the 15th September, 1881, on the occasion of the banquet offered to him by the present Mayor of Manchester (Mr. Alderman Baker), who invited about a hundred gentlemen connected with the literature and art of the district to meet the "Lancashire Novelist." This gathering was in every way a brilliant success. The event is too recent to need more than a passing mention. That Mr. Ainsworth highly appreciated the compliment was evident in many ways. His last novel of "Stanley Brereton" bore the following dedication:—

To Thomas Baker, Esq., Mayor of Manchester.

My dear Mr. Mayor,—As I deem the banquet given by you in my honour, in my native city of Manchester, one of the most important events in my life, I shall endeavour to evince my sense of it by inscribing this tale to you.

To you, moreover, and to the friends assembled on the occasion, I owe the gratifying title conferred upon me of the "Lancashire Novelist," and I assure you I feel extremely proud of the distinction.

And never surely was there a happier idea, or one more tastefully carried out, than the presentation to each guest at your banquet of an artistic little brochure containing a portrait and memoir of the author you had so greatly honoured, with specimens of the illustrations of his works.

As an introduction to this tale I have given a revised report of the banquet, that my readers may judge of it.—Yours deeply obliged, W. Harrison Ainsworth.

September, 1881.

Prefixed to the novel is a revised report of the speeches delivered on that occasion. It is well that a compliment so well-merited was not longer delayed. Mr. Ainsworth received the most emphatic proof that he held a firm place in the sympathies of the people of his native city of Manchester. This testimony of respect and admiration was a fitting close to the public career of the "Lancashire Novelist."

FUNERAL OF WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

The remains of the "Lancashire Novelist," as William Harrison Ainsworth was proud to be called, were buried yesterday at Kensal Green Cemetery, on the north-western outskirts of London. In beautiful weather they were conveyed from Reigate, the pretty fashionable town among the chalk hills of Surrey, where the deceased has lived for a considerable time, and where he was much respected for his liberality as well as for his genius. So private had this part of the arrangements been kept that the good people of Reigate were unaware of what was being done, and only the immediate neighbours had the opportunity of drawing down their window blinds. Placed in a perfectly plain hearse, under the eye of Mr. Ainsworth's old housekeeper and servant, and amid the reverential silence of the few spectators, the body was taken to Redhill Junction, two miles away. It was accompanied only by the undertaker (Mr. Nightingale, of Reigate), the relatives and friends having been requested to meet in London. From Redhill the remains, transferred to a special van, were taken by Great Eastern train to Charing Cross Station, arriving there half an hour after mid-day. After a pause to allow passengers to leave the platform, the body was placed on the hearse, by which it was to be taken to the cemetery, the removal being witnessed by railway officials and a few loiterers only. This conveyance drawn by four horses, was an open car with a bell-shaped canopy, beneath which rested the coffin, veiled from public view by nothing more than a pall of violet velvet trimmed with white. The coffin itself had three cases: the outer one polished oak with brass mountings, the second lead, and the inner one elm. On the lid was a plate with the inscription—

William Harrison Ainsworth.
Born February 4, 1805.
Died January 3, 1882.

Shortly before one o'clock the hearse, followed by six mourning coaches, drew up before the Victoria Hotel, near Blackfriars Bridge, where the relatives and friends had assembled under the direction of Mr. C. H. Hinde (Messrs. Hinde, Milne, and Sudlow, of Manchester), the executor and private solicitor of the deceased. Here a crowd quickly collected, but few seemed aware that the funeral was that of a man who for nearly fifty years had given pleasure to novel readers throughout the world. Had the funeral taken place in Manchester, where Mr. Ainsworth had his warmest admirers, the demonstration in honour of his memory would doubtless have been immense, but the distance to London being so great the the attendance at the funeral was comparatively small. The brother of the deceased, Dr. Ainsworth, chairman of the Manchester Royal Institution, was himself prevented by the state of his health from making the journey. The president of the Chetham Society, Mr. James Crossley, to whom the deceased had dedicated "Lancashire Witches," and whom he regarded as his oldest and most intimate friend, had regretfully felt forced to the conclusion that his own advanced age and the season of the year forbade him to travel from Manchester to London. The Mayor of Manchester sent the following letter:—

"Town Hall, Manchester, January 7, 1882.

"The Mayor of Manchester will be unable to attend the funeral of the late Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth. The duties of his office will not permit him to be absent from Manchester. The Mayor would if it were possible pay this last sad token of respect to his memory."

This note, which explains itself, had been preceded by one in which his worship referred to Mr. Hinde's intimation of Mr. Ainsworth's death:

"January 4, 1882.

"Dear sir,—I could not write yesterday to acknowledge your note, I was so unwilling to believe it to be true, and the acknowledgment to you seemed like a confirmation of the sad reality. I am very much grieved. I had hoped for a few years of further intercourse with our departed friend. My remembrance of him will be amongst the most cherished ones of my existence. The Manchester *literati* will now appreciate still more highly the honour of having seen him among them in so genial and pleased a mood. As far as my own feelings go I can simply say he has gone too soon. I would that his place had known him a little longer.—I am, &c.,

"THOS. BAKER."

The first carriage of the funeral *cortège* contained Miss Ainsworth (Hurst Pierpoint), a daughter of the deceased; Dr. Bower Harrison (Manchester), a cousin; Mr. Swanson (Brighton), grandson; and Mr. W. F. Ainsworth (Hammersmith), cousin. In the second carriage were Mrs. Swanson (Brighton), the youngest daughter of the deceased; Captain Ainsworth (Hammersmith), cousin; and Mr. H. J. Harrison (Manchester), cousin. The third coach was occupied by Mr. Joseph Parker (Maida Vale, London), Mr. R. Routledge and Mr. F. Routledge, publishers to the deceased; and Mr. S. Cottam (Manchester), who, besides being a friend of Mr. Ainsworth, was agent for his Lancashire property. The fourth carriage contained Mr. F. S. Kemp (St. James's, London), Mr. Edmund Yates, editor of the *World*; Mr. Sudlow, of Messrs. Hinde, Milne, and Sudlow, Manchester. In the fifth conveyance were Captain Gritton and Mr. Collier; in the sixth Mrs. Ainsworth and Mr. Hinde. Passing along the Thames Embankment, Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar, Square, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, Park Lane, Edgeward Road, and Harrow Road, the procession reached Kensal Green Cemetery after a drive of about an hour and a quarter. In this neighbourhood Mr. Ainsworth spent the early years of his manhood. While living at Elm House, Kilburn, a mile and a half from the Cemetery, he wrote "Rookwood," dedicated to the mother who now lies with him in the same grave. Removing from Kilburn to Kensal Manor House, still nearer to the Cemetery, he made the house for many years a centre of attraction to literary men, while not ceasing to labour as few men can. It was not surprising, therefore, that he should wish to be buried at Kensal Green. The Rev. H. C. Johnstone, one of the chaplains, having conducted the first part of the funeral service in the Cemetery chapel, the procession proceeded to the consecrated ground at the west end of the Cemetery, where the family vault of the Ainsworths had been opened. At the head of the vault stands a square monument of grey stone about six feet high and surmounted by an urn. On the front is this inscription respecting the father and mother of the late novelist:—"In memory of Thomas Ainsworth, Esq., late of Manchester, who died on the 20th of June, 1824, aged 45 years. His remains are deposited in Rostherne Churchyard, Cheshire. Also of Mrs. Ann Ainsworth, widow of the above, who died on the 15th March, 1842, aged 64 years. Her remains are deposited in the vault beneath." Continued on one side of the stone the inscription proceeds: "Also of Thomas Gilbert Ainsworth, youngest son of Thomas Ainsworth, Esq., born October 4, 1803, died April 9, 1876; interred in the vault beneath." The group of mourners was increased at the graveside by some spectators and a few friends, including the housekeeper and servant from Reigate, but the number was never large, although the weather remained fine. The coffin, upon which several beautiful wreaths and crosses had been placed, having been lowered into the vault, the service was concluded by Mr. Johnstone, and the tomb was covered again before all the witnesses of the ceremony had dispersed.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

Sir,—The death of William Harrison Ainsworth (the Lancashire novelist), a notice of which appeared in to-day's paper, must have given a great shock to those who knew him most intimately and to all his friends in Manchester, and especially to those who so recently met him at the banquet given by his Worship the Mayor.

In a letter which I recently received from Mr. Ainsworth (December 20) he complained greatly of the fogs distressing him; and at the period of his visit to Manchester I saw plainly that he was suffering from a weak heart (fatty degeneration), and when I explained this to him he said briefly, "I know you are right."

His daughter (Miss Ainsworth) writes to me to-day to say that he died of congestion of the lungs, which was doubtless the effect of an impeded return of blood to an inefficient heart.

My cousin Ainsworth—being well known as a writer, well connected in Manchester, and respected by all who knew him for his genial disposition, his courteous conduct, and his affable manner—will be deeply regretted by his townsmen.

JAMES BOWER HARRISON, M.D., &c.

Higher Broughton, Manchester, January 4.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

Sir,—The letters which have appeared in your issues of the past few days upon the late Mr. Harrison Ainsworth prove the respect in which he was held by his numerous friends, and the lasting regard which he himself had for the place of his birth and also for his old school, the "Manchester Free Grammar School." As an old Grammmar School boy who dates from the time prior to the existence of the new pile, which hardly met with Mr. Ainsworth's approval, and one who has had pleasure in reading his novels, I may venture to say that although they have sometimes been accused of over sensationalism, still many of them have contributed not a little to the spreading of a knowledge of English history among lads of a "backwarder sort" who have read them with delight, when the more orthodox students' Hume would have been shunned. May I suggest as a fitting means of perpetuating the memory and connection of Mr. Ainsworth with his native town and old school, the raising of a small fund to establish an annual prize bearing his name in connection with the Grammar School. I would add that the prize should have some relation to the subject either of English history or of English literature. I feel sure that many old Mancunians would gladly contribute their mite towards such an object, and that the scheme would receive substantial assistance from the many personal friends of the late author resident in the neighbourhood.—I am, &c.,

AN OLD MANCUNIAN.

Southport, Jan. 6, 1882.

THE LATE MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(FROM THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH.")

Novel-readers past and present may not unreasonably complain of the faint praise which has followed closely upon the death of their old friend Harrison Ainsworth. Common gratitude demanded that some allusion should be made and public attention drawn to the very remarkable and industrious writer, who, with the aid of history, local gossip, popular tradition, and his own vivid imagination and dramatic power, has been weaving romances for nearly sixty years; but it is curious to observe how reluctant his biographers seem to give him credit for the power that obtained for him his great and lasting popularity. It is doubtful, indeed, whether even Dickens himself ever impressed his more youthful readers so much as did Harrison Ainsworth, and certainly few, if any, writers of fiction have had such a power in transfixing scenes, places, incidents, and characters on the plastic imagination. For instance, the lad who, when his mind is most open and receptive, has been shut up alone in the sick room or elsewhere at school with "Old St. Paul's," almost believes that he was alive and present during the horrors of the Great Plague of London. He can see clearly and distinctly the scarlet crosses on the citizens' doors; he can hear the denunciatory warnings of Solomon Eagle; he can trace his way through the labyrinthine passages to the crypt of the old Cathedral; and he seems to have lived another life, in an older city, in a different London, long before improvements had swept away the ancient landmarks, and the mania for restoration had made clearings in the narrow lanes, and havoc among the gabled houses. The author who can so arrest the attention and fix the interest is no ordinary man. It has sometimes been urged that half the success of Harrison Ainsworth was due to George Cruikshank, and that if his books had not been so well illustrated he would not have obtained such a sudden popularity. Admirable, forcible, and dramatic, however, as are these masterly etchings, it must be remembered that Harrison Ainsworth's popularity was lasting, which is not always the case when a picture sells a book, and it must be conceded that great literary credit is due to many of his books which Cruikshank did not illustrate at all. The fact is that the very fertility of his genius, his strong melo-dramatic style, and the romantic careers which he depicted with so much force and daring acquired for him a prejudice among moral instructors and pedagogues. He lived the best part of his life at a time when parents and guardians were more strict in their supervision than they are at present, before newspaper literature and periodicals had made such gigantic strides in popular favour, prior to the era of the erotic novel, or the birth of realists of the Emile Zola class. The schoolboy himself was, on the whole, a healthy and manly young fellow when Harrison Ainsworth wrote; yet it was feared that even so pure and honest a writer might by the mere force of his descriptions corrupt the rising generation. Vice was conveyed in so dashing and picturesque a form that many persons imagined and believed the urchins of the streets would be tempted to imitate the exploits of Jack Sheppard, and bigger boys would pine for the freedom and daring of such a career as that of Dick Turpin. Not even the most unprejudiced can find fault with the moral of Harrison Ainsworth's books, though his love of adventure and daring induced him to throw a golden mantle over a distinctly vicious career that had success in it; but still it was said of him that "to portray scenes of low, successful villainy, and to paint ghastly and hideous details of human suffering, can be no elevating task for a man of genius, nor one likely to promote among novel-readers a healthy tone of moral feeling or sentiment." Yet surely the evil tendencies—if there be any—of Harrison Ainsworth's books have been unfairly exaggerated, and critics of his style have gone out of their way to overlook his merits and to emphasise his faults. Once let the self-appointed censor mount upon the hobby-horse of secret and occult immorality, and there is no knowing where he will stop. Sir Walter Scott himself may not be free from censure, and neither Dickens nor Thackeray may escape the lash. The value of Harrison Ainsworth as an aid to history is at least an important consideration, though sound scholars have very properly scouted such a notion. As an accurate guide to the history of the varied periods Harrison Ainsworth was regarded as no more to be depended on than Shakspere or Sir Walter Scott; but he did not altogether mislead his readers. Many persons are either too idle or too busy for study and research, and it is not strange if such people prefer to have their history served up in the most appetising form. They like fiction better than text-books, and on the whole they would rather go to Scott or Ainsworth for an idea of old England than to the dry pages of Hume, Smollett, or Lingard. Macaulay is liked by young students because he has an animated style and reads like a novel. How few admit, and yet how true it is, that the history of certain definite periods is first fixed on our attention by reading a play of Shakspere acted on the stage, or by recalling scenes and passages in a favourite historical novel. At any rate, we do not know the less of Henry VIII., the Richards, Cardinal Wolsey, Henry V., and King John from reading Shakspere's plays—or seeing them, which is better. Nay is our knowledge of the reign of Queen Elizabeth the fuller from a close perusal of the pages of "Kenilworth," or of French history lessened by reading the romance of "Quentin Durward." Instructors of youth, schoolmasters, pedagogues, chaplains, and the like, who study character and crime, and who deplore many forms of modern cheap literature and fiction, might possibly wish back the old days, when Harrison Ainsworth wrote for the pleasure and made crime somewhat unduly picturesque and attractive. If he erred, it was to render the highwayman and the cracksman too refined and genteel; but the tendency nowadays is to call a spade a spade, and to paint vice and coarseness in all their hideous rage, sensuality, and squalor. M. Emile Zola has many apologists, and we hear much of the preparation and philosophy of a writer who uses his marvellous perceptive faculty for describing the lower French orders as they are, the meanness of their natures, the degradation of their minds, the brutality of their potations, the very condition of their squalid apartments. M. Zola, and those who agree with him and endeavour to imitate him in England, are said to have a mission. They are preachers of a new doctrine, and desire to regenerate in their own fashion. They are writers with a purpose, and maintain that it cannot be wrong to say what is true, and that it may be wise to cure the seamy side of life by exposing it. Good, honest, hearty Harrison Ainsworth, who wrote thirty, forty, and fifty years ago, had no such notion, and probably no purpose whatever except to interest and amuse. That he succeeded in doing as must be universally acknowledged, as also that his influence has been lasting on the generation that he fascinated; but this is scarcely the time or the age in which to reprobate the tendency or the moral tone of so excellent a writer.

THE LATE MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH.—A correspondent writes to us:—It is understood that the late Mr. Harrison Ainsworth died in fairly comfortable circumstances. Had he retained, as he was advised by some of his most far-seeing friends in Manchester, at the time of his mother's decease, the property in his native city, notably in King-street and at Beech Hill, Smedley Lane, he would have undoubtedly died a wealthy man. As it was, however, he embarked nearly all in his various well-known literary ventures. Nevertheless, he still derived a small income from some chief rents and other property in Manchester, and this, with the profits derived from his works, enabled him to provide his daughters with a comfortable residence at Hurstpierpoint, and to live himself in a quiet comfortable style at Reigate. Beyond a correspondence with nearly all the most eminent men of letters during the last fifty years, it is stated that Ainsworth has left no journal or diary, nor any other material to form a biography; but it is anticipated by some of his literary survivors that there is sufficient material in the story of his life as already told, with a selection from his correspondence, to form an interesting volume. The novelist's library was by no means extensive, its most notable feature being a very unique collection of the lives of celebrated criminals, highwaymen, burglars, &c., and the records of notable crimes and criminal trials.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

Sir,—As an old personal friend of the late Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's, I may be permitted to add to the interesting details you have published concerning his career one feature in his life—which was particularly marked during his last visit to his native city—his intense devotion to the old Manchester Grammar School and the old associations connected with the neighbourhood in which it stands, or rather stood. These associations, of course, were not with the present garish-looking pile of buildings—at which our late distinguished novelist somewhat shuddered as we wended our way one morning during his late visit in quest of "Ainsworth's Court," named after his grandfather, the mathematician,—but "the large, dingy, and smoke-begrimed brick building" of the days of "Dr. Lonsdale" (Dr. Jeremiah Smith), and "the Reverend Abel Cane" (Dr. Robinson Elsdale). Nearly sixty years ago in a poetical exercise written upon bidding adieu to his old school, he feelingly concludes:—

> Farewell, old friend of youth! a last farewell!
> When I forget thee may I be forgotten!

The last public mention of our friend was at the recent Grammar School "Old Boys'" anniversary, when one of the speakers alluded in graceful terms to the compliment paid to one of the most distinguished of their old set at the banquet given to Mr. Ainsworth in this city by the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Baker. Thinking he would be interested in the proceedings, I sent him a copy of your journal, together with a copy or two of a report, revised by Mr. Crossley and the present writer, of the proceedings of the "Ainsworth Banquet." As the reply concerns his last public appearance in Manchester and indicates the deep interest he took to the last in the Grammar School and the pleasure he felt in being mentioned at its last anniversary, it may be interesting, if not to the public generally, at all events to the few remaining survivors of the past and some of the present generation of those educated on Hugh Oldham's foundation:—

"Reigate, October 31, 1881.—My dear Mr. ——,—I am greatly obliged to you for sending me your report of the Manchester banquet, which arrived this morning quite unexpectedly. I think it looks exceedingly well, and does credit to all concerned. In my opinion you and Crossley have decided for the best in limiting the edition of the pamphlet to forty copies. The *brochure* will now always be scarce, and consequently eagerly sought for. Besides, being very carefully edited by our distinguished friend, it is very well turned out in all other respects. I shall write a line to Crossley to tell him how delighted I am with the appearance of the report. I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the report of the Grammar School dinner in the *Manchester Guardian*, in which such gratifying mention was made of me.—Believe me, yours obliged and faithfully, W. HARRISON AINSWORTH."

While writing, perhaps I may be further allowed to mention two other points in connection with our late warm-hearted friend which may be of use to his future biographer. In walking down King-street during his late visit, he pointed out the site on which now stands the County Bank and the adjoining buildings at the corner of Pall Mall, on which stood the house in which he was born. The other point is the origin of the term "distinguished Lancashire novelist," of which Mr. Ainsworth publicly remarked, "Nothing had delighted him more," and out of which *Punch* made an amusing sketch. I had it from his own lips that he first noticed the appellation in an article which appeared in your own columns on the morning of the Mayor's banquet.—I am, &c.,

4th January, 1882. X.

M.G.6. Jan: 82.

MR. W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.—We understand that, at the instance of the Mayor of Manchester and some old friends and admirers (including his oldest surviving friend and compatriot in both the world of law and letters, Mr. James Crossley), the eminent Lancashire novelist, Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, has accepted an invitation to a complimentary dinner at the Town Hall. A number of gentlemen, mostly representing literature and art, will be invited to meet the veteran novelist (now in his 77th year), who will doubtless be highly gratified to renew his associations once more with the city of his birth and education. Although more than half a century has elapsed since the author of "Rookwood" had a permanent residence among us, he has always taken a keen interest in the county of his birth, as is notably evidenced in many of his novels, such as "The Lancashire Witches," "Mervyn Clitheroe," "Preston Fight," "The Leaguers of Lathom," "The Manchester Rebels," &c. Nothing ever afforded him more pleasure than many years since, accompanying his early literary friends, Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. John Forster, in their first visit to Manchester, and introducing them among the old scenes and friends of his boyhood, especially the old spot in Long Millgate (long since vanished) where he received his education, and the subject of some capital poetical exercises, "Lines on Leaving Manchester School," written sixty years ago. Mr. Ainsworth's last public appearance here was upon the occasion of the banquet, presided over by the Earl of Derby, commemorating the erection of the new Grammar School buildings, in October, 1871. On that occasion he delivered an interesting speech, in which he gave some personal reminiscences of the *alumni* of the school in former days, dating back to his own entrance, in March, 1817.

M.G. 23. June. 1881.

THE dispensers of literary immortality or oblivion in the pages of the critical journals may be disturbed by the appearance of the first volumes of a new and handsome edition of the novels of WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH which is being published in this country by Messrs. GIBBINGS & Co. Many of them have been saying that his fame had passed away. Probably he had never really lost his hold on the unexacting public, in whose good-will he rivalled DICKENS and THACKERAY at the height of their powers. Between 1822 and 1881 some forty volumes came from AINSWORTH's pen, and whilst he occasionally deviated into verse, which was sometimes very spirited though not often of great distinction, he kept mainly to prose and to the highways and byways of history. Manchester, as his birthplace, has special reason to be interested in AINSWORTH. Whilst his first book was dedicated to CHARLES LAMB, his last was inscribed to Sir THOMAS BAKER, who as Mayor of Manchester introduced a novel feature into its civic festivities by entertaining the veteran novelist at dinner in the Town Hall. This was probably the only purely literary festival held under the auspices of the Manchester Corporation. It was well that the compliment was not longer delayed, for the banquet was held in 1881 and AINSWORTH died in the following year. It was not without reason that he was styled "The Lancashire Novelist." Beginning with the Pilgrimage of Grace and ending with the suppression of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, his novels provide a history in romance of the old Lancashire which passed away with the introduction of the steam engine and the factory system. And if "Mervyn Clitheroe" cannot be regarded as strictly historical romance it certainly has considerable value as a picture of Manchester and its Grammar School in the early years of the nineteenth century. Nor would it be easy to find a more striking portrait of the great Whig apostle Dr. SAMUEL PARR than there is in this novel.

AINSWORTH was fortunate in his illustrators. Even if his own claims were much less than they are his books would be prized by collectors at least for the sake of the pictures with which they were illustrated by HABLOT BROWNE, JOHN FRANKLIN, Sir JOHN GILBERT, and, above all, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. CRUIKSHANK so fully realised the value of his etchings that he cherished the belief that the artist and not the author was the real creator of "The Miser's Daughter." A similar delusion possessed him as to "Oliver Twist." Certainly his designs for AINSWORTH's stories can only be characterised as wonderful. The pictures of "Jack Sheppard Visiting his Mother in Bedlam" and "Mauger Sharpening his Sword" may take their place by the side of that of "Fagin in the Condemned Cell" as reaching the very highest level of CRUIKSHANK's artistic power. The publishers of the new edition of AINSWORTH show their wisdom by reproducing the original illustrations. Whoever wants philosophical analysis of human motives, or even an exquisite nicety of external observation, will find AINSWORTH unresponsive, but a reader who is content with picturesque incident, rapidity of movement, a certain vigour of description, and fertility in dramatic situations will nearly always enjoy his novels.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN 27.XI.01

MRS. HARRISON AINSWORTH.—The death is announced, at Leamington, of Mrs. William Harrison Ainsworth, the widow of the novelist. She was the second wife of Ainsworth, who, it will be remembered, was a native of Manchester, although the greater part of his life was passed in London and the South of England.

Manchester Courier 3rd XII. 1901

Harrison Ainsworth, the Lancashire novelist, when he wrote "Rookwood" and "Jack Sheppard," relied absolutely on his power of reading up and assimilation, and never had the slightest intercourse with thieves in his life. It is said that when he wrote the really admirable ride of Turpin to York, he only went at a great pace over the paper with a road-map and description of the country in front of him. It was only when he heard everybody say how truly the country was described, and how faithfully he had observed distances and localities, that he actually drove over the ground for the first time, and declared that it was more like his account than he could have imagined.

SOME AINSWORTH RELICS.

Some interesting Ainsworth items were sold at Sotheby's Rooms yesterday. William Harrison Ainsworth, after passing through the Manchester Grammar School, went to London to prepare for entrance upon his father's profession of the law. He found this uncongenial, and having married a daughter of Mr. John Ebers, who combined the somewhat incompatible functions of a theatrical lessee and publisher, he became a publisher, and in the course of a few years published, amongst other works, Ude's "Cookey" and some of his own "prelections" in prose and verse. He then abandoned the publication of books for the more congenial task of writing them, and made a hit with "Rookwood," which appeared in 1834. The earlier editions of his books are now chiefly valued for their illustrations by Cruikshank and other artists, and there were few of these on sale yesterday. Proofs of Cruikshank's and Tony Johannot's illustrations of "Windsor Castle" sold for £6. A similar set of Cruikshank's plates for the "Miser's Daughter" and "St. James's" realised £6 and £7. Four water-colour drawings by the same artist for the "Tower of London" sold for £22, and a drawing of Randolph Crewe refusing to drink the King's health "over the water" sold for £6. 5s. Fragmentary MSS. of "Jack Sheppard," "South Sea Bubble," "Flitch o' Bacon," "Tower Hill," and "Chetwynd Calverley" sold at prices varying from £1. 5s. to £4. 17s. 6d. Amongst the books was "Letters from Cockney Lands," which brought a guinea. This was never acknowledged by Ainsworth as his work and does not resemble his other writings, and is certainly not his best. It is a poetical booklet of about a hundred pages, nearly all of which are occupied by two rhyming letters from London and Brighton. There is some gossip, scandal, a description of the scenery from the Devil's Dyke, and other matters. A fair specimen may be taken from the close:—

> You know, Ned, Plato in his Phædon
> (Which proves the soul, as now agreed on,
> To be immortal) blames the phrase
> Of one who in the body says
> This is the man, the body showing;
> He says the mind's the man. The knowing
> Compound we call a book has been
> Esteem'd th' embodied mind. You've seen
> How this is alter'd now; no more
> Of mind in books than in a score
> Of mutton-chops.

This cannot be called brilliant, but three editions of "Letters from Cockney Lands" were speedily sold. It would hardly be thought that these rhymes were by the same hand that wrote the ballads, always fluent and often excellent, that are scattered about the pages of Ainsworth's romances. But, after all, Harrison Ainsworth is not remembered either as a poet or as a delineator of character but as a man who understood the art of telling a story—an art which some modern novelists have never acquired.

Manchester Guardian 18.VI.1903

AINSWORTH AT THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

Manchester Guardian 15. IV. 1901.

A little more than fourscore years ago two bright boys—the Ainsworth brothers—were scholars at the Manchester Grammar School. Nature had been lavish in her gifts to both, but Fortune reserved strangely diverse fates for these handsome, brilliant lads. The younger, Thomas Gilbert Ainsworth, had a fall in boyhood by which his skull was fractured, and though he appeared to recover completely from this accident there can be no doubt that it was the origin of his later troubles. After leaving the Grammar School he went as an exhibitioner to St. John's College, Cambridge, and there, whilst reading hard, was attacked by brain fever, and had to leave the University without graduating and to refrain from all mental exertion. After a time he appeared to grow stronger, and resumed his studies with all the old ardour; but there was a second attack, and for the remainder of his life his intellect was clouded, and he passed away with all the bright promise of his student days unfulfilled.

It is, however, of the elder brother that we have to speak. William Harrison Ainsworth entered the Grammar School at the age of twelve, on the 20th of March, 1817. His father was a well-to-do solicitor, and the family had an intellectual inheritance. One grandfather was a distinguished mathematician. The other was a Nonconformist minister noted for his classical and musical attainments. Harrison Ainsworth's experiences of school life furnished material which he has utilised in "Mervyn Clitheroe." The school was housed in

"a large, dingy, and smoke-begrimed brick building, with copings of stone, and had so many windows that it looked like a lantern. In front, between the angles of the pointed roof, was placed a stone effigy of the bird of wisdom, which seemed to gaze down at us with its great goggle eyes as we passed by, as if muttering 'Enter this academic abode over which I preside, and welcome; but you'll never come out as clever as I.'"

Ainsworth was in the upper school, and had no personal knowledge of that "dark and dismal hole" the lower school, which was reached by a descent of steps. But the higher room was "airy and spacious," with four fireplaces. At four tables were seated the High Master, second master, and two ushers. The walls were whitewashed on the upper part and wainscoted in oak on the lower. As the windows were never cleaned and the glass was yellow, there was apparently a minimum of light and a maximum of window. The Rev. Robinson Elsdale, the second master, figures in Ainsworth's novel as the Rev. Abel Cane. He was a classical scholar, but his methods of teaching were brutal, and the punishments that he inflicted on the boys sometimes amounted to torture. They hated him, and took every opportunity of annoying him. "Come round, you stoo-oo-pid ass-s-s," was a common form of summons from Elsdale, "hissing like a serpent as he uttered the final word of scorn." He reserved his cruelty for the schoolroom, and outside of it was known as an amiable, good-tempered man, especially fond of music. Dr. Smith's methods were the reverse. He never used the cane, but the boys feared a rebuke from him more than a thrashing from Elsdale. The novel of "Mervyn Clitheroe" was published in 1851, and the dedication reads—"Inscribed to my contemporaries at the Manchester School." It is, of course, not easy to say now how much fiction is mingled with truth in Ainsworth's painting of the Manchester School. The picture of the "poor scholar" John Brideoake and his bad treatment by the thoughtless youngsters who were better off is painful and, it may be feared, accurate. The dealings with the "tuck shop" are humorously sketched, as also are the chronic feuds and battles between the Bluecoat boys and the Grammar School boys. Ainsworth mentions the accidental drowning of a scholar, to whom he gives the name of Simpson. This was Oswald Streynsham Master, who perished in the Irwell at Broughton.

In 1820 and later Ainsworth, assisted by Mr. James Crossley and some Grammar School boys, one of whom was afterwards the Rev. Joseph Rayner Stephens, well known in his threefold capacity as a Chartist leader, popular preacher, and Scandinavian scholar, organised dramatic performances in the "lower regions" of his father's house in King-street. One play written for the occasion was called "The Brothers," another "Giotto, or the Fatal Revenge." Ainsworth was both playwright and stage manager. The "orchestra"—Ainsworth's uncle—was discovered when the curtain drew up comfortably seated on the stage, and not before it. The prologue, written by Crossley, may be found in "Blackwood's Magazine" for December, 1820. Before he left the Grammar School Ainsworth had contributed to the "Manchester Iris" and to the famous "London Magazine," which numbered also Lamb and De Quincey amongst its contributors. Soon after his departure from the School Ainsworth started a little magazine entitled "The Bœotian." The first number is dated March 20, and the sixth and last April 24, 1824. This is now excessively rare. The copy in the Manchester Free Library is the one presented by Ainsworth to "Fanny Ebers"—Anne Frances Ebers, his future wife. It afterwards came into the possession of Mr. James Crossley, whose account of Chetham's Library is reprinted in the last number from "Blackwood's Magazine." In 1825 appeared "The Works of Cheviot Tichburn. With the types of John Leigh. MDCCCXXV." These are verses by Ainsworth, mostly written in 1823, and are not perhaps of much moment, except as showing how continuous the literary interest was with him from his school days to his final abandonment of law for literature. Of his literary career it is needless to speak. The high priests of criticism sniff at him now in a somewhat slighting fashion, but he remains popular with many readers. At the public libraries his writings are in demand, and a constant succession of cheap editions must have made him known in thousands of homes. The "first editions" of his books are eagerly sought for by collectors, though it is perhaps more for the sake of the pictures by Cruickshank, "Phiz," and Sir John Gilbert than for the text which they adorn. That Ainsworth was fortunate in his illustrators will not be denied by anyone who knows "great George's" designs for "Jack Sheppard," or John Franklin's pictures of "Old St. Paul's," or Hablot Browne's drawings for "Mervyn Clitheroe." The last-named novel, in addition to its sketch of the Grammar School, has other claims upon the Manchester reader. The action of the story is mainly between Manchester and Rostherne, and some at least of the persons and localities can still be recognised under the thin veil of concealment which the novelist has thought it wise to cast over them. The "Anchorites" can be identified with Kersal Cell, and in the account of the Jacobite dinner celebrated in that ancient home of the Byroms there is introduced a graphic and life-like portrait of that mighty Whig Dr. Samuel Parr. It is pleasant to know that Ainsworth retained his interest in the old School. He was one of the guests at the dinner to celebrate the opening of the new school buildings, in October, 1871. His speech, unluckily not reported, was full of reminiscences of the days he had passed beneath the Owl's "fond and covering wing."

That gifted and unfortunate boy Thomas Gilbert Ainsworth on leaving the school wrote some verses in which he expresses his gratitude to the High Master and his pleasant memories of the "Schola Mancuniensis"—

"To you I look, dear walls, as one who leaves
His home, and hopeless of returning grieves;
And vainly strives the bitter pain to quell
That wrings his heart while bidding home farewell!
'Twas here to catch the glow of classic lore,
The monuments of mind I pondered o'er;
Hung o'er the treasures of the Grecian page,
Electra's griefs, Orestes' frenzied rage;
Or 'mid the trophies of a later day
Marked with delight Rome's intellectual ray.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all behind;
Fond thoughts I leave, and wishes ever kind."

Harrison Ainsworth on leaving the School in the summer of 1822 expressed similar emotions in a couple of poetical exercises which were preserved by Dr. Smith. Let us hope that the present generation of the Sons of the Owl will cherish the same grateful feelings and the same deep love of literature and learning.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1839.

REVIEWS

Jack Sheppard: a Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.; with Illustrations, by George Cruikshank. 3 vols. Bentley.

TIMES of any significance have ever been attended by their appropriate signs, by which, they who would observe might have foreseen the course of coming events. So few, however, have taken the trouble to peruse the future in the present, that the strongest tokens have failed to arouse contemporary caution; and it is only when philosophy has been enlightened by events, that the handwriting on the wall has become distinctly legible. Of these signs the literature of the day is certainly not among the least characteristic. There is scarcely a child, who cannot now tell the meaning and import of the literature of the eighteenth century, nor a journalist who does not see the entire French revolution summed up and foreshadowed in Beaumarchais' 'Figaro';—making only, perhaps, the small mistake, of confounding the effect with the cause. Yet, previously to the explosion, the Daniels were few who could expound what has since become so universally intelligible; and none of them could obtain a hearing, even among the parties most interested in averting the calamity.

That the current literature of England in the present day, albeit less marked by salient productions, is equally an exponent of the future march of thought and action of the nation, we have not the least doubt; and should an ambassador from some far distant country arrive on our shores for the purpose of overreaching us in a convention, we know not where he could find a better clue to the infirmities of the national character, than in the columns of our book advertisements. But it is more especially in works of mere amusement, that we should be inclined to look for the clearest demonstrations: and whether that amusement be sought in fanatical theology, or fashionable novels; in parliamentary sketches, or annals of Newgate; in the pencillings of a Brougham, or an Ainsworth; we habitually look to such works as indications of what the public are doing and thinking, rather than as simple phenomena possessing an intrinsic value of their own. This relation between authors and the public is probably universal, and of all times and countries; but it never was so immediate as in the present age, in which writers take their tone from their readers, instead of giving it; and in which more pains are taken to write down to the mediocrity of the purchasing multitude, than heretofore were bestowed in endeavouring to get the start of the age. Judging by this criterion, the result is not a little startling; and a sudden and unprecedented fall of the barometer, would not give us more serious apprehension of a coming hurricane, than the success of certain works of the lowest intellectual calibre have excited, as prognostics of political and social storms, though the gathering clouds may yet be below the horizon, and no gust of wind or eddying straw may announce their approaching advent. Putting aside a few works on positive science, and, occasionally, the journal of some enterprising traveller, how few are the tokens of any real progress of mind! how many the signs of its retrogradation! What gives additional import to this literary nullity is, the consciousness that it represents only the intelligence of the paying public,—the knowledge that while the classes most at their ease are occupied with the lowest and most trivial thoughts, the classes below them, ignorant or careless of all book learning, and educated by the force of circumstances, far more stimulating than that of words, are brooding over the elementary principles of social existence, and are heaving with all the passions incident to the first crude conceptions of the most stirring truths.

It is this relation of the author to his public, which induces us to extend our notice of Mr. Ainsworth's novel beyond the simple announcement of its appearance under a new form. It is seldom that we treat our readers with much comment on these republications, or on works which appear originally in the magazines; and, if we depart from our rule in this instance, it is because (as on a recent occasion) the matter has a far larger concernment, than belongs to ordinary criticism. If we consider Mr. Ainsworth in the usual light of a mere caterer for the public appetite, and as devoting his talents to the production of a popular work either at his own or his publisher's suggestion, we must freely admit his book to be on a level with the usual specimens of the class, and at least as good as the occasion required. It is not his fault that he has fallen upon evil days, and that, like other tradesmen, he must subordinate his own tastes to those of his customers. If, therefore, in the remarks which we are about to make, we appear to bear hard on the publication in question, we do not intend thereby to dispute the author's power of producing better things, or even to reproach him too severely with his submission to the necessity of pandering to the prevalent corruption of intellect,—a reproach by the bye, to which we all, in our desire to be read, render ourselves in some degree liable.

Jack Sheppard, then, is a bad book, and what is worse, it is of a class of bad books, got up for a bad public; and it is on this last account that we select it for observation, as a specimen of one of those literary peculiarities, which we consider to be signs of the times. If we had the means of addressing our readers with the volumes in their hands, the shortest and perhaps the best means of conveying our estimate of their contents, would be by a reference to the engraved illustrations,—"look upon this picture and on this." In these graphic representations are embodied all the inherent coarseness and vulgarity of the subject; and all the horrible and (it is not too strong to say) unnatural excitement, which a public, too prudish to relish humour, and too *blasé* to endure true pathos, requires to keep alive attention and to awaken a sensation. The engravings are, in fact, an epitome of the letter-press, and they seem to bear the same proportion to the entire work, that Mr. Stanfield's beautiful scenery does to a picturesque melodrame; leaving it doubtful whether the plates were etched for the book, or the book written to illustrate the plates. Perhaps it were a better comparison to say, that the plates perform the same part in these volumes, that "the real gig" of Thurtell did on the Surrey stage; and that the authors in both cases have trusted to the *oculis fidelibus*, for producing that "elevation and surprise," which their pens could not elicit from such a theme. These faithful images of "what you shall see," beaming from the windows of booksellers' shops, like the baked meats and sausages depicted on the outsides of cookshops in Italy, are appeals *ad hominem*, not to be resisted; and if they are signs of "that within which passeth show," are not less so, of the tastes and appetites of those whose custom they solicit. As we cannot, however, presume on the immediate presence of these able expositors, we must remind our readers, that Jack Sheppard was a "celebrated" house and prison breaker of the last century, and that the history of his life is the history of the vulgar and disgusting atrocities incidental to his "gentle craft." To relieve the tedium of an endless repetition of adventures, where each reflects its brother, and to raise the work above the level of dry extract from the Newgate Calendar, and the newspapers of the day, the hero is involved in a melo-dramatic story of motiveless crime, and impossible folly, connected with personages of high degree; and an attempt is made to invest Sheppard with good qualities, which are incompatible with his character and position. But the sacrifice of probability and of moral propriety is vain. We never escape from the staple: crime is the one source of every interesting situation; and, if we cannot exactly say, that horse-pistols are the sources of horse-laughs, we may safely assert, that the only proofs the *dramatis personæ* exhibit of possessing brains, is the constant liability under which they live and move and have their being, of having them knocked or blown out. In the elaboration of a work of this description, little is required beyond mere technical authorship. The invention and the excitement are furnished to the author's hand. The characters, actions, thoughts, and expressions, dictated beforehand, are all of the lowest and the most monotonous kind. It is not man, it is not nature that are wanted; but a corrupted, stunted, and deformed degradation of both; not an universality, but a special and an exceptional combination. To throw away on such a composition either feeling or humour, would be not merely a waste of time, but a disappointment to the reader. Such things would not merely be superfluous, but out of place. In one word, it would substitute a thought for an image; and then the whole scaffolding of effect would be dashed to the earth, and destroyed. Yet this is "the sport for ladies,"—and for gentlemen too, offered to and accepted by "the reading public" of the nineteenth century!

The real hero of the volume before us is not Jack Sheppard, but Jonathan Wild; and this name will naturally suggest a comparison between the present work and the delightful burlesque of Fielding. The suggestion is fortunate, for in the difference between the productions thus brought into contact, lies the entire matter at issue between ourselves and the admirers of the new school. It has been observed, by a critic on the writings of Mr. Dickens, that their popularity was a natural and inevitable reaction of the public mind upon the fashion of the so-called silver-fork school; that the public, satiated with vapid and languid insipidity, turned with a morbid appetite in search of strong excitement, to the coarse manners and vulgar crimes of low life. We, however, are more inclined to refer these literary phenomena to a common circumstance, and to attribute the prevailing taste to an incapacity for sympathizing with the elevated and the ennobling, produced by causes to which we shall presently advert.

In thus introducing Mr. Dickens's name, we are far from classing him with his imitators, or ranging his works with the Factory Boys and the Jack Sheppards,—in external appearance so similar. If Boz has depicted scenes of hardened vice, and displayed the peculiar phasis of degradation which poverty impresses on the human character under the combinations of a defective civilization, he is guided in his career by a high moral object; and in tracing what is most loathsome and repulsive, he contrives to enlist the best feelings of our nature in his cause, and to engage his readers in the consideration of what lies below the surface. In this respect he approaches his great predecessors, Fielding and Gay; for, though he proceeds by a different path, he arrives at the same end; and, instead of sullying the mind of an intelligent reader, he leaves him wiser and better for the perusal of

his tale. But this is precisely the excellence which we suspect the readers of Boz most frequently overlook; and we are certain that it is far less the under-current of philosophy which has sold his book, than the strong flavour of the medium, in which he has disguised the bitterness of its taste.

In looking back on the Newgate scenes of Fielding and of Gay (and we are certain that our readers will thank us for recalling them to their recollection), the first thing that recurs to memory is the noble purpose to which they are directed, the boldness with which the writers have stripped society of its disguises, and exhibited the shallowness of those conventionalities which varnish the vices of fashionable life, the falsehood of its pretences, the hypocrisy of its assumptions of decency and propriety. It is not of Macheath and of Wild that we think as we read, but of the political and social cheats who figure in the front ranks of that great masquerade "the world." On this point Fielding has thoroughly explained himself, and the remark applies as strictly to the writings of Gay as to his own:—"Without considering Newgate," he says, "as no other than human nature with its mask off, which some very shameless writers have done, I think we may be excused for suspecting that the splendid palaces of the great are often no other than Newgate with the mask on; nor do I know anything which can raise an honest man's indignation higher than that the same morals should be in one place attended with all imaginable misery and infamy, and in the other with the highest luxury and honour; . . . and yet I am afraid that all these ingredients [lust, avarice, rapine, &c.], glossed over with wealth and a title, have been treated with the highest respect and veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the gallows in the other." Here we have a thesis laid down for illustration, embracing the widest and the noblest field of inquiry, a thesis that calls forth the highest faculties of our nature to consider, and which constantly raises us above the filth and depravity of the images presented to engage the imagination with the profound moralities they embody,—insomuch that the more coarse, absurd, or offensive the outward circumstance, the greater is the quantity of satiric and of moral inference to be drawn from it. Perhaps in the whole Beggars' Opera there is no scene more variously and profoundly suggestive than that whose offences against prudery have in our times banished it from representation.

But if the intention and scope of these works are ennobling, and imply the presence of master minds, not less so are the wit and humour with which the pervading idea is worked out in the execution. The Beggars' Opera is a running fire of sarcasm and epigram from beginning to end, fixing the attention far less on what is actually set down than on what is suggested and implied. The history, too, of Jonathan Wild, in its continued irony, keeps the minds of its best educated readers on the stretch by the *finesse* of its remarks on human nature, and by the refined drollery of their appplication to the circumstances. Writings of this class, it is true, will in all ages be above the general level of the public; too superior for vulgar use, and too exalted for general taste; yet their tendency is to raise the public in the moral and intellectual scale, and the popularity they have enjoyed proves that their power bore some proportion to their design.

For the production of works of this kind, there must exist among the public not only a manly and a sound tone of moral feeling, which fears not to hear spoken the thoughts that are in the general mind,—a healthfulness of conscience that can afford to joke, where joking is but a better way of speaking home truths,—but there must be, also, a prevalent habit of dealing with the higher order of moral ideas, an acquaintance with enlarged views of human nature and of society. Without a certain licence of expression, the ugliness and distortion of vice cannot be so graphically rendered as to afford the basis of a ludicrous contrast between the letter of the narrative and the spirit of the irony of which it is the medium: without a prompt and exercised intelligence in the reader, without a familiarity with the noble and the beautiful, the irony is lost, the spirit is overlooked, the Beggars' Opera becomes a mere Tom and Jerry, and Jonathan Wild another Jack Sheppard.

To explain the change which has come over the spirit of our age, rendering the appearance of such works a literary miracle, would require a much larger space than we can now dedicate to the subject. The causes of the peculiar literature of any age are the conditions of its civilization. In this lies the whole truth; but that truth is so generalized in the very complex term "civilization," that the definition might be mistaken for a mystification. It is by an enumeration of the leading particulars of that term, and by distinguishing in what respects the civilization of to-day differs from that of other days, that we can alone arrive at a lucid and a pregnant meaning. This is an analysis well worthy the consideration of all that are capable of attempting it; and it is best, perhaps, that each man should attempt it honestly and conscientiously for himself. To approach the causes, there must pre-exist a clear idea of the effects. Now we take it that the prevalent characteristics of the civilization of our day are insensibility to whatever transcends a shrewd and cunning view of life,—a formal, conventional, and special tone of mind,—a timidity that is contented with appearances, and dares not trust itself to look beyond them,—a distrust of whatever rises in thought or action above the general morality,—a dislike of whatever intellectually steps beyond prescribed opinion. The society of modern England seems to be governed by two leading feelings, the desire for wealth as the instrument of this world's pleasures, and a fretful, gloomy, and desponding uneasiness about the path to happiness in the next; both of them at war with all real goodness as they are with enjoyment, and both perhaps incompatible with a healthful tone of national literature.

From these effects we are led at once to the more leading causes which produce them: an increased artificiality of social life, an estrangement from nature, and a consequent merging of all individualities in one common character, cold, monotonous, superficial, polished (it may be), but hard and hollow. The difficulties which beset the struggle for existence, the aggregation of the population into large towns, the universal pre-occupation of mind on the routine habits of a sordid industry, the disciplining of man to the minute restraints of complicated laws, are among the principal facts which contribute to this result. Their bearings are too involved and too varied for detail. The general strain on society, while it chills the affections, confines the intellect within a narrow circle of ideas, and directs even science itself into the most positive channels. While the judgment is required to be exercised on the minutest particulars of a utility, personal, individual and exceptional, while the daily and constant thoughts of the people turn on questions of money and of money's worth, the imagination is at once divested of the objects of its enjoyment, and thrown into abeyance by the want of leisure for its exercise. Again, the prevalence of uneasy sensations, the constant anxieties, the absence of all pleasures, and more especially of domestic pleasures, arising out of difficulties and uncertainties respecting the means of existence, sour the temper, and deprave the heart; throwing men either upon a course of vicious and brutal indulgences, or the excitements of fanaticism, which tend, not towards love and humility, but strife, hatred and self-glorification. How far the spread of an ascetic, disputatious, and delirious spirit of devotion has contributed to lower the tone of literature, by narrowing the affections and by obliterating the sense of pathos and of humour, we need not pause to declare: the facts daily recorded in our newspapers speak for themselves, and whoever runs may read. In a circle of causes like this, where all things act and re-act on each other, it is difficult to assign a distinct efficacy to each. Authors, as members of society, partake of its characteristics and reflect them. They not only cease to be imaginative, because the public makes no demand for the result, but because the sources of imagination are dried up in themselves as in other men by the circumstances of society. The power of producing without capital, peculiar to authorship, has, in the overcrowded state of the markets for all other modes of industry, made literature a trade. The object of all trade is to produce much and fast; while the demand for books having descended to the masses, has rendered an inferior literature not merely tolerable, but acceptable. Among the secondary causes may perhaps also be placed the sudden abstraction of that great and universal stimulus which the French revolution afforded to genius in all its departments. Under that stimulation a miraculous harvest of intellect was produced; and a corresponding poverty of the exhausted soil may be but a natural consequence. Without, however, proceeding further in the investigation, we are entitled to infer that the rapid decay of literature is another evidence of the hasty and irregular developement of the society which preceded it; it is a proof that something has gone widely wrong in that sudden expansion of wealth and population which has marked our times: and like the silver age of Roman literature, it will be a token of an approaching decline and fall of all our national institutions, unless some recuperative energy remains behind, to be exerted in remodelling society at large, and replacing all its classes in their proper position.

But we have lost sight of our author. Widely as Jack Sheppard has been disseminated, there may be some of our readers who may wish for a taste of his quality; and we must indulge them with an extract. We select a short passage, which, while it exhibits the general quality of the whole work, possesses also that peculiar merit, in the eyes of the public, a personal application. There is a craving abroad for personalities, and it must be indulged, we imagine, without consideration of anachronisms.

"'Your cracked skull is by no means a pleasing spectacle. How came you by the hurt, eh?'—'How did I come by it?—that's a nate question. Why, honestly enough. It was lent me by a countryman o' mine; but I paid him back in his own coin—ha! ha!'—'A countryman of yours, Terry?'—'Ay, and a noble one, too, Quilt—more's the pity! You've heard of the Marquis of Slaughterford, belike?'—'Of course; who has not? He is the leader of the Mohocks, the general of the Scourers, the prince of rakes, the friend of the surgeons and glaziers, the terror of your tribe, and the idol of the girls!'—'That's him to a hair!' cried Terence, rapturously. 'Och! he's a broth of a boy!'—'Why I thought he'd broken your head, Terry?'—'Phooh! that's nothing! A piece of plaster'll set all to rights; and Terry O'Flaherty 's not the boy to care for the stroke of a supple-jack. Besides, didn't I tell you that I giv' him as good as he brought—and better! I jist touched him with my 'Evenin' Star,' as I call this shillelah,' said the watchman, flourishing an immense bludgeon, the knob of which appeared to be loaded with lead, 'and, by Saint Patrick! down he cum'd like a bullock.'—'Zounds!' exclaimed Quilt, 'did you kill him?'—'Not quite,' replied Terence, laughing; 'but I brought him to his senses.'—'By depriving him of 'em, eh? But I'm sorry you hurt his lordship, Terry. Young noblemen ought to be indulged in their frolics. If they *do*, now and then, run away with a knocker, paint a sign, beat the watch, or huff a magistrate, they *pay* for their pastime, and that's sufficient. What more could any reasonable man—especially a watchman—desire? Besides, the Marquis is a devilish fine fellow, and a particular friend of mine. There's not his peer among the peerage.'—'Och? if he's a friend o' yours, my dear joy, there's no more to be said; and right sorry am I, I struck him. But, blood-an'-'ouns! man, if ould Nick himself were to hit me a blow, I'd be afther givin' him another.'—'Well, well—wait a while,' returned Quilt; 'his lordship won't forget you. He's as generous as he's frolicsome.' As he spoke, the door of the roundhouse was opened, and a stout man, with a lantern in his hand, presented himself at the threshold. 'There's Sharples,' cried Quilt.—'Whist!' exclaimed Terence; 'he elevates his glim. By Jasus! he's about to spake to us.'—'Gem'men o' the votch!' cried Sharples, as loudly as a wheezy cough would permit him, 'my noble pris'ner—ough! ough;—the Markis o' Slaughterford—' Further speech was cut short by a volley of execrations from the angry guardians of the night. 'No Mohocks! No Scourers!' cried the mob.—'Hear! hear!' vociferated Quilt.—'His lordship desires me to say—ough! ough!'—Fresh groans and hisses. 'Won't you hear me?—ough! ough!' demanded Sharples, after a pause.—'By all means,' rejoined Quilt.—'Raise your vice, and lave off coughin',' added Terence.—'The long and the short o' the matter's this then,' returned Sharples with dignity, 'the Markis begs your acceptance o' ten guineas to drink his health.' The hooting was instantaneously changed to cheers. 'And his lordship furthermore requests me to state,' proceeded Sharples, in a hoarse tone, 'that he'll be responsible for the doctors' bills of all such gem'men as have received broken pates, or been otherwise damaged in the fray—ough! ough!'—'Hurrah!' shouted the mob. 'We're all damaged—we've all got broken pates,' cried a dozen voices.—'Ay, good luck to him! so we have,' rejoined Terence; 'but we've no objection to take out the dochter's bill in drink.'—'None whatever,' replied the mob.—'Your answer, gem'men?' demanded Sharples.—'Long life to the Markis, and we accept his honourable proposal,' responded the mob.—'Long life to the Marquis!' reiterated Terence; 'he's an honour to ould Ireland!'—'Didn't I tell you how it would be?' remarked Quilt.—'Troth, and so did you,' returned the watchman; 'but I could't belave it. In futur', I'll keep the 'Evenin' Star' for his lordship's enemies.'"

Such is the "elegant and polite literature" which leads authors on their way to fortune and to fame in this the middle of the nineteenth century.

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plain, that they were the cedars we sought. They stand in regular groups, spread over several little stony knolls, and may possibly cover eight or ten acres of ground. * * We spread our carpets, and spent the night under one of the father-trees of this grove. It is not easy to decide how many old trees there are; eight or ten have a more venerable appearance than the remainder; still others approach them so nearly in size and marks of age, that it is difficult to say why one should be called old and the other young. I once thought of counting the grove, but from the irregularity of the ground, and the situation of the trees, this was no easy matter—especially for a man who had crossed the Lebanon the same day. I counted, however, a small section, and am disposed to think that there may be from 300 to 500 trees that are more than a foot in diameter—possibly 150 that may be above two feet—and about 50 or 60 that may be from 3 to 4 feet in diameter. A few we measured; the largest was 39 feet in circumference —one 32—one 29—one 28 and one 23—these may serve as a sample. Most of the large ones forked near the ground, and were rather assemblages of trees from the same root than a single tree. Those of the third size had some of them fine, straight bodies, and ran up to a considerable height. We procured some specimens of the wood, and a sample of the cones, and then bid adieu to this much talked of grove. It is pretty certain that this grove did not furnish wood for Solomon. It lies opposite Tripoli, which is two days north of Beyroot, and Beyroot is north of Tyre and Sidon. It lies up far from the sea, and has a piece of country between it and the sea as rough as can well be found anywhere. The grove does not appear to be diminishing, but rather increasing. I saw no stumps of fallen trees, and young ones are springing up. There is a kind of religious reverence for these trees among the neighbouring villagers. They have a singular appearance standing alone in the midst of a small plain on which no other trees grow, with no other trees above them, nor for a considerable space below. Another singular fact is, that there is no water running among them. There is a stream on the side of the plain, but it comes not near them. The ground appears enriched with the leaves that fall from them, and looks precisely as the soil usually does in a pine grove."

This was the second visit to Lebanon. On the former occasion,—

"What gave us most interest were the *shells* which we found at many places as we ascended, and also on the top itself. We found some very fine specimens of them—four or more varieties. I procured several, nearly as large as a common conch shell; all of them were petrified. At various places on the side, and also on the summit, we saw rocks that appeared little else than a mass of shells."

Mr. Paxton often speaks with delight of the clearness and dryness of the air in this region. He thinks it surpasses even the climate of Italy. It struck him most forcibly when viewing distant objects. The mountain village, Brumanah,

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VI ET VIRTUTE



W. Harrison Ainsworth

Born. King St. Manchester 4 Feb. 1805. Died Reigate Surrey. 3. Jan: 1882.

Middlehurst, Capleton & Co. Lithos. Manchester.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH ESQ.

GUARDIAN, THURSDAY. S

15 Oct. 1881

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

This evening the Mayor of Manchester will entertain at a banquet in the Town Hall the distinguished Lancashire novelist, Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth. In order to give a completeness to the occasion, about one hundred of the leading representatives of the literature of Lancashire, with a small sprinkling of lady authors associated with the same county, have been invited to meet and welcome the veteran author. As far as our memory serves, this is the first instance in which the head of our municipality has paid a public and formal compliment to a man of letters. And the occasion could not have been more fitting, for while the entertainer is the cultured chairman of our Free Libraries Committee (probably one of the most efficient in England), the entertained—one of the most popular novelists of his time—is of Manchester birth, descent, education, and time-honoured associations. To some who are left among us the present gathering will doubtless bring back memories of another complimentary dinner given to Mr. Ainsworth above 40 years ago, at which his old friend, then Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, presided. Those were the halcyon days of Kensall Manor House, where the ever amiable host proved that "hospitality was a virtue that was always at home," drawing around him men like Dickens, Forster, Cruikshank, Larnan, Blanchard, Dudley-Costello, Frank Stone, Pickersgill, Talfourd, Robert Bell, and Dyce, the Shaksperean commentator. It was then, when he was "in the full bloom of age and authorship," as his oldest friend, the learned president of the Chetham Society, Mr. James Crossley, says, that Pickersgill painted that famous full-length portrait of him which very appropriately hangs in the librarian's room of Chetham College.

As we have remarked, Mr. Ainsworth, by birth, descent, education, and associations, is essentially a Manchester man. Nearly 120 years ago his grandfather, Jeremiah Ainsworth, one of the most eminent mathematicians of his time, and one of the founders of the Lancashire School of Geometry, opened a school near the Free Grammar School in this city, in which he successfully taught "geometry, mensuration, land surveying, gauging, trigonometry, conic sections, astronomy, navigation, algebra, annuities for lives, fluxions, mechanics, &c., and every branch of the Newtonian philosophy." The mathematician's eldest son, John (the Captain Clitheroe, we opine, of "Mervyn Clitheroe"), became a captain of the 1st Lancashire Militia, and his son, William Francis Ainsworth, the novelist's cousin, is the celebrated traveller and scholar. Jeremiah Ainsworth's second son, Thomas, the novelist's father, was a lawyer of high repute, to whose energy, with that of Mr. Thomas Fleming, we are indebted principally for the great Manchester improvements in Market-street, the erection of Blackfriars Bridge, and other important changes in the city more than half-a-century ago. Another son was James Ainsworth, the friend and contemporary of Charles White, Dr. Ferriar, Dr. Edward Holme, Dr. Henry, and Benjamin Gibson, the celebrated oculist—the first anatomical demonstrator in Manchester, and the originator of the old Pinestreet Royal School of Medicine and Surgery. James's son is another distinguished member of the medical profession, still in our midst, Dr. Ralph Fawcett Ainsworth, the well-known chairman of the Council of the Royal Institution, and the equally well-known supporter of the Botanical Gardens at Old Trafford. On his mother's side the novelist claims another good old Lancashire descent, his maternal great-great-grandfather being the famous Nonconformist divine, Cuthbert Harrison, his grandmother Ann Touchet, and his grandfather Ralph Harrison—one among the many notable ministers of Cross-street Chapel. Born at his father's residence, then "39," King-street, 4th February, 1805, the future novelist, on March 20, 1817, entered the Manchester Grammar School. In "Mervyn Clitheroe," which is really a sketch of many passages in his own life, he describes the old school, "raised on a high sandstone overlooking the little river Ink" [the Irk], "not far from its confluence with the Ater" [the Irwell]. . . . and contiguous to "the collegiate establishment of the Old Church of Cottonborough"; there he first listened to "the deep sonorous voice of the *archi-didascalus* Dr. Lonsdale" (Dr. Jeremiah Smith) "mouthing out a passage from Æschylus or Aristophanes, rumbling away like distant thunder, or the sharp, high-pitched voice of the *hypo-didascalus*, the Rev. Abel Cane" (Dr. Robinson Elsdale). Among some of Mr. Ainsworth's most notable contemporaries at the old pile in Long Millgate were Sir Humphrey De Trafford, Rev. George Heron, Dorning Rasbotham, the late Mr. John Peel, M.P. for Tamworth; Rev. J. H. Marsden, a former Canon of Manchester, and the highly-gifted author of "Philomorus" and other works; "Jock Walker," subsequently a well-known *habitué* of the London clubs; Joseph Rayner Stephens, a subsequent Methodist minister and prominent Chartist; Rev. Hart Ethelston, Dr. Bellott, Joshua Procter Westhead, Dr. Edward Stephens, and the present senior magistrate of the Manchester Bench, Mr. C. H. Rickards. Leaving school, he was articled to his father's profession with the late Mr. Alexander Kay, "who," as the novelist tells us, "was anything but an idle man, and became disgusted with his troublesome clerk." Removing to London, his repugnance to "conveyancing" became insurmountable, and over half a century ago (in 1830) he commenced his literary career. Since the issue of "Rookwood" in 1834, Mr. Ainsworth has probably been the most voluminous author of his time, something like forty lengthy works of fiction having proceeded from his facile pen. To the Lancashire reader the local tales of "Mervyn Clitheroe," "Preston Fight," "Manchester Rebels," "Guy Fawkes," "Lancashire Witches," and "The Leaguer of Lathom" will always be deeply interesting, while the general reader will doubtless regard Turpin's far-famed "Ride to York" in "Rookwood" as one of the most dashing and animated pieces of descriptive writing in the English language.

Since Mr. Ainsworth's departure from Manchester his visits to his native city have been at very lengthened intervals. One notable visit, however, may be mentioned. To Mr. Ainsworth we owe the first visit paid to our city by Mr. Dickens and Mr. John Forster, on which occasion the former met for the first time Daniel and William Grant, whom in two or three weeks afterwards he immortalised as the "Cheeryble Brothers." Subsequently, in the early part of January, 1839, the following announcement was made by a contemporary:—"Mr. Charles Dickens (Boz), Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, the author of 'Rookwood,' and Mr. Forster, the author of the 'Life of Cromwell' have been sojourning in this town since Saturday last. On Sunday the literary trio attended Divine service at the Collegiate Church, when the Rev. R. Parkinson preached a most admirable sermon on the late hurricane." On the occasion a dinner party was given in honour of the eminent trio by the President of the Chetham Society, at which a little incident took place which gave rise to one of those happy impromptu speeches in which Mr. Dickens was unsurpassed. The host's dinner table was triangular, and in his place as host Mr. Crossley occupied a somewhat uncomfortable position, being at the apex and against the wall. Though the learned President's portly presence was scarcely as pronounced then as it is now, still it was sufficiently marked to attract Mr. Dickens's keen attention. In proposing his host's health, the great novelist remarked that "during the whole evening, seeing the peculiar position their host occupied at the dinner table, he could not help being reminded of Dr. Primrose's famous family picture in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and had been wondering all night however he should be got out, but was still more amazed how he ever got in." Mg. 15 Oct. 1881.

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH'S NEW NOVEL.—Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth has in the press a new novel, which will shortly be published in 3 vols. by Messrs. Routledge and Sons, entitled "Stanley Brereton." It will bear the following dedication:—"To Thomas Baker, Esq., Mayor of Manchester.—My dear Mr. Mayor, as I deem the banquet given by you in my honour, in my native city of Manchester, one of the most important events in my life, I shall endeavour to evince my sense of it by inscribing this tale to you. To you moreover and to the friends assembled on the occasion, I owe the gratifying title conferred upon me of the 'Lancashire Novelist,' and I assure you I feel extremely proud of the distinction. And never, surely, was there a happier idea, or one more tastefully carried out, than the presentation to each guest at your banquet of an artistic little brochure, containing a portrait and memoir of the author you had so greatly honoured, with specimens of the illustrations of his works. As an introduction to this tale I have given a revised report of the banquet, that my readers may judge of it.—Yours deeply obliged, W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.—September, 1881." Mg. 13 Oct. 1881.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth, the popular novelist, is the eldest son of the late Thomas Ainsworth, Esq., solicitor, of Manchester, a member of an ancient Lancashire family. His mother was Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Ralph Harrison (also of Manchester), who was the son of the Rev. William Harrison, a Presbyterian divine, and the great-grandson of the Rev. Cuthbert Harrison, a famous Nonconformist teacher, alluded to by Dr. Calamy in his account of ejected ministers.

Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth was born at the house of his father in King-street, Manchester, on the 4th February, 1805, and having received the early part of his education under the care of his uncle, the Rev. William Harrison, he was placed, while still very young, at the Free Grammar School of Manchester.* Here he so far distinguished himself as to have received very flattering testimonials from Dr. Smith, the then head-master, and also from his colleague, Dr. Elsdale. He left school at the age of sixteen, and was articled to Mr. Alexander Kay, a leading solicitor of Manchester. On his father's death, in 1824, he came to London, to finish his term with Mr. Jacob Phillips, of the Inner Temple.

* The Free Grammar School at Manchester was founded early in the sixteenth century, and has been the seat of learning for many persons who have risen to eminence in science and literature. The school list, which extends as far back as the reign of Queen Mary, embraces many a well-known name,—first and foremost being that of John Bradford, who suffered martyrdom in 1555. In it, too, are enrolled the names of Reginald Heber (the father of the bishop); Cyril Jackson, and his brother, the Bishop of Oxford; the first Lord Alvanley; David Latouche, the celebrated banker; Sir E. Vaughan Williams, the late Justice of the Common Pleas; Bishop Gilbert, of Chichester, and many others.

Before leaving school, Mr. Ainsworth may be said to have commenced his literary career, for he contributed largely to a weekly literary journal then existing in Manchester, called 'The Iris,' and he also wrote regularly for the 'European Magazine.' Whilst serving under Mr. Kay, he contributed several pieces to Constable's 'Edinburgh Magazine,' and wrote also a tale, called the 'Falls of Ohiopyle,' for Taylor and Hessey's 'London Magazine;' he also about this time published, through the medium of Messrs. Whittaker, two poems, entitled 'The Maid's Revenge' and 'A Summer Evening's Tale.' Many of the tales and essays thus scattered over various periodicals were afterwards collected and published by Whittaker, in a little volume bearing the title of 'December Tales.'

Not long before the completion of Mr. Ainsworth's appointed stay with Mr. Phillips in London, he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Ebers, the publisher, of Bond-street, at that time manager of the Opera House, and with that gentleman, a few months after the commencement of their intimacy, he published the romance of 'Sir John Chiverton,' which was highly praised by Sir Walter Scott. In 1826, Mr. Ainsworth married Fanny, the youngest daughter of Mr. Ebers; three daughters, still living, are the offspring of that union. Mrs. Ainsworth died in the spring of 1838.

The connection thus formed with Mr. Ebers had a material influence in deciding the young law-student as to the course he should pursue. His natural repugnance to "conveyancing" led him readily to listen to the suggestions of Mr. Ebers to make an experiment as a publisher; this vocation, however, he soon abandoned, and devoted himself wholly to what he thenceforth regarded as his profession.

In 1834 Mr. Ainsworth published a three-volume tale, entitled 'Rookwood,' which at once secured his fame as a writer of fiction, and speedily passed through several editions. 'Crichton' was the next work meditated; this appeared in the spring of 1837, and was equally successful, the rapid sale at once betokening the now established reputation of the writer.

In January, 1839, the opening chapters of 'Jack Sheppard' made their appearance in the pages of 'Bentley's Miscellany.' This romance was originally intended to have been called 'Thames Darrell,' and under that name it was first announced

by its publisher. In the following March, on the retirement of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Ainsworth was installed as editor of the 'Miscellany.' The story of 'Jack Sheppard' developed itself month by month, and met with unbounded success and popularity; and on its completion, in the autumn of the same year, the three volumes were produced in a dramatized form simultaneously at eight different theatres in the metropolis. The morality of the story, however, was severely impugned by some of the critics of the day.

To the above work 'Guy Fawkes' succeeded; it appeared in 'Bentley's Miscellany,' and was completed in eighteen monthly numbers. At the same time also appeared a twin-born romance, the 'Tower of London,' running chapter by chapter with the foregoing; both of which works added much to the author's reputation.

In the first week of 1841, Mr. Ainsworth commenced his tale of 'Old St. Paul's.' The proprietors of the 'Sunday Times' newspaper had proposed to Mr. Ainsworth to write a romance to be published in their journal weekly throughout the year, for which the sum of £1000 was very liberally offered by them and accepted by the author. The tale appeared in successive numbers, and at the close of the year (the copyright reverting to Mr. Ainsworth) the work was reissued in three volumes, and a large edition was disposed of.

At the close of the year 1841, Mr. Ainsworth's engagement as editor of 'Bentley's Miscellany' terminated; and in February, 1842, he produced the first number of a magazine on his own account and bearing his own name. In this undertaking Mr. Ainsworth was ably supported by several writers of eminence, but his chief reliance for the success of the magazine was, no doubt, upon tales from his own pen, the first of which was 'The Miser's Daughter.' This was followed by 'Windsor Castle,' and subsequently by the romance of 'St. James's, or the Court of Queen Anne;' the latter containing, in addition to its merits as a fiction, a generous defence of the character of Marlborough.

In March, 1842, it was Mr. Ainsworth's affliction to lose his surviving parent, the revered mother who had taken pride in his rising fame and had found joy in his constant affection. A monumental tribute to both his parents has been erected in the cemetery at Kensal Green.

In 1845 Mr. Ainsworth became proprietor and editor of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and three years later, resuming his favourite *métier*, he published in the 'Sunday Times' his 'Lancashire Witches,' upon the same terms as those agreed upon by the liberal and spirited proprietors of the journal in question for his previous work, 'Old St. Paul's.' In 1854 he published an historical romance entitled 'The Star Chamber,' which he followed by a domestic story illustrative of old English manners, styled 'The Flitch of Bacon, or the Custom of Dunmow,' a custom which owes its recent revival to Mr. Ainsworth's liberality. In 1855 he published a collection of his 'Ballads, Romantic, Fantastical, and Humorous;' followed in the succeeding year by another novel, called 'The Spendthrift,' originally published in 'Bentley's Miscellany,' which periodical had become Mr. Ainsworth's property two years previously.

In 1857 a semi-autobiographical tale, entitled 'Mervyn Clitheroe,' was resumed by Mr. Ainsworth and published in monthly parts, its publication in a serial form having been accidentally interrupted.

After another interval, during which Mr. Ainsworth found time to write a spirited poem on a famous Breton legend entitled 'The Combat of the Thirty,' in 1861 he produced a romance of the times of the Commonwealth called 'Ovingdean Grange,' into several parts of which are interwoven the author's own personal experience as a resident in the South Down country. In the same year (1861) he commenced, in 'Bentley's Miscellany,' his romance styled 'The Constable of the Tower,' which has since been republished separately. In 1862 he wrote 'The Lord Mayor of London, or City Life in the Last Century;' and in 1863 'Cardinal Pole, or the days of Philip and Mary,' besides a tale entitled 'John Law,' which first appeared in 'Bentley's Miscellany' and has likewise since been republished in book form. His latest historical romances are 'The Spanish Match, or Charles Stuart in Madrid,' and 'The Constable de Bourbon,' just published.

Mr. Ainsworth's writings are very popular in America; they have been mostly translated into German, and versions of several of their number exist in the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Russian languages.

On the death of Mr. Ainsworth's mother, in March, 1842, he succeeded to the beautiful residence at Beech Hill, Smedley, near

Manchester, which had been purchased, together with other property in Manchester and Salford, by his late father. "To that house," says the writer of an able memoir of Mr. Ainsworth originally published in the 'Mirror' in 1842, "with which all his younger and pleasanter recollections are connected, he meditates, we believe, a return in mature years. But the metropolis and its neighbourhood, the pursuit of fame, and the fields in which he has gathered up so many golden sheaves, will long detain him thence, the delay only tending to enrich his memories and double the sweetness of a late retirement. And when that late day shall come, and the home of his childhood shall again be his, may he find the end like the beginning, with its 'vision splendid' turned to a reality!"



W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Born 1805. Died 1882.

Author of "The Tower of London," "Old St. Paul's," etc.



CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT.

Born 1792. Died 1848.

Author of "Peter Simple," "Masterman Ready," etc.

The Harrison Ainsworth Centenary.

Bolton Journal 3.2.05

Local Associations of the Novelist.

LANCASHIRE is not so rich in literary associations that we can afford to allow the centenary of the birth of Harrison Ainsworth—one of her brightest sons, and, after Scott, undoubtedly the most popular historical novelist of his time—to pass without a word of appreciation. Some recognition is surely due to the writer who, more than any other, has added to the literature of his native county, and has invested its byegone history with the halo of romance. Just a century ago, or, to be precise, on the 4th February, 1805, William Harrison Ainsworth, the son of a solicitor, was born in King-st., Manchester. Like De Quincey, twenty years previously, he was educated at Manchester Grammar School. Although articled in due course to a solicitor, the future novelist's literary bent was early manifested. He became a contributor to the London and Edinburgh Magazines, and even initiated a venture of his own, "The Bœotian," which, however, only survived for six issues. On the death of his father in 1824 young Ainsworth left Manchester for London, where he soon abandoned the profession which he found so uncongenial. Two years later he married. "Rookwood," his first successful novel, was published in 1834. Then in quick succession came many of his best works, such as "Crichton," "Jack Sheppard," "Tower of London," "Guy Fawkes," "Old St. Paul's," Windsor Castle," and "Lancashire Witches." For the last-named the author received from the "Sunday Times" the handsome sum of £1,000. By this time (1848) the novelist was in the hey-day of his popularity. His prosperity enabled him to dispense a liberal hospitality, and among his visitors at Kensal Manor House were Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Jerrold, Cruickshank, and many other literary and artistic celebrities. For the subsequent portion of our author's life little biographical material has been collected or is available. We have it on the best authority that "No biography of Ainsworth has appeared or is likely to be published. When Jerdan published his 'Autobiography,' Ainsworth prohibited the publication of his own letters; and though he had preserved a mass of correspondence, it proved on examination after his death to have but little biographical or literary importance." It is difficult, therefore, to write with any certainty or detail of Harrison Ainsworth's personal associations with Lancashire in later life. That he must have

Visited His Native County Repeatedly

when writing such novels as "The Lancashire Witches" will be apparent to anyone who has read them. The hills and valleys of the County Palatine seem to have had a fascination for him. With the unerring instinct of the professional novelist he perceived abundant materials for the exercise of his art in the many dramatic episodes in Lancastrian history. In addition to "The Lancashire Witches" and "Guy Fawkes," there are five other novels of local interest, namely, "The Leaguer of Lathom," "Beatrice Tyldesley," "Preston Fight," "Manchester Rebels," and "Mervyn Clitheroe." These seven volumes form a series of historical sketches of Lancastrian life extending from the Pilgrimage of Grace to the early part of last century—a series the like of which is not enjoyed by any other county in the kingdom. Considering his knowledge of the county, the vividness of his local colour and the fidelity of his narrative to local records and traditions cease to be marvellous, but are none the less admirable. Even where the story adheres closely to an authentic record, as for instance "The Lancashire Witches" follows "The Discoverie of Witches in the County of Lancaster," by Thomas Potts (1613), Harrison Ainsworth endows the narrative with the spirit of the time, and an atmosphere befitting the characters and the background. But let us turn from the weird occultism of "The Lancashire Witches" to the narrative of a breezier and more stirring time. It is a matter of common knowledge that Bolton suffered severely during the Civil War. Those who want a detailed and yet vividly picturesque account of the struggle in Lancashire cannot do better than read "The Leaguer of Lathom," one of the last novels which came from the gifted author's pen. It is dedicated to the Rev. F. R. Raines, author of "Memoirs of James, Seventh Earl of Derby." "A worthy biography of a great historical character," proceeds Ainsworth, "to which the writer of this tale owes much." "The Leaguer of Lathom" is closely associated with the history of our own town. One of the books into which it is divided is entitled "The Storming of Bolton," and the action of the last book takes place chiefly in this same locality. It is worthy of note that at the Siege of Manchester by the Royalists, a certain Captain Robert Bradshaw, from Bolton, assisted in the defence at the head of 150 men, chiefly tenants of Mr. Ralph Assheton, of Middleton. Lathom had been pluckily held for four months by the Countess of Derby, when Colonel Rigby, the Parliamentary commander, hearing of the approach of

Prince Rupert and the Earl of Derby,

withdrew to Bolton with his forces. The Royalist army quickly followed. "From Haigh," wrote our author in a passage which shows his grasp of topographical and historical detail, "they marched on to Heaton, where they again halted, and, being now about two miles from Bolton, several mounted scouts were sent across the moor to ascertain how the town could be most advantageously approached. . . . The defences . . . were skilfully made. Strong mud walls, having a deep ditch outside, surrounded the town; the entrances being protected by barricades with stout posts and chains." There were, of course, two gates. The Bradshaw Gate is mentioned repeatedly, as also are Lostock and Great Lever among other places. Comparison with contemporary and authoritative records seldom finds the novelist napping, albeit, regarding the methods adopted by the Royalists to obtain ingress to the town, Mr. Ainsworth takes liberties with the generally accepted version. He tells of one Stephen Marsh, who conducted a body of Royalist musketeers by means of a subterranean passage under the ditch to the cellar of his house in "Private Acres." History gives the Cavaliers the credit, after repeated assaults, of making a breach in the walls. However that may have been, there seems to be no doubt that bloodshed ensued. In the old market place, now Churchgate, there were "a great number of pikemen, together with a troop of horse." These were routed or cut down by the Earl of Derby and his cuirassiers. The slaughter extended to the townspeople—men, women, and children were butchered indiscriminately. In fact, the author writes with some emphasis, "No such massacre took place during the whole of the civil wars in Lancashire as occurred in Bolton on that day." Harrison Ainsworth did not cultivate the art of fine writing. Realising a scene vividly himself, he contrived to convey the impression to his readers with equal force. Here is a glimpse of byegone Bolton from a window: "The town looked like a mass of black and white houses, in the midst of which rose the tower of the church, surmounted by a broad banner." The houses would for the most part be of the half-timbered type, filled in with "wattle and daub." The Hall-i'th'-Wood is an excellent example still standing. Another pen picture—one which stirs the blood no matter which party the reader favours—is that which describes Prince Rupert and Lord Derby, with a squadron of lancers near the Bradshaw Gate, receiving the Parliamentary colours which had been taken. For it must be admitted that whichever were the better men the Cavaliers had most of the pomp and panoply of war. The curtain falls, to rise again upon a historic tragedy, one of the most memorable events in the annals of the county. During the seven years which have elapsed much has happened. Charles I. has been executed by the victorious Parliamentarians. The Earl of Derby has been captured, tried at Chester, and

Sentenced to Die at Bolton,

where it was supposed that the inhabitants cherished vindictive feelings against him on account of the massacre. The Earl was accompanied by Mr. Baggarlay (or Baguley, as Ainsworth calls him), who wrote the account of his master's death, some servants, and a strong escort. The noble prisoner spent his last night at Leigh. Arriving in Bolton, he met with a sympathetic reception. The local carpenters refused to construct the scaffold. "The ancient cross that had hitherto adorned the market-place was pulled down to make way for the hateful structure," wrote the novelist; and again, "Conducted by an officer to an adjoining house looking upon the church, he was informed that he would not be disturbed until three o'clock." This hardly serves to strengthen the claims of a local hostelry if the relative positions of house and church are unchanged. The grim sentence was duly carried out, and the Earl died like the Christian nobleman he was. The story of his execution has previously been told in these columns. There is an episode in "Preston Fight," a novel dealing with the Jacobite movement of 1715, which should interest Atherton people. Sir Henry Hoghton is depicted as reporting to General Wills: "The Rev. James Woods, Presbyterian minister. of Chowbent, has promptly and energetically responded to my appeal. The worthy man has used such exertions that he has already got together a troop of some forty or fifty active young men. For the most part they are armed with scythes fixed on straight poles, and bill hooks, but they are stout, active young fellows, and will undoubtedly do good service." Nor was Harrison Ainsworth lacking in that indispensable part of a writer's equipment—a sense of humour, as witness the following story of the latent drollery of which none perceived more keenly than himself. In connection with the Rebellion of 1745, the novelist quotes the incident undernoted. From Lancaster Prince Charles ordered part of his army under Lochiel of Glengarry to proceed to Manchester by way of Blackburn and Rochdale. On Ashworth Moor, we are told, "they halted to have refreshment, which consisted of oatmeal steeped in water. Most of the country people fled on their approach, but there was one who stood looking on, and that was James Lomax, of Wolstenholme; he was asked to join the army, but feigned not to understand the question, but said he would 'jump agen the measter (pointing to Glengarry) o'er that big stone fence for a gallon of ale.' The bet was accepted, and Lomax had the first jump. Being a lithe and supple fellow, he cleared it at a bound, ran down the back of the fence, and was no more seen. The officers and men laughed at this incident." Lochiel, perceiving smoke arising from Knowl Hill, close by, ordered an immediate advance. Knowl Hill, it may be mentioned, is easily visible from the higher parts of Bolton. Space does not permit us to do more than hint at the local associations of Ainsworth's other Lancashire novels—"Mervyn Clitheroe," which is reminiscent of the author's schooldays, and "Guy Fawkes," which deals with Old Trafford, Ordsal Hall, Chat Moss, and other well-known scenes, are of more direct interest to Manchester readers. Perhaps sufficient has been said to direct attention to the value of Harrison Ainsworth's work in depicting the lives and perpetuating the deeds of our forefathers, and in giving some idea of the once unblemished sylvan and rustic beauties of his native shire.

the minutes coming up for confirmation, Dr. Horrocks again referred to the matter, and said he had for a long time thought the question required greater attention than it seemed to have had. He again stated his reasons for being in favour of the dry earth system. In the discussion which followed, the Chairman stated it was his opinion that the Sanitary Committee were working upon the right lines, and personally he would support the Committee all he possibly could in the continuance of the system.

EDUCATION MATTERS.

A meeting of the Education Committee followed. Mr. E. Deakin, J.P., was in the chair, and there were also present Messrs. S. Slater, J. Tootill, H. T. R. Stuart, R. Ashworth, E. Deakin, J. R. Barlow, Miss Annie Barlow and Mrs. Greg, with the Clerk (Mr. J. B. Goulburn). With respect to the overcrowding at Edgworth Wesleyan Infants' School, Mr. Barlow said the managers had passed the matter on to the trustees of the school, and he thought they would carry out an estimate given. The Secretary for elementary education had expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, which was that of making two rooms into one.—The Chairman said he was glad that necessary accommodation would be given the children without incurring any great amount of expense.—Major Greg said the Chairman of the Elementary Committee had written to him saying he proposed to bring forward a resolution with regard to the matter of certificated teachers, but that he had been asked to keep it back for the present. One teacher had told him she was very anxious to get a place either in Bolton or Horwich, but in deference to his wishes she would wait to see what would turn up. The certificated teachers would not necessarily go to county schools, so that they would be cheated of their services after all.—The school attendance returns showed that the average had been 85.6 for all ages, and 89.9 for those aged five years and upwards. The attendance at Hob-lane was the worst in their district; otherwise they might have been at the top of the list again.—With regard to the

Hob-lane New School,

the managers had replied to the Committee's letter, saying the new school was necessary for the purpose of providing accommodation for children residing at farms a considerable distance away. It should have accommodation for 200 children, and could be erected on the site of the present school, but there was a better site nearer the main road.—It was stated the letter would come before the County Committee. The question of the flagging of Belmont schoolyard was deferred for the present in order to see if some cheaper way of doing the work could be devised. Miss Gertrude Hoyle was engaged as assistant teacher at Harwood Wesleyan School. With regard to the grant for fuel, lighting, and cleaning at Harwood Wesleyan, it was decided that £50 be allowed instead of £40. Additional incandescent lights at Walmsley School were agreed to.—Major Greg offered as a suggestion to managers that they should take particular notice of the books ordered by the headmasters. There did not seem to be any system, he said, and any sort of book might be ordered.

BRADSHAW.

Sick and Burial Society. The annual general meeting of members of the Sick and Burial Society was held in the school, on Friday evening, when there was a moderate attendance. The chair was occupied by Mr. Jos. Whittle (vice-president.) The Secretary's report and balance-sheet showed that the Society was in a flourishing condition, the Sick and Funeral Fund account showing:—Balance in hand £4.213 16s. 10d. contributions £232 4s. 1½d., interest from the Bolton Textile Mill Spinning Co. £38 11s. 5d., interest from the Bee Hive £55 15s. 3d., interest from the Bolton Union £48, bank interest £2 19s. 4d., income tax refunded £11 12s.; total £4,622 11s. 8½d. The outgoing included, paid for sickness £229 15s. 9d., and for deaths £24 10s There was thus a balance of £4,393 5s. 11½d. The statement as to the funds showed the following: Bolton Corporation £600, Bolton Bee Hive Spinning Co. £1,300, Bolton Textile Spinning Co. £1,000, Bolton Union Spinning Co. £1,200. bank £319 7s., in treasurer's hands £23 19s. 3½d., sick visitors £9 9s. 10d., a total of £4,452 16s. 1½d., and a gain for the year of £190 5s. 5½d The number of members is 449. The following were appointed officers: President, Rev. R. K. Judson, M.A.; vice-president, Mr. Jos. Whittle; secretary, Mr. Thos. Smethurst; treasurer, Mr. Wright Greenhalgh; auditors, Messrs. John Houghton and Wm. Bromiley; sick visitors, Messrs. Rd. Pollitt, Ralph [illegible] Act on the whole, said it had good features. Discussion followed, several members taking part. A vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer at the close, on the motion of Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, seconded by Mr. J. Rowlinson.

HARWOOD.

Wesleyan Missions. Mr. E. J. L. Houghton presided at the Home Missionary meeting held on Sunday afternoon in the Harwood Wesleyan Schoolroom, there being a large attendance. The Rev. Alfred Walls (superintendent of Wesley Circuit) presented the annual report, and he and the Rev. J. Dixon delivered interesting addresses on the work. Collections were taken in aid of the Home Mission fund.

WALMSLEY.

Unitarians' Concert. The scholars' Christmas entertainment was repeated on Saturday to a large and appreciative audience. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins presided. The items included action songs, solos and tableaux by the children; and in the second part the drama, "Princess May and Her Wonderful Law," was given by special request. The presentation of it reflected great credit on both the children and the ladies who had trained them. Mrs. Lowe and Miss Kay accompanied.

WESTHOUGHTON.

Westhoughton Sacred Heart F.C., after a month's absence from home, failed to overcome Horwich R.M.I. under Bolton League auspices, and the game ended in a 1—1 draw.

Wingates Temperance Brass Band secured second prize at an instrumental quartette competition held at Blackley, on Saturday, Pemberton Old and Atherton Public being awarded third and fourth respectively.

Chew Moor Wesleyans. A concert was given on Saturday, when a capital programme was gone through, including songs by Misses Rothwell and Hamer, Messrs. Jackson and Aiken; duets by Miss Rothwell and Mr. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Halliwell, Messrs. Jackson and Aiken; whilst Mr. Derbyshire's elocution was greatly enjoyed. The glee party gave part-songs and quartettes. Mr. J. Blackhurst, of Bolton, presided, and Mr. P. Blackhurst accompanied.

An Expensive Lark. Mrs. Radway, wife of David Radway, proprietor of the Rosehill Tavern, Westhoughton, prosecuted three Atherton men, Reuben Aldred, Alfred Fairbrother and Joseph Dimelow, before Messrs. J.P. Haslam and J. Unsworth, at the Bolton County Police Court, on Monday for stealing a music book, a photo and frame and two glasses, valued 4s. 6d. Mr. Fielding, who appeared for the prisoner, said the whole affair was a lark. The men were dismissed on payment of costs.

Benefit Concert. A concert promoted by the Westhoughton Congregational Church Choir, Park-rd., for the joint benefit of Miss A. Wilkinson and Mr. William Bateson—two members of the choir, who have been for some time in ill-health—was held in the Schoolroom, Leigh-rd., on Wednesday evening, the attendance being very good. The artistes were Mr. R. Evans, of the Hallé Concerts, whose singing met with hearty appreciation; Mr. J. H. Berry and Misses Oakes, Latham and A. Gaskell also sang. The humorous portion was in the hands of Mr. E. R. Davies, of Tyldesley. The choir also gave several selections, and a quartette party connected with the Wingates Temperance Prize Band enlivened the proceedings with some fine musical performances. Mr. G. N. Hunt officiated as accompanist.

Late Mr. J. Breakell. The remains of the late Mr. J. Breakell, of the Poplars, Westhoughton, a well-known resident in the town, were interred in an old portion of St. Bartholomew's Churchyard, on Saturday. Less than a hundred yards separate the deceased's late residence from his last resting place, and in the vicinity of the residence and the church many persons assembled to witness the solemn ceremony of interment. The coffin was borne by four representatives of the Conservative Club and four brother sidesmen. At the lych gate the cortege was met by the Rev. C Cronshaw, vicar, the Rev. S. Proudfoot, curate, and the surpliced choir. On entering the church the organist, Mr. Brown, played "O rest in the Lord." The Rev. S. Proudfoot read the funeral service, whilst the choir sang the 90th psalm and the hymns, "Brief life is our portion" and "Now the labourer's task is o'er." At the graveside the Vicar performed the last sad rites.

COLLIERY ACCIDENT.

FALL OF ROOF KILLS ONE MAN AND INJURES ANOTHER.

At the No. 4 Trencherbone Mine of the Hulton Colliery Co., Ltd., at Westhoughton, a shocking accident occurred on Saturday. Two men, Arthur Hollerton and Saml. Whittingham, who belong to Tyldesley, were following their employment in the above mine when a fall of roof occurred. Whittingham fortunately escaped without much injury, although he suffers from shock. Hollerton received such serious internal and bodily injuries that he died shortly after being extricated. Whittingham was attended by Dr. Blakemore, of Atherton, and was later taken home, whilst Hollerton was removed on the colliery ambulance.

INQUEST.

Mr. S. F. Butcher, county coroner, held an inquest at the Mechanics' Institute, Tyldesley, on Monday, touching the death of Hollerton. Mr. J. Gerrard (Government Inspector of Mines) was present, and Messrs. Alfred J. Tonge, manager, and H. James, represented the Colliery Company.—Mary Hollerton said her son had only worked at the pit eight days, but his experience of colliery work extended over some years.—Adam Hodgkinson, temporary fireman at the mine where deceased worked, said the "ironman," or cutter, was broken down on Friday night and Saturday morning, and Hollerton was getting coal at the time of witness's visit about midnight. He saw nothing wrong with Hollerton's place and when witness saw him he appeared to be knocking coal off the face. He was in the act of making a second visit when he was informed of the accident. He found deceased lying dead in the drawing road. There was a fall about five feet deep and about 15ft. in length in Hollerton's place. Three props had been knocked out by the fall. Deceased was badly crushed about the body. The rules required that props should be set at distances of four feet. Measurements which had been made that day proved that there was six feet between two of the props. Asked why the timbering distance be exceeded witness said he could not say.—George Fletcher, collier, said he worked in the next place to deceased. He heard the fall, and on going round found Whittingham and Hollerton buried. The fall was due to a slip. By the Coroner: He did not think an extra prop would have prevented a fall; but it would have made it a lot safer.—The Coroner said there had clearly been a breach of the colliery rule, but from the evidence of the fireman the place where deceased was at work appeared to be reasonably safe before the accident. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

Footballer's Accident. Some weeks ago David Jones, one of the half-backs of the Westhoughton F.C., fractured his leg during the course of a Lancashire Alliance match. The injury has turned out more serious than at first anticipated, and after being attended by four doctors, he has finally been removed to the Bolton Infirmary. It has been suggested to the Secretary of the Bolton Charity Football Association that this is a case for assistance, and that when, on the 11th inst. Westhoughton and Westhoughton Sacred Heart meet to replay their cup-tie, a small grant might be made to the injured player. Jones took part in the first match between these teams, and it is probable the suggestion will be adopted.

"OLD AND NEW LIBERALISM."

There was a crowded meeting at the Reform Club, Park-rd., Westhoughton, on Tuesday evening, to hear an address by Mr. William Edge, of Smithills, on "Old and New Liberalism." In the unavoidable absence of Counc. W. E. Tonge, Mr. John Mather occupied the chair, and he was supported by Messrs. W. Thompson, J. Lord, J. Yates, T. Ralphs, Isaac Barrow, C. E. Ratcliffe, W. Guest, Wm. Horne (secretary) and R. C. Vickers (registration agent.) The Chairman briefly introduced Mr. Edge who, in the course of his lecture, said if they allowed their thoughts to go back, they would be able to trace in the career of this country, the progress of that great party whose political creed they knew as Liberalism. The adherents to the cause had always been men animated by a great principle. The history of Liberalism was as old as the history of the people, and the speaker referred to a statesman whom he claimed was imbued with sound Liberal principles—Alfred the Great. The fall of the House of Stuart and the accession of the present House of Hanover saw a new era in the political life of England. The Bill of Rights became law, and from then the rise of party government began, and the t[illegible]



W. H. Ainsworth. — Alfred Croquis del.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD".



WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

W. Harrison Ainsworth.

1

Letter to Newman Smith, connoisseur and picture collector Dated Dec 4. 1834. Mr S. M Ellis in his interesting book "W. Harrison Ainsworth" gives several references to Newman Smith whom he insists in describing as Howman Smith in every instance

My dear Sir

Pray accept my warm acknowledgments for your kind letter which however has only this moment reached me! And while I add at the same time my best congratulations on the subject of the happy event which has just occurred in your family you must permit me on that account to defer the pleasure of visiting you for a few days; as I am ~~quite~~ sure you must have quite enough upon your hands for the present; and my presence would only interfere with your arrangements. I will redo over some day next week - and in the meantime must send my good wishes as my representative.

Mr. Turchet I regret to say will be prevented from accompanying me as she intended. She has just received

most alarming ledgs of the state of health of her only moving Brother — a Merchant in Balica, and her own health which is not the best has been upset by this severe shock. She desires her best remembrances both to you and Wm Smith. —

Many thanks for your expression of kindness towards me. I think I have already put you friendly feeling sufficiently to the test. But believe me ingratitude is not amongst the flagrant of my sins. —

Pray say with my kind compts to Wm Smith that Wm Catanach is still in Scotland? Wm Lewis is I believe in Town — and Mcclure dined with me

W. Harrison Ainsworth. 1

Letter to Newman Smith, connoisseur and picture collector Dated Dec 4. 1834. Mr S. M Ellis in his interesting book "W. Harrison Ainsworth" gives several references to Newman Smith whom he insists in describing as Howman Smith in every instance

Next week. All other queries I must answer in person. I do sincerely sympathize with you in your interest for Mina. I have chalked heading with a white stone upon which I met him at your house.

With renewed thanks and good wishes to the whole of your circle in whom I can claim any interest or acquaintance

Believe me
Ever Yrs (in haste)
W. H. Ainsworth.
27 Old Bond St.
4th Decr. 1834

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DE 4
1834

Ainsworth

Newman Smith Esqre
Bridhurst
W. Croydon.

W. Harrison Ainsworth.

Letter to Newman Smith, connoisseur and picture collector dated Dec 4. 1834. Mr S. M Ellis in his interesting book "W. Harison Ainsworth" gives several references to Newman Smith whom he insists in describing as Howman Smith in every instance

A Life of Harrison Ainsworth

AN announcement of more than ordinary interest is that a life of Harrison Ainsworth will appear from the Bodley Head early in the autumn. Mr. S. M. Ellis has compiled a monumental work in two volumes, rich in hitherto unpublished letters—not only Ainsworth's, but those addressed to him by his famous friends, prominent among whom were Scott, Lamb, Thackeray, Dickens, D'Orsay, Lady Blessington, Disraeli, Maclise, and Cruikshank—to select a few from a truly vast list.

Ainsworth was born in 1805, and when at school showed an extraordinary literary precocity. Plays, acted by himself and his youthful friends, flowed from his pen, and he composed poems of unusual merit while still at the Manchester Grammar School.

At once a popular and picturesque figure, Ainsworth's progress through London society was a triumphal procession. Indeed, it is curious to look back on a time when the fame of Charles Dickens was totally eclipsed by the fame of Harrison Ainsworth, to the exceeding jealousy of Forster, who wished everyone to worship his idol. Perhaps it may be that the book will do something to restore the balance. For all that, the friendship between Dickens and Ainsworth continued unbroken and untouched, though Ainsworth's withdrawal from London in middle age separated him from many of his old companions. Mr. Ellis gives so much new matter concerning Dickens that the book may be regarded almost as a necessary supplement to Forster's "Life," while Cruikshank collectors, too, will find many new letters from the artist and a full account of his association with Ainsworth in his romances.

Ainsworth's youth was one of remarkable prosperity. His brilliant talents and extraordinary personal magnetism secured him at once every opportunity. He became an editor and a publisher soon after arriving in London; he dabbled in theatrical interests, and followed his novels with dramatised versions. One, at least, of these—"Jack Sheppard"—achieved a great popular success. Long runs were impracticable then, but the piece was performed all over the country. By this time the young novelist was a power in the literary and social world. Always a generous man, he entertained very largely and his house in Regent's Park was a most celebrated rendezvous for artistic circles. A ready writer, novel followed novel, but it is difficult to win the public taste and to hold it for nearly sixty years. The latter years of his life were clouded with disappointment, and the rare success of his earlier years was not maintained, but the book is an absorbingly interesting narrative of what on the whole must have been a very happy career.

Dec 96

MR. W. F. AINSWORTH.

THIS remarkable man—traveller, geologist, geographer, and *savant*—who had probably outlived nearly all his compeers of a former generation, passed away on the 27th ult., having on the 5th of the same month entered his ninetieth year. His intellectual interests and pursuits were continued till within a few weeks of his death. Besides his published works he has enriched the proceedings of various learned societies at home and abroad, and a bibliography of his contributions to knowledge would itself fill a volume. After taking his professional degree as surgeon in Edinburgh in 1827 (where he had filled the office of President of the Royal Physical and Plinian societies), he proceeded to Paris, where he became an *interne* at the School of Mines. While here, in a vacation, he made a walking tour in the Pyrenees and the volcanic districts of Auvergne. Returning in 1829, he started and conducted the *Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science*. He next "geologized" on foot to London, and became a member (afterwards Fellow) of the Royal Geographical Society and a contributor to the *Literary Gazette*. In 1831 the cholera appeared at Sunderland, and Ainsworth proceeded at once to study it, publishing his experiences in a small work, 'Observations on the Pestilential Cholera,' which led to his appointment as surgeon to the Cholera Hospital of St. George's, Hanover Square. When the disease appeared in Ireland he was sent to the afflicted towns and districts; many incidents in connexion with these professional labours he recorded subsequently in the pages of *Ainsworth's* and the *New Monthly* magazines, when he was conducting those periodicals in association with his cousin Harrison Ainsworth. A more important outcome of his Irish experiences was a valuable little monograph, published in 1834, on the 'Caves of Ballybunian,' a remarkable production in respect of its date and of the subsequent development of geology.

Ainsworth now transferred his energies to other fields of inquiry, where his abilities had ample scope. In 1835 he was appointed surgeon and geologist to the Euphrates Expedition under Chesney. The first fruit of these travels was 'Researches in Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldea,' 1838. Soon after his return he was placed in charge of another expedition, sent out by the Royal Geographical Society and the S.P.C.K. to the Christians in Chaldea. The scientific and geographical results Ainsworth communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, and he published an account of the expedition under the title 'Travels and Researches in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, and Armenia,' 2 vols., 1842. But it was in a smaller work, published two years later, that he produced his masterpiece. This was the 'Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand,' a geographical and descriptive account of the expedition of Cyrus, and of the retreat of his Greek mercenaries after Cunaxa. Ten years later, in 1854, Ainsworth furnished a geographical commentary





THE BIOGRAPHER OF JACK SHEPPARD.



W. H. Ainsworth

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD".

W. Harrison Ainsworth.

Letter to the same, Dated May 26. 1835
Refers to a picture being painted by Lewis
and to Cattermole the painter.

My dear Smith Mr Lewis the Water-colour painter tells me that when you visited his studio in Welbeck Street you promised to lend him a certain Spanish costume - I think a macho dress but will not answer for my correctness - you however may perhaps recollect the circumstance and will at all events know the dress to which Mr Lewis alludes. -

This dress is wanted for a picture which Mr. Lewis is now painting and if you lend it to him you will perhaps be so obliging as to forward it by some conveyance to his rooms 38, Welbeck St. -?

Pray make my compts to Mrs Smith and tell her that I met Cattermole the other day at Somerset House and he still expresses his anxiety to pay you a visit at Birdhurst to sketch the old houses &c? - Our friend Mr. Gilbert

Winter

you know is in Town — perhaps you have already seen him? He tells me he has heard from you. — I am still very busy — and am likely to be for some months to come. I bear in mind my anticipated visit to Bordhurst and shall not let the summer pass without rambling through your grounds. Cattermole and I will one of these days make mutual sketches of the old out-of-the-way buildings and pleasant landscapes in your vicinity. — Meantime with best remembrances to yourself and kind Compts. W. W. Smith

Believe me

Very truly Yrs

W. H. Ainsworth. —

Kensal Lodge Harrow Road
London May 28th 1835.

7 NIGHT
MY 25
1835

NOON 10
MY 26
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Newman Smith, Esquire
Bird-hurst.
Croydon.

Newmarket

AINSWORTH (W. Harrison)—*continued.*

——— **A.L.** (not signed) to his Publisher. 4 pp., 8vo. Reigate, April 27th, 1872. £2 10s

A long and interesting letter concerning the arrangements for the publication of his novel "Boscobel," discussing the method of publishing, of copyright, illustrations, etc., and giving his own opinion that this novel "promises to be as popular as any of my earlier works."

"*With this, I send you by Book-post, five numbers of the New Series of the New Monthly, containing a portion of my story of 'Boscobel,' sufficient to make about one volume and a half. . . . I beg therefore to offer you two Editions of the work—1st, a limited edition in 3 vols (say 750 copies), with or without the illustrations as you may deem expedient. 2nd, an Edition in one vol, 8vo, with all the illustrations. The number of this Edition to be agreed upon. I should not be unwilling to sell the copyright of the work, if we can agree upon terms. . . . .*

"*So far as it has proceeded the Novel has been highly successful, and I think it has established the new series of the Mage. It promises to be as popular as any of my earlier works. . . .*" *Etc.*

*** This letter, although not signed, is evidently complete as sent.



WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH
Died Jan. 3, 1882, aged 76

AINSWORTH (William Harrison). Works. 16 vols., 8vo., LIBRARY EDITION; *with all the original illustrations by Cruikshank, "Phiz," and others; newly bound in half red morocco, by Rivière* (1890) 9 0 0

—— The Tower of London. FIRST EDITION, *with* 40 *etchings and* 58 *woodcuts by G. Cruikshank*, 1840—Windsor Castle. *With plates and illustrations by G. Cruikshank, T. Johonnot and W. A. Delamotte*, 1844—Old St. Paul's. FIRST 8VO. EDITION, *with frontispiece and engraved title by "Phiz" and* 20 *plates by John Franklin*, 1847—The Miser's Daughter. FIRST 8VO. EDITION, *with portrait by Finden after Maclise and* 20 *plates by G. Cruikshank*, 1848;—together 4 vols., 8vo., *uniformly bound in calf extra, gilt tops, uncut, by Rivière*, FINE COPIES 1840-47 16 16 0

The original cloth covers of "The Miser's Daughter" and "Old St. Paul's" are bound at the end of these works.

Mr Ebers father & Mrs Ainsworth

Seven Years of the King's Theatre. By John Ebers, late Manager. 8vo. Plates. London, 1828. Ainsworth.

If any one unacquainted with the writer's name and character were to ask us who is the author of this book, we conceive we could give no more comprehensive reply than is conveyed in these words: "*Mr. Ebers has been manager of the Opera House seven years, and has lost by it forty-five thousand pounds.*" The knowledge of these two facts would be enough to create an interest in the work, were other causes of interest wanting. It would also yield some grounds for forming a due estimation of the author's qualifications for his task.

In the autumn of 1820 the King's Theatre was left, by the sudden disappearance of Mr. Waters, the then proprietor and manager, "a huge hulk, floating without a pilot." The performers were turned adrift, the engagements were unsatisfied, and the theatre was seized by the hands of the law. Those who felt interested in the Italian Opera were at a loss; plans were formed for its re-establishment, and successively abandoned. In this emergency, when no one else would venture on undertaking a concern so apparently ruinous, Mr. Ebers, at the urgent request of certain distinguished subscribers and others, volunteered as manager, under the patronage of the King, and aided by a committee, consisting of the Lords Ailesbury, Mount Edgcumbe, Fife, Lowther, and Count St. Antonio.

The great point of Mr. Ebers's first season was the establishment of the ballet on a footing vastly superior to what had been previously known in this country. The third or fourth-rate gleanings from the Académie de Musique, which had hitherto constituted the only strength of the ballet, were discarded, or reduced to their original grades, to be succeeded by such splendid ornaments of the dance, as Albert, Coulon, Noblet, and Bias. A double establishment was retained in the second part of the season; and the amount of the engagements of dancers alone was upwards of 10,000*l.*

The next two seasons were distinguished by the talents of Camporese, Curioni, Caradori, Zuchelli, Albert, Anatole, Barré, Mercandotti, and Paul, with others of less, though still considerable, merit, both in the departments of the opera and the ballet. At the conclusion of the season of 1823 the theatre passed into the hands of Mr. Benelli, who deserted it at the end of the following season, leaving the concern loaded with encumbrances, and a host of unfulfilled engagements, for some of which Mr. Ebers was *legally* liable, and by which he sustained a loss of several thousand pounds. With a hope of reimbursing himself, that gentleman now retook the Opera, which continued in his hands until the conclusion of the season of 1827, when his career terminated, though the losses of that year were considerably less than those of any previous year of his management.

It may now be as well to mention the immediate cause of the increased embarrassments which occasioned Mr. Ebers's failure.

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dressing for an evening party when this representation was made to her. She paused a moment on hearing it. Then throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, 'Come, then.' 'Whither?' 'To the Ospedale.' 'But why? there is no occasion to go now—to-morrow, or the next day.' 'To-morrow—no, indeed, if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly.' And they went. Being shewn into a room separated from that of the maniac only by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly become less violent, then composed, at last he burst into tears. The singer now entered, she sat down, and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under the bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and handed it to her. There were no words, and nothing in the music; but Camporese running it over, sang it to some words of Metastasio, with such sweetness, that the music seemed excellent. 'Sing it me once more,' said the maniac. She did so, and departed accompanied by his prayers and the tears of the spectators."

We read with interest the ensuing anecdotes respecting Velluti, a performer who is here spoken of with that respect and estimation to which his character and talents equally entitle him.

"At Milan, Velluti was the idol of the people; he was received *con furore*, and his fame spread on every side. A Milanese gentleman, who had a rich uncle who was ill, met his friend in the street. 'Where are you going?' 'To the Scala, to be sure.' 'How? Your uncle is at the point of death.' 'Yes, but Velluti sings to-night.'

"At Vienna, the place of his next engagement, he was still more flattered; he was crowned, medallised, and recorded in immortal verse. From Vienna his next remove was to Venice, where, I believe, he afterwards sang with Catalani. Velluti sang at Verona the cantata, 'Il vero Omaggio' with wonderful success. Every body applauded except an old Austrian officer, who thought nothing good out of Germany. 'But is not this good?' they said to him. 'Yes, it is good—but I know a man at Vienna that would sing it as loud again!' After going the tour of the principal Italian and German theatres, Velluti arrived at Paris, where the musical taste was not prepared for him. Rossini being at this time engaged at Paris under his agreement to direct there, Velluti did not enter into his plans; and having made no engagement there, he came over to England without any invitation, but strongly recommended by Lord Burghersh and other people of distinction abroad."

During the representation of *Pietro l'Eremita*, one of those not unfrequent altercations which enliven the business behind the scenes occurred between Madame Ronzi de Begnis and Camporese, and is thus neatly detailed by Mr. Ebers:

"The beautiful quartett in the second act, 'Mi manca la voce,' was accidentally the cause of a most inharmonious interruption of business. At a rehearsal of this opera, Camporese commenced the piece in her character of *Agia*. On uttering the initial word, Ronzi de Begnis, in a whisper not too gentle for Camporese to overhear, said, '*E vero!*' a remark which produced a retort courteous, somewhat more than verging on the limits of decorum, though not proceeding to the extremity asserted by rumour, which would have been as inconsistent with propriety as with the habitual dignity and self-possession of Camporese's demeanour."

Speaking of the last-named opera, he says:—

"*Pietro l'Eremita*, Lord Sefton, one of the most competent judges of the day, pronounced to be the most effective opera produced within his recollection; and the public confirmed the justice of the remark, for no opera brought out during my management had such unequivocal success. It was, indeed, the strong point of the season, to strengthen which every effort was made. The subordinate aids of scenery and decoration were unsparingly resorted to, to give effect to this opera; and the nature of the story rendered these important.* A gentleman well known in high life, indeed, not satisfied with telling me that I deserved well of my country, positively testified his admiration of the opera by avowing a determination to propose the manager at White's.

That pretty contralta, Brambilla, (of whom we have so often spoken with praise, and of whom, *par parenthèse*, we have here an excellent portrait, as we have elsewhere another enthusiastic one, which does justice to the loveliness of Ronzi de Begnis,) is the subject of an anecdote equally brief, pointed, and characteristic.

"Brambilla was certain of popularity, for her beauty ensured it, had her voice been less excellent than it was. 'She has the finest eye,' said a gay cardinal, 'the sweetest voice, and the best disposition: if she is discovered to possess any other merits, the safety of the Catholic church will require her excommunication.'"

Our next is an extract from a letter relating to Mlle. Toso, now Madame Puzzi:—

"I have seen La Toso, whom, you tell me, Signor Puzzi has engaged: a friend of mine is acquainted with her parents, and speaks highly of the whole family. Giacinta is a beautiful woman, stately and graceful as a cedar. Her figure is magnificent, her countenance full of pleasing expression. She has made many admiring cavaliers sigh, but all in vain; she seems proof against all the machinery of love. They tell a story of an enamoured swain, who received proof palpable of her powers of resistance. This *giovanetto* having employed the usual means of ogling at church, verse-writing and letter-writing, with music and serenades, to no purpose whatever, scaled the wall of a garden, in which Toso was seated alone, about sunset, and, availing himself of her being unattended, fell on his knees, and would have exhausted his eloquence in endeavouring to soften her hard heart, but she rose at his exordium, and proceeded towards the house. The disappointed gallant sprung before her, and attempted to detain her. She, inspired by the exigency of the occasion, seized his throat with both hands, and held him, half strangled and black in the face, until her cries brought assistance, when he was dismissed with as little ceremony as could possibly be shewn to an *inamorato*. I do not believe a word of this story, but I give you what I hear; and as it was told me, so I tell it you."

Among many engagements for which Mr. Ebers made arrangements, is that of the fascinating Sontag, whose correspondence, which he gives, contains her assent to the terms offered her for the present season, so long ago as the latter end of 1826.

"Wherever Sontag went," says Mr. Ebers, "the estimation of her beauty and her talent was the same. The sentiment excited towards her in the earlier part of her career was that of astonishment, which was succeeded by unbounded admiration. A crowd of worshippers attended her footsteps, and many were the romantic tales in circulation about her. One of these has denoted her as the destined bride of a German prince, another has bestowed her on an ambassador at the French court. A report of more interest, though perhaps of no greater authenticity, was retailed to me: its purport is as follows:—A few years ago, an attachment subsisted between the beautiful Henriette and a young student of good family and excellent character. His application, his learning, and his abilities, had gained him the highest estimation at Jena; but his mistress valued him more because he had maintained an unsullied reputation, keeping free from the excesses in which other youths of the university too frequently indulged. In an evil hour, under the excitement proceeding from having obtained some academic honour, the student was induced to indulge beyond his wont in the festivals of the table; and as one temptation yielded to, levels the path for another, he was led to play: unaccustomed to games, he rose from the table a loser of five hundred florins. The report quickly spread; but his mistress received the information from a better source—the lover himself wrote to her, with the confession of his error. 'I still love you,' was the reply; 'but you are no longer the same, and we must not meet again. Farewell.'

"An Italian gentleman at Paris, the firmest item of whose creed was that none but Italians could possibly sing well, refused to admit that Sontag (whom he had never heard) could at all equal the singers of Italy. With great difficulty he was induced to hear her. After listening five minutes, he rose to depart. 'But do stay,' said his friend; 'you will be convinced presently.' 'I know it,' said the Italian, 'and therefore I go.'"

In mentioning a lady whose distinguished qualifications are yet well remembered—we mean Mrs. Hughes Ball—Mr. Ebers has done himself much credit by the very delicate and discriminating tone in which he has touched on the union of that estimable person with Mr. Ball. The account of her first introduction to the stage is highly pleasing.

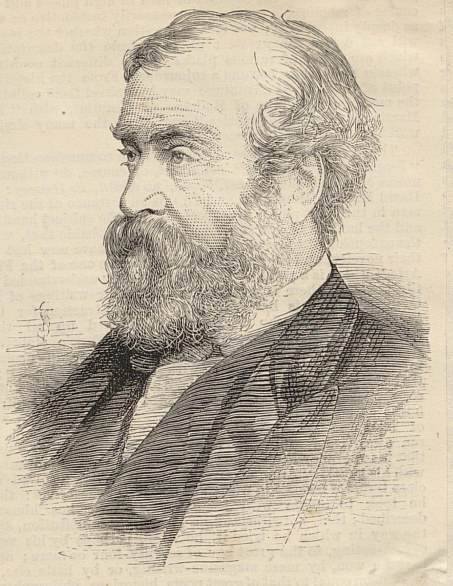
"During Lord Fife's residence in Spain, where he had served in the progress of the Peninsular war, he had become acquainted with a widow of a respectable family, whose daughter evinced all the capabilities of a first-rate dancer, united with all the charms of Spanish beauty—the darkly bright and impressive beauty of romance. At his lordship's recommendation, Mlle. Mercandotti and her mother visited England, where Maria, then only fifteen years of age, displayed, on a single evening, her powers in dancing the bolero of her native country. This was at the Opera; she afterwards danced a very few times at Brighton, in the presence of the late Queen Charlotte, and never without unbounded applause. To perfect herself in her art, she be-

* "One part of the mechanical arrangements only failed. A body of troops pass (in our case, they only *ought* to have passed) over a bridge, which breaking in the midst, they are submerged in the waves. These troops being made of basket-work, and pulled over the bridge by ropes, unfortunately became refractory on their passage, and very sensibly refused, when the bridge was about to give way, to proceed any farther; consequently, when the downfall of the arches took place, the basket-men remained very quietly on that part of the bridge which was left standing, and, instead of being consigned to the waves, had nearly been set on fire. The audience, not giving the troops due credit for their prudence, found no little fault with this compliance with the law of self-preservation. In the following representation of the opera, the bridge and basket-men, which, *en passant*, (or *en restant* rather,) had cost fifty pounds, were omitted."

THE LATE MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

The death of this gentleman, in his seventy-seventh year, was announced last week. He was a native of Manchester; and it is not many weeks since he was entertained with a complimentary dinner, presided over by the Mayor of that city, and attended by many admirers of his literary talent and of his social character. William Harrison Ainsworth, the eldest son of a Manchester attorney, was educated in the Manchester Grammar School, and was articled to his father's profession in his youth. But, at a very early age, he wrote, and determined to devote himself to literature. In 1834 appeared the first of his more popular novels, "Rookwood," in which the highwayman Dick Turpin makes a conspicuous figure. Its success was very great, owing in great measure to the spirit with which the famous ride to York was described. He then turned his attention to Jack Sheppard; and at the beginning of 1839 the first number of his novel relating to that notorious burglar appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*. "Jack Sheppard" was read with avidity by the vulgar and silly; and several different versions of it were played on the stage, one of them, an opera, with Mr. Rodwell's spirited and pretty music. The illustrative sketches contributed to the story by George Cruikshank did something to increase this popularity. But the voice of criticism was not silent in regard to the deleterious effect which such tales might produce; and Mr. Ainsworth having reason to fear that "Rookwood" and "Jack Sheppard" might serve as a stimulus to crime, abandoned what had come to be known as the robber school of romance. In 1840 he succeeded Dickens as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, but retired from the post at the end of the following year, to establish the magazine issued under his own name. In 1845 he became proprietor and editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Meanwhile he had begun that long series of historical romances, on which his fame chiefly rests—"Crichton," "Guy Fawkes," "Old St. Paul's," the "Miser's Daughter," "Windsor Castle," "St. James's," "Lancashire Witches," "The Star Chamber," "The Flitch of Bacon," "Ovingdean Grange," "The Constable of the Tower," "The Lord Mayor of London," "Cardinal Pole," "John Law," and other stories of past times in England. In 1854, Mr. Ainsworth became the proprietor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in which one of his sketches, "The Spendthrift," was originally published. He had also considerable talent as a writer of verse. In early life, under the *nom de plume* of "Cheviot Tichebourne," he brought out a volume of songs, dedicating them to Charles Lamb. Many pieces in verse are scattered over his prose with excellent effect; but the best proof of his poetical gifts is to be found in his "Combat of the Thirty," founded upon the old Breton legend. Mr. Ainsworth married a daughter of Mr. Ebers, the publisher, and was at one time connected with the publishing trade.

The portrait is from a photograph taken about ten or twelve years since, by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE LATE MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH, NOVELIST.

HARRISON AINSWORTH

(1805-1882.)



The son of a flourishing Manchester solicitor, Harrison Ainsworth early married a publisher's daughter, and adventured into the literary arena with a volume of verses dedicated to Charles Lamb and an anonymous novel which Scott praised as a "clever book." His first hit was "Rockwood," a vivid narrative full of dramatic incident and striking situations, the best of all being Dick Turpin's ride to York. Competent critics have held his "Crichton" as his best work, but in the opinion of the contemporary public it paled its ineffectual fires before "Jack Sheppard," that epic of successful villainy which Cruikshank illustrated with inimitable etchings. "The Tower of London," "Old St. Paul's," and "Windsor Castle" are full of historical detail, and contain rich and even brilliant descriptions, as well as melodramatic situations elaborately and ingeniously constructed. No one who has ever read "The Tower of London" can forget the Rembrantesque picture of the headsman sharpening his axe in the weird dusk and grinning with a devilish foretaste of his pleasure on the morrow. Ainsworth was a strikingly handsome man, as his portrait shows. He continued to write almost till the day of his death in the year 188..

W. Harrison Ainsworth

Letter accepting an invitation to dinner
by the Lord and Lady Mayoress.

Critical and other Notices of the Novelist

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, Novelist and Journalist, is the son of a highly respectable solicitor of Manchester, where he was born in 1805. He was originally intended for the law, but having acquired a taste for literature at a very early age, was found too frequently "penning a stanza when he should engross;" and after many vain attempts to chain him to the oar, he abandoned the study of the law for the more flowery fields of fiction. His first venture in literature was a small volume of verses, published under the *nom de plume* of "Cheviot Tichebourne," and dedicated to Charles Lamb. These poems were not of much account, but the songs, which he has since interspersed in his various novels, afford indication of his ability to write very good verses if it so please him. His first work of fiction, "Sir John Chiverton," was published in his twenty-first year; and although crude and imperfect as a whole, was justly regarded as a volume of considerable promise, and must have possessed no ordinary merit, since it was read and commended by Sir Walter Scott.

Having thus become an author, and married the daughter of a bookseller (the late Mr. Ebers of Bond Street), Mr. Ainsworth thought it might be as well to become his own publisher.

Eight years after the appearance of "Sir John Chiverton," he produced a second romance, entitled "Rookwood," which was at once successful, and gained for its author a fair share of reputation. He now attempted, not without some success, to found a school of which notorious malefactors were to be the heroes, and in which, as a climax, the gallows and Tyburn were to supply the place of the old-fashioned marriage that usually wound up old-fashioned novels. Turpin the highwayman was painted in glowing colours, and the apocryphal story of the highwayman's ride from London to York at one heat on one horse, became, in the pages of Mr. Ainsworth's novel, a glowing literary reality. The cleverness and vitality of the narrative attracted a large number of readers to this romance of felony, and the stage reproduced the hash of false sentiment and doubtful morality which the press had given forth, until the more thoughtful portion of book-readers began to lament deeply that the talents of a writer like Mr. Ainsworth should have been employed on such subjects.

"Jack Sheppard" having robbed his way through three clever volumes, and having had his criminal offences illustrated by George Cruikshank, is hanged at Tyburn before a large and admiring crowd. This book must have been very profitable to its author's purse, whatever it may have been to his reputation; but since its publication Mr. Ainsworth seems not to have been tempted to repeat his glorification of felons or his fancy-paintings of thief-life.

With better judgment and more wholesome taste, he has carried his admitted talents to fields equally rich in dramatic effects, and comparatively free from objection; and his later works of fiction have shown how graphically he can weave around a thread of romance a series of historical scenes and characters of real interest.

Among the remaining novels from Mr. Ainsworth's pen may be mentioned "Guy Fawkes," "Crichton," "James II.," "The Miser's Daughter," "Old St. Paul's," "St. James's," "The Tower of London," "Windsor Castle," "The Lancashire Witches," "The Star Chamber," "The Flitch of Bacon," and "Ovingdean Grange."

Mr. Ainsworth has also adventured largely in periodical literature. Whilst yet a boy he published a journal of literature entitled "The Manchester Iris," and in 1829 edited the first volume of "The Keepsake." Besides establishing the magazine which bore his name, and purchasing of Mr. Colburn the copyright of the "New Monthly Magazine," of which he is also the editor, he has since added "Bentley's Miscellany" to the list.

AINSWORTH, WILLIAM HARRISON, Novelist and Journalist, is the son of a highly respectable solicitor of Manchester, where he was born in 1805. He was originally intended for the law, but having acquired a taste for literature at a very early age, was found too frequently "penning a stanza when he should engross;" and after many vain attempts to chain him to the oar, he abandoned the study of the law for the more flowery fields of fiction. His first venture in literature was a small volume of verses, published under the *nom de plume* of "Cheviot Tichebourne," and dedicated to Charles Lamb. These poems were not of much account, but the songs, which he has since interspersed in his various novels, afford indication of his ability to write very good verses if it so please him. His first work of fiction, "Sir John Chiverton," was published in his twenty-first year; and although crude and imperfect as a whole, was justly regarded as a volume of considerable promise, and must have possessed no ordinary merit, since it was read and commended by Sir Walter Scott. Having thus become an author, and married the daughter of a bookseller (the late Mr. Ebers of Bond Street), Mr. Ainsworth thought it might be as well to become his own publisher. Eight years after the appearance of "Sir John Chiverton," he produced a second romance, entitled "Rookwood," which was at once successful, and gained for its author a fair share of reputation. He now attempted, not without some success, to found a school of which notorious malefactors were to be the heroes, and in which, as a climax, the gallows and Tyburn were to supply the place of the old-fashioned marriage that usually wound up old-fashioned novels. Turpin the highwayman was painted in glowing colours, and the apocryphal story of the highwayman's ride from London to York at one heat on one horse, became, in the pages of Mr. Ainsworth's novel, a glowing literary reality. The cleverness and vitality of the narrative attracted a large number of readers to this Romance of Felony, and the stage reproduced the hash of false sentiment and doubtful morality which the press had given forth, until the more thoughtful portion of book-readers began to lament deeply that the talents of a writer like Mr. Ainsworth should have been employed on such subjects. "Jack Sheppard" having robbed his way through three clever volumes, and having had his criminal offences illustrated by George Cruikshank, is hanged at Tyburn before a large and admiring crowd. This book must have been very profitable to its author's purse, whatever it may have been to his reputation; but since its publication, Mr. Ainsworth seems not to have been tempted to repeat his glorification of felons or his fancy-paintings of thief-life. With better judgment and more wholesome taste, he has carried his admitted talents to fields equally rich in dramatic effects, and comparatively free from objection; and his later works of fiction have shown how graphically he can weave around a thread of romance a series of historical scenes and characters of real interest. Among the remaining novels from Mr. Ainsworth's pen may be mentioned "Guy Fawkes," "Crichton," "James II.," "The Miser's Daughter," "Old St. Paul's," "St James's," "The Tower of London," "Windsor Castle," "The Lancashire Witches," "The Star Chamber," and "The Flitch of Bacon." Mr. Ainsworth has also adventured largely in periodical literature. Whilst yet a boy he published a Journal of Literature entitled "The Manchester Iris," and in 1829 edited the first volume of "The Keepsake." Besides establishing the magazine which bore his name, and purchasing of Mr. Colburn the copyright of

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MR. WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, died on Tuesday morning at his residence in St. Mary's-road, Reigate, in his 77th year. In him there has passed away a novelist who at one time might have boasted that he had as many readers as Dickens, and who had but few equals as an antiquarian. The eldest son of a solicitor, he was born at Manchester in 1805, and was educated at the Free Grammar School in that city. In his 16th year he was articled to an attorney, but it is tolerably certain that he never intended to make the law his profession. While in his teens he wrote and published his romance of "Sir John Cheverton," which elicited so much praise from Sir Walter Scott that the young author, who at this time was finishing his term with Mr. Jacob Phillips, of the Inner Temple, determined to devote himself exclusively to literature. In 1834 appeared the first of his more elaborate novels, "Rookwood," in which Dick Turpin makes a conspicuous figure. Its success was very great, owing in great measure to the spirit with which the apocryphal ride to York was described. Encouraged in this way to make heroes of malefactors, he turned his attention to Jack Sheppard, and at the beginning of 1839 the first number of his novel relating to that worthy appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*. His hopes must have been more than realized. "Jack Sheppard" took the town by storm. It was read and re-read with avidity by all classes, especially the unlettered. Eight different versions of it were played on the stage, one of them furnishing Mrs. Keeley with the means of achieving a trumph not to be effaced from the memories of those who witnessed it. The illustrative sketches contributed to the volumes by George Cruikshank certainly did something to intensify this *furore*. But the voice of criticism was not silent in regard to the questionable effect which such compositions might produce; and Mr. Ainsworth, having reason to fear that "Rookwood" and "Jack Sheppard" might serve as a stimulus to crime, abandoned what had come to be known as the robbers school of romance. In 1840 he succeeded Dickens as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, but retired from the post at the end of the following year to establish the magazine issued under his name. In 1845 he became proprietor and editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Meanwhile he had begun to paint that long series of pictures of the past on which his fame chiefly rests—"Crichton," "Guy Fawkes," "Old St. Paul's," "the Miser's Daughter," "Windsor Castle," "St. James's," "Lancashire Witches," "the Star Chamber," "the Flitch of Bacon," "Ovingdean Grange," "the Constable of the Tower," "the Lord Mayor of London," "Cardinal Pole," "John Law," &c. Replete with incident, written in a lively style, and exhibiting a profound knowledge of the periods they illustrated, these novels were all received with more or less favour. In "Old St. Paul's" we have exact and vivid descriptions of the Plague and Great Fire of London. Cruikshank's sketches in "the Miser's Daughter," a story of Jacobite times, may, like those of "Jack Sheppard," be ranked among his masterpieces. In 1854 Mr. Ainsworth became the proprietor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in which one of his least fortunate essays, "the Spendthrift," was originally published. It was not simply as a novelist that he became known to fame. In early life, under the *nom de plume* of "Cheviot Tichebourne," he brought out a volume of songs, dedicating them to Charles Lamb. Many of them are scattered over his prose with excellent effect; but the best proof of his poetical gifts is to be found in his "Combat of the Thirty," founded upon the old Breton legend. In 1826 it should be added, Mr. Ainsworth, then barely of age, married Miss Ebers, daughter of the Bond-street publisher. For some years before his death he led a life of comparative seclusion, but a few months ago was prevailed upon to attend a banquet given in his honour at Manchester. Most of his writings have achieved considerable popularity in America, and some have been translated even into Spanish, Dutch, and Russian.

Ballads. By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH. Illustrated by John Gilbert. London: Routledge. 1855.

MOST of the ballads contained in this volume are familiar to the readers of Mr. Ainsworth's potent and pungent romances. Some of these have a wider popularity than either their elegance or their moral tone should warrant, such as "A Romany Chant," "Jolly Nose," &c., while others again are in every way calculated to sustain even a higher poetic reputation than Mr. Ainsworth enjoys. Were the ballads less known we should quote some possessing so much true legendary life, wonder, surprise, intensity, that they can scarcely fail to live in the memory of men. The volume is carefully, even elegantly, put forth, and its contents have a convenient classification of ballads, such as the legendary, the fantastic, and the humourous. In honest value it recommends itself to the purses of the public, the illustrations by Gilbert alone worth the price of the volume.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

May Fair. 12mo. pp. 174. London, 1827. Ainsworth.

As we believe we are in possession of the first copy of this piquant and pleasant poem, we place our notice of it in the front of the week's battle. The versification is smooth and flowing, the ideas playful and satirical—and the exhibition of the world of fashion that of an adept and clever painter. Who the author is, we know not; but he appears to us to understand his subject well, to have mixed with the people whom he describes, and to have a perfect acquaintance with the upper circles of what is called life in the gayer seasons of London.

Having said these few words by way of preface, we shall no farther detain the public from May Fair; but afford it sufficient examples, by which it *may* form a *fair* judgment upon the work, and upon the talents of its clever and spirited author.

The cantos are severally dedicated to various persons (male and female) of rank in the community: the first to Lord Holland, and throws a very keen *coup d'œil* over some of his lordship's contemporaries in both houses.

"How often, in your evening chair,
I've seen your honest bosom bare;
When, circled by the chosen set,
Forgetting man was made to fret;
Glad as a school-boy from his task,
You toss'd aside the day's dull mask;
Cared not a doit for all the din
Of Whig and Tory, out or in;
But as the glass its circuit ran,
Forgot the statesman in the man.

Then, as the unsought memories rose,
Discuss'd the mighty in repose,
Or touch'd in smiles the stuff that passes
For wisdom in our world of asses;
Gave in your own unrivall'd way
The fierce formality of G——;
Old Gr-nv-lle's triple-sentenced talk,
Like skim-milk thicken'd up with chalk.
(Alike his lordship's talk and tail
Descended to the nearest male.)
The nonsense Lord George gets by rote,
Fit preface to his annual vote.
Old Bags's glance of fear and wonder,
When out bursts L——'s tide of blunder;
The conflict of the parts of speech,
When D—— rises—'to impeach;'
That emblem of a worn-out rattle,
That stirs but never shares the battle.
The true prize-oxen speech and look,
That shews us to the life—the duke;
Or, giving all thy frolic swing,
Received Joe Miller in Joe K——.
The sap-dried brain put out to nurse,
The pun for better or for worse;
The floundering tale, the desperate joke,
The economic plan of smoke,
Till laughter half-convulsed the ring,
And, all but conscience, there sat K——.

Thus, admitted of thy crew,
Have I sat till midnight flew:
Those delights which thou canst give,
With thee, H——d, will I live.
And with me among thy peers,
May'st thou live those thousand years!

Now, thou fattest, best of men,
Smile upon thy poet's pen."

A description of May Fair itself follows, which we quote as a very racy specimen of the whole.

"Dear to my soul art thou, May Fair!
There Greatness breathes her native air;
There Fashion in her glory sits,
Sole spot still unprofaned by cits.
There all the mushroom, trading tribe
In vain would bully or would bribe:
The Rothschilds', Coutts', Goldsmid's, Baring's,
In other spots must have their pairings.
We fix your bounds, ye rich and silly,
Along the road by Piccadilly;
Convenient spot for the approaches
Of cousins who keep hackney-coaches;
And duly (if the Sunday's fine)
Come down to pudding and port wine;
Or drop, like pigeons from a cage,
Six insides from the shilling stage.

Hail! seat of her that earliest stole
Just half my heart and all my soul!
Thou realm of all my Jersey's glories,
Sovereign alike of Whigs and Tories!

Hail now, for time the tenth, May Fair!
Though many a stable scent thy air—
Though many a butcher's glowing shambles
Startles the beauty's morning rambles—
Though to her horror many a Jew
Shews her past stockings 'goot as new'—
Though, swung from many a dyer's pole,
Old blankets catch her eye's blue roll:
And petticoats, in league with breeches,
Increase the atmospheric riches;
A sort of upper story bower
To filter the eternal shower;
And dropping down their dingy dew,
Veneer her skin with black and blue.
Yet land of *ponch romaine* and plate,
Of dinners fix'd at half-past eight;
Of morning lounge, of midnight rout,
Of debt and dun, of love and gout,
Of drowsy days, of brilliant nights,
Of dangerous eyes, of downright frights,
Of tables where old Sidney shines,
Of ladies famous for their wines;
Grim countesses that make their way—
Resistless charmers!—by Tokay;
Of bold *on dit* and plain *soupçon*,
Known to all mankind but *the* one;
Of tedious M.P.'s, pursy peers,
Illustrious for their length of ears;
Of dice and doctors, Bowstreets, bards,
Crowds, concerts, chat, champaign, and cards;
Of all the S-m-rs, Br-d-lls,—Br-c-s,
The St-h-p-s, P-g-ts, G-w-rs, De-R-ses
Of faction, flirting, and quadrille:—
With all thy faults, I love thee still!
And, while I have a love to spare,
Dear to my soul art thou, May Fair!"

The opening of Spring in the capital is another good general example.

"At length comes out the virgin Spring,
Still under Winter's matron wing;
While storm and shower, and sleet and dust,
Like guardians, keep her still in trust.
Now all the beau-monde wake together,
Like swallows at the change of weather;
The belles, blue, deep blue, white, and brown,*
Make up their minds and cheeks for town.
The young, the old, the wed, the single,
Feel through their veins the annual tingle.

All peers with hosts of *second* sons,
All baronets sick of rustic duns;
All M.P.'s with unsettled votes,
Determined to new-line their coats;
All dames who, tired of pigeon-cooing,
Long to know what the world is doing;
All widows weary of their sable,
All mothers of the marriageable,
That, keen as bees about their honey,
Hunt every bush for man and money;
Spite of the wind's and rain's embargo,
Each coming with her native cargo.
First shewn to the discerning few,
Like pictures at a private view;
All vulgar bidders being ejected
Until the 'gems' have been selected.

But if no high-born pencil mark it,
The sample then must play and park it;
And have its texture and its tints,
Like Urling's lace and Howell's chintz,
Displayed by the attendant matrons,
On Hymen's counter, the Spring patterns;
The blonde, the bronze—so much per set—
Each ticketed a coronet,
A jointure, pin-money; of course
A sum in case of a divorce—
(No age this of the flitch of bacon)—
Not five pounds under can be taken.

Sweet Spring! let bards of thorn and thistle
Tell the tired world how blackbirds whistle;
How rabbits at thy summons burrow;
How cackle hens, how ploughmen furrow;
How herd on herd of hunting squires
Play all the jackass, like their sires;
How maidens, at their suit made wives,
Repent it for their natural lives;
How, like a rogue fresh 'scaped from jail,
Limps Nature, ragged, squalid, pale,
'Till her full feed of sun and air
Plumps up the thin, and clothes the bare.
Such topics fit the attic-lodgers—
I know no more of fields than R-g-rs.
Now Fashion's realm is all alive—
Ah, *très heureux celui qu'y vive*—
No more around the naked square
You send your desolated stare;
Lifeless, but where some half-pay sinner
Walks, when all Christians go to dinner;
No more along five miles of street
Rings the lone echo of your feet:
No more your half-reluctant knock
Sends round the square the sudden shock.
The startled porter in the hall,
Doubts whether 'tis a human call;
And from the window, on his guard,
Inspects you ere he takes your card.
The beadle stops to reconnoitre—
Thinks that he knows your easy loiter;
And marks you, as you tread the gravel,
An old offender come from travel.
The footman, from his area grate,
Swears that you have an eye to plate—
Deems your high air but more suspicious,
And hurries to lock up his dishes.
Ecstatic change! the desert, den,
Is peopled; all May Fair again."

The delivery of cards at doors, when this wise and sensible period has arrived, is wittily specified.

"On sweeps your cab—you make your calls:
Sow cards, broad-cast, the seed of balls;
For, if through life you'd take your fling,
A pasteboard friendship's just the thing.
'Tis quick to make, 'tis cheap to keep,
Its loss will never break your sleep;
It gives your friend no right to borrow—
If ruined, you cut him dead to-morrow.
You hear the duchess is done up—
You cast about where next to sup:
You hear the viscount's dead, or worse,
Has run his mortgage length of purse.
My lady frons my lord revolted,—
In short, the whole concern has bolted;
Yet you're no party in the quarrel,
In which you're sure to gain no laurel;
And though you grieve the house is dish'd,
Where twice a-week you soup'd and fish'd:
Yet, being neither aunt nor mother,
You drop your pasteboard with another."

Among the hundred fashionable topics which the author handles, there is a humorous account of a late (prevented) duel.

"'A message!'—'Ay, the old shake-hands,
The game of questions and commands;
A drive to take a morning whet,
Then *déjeûner à la fourchette.*'

"'No, faith! a genuine thing—they fought:
I rode just now to see the spot.
The whole in form,—Sir Bob, a surgeon;
Sir R-n-ld, and a—'Major Sturgeon!'
'Six rounds! six paces—action hot!'
'I'll eat whichever one was shot.'
'The battle early; quite a by-way;'
'Yes: noon, upon the Hounslow highway.'

* "There is a delicate distinction between the *blue* and the *deep blue*. The former merely reads reviews, &c.; the latter writes them. The former merely falls in love with the works of poets, &c.; the latter falls in love with the poets, &c. in person. The former merely attends Albemarle Street, and is content to see Mr. Brande burn his own fingers, and singe his own minutely curled periwig. The latter practises the experimental philosophy at home, burns wig and fingers at her own expense, and blows up her husband and children.—S. R."

THE BALLADS OF HARRISON AINSWORTH.



Our artist has here given a fancy portrait of the popular novelist, William Harrison Ainsworth, presenting to the public the new volume of the collected edition of his ballads; and, as ballads and the Christmas season remind us of carols, and as Mr. Ainsworth's latest historical novel has Charles the Second for its hero, our artist, we presume, considered that he had sufficient authority for depicting the novelist in what may be called a Carolean costume. We briefly mentioned the "Ballads" when, in FIGARO, Dec. 14th, we reviewed Mr. Ainsworth's powerfully-written and deeply-interesting historical tale of the year 1651, "Boscobel; or, The Royal Oak"; which, we are glad to hear, has met with a large sale. The "Ballads" merit more particular mention than we were then able to give them. They are excellently produced, by Messrs. Routledge, in a handsomely bound and gilt volume of 326 pages, with eight page illustrations from the facile and masterly pencil of Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., whose designs to the author's novel, "Lancashire Witches," are among the best of the thousands of good things that he has done upon the wood. A memoir of the author, written by Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A., precedes the Ballads, which are divided into legendary and romantic, fantastical, humorous, &c. Mr. Ainsworth shows himself a master of his art in each of these varied styles; and, although, on the whole, the legendary and romantic ballads are those most deserving praise and best worth the attention of the student of history—especially the long poem of "The Combat of the Thirty," which we deem to be the author's most important production in verse—yet, the extraordinary popularity achieved by several of his humorous songs, has, undoubtedly, secured for them a lengthened existence, and made them known to thousands who, as yet, have not been readers of the graver ballads. There is a dash and swing in them, that, combined with their ease and harmony of versification, cannot fail to make them acceptable to the reader. Mr. Ainsworth has also provided for the singer. Who has forgotten Paul Bedford's rich rendering of "Jolly Nose" and the "Romany Chant" (which, in this new volume, has a capital illustration by Sir John Gilbert), with their ear-haunting melodies by Herbert Rodwell? The latter tune, we may here say, was adapted to the song, "Haste to the woodlands, haste away," sung by Madame Vestris; and we know of an actual instance where an amateur organist played it in church, in slow time, as a voluntary. By the way, Mr. Ainsworth's mastery of thieves' *argot* and cant sayings, is quite equal to that shown by Lord Lytton in "Paul Clifford," and by Professor Wilson and Dr. Maginn in *Blackwood's Maga-*

6 AINSWORTH (W. Harrison) BALLADS, romantic, fantastical, and humorous; *illustrated with 8 full-page plates by* [SIR] JOHN GILBERT, *beautifully engraved on wood by Dalziel*, FIRST EDITION, half bound in green morocco, gilt top, FINE COPY, 21s, 1855 crown 8vo

Ballads: Romantic, Fantastical, and Humorous. By William Harrison Ainsworth. Illustrated by John Gilbert. Routledge and Co.

MR. AINSWORTH is a voluminous writer, both in prose and verse, too fluent in the latter to produce much worthy of more than passing notice. Among the ballads forming this illustrated volume there is abundant variety of subject, and occasional happiness of diction, but the majority of pieces do not rise above the level of scrap-book poetry, and "words" for music of the day. Some of the ballads are on the Custom of Dunmow, which Mr. Ainsworth, by his story of the 'Flitch of Bacon,' and by other recent endeavours, has sought to revive. Of the humorous pieces, that entitled 'The Boots of Marlbrook' is the one worthiest of being reprinted, from the historical points which it takes up:—

"Four marshals of France vow'd their monarch to guard,
Bragging Boufflers, vain Villars, Villeroy, and Tallard;
These four gasconaders in jest undertook
To pull off the boots of the mighty Marlbrook.

"The field was first taken by Boufflers and Villars,
But though they were the chaffers, yet we were the millers;
Bonn, Limburgh, and Huy, soon our general took—
'Twas not easy to pull off the boots of Marlbrook.

"Tallard next essayed with Bavaria's Elector,
But the latter turn'd out an indifferent protector;
For he Schellenberg lost, while at Blenheim both shook
In their shoes, at the sight of the boots of Marlbrook.

"To Ramilies next came the vaunting Villeroy,
In his own esteem equal to Hector of Troy;
But he found, like the rest, that his man he mistook—
And fled at the sight of the boots of Marlbrook.

"Then here's to the boots, made of stout English leather,
Well soled, and well heel'd, and right well put together!
He deserves not the name of a Briton, who'd brook
A word 'gainst the fame of the boots of Marlbrook!

"Of Gallia the dread, and of Europe the wonder,
These boots, like their master, will never knock under;
We'll bequeath 'em our sons, and our sons' sons shall look
With pride and delight on the boots of Marlbrook."

The illustrations, by Gilbert, form no small recommendation to the volume.

The Combat of the Thirty. From a Breton Lay of the Fourteenth Century. With an Introduction, comprising a new chapter of Froissart. By William Harrison Ainsworth. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE chief value of this little *brochure* is historical rather than literary. It throws light on an obscure passage of history, and if genuine, as Mr. Harrison evidently thinks it is, it proves that the Combat of the Thirty—by far the most remarkable episode of the civil wars that desolated Brittany during the fourteenth century—was not apocryphal, as both French and English historians have regarded it, but a notable fact. This remarkable ballad, which is supposed to be almost contemporaneous with the events which it describes, was found in the "Bibliothèque du Roi," by MM. de Freminville and Penhouët, the former of whom published an edition of it at Brest, in 1819, which was, however, incorrect. Subsequently an edition was published which left nothing to be desired on the score of accuracy, every word being collated with the original manuscript by M. Méon. This edition was published in 1827 by M. Crapelet, under the auspices of the Comte de Corbière, Minister of the Interior. Still more recently, M. Pitre Chevalier, author of "Ancient and Modern Brittany," has brought his zeal and antiquarian knowledge to the illustration of this poem, which, as Mr. Ainsworth says, he is willing to regard as the testimony of an almost eye-witness of the conflict, while he ranks it above the newly-discovered chapter of Froissart, as "more simple and characteristic, more complete and impartial." Indeed, the enthusiasm of this gentleman is unbounded. He regards with contempt the obelisk "fifteen metres high, one metre and sixty centimetres wide at the base, and one metre wide at the top," which records the valour of the "Thirty," and suggests a monument which in his opinion would more befit the valour of the heroes and the glory of the country. Here is his little scheme:

"In place of this needle of stone, which resembles everything and signifies nothing, dare to realise the dream of a Breton pilgrim. Take from the bowels of the 'land of granite' thirty gigantic blocks, such as are to be found at Carnac or at Lok-Mariaker. Peradventure, you may find them on the very moor which was bedewed with the blood of the Thirty. Range these blocks in line of battle upon the place of the combat, as were ranged the champions of Brittany before the Marshal de Beaumanoir. Summon thirty Breton

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rookwood; a Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bentley.

CHANGE is one of the most agreeable necessities of nature. Every thing changes. To set out with a superb image, on the French coiffeur's plan, who would submit the stability of the curls which ornamented his perukes to no meaner test than "plunge them in the ocean,"—so, to begin on a grand scale, in process of time oceans become continents, and continents oceans. Or, instead of appealing to the higher flights of our readers' fancy, we should prefer interesting their domestic sympathies,—yet even there the propriety of change is obvious; who ever orders the same dinner every day? Change being thus admitted to be a sort of necessary law both in the moral and physical world, it is an offence of no small enormity to neglect attending to this wise ordination. Yet a certain class of individuals there are who have greatly sinned against this rule—a fault especially to be deprecated in an age like the present, which may be characterised as the age of change. We allude to our late class of novel writers, hundreds of whose volumes now crowd the circulating library, with offspring bearing a most remarkable family resemblance. Scene, London—time, 1833—*dramatis personæ*, the peerage—argument, marriage. Such has been the late supply in the novel department. With a feeling of gratitude, as well as of relief, did we open these volumes and find that they were not cast in the usual mould. We were indeed weary of our regular London-built houses, with the usual allotment of front and back parlour, ditto drawing-rooms, ditto bed-rooms, triad garrets; and rejoice not a little (to continue our simile) at finding ourselves in a large old country house, with corridors, ante-chambers, gable-ends, ivied walls, ghosts, and traditions. Rookwood is the name of one of those fine old places peculiar to England, with its fine old hall, its vast deer-park, and the many legends belonging to the race. Those connected with the family to whom the place gives its name are of the darkest order. Fated to crime from their birth, every Rookwood is destined to destroy the one bound to him by the nearest and dearest of ties. Every Rookwood murders his wife. That fatality is one of the most powerful engines that the poet can employ, is shewn both in the Grecian and German dramas. "The mystical predominance" of a fate darkly foreshown, but rendered even more inevitable by that knowledge, is of an interest awakening the imagination to its utmost. But the supernatural is difficult to manage, and a writer is apt to aid the terrible with the horrible. There is something too much of this in the pages before us. They have too many murders, skeletons, and omens, and the repetition weakens the effect. It is rather in the taste of the French school (to which, it is well known, our critical opinions are opposed), where exaggeration is carried to its last excess of deaths' heads and cross-bones. Still, there are some fearful and striking scenes. The opening of the first volume, "a midnight watching in the place of death," is powerfully worked up—the dim atmosphere—the damp and chill of the charnel-house—is flung around the scene. We recommend all lovers of a November night's excitement of fear to begin these volumes alone, and of an evening. Mixed with these shadowy superstitions is interest of a more stirring order. One of the most important heroes in the work is a no less personage than the celebrated Dick Turpin, whose fortunes are most ingeniously interwoven with those of the haughty and fated Rookwoods. There is a good housebreaking scene, and some lively sketches of celebrated highwaymen, which also leads to the introduction of some capital ballads—but commend us to the ride to York. We do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the boldest, most original, and effective sketches that we know in any modern novel. The extraordinary ride from London to York, which Turpin actually accomplished within the four-and-twenty hours, is given with a reality and vividness of detail which carries us completely along with it. The reader who is not hurried on almost as out of breath as the bolder rider and his peerless mare, has never known the pleasure of a fiery gallop, and hardly deserves to know it. We have only one fault to find with this masterly description, that it is too long to be transferred to our own columns.

DICK TURPIN.

THE publication of *Rookwood* (the second edition of which is noticed in a previous page) has naturally drawn attention to the history of the celebrated Dick Turpin; and it appears from Mr. Ainsworth's preface, that some have so far depreciated the notoriety of this highwayman, as to consider him quite beneath the distinction he has obtained in these pages, proclaiming him to have been a ruffianly murderer and robber, and the chivalrous character given him to be undeserved and false. Now, as a worthy friend of ours is imitated by a celebrated performer as in the habit of saying, we happen to have in our possession some documents of which the author of *Rookwood* has not availed himself, and which become curious in connexion with the history of this individual. In the *Gazette* of June 25, 1737, we find authentic notices of Turpin, with a description of his person; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* we find them reprinted as concerning the "notorious highwayman." It appears that Turpin was born at Thaxted, in Essex; was at that time about thirty; by trade a butcher; about five feet nine inches high; brown complexion; very much marked with the small-pox; his cheek-bones broad; his face thinner towards the bottom; his visage short; pretty upright; and broad about the shoulders. Pardon to any of his accomplices, and a reward of 200*l.*, were offered for his apprehension; but what is more strikingly illustrative of the importance which this robber had attained, and the dread in which he was held, is a notice in the same *Magazine* for July 30, 1737, and which is headed "The nation excited against a great robber." "Publick spirit," says the writer, "was the foundation of the Roman greatness; when every private person placed his first concern and interest in the safety, welfare, and honour of the public." The author proceeds to state that this nation is not sufficiently *jealous of her liberty;* and his suspicion to this amount, he states, is founded on the flagrant undisturbed success of the infamous Turpin, "who hath robbed in a manner scarce ever known before, for several years, and is grown so insolent and impudent as to threaten particular persons, and become openly dangerous to the lives, as well as the fortunes, of the people of England. That a fellow, who is known to be a thief by the whole kingdom, shall, for a long time, continue to rob us, and not only so, but to make a jest of us—shall defy the laws and laugh at justice,—argues a want of public spirit, which should make every particular member sensible of the public calamity



Cuckfield Park, Sussex, the original of Ainsworth's "Rookwood." The fourth tree from the left of this photograph is the Doom Tree of Rookwood.

Ainsworth (W. Harrison) Rookwood, a romance, Fourth Edition, being the FIRST ILLUSTRATED EDITION, *with portrait by* MACLISE, *and* 12 *fine etchings by* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 8vo, crimson Levant morocco extra, gilt top, by Riviere, UNCUT, *scarce*, £7, 15s, 1836

2a

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REVELATIONS OF LONDON

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Sir John Chiverton, a Romance. 12mo. pp. 317. London, 1826. Ebers.

THERE is much that deserves warm commendation in this tale of the olden time: the style is very elegant; and a rich picturesque illusion surrounds the whole fiction. The characters, too, are highly interesting: that of the beautiful and unfortunate Ellice is sweetly sketched; and that of Sir John Chiverton, brave, noble, and affectionate; though his pride makes him the dupe and slave of evil agents, and leads him on the commission of crime, from which his better nature revolts. It is not till the conclusion of the narrative that our censure begins; and here we must observe, that the motives and mysteries which have borne us along are not sufficiently developed. For example, neither the why nor wherefore of the Moor's conduct is accounted for; we know not how Prestwyche obtained his knowledge; and we want to know more of Scymel. The fault thus open to animadversion, is a common one with young writers; the model is so forcibly impressed on their minds, that they are not sufficiently careful to make it as obvious to their readers as it is to themselves; and in this instance, it is evidently want of experience, rather than want of power, which has occasioned the defect. The gorgeously wrought picture which introduces Sir John Chiverton and his sister will be a fair specimen of to what good account the writer has turned his knowledge of ancient costume and manners: it is a characteristic and rich

15

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The water-mark is also 1822. The book had no proper title-page, a sort of half-title "Poems by Cheviot Ticheburn" serving this purpose, and the collation consists of two preliminary leaves comprising this title, with printer's imprint on the reverse, the Preface pp. 3 and 4, the latter only being numbered, and a separate half sheet bearing the dedication inserted, but not included in the pagination, as pp. v-vi., followed by the text of the poems, pp. 1-62.

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Still emulous of the success of Dumas, and under the influence of that admiration which begets an imitative tendency, Ainsworth next applied himself to the production of a romance, the characters and incidents of which belong to the *Renaissance* period. In 1837 appeared *Crichton*, in 3 vols. 8vo. The hero is that "admirable" and almost mythical personage, whose traditional character and reputed accomplishments have been so capitally summed up by Ainsworth himself:—

"A song I'll write on
Matchless CRICHTON;
In wit, a bright one,
Form, a slight one,
Love, a light one!
Who talketh Greek with us
Or old Zenocrates;
Whose system ethical,
Sound, dialectical,
Aristotelian,
Pantagruelian,
Like to Chameleon,
Choppeth and changeth,
Everywhere rangeth!
Who rides like Centaur,
Preaches like Mentor,
Drinks like Lyæus,
Sings like Tyrtæus,
Reads like Budæus,
Vaulteth like Tuccaro,
Painteth like Zucchero,
Like great Busbequius;
Knoweth the Cabala
Well as Mirandola;
Fate can reveal to us,
Like wise Cornelius;
Reasoneth like Socrates,
Diceth like Spaniard,
Danceth like galliard,
Tilts like Orlando,
Does all man can do!
'Qui pupas nobiles
Innumerabiles,
Amat amabiles;
Atque Reginam
Navarræ divinam!'
Whose rare prosperity,
Grace and dexterity,
Courage, temerity,
Shall, for a verity,
Puzzle posterity!"

This novel sustained, if it did not greatly increase, the reputation of its author; and besides its picturesque and graphic style of narrative, exhibited considerable reading and research. By its all accomplished hero,—if we are to credit Mr. Madden (*Life of Lady Blessington*, iii. 475), —Ainsworth intended to portray the varied talents and graces of his friend, Alfred Count d'Orsay.

GREAT NOVELS.

Cardinal Pole; or, the Days of Philip and Mary. An Historica Romance. By W. H. AINSWORTH. London: Chapman and Hall.

Novels are the order of the day. In fine hot weather, such as we at present enjoy, people read nothing else, and we are much indebted to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth for a real good historical one, selected, too, from one of the most interesting periods in English history. Most of us have an idea, more or less accurate, of Cardinal Pole, and of Queen Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain, and of the terrible persecutions of Protestants at that time; but Mr. Ainsworth has given to our ideas form and substance, and we see these great personages as they were, not indistinct phantoms, but veritable men and women. Cardinal Pole is painted by Mr. Ainsworth in the highest terms of praise. He tells us, "Sanctity of manners, erudition, wisdom, and eloquence, combined to render him one of the most shining lights of his age. Devout without bigotry, tolerant, strictly conscientious and pure-minded, he was utterly free from debasing passions. Guile and hypocrisy formed no part of his character. Self-denying, abstinent, and laborious, he was ever generous and charitable. Descended from the royal house of York—his mother being Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward Pole—he attached no undue importance to this adventitious circumstance, but maintained an almost apostolic meekness of deportment. At the advanced period of life he had attained at the period of our history, his books were in the highest degree venerable and impressive, offering a complete index to his character. A master of the Latin language, which he spoke and wrote with facility and classical elegance, he had delighted in earlier years in the Greek poets and philosophers, but of late had confined his studies wholly to theology. At one time he had enjoyed the favour of Henry VIII., who was fully alive to his great merits, but he incurred the displeasure of the tyrant by the bold opinions he delivered as to the injustice of Katherine of Arragon's divorce, and the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn. This opposition to his will was never forgiven by the implacable monarch, and unable to get Pole, who had taken refuge in Italy, into his power, he deprived him of his benefice and possessions, declared him guilty of high treason, laid a price upon his head, and sought to purchase his assassination. At last, unable to accomplish his fell purpose, Henry wreaked his vengeance on the Cardinal's mother, the venerable Countess of Salisbury, the last of the blood of the royal line of Plantagenets; on his brother, Henry Pole, Lord Montague, Sir Edward Nevil, Sir Nicholas Carew, and others of his friends, all of whom were attainted of high treason, and brought to the block. . . These wholesale murders deeply afflicted Pole, and cast a gloom over the rest of his days; but he did not cry out for vengeance upon the perpetrator of the foul crimes, knowing that heaven would requite him in due season. . . . Raised to the purple by Paul III., on the death of that Pontiff, the eminent and virtuous Cardinal appeared the most fitting person in the conclave to assume the tiara, and in spite of the intrigues against him, he was elected to the Pontifical throne; but when the news was brought him, at a late hour, he modestly bade the messengers wait till the morn, and his answer being construed into a refusal, another election took place." Such a one was Cardinal Pole, the leading figure in Mr. Ainsworth's animated pages; but royal personages, and the pomps and vanities and intrigues of court, are by no means forgotten. Mr. Ainsworth has the power to reproduce the past, and he has availed himself skilfully of this power in the tale before us. Philip and Mary appear and reappear.

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THIS publication, which all the reading world knows has been appearing in monthly parts, is in due time completed; and now comes before us in the shape of a finished and goodly volume. As such, it deserves our marked approbation. The spirit of the author has never relaxed; and the genius of his colleague, the illustrator, has kept pace with the demand upon it. Cruikshank has, indeed, walked into almost a new line, and added a series of compositions of profound depth and tragic power to those illuminations of fancy and humour with which he had previously enriched so many popular productions. Without derogating from the writers who have enjoyed the co-operation of his pencil, we must consider them to have been singularly fortunate in that union; for he has embodied their ideas in so striking a manner, and so palpably to the eye and sense, that a far more vivid impression was made upon the public mind than could have been effected even by the most graphic and real descriptions of the pen. The present volume is overflowing with these trophies; in which we know not whether most to admire the skill, accuracy, feeling, or invention, of the artist:—skill in execution,—accuracy, in delineating the scenes in the Tower, and the Tower itself, with which the story is throughout intimately connected,—feeling, in portraying the fearful and sanguinary events wherein the actors are involved,—and invention, in conceiving accessories of every kind, to heighten the whole of these very effective representations. There is an art worthy of the minute antiquary, and an art allied to the finest force of the imagination.

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MR. AINSWORTH proceeds gallantly with the first of his stories of the Tower of London, Queen Jane Grey; and Cruikshank, with equal invention and skill, in his illustrations. We regret that the three plates in each number are engraved on a material which does not permit of our copying them into a typographical sheet; if we could, the scene of "The Queen and Lord Guilford Dudley brought back to the Tower," in the last number, would have claimed our choice: but as we cannot exemplify this striking representation, we shall select a view of the White Tower, which is a beautiful specimen of the art of wood-engraving, where delicacy and artist-like effect are displayed to the greatest advantage. The letter-press description of this tower does honour to the author's antiquarian zeal and research, and sheds a reality over the events embraced by his narrative. Since he has been so pelted for making all the world Jack Sheppards by the force and spirit of his preceding publication, we think it will be but doing him justice to acknowledge a similar talent in this historical and most unobjectionable composition.



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Ainsworth (W. H.) The Miser's Daughter; first octavo edition, *illustrated with 20 fine etchings by Geo. Cruikshank*, 8vo, handsomely bound by Riviere in full polished calf extra, uncut, top edges gilt (the original cloth covers bound at end), *Lond.*, 1848 £3 10s

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Miser's Daughter: a Tale, by William Harrison Ainsworth, 3 vols.—This is a very insipid book. We have, ere this, remarked, that Mr. Ainsworth's *forte* lies neither in dialogue nor in character. We wonder that any one so conversant with contemporary literature, should have ventured to give forth such a make-believe miser as Master Scarve, and such a miser's daughter as the colourless Hilda, after Balzac had presented the world with such a pair of creations as Père and Eugenie Grandet. Then, the smarts, the Bobadils, the pretty fellows, the prudes, and the sparklers of our Augustan age of Wit, are entirely beyond his reach. The talk of Lady Brabazon, and Beau Villiers, and Sir Norfolk Salusbury, and Trussell Beecheroft, is the most meagre thing conceivable: the speeches most to the purpose being, "*Hilda Scarve never shall be yours*," and "*I will get Hilda Scarve for you*,"—which, or words identical in meaning, are repeated, if once, one hundred times. The liveliest things in the book are, the wooing scenes between Beau Cripps and Widow Nettleship, and the sentimental flights of Miss Thomasine Deacle. The most vivid character, perhaps, is Jacob Post, the grim, faithful servingman; though we should find it hard to say how far we are indebted for our knowledge of this functionary to the novelist, how far to George Cruikshank's whimsical portrait. Further—for the benefit of those who do not read the *Magazine*, where the novel

Presentation Copy.

7 **Guy Fawkes**; or, the Gunpowder Treason. An Historical Romance.
With 22 etched plates by George Cruikshank. First Edition. 3 vols, post 8vo, *fine copy in original cloth, uncut. London*, 1841. **£16 16s**
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(see illustration.)

8 **Jack Sheppard.** A Romance.
Portrait of the Author by Lane, and 27 full-page etchings by George Cruikshank. First Edition. 3 vols, post 8vo, *original cloth, uncut. London*, 1839. **£7 10s**

9 **The Lord Mayor of London.**
First Edition. 3 vols, post 8vo, *clean in orig. cloth, uncut. Lond.*, 1862. **36s**

AINSWORTH (WILLIAM HARRISON).

Presentation Copy.

Ballads.
Illustrated by Sir John Gilbert. 12mo, *orig. cloth.* N.D. **16s 6d**
Presentation copy with "Miss Horrocks from the Author," in his handwriting.

With Autograph Letter from Author.

Crichton.
Illustrated with frontispiece, engraved title, and 16 full-page plates, by Phiz. Third Edition, but the first with these illustrations. 8vo, *orig. cloth, uncut. London*, 1849. **£5 5s**
With interesting A.L.S. from the Author respecting the design for cover.

The Flitch of Bacon; or, the Custom of Dunmow. A Tale of English Home.
With 8 plates by John Gilbert.
First Edition. 12mo, *original cloth gilt, uncut. London*, 1824. **£2 2s**

Saint James's: or the Court of Queen Anne. An Historical Romance, by W. H. Ainsworth, Esq., 3 vols.—Though Mr. Ainsworth, in his dedicatory preface addressed to Mr. G. P. R. James, a close copy of the ex-historiographer's prefatory addresses, announces himself as "the idlest of the race of authors," he has given the *Athenæum* some half-dozen occasions, at the least, of pointing out the principal characteristics of his authorship. When, therefore, we have declared that they become more salient as the tissue grows flimsier, enough is said: and it is but needful to speak of 'Saint James's' as one of his works—without once again referring to the place they deserve to hold in the large family of historical novels. The title will have prepared the reader for the appearance of *Statira* Masham, and *Roxana* Marlborough—between whom, "that dull woman but divine-righted cook," as Lady Morgan calls Queen Anne, was manœuvred and counter-manœuvred—as melancholy a specimen of puppet greatness and suffering as the annals of court intrigue can furnish. Never was there a figure more tempting to novelists than the splendid Virago of Blenheim. Here, no one will be surprised to see the vixen "stand confessed"—the splendour remaining with the dust of her Duke's pall, which she would not lend to Princess Buckingham (*vide* Walpole). Not a trace have we of those fascinations which made the great general hoard the tresses she had sacrificed in a fit of rage with a lover's fondness. All is coarse and flaring: and if we tremble whenever, turning a page, we catch a glimpse of her approach, it is not with the thrill of excitement, but from disinclination to many "lengths" of scolding without the swelling insolence of Rank, and the keen repartee of Wit to recommend them! Masham, we suppose, is to pass for the hero of the book. Under the details of its plot and counter-plot, is an under-stratum of palace-kitchen life—where Proddy, a royal coachman, and Serjeant Scales, a sort of humbler Lismahago, and a French valet of the adventurous Marquis Guiscard, are described as being very merry, and pictured as such by Mr. George Cruikshank's illustrating etching-needle. But, with a bolder daring, Mr. Ainsworth ventures to evoke the spirits of the wits of Queen Anne's time. He takes us to an evening party at which are assembled Congreve, Vanburgh, Steele, Addison, Durfey, Prior, Rowe, St. John, Wycherley—with the irreproachable Mrs. Bracegirdle and the charitable Mrs. Oldfield. We rather think, that Sir Walter Scott, adroit as he was at dialogue, would have shrunk from such a wholesale raising of the dead—but it matters little, as we have, heretofore, had occasion to notice, who Mr. Ainsworth sets a-talking. He has one and the same way with his Mirabels and his Grandisons—his Men of Feeling, and his Moralizing Divines; and therefore was, probably, unaware of the hazard of his attempts We suppose that since 'Hampton Court' has been pounced on by a predatory rival—and Mrs. Gore has *done* Carlton House, we may now look out for 'Buckingham Palace'—unless our romancer takes a jail fit again, which, by his following the steps of M. Sue, in his 'Revelations of London,' does not seem impossible—or a fancy for emulating his earlier model, Victor Hugo, in three volumes, with 'Westminster Abbey' for their subject.

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With Illustrations by John Gilbert.

Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL.

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may be fairly addressed to Mr. Ainsworth, by all who grieve to see the history, the historic sites, and the traditions of "merry England," that is, of old England, manufactured into tawdry pictures for the million. When Mr. Ainsworth establishes himself in a new position, he seems to take an inventory of all its features with as methodical an accuracy as if he were one of Sir Phœnix Clearcake's guild, that he may subsequently dwell on its beauties and mysteries with the flourish usually preceding the knock-down of the hammer. The personages of History are used as a make-weight. Who could believe that, in a romance of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn—Queen Katharine and Wolsey—Surrey and the fair Geraldine—these august personages could be shuffled in and out as unceremoniously as if they were mere "Jacks and Gills"? Yet it is so. The bluff "wife compeller" here figures as a "fantastical duke of dark corners," who prowls about the lofts and garrets of the castle, and goes out with a pack of hounds to track the demon of the forest; while Queen Katharine (*Shakspeare's* Queen Katharine!) distinguishes herself by scoldings as vehement, and imprecations as melodramatic, as those which a Mistress Sheppard might launch against Mister Wild! poor Anne Boleyn and Wolsey receiving no worthier treatment. The real hero of the romance is Herne the hunter—a wondrous ghost, concocted of Mephistopheles and Spalatro, Caliban and Dick Turpin, who sticks at nothing, especially when set on horseback, delivers himself in good English, and leaves us at last, as he found us—agape with weariness, not wonder. In brief, this is one of the worst of Mr. Ainsworth's books—the construction of the tale being looser than usual, and the dialogue less life-like. The progress—we should say *gallop*—of the story is needlessly interrupted in the second volume, by a matter-of-fact sketch of the rise and progress of Windsor Castle, which, if anywhere, should have been given in a preface or appendix.

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THE popular novel of Sir John Chiverton has, we perceive, been dramatised at Manchester.* We wonder it never occurred to any of our town managers or playwrights. Half an hour would convert it (so dramatic are its situations, so written, as it were, for the stage) into one of the most effective modern melo-dramas. The characters of Sir John, the Moor, the Physician, and the felon Niel Jagger, are excellent: nor does it lack female interest of a very novel kind. We hope this hint will not be thrown away.

The Leaguer of Lathom. By William Harrison Ainsworth. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—One always feels a temptation to review a novel by Mr. Ainsworth without reading it, so easy is it to foresee what it will be. There are certain historical characters, whose doings Mr. Ainsworth records with more than the usual fidelity of romancers. Then there are some characters who are not historical, but who are wanted to furnish the necessary ingredients of love-making, fair maidens, and gallant cavaliers, personages whom our author must now, from long practice, be able to describe without an effort. The scenery, manners, and dress are always carefully studied, and the narrative is given with vivacity. That people, even in the more formal days of the seventeenth century, talked to each other as these people talk here, we cannot, indeed, believe; but we do not expect anything but the conventional dialect of the historical romance, and accordingly are not disappointed. So much for *The Leaguer of Lathom* (the story of the siege does not begin till we are half through the book), which, in spite of the temptation before mentioned, we have read through,—and read through, it is only fair to say, with some pleasure.

The Star-Chamber: an Historical Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. 2 vols. (Routledge & Co.)—Alexandre Dumas is apparently the model that Mr. Ainsworth has set before his eyes,—but he falls far short of him. In Alexandre, the unction with which he utters the most wonderful nonsense gives it a certain currency for the moment:—he carries his characters with the ease of a dream, through adventures and incidents, which set not only probability, but the laws of nature at defiance; keeping the curiosity of the reader alive and alert to the end. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's novels are quite as melo-dramatic and extravagant as those of Dumas, but they are not a quarter so amusing,—in fact, they are dry, and wooden, and lifeless, in spite of the superfluity of incident,—the antiquarian description of places,—the abundance of furniture and fine clothes of the choicest fashion of the time. The characters are mere marionettes, which excite not the slightest interest, even in their most imminent perils,—it is so evident that they can take no hurt,—and there is not the faintest attempt to make them works of Art. 'The Star-Chamber' is full of villanous extortioners—oppressed victims—mysteries of iniquity—secret poisonings—concealed treasures—forged deeds—feuds—deadly revenges—tournaments—a beautiful heroine—figures that come on the scene at unexpected junctures, "with finely proportioned limbs; arrayed in habiliments of the most splendid material, adorned with pearls and precious stones, and richly embroidered:"—others "in Spanish cloaks of Murray velvet, lined with cloth and silver, and richly trimmed with Murray flowers, and a chain of gold, from which depended the order of the Golden Fleece." The Court of the Queen of Sheba in the old puppet-shows was nothing to the magnificence to be found here. If this novel had not first appeared in one of those cheap periodicals that have of late proved so profitable an investment for publishers, we should scarcely have bestowed space to notice 'The Star-Chamber' on its own merits:—but this new branch of literature is one of the most

George Cruickshank.

Close friend of Ainsworth for many years

MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Mr. George Cruikshank expired on Friday evening, 1st inst., at his house in the Hampstead-road. Mr. Cruikshank was born in London, of Scotch parentage, in 1792. His father was a caricaturist, and his elder brother a draughtsman. His own first designs were in connection with cheap songs and children's books. Some special hits were made in connection with the trial of Queen Caroline, a subject on which the public mind was greatly excited. One of these designs, called "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," ran through about fifty editions. It is said that altogether Hone made nearly a thousand pounds by these prints, though the artist received only half a guinea each for them. For many years Cruikshank was the most popular of book illustrators. In 1837 "Oliver Twist" appeared and was illustrated by Cruikshank, who used to say that he drew the figures of Fagan, Bill Sikes and his dog, Nancy, the Artful Dodger, and Charley Bates before "Oliver Twist" was written. Subsequently he illustrated several of Ainsworth's works and "The Ingoldsby Legends." About 1845 the artist joined the teetotallers, and in 1847 he brought out a set of plates called "The Bottle"—a sort of "Drunkard's Progress"—in eight designs, executed in glyphography with remarkable power and tragic intensity, not unlike some of the works of Hograth. He subsequently published a sequel to "The Bottle." The large picture of the "Worship of Bacchus," now in the National Gallery, was first exhibited in 1865 at Exeter Hall, when a Cruikshank gallery was opened. For many years Mr. Cruikshank was an indefatigable worker in the Temperance movement, a cause which he served by his voice as well as by his pencil. The funeral will take place to-day (Saturday) at Kensal-green at about two o'clock.

133 **CRUIKSHANK** (Geo.), The Artist and the Author. A Statement of Facts proving that the Distinguished Author, Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, is "labouring under a singular delusion" with respect to the origin of "The Miser's Daughter," "The Tower of London," etc.; 16 pages, 8vo, sewn, 1872 7s. 6d.

Dec. 11th 1868

263, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, N. W.

Dear Sir.

I am sorry to say that I have not any pictures at home that I could lend for exhibition at the Institution. but I will endeavour to do my self the honor of presenting myself at the house on next Wednesday evening

I am dear Sir your truly

G. Cruikshank Esq

J. H. Burn Esq

The Position of George Cruikshank as an Artist

SIR,—A letter written to you by Mr. Robert T. Naismith, of Edinburgh, takes exception to and protests against an expression in a review which appeared in your valuable paper of a pamphlet by Mr. Albert M. Cohn, "A Few Notes Upon Some Rare Cruikshankiana." The sentence which Mr. Naismith does not like says that Cruikshank was "a quaint and curious old book illustrator who may fairly be described as the Hogarth of the nineteenth century—a little Hogarth."

Now though this artistic placing of George Cruikshank (at the mention of whose name every antiquarian bookseller should take off his hat) does full justice to William Hogarth, it does not quite do justice to Cruikshank, who was a great deal more than "a quaint and curious old book illustrator," though he is very aptly named "a little Hogarth." I gather from Mr. Naismith's letter that he objects to the definition, "a little Hogarth." If we look for a moment at what Hogarth was, and forget about that volume of his works that lies so heavily on many of our shelves, we shall see that the expression is not only apt, but by no means uncomplimentary. Whilst George Cruikshank was an etcher of marked humour, skill and industry, Hogarth was a painter equally skilful, equally humorous and industrious, but more original because he was the artistic father of Gillray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, and a host of others who might all be described as "little Hogarths" in more or less degrees of littleness. But Hogarth was even more than that: he was the founder of the English school of painting, and the artistic father of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn. We must remember the position of Art in England in the early years of Hogarth's life. We had Kneller, a German, and Dahl, a Swede, as the great exemplars of Art. No British name from Henry VIII to George II. Then Hogarth appeared with his British pluck and pugnacity, with his thinking brain, and his extraordinary skill with his brush and his glorious colour, and changed all that. If you wish to know what Hogarth was, you must not look at that volume of his works I mentioned. You must go to the National Gallery and Sir John Soane's Museum, and see him in all the beauty of colour as fresh to-day as when he painted. Then you will understand Whistler's remark when a friend who was with him in the Hogarth Room at the National Gallery said, "I say, look at this. Hogarth was a very great master." "Don't speak so loud," said Whistler, pretending to be alarmed lest they should be overheard, "I have known that for a very long time, but dare not tell anybody."

Ruskin, I think, joins the names of George Cruikshank and our own Tynesider, Thomas Bewick (at whose name we older booksellers may take off our hats, though he has fallen upon evil days), as being artistically akin. The one etched upon metal, the other on wood, both with extraordinary skill and humour.

Rowlandson, who was not so industrious as Cruikshank, was a great book illustrator and a great artist, with a sense of the beauty of young women and young men which Cruikshank never had. Some of the water-colour drawings by Rowlandson are the most precious and beautiful things in the world. I do not think anyone would prize Cruikshank's drawings like that, although we all set great store by first impressions of his etchings.—Yours truly,

T. P. BROWNE.

103, Grey Street,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CRUIKSHANK (George) The Emigrant, by Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. 1846. FIRST EDITION, *with a different design on each cover, by* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 8vo, *original white boards*, UNCUT, 4s 6d
These designs were not produced in any other form.

CRUIKSHANK (George) The Green Bag; or, "A Dainty Dish to Set Before a King," a Ballad of the Nineteenth Century. 1820. *With thirteen cuts by G. Cruikshank*, 8vo, *sewn, uncut*, 4s

CRUIKSHANK (George) The London and Westminster Review, October, 1839, to March, 1840, CONTAINING AN ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, illustrated with various Examples of the Artist's Works, FIRST EDITION, 8vo, *half morocco extra, top edges gilt*, UNCUT, £3 10s
This is the original issue, with admirable impressions of the plates.

Sunday in London. Illustrated in Fourteen Cuts, by George Cruikshank, and a few Words by a Friend of his; with a copy of Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill. 12mo. pp. 105. London, 1833. Wilson.

THE prints have all the character, though not generally all the usual humour of George Cruikshank's Hogarthian pencil. The letter-press is also of a graver and higher tone than was to be expected from the title and the circumstances of the times which have given rise to the publication. This may be occasioned by the author and the artist having chosen rather to satirise the general profanation of Sunday, than to caricature the measures proposed to remedy that evil; but be this as it may, the volume is an extremely clever one, and much of the reprehension it contains is only too applicable to the vices of the age. What can be more effective, for instance, than the description of the demoralising effects of gin-drinking, in the following passage?

"And in the gray of the Sunday morning, at the sound of the matin-bell, the gin *temples* open wide their portals to all comers. Time was when *gin* was to be found only in by-lanes and blind alleys—in dirty obscure holes, y'clep'd dram-shops; but now, thanks to the enlightened and paternal government of 'the first captain of the age,' gin is become a giant demi-god—a mighty spirit, dwelling in gaudy gold-beplastered temples, erected to his honour in every street, and worshipped by countless thousands, who daily sacrifice at his shrine their health, their strength, their money, their minds, their bodies, wives, children, sacred home, and liberty. Jaggernaut is but a fool to him!—for the devotees of Jaggernaut do but put themselves in the way of being crushed to death beneath his chariot-wheels, and are put out of their misery at once; but the devotees of the Great Spirit Gin devote themselves to *lingering* misery;—for his sake *they* are contented to drag on a degraded, nasty existence—to see their children pine, dwindle, and famish; to steep themselves in poverty to the very lips, and die at last poor, sneaking, beadle-kicked, gruel-swollen paupers! Sunday is especially devoted to the worship of this great spirit; and when the early Sabbath bells announce the arrival of that day, then do the 'lower orders' begin to shake off the *beery* slumbers of the midnight pay-table, and wander forth in maudlin unwashed multitudes to the temples of the Great Spirit Gin; and there, sir, you may see them, the ancient and the infant of a span long—old men and maidens, gransires and grandams, fathers and mothers, husbands, wives, and children, crowding and jostling 'like so many maggots in a grease-pot,' and sucking in the portions of the spirit which the flaunting priestesses of the temple dole out to them in return for their copper offerings."

What his Grace of Wellington has contributed to this, we do not know; but the growth of the evil is frightful, and its stoppage, we fear, quite hopeless, so long as there exists so vast a mass of poverty and suffering to look for even momentary alleviation to this pernicious source. Our satirist is equally severe on another of the demoralising organs of our day—the ribbald and indecent portions of the Sunday press. He points particularly at one journal; but there are others not less worthy of castigation, whose pandering to depravity, and indulgence in every baseness, cover their authors and abettors with contempt and indignation. We are far from thinking the example chosen the worst of its class—but here it is, as exhibited.

"Lest you, gentle reader, should not be one of the initiated, we will, for your edification and future government, describe what a *sporting* paper is. A *sporting* paper is published only on *Sunday*, and very appropriately it deprecates all 'religious observance of the Sunday' as *cant* and *humbug*; and it denounces all police officers as *public nuisances* and *raw lobsters*; but it patronises the 'fancy,' and *flash* houses, and propagates *slang*; it registers the genealogy of prize-fighters and bull-dogs; it publishes the challenges of these worthies, and gives full, true, and particular accounts of the '*grand slap-up fights*' consequent thereon; and the state of the odds, as 'first blood' was drawn; also it keeps a register of the 'extraordinary feats' which 'celebrated horses' have by wet whip and bloody spur been *encouraged* to perform; the number of shots fired and birds killed by the valiant Tomtit and Sparrow Clubs at the Red House in Battersea Fields—and whether the said birds were killed 'in bounds' or 'out of bounds;' and it gives notice of all the coming bull-baitings, badger-baitings, and duck-huntings, and when they are to 'come off,' and the state of the odds thereon. Finally, it resolves and determines all disputed gambling debts, and expatiateth on every other matter and thing which can interest '*sporting characters*'—that is to say, bullies, bruisers, and black-legs. And, perhaps, gentle reader, you would stare if you were told that the proprietor of the most police-defying, 'Sabbath'-decrying, betting, and bullying *Sunday* newspaper, is a worshipful magistrate of the city of London. But, nevertheless, such is the fact. Indeed, there are but two of these *sporting* Sunday papers; and the only one which constantly decryeth the 'observance of the Sabbath,' and denounceth the *police* as '*raw lobsters*,' is precisely that one which is the property of his worship the *magistrate*."

It certainly is difficult to imagine the proprietor or editor of such a journal, in a judicial seat, sentencing a rogue and vagabond to correction for a breach of the Sabbath, or of decency, or of the law.

One of the best prints is that of a pew full of "*miserable sinners*," *i. e.* a wealthy, bedizened, and inflated party at church; of whom it is said:

"It is true, that even these do leave servants, cooks, scullions, &c. at home, 'within their gates, doing all manner of work on the Sabbath day;' and it is also true, that their 'cattle'—even the cattle of the right reverend father himself—are still panting and perspiring with the labour of dragging their distinguished owners to the church-gates:—But what then?—Having alighted from their splendid carriages, and seated themselves in their carpetted and nicely cushioned pews, do they not straightways *acknowledge* themselves to be 'miserable sinners?' *Query.*—If these be *miserable* sinners, what must those be on the hard seats and cold pavement in the middle aisle?"

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One of 100 copies, with proofs of the etchings on India Paper.
These drawings were prepared by Cruikshank for his autobiography, and they deal mainly with incidents in the early life of the artist and his friends.

The Drunkard's Children; a Sequel to the Bottle.
By George Cruikshank. Bogue.
THE terrible lesson of *The Bottle*, presenting passages of the deepest tragic art, and enforcing the precepts of Father Mathew in a manner never to be effaced or forgotten, is here followed up in eight other plates, exhibiting the sad fate of the Drunkard's son and daughter; juvenile delinquents brought up in vice, and left destitute upon the town, to the inevitable lot of crime and misery. What an argument for the petition to Government to provide asylums for such unfortunate creatures, and save those who cannot save themselves, from sin and shame and destruction! The first print is the ruinous Gin Shop, into which the victims are readily led by the wretches who live upon the vices of those they seduce and betray: it is a fearful scene of truly Hogarthian character and power in every individual and action represented, through child-poisoning and youthful impudence and drunken imbecility to mature villany, "wide awake" to every criminal offence, and dotard age, sinking beneath a finished course of unrespited intoxication. The next move is to the dirty beer-shop and gambling—another phase of wretched depravity,—where a Derby sweep is up for lottery, and *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper* lying on the beastly floor. The third exposes another of the gross corruptions, though only recently introduced resorts of the metropolis. The boy is already a thief and a gambler; and now the girl appears in the dancing-room, where *les poses plastiques* are seen every evening before *le bal;* and a grand masquerade is announced for Monday next, "Admission, Gents 6d., Ladies 3d." The actors, costume, and accessories in this plate are admirably true to the rascality and lowest baseness of London. But the fatal results ensue. The Drunkard's son is arrested in a threepenny lodging-house for a desperate robbery, Plate IV.; a Tale of Terror! Plate V., is an admirable picture of an Old Bailey trial; and the next the sentence of transportation for life, and the daughter to imprisonment as implicated in the crime. They part for ever in this world. The last two of the series are most affecting, most appalling. The wretched convict, destroyed by early dissipation, droops and dies; a pitying gaoler closes his eyes, and his meagre hands are clasped as if his last act had been repentant prayer; and the sorrowful chaplain is passing to another miserable couch, where a living object yet claims his pious care. In the final scene, the homeless, gin-mad girl commits self-murder, by throwing herself from the bridge into the Thames,—a frightful example of agony and despair. Such is a faint outline of these extraordinary embodiments of that guilt which is, alas! too prevalent in the rich capital of the British empire. Easy is the descent to the hell; the return all but impossible. Let us hope that some remedy may be applied to the consuming pestilence. Let us hope that prevention will be tried, instead of punishment and vengeance. At all events, the public owe a debt of gratitude to the artist, for showing them how the aptitude for evil is grafted on childhood and ignorance by bad example, and what are the places where it is nurtured into atrocity. And in this task he has been congenially aided by Dr. Mackay, who has written some touching poetry to accompany both works, *The Bottle*, and *The Drunkard's Children*.

folio, *unbound*, £1 *D. Bogue*, 1851

MR. MATTHEWS "At Home," a Lecture on Character, Manners, etc.—Mr. Matthews' Memorandum Book—Mr. Matthews' Trip to America—Matthews in America—My Lodger's Legacy, by Tim Bobbin the younger, and other amusing tracts, 7 in all, 3 *folding coloured etchings by G. and* R. Cruikshank, *and other illustrations*, bound in a vol, 12mo, hf. calf gilt, 18s 6d
Pub. by Duncombe, Hodgson, &c., circa 1820

MUNCHAUSEN.—Surprising ADVENTURES of the Renowned BARON MUNCHAUSEN, containing his singular Travels, Miraculous Escapes, and Wonderful Voyages and Campaigns, COLOURED *folding front. by* Cruikshank, 8vo, original wrappers, uncut, 16s 6d *circ.* 1820
From the Truman Collection, with note by him at back of frontispiece.

MUSICAL DANDIES, QUICK MOVEMENTS IN "A" FLAT MAJOR! or Sharp Work among Four Flats. Party of Gentlemen playing Violins and Violoncello, Clever PEN AND WASH DRAWING, (11 by 15), *with notes written round the margin, and signed by the Artist*, £12 12s
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PHRENOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, or an Artist's Views of the Craniological system of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, 6 plates containing numerous humorous etchings, oblong folio, original wrappers, *sewed*, 10s 6d *Pub. by the Artist*, 1830

PIGEONS (The), dedicated to all the Flats, and showing the Artifices, Success and Crimes of Gaming, Gamesters, and Gambling Houses, by the author of "The Greeks," 6 *very clever* COLOURED *etchings by* G. Cruikshank, fcap. 8vo, new polished calf gilt extra, edges gilt, *rare*, £3 13s 6d *J. J. Stockdale*, 1817

POINTS OF HUMOUR, illustrated by the Designs of George Cruikshank, the TWO PARTS COMPLETE, 20 COLOURED *etchings and* 20 *woodcuts*, FIRST EDITIONS, roy. 8vo, hf. bound, top gilt, other edges uncut, *very rare*, £5 5s *C. Baldwyn*, 1823–24

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279 STOP THIEF, or Hints to Housekeepers to Prevent House-breaking, 14 *woodcuts by* G. Cruikshank, 8vo, hf. calf neat, £1 15s *Bradbury & Evans*, N.D.
PRESENTATION COPY, with Autograph inscription on title "From George Cruikshank to my dear friend, Crawford J. Pocock, Esq., Aug. 25, 1869."

280 STOWE (Harriet Beecher) UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, 27 *wood engravings by* G. Cruikshank, FIRST ENGLISH EDITION, 8vo, large paper, original cloth, uncut, £1 8s *Cassell*, 1852

281 SUNDAY IN LONDON, *illustrated by George Cruikshank*, and a few Words by a Friend of his, with a Copy of Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill, 14 *very clever woodcuts*, 8vo, hf. calf, 15s 1833

282 TALES OF OTHER DAYS, by J. Y. A(ckerman), 7 *woodcuts designed by* Cruikshank, *engraved by* Thompson *and* Williams, post 8vo, boards, uncut, 10s 6d 1830

283 "TEA IN THE ARBOUR." Very Clever WATER COLOUR and PENCIL SKETCH of a PARTY of LADIES and GENTLEMEN drinking Tea, the ORIGINAL DESIGN for the illustrated TITLE-PAGE OF A SONG, *signed* George Cruikshank (8 by 6½), with a copy of the Etching done by the Artist from the same, *very interesting*, £15 15s *circa* 1840

284 TO-NIGHT, or the Total Eclipse, dedicated to "To-Day" and to all the Children of Darkness, by the Author of The Greeks, The Pigeons, etc., 6 *very clever* COLOURED *etchings by* G.

1913 **CRUIKSHANK (George)** A HISTORY OF EGYPTIAN MUMMIES, and an Account of the Worship and Embalming of the Sacred Animals by the Egyptians, with Remarks on the Funeral Ceremonies of Different Nations, and Observations on the Mummies of the Canary Islands, of the Ancient Peruvians, Burman Priests, etc., by THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW, F.R.S., etc., etc. 1834. FIRST EDITION, *with several coloured and other plates by* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK—*a peculiar example of his*—4to, *fine copy, in the original boards*, UNCUT, £1 10s

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Remember how freely that heart, that to others
Was dark as the tempest-dawn frowning above,
Burst open to thine with the zeal of a brother's,
And shew'd all its hues in the light of thy love.

And, oh! in that moment when over him sighing,
Forgive, if his failings should flash on thy brain;
Remember the heart that beneath thee is lying
Can never awake to offend thee again.

And say, while ye pause on each sweet recollection,
'Let love like mine own on his spirit attend;
For to me his heart turn'd with a poet's affection,
Just less than a lover, and more than a friend.'"

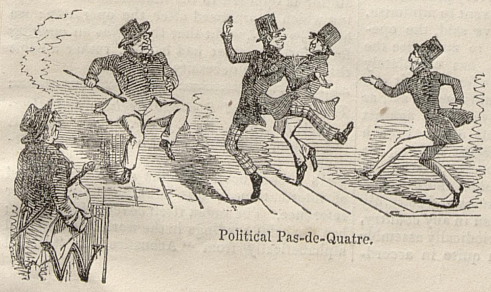
The Comic Almanack. By George Cruikshank. London, Bogue.

THE matchless and inexhaustible George is this year more exuberant than ever, and, with all his exuberance, if possible, even more delightfully comic with pencil and pen. To afford a notion of such a performance by reviewing it, is out of the question: it must be seen, and pored over for hours, to be at all appreciated according to its merits. Two of the monthly plates, of a page each, are Iliads in their way; and the great anti-temperance meeting of Wine, Spirits, and Beer in bottles, and the weight of property, "Ten Thousand a Year," are in themselves such proofs of originality and talent, that we would give six times the price of the Almanac for either, and twice as much for the moral elements (to reconcile us to our lots) in the last. We cannot detach copper, but have two wood-cuts: we wish we could do more, to demonstrate what George is made; but even with the text we are puzzled. Take the following humorous sketches and squibs at random, as they come, scattered over every leaf:—

"*Wine* v. *Water. Great Anti-Temperance Meeting.*—A highly respectable meeting of some of the most influencial wines, beers, and spirits, was held for the purpose of considering the best means of opposing the Temperance movement. Among those on the platform we particularly noticed Port, Sherry, and Claret; while, at the lower end of the room, were Cape, Marsala, and a deputation from the British Wines, who were represented by the Two-and-twopenny sparkling Champagne, more familiarly known as the 'Genuine Walker.' Most of the principal wines wore the silver collars of the orders to which they respectively belonged; and Port having been unanimously voted into the chair, the business of the meeting was opened by Corkscrew, in a concise but pointed manner. Champagne was the first to rise, in a state of great effervescence. He declared that he was frothing over with pure indignation at the idea of wine being excluded from the social board; and, indeed, he found it impossible to preserve the coolness which ought to belong to him. He was not one to keep any thing long bottled up (*'Hear!' and a laugh*); indeed, when he once let loose, out it must all come; and he did say that the temperance movement was playing old gooseberry with him in every direction (*Cries of 'Shame!' from the Genuine Walker*). Claret said that he did not often get into a state of fermentation; but on this occasion he did feel his natural smoothness forsaking him. He begged leave to propose the following resolution: 'That the substitution of water for wine is likely to dissolve all social ties, and is calculated to do material injury to the constitution.' Rum rose, he said, for the purpose of opposing this resolution, which he thought of too sweeping a character. He (Rum), so far from wishing to get rid of water altogether, was always happy to meet with it on equal terms; and he knew that he (Rum), as well as many of his friends around him, had derived a good deal of their influence from being mixed up with water, and going, as it were, half-way, which there could be no objection to. Gin begged leave to differ from the honourable spirit that had just sat down, and who was so unaccustomed to be on his legs at all, that it was not surprising he should have failed to make a respectable stand on the present occasion (*Cries of 'Order!'*) He (Gin) had no wish to create confusion (*Ironical cheering from Marsala*). He understood the meaning of that cheer; and would certainly confess that the honourable beverage—for he would not use the stronger term of wine (*a laugh*)—was not likely to create confusion in any quarter. No; he (the honourable beverage) was not strong enough for that (*Renewed laughter*). He (Gin) had, perhaps, suffered more from water than all the other wines and spirits whom he now saw before him put together. His reputation had been materially hurt by it; and he was strongly of opinion that the only thing to be done with water is to throw it overboard (*Hear, hear*). A French wine, whose name we could not learn, let something drop, but we were unable to catch it. Cape now rose, but was immediately coughed down in a very unceremonious manner. The thanks of the meeting having been voted to Port for his able conduct in the decanter, the meeting separated; but not until a committee had been chosen, consisting of a dozen of wine and a gallon of beer, with power to add to their number, either by water or otherwise."

"*Predictions for January.*—In examining the horoscope, it seems to embrace a wide scope of horrors. There will be dark days for England, which we must be prepared for by lighting candles. After New Year's day there will be many broils, and Turkey will be torn to pieces by domestic violence."

"*The Garden.*—If any thing is done in the garden at this time of the year, perhaps the best thing will be to run about in it. Do not attempt to move any of your trees, but keep your junior branches moving as much as possible. This is the best time to take your shrub in-doors; but it should be rum shrub, watered



Political Pas-de-Quatre.



March of Intellect.

THE BOTTLE. In Eight Plates. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Published for the Author, by D. Bogue.

For a long series of years have the "reading public" been accustomed to regale themselves with the humours of George Cruikshank's genius; sometimes, it is true, in the questionable shape of party satire, but much oftener, and to a far higher purpose, in the broad laugh of his pencil at the follies and absurd conventionalities of social life. How many hearty bursts of merriment have our Artists' early *facetiæ* provoked—how many tables have they set on a roar! On the present occasion, however, he appears with a much higher aim—in the walk of the "painting moralist;" with a representation of domestic tragedy, which tells its story in such unmistakeable terms that "all who run may read."

The Plates, or Scenes, are eight in number; each being so meritorious a contribution towards a great moral object, that we must describe the leading features. The aim is to show the horrors of Drunkenness in all their hideousness; and this is most forcibly effected, without a line of exaggeration, or a shade of too deep a dye.

Plate I. The Bottle is brought in for the first time: the husband induces his wife "just to take a drop." Here the home wears the aspect of comfort, and all is neatness and good order. A view of the parish church hangs upon the wall, flanked by an eight-day clock, a piece of furniture usually possessed by the well-to-do; and the portrait of the Sovereign embellishes the mantel-piece. The cupboard is well stocked, and the fire blazes cheerfully; the two children are at play before it, and the kitten is sporting with its mother's tail. But the mischief is at work at the table: the dinner over, the husband is holding the fatal dram to his wife, the serving daughter looks on, and thus the wicked work begins.

We know not how long a space, in the phrase of some playwrights, is supposed to elapse between the acts; but, in Plate II., the Drunken Husband, discharged from his employment, sits, pipe-in-mouth; whilst the wife is sending the eldest daughter with clothes to pawn, to supply the Bottle. Confusion has now displaced comfort: the cupboard is empty, the fire out, the fender upset, the floor carpetless, the half-starved cat has cleared the plates, and the little children gaze in wonder at their drunken father!

In Plate III., the poison has worked: an execution is sweeping off most of the furniture: the Bible, the picture of the church, the portrait of the Sovereign—the penates of a dear English home—and its little pride, the tea-caddy—all are doomed; the broker is reading over his inventory, one of his men is removing the clock, another the drawers; a broken cottage, with a short pipe stuck in it, and a public-house pot, decorate the mantel-shelf. Meanwhile, the husband and wife—how changed from the first—sit consoling themselves with drinking gin, and the children look repiningly at the fell swoop of the execution.

The wretchedness is linked to imposture in Plate IV.: the whole family, unable to obtain employment, are driven to beg in the streets: here, the boy, shoeless and in rags, is receiving pence from the well-dressed passenger, to raise means to supply the Bottle; the haggard mother carries the half-naked child, and the ruined father has just left "the bottle department" of the gin-shop with a fresh supply of the poison.

The suffering thickens in Plate V.: "cold, misery, and want" have destroyed the youngest child, and the girl is crying as she removes the coffin-lid. The room is a sad scene of squalor and wretchedness: a box, a single chair, and a mattress, are almost the only furniture; a cloth fastened with forks serves as a window-curtain, a bottle for a candlestick, and fire smokes upon the broken hearth-slab, beside which sits the shoeless vagabond of a son: the father and mother are seeking to console themselves with the Bottle; but, remorse has overtaken them, and the wretched mother weeps ere she lifts the deadly dram to her lips.

The abuse of the Bottle has risen to brutal violence in Plate VI.; there is a fearful quarrel, and the drunken husband is about to fell the frantic wife, whilst the ragged children rush imploringly to stay the feud, and a terrified lodger appears at the door. As accessories, there are the upset table and public-house pot; the bottle and glass on the mantel-shelf, in place of the emblems of good order; and the last "rag" has fallen from the upset chair, and is blazing on the hearth.

"Deeper and deeper still"—in Plate VII., the husband, furiously drunk, has killed his wife with the instrument of all their misery—the Bottle; the police have seized the murderer, who is frantic nigh unto madness; the vagabond and almost shirtless son looks on, half-witted; the girl is weeping, and pointing to the fatal Bottle, broken, on the floor; while a group of neighbours, in sorrow and amazement, are beside the corpse of the wife; the doctor is in vain seeking for her pulse, and above him, in a mother's arms, sits a little child—an emblem of innocence in the sad scene of crime and guilt.

The last—Plate VIII.—is, indeed, an appalling scene: in the Artist's words, "The Bottle has done its work"—it has destroyed the infant and the mother, it has brought the son and daughter to vice and to the streets, and has left the father a hopeless maniac. This is a climax of terrific realities: the flash children have come to see their father in the madhouse; the girl is tricked out in gayest finery of vice; and the boy, flower in mouth, is a thief from head to foot—from the fancy hair to the conventional shoes—and a successful candidate for another knot besides that in his neckcloth. The maniac father is a portrait of terrible truth: the idiotic stare, the shrunken limbs, and the shivering frame, seated by the fire, which is enclosed by strong iron bars—all denote how the poor wreck of humanity is shut out from the world on every side: he knows not his children, whom his own criminal example has nipped in the bud of life, but forced into full-blown sin. In the inner vaulted room are seen two other inmates of the madhouse: one with glaring eyeballs, and erect hair, seated on the floor; the other staring idiotically through the window-bars, through which the light streams, but not to irradiate the hopeless group within! These are, without doubt, studies from actual life.

Such is the graphic tale of sadness and suffering, of crime and retribution, by which the Artist seeks to reclaim the masses from Drunkenness and its fearful consequences. As pictures, it is not hard to distil from them drops of scalding truth—let us hope to mingle with tears of penitence wherever the lesson may overtake husband, wife, or child, in their career of sin! A celebrated nation of antiquity taught their youth to abhor drinking, by allowing them to drink to great excess, and then causing them to see their own distorted features in a looking-glass. These Plates of "The Bottle" will better produce the same effect, by an inoffensive medium. They will, doubtless, be admired more for their moral design than artistic execution. The Plates are 13 by 8½ inches; and cheapness and extensive circulation being the prime objects, high finish could not reasonably be looked for. Their publication will effect incalculable good; and in the hope of contributing to their efficacy in moral improvement have we thus devoted an unusual space to the specification of their claims to public attention.

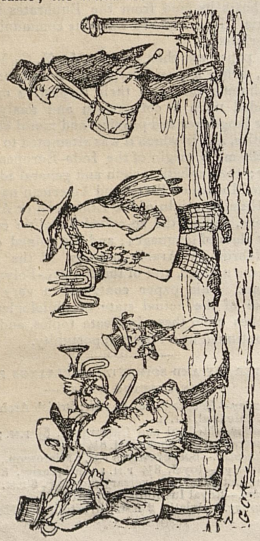
SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANKS' TABLE-BOOK

HAS received our notice for its literary contents in another portion of the *Gazette;* but as his Sketches of Society are of a merrier nature than our serious remarks, we rejoice to afford him a second compliment here.

The Seal of the Bateman family, immortalised by George in ballad excellence, is worthy of its fame; the Waits are most characteristic;





and the bellows method of literary puffing is almost equal to existing realities.





Now ready.

POINTS of HUMOUR (Pieces, partly original, partly selected,) illustrated by GEO. CRUIKSHANK, with numerous Plates and Wood Cuts, done in his best manner, in Royal 8vo. price 8s. Copies, with the Eighteen Plates and Wood Cuts on India Paper, price 12s. 6d.—The *Preface* says,

"The literary part of this Work is of humble pretensions;—One object alone has been aimed at, and it is hoped with success—to select or invent those incidents which might be interesting or amusing in themselves, while they afforded scope for the peculiar talents of the Artist who adorns them with his Designs. The selection was more difficult than may at first sight be supposed. It is true there is no paucity of subjects of wit and humour; but he who will take the trouble to examine them, will find how few are adapted for pictorial representation. No Artist can embody a point of wit; and the humour of many of the most laughable stories would vanish at the touch of the pencil of the most ingenious Designer in the world. Those ludicrous subjects only which are rich in the humour of *situation* are calculated for graphic illustration. To prove the following Anecdotes are not deficient in this respect, no other appeal is necessary than to the Plates themselves. Look at the breadth of the humour, the point of the situation, the selection of the figures, the action, and its accompaniments, and deny (without a laugh on the face) that this portion of the work answers the end in view. In all this the writer or compiler, or whatever he may be called, claims little merit. That the whole effect is comic, that the persons are ludicrous, and engaged in laughable groups, and surrounded with objects which tend to broaden the grin—all this, and a thousand times more, belong to Mr. Cruikshank;—the writer only claims the merit of having suggested to him the materials."

The Publishers, C. Baldwyn, Newgate-street; and R. Triphook, Bond-street:

Who have just published, in 4to. Part I. of

A Pop-gun let off by George Cruikshank: (London: W. Kent & Co.). — In this *brochure* Mr. Cruikshank comes forward as the "laudator temporis acti se puero," and vindicates the volunteers of 1805 against some disparaging remarks made by General W. Napier in a letter to the *Times* of November the ninth. Besides asserting the efficiency of the volunteer force of that time, the writer proceeds to discuss the doctrines of the Peace Society, and, by way of practical advice for our own day, recommends that boys should be instructed in the management of fire-arms, just as they are in dancing or swimming. Although the arrangement of the arguments is not very lucid, these pages contain enough acuteness and liberal common sense to make them well worth reading. In illustrating his doctrines of self-defence, Mr. Cruikshank incidentally mentions that a certain publisher is in the habit of issuing works as "illustrated by Cruikshank," in which the etchings are not from the pencil which depicted the horrors of 'the Bottle,' but are executed by Mr. Percy Cruikshank, a nephew of the more famous artist. Mr. Cruikshank's complaints against this treatment are very natural, and we are sure the public will fully appreciate them.

A Fairy Ring (458), by G. Cruikshank, comes under no such censure, but is, on the other hand, a most startling piece of composition. The king and queen of faërie hold their court throned upon the well-known seat of their royalty, a mushroom, round which their subjects make sport of the most awe-inspiring kind, for their own and their monarchs' diversion. The vein of this supernaturalism is not in accordance with Shakspeare's subtle and playful, yet simple, and, on the whole, beneficent creations, but rather with the mischievous and somewhat terrible scene of mirth witnessed by Tam O'Shanter. It is, in fact, an original rendering of the author's own, of the eccentric habits of the "good people," and we commend it as such to the reader's attention. The number of figures is immense, and their pursuits may be traced with an accuracy of which the observer is not at first sight aware.

George Cruikshank's Omnibus. No. I. 8vo. pp. 32. London, 1841. Conductors, Tilt and Bogue.

And so, the worthy George has at length launched a vehicle for himself! An omnibus, which should carry all the world inside, without a license. Assuredly, if original talent and desert can earn the favour of the public, this omnibus-driving will enable the proprietor very soon to keep his private carriage. How many a merry hour, how many a laugh, how much genuine amusement, is owing to him; and they may all be repaid, if only sufficient numbers agree to patronise and ride in his omnibus. And when we reflect on the honourable fact

A Cruikshank Autobiography.—The late George Cruikshank had, we are informed, made considerable progress with an autobiography, comprising his recollections of many literary men, commencing from a date of nearly 80 years ago. He had also executed a number of illustrations, in his well-known style, expressly for this work. We understand that arrangements have already been made for its publication, and that it will appear under the editorship of his widow, Mrs. Eliza Cruikshank, who had been assisting him before his death in the preparation of the book.—*Academy*.

7 **THE OMNIBUS,** edited by Laman Blanchard; *portrait, 21 characteristic etchings and upwards of 80 wood engravings by* George Cruikshank, First Edition, roy. 8vo, orig. cloth, uncut, *Lond.*, 1842 £4 10s

——— **ditto,** Another Copy, full polished calf extra, gilt leaves, by Tout, *Lond.*, 1842 £3 3s

——— **ditto,** A Collection of 16 Etchings from G. C.'s "OMNIBUS," proofs on India Paper (some before letters), folio, 1841-42 £4 10s

Brilliant original impressions, and bearing on the plate "Frights, No. II," the word "Thieve's" wrongly spelt "Theive's" (which was afterwards corrected, showing a very early state of the plate.

POINTS OF HUMOUR; both parts, *illustrated with 20 fine etchings and 20 humorous woodcuts by* Geo. Cruikshank, *some India proofs*, 1st Edition, 2 vols in 1, 8vo, most handsomely bound in full crushed red morocco super extra, with inlaid figures from the book on the sides, in green, blue, and yellow, gilt leaves, by the Guild of Women Binders, *Lond.*, 1823-4 £7 15s

PUNCH AND JUDY; with the Dialogue of the Puppet Show, an Account of its Origin, and of Puppet Plays in England; *with 24 fine full-page humorous plates and woodcuts by* Geo. Cruikshank, the plates in two states, *viz.*, coloured *and plain*, 1st edition, post 8vo, fine copy, handsomely bound in full new crushed green levant morocco extra, gilt leaves, by Riviere, *Lond.*, 1828 £6 15s

Very scarce in coloured state.

——— **ditto,** another copy, First Edition, post 8vo, orig. cloth, with the paper label, uncut, fine copy, *Lond.*, 1828, very scarce £3 3s

——— **ditto,** second edition, with the plates in colours, post 8vo, half morocco, uncut, t. e. g., *Lond., S. Prowett*, 1828 £2 14s

——— **Illustrations to Punch and Judy;** the Set of 24 plates on Large Paper, original impressions, roy. 8vo, orig. boards, *London*, 1828 £3 10s

ruikshank—*continued.*

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Cruikshank—*continued.*

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Lord Lytton

Friend of Ainsworth

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, FIRST BARON LYTTON. 1803-1873.

Drawn (unfinished) by Alfred E. Chalon, R.A.

Novelist and dramatist. Born in Baker Street, London. Educated at Ealing and Trinity College, Cambridge. Published several poems in his youth. His first successful novel was 'Pelham' (1828), and among his other successful novels were 'Paul Clifford' (1830), 'Eugene Aram' (1832), 'The Last Days of Pompeii' (1834), 'Rienzi' (1835), and other novels which have enjoyed great popularity. As a dramatist, Lytton was the author of 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Richelieu,' and 'Money,' which still keep the stage. He was M.P. for Lincoln in the first reformed Parliament, and was raised to the peerage in 1866, having been Secretary for the Colonies under Lord Derby. His last work, 'The Parisians,' was appearing in Blackwood's Magazine at the time of his death. Buried in Westminster Abbey.

Memoirs in case your Ladyship has not read them ... They have talent – & are curious – but betray a most unloveable Mind

Ever with respectful regard
V. Ladyship's obliged E L Bulwer

Lord Edward Bulwer Lytton.

The Siamese Twins. By the Author of "Pelham," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 390. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

OF this varied and remarkable poem it is not our purpose, in our present No. to give an analysis; or even to pronounce a detailed critical opinion upon its yet unpublished lineaments. The high and richly deserved celebrity of its author renders it an object of so much interest, that we are sure we shall better consult the taste of the public by devoting a few columns to its illustration, than by occupying even half a column by oracular commonplaces upon poetry in general, and the *Siamese Twins* in particular. Our extracts will speak for us, and for the book; and we will only say, that if any one does not feel their force or beauty, the person so unhappily situated will never enjoy the pleasure and delight which its perusal has afforded to us.



Something in the nature of a "mésalliance" first provoked the marvellous literary activity of Edward Bulwer Lytton. Once launched on the sea of publication, he devoted the whole of his life to the development of his powers with a fixity of purpose that has scarcely been excelled. His versatility was remarkable, and he won distinction in many and varied fields. "Pelham," the first novel which revealed him, was a witty and epigrammatic study of men and manners, with a dandy hero assuming a Byronic pose. Subsequently he declined upon the careers of "virtuous" criminals, and evoked Thackeray's never-to-be-forgotten burlesque, "George de Barnwell." Probably the best of his works was "The Last Days of Pompeii," the first of his four famous historical novels. It may still be read with great interest, and has been acclaimed as the best of all stories which introduce the early Christians. Lytton's knowledge was wide if not profound, his fancy was luxuriant, and he had a remarkable skill of florid description and fluent narrative. In his own day he provoked much controversy, and to-day no two readers can be found who will agree on the relative merit of his books. His "Lady of Lyons" and "Money" still hold the stage, and his "New Timon" remains unforgotten because its sneering criticism of "Miss Alfred" provoked a contemptuous rejoinder from Tennyson:

"A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame;
It looks too arrogant a jest—
That fierce old man—to take his name,
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest."



MAYALL, Lord Lytton 224, Regent Street.

MEDICAL: WATER-CURE.

Confessions of a Water-Patient; in a Letter to W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., Editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. 12mo, pp. 98. Colburn.

THIS is a glorious country we live in. Health, next to mammon, is the deity most worshipped, and worshipped in the greatest variety of forms. At the foot of Ducrow's monument lie his sculptured glove and buskin, and they are sufficient to intimate his histrionic distinction; but were a monument erected to Hygeia in the centre of Trafalgar Square, the whole space would not suffice for her emblematic trophies or her mysterious triumphs, even if the celebrated fountains were reserved for patent pills, piled like cannon-balls in an arsenal, although more insidious in their deadly mission. The "people," a class which does not admit of rivalry in wisdom, only tolerates the educated capabilities of a medical man for the sake of his drugs. The "people" pay gladly for herbs and chemicals, what they refuse as the reward of scientific advice. They value the filthy stuff, and despise the judgment which directs it. The consequence is, that the profession, prostituting itself for its daily food, is degraded and distrusted. The rich and the intellectual, acting upon impulse, and unrestrained by circumstances which control half of mankind, remove themselves altogether from the tainted sphere, and, to avoid Scylla, fall into Charybdis. One respectable gentleman starves himself on infinitesimal diet; a still more distinguished lady is visited by a nervous and hysterical exaltation, which is attributed to an occult power called Mesmerism. Another eminent individual, accustomed for half a century to good living—to the strain of mind and body—to restless, striving, ambitious purposes—to the ever-spurring on of being and intellect up to its highest,—feels his frame break beneath him, seeks relief in drugs, or forgets his ailments in excitement, till nearly shattered; "then he whom the regular physician has sought in vain to reduce to a daily pint of sherry," voluntarily resigns himself to the despotism of the water-cure. He gives up all strong potations abandons business and care of every kind, goes bed early and gets up early, takes exercise, enjoys moderate but satisfactory meals, tumblers of cold water, takes cold baths, poses for hours in a wet sheet.



E. L. Bulwer

Rev. J. Raynor Stephens.

An early friend of Ainsworth who assisted him in his early attempts at theatricals. S M Ellis in his Life of Ainsworth describes him as an erratic Wesleyan Minister, a political agitator, and a leader in the Factory movement.

ARREST OF THE REV. J. R. STEPHENS.

The *Sun* of last night announces the arrest of this notorious personage. On Thursday morning two Bow-street officers arrived in the neighbourhood of Manchester with a warrant from the Secretary of State for his apprehension, and the capture was effected without the least disturbance, or even suspicion, till accomplished. He was conveyed to Worsley for examination, and from this circumstance it is inferred that the arrest is in consequence of some proceedings at Leigh two or three weeks since, on which occasion it is well known that the speech (which has not appeared in any journal) was more than usually violent. It was understood that a preliminary examination would take place yesterday (Friday), when all the Magistrates of the district were summoned to meet. Oastler is in Manchester, and has been in that neighbourhood nearly a fortnight. There is not the least excitement in consequence of the step taken.

My dear Herr,

When am I to hear from you — cannot you enclose a letter in one of my brothers parcels — to let me know how you are — also your views on Methodist Reform — its Position and Prospects.

I have admired some of your late Leaders very much. Those, which I write, such as they are, I place under your inspection, for such correction and emendation as your combined judgment, and superior experience, being on the spot, may direct. You know me well enough to be quite aware that I have no squeamishness on the subject. I write, we amore, to give you a lift by the way — and am always happy to find any thing I do is to your mind.

This is the Crisis with the Advocate. But I think it will weather the storm. A gentleman to whom I sent copies of the appeal for the members of Govt in-

forms me, it has produced a powerful impression.

I hope you are well at home. Give my kind respects to Mrs Hare.

The enclosed has been sent to me from Glossop. You may squeeze the juice of it into a short paragraph for the Wesleyan Methodist Intelligence —

Also that I preached the Sunday School Sermons for my own people at Staley Bridge — a part of the Circuit, a few Sundays ago, in our chapel there and got upwards of £40. The society in that place alone is upwards of 250 — they have a neat chapel — two Sunday schools — and are about to build a very large school —

The whole Circuit is in a very happy and flourishing condition. Wesleyanism, after the Conference ~~tatt~~ kind, will never rear its head again in this neighbourhood.

Believe me

Sydney Hare

Yours truly

Jos. M. Stephens.

Political Dissenter

Polit

Chartist.—Stephens (Joseph Rayner) People's Magazine: a Monthly Journal of Politics, Literature, &c., from June, 1841, to June, 1842, complete, 2 vols in 1, half buckram, £2 10s 1841-42

Mr. Stephens was one of the prime movers of the 10 hours' bill for Factory Children. The Magazine contains many articles of this and kindred subjects. A few may be specialized:—Richard Oastler: his principles and opinions—Malthus, &c., against God, Man, &c.—Workings of the New Poor Laws—Letter to a Chartist, &c.—Socialism—Aristocracy and the People—Children in Workhouses—Chartist's Line of Battle, Cresshook Mill, &c.

91 **Stephens** (J. Rayner) Political Preacher: an Appeal from the Pulpit on behalf of the Poor, an Address delivered at Ashton-under-Lyne, Jan. 6, 1839, 8vo., 5s 1839

A powerful address on the New Poor Law, and the teachings of Malthus.

92 **Stephens** (Joseph Rayner) Life of, by George Jacob Holyoake, *portrait*, post 8vo., cloth, 5s (1881)

Stephens was in the front of the great fight for the Ten Hours' Bill, and was one of the most eloquent orators on the subject.

297 **Economics.**—Stephens (J. Rayner). The Political Preacher: an Address at Ashton-under-Lyne; 8vo., sewed, 2s. 6d. 1839

291 **Stephens** (Joseph Rayner, *Chartist Leader*) Political Christian Pulpit, 4 parts, roy. 8vo., 6s 1839

292 **Stephens** (J. Rayner) Political Preacher: an Appeal from the Pulpit on behalf of the Poor, an Address delivered at Ashton-under-Lyne, Jan. 6, 1839, 8vo, 5s 1839

A powerful address on the New Poor Law, and the teachings of Malthus.

523 **Stephens** (Joseph Rayner) Life of, by George Jacob Holyoake, *portrait*, post 8vo., cloth, 5s (1881)

Stephens was in the front of the great fight for the Ten Hours' Bill, and was one of the most eloquent orators on the subject.

523* **Stephens** (Joseph Rayner) Political Christian Pulpit Sermons, Nos. 1 to 4, delivered at Staley Bridge, roy. 8vo., half roan, 10s 6d 1839

These sermons are principally on the subject nearest the preacher's heart—the Factory Question, with a strong snap of Chartism, and the welfare of the Working Classes, thrown in.

524 **Stephens** (Joseph Rayner) The Political Preacher: an Appeal from the Pulpit on behalf of the Poor, an address delivered at Ashton-under-Lyne, Jan., 1839, 8vo., 4s 6d 1839

Mr. Stephens was one of the great advocates of the Ten Hours' Factory Bill for Children.

1047A **Stephens** (Rev. J. R.). The Unemployed Operatives of Lancashire and the Relief Committees; cr. 8vo., sewed, 2s. Oldham, 1863

1048 **Stephens** (Henry C.). Parochial Self-Government; cr. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 1893

1049 **Stephens** (J. Rayner). The Political Preacher: an Appeal on behalf of the Poor delivered at Ashton-under-Lyne; cr. 8vo., sewed, 1s. 6d. 1839

1050 **Stephens** (W. W.). Higher Life for Working People: Some Social Problems; cr. 8vo., cloth (pub. 3s. 6d.), 1s. 6d. 1899

1051 **Stephens'** Monthly Magazine and Useful Information for the People; Jan. and July, 1840, cr. 8vo., sewed 2s. 6d. Chester, 1840



Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A. Engraved by E.T. Ryall.

Marguerite, Countess of Blessington

Countess of Blessington

Friend of Ainsworth

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Lionel Deerhurst; or, Fashionable Life under the Regency. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.—Recollecting how skilfully Mrs. Gore has rung the changes upon the events of Carlton House and its dependencies and,—thinking that to paint Paris in the last century required less positive knowledge than to picture London thirty years since, (if, at least, we are to frame our standard by our so-called historical novels)—we opened 'Lionel Deerhurst' with some faint hope of there meeting Louis Quinze and "his goodly company," and rioting among the strange adventures and combinations offered by the French capital during a period so rich in anecdote, in vicissitude, and in rumours.—"Blessed are they who expect nothing!" 'Lionel Deerhurst,' we fancy, would hardly have been written had not 'Cecil' pointed the way. Though our Coxcomb may lay bare his own selfishness—by leave of dramatic licence—your Don Juan is generally not given to confess; and the second such autobiography which comes before us must run the risk of being received with as much disbelief as distaste. No living Lionel, at all events, would have sat down to own to the public in how unmanly a wise he destroyed the happiness of Clara and Aigline Tennant. We will allow a Byronic hero to murder one sister,—but two of the same family is *too* much! The best attempt at a character in the book is that of Lord Beletrieve, the elderly *viveur;* but he is one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's stock-figures—and, moreover, has sat to the author of 'Tremaine,' the author of 'Sydenham,' and a score of authors beside. In short, Goodnature's self must pronounce 'Lionel Deerhurst' as "stale, flat, and unprofitable:" and regret to find Lady Blessington's name prefixed.

Blessington, Margaret Power, Countess of, celebrated for her beauty, accomplishments, and literary productions, was born in the county of Waterford in 1789. At the early age of 15 she contracted an ill-fated marriage with Captain Farmer, and after his death the earl of Blessington obtained her hand in 1818. After her marriage she passed several years abroad, and formed an acquaintance with Lord Byron, which enabled her to publish one of her most interesting works, her 'Conversations with Lord Byron.' Soon after her husband's death in 1829 she fixed her residence in London, and there were few literary celebrities, native or foreign, who did not share in the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' for which Gore House will be long remembered. Besides the 'Conversations' above mentioned, Lady Blessington published many novels, besides several works full of personal anecdote, epigram, sentiment, and description, such as 'The Idler in Italy,' 'The Idler in France,' &c. For many years she edited 'The Book of Beauty,' and the 'Keepsake.' Died at Paris, Aug. 1849.

Lady Blessington presents
her compts to Mr Saunders
and incloses the Notes
for Mrs Bentley and
Colburn — It will
always give her great
pleasure to be of any
service in her power
to Mr Saunders —

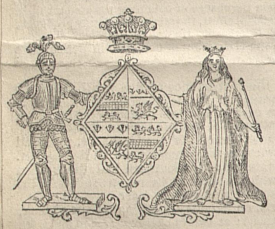
Gore House Decr 8. 1836



THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.



We announce, with regret, the death of this eminent literary peeress. The following details of her Ladyship's biography were communicated by herself a year or two before her death, and are here given in the very words the Countess used:—"Lady Blessington, the second daughter of Edmund Power, Esq., of Curraheen, and Clonea, in the county of Waterford, a Magistrate for the counties of Tipperary and Waterford, who rendered great service to the Government during the Rebellion, descended, by the paternal as well as maternal side, from two very ancient families: the Powers were of French origin, the name, when they settled in Ireland, having been De la Poer; and the Sheehys are of the old Milesian stock, originally possessed of large estates, and very highly connected.

"By Ellen Sheehy, his wife, Edmund Power, Esq., of Curraheen, had seven children, three sons and four daughters: the former were Michael Power, a Captain in the army, who died in the West Indies in 1809; 2. Edmund, who died in childhood; and 3. Robert, late a Captain in the 20th Regiment. The daughters were, 1, Anne, who did not survive infancy; 2. Marguerite, Countess of Blessington; 3. Ellen, married, first in 1810, to John Home Purvis, Esq., son of Sir Alexander Purvis, Bart.; and, secondly, in 1828, to the Right Hon. C. Manners Sutton, afterwards Viscount Canterbury; she and her husband both died in 1845; and, 4th, Mary Anne, married in 1832 to the Count de St. Marsault."

Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, born 1st September, 1789, married, first, 8th March, 1804, Maurice Baggenal Farmer, Esq., of Poplar Hall, and Laurel Grove, co. Kildare, then a Captain in the 47th Regiment; and secondly, 16th February, 1818, Charles John Earl of Blessington, who died in Paris, 25th May, 1829. The following is a list of her Ladyship's principal works, but she wrote besides several illustrated books of poetry, which are not included:—"The Magic Lantern," "Sketches and Fragments," "Tour in the Netherlands," "Conversations with Lord Byron," "The Repealers," "The Two Friends," "The Victims of Society," "The Idler in France," "The Idler in Italy," "The Governess," "Confessions of an Elderly Lady," "Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman," "Desultory Thoughts," "The Belle of a Season," "Lottery of Life, "Meredith," "Strathern," "Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre."

Lady Blessington's husband, Charles John Gardiner, second Viscount Mountjoy, and first Earl of Blessington, in the peerage of Ireland, was born on the 19th July, 1782, and died the 25th May, 1829, without male issue, when his honours became extinct. His union with the late Lady Blessington was his second marriage. His first wife was Mary Campbell, widow of Major William Browne, by whom his Lordship left issue a daughter, the Lady Harriet Anne Frances, who was married, on the 4th Dec., 1827, to Count Alfred D'Orsay, of fashionable and artistic celebrity.

The Countess of Blessington has been for years so prominent in the circles of fashion and literature, that her biography is familiar to all. She has had great and continued popularity as a poet, a novelist, and an essayist. Her life has passed in the society of the most eminent in intellect and rank; her beauty, her taste, and her fascinating manners have been the theme of a hundred writers, and the talk of Europe. After a sojourn of many years in London the Countess lately retired to the Continent. The sale of the furniture and property in her splendid residence in Kensington-Gore is but just concluded, and is, of course, in the knowledge of every one. Her Ladyship had fixed her new abode in Paris, and had taken a house there in the Rue du Cercle. Her rank, the literary fame, and her friendship with the President of the Republic gave the promise of much flattering distinction and social pleasure in the Parisian world of fashion, when the hand of death fell with awful suddenness upon her. She was seized with apoplexy on the morning of the 4th instant, and expired in the afternoon of the same day, in the arms of M. Simon, her homœopathic medical attendant.

The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman. By the Countess of Blessington. Illustrated by six Female Portraits, by E. J. Parris. London, 1836. Longman and Co.

This is a most charming volume,—full of the nice feeling, the keen perception, and the delicate mind of a woman. Lady Blessington seems resolved to try "each mood of the lyre," and prove herself "mistress of all." Certainly an elderly gentleman, who has been in love six times, has done his duty by the female sex. However, the six lovely faces collected by Parris quite warrant the proceeding. Each face has its separate history delightfully done. The fair author has given the vitality of life, and the grace of poetry. First, there is one of those fair and fragile creatures that seem spiritualised by the doom of an early death. Next, a brilliant coquette; then a noble picture of

> "How divine a thing
> A woman may be made."

Then comes one who justifies Moore's lines—

> "But still thou'rt so charming to me,
> I'd rather, my exquisite mother,
> Repose in the twilight of thee,
> Than bask in the noon of another."

The Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. Bentley.

This sprightly novel,—full of sarcastic hits at those whom, scarce fifty years ago, it was thought "low-lived" to approach with the indecorums of ridicule—is a worthy contribution to the series of imaginary memoirs, of which 'The Elderly Gentleman' was one and 'The Elderly Lady' another. It is written in Lady Blessington's pleasantest vein: in its comic portions, not wholly clear of a certain farcical exaggeration; but, whether tears or merriment be the object, manifesting that kindliness of heart and shrewdness of humour, which—happily for this rude world—Trial and Time mellow, in place of destroying. The *animus* of the book is a protest for a juster treatment of those immediately surrounding the Great:—whether it be My Lord's secretary, or My Lady's governess or Abigail. In the career of Stratford, the degree to which a born gentleman and person of honour may be demoralized by fidelity to "the duties of his station" is painfully drawn. The Secretary would gladly pay his own debts, but cannot, owing to his Lord's embarrassments,—and is unable to defend his beautiful wife from the misconstruction and evil rumour thrown round her by the notorious reputation of his patron. Disgrace ensues: then misery—lastly, death to both.

Lady Blessington

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

In the catalogue of the British Museum are the following works by this lady, marked as under:—

Gardiner (Marguerite), Countess of Blessington.
Lionel Deerhurst; edited by the Countess of Blessington, 1840.
The Confessions of an Elderly Lady, 1847.
Country Quarters (originally published in the Lady's Newspaper), 1850.
Marmaduke Herbert; or, the Fatal Error, 1847.
The Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre, 1849.
Sketches and Fragments, 1822.
Conversations of Lord Byron, 1834.
The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman, 1836.
Flowers of Loveliness, 1836.
Provincial publication, London.
Heath's Book of Beauty, 1840.
The Magic Lantern, 1823.
Gems of Beauty, with illustrations in verse, 1836.
The Victims of Society, 1837.
The Idler in Italy, 1839.
Desultory Thoughts and Reflections, 1839.
The Governess, 1839.
The Belle of the Season, 1840.
The Idler in France, 1841.
Lottery of Life, 1842.

48 **BLESSINGTON** (Countess of; *friend of Count d'Orsay, Queen of Gore House*); LITERARY LIFE and CORRESPONDENCE OF, by R. MADDEN [author of "The United Irishmen"], *with fine portraits*, 3 vols, stout 8vo, *original cl., uncut* (SCARCE), 35s 1855

"Early in that year [1835] she moved into Gore House, Kensington, where for thirteen years she gathered around her the most distinguished men of intellect of that time."—*D. N. B.*

EPITAPH ON LADY BLESSINGTON.

WE have received the following from Mr. Walter Savage Landor.—

The honour of literature, and of literary men, never was indifferent to you. Knowing this, I venture to solicit a small, but perhaps undue, place in the *Athenæum*. I find in Miss Power's 'Memoir of Lady Blessington' an epitaph ascribed to me, which a verger or a gravedigger would be ashamed to have written; such are its bald latinity and trivial commonplace. It is only by placing in juxtaposition the true and the fictitious—the favour which I am now requesting—that the reasonableness and the necessity of my appeal will be quite evident.—

The Original.

Infra sepvltvm est id omne qvod sepeliri potest
mvlieris qvondam pvlcherrimæ.
Ingenivm svvm svmmo stvdio colvit,
aliorvm pari adjvvit.
Benefacta sva celare novit; ingenivm non ita.
Erga omneis erat largâ bonitate;
peregrinis eleganter hospitalis.
Venit Lvtetiam Parisiorvm Aprili mense:
qvarto Jvnii die svpremvm svvm obiit.

The Substituted.

Hic est *depositum*
Quod superest mulieris
Quondam pulcherrimæ
Benefacta celare potuit
Ingenium *suum* non potuit
Perigrinos *quoslibet*
Gratâ hospitalitate convocabat
Lutetiæ parisiorum
Ad meliorem vitam abiit
Die IV mensis Junii
MDCCCXLIX.

Permit me, sir, here to remark—not for the observance of such conceited and incorrigible fools as this iconoclast, but for the benefit of other readers and writers of Latin epitaphs—that the word *depositvm*, which occurs in the greater part of them, is not Latin in this signification. To specify all the blunders in this patchwork would be tedious. But, *benefacta celare potvit*, omitting *sva*, and putting *svvm* in the next line, would leave for interpretation that she could conceal another's beneficence, but could not her own talents. The *qvoslibet* would infer that she was not very choice; and the *convocabat* that she sounded a gong to bring people in promiscuously. The last two lines, properly construed, would inform us that she left Gore House for a better life at Par

Your lady readers may perhaps wish to see my English of the epitaph.—

To the Memory of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington.

Underneath is buried all that *could* be buried of a woman once most beautiful. She cultivated her genius with the greatest zeal, and fostered it in others with equal assiduity. The benefits she conferred she could conceal,—her talents not. Elegant in her hospitality to strangers, charitable to all, she retired to Paris in April, and there she breathed her last on the 4th of June 1849.

It may be thought superfluous to remark, that epitaphs have certain qualities in common; for instance, all are encomiastic. The main difference and the main difficulty lie in the expression, since nearly all people are placed on the same level in the epitaph as in the grave. Hence, out of eleven or twelve thousand Latin ones, ancient and modern, I find scarcely threescore in which there is originality or elegance. Pure latinity is not uncommon, and is perhaps as little uncommon in the modern as in the ancient, where certain forms exclude it, to make room for what appeared more venerable. Nothing is now left to be done but to bring forward in due order and just proportions the better peculiarities of character composing the features of the dead, and modulating the tones of grief.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON'S

NOVEL—'COUNTRY QUARTERS.'

With Portrait, and Memoir of her Ladyship, by her Niece, MISS POWER.

"A tale of light-hearted Irish girls and light-heeled rad coats—full of incident."—*Athenæum.*

"This novel is one of the most lively and life-like of the author's productions."—*Literary Gazette.*

"A simple and life-like drama, full of natural scenes painted in every detail from nature."—*Sunday Times.*

"Possesses all those diversified attractions for which the writings of this lady were so eminently popular."
Bell's Messenger.

"We congratulate the novel-loving public on the appearance of a work which will altogether so charm and interest."
Morning Advertiser.

"This novel has a certain healthy air and tone about it that interest the reader greatly. The heroines are women with heart and soul in them."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

"Will be more keenly relished upon a second than upon a first perusal, as many parts of it, like delicately-chiselled gems, improve under close inspection with the lens."
John Bull.

"Let every soldier in 'country quarters' read Lady Blessington's last work; for he will find ample opportunity for testing the truthfulness of her portraits."
United Service Gazette.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Repealers. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. London, 1833. Bentley.

THE novel has of late so enlarged its boundaries and changed the character of its domains, that a good old-fashioned novel-reader of some twenty years since, who, having dreamed away that period, desired to make up for lost time, and sent to the circulating library for some "tale of terror," some "midnight bell," or some "victim of sensibility," would be as much surprised at the altered character of the works now-a-days, as the French absentee who returned from those Indian woods which the Cherokee chiefs made so fashionable for a while in Paris, and found a republic where he left a king,—the people where he left a court,—clubs instead of *fêtes*,—and equality, liberty, and the rights of man, the fixed, which means the passing, principles of the time. The traveller's ideas were not more confounded than would be those of the novel-reader; he would find a thousand demands on his mental faculties, of which he never before dreamed. Instead of the arm-chair, feet-in-slippers, luxurious sort of reading in which he once indulged, he will have politics, philosophy, and metaphysics, &c. &c. keeping him wide awake, out of pure astonishment. The novel-reader must now bargain for what made the staple of letters and essays in former times. Mr. D'Israeli says that the convulsions of states and nations, to which every week brings a new constitution, or at least a trial for one, originates in the change which is now taking place "from feudal to federal principles." The same remark applies with equal truth to the fictitious world: the novel is passing from the hereditary sway of hero and plot, to the republican admixture of all classes of composition, represented by sketches of all sorts and kinds. Lady Blessington's work is constructed on the most innovating principles of the modern school; abounding in dialogue, personalities, and reflections. Story there is none; and this we retain enough of old prejudices to consider a fault, however clever and observant the matter may otherwise be: we are well inclined to admit a very large portion of digression,—a something for after-reading, when the nut of the plot has been cracked;

Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron. By the Countess of Blessington. 12mo. pp. 325. London, 1833. Bentley.

THESE amusing Conversations are now republished in a collected form; a cheaper one would, we think, have been preferable. The present shape of publication is dear in itself, and very dear when compared with the cheap and beautiful productions of Lord Byron's own works. Having already been generally circulated, we shall make no extracts; but only observe, that all the conversations are entertaining, though drawn out to too great a length; and to some of the remarks we cannot do better than apply the Italian proverb—*si non e vero e ven trovato.*

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

GRACE CASSIDY; or, the Repealers.
By the COUNTESS of BLESSINGTON.

"This work is principally remarkable for its delightful sketches of Irish character, which combine all the tact and delicacy of Miss Edgeworth, with all the descriptive power of Banim, and the comic humour of Hook."—*Globe.*

Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

S M Ellis says, "Another writer whom Ainsworth launched on a successful literary career was Caroline Norton, the beautiful granddaughter of R Brinsley Sheridan. Ainsworth acted as her literary adviser, and Mrs Norton's visits to 27, Old Bond St became so frequent and lengthy that, at last, some gossip was whispered on the subject. She was then only twenty, and Ainsworth zealously attended to all her business matters. He arranged the publication of her first book of poems, The Sorrows of Rosalie .... The Sorrows of Rosalie proved successful, and henceforth Mrs Norton was an authoress of repute."



THE LATE LADY STIRLING MAXWELL (HON. MRS. NORTON).

LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, Lady Stirling-Maxwell, generally known as the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the distinguished poetess and novelist, died on the 15th inst. at 10, Upper Grosvenor-street. Her Ladyship, second daughter of Thomas Sheridan, Esq., and granddaughter of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, inherited a large share of the genius of the Sheridans, and very early in life displayed her poetic taste and ability. In 1829 appeared from her pen "The Sorrows of Rosalie," and amongst her numerous productions, both in prose and verse, may be mentioned "The Undying One," a poem, published in 1831; "Wife and Woman's Reward," 1835; "Stuart of Dunleath," 1851; "The Lady of La Garaye," 1861; "Lost and Saved," 1863; and "Old Sir Douglas," 1868. She was married, first, July 30, 1827, to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, Recorder of Guildford, afterwards for many years magistrate at the Lambeth Police Court (who died Feb. 24, 1875), and by him was mother of Thomas Brinsley, present Lord Grantley. The Hon. Mrs. Norton was married, secondly, in March, 1876 (she was his second wife), to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., K.T., of Pollok, Renfrewshire, M.P., Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. Of Mrs. Norton's sisters, the elder, Helen Selina, married, first, the late Lord Dufferin, and, secondly, the Earl of Gifford, and the younger, Jane Georgina, Edward Adolphus, Duke of Somerset, K.G.—A Portrait of Lady Stirling-Maxwell will appear in our next Issue.

Lady Caroline Norton

Friend of Ainsworth

3 NORTON (Hon. Caroline) A.L.s., $3\frac{1}{4}$ pp., 8vo, *a good specimen*, 15s 1862

This is an interesting letter—but I can only give a short passage from it:—"I should be most grateful to you to see Brinsley [her son] and talk to him, and see if he is happy and comfortable, or restless and discontented. Tell him it frets me more for *him* than for *me*, his not writing to me—because I never know what to think if I hear anything by chance."

4 NORTON (Hon. Mrs.) A.L., in the third person, to Mr. Theo. Marzials, in answer to a request from him to be allowed to use some parts of her writings, 3 pp., 8vo, 4s 6d N.D.

5 NORTON (Hon. Mrs.) A.L., in the third person, enquiring as to the character of a servant, 1 p., 8vo, 7s 6d N.D.

It is well known that this lady was Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." I attended the sale of the lady's effects after her death, and amongst other interesting things which I then obtained was a copy of Meredith's first volume of Poems, with an inscription by him.

NORTON, THE HON. MRS. CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH, second daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and granddaughter of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, born about 1808, was brought up by her mother at Hampton Court. From a very early age she exhibited a taste for authorship, and produced the "Dandies' Rout," with illustrations from her own designs. "The Sorrows of Rosalie" appeared in 1829, shortly after her marriage with the Hon. George C. Norton, a brother of Lord Grantley. The union did not prove a happy one. Mr. Norton, who was for many years magistrate at the Lambeth Police Court, died in Feb., 1875. The Hon. Mrs. Norton has written "Wife and Woman's Reward," a novel, 1835; "Dream and other Poems," 1840; "Child of the Islands," a poem, 1846; "Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children," 1848; "Stuart of Dunleath," 1851; "Undying One," a poem, based on the legend of the "Wandering Jew;" "Letter to the Queen on the Marriage and Divorce Bill," 1855; "Lady of La Garaye," 1861; "Lost and Saved," 1863; and "Old Sir Douglas," 1868.

~~Jany 18. 1874~~
3 Chesterfield St
Mayfair
London

Dear Sir

I have sent a very long letter of explanation (instead of a simple letter of introduction) relative to my Grandson Richard Norton arriving in Dresden. —

But I could get no address except "the Picture Gallery" from Sir W. Stirling Maxwell. — therefore I send this note to tell you

The Wife, and Woman's Reward. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1835. Saunders and Otley.

WHAT a strange thing is society in the present time, so complicated in its relations, so hidden, and so false! The greater elements have always been the same—love, hate, ambition, have, from the first, produced their constant consequences of joy, crime, and feverish care. But on the first digging up of the mighty mine, the human heart, the ore lay nearer to the surface, and the after shapes into which it was wrought were of simpler moulding. Now every thing lies down below "full fifty fathom," every thing is intricate, and wears "fantastic seeming which itself is not," and herein consists the charm of what are called "novels of manners." They examine, they dissect, and they unmask. Hence, also, comes the female progress in literature. All writers owe much to their position; and the present is peculiarly favourable to the exercise of feminine talent. Women are rarely great creators, but they are great observers; and when they do think, which they never do in the first instance, they do *not* think the less truly for having, as it were, felt out their way. They now divide society; and much of its false seeming, and more of its suffering, belongs to themselves. Their penetration is equal to its deception, and their knowledge winds through its labyrinth. They are eminently calculated to paint what requires a colour so fine, and an outline so nicely accurate. Mrs. Norton's story is of the present times, and present feelings, and such she is admirably calculated to write. She has grace, tact, perception, and that dramatic power of making the events stand visibly out before the reader, which is the secret of giving interest. We read on, and want to know the end, because the charm of reality is flung over the narrative—the characters have the interest of acquaintance. There are so many passages over which we pause—their truth has come home, through some touch of our own experience, brought unexpectedly before us. The language of dim thought has suddenly been translated into that of actual use. The faults of the present work are mostly those common to all young writers, too many characters are introduced; and there is a tendency to exaggeration: a worse fault is also a sort of affectation of morality—morality that deals in set sentences and denunciations.

Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. With Illustrations by John Absolon. Cundall.

THE many advantages which the rising generation are to have over their fathers begins in the cradle. A class of books intended to take the infant fancy captive by means which the maturer taste need not disdain is rapidly replacing the ancient literature of the nursery; and childhood more advanced has its sympathies cultivated by agencies which, at the same time, are insinuating the foundations of intellectual refinement. If the economy of life is to be begun at its very threshold, the earliest addresses to the human perception should indulge in nothing that the child may have afterwards to unlearn; and the picture-book or toy, while fulfilling its first reasonable condition of entertainment, should contain the principles of taste or the lessons of knowledge. There is nothing in all this too grave for the occasion. The true may be made quite as amusing as the false; and the child begins to appropriate his inferences much sooner than may be commonly suspected. In truth, no one can say how soon—and the safe plan is to keep all pernicious ones out of his way from the hour when his eyes are opened. The "æsthetic" of childhood begins to evolve itself very early.

519 NORTON's (Hon. Mrs.) Lost and Saved, FIRST EDITION, 3 vols, cr. 8vo, half morocco, 12s 6d 1863

Presentation copy, with autograph inscription, "His Excellency Lord Napier, with kind regards and remembrances from the Author." An interesting memorial of a remarkable woman—Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways."

520 NORTON (Mrs.) Life of, by Miss Jane Gray Perkins, *eight portraits*, 8vo, cloth, *back faded*, 2s 6d 1909

The Child of the Islands: a Poem. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Pp. 238. London, Chapman and Hall.

THIS volume is beautifully got up, as the trade phrase is: it is on handsome paper, in handsome type, handsomely embellished, and elegantly bound. The theme is a contrast between the rich and the poor; and in the aristocratic style of its execution it might represent the former class in the book-world, and put quite out of countenance the "million" of cheap, low, and seedy-looking publications by which it will be surrounded on counter, shelf, and stall. So much for externals. The *Child of the Islands* is a poetic title for the Prince of Wales, of whom the accomplished writer says:

"Beautiful royal child, that art to me
Only the sculptured image of a thought;
A type of this world's rank and luxury,
Through whom the poet's lesson may be taught:
The deeds which are by this world's mercy wrought
Lie in the compass of a narrow bound;
Our life's ability,—which is as nought,—
Our life's duration,—which is but a sound,—
And then an echo, heard still faintly lingering round."

And the lesson taught, from the first page to the last, is one worthy of woman's feeling heart, and the author's sympathising genius. She invokes those who are blest with the means, to apply an untiring and well-directed benevolence to the relief of distress. She shews them the blessings they enjoy, and the comforts of their happy destiny; and she earnestly pleads the cause of all who perish for want, be it of physical sustenance or mental instruction. She points out their bounden duties, and justly reproves their neglect or careless and irregular performance of them. Indeed, we are inclined to think that more misery exists from the ignorance of the rightly disposed how best to apply the remedy, than from an unwillingness on their part to help their fellow-creatures; much is given to charity in our land, but much is wasted, and much uncalled-for in consequence of inability to seek out the proper objects and know how to serve them.

"Were you ever thirsty," said a deplorable wretch to a kind-hearted individual who was aiming at his solace;—"were you ever thirsty and without a drop of any thing to drink?"

"No!"

"Were you ever hungry and without a morsel of food to eat?"

"Never!"

"Were you ever a-cold and without a particle of fuel to warm your starving limbs?"

"No, never!"

"Then what can you know of the sufferings of the poor? How can you relieve them?"

In truth, they must be closely inspected, or the worst ills will remain undiscovered, and the best of bounties be thrown away upon the undeserving.—But to return to Mrs. Norton.

Her poem is divided into the four seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; in each of which she takes desultory views of various descriptions of poverty, and from them warmly inculcates friendly and philanthropic principles to prompt the powerful in their exertions, and to encourage gratitude in the weak who experience the benefit. The first four stanzas of the opening will exhibit the poetical structure and merit of the composition:

"Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?
What life so wretched, but that, at its birth,
Some heart rejoiced—some lip in gladness smiled?
The poorest cottager, by love beguiled,
Greets his new burden with a kindly eye;
He knows his son must toil as he hath toiled:
But cheerful Labour, standing patient by,
Laughs at the warning shade of meagre Poverty!

The pettiest squire who holds his bounded sway
In some far nook of England's fertile ground,
Keeps a high jubilee the happy day
Which bids the bonfires blaze, the joy-bells sound,
And the small tenantry come flocking round,
While the old steward triumphs to declare
The mother's suffering hour with safety crowned;
And then, with reverent eyes, and grey locks bare,
Falters—'God bless the boy!' his master's son and heir!

The youthful couple, whose sad marriage-vow
Received no sanction from a haughty sire,

IV.

THE DREAM AND OTHER POEMS.

By the Hon. MRS. NORTON.

Dedicated to the DUCHESS of SUTHERLAND.

1 vol. with fine Portrait of the Author, from a Painting by E. Landseer, R.A.

V.

32 NORTON (Hon. Mrs.) A Letter to the Queen on Lord Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill, FIRST EDITION, 8vo, wrappers, pp. 156, 2s 6d 1855

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rs:—
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, and I never the worse.'"

The death of Cromwell* restored the monarchy; and the religious differences in Scotland, the wars and persecutions of the covenant, &c. occupy the remainder of the second volume, with which we shall now conclude.

Receiving the publication at a very late hour, we have only to repeat that it seems to us to be fully equal to its precursor, and even more fitted to fix the attention and stamp the memory of the young with the leading facts of Scottish history. To all ages, indeed, it will furnish interesting reading. Three portraits, Montrose, Dundee, and Fletcher of Saltoun, grace the frontispieces, and three very clever vignettes by Lizars farther embellish these charming tomes.

The Sorrows of Rosalie. 12mo. pp. 184. London, 1828. Ebers and Co.

This is a very modest, very unassuming, and very beautiful little volume. The fair author has an hereditary claim to talent, for she is, we understand, the daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan; and she has a personal claim to admiration and notice, as a woman of no ordinary beauty, and moving in no secondary sphere. It is rarely that youth, beauty, and fashion, form the mould of a poetess; the influence of the latter two, indeed, is generally adverse. But here, though the writer has had to contend with the inexperience of youth, with the injudicious and mind-blighting adulation that is entailed on beauty, and with the distraction of fashionable life,—the seeds of poetry have found in her heart a congenial soil, and have sprung up and flourished, with some of the irregularity perhaps, but with all the freshness and fragrance, of the spontaneous wild flowers of the field and the valley.

There is nothing very intricate in the story of the *Sorrows of Rosalie*, which comprise the bulk of the volume;—it is the simple narration of a tale which has been told again and again, and which is too often and too truly a tale of real life. Rosalie, won by the artful blandishments of her lover, Arthur, is by him persuaded to leave her aged father, and is awhile deluded by promises of marriage, which ultimately terminate in her desertion by the worthless being who has insnared her affections. She seeks her betrayer in London, with her child; is repulsed with coldness and cruelty; encounters all the misery of want, and at length of famine, added to the pangs of remorse. She returns to her father's house;—it is his no longer,—nothing of him remains but his memory and his tomb. Maddened by the wants of a starving child, she is driven to a dishonest act; is taken, imprisoned, tried, and acquitted. Her child dies in prison; and after a temporary insanity, the result of her distresses, she finds refuge in a remote part of the country,—there to weep and lament over her errors, and seek, in prayer and thoughts of a better future, a solace for the miseries of the present.

These slender materials have been worked into a tale of intense and Crabbe-like pathos; and we hasten to select such portions as our limits admit of this poem and the miscellaneous ones which fill up the volume.

In the following stanzas Rosalie describes her attention to her father in her innocent days.

"Each morn, before the dew was brushed away,
When the wide world was hushed in deep repose,—
When only flowerets hailed the early day,
I gathered many a diamond-spangled rose,
And many a simple bud that wildly blows;
Then, quick returning to my father's bed,
Before his heavy eyelids could unclose,
I shook away the tears that Nature shed,
And placed them with a kiss beside his slumbering head

My father!—still I see thy silvery hairs
Uplifted gently by the evening breeze,
That placid brow, furrow'd with many cares,
The Bible resting on thy aged knees,
Thine eyes that watch'd the sunset through the trees,
The while I read aloud that holy book,
Or brought wild flowers with childish zeal to please,
Culled by the mossy bank or running brook,
And guess'd thine every wish and feeling from a look.

And oh! my childhood's home was lovelier far
Than all the stranger homes where I have been;
It seem'd as if each pale and twinkling star
Loved to shine out upon so fair a scene;
Never were flowers so sweet, or fields so green,
As those that wont that lonely cot to grace.
If, as tradition tells, this earth has seen
Creatures of heavenly form and angel race,
They might have chosen that spot to be their dwelling-place."

How characteristic of woman are the feelings of affectionate regret expressed towards even a deceiver and a betrayer once loved!

"Oh! still the charm clings round my broken heart
With which his early love its cords had bound;
In vain I bid his imaged form depart,
For when I pray, with sad and fault'ring sound,
His name is on my lips,—and, hov'ring round,
He, the young Arthur of my happy days,
Stands on some green and flow'ry spot of ground,
With sunny smile and bright enraptur'd gaze,
Greeting me kindly still with visionary praise."

And again—

"Oh thou! though faithless, still too dearly loved,
When I remember that short year of bliss—
That sunny dream of love, as yet unmoved—
The transient tear chased by thy tender kiss,
I marvel how I *can* be sunk to *this*.
I see thee still in dreams, and deem, in sooth,
I hear thy voice, and watch no word to miss;
I see those eyes all tenderness and truth—
Alas! I wake in vain to mourn my blighted youth.

It was not like the happiness I knew
When in my first sweet home of peaceful rest—
'Twas joy, or agony—each feeling grew
Wild, stormy, and tumultuous in my breast,
Though every wish was granted soon as guess'd;
Though I had all for which the happiest sigh,
There was one thought—deep, silent, unexpress'd,
Which called the unbidden tear-drop to mine eye,—
A thought of *him I left*—a thought of days gone by!"

Probably there are few mental pains equal to that felt by a spirit loving purity, which has been once betrayed to evil, under the contempt of those of its own class yet innocent. A passage which we extract touchingly expresses this feeling.

"It was a summer evening, soft and warm;
I gazed upon the heaven, blue and clear,
From out my little lattice window; near
Was Arthur standing—and the woodbine, climbing,
Shed a wild fragrance round—when on my ear
Fell a sweet sound of distant church-bells chiming,
And onward came young forms, their steps to music timing.

Alas! that day—I oped the casement wide,
And watched that gay group with a smiling face—
It was a village wedding; and the bride,
Rosy and rich in all youth's blooming grace,
Came lightly on, past this my fairy place;
Nearer and nearer still I saw them glide—
She turned, half startled, as she heard me rise;
When some grave matron, walking by her side,
Whispered her—slowly she withdrew her eyes,
With a sad farewell glance of pity and surprise!

Silent she pass'd, last of the white-robed train—
Oh! there was something in her pitying look,
Mingled with dread, that thrill'd my heart with pain;
My proud and sinful spirit could not brook
To see those gay ones, as their way they took,
With half-suppressed contempt in every eye;
Tear after tear in vain away I shook,
As all, with downcast glance, went slowly by,
As if they *felt*, not *saw*, some evil thing was nigh.

Burst the convulsive sob from out my breast!
On Arthur's arm I leant my throbbing brow:
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart,
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my heart,
Then, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoff'd to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn 'the world' would take—
Thou gavest me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words, and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin, could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn."

Looking at the principal poem, *The Dream*, we may observe critically that it could have been much improved by verbal polish,—to make its thoughts "ne'er so well expressed" by any former writer; and that as a whole it is deficient in interest though not in moral aim. It is, in short, a very desultory essay on the imaginary and real happiness which this world may afford; and treated in a manner which is less impressive altogether than it is poetical, and beautiful in passages and parts. Wandering from theme to theme, the general effects of good and of evil dreams are well painted; but the sterner realities of life call forth more of the poet's art and force. Thus the lover met by his adored:—

Oh! dear to him, to all, since first the flowers
Of happy Eden's consecrated bowers
Heard the low breeze along the branches play,
And God's voice bless the cool hour of the day.
For though that glorious Paradise be lost,
Though earth by blighting storms be roughly cross'd,
Though the long curse demands the tax of sin,
And the day's sorrows with the day begin,
That hour, once sacred to God's presence, still
Keeps itself calmer from the touch of ill,
The holiest hour of earth. Then toil doth cease—
Then from the yoke the oxen find release—
Then man rests pausing from his many cares,
And the world teems with children's sunset prayers!
Then innocent things seek out their natural rest,
The babe sinks slumbering on its mother's breast;
The birds beneath their leafy covering creep,
Yea, even the flowers fold up their buds in sleep;
And angels, floating by, on radiant wings,
Hear the low sounds the breeze of evening brings,
Catch the sweet incense as it floats along,
The infant's prayer, the mother's cradle-song,
And bear the holy gifts to worlds afar,
As things too sacred for this fallen star."

Here is another charming morsel:—

"Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!—
Holy as Heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years,—
The only love which on this teeming earth
Asks no return from Passion's wayward birth;
The only love that, with a touch divine,
Displaces from the heart's most secret shrine
The idol Self."

A tribute to her mother does honour to the author's heart:—

"Oft, since that hour, in sadness I retrace
My childhood's vision of thy calm sweet face;
Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded
In thy black weeds, and coif of widow's wo;
Thy dark expressive eyes all dim and clouded
By that deep wretchedness the lonely know:
Stifling thy grief, to hear some weary task
Conn'd by unwilling lips, with listless air,
Hoarding thy means, lest future need might ask
More than the widow's pittance then could spare.
Hidden, forgotten by the great and gay,
Enduring sorrow, not by fits and starts,
But the long self-denial, day by day,
Alone amidst thy brood of careless hearts!
Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain
The young rebellious spirits crowding round,
Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain,
And could not comfort—yet had power to wound!
Ah! how my selfish heart, which since hath grown
Familiar with deep trials of its own,
With riper judgment looking to the past,
Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,
Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,
And darkens every folly into crime!"

Our next quotation, though a brief, is a striking comparison:—

"For oh! though Fancy change our mortal lot,
And rule our slumbers, Conscience sleepeth not;
That strange sad dial, by its own true light,
Points to our thoughts, how dark soe'er the night

taste and feeling, and confirm her fame in the eminence on which her earliest effusions placed it. That she should have endured sorrows, which impart a tone of suffering and complaint to her compositions, we sincerely regret; and we only notice the circumstance because it is impossible to dissociate much of this volume from her personal story and consequent distress of mind. It is not for us, however, to dwell on these matters,—we respect the griefs of Genius wherever we discover them; and how much more must we do so when we find them planted as with a dagger in the breast of beauty, and the sex least formed to endure either wrong or hardship?

The dedication to the Duchess of Sutherland is so descriptive of the subject to which we have thus reservedly alluded, that we will venture to extract a few of its stanzas:—

"And unto Thee—the beautiful and pure—
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dulness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furl'd;
To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embitter'd youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,
In days when Poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starr'd,
Cheer'd by some castle's chief, and harbour'd long;
Not Scott's 'Last Minstrel,' in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise!

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent,
But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—

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* The following is a remarkable anecdote of his son:—"Some lawsuit of importance required that Richard Cromwell should appear in the King's Bench Court. After his appearance in court, Richard Cromwell's curiosity carried him to the House of Peers, where he stood below the bar, looking around him, and making observations on the alterations which he saw. A person who heard a decent-looking old man speaking in this way, said to him civilly, 'It is probably a long while, sir, since you have been in this house?' 'Not since I sat in that chair,' answered the old gentleman, pointing to the throne, on which he had been, indeed, seated as sovereign, when, more than fifty years before, he received the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, on his succeeding to his father in the supreme power."

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The death of Cromwell* restored the monarchy; and the religious differences in Scotland, the wars and persecutions of the covenant, &c. occupy the remainder of the second volume, with which we shall now conclude.

Receiving the publication at a very late hour, we have only to repeat that it seems to us to be fully equal to its precursor, and even more fitted to fix the attention and stamp the memory of the young with the leading facts of Scottish history. To all ages, indeed, it will furnish interesting reading. Three portraits, Montrose, Dundee, and Fletcher of Saltoun, grace the frontispieces, and three very clever vignettes by Lizars farther embellish these charming tomes.

The Sorrows of Rosalie. 12mo. pp. 184. London, 1828. Ebers and Co.

THIS is a very modest, very unassuming, and very beautiful little volume. The fair author has an hereditary claim to talent, for she is, we understand, the daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan; and she has a personal claim to admiration and notice, as a woman of no ordinary beauty, and moving in no secondary sphere. It is rarely that youth, beauty, and fashion, form the mould of a poetess; the influence of the latter two, indeed, is generally adverse. But here, though the writer has had to contend with the inexperience of youth, with the injudicious and mind-blighting adulation that is entailed on beauty, and with the distraction of fashionable life,—the seeds of poetry have found in her heart a congenial soil, and have sprung up and flourished, with some of the irregularity perhaps, but with all the freshness and fragrance, of the spontaneous wild flowers of the field and the valley.

There is nothing very intricate in the story of the *Sorrows of Rosalie*, which comprise the bulk of the volume;—it is the simple narration of a tale which has been told again and again, and which is too often and too truly a tale of real life. Rosalie, won by the artful blandishments of her lover, Arthur, is by him persuaded to leave her aged father, and is awhile deluded by promises of marriage, which ultimately terminate in her desertion by the worthless being who has insnared her affections. She seeks her betrayer in London, with her child; is repulsed with coldness and cruelty; encounters all the misery of want, and at length of famine, added to the pangs of remorse. She returns to her father's house;—it is his no longer,—nothing of him remains but his memory and his tomb. Maddened by the wants of a starving child, she is driven to a dishonest act; is taken, imprisoned, tried, and acquitted. Her child dies in prison; and after a temporary insanity, the result of her distresses, she finds refuge in a remote part of the country,—there to weep and lament over her errors, and seek, in prayer and thoughts of a better future, a solace for the miseries of the present.

These slender materials have been worked into a tale of intense and Crabbe-like pathos; and we hasten to select such portions as our limits admit of this poem and the miscellaneous ones which fill up the volume.

In the following stanzas Rosalie describes her attention to her father in her innocent days.

"Each morn, before the dew was brushed away,
When the wide world was hushed in deep repose,—
When only flowerets hailed the early day,
I gathered many a diamond-spangled rose,
And many a simple bud that wildly blows;
Then, quick returning to my father's bed,
Before his heavy eyelids could unclose,
I shook away the tears that Nature shed,
And placed them with a kiss beside his slumbering head

My father!—still I see thy silvery hairs
Uplifted gently by the evening breeze,
That placid brow, furrow'd with many cares,
The Bible resting on thy aged knees,
Thine eyes that watch'd the sunset through the trees,
The while I read aloud that holy book,
Or brought wild flowers with childish zeal to please,
Culled by the mossy bank or running brook,
And guess'd thine every wish and feeling from a look.

And oh! my childhood's home was lovelier far
Than all the stranger homes where I have been;
It seem'd as if each pale and twinkling star
Loved to shine out upon so fair a scene;
Never were flowers so sweet, or fields so green,
As those that wont that lonely cot to grace.
If, as tradition tells, this earth has seen
Creatures of heavenly form and angel race,
They might have chosen that spot to be their dwelling-place."

How characteristic of woman are the feelings of affectionate regret expressed towards even a deceiver and a betrayer once loved!

"Oh! still the charm clings round my broken heart
With which his early love its cords had bound;
In vain I bid his imaged form depart,
For when I pray, with sad and fault'ring sound,
His name is on my lips,—and, hov'ring round,
He, the young Arthur of my happy days,
Stands on some green and flow'ry spot of ground,
With sunny smile and bright enraptur'd gaze,
Greeting me kindly still with visionary praise."

And again—

"Oh thou! though faithless, still too dearly loved,
When I remember that short year of bliss—
That sunny dream of love, as yet unmoved—
The transient tear chased by thy tender kiss,
I marvel how I *can* be sunk to *this*.
I see thee still in dreams, and deem, in sooth,
I hear thy voice, and watch no word to miss;
I see those eyes all tenderness and truth—
Alas! I wake in vain to mourn my blighted youth.

It was not like the happiness I knew
When in my first sweet home of peaceful rest—
'Twas joy, or agony—each feeling grew
Wild, stormy, and tumultuous in my breast,
Though every wish was granted soon as guess'd;
Though I had all for which the happiest sigh,
There was one thought—deep, silent, unexpress'd,
Which called the unbidden tear-drop to mine eye,—
A thought of *him I left*—a thought of days gone by!"

Probably there are few mental pains equal to that felt by a spirit loving purity, which has been once betrayed to evil, under the contempt of those of its own class yet innocent. A passage which we extract touchingly expresses this feeling.

"It was a summer evening, soft and warm;
I gazed upon the heaven, blue and clear,
From out my little lattice window; near
Was Arthur standing—and the woodbine, climbing,
Shed a wild fragrance round—when on my ear
Fell a sweet sound of distant church-bells chiming,
And onward came young forms, their steps to music timing.

Alas! that day—I oped the casement wide,
And watched that gay group with a smiling face—
It was a village wedding; and the bride,
Rosy and rich in all youth's blooming grace,
Came lightly on, past this my fairy place;
Nearer and nearer still I saw them glide—
She turned, half startled, as she heard me rise;
When some grave matron, walking by her side,
Whispered her—slowly she withdrew her eyes,
With a sad farewell glance of pity and surprise!

Silent she pass'd, last of the white-robed train—
Oh! there was something in her pitying look,
Mingled with dread, that thrill'd my heart with pain;
My proud and sinful spirit could not brook
To see those gay ones, as their way they took,
With half-suppressed contempt in every eye;
Tear after tear in vain away I shook,
As all, with downcast glance, went slowly by,
As if they *felt*, not *saw*, some evil thing was nigh.

Burst the convulsive sob from out my breast!
On Arthur's arm I leant my throbbing brow;

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* The following is a remarkable anecdote of his son:—"Some lawsuit of importance required that Richard Cromwell should appear in the King's Bench Court. After his appearance in court, Richard Cromwell's curiosity carried him to the House of Peers, where he stood below the bar, looking around him, and making observations on the alterations which he saw. A person who heard a decent-looking old man speaking in this way, said to him civilly, 'It is probably a long while, sir, since you have been in this house?' 'Not since I sat in that chair,' answered the old gentleman, pointing to the throne, on which he had been, indeed, seated as sovereign, when, more than fifty years before, he received the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, on his succeeding to his father in the supreme power."

'And did I then forsake my home of rest
To be so scorn'd, so shunn'd, so hated now?
Oh! take me back where my own flowers still blow,
Where the beloved ones I left are dwelling;
Let me but see them *once* before I go
To that far land where none my sins are telling,
For strong against my breast this breaking heart is swelling.'"

The love of her child is, truly to nature, her predominant feeling.

"Oh, beauteous were my baby's dark blue eyes,
Evermore turning to his mother's face,
So dove-like soft, yet bright as summer skies;
And pure his cheek as roses, ere the trace
Of earthly blight or stain their tints disgrace.
O'er my loved child enraptured still I hung;
No joy in life could those sweet hours replace,
When by his cradle low I watched and sung;
While still in memory's ear his father's promise rung."

"Long, long I wept with weak and piteous cry
O'er my sweet infant, in its rosy bloom,
As memory brought my hours of agony
Again before my mind;—I mourned his doom;
I mourned my own: the sunny little room
In which, oppressed by sickness, now I lay,
Weeping for sorrows past, and woes to come,
Had been my own in childhood's early day.
Oh! could those years indeed so soon have passed away!

Past, as the waters of the running brook;
Fled, as the summer winds that fan the flowers!
All that remained, a word—a tone—a look,
Impressed, by chance, in those bright joyous hours;
Blossoms which, culled from youth's light fairy bowers,
Still float with lingering scent, as loath to fade,
In spite of sin's remorseless 'whelming powers,
Above the wreck which time and grief have made,
Nursed with the dew of tears, though low in ruin laid."

We have partly selected these passages: if not the best in the book, they will shew the truth and feeling that pervade the whole. We have hardly room for a specimen of the many fugitive pieces which conclude the volume.

"Slow rippling in the zephyr's breath,
The murmuring waters flow beneath;
Warm glows the sun—sweet breathes the air;
Why are these scenes, though bright and fair,
To me a dreary wilderness?
Linda Alhaya! canst thou guess?

Why do I gaze on flowerets blue
Which rival heaven's own matchless hue,
And wander by their native stream,
Though it to other eyes may seem
Unworthy of my constancy?
Linda Alhaya! tell me why?

Why do I gaze on them, and smile,
Then sit me down and weep awhile?
Sadly, but fond, as they recalled
Something which held my heart enthralled:
Then slowly wend my weary way?
Linda Alhaya! canst thou say?

Linda Alhaya hears me not—
Linda Alhaya has forgot
That e'er her starry path I crossed,
Where every end but joy was lost.
And hast thou lost all thought of me,
Linda Alhaya! can it be?

Not so have I of *thee*, sweet maid—
Deep in my heart my love is laid;
Scentless and withered each flower to me—
Leafless and scathed each towering tree:
Oh, Linda Alhaya, canst thou not guess?
Thou wert my rose of the wilderness!

Linda Alhaya! those flowerets blue
Match not thine eye's soft liquid hue;
But they the self-same language hold,
Waving above those waters cold;
And as we parted on this spot,
They said, 'Farewell, forget me not!'

Those flowers may bud, and bloom, and die,
Above the brook that wanders by;
And while they live, their blossoms seem
Reflected in its silver stream;
But when rude Time the buds shall sever,
Their images are fled for ever.

Oh! thus shall it ne'er be with *me*
While I have breath and memory;
The stream of life may swell its tide—
Thy image still secure will bide!
My faithful heart in death shall tell,
Linda Alhaya, I loved thee well."

"When the sun is shining brightly on a blithesome summer's day,
While others dance and sing, I think on him who's far away;
Amid the gay I wander on, as sad as sad can be—
Oh! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me?*

When the evening shadows fall, love, and silence reigns around,
And the weeping flowers shake the sparkling dew-drops on the ground;
When the pale moon shines so mournfully upon the land and lea—
Oh! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me?*

And when the night is come, love, and the weary sun is set,
While others sleep, my constant eyes with tears the pillow wet,
I rest in vain my aching head, where none my grief may see—
Oh! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me?*

And when other suitors come, love, to tempt with smiles and gold,
And tell me that thy heart for me is passionless and cold,
I turn in scorn and grief away, and say it cannot be—
When I *always* think of *you*, love, sure you sometimes think of *me!*"

"Oh! could I come when fays have power,
And Sleep o'er mortals holds her sway,
There, in that silent moonlight hour,
I'd steal thy fickle heart away;
I'd bear it far, where none might see,
True constancy from mine to learn;
And still, while it remained with me,
'Twould be a pledge for thy return.

But oh! where shall I seek that heart
Which thousands claim, but none may keep?
The gift which daylight sees depart,
Is it resumed before thy sleep?
Shall I seek out each beauteous maid
Who o'er thee held a transient sway?
In vain—where'er thy heart was laid,
Her tears have washed the trace away.

Then must I sit within my bower,
Unwitting where the prize to find,
And smile as each successive hour
Sees changing still thy wavering mind;
And still repeat the wish in vain,
That thou wouldst live for me alone—
Or that to ease each maiden's pain
Thy cruel power to please were gone."

We wish we could give some beautiful lines "To a Child;" but they are too long to extract entire, and to mutilate them would be an injury to their beauty. For the same reason we omit "Music's Power:" but we must insert the following verses — they are as simple as they are alive to feeling. Perhaps they will be admired only by a few, for they are not in the popular style.

"I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me—
And often in my solitude I sigh—
That those I *do* love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

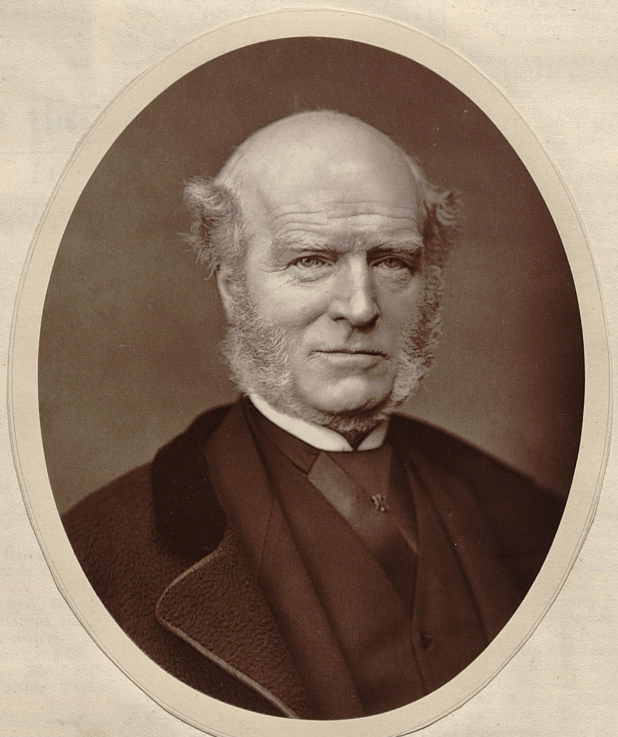
I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue—
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I *know* I do not love thee! yet, alas!
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art."

Poetry in abundance has come under our cognizance of late, but none which holds out a fairer promise of excellence than that of the beautiful and unsophisticated authoress whose work we have just noticed.

Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia: including a Journey from Bagdad by Mount Zagros, to Hamadan, the Ancient Ecbatana; Researches in Ispahan and the Ruins of Persepolis, and Journey from thence by Shiraz and Shapoor, to the Sea-Shore; Description of Bussorah, Bushire, Bahrein, Ormuz, and Muscat; Narrative of an Expedition against the Pirates of the Persian Gulf, Illustrations of the Voyage of Nearchus, and Passage by the Arabian Sea to Bombay. 4to. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

A NEW volume of Mr. Buckingham's Travels has just issued from the press, containing the account of his journey from Bagdad to Bombay, by the Persian route of Kermanshah, Hamadan, Ispahan, Shiraz, and Bushire, and thence



Tom Brown's School-days.

By AN OLD BOY.

With Eighty Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan.

Thomas Hughes Q.C.

Letter relating to The Scouring of the White Horse and its republication. Friend of Ainsworth

To publish such a book as *Gone to Texas:* edited by Thomas Hughes (Macmillan and Co.) was a very happy thought. It is just the sort of volume that is often desired and seldom obtained. The contents of the volume are, for the most part, the pure, unadulterated, unmollified letters of three brothers, good specimens of "our boys," who went out to Texas to seek their fortunes, and of their sister Madge, who paid them a visit, and, scorning to be treated as a "young lady" for whom accommodation had been found in a neighbouring farm-house, insisted upon roughing it with her young brothers in their camp. The letters are "awfully" good, and more instructive than a sermon, a lecture, and an essay, all rolled into one; and the best of it is that they were not "written for publication," but without the slightest idea that they would ever "get into print." At the time when the eldest brother started on his venture, it was customary in the Northern States of the American Union to use the term "G. T. T.," which stands for "Gone to Texas," to describe the fate of a youngster who, as we have it, had "gone to the dogs;" and our Transatlantic cousins may still apply the words in the same sense. It is quite plain, however, that an English youth of the right sort, not inclined to "drift away to the gambling and drinking saloons," may go to Texas without going to the dogs, though he may have to work like a "navvy" before he can make more than a bare livelihood. But the work is manly and healthy, and tends to the possession of a sound mind in a sound body.

The announcement of the death of Judge Hughes, Q.C., has caused very general regret. His name will be always inseparably associated with that most delightful of all books on schoolboy life: "Tom Brown's Schooldays, by An Old Boy," which deals with Rugby as it existed under Dr. Arnold's rule. Thomas Hughes, or as he was commonly called "Tom" Hughes, was the second son of Mr. John Hughes, of Donnington Priory, Newbury, and was born at Uffington, Berks., his grandfather being vicar of that parish. In 1830 he was sent to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and about three years later he went to Rugby, whence he afterwards proceeded to Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1845. In January, 1848, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. He was one of the members for Lambeth in Parliament from 1865-68. In the latter year he was returned for Frome, which borough he represented till January, 1874; and in that year he retired from Parliamentary life. He was a Liberal in politics, but severed himself from Mr. Gladstone on the question of Home Rule. In 1869 he took silk; and thirteen years later he was appointed a County Court Judge. He was a staunch adherent of the Church, and took a deep interest in religious matters—an interest which is shown in the title of one of his books, "The Old Church: What shall we do with it?"

COUNTY COURT OFFICES

Ashton under Lyne.

15. 6. 1893.

Dear Sir

Thanks for your note. 'The Scouring of the White Horse' owes a good deal more to my old friend Dicky Doyle's illustrations than to my literary salad. The story was left unfinished until 2 years ago when I added a tail piece & some padding at the suggestion of Messrs Macmillan for a new Edition. It is now printed with 'the Ashen faggot', a West Country Xmas story in one Vol. Always yours very truly

Thos Hughes

J Hutchinson Esqre

The Trades Unions of England. By M. le Comte de Paris. Translated by Nassau J. Senior, M.A., edited by Thomas Hughes, M.P. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) The grandson and heir of King Louis Philippe has wisely employed the leisure of his residence at Twickenham in studying the political and social institutions of Great Britain. The little book here translated into English was published in French six months ago, and has already passed through several editions. It is the best summary and outline that has yet appeared of the information lately obtained by the Royal Commission on Trades Unions, which fills a heap of Bluebooks, as well as the previous judicial inquiries at Sheffield and Manchester in 1867, respecting the infamous practices of several of the local trades unions, more especially among the sawgrinders and scissors-grinders of the former place and the brickmakers of the latter neighbourhood. Though nothing can be more certain than that the ordinary conduct of trades unions throughout the whole country is quite free from the reproach of any connivance at such outrages, and that they are not addicted in general to any kind of physical-force intimidation, it has needed the exercise of a candid and impartial judgment to admit the claim of those associations to be tolerated by law. It is Mr. Hughes, late M.P. for Lambeth, now M.P. for Frome, who deserves the chief praise of having contributed to the fair settlement of this question. The different conclusions arrived at by two distinct parties among the members of the Royal Commission of Inquiry will ultimately form the bases of discussion in Parliament with respect to the degree and mode in which it may be advisable to extend to trades unions the facilities of legal and official protection bestowed on the Friendly Societies. But all persons whose opinion has any weight are now agreed in thinking it necessary to recognise the fact of their existence as a condition of manufacturing industry which cannot be suppressed, and which may, in the end, be turned to some really beneficial purpose. The experience of the boards of arbitration, promoted by Mr. Rupert Kettle, Judge of the Worcestershire County Court, and the boards of conciliation, half employers and half workmen, established in the Nottingham hosiery trade by Mr. Mundella, M.P. for Sheffield, has proved that the organisation of trades unions is a step from which there is an easy advance to the institution of convenient means of mutual accommodation with regard to the terms of labour. It has indeed been found, as we learn from Mr. Mundella's evidence, that the trades unions themselves have furnished the most valuable aid to the creation of those institutions, now representing all the employers in the trade and district, with 20,000 workmen, whose authority for the regulation of wages and prices has obtained the happiest results. We also hear, on the other hand, of a system of industrial partnership, on the principle adopted by Messrs. Briggs and Co., in the Whitwood collieries at Normanton, and by Messrs. Crossley and Co., the great manufacturers at Halifax, who have granted to their workpeople, on certain conditions, the option of taking shares bearing a dividend of profits, instead of an augmentation of wages. It seems very doubtful to us whether this scheme will ever be made generally acceptable to either of the parties concerned, except in some particular sorts of work, and under peculiar local conditions. But that its advocates now look for the assistance of the trades unions in the execution of their project was plainly declared at the Birmingham Congress last week; and this circumstance will tend to raise the importance of the subject here examined. The well-timed essay of his Royal Highness the Comte de Paris will therefore command its due share of public attention. His own conclusions are nearly identical with those of Mr. W. T. Thornton, in his thoughtful and judicious book "On Labour," published last year by Macmillan, which has been noticed in this Journal. He expects that trade unionism, as an expression of the partial interest of the labourers antagonistic to the capitalists, will ultimately be superseded by the association of both their interests through some modified introduction of the co-operative principle, without thereby involving a complete revolution of the commercial direction of productive industry.

It is stra[illegible] how strong a hold a thoroughly hearty, healthy English book takes on the reading public. Here we have *Tom Brown's School Days, by an Old Boy*, already at a third edition,—an honour which it has attained, not from the interest of the story — for, as to mere story, the writer might answer with Canning's Knifegrinder, "Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir,"—but by the plain, simple, unpretending style in which the writer has described the every-day life of an English public school-boy,—a straightforward, honest boy, who naturally looks upon a lie or a meanness as a thing to be hated and despised, and upon whose simple truthful nature higher motives and principles are readily grafted by wise and loving hands. At the present moment, when attempts are making to bring English educational systems into closer resemblance with those of Germany, a book like this, written for boys — and which no boy can read without exquisite delight, and without being the wiser and the better — is indeed doing good service in support of a system which has done so much to make the English character what it is. Judge the two systems by their fruits, and who that is wise would desire a change? But we are running away from the book, of which we can say no more than that it is really a *Boy's own Book*, and that we can pay the author no higher compliment, than to express a hope that, as he has given us his account of Brown, he will soon give us like biographies of Smith, Jones, and Robinson.

Tom Brown at Oxford. By the Author of 'Tom Brown's School-Days.' 3 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

It was an unfortunate day for Mr. Hughes when the success of 'Tom Brown's School-Days' induced him to enter the lists as a novelist. The popularity of that capital story for schoolboys was due to causes distinct from the purely literary capabilities of the writer. Though it possessed none of the highest qualities of fiction, 'Tom Brown's School-Days' was a vivid picture of the brighter side of a schoolboy's life under Dr. Arnold. A fresh, hearty, honest tone pervaded its pages; and fathers who bought the book for their children, and turned over its leaves before giving it to the young people, were charmed with the sunny reminiscences it presented them of long-forgotten interests in days, about which men always love to romance as they advance in years. The tale gave a pleasant fillip to the memory of Paterfamilias,—and the praise he awarded it over the dinner-table was the language of gratitude, not tempered by discretion. The 'School-Days' had also points that strongly recommended it to the ordinary run of ladies, inasmuch as it praised Dr. Arnold, and displayed in an agreeable light those public schools, to which their curly-pated urchins are consigned on emancipation from the nursery. Boys, of course, approved it, in consideration of the countenance it gave to manly sports, spiced with just a little playground ruffianism. Again, in appealing to the school-pride of Rugby men, powerful beyond other public schools amongst professional writers, it secured a strong hold on those who were, in due course, required to speak critically on its merits. No one, however, grudged the book its success; for it possessed so much sterling merit, that had its author been content with his one rich harvest of honour, he might, as "single-work Hughes," have sustained to the last the enthusiasm of admirers eloquent about the great things he could do an he would. It is solely to himself, and in no degree to the proverbial fickleness of mankind, that his fall in public estimation is due. 'Tom Brown at Oxford' is no mere negative failure. A worse novel, written by a gentleman of education and ability, we do not remember to have ever perused. We have read it through—as far as it is possible to read so uninteresting a novel through,—and we have not been sufficiently fortunate to light on any single passage that atones for its prevailing dullness. Nor is inability to amuse by any means the gravest charge that can be preferred against it. The sketches of University life are unreal and offensive, repulsive to delicacy, and extremely unjust to those resident Fellows who have for years been steadily raising the reputation of Oxford as a seat of learning and a place of education. Oxford has either greatly altered since Mr. Hughes honoured her with his presence, or he was singularly unlucky in the selection of associates during his undergraduate career. The history given of St. Ambrose College is a sample of the *animus* the author displays to the University authorities, whom he delights to paint as corrupt, imbecile and indolent. St. Ambrose had, in days long past, been a reading college, and gained for its scholarship a wide and enduring reputation. Its fame attracted men of all ranks to its walls, until a youth was deemed lucky who gained admittance to its roll of undergraduates.

ALFRED THE GREAT.*

On the long and glorious roll of great English names there are few which wear a more perfect and enduring splendour than that of the great King Alfred. A thousand years ago he was the mightiest and wisest man in England, and was busily engaged during a life of varied toil and excitement in laying deep and broad the foundations of our country's power for good amongst the nations of the earth. It is true that he did not rule over the whole of what we now call England, and that "Great Britain and Ireland," as a designation of our Empire, had not been imagined by the most far-seeing of politicians; but there was no dispute during many years of the good king's reign as to who was greatest man in the whole land from the Tweed to the English Channel. "He is a prince," says Mr. Freeman, the learned author of "The History of the Norman Conquest," "to whose character romance has done no more than justice, and who appears in exactly the same light in history and in fable." As we read his history we cannot help wandering away from Saxon chronicles and Saxon times to Hebrew chronicles, and far more remote times and peoples, and turn our eyes upon a king who had been "taken away from the sheep-folds, and from following the ewes great with young, that he might feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance." We think we are under an illusion: this fair and noble young king of the West Saxons must assuredly be King David, the son of Jesse. He has the same simple nature, the same high respect for truth and righteousness, the same deep devotion to God and the people. And yet, no: it is Alfred, son of Ethelwulf and Osberga, and grandson of Egbert, being born at Wantage in the year 849. He came of a good race; the family in its turn doing no dishonour to the great name which has given to it an everlasting renown. He was trained in a way which befitted the nature of the circumstances in which he was to spend his busy life. He had opportunities for gaining a considerable acquaintance with the leading men of his time, and was enabled to acquire that facility for bodily exertion and endurance which was put to the test during those long and severe campaigns, when Dane and Saxon fought for the rule of our dear old land. As a boy, he was sent to Rome, and was graciously entertained by Pope Leo IV. Not once only did he repair to the Imperial city, but again in boyhood, in his father's train, he passed through Europe, pausing at palaces and castles, the guest of nobles and princes, watching, no doubt with the eye of genius, the rare scenes and pageants which met his gaze wherever he went. At the Court of the Frankish King, Charles the Bald, he came into contact with great and learned men, who did their part, perhaps all unconsciously, towards giving impulse and direction to a mind which would one day occupy a high place in the history of the world. No man has done so much as Alfred in the way of giving to his descendants a fine example of *pluck*. And that grand quality of our people, which makes us proud enough no doubt at times, was the quality which was honoured in staving off from this land the curse of a sensual and horrible bondage, which would have been the portion of all England if Danes and not Saxons had been here dominant during the latter half of the ninth century. The story of the good Prince's life is told in an admirable and charmingly interesting way by Mr. Hughes. Now Alfred may easily be known to our youth. His portrait is painted by a skilful hand, and we see a face and form which do not repel us by the suggestion of an anatomical study. We see and talk with the brave King himself, and follow him through the battle of his own inner life, and the campaigns in the field, with earnest enthusiasm. We pause to be grateful and reverent as we remember that the words of large and holy wisdom which we are reading have a probable chain of perfect connection with another great man of a recent period.

* Alfred the Great. By Thomas Hughes, M.P., Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Macmillan's "Sunday Library," No. VIII.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE.

The Scouring of the White Horse; or, the Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk. By the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

THE signal success of "Tom Brown's School Days" was a phenomenon as unique as it was gratifying. It was a proof that truth and nature have still a charm for a large section of the cultivated public, and that a "hit" in authorship can still be made without the display of that enormous exaggeration and undue emphasis which characterise so much of what is triumphant in our contemporary literature. Mr. Hughes is often classed with Mr. Kingsley as an apostle of "muscular Christianity," for so the spiritualisation of athletic manliness has been wittily termed. But though there may be certain affinities between the two writers, yet in matter and manner they differ not less than does Mr. Thackeray from Mr. Dickens. Mr. Hughes is the Thackeray of the new duumvirate —infinitely calmer and more judicious than his ardent composer. He produces his effects by much quieter means, and is altogether more wholesome and natural than the Admirable Crichton of the English Church in 1858. If the subject of "Tom Brown's School Days" had fallen into the hands of Mr. Kingsley, we should have been presented with a series of portraits of Rugbæans, most striking, but most exaggerated. There would have been a boy-monster, sunk in vice, and a subscriber to the *Reasoner*, acting as a foil to a boy-hero, a pet pupil of Dr. Arnold's, the embodiment at fifteen of every virtue in universal history. It was the charm of Tom Brown himself that he was an average English schoolboy, neither saint nor sinner, neither callous nor sensitive, neither genius nor fool. Whether his worshippers might like it or not, the influence of Dr. Arnold on such a boy in so numerous a school was represented as intermittant, though powerful, no doubt, when rarely and occasionally exerted. Rugbæans recognised that the picture was a correct representation of a reality which they knew; and the general public, drawing its own inferences the while, saw that the description was true to nature. Had Mr. Kingsley to fashion forth the hero of the pleasant little volume now before us, a Cockney lawclerk, fed upon the platitudes of Radical debating society, and for the first time introduced to the beauties of rural nature and the hearty simplicities of agricultural life, we know from that melancholy caricature and scarecrow, "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," what the Rector of Eversley would make of him.

The Scouring of the White Horse has been so long announced, and the second work of the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" has been so eagerly looked for, that many of our readers must have speculated on the title, and perhaps vainly endeavoured to guess at the nature of the contents. Fantastic as it sounds, *The Scouring of the White Horse* is at once an old and an extant reality. The Vale of the White Horse, well known to Berkshire men, is called after the figure of a horse, cut in the turf on the north-west face of the range of chalk downs which cross the county, at a part where the declivity is at once lofty and steep. It is a rude figure about 374 feet in length. When the afternoon sun shines on it, it may be seen for many miles. Tradition indicates it as a memorial of the Battle of Ashdown, supposed to have been fought in the immediate vicinity (A.D. 871), and in which the Saxon King Æthelred, and his brother, the Alfred the Great of our English story, are said to have defeated the Pagan Danes, mustering in great numbers. It was what Cromwell called a "crowning mercy;" and in memory of it (tradition says on the day after the battle) Alfred is supposed to have made his army carve the White Horse, the standard of Hengist, on the hill-side, where it may be seen to this day. From time immemorial it has been a fitful custom with the inhabitants of the district to make holiday and "scour the White Horse," by clearing away the turf where it has encroached on the antique outline of the steed. On such occasions, rustic sports blend with the hurly-burly of an ordinary country fair. There was a celebration of the kind in the September of 1857, and Mr. Hughes was called on by his fellow-countymen to be the laureate of the festival. This cheerful and genial, yet instructive and serious, Christmas book, resplendent in blue and gold, and capitally illustrated by our old friend Richard Doyle, is the result. There is a love story for the young ladies, but told so naïvely and gracefully, as to merit a wider audience. There is historical and legendary matter for the studious. There are descriptions of wrestling matches and back-sword's play for the lovers of the muscular, whether pagans or Christians; and for the latter especially there is a real sermon on rural sports. In these days of controversies on the holding of harvest homes *The Scouring of the White Horse* has much to suggest to the social philosopher. Above all, there are pictures of English rural life, scenery, and character, seen with unaffected delight through Cockney spectacles, which may be pitted against anything of the kind in our literature. The manner of the imaginary narrator of "the Scouring of the White Horse" has been compared by critics to that of Mr. Samuel Titmarsh in the "Great Hoggarty Diamond." Mr. Hughes may be to Mr. Kingsley what Mr. Thackeray is to Mr. Dickens. But in some important respects the parallel and contrast do not hold. The author of "Tom Brown's School Days" is more of an idyllist than a satirist; his humour is pure, gentle, and ethereal. He has nothing of the savage though low-toned irony of the arch-mocker of "Vanity Fair."

"Gilbert Marlowe," and other poems, by William Whitmore (Macmillan, Cambridge), has the advantage of a preface by the able and lively author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," which states that—

> The author of this little volume of poems is a young man, a housepainter by trade, who has earned his bread by daily labour since he was ten years old. He has since that age had no education (in the common sense of the word) except what he could get at a Sunday school. The poems will speak for themselves as to how he has used such opportunities for study as fall within the reach of men in his position. He has already earned an honourable name for himself in his own neighbourhood. His friends think that this name has been honestly earned; *that the author ought to have a larger audience; that he is one of those to whose speech it will be well for his countrymen of all classes to listen;* and so, at last, after the usual difficulties which have to be overcome in all such cases, his book is published.

The lines that we have italicised are high praise from an established author. On turning to the first poem, to see how far it may be deserved, we meet with the following:—

> On past the village, with its humble spire—
> Its quiet cots along the valley winding;
> And thence among old woods, and rocks antique,
> And mellow fern-glooms, kindling with the glow
> Of gorse flowers golden, to a ruin grey
> O'ergreened with trailing ivy, and o'erhung
> With brooding shadows of the times of yore.

The author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" is too good-natured if he call this poetry. Why "old woods" and "rocks antique"? Is not one adjective sufficient? If not, what is the difference between old and antique which the writer wishes to convey? Another more ambitious passage will be sufficient, we think, to prove—however estimable and worthy the author may be in private life, and however deserving of all sympathy and encouragement in his endeavours, by the cultivation of his mind, to raise himself to a higher station than that in which his lot was originally cast—that the author of "Tom Brown" did wrong to persuade him to publish his verses. It occurs in a piece called "St. Anthony."

> Now bursts the mad thunder
> Over thy naked head; the earth reels under
> Thy feet; and far above the tempest's swell,
> Leaps forth in mingled hiss, and shriek, and yell,
> The jubilant cry of liberated Hell.
> Wings of foul demons flap the midnight air;
> Thy murky cell is lighted with the glare
> Of baleful fiendish eyes; and myriad shapes
> Swarm round, of bearded pards and grinning apes,
> With fascinating stare and filthy leer;
> And dragonish creatures, breathing fire, flock near,
> And nearer still; and all obscene abortions
> That e'er mocked life with frightfullest distortions
> Of form and feature, shrivel up thy sight
> With horrid mouthings, and shoot out their spite
> In howls that shiver thro' thee.

Mr. Hughes! Mr. Hughes! you have much to answer for.

JUDGE HUGHES.

THE death of Mr. Thomas Hughes cannot be considered unexpected, for his health had been failing for some time past, and he had too obviously lost of late the vigour which used to characterize him. Although not a great writer, he will probably be longer remembered than many who have a stronger title to recognition, for 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' seems destined to a long lease of fame. It is read by boys with as keen interest in our colonies and in the United States as here; besides, it has been edited "mit deutschen Anmerkungen" for the use of *Realschulen*, and learned Teutons dispute about the exact meaning of Rugby slang. The sequel, 'Tom Brown at Oxford,' with which *Macmillan's Magazine* started on its career, never obtained anything of the same hold on the public, and the novel of university life remains to be written. The simplicity of school life was better adapted to the talent of direct presentation possessed by the author than the more complicated conditions of the university.

Mr. Hughes wrote several theological pamphlets and more than one book on theology; but he had hardly the subtlety of thought needed for dealing with such subjects. He was much more successful as a biographer. He had the merit—rare in these days—of being able to write a real biography which in a brief space gave a vivid picture of his subject, instead of huddling together, as most biographers do nowadays, a lot of letters and connecting them by a few fragments of narrative. His first success of this kind was 'A Memoir of a Brother,' an account of his eldest brother's life that was quite admirable. Then followed similar works dealing with the career of Daniel Macmillan and of the late Bishop of Manchester. The latter was especially excellent, but it did not satisfy the diocese; and such is the force of evil example that a huge volume of the usual type was afterwards issued by a zealous clergyman to supplement it.

36 a

CHEAP EDITION OF TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS.

This day, fcap. 8vo. cloth, price 5s. a New Edition, being the SEVENTH, of

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS.

By an OLD BOY.

"A book which an English father might well wish to see in the hands of his son."—*Times.*

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD,

By the AUTHOR of 'TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS,' will be continued monthly in

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE, price One Shilling.

Tom Brown's School Days. By an Old Boy. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

As the clock striking four in Mr. Puff's tragedy relieves that distinguished author from all necessity for saying a word about the chariot of Apollo, so the critic of 'Tom Brown' may effect some economy of ink and paper by simply indicating the remarkable affinity which it presents to the writings of Mr. Kingsley—the more remarkable as there is nothing of the constraint of direct imitation, and the striking similarity of style seems plainly referable to a corresponding coincidence of thought. Not that the book is equal to Mr. Kingsley's, we miss the marvellous splendour of his descriptive passages, as well as the exquisite rhythmical flow that modulates their gorgeousness, like the soothing chime of a fountain in a conservatory. But the unmistakeable mental characteristics are all there, and most of all the true Saxon delight in exercise, combat, and every manifestation of physical strength. The writer is far too truly "an old boy," not to be aware that, whatever other advantages he may allow or deny his hero, a sturdy frame is absolutely essential to his being a hero at all. Without it, all the talent and amiability that the young denizen of a public school may possess, can no more avail to make him a hero than Merlin's sigilled scroll and ivory wand could entitle him to a seat at the Round Table.

Tom would certainly have sat there, had not chronology stood in his way. His manners are far from possessing the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. He is almost as partial to the receipt as to the distribution of knocks, and is never wanting in the cause of persecuted little boys, Rugby's substitutes for the distressed damsels of an earlier chivalry. He is so full of honesty, courage, and independence, that one wonders how he finds room for his unlimited faculty for mischief. Few schoolmasters would consider him as a very satisfactory model, and so much the better. We want a representation of the Browns as they are, and not as Dr. Ferule may think it would be better if they were. We are not a little tired of pictures of juvenile life, sketched from the pædogogic point of view, and are pleased to see that the lion, too, knows how to handle the brush. No schoolmaster, indeed, could have written 'Tom Brown,' or, if he had, he would have needed to take special precautions against the circulation of his own book in his own school.

Hughes, Mrs. Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott. By Mrs. Hughes of Uffington (1770-1853) the wife of Dr. Thomas Hughes, Canon of St. Paul's, and grandmother of Tom Hughes. Scott's letters to her, and the memoir of Mrs. Hughes by her grandson, here reproduced, appeared first in the "Century Magazine." Mr. H. G. Hutchinson has completed the series by adding several letters from Mr. David Douglas's "Familiar Letters" (1894). Mrs. Hughes's diaries, however, which form the larger part of the book, written on the occasion of two visits to Abbotsford in 1824 and 1828, have not before been published. (10s. 6d. net.)

THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C.,

WAS born October 20th, 1823, at Uffington, Berkshire, of w parish his grandfather was vicar. His father, John Hug Esq., afterwards removed to Donnington Priory, near Newb In 1830 he was sent to a school at Twyford, near Winche and three years later he was removed to Rugby Schoo which Dr. Arnold was then the Head Master. Afterwards he proceede Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1845. From that pe he has consistently professed advanced Liberal principles in politics, although he has always been an earnest Churchman of the Latitudinarian or Erastian school. On leaving Oxford he came to London to study law, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He was one of the original members of the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, which was established under the presidency of Professor Maurice, and consisted chiefly of young men who were known as "Christian Socialists." Mr. Hughes, in 1856, published "Tom Brown's School Days," a book which has passed through several editions, and has been included in the Tauchnitz Collection of British Authors. A German translation has also appeared, and a French version, "imité de l'anglais avec l'autorisation de l'auteur," appeared in 1875. Mr. Hughes's next works, "The Scouring of the White Horse" (1858), and "Tom Brown at Oxford" (1861), were also most favourably received. He was M.P. for Lambeth from July, 1865, when he was returned at the head of the poll, and sat until the dissolution of Parliament in 1868, when he was returned for the borough of Frome, which he continued to represent until January, 1874, when he became a candidate for Marylebone, but retired before the polling day under an award of Sir H. James, to whom the question had been referred. He was appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1869, and in the following year made a tour in the United States, where he was cordially welcomed, as he had, during the Rebellion, warmly advocated the Northern cause. Besides the works already mentioned, he has published "Religio Laici," or "A Layman's Faith;" "Alfred the Great," a biography (1869); a Memoir of his elder brother, George E. Hughes (1873); a Memoir of Charles Kingsley, prefixed to that writer's "Alton Locke" (1876); and "Our Old Church: What shall we do with it?" (1878)—a volume directed against the movement for the disestablishment of the National Church. He also edited Lowell's "Biglow Papers" (1859); the Count de Paris' work on "The Trades Unions of England" (1869); and Mr. Maurice's treatise on "The Friendship of Books" (1874).

72 CROKER (Thomas Crofton. Irish antiquary. 1798-1854) A.L.s. 1p., 4to. To T. C. Pettigrew, in reference to his History of Mummies. 6*l*.
Admiralty, May 15, 1833

CROKER (Thomas Crofton, *Irish antiquary*) A.L.S., 5 pp. 8vo., Admiralty, July 18th, 1828, to ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, mentioning SOUTHEY and AINSWORTH, and referring to the former having asked 50 guineas for a contribution to one of the annuals (*interesting letter*), 12*s*



AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH FAIRY LEGENDS."

CROKER, Mr. Thomas Crofton, on the 8th inst., aged 57, in the neighbourhood of London. He was the author of a volume of "Researches in the South of Ireland" (1824, London, 4to.), and a collection of Irish fairy tales, reprinted in Murray's Family Library. For the Camden Society he edited a volume entitled "Excidium Macariæ; Narratives illustrative of Contests in Ireland, in 1641 and 1693" (1841, 4to.), and for the Percy Society two volumes of the Songs of Ireland and a collection of Irish Keens, with several others.

37

T. Crofton Croker F.S.A.

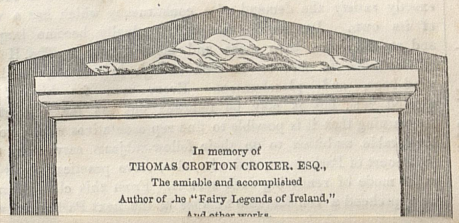
Friend of Ainsworth

183 IRELAND.—CROKER (T. Crofton) Popular Songs of Ireland, with Introductions and Notes; FIRST EDITION, *woodcuts*, 8vo. *cloth*, NICE COPY, SCARCE, 6/6. 1839

A volume of singular interest and curiosity. It is even more than this—it is a publication of real value, as illustrative of the past and present condition, both mental and moral, of the most singular people of the world. At the same time, it is, as a collection of vocal compositions, full of the graces and beauty of which that class of poets is so eminently susceptible."—"London Military and Naval Review."

THE LATE THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, F.S.A.

THE little interesting old church of Kirby Wharf, near Tadcaster, in Yorkshire, stands at the corner of Grimston Park, and is the place of family worship of Lord Londesborough. His Lordship has recently erected in it a tablet, honourable alike to his kindly feeling and good taste,



T. Crofton Croker

1/6

Bromley.
18th September 1828.

Sir.

Mr Young at Keston this morning handed me your letter, which being addressed to Mr Nicholls or myself I opened.— The Specimens of Mosses intended for that Gentleman I will forward to him.—

For myself and my party of yesterday I beg to return you my most sincere thanks for your great attention and the liberal manner in which you have aided my investigations; An investigation which I trust may be found interesting altho' I am reluctantly compelled for the present to abandon it.—

I believe that no doubt can remain of the circular Wall (which in consequence of your kind aid I have been able satisfactorily to trace) being the remains of a Roman Tomb and what is singular surrounded by a British burial ground.— A Coffin which was found this morning at the short distance of 18 or 19 feet from the Walls is apparently of early native manufacture — I mean about the time ~~of~~ or soon after the introduction of Christianity into this

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Island, and I cannot hesitate in expecting from the appearance of the ground that many more Coffins may be found if sought for near the same place.—

I must express my regret that the centre of the circular building has not been completely cleared out.— A Mosaic pavement I feel also convinced from the fragments thrown up in digging would have been found there, and indeed the remains altogether are amongst the most curious I have seen and probably may be made amongst the most interesting in England if judiciously ~~and carefully~~ investigated and carefully preserved.—

I shall take the liberty of writing to Sir Charles Farnaby to urge their preservation; and again requesting you to accept the expression of my most grateful acknowledgments for your liberality and kindness

I have the honor to remain

Sir

Your obliged and
very humble Servant
T. Crofton Croker.

John Ward Esq. Holwood

37

T. Crofton Croker F.S.A.

Friend of Ainsworth

183 IRELAND.—CROKER (T. Crofton) Popular Songs of Ireland, with Introductions and Notes; FIRST EDITION, *woodcuts*, 8vo. *cloth*, NICE COPY, SCARCE, 6/6. 1839

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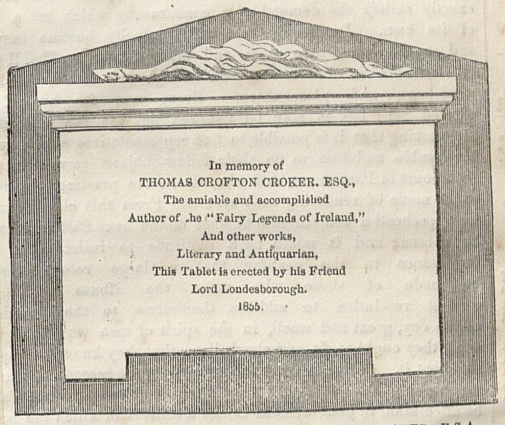


MONUMENT TO THE LATE THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, F.S.A.

to the memory of the late Mr. Crofton Croker, to whom he had long been much attached, and who was one of the little circle of literary and antiquarian friends whom Lord Londesborough delighted to assemble at his house in the north. This monument, which is placed on the wall exactly opposite his Lordship's pew, is chaste and simple in design, its only ornament being a palm branch.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Researches in the South of Ireland. By T. Crofton Croker. 4to. pp. 393. London 1824. J. Murray.

So seldom do we take up a book on the subject of Ireland, which does not tire us with tedious statistics, or offend us by political bitterness, or disappoint us by repeating the same everlasting themes of national prejudices and foolery, that we have received a double share of pleasure in perusing Mr. Croker's very entertaining and excellent volume. His descriptions of Ireland possess three distinguished qualities: the historical details and the views of existing things are impartial; his antiquarian researches are interesting; and his general style and embellishments are graceful, replete with taste, and satisfactory both to the eye and mind. The multitude of engravings do credit to the several methods employed in representing objects whether in landscape or in science; and the lithographic specimens of the former are the prettiest we have yet seen executed, in their manner, as a book ornament, in London. In short, taken altogether, this quarto is the most agreeable volume we have read upon the characteristics of a fine country, which has hardly ever been exhibited, except through a perverted medium and by a prejudiced pen.

Our author, on the contrary, is fair and just in his observations: in proof of which, we put to the test his view of the Irish people at the present time.

"The present Irish character is a compound of strange and apparent inconsistencies, where vices and virtues are so unhappily blended that it is difficult to distinguish or separate them. Hasty in forming opinions and projects, tardy in carrying them into effect, they are often relinquished before they have arrived at maturity, and are abandoned for others as vague and indefinite. An Irishman is the sport of his feelings; with passions the most violent and sensitive, he is alternately the child of despondency or of levity; his joy or his grief has no medium; he loves or he hates, and hurried away by the ardent stream of a heated fancy, naturally enthusiastic, he is guilty of a thousand absurdities. These extremes of temperament Giraldus Cambrensis has correctly depicted when he says, 'When they (the Irish) be bad, you shall no where meet with worse; if they be good, you can hardly find better.' With a mind inexhaustible in expedient to defeat difficulties and act as a substitute for the conveniencies of life which poverty denies, the peasant is lively in intellect, ardent in disposition, and robust in frame; nor does he readily despond under disaster, or yield to obstruction; but moves forward in his rugged course with elevated crest and a warm heart: with a love of combat and of inebriation, he is fond of excitement and amusement of any nature.

Legends of the Lakes; or, Sayings and Doings at Killarney. Collected chiefly from the MSS. of R. Adolphus Lynch, Esq. of the King's German Legion. By T. Crofton Croker. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. J. Ebers and Co.

"Taking it for granted (says the author at page 1, vol. i.), that when people go to see the Lakes of Killarney, they do not intend making a very serious business of the excursion;" I, he might have added, have given them here the means of enjoying as pleasant a trip as graphic description, legendary lore, anecdote, delineations of character, lively sketches of manners, and truth and whim most happily intermixed, can readily contribute to produce. These volumes are, indeed, quite novel and original in their genus: they are as admirable guides to all the natural beauties of Killarney as if they were expressly written to be carried in the tourist's hands, to point out the picturesque views, the finest scenery, and the most remarkable spots; but they are, at the same time, so entertaining as literary companions, that the reader may sit by his own fire-side and reap almost as much amusement and information from them as if he were rowing upon the lovely waters of the lake, climbing its grotesque and legend-crowned rocks, chatting with its humorous natives, broiling its delicious salmon on arbutus skewers, or (bliss supreme!) munching its inimitably cooked potatoes. Thus, for the closet or for the country, for the arm-chair or for the adventure, our popular author is equally calculated to be a favourite, with his genuine Legends and characteristic Sayings and Doings. But, for our means of shewing this to the public, we confess that we are rather puzzled. Except the stories of "the ould times," the narrative and the topics are so various, that it is hardly possible to exhibit specimens of their miscellaneous attractions; and we can only say, generally, that, according to our taste, the book is one, which being taken up, it is not very easy to lay down again. It has made us perfectly acquainted with Killarney and with its people; so that if ever we indulge ourselves with a re-creative visit to that charming scene, we shall feel as intimate with Mr. Gorham (the keeper of the hotel where Mr. Croker abode), with the piper, the boatmen, the guides, the gentry around, and the very beggars, as if we had been domiciliated there for a season. Let us, however, before we go to quotations, consult the prefixed map realising the localities, by three inches of engraving, from Aghadoe church to the Devil's Punch-Bowl; and then let us have a laugh at the wood-cuts, so replete with Irish drollery; and the snatches of music, so national, that some of the airs say, "put on the pratties," as plainly as tongue could speak. Having done this, we select a bit of the first excursion to the lower lake, as a fair example of the rest.

Notes from the Letters of Thomas Moore to his Music Publisher, James Power (the Publication of which were [sic] suppressed in London). With an Introductory Letter from Thomas Crofton Croker, Esq., F.S.A. New York, Redfield.

The title of this small volume will sufficiently describe its nature and contents to the reading public. The word "suppressed" involves abstinence from extract in the columns of an English literary journal. This necessity is inconvenient, in so far as it leaves the late Mr. Crofton Croker with some advantage in the field of controversy entered by him in the true national spirit of party hatred and love of mischief. Without literal citation and collation, it would be impossible to separate what is fair from what is unfair in the impression respecting Moore which he has laboured to produce from passages in these Power letters displayed to public gaze,—from the specification of passages not printed,—and from the notes and comments artfully subjoined. No reserve, however, is called for with regard to Mr. Crofton Croker's Introductory Letter,—an elaborate document of one-and-thirty pages addressed to the American publishers, to serve the purpose of Preface, and dated the 5th of March in the present year.

222 **IRELAND**—Croker (T. Crofton): Memoirs of Joseph Holt, *General of the Irish Rebels in* 1798, edited from his original MS. in the possession of Sir Wm. Betham, *Ulster King-at-arms;* first edition; *with fine portrait of Holt from a painting executed in* 1798; 2 vols. 8vo., *boards, cloth back, paper labels, uncut,* very scarce, **39/-** 1838

". . . He has done good service in preserving these Curious Records of Irish History. The work contains adventures of extraordinary and romantic character. . . ."

—*London Lit. Gazette.*

It is in reading memoirs such as the above that one can really get at the heart of the events and see them from an inside point of view; looking at them with the principal participator of the stirring events recorded, and living through, as it were, those momentous times.

In 2 vols. beautifully printed by Whittingham, with characteristic Embellishments, 18s. boards,

SAYINGS and DOINGS at KILLARNEY; or, the Legends of the Lakes.

By T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. M.R.I.A.

"These volumes are, indeed, quite novel and original in their genus: they are as admirable guides to all the natural beauties of Killarney, as if they were expressly written to be carried in the tourist's hands, to point out the picturesque scenery; but they are, at the same time, so interesting as literary companions, that the reader may sit by his own fire-side, and reap almost as much amusement from them as if he were actually on the spot. Thus, for the closet or for the country, for the arm-chair or for the adventurer, our popular author is equally calculated to be a favourite, with his genuine 'Legends' and characteristic 'Sayings and Doings.'"—*Literary Gazette*, Dec. 20, 1828.

John Ebers and Co. British and Foreign Library, Old Bond Street.

Britannia's Pastorals: a Third Book. Now First Edited from the Original Manuscript preserved in the Library of Salisbury Cathedral. By T. Crofton Croker, Esq. Printed for the Percy Society.

We cannot complain of the mode in which this little tract has been edited, because, in truth, it has not been edited at all. It is a mere impression of the manuscript in Salisbury Cathedral library which is bound up with a printed copy of William Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals,' and we are not even told to what age the handwriting belongs. Neither is a word of information given as to what author it ought really to be assigned to; and in a preface of a page and a half, Mr. Croker (who copied the original) more than intimates a doubt if Browne was the writer. He and his friends may, however, make themselves quite easy on that point,—for the verses are undoubtedly by the same poet who published two other books of rustic rhymes, some of them in the highest strain of that species of composition, under the title of 'Britannia's Pastorals.' In this point of view they deserve attention; for although the merit of this Third Book may not be on the whole equal to the first two, it is yet considerable, —and certainly one of the greatest benefits that the Percy Society has conferred on its subscribers has been to print, at the very close of its career, this volume. We are glad, too, to have warranty that the text is accurate in the fact that Mr. Croker did not trust himself with the sole collation of it, but obtained the assistance of Mr. Halliwell. Had the latter gentleman done more by prefixing a suitable introduction, and by adding illustrative notes of a biographical and critical kind, we should have been still more obliged to him. As it is, the notes are just nine in number, are merely verbal, and would occupy only a single page had they not, by the skill of the printer, been ingeniously extended over two pages.

Narratives illustrative of the Contests in Ireland in 1641 *and* 1690. Edited by T. C. Croker, Esq. Printed for the Camden Society.

No half-century in the annals of any country exhibits such a series of rapid and almost inexplicable revolutions, as the period of Irish history to which the narratives contained in this volume relate. Unfortunately, also, there is no series of civil wars so rife with controversy, so misrepresented by parties, and so intimately connected with modern prejudices. The Irish civil wars of 1641, exhibited the unparalleled spectacle of five distinct parties, all in arms at the same time, and all rancorously opposed to each other; these were the Puritans or Parliamentarians, the Protestant Royalists, the Northern Irish, the Catholic Lords of the Pale, and the Irish of the South, who formed the strength of the ultra-papal party. There were many sub-divisions in each of these; but without entering into their enumeration, it is sufficiently obvious that every Irishman of the present day must belong to some modern representative of one or other of these parties, and must therefore come to the history of the period armed against the perception of truth with all the prejudices of tradition and education.

Fortunately, the first narrative in this volume is an episode, so remotely connected with the general war, that there is no necessity for our entering on any of the harassing controversies connected with the Great Civil War. It is the journal of the defence of a castle in the county of Clare, so obscure, that the Editor has not been able to identify its locality; and it is chiefly valuable from its illustrating the rude and almost barbarous modes of warfare, employed so late as the middle of the seventeenth century.

The Adventures of Barney Mahoney. By T. Crofton Croker. 12mo. pp. 299. London, 1832. Fisher and Co.

The characteristic of this work is humour—and humour is always attended by good plain sense—and a vein of feeling. The difference between humour and wit is, that humour is natural, wit artificial; the one does, and the other says; humour is dramatic, wit epigrammatic;—and all these marks are to be found on the little volume which sets forth the adventures of Barney Mahoney—for these adventures are simple, actual, and comic. Barney Mahoney is the real and ideal of the Irish character, whether in high or low life. But let our author's quaint verses speak for themselves.

My Village, versus Our Village. By T. Crofton Croker, author of "Barney Mahoney," "Fairy Legends," &c. &c. 12mo. London, 1833. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," instead of fairy landscapes, fairy portraits, and ideal virtues. Really, of late our authors have become so exceedingly genteel, so high in their notions, so fastidious in *dramatis personæ*, so equally languid and lachrymose, that we began to doubt whether originality and vulgarity had not gone out together, and whether there were any people in the world who did not go to Almack's, retail club *on dits*, and speak in a low tone of voice, to say nothing of the said speaking being half in French. This very amusing little volume convinces us to the contrary; it presents a series of Dutch paintings, full of life and humour, and with that air of reality about them, which seems so easy, and yet is so difficult to give.

PROLOGUE, BY BARRY CORNWALL,

To "Recollections of Old Christmas," a Masque, by T. Crofton Croker, F.S.A.; to be performed on Tuesday next (Christmas Eve), at Grimston Park, near Tadcaster, the seat of Lord Londesborough:—

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood-fire,
And listen to stories old!
And we try to look grave (as maids should be)
When the men bring in boughs of the laurel-tree.
O the laurel! the evergreen tree!
The poets have laurels—and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
And hides the wintry sun,
To see them come in to the blazing fire,
And know that their work is done;
Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of holly for Christmas time!

O the holly, the bright green holly!
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly!

Sometimes—(in *our* grave house
Observe this happeneth not;)
But at times, the evergreen laurel boughs,
And the holly are all forgot!
And then! what then? why the men laugh low,
And hang up a branch of—the mistletoe!
Oh, brave is the laurel! and brave is the holly!
But the mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever *shall* know,
What is done under the mistletoe!

We presume Messrs. Puttick & Simpson hope to realise similar prices for some of the more valuable lots in their forthcoming sale of Mr. Crofton Croker's library, which is not only rich in works relating to Irish history and its ballad poetry, but contains some valuable Ormonde and Orrery MSS., formerly in the Southwell Collection, which we hope the Trustees of the British Museum will not lose sight of. Perhaps, after their neglect of the Faussett Collection, that irresponsible body may think it becoming not entirely to disregard Mr. Croker's extraordinary collection of national antiquities, the sale of which is to take place on the 21st. Those of our readers who take an interest in primeval antiquities, will do well to call at 191. Piccadilly as soon as this collection is on view.

HOLT'S (*Gen. of the Irish Rebels*) Autobiography, edited from his Original MSS. by CROFTON CROKER, *portrait*, 2 vols. 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s* (pub. £1. 8*s*), 1838 6692

"A most remarkable autobiography, teeming with romantic incidents."

Mr. Croker's volume of Irish songs, somewhat profuse in historical illustrations, has many attractions to recommend it to our notice. We are glad to see once again, in print, two of our old favourites, the 'Battle of the Boyne Water,' and the 'Death of the Duke of Schomberg,' by far the best songs in the book. There is a ballad nature about them, something of that fine old strain of 'The brave Lord Willoughby,' that has heart and poetry to command our sympathies. Here is a part of the Boyne Water, for it deserves to be better known than it is:—

July the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between,
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces;
And often did cry vehemently,
That they would stop their courses:
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm;
They thought his Majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His King would often caution,
To shun the spot, where bullets hot
Retained their rapid motion.

1848.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER,

F. S. A. (1827) and one of the Council (1839-1 and 1848-9) M. R. I. A. (1827) Member of the United Service Institution (1832) of the Royal Antiquarian Society of Copenhagen (1833) of the Swedish Archæological Society (1845) Member of the Royal Literary Fund (1828) and one of the Registrars (1829 to 1848) being a Life Subscriber to the above. Member also of the following Societies; the Camden (1839 to 1848) and one of the Council (1839 to 1846); the Percy (1840 to 1848 except for a short interval in 1844); the Irish Archæological Society (1841 to 1844); the Numismatic Society (1845 to 1848) and one of the Council (1847-8); the British Archæological Association (1843) and one of the Secretaries (1845 to 1848); the Hakluyt Society (1847 to 1848), of the Antiquaries Club (1847 and 1848) and Founder and President of the Society of Noviomagus (1828 to 1848.)

3 Gloucester Road,
Old Brompton.

Dining Room *Case* V.
2 *Shelf* *No.* 24.

It is high time that we should notice the other works under review. The first, Mr. Crofton Croker's "Researches in the South of Ireland," is a performance of considerable merit and interest; and while we are fresh from the malevolence and fury of Captain Rock, its moderation is conspicuous and pleasing: the only fault is in the plan. A tour sprinkled over with antiquarian researches, is the worst possible vehicle for travelling through a country. It jolts us more than the car in which Mr. Croker suffered such unutterable things. And when we arrive at our journey's end, a confused recollection of round towers, O'Moores, pretty landscapes, and sieges, is all that we have earned by the day's journey.

Mr. Crofton Croker appears to be possessed of ample materials for a work which is much wanted—an account of the actual condition of the Irish peasantry. He declines meddling with politics, and this is no slight qualification for the task. He is fond of the people whom he describes, and knows them intimately; and those parts of his work which are devoted to this subject, are sufficient of themselves to establish its value."

The Christmas Box, an Annual Present for Children. Edited by T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. F. S. A., Author of the "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland." 12mo. 6*s*.

"IN every work regard the writer's end," is a quotation often used, and always applicable. The professed "end" of the Editor of the "Christmas Box" has been to produce a collection of pieces adapted for children; and in this we must be allowed to say he has most egregiously and completely failed. He says, in a Preface, "When we were ourselves very young, about the age, we dare say, of most of our readers, very few persons took the trouble of writing any thing for the use of young persons, except dictionaries and grammars, which, though very useful and necessary, must be allowed not to be very amusing. There were only two or three books for children, such as the Histories of 'Tom Thumb,' 'Jack the Giant Killer,' (both of the same caste as the greater part of the "Christmas Box." but much superior), and 'Goody Two Shoes;' some of which our Readers may perhaps have met with.

"But since that time a great advantage has been afforded to young people by the number of eminent and clever persons, who have written little books for their amusement and instruction. Dr. Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, and a great many other celebrated writers, have published excellent works of the kind."

If the writer simply means, that the above-named individuals have written books for children, he has merely stated a fact with which every child was already familiar; but if, as is most probable, he means to say that they have produced works "of the kind" to which the "Christmas Box" belongs, he is suffering under a most pitiable delusion. Their productions, in common with those of almost all recent writers for young persons, have been especially designed to supersede the senseless and mischievous trash which had previously prevailed, and the restoration of which is the sole tendency of "the Christmas Box."

We are not fond of dissecting gnats, nor of breaking butterflies on the wheel, and the mere dulness and vulgarity of a great part of the "Christmas Box" would scarcely have provoked observation; but when we see a work trumpeted forth, in every direction, as expressly adapted for children, which consists almost entirely of what they ought not to peruse, we are tempted to analyze it, in order that our Readers may not allow it to be puffed into their own families.

This very *appropriate* and *judicious* "Christmas Box," then, consists of twenty-eight pieces. Of these, one is a drinking song, two are fairy tales, two stories of giants, two relate transformations of human beings into beasts or vermin, six are tragical—we do not include the History of the War—(most of them in the wholesale way, getting rid of two or three heroes each, and, in two instances, by means of cold-blooded murder); the interest of four turns on love or matrimony, or both; and, to crown all, two are unqualified, unexplained *ghost stories!*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH HOLT,
GENERAL OF THE IRISH REBELS IN 1798.
Edited from his original MS. in the possession of Sir W. Betham.
By T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait.
"We have read this work with great interest and satisfaction. It is a most remarkable piece of autobiography, teeming with romantic incidents."—*Chronicle.*

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in 1798. Edited from his Original Manuscript, in the Possession of Sir William Betham, Ulster King at Arms, and Keeper of the Records of Ireland, &c. By T. Crofton Croker, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Colburn.

OF Crofton Croker it may truly be said, as of his countryman, Oliver Goldsmith, *nullum tetegit quod non ornavit* (long may he adorn our literature with such works as the present, before the compliment can be used in his epitaph!); and of his coadjutor in this work, the worthy Ulster King, that he too has done good service in preserving these curious records belonging to Irish history. The lapse of nearly forty years has afforded time for many of the exaggerations of party to pass away since the rebellion of 1798; but even under the dispassionate view of the Editor, it is still appalling to read the accounts of atrocities actually perpetrated on both sides—atrocities, which shew that civil strife can convert men into demons, in comparison with whom infernal fiends might be deemed angels of light.

CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON, was born on the 15th January, 1798, in the city of Cork. At the age of fifteen he was placed in an eminent mercantile firm in his native city, but he appears from his boyhood to have exhibited a strong taste for antiquarian and literary pursuits, rather than for the toils of business. The beautiful scenery of the county of Cork led him to make many excursions during his apprenticeship, and his mind was thus stored with the songs and legends which abound in the south of Ireland. Of these Croker made a collection, and his skill as a draughtsman enabled him to add to their value by pen and ink sketching. He furnished Moore with a large number of airs, as well as fragments of poetry and traditions for the Irish Melodies —a favour which the great lyrist did not fail to acknowledge. Upon the death of his father, Major Croker, in 1818, Thomas left Ireland; and after visiting Moore in Wiltshire, he proceeded to London, where, shortly afterwards, he procured through the aid of J. W. Croker, the secretary to the admiralty, an appointment in that department, in which he continued till 1850. In 1824 he published his "Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, and the Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry;" and the following year "The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland." In 1827 a second series of the "Fairy Legends" was published in 2 volumes. Croker was now elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. In 1829 he edited two volumes entitled "Legends of the Lakes." Two novellettes bearing his name were published in 1832, "The

CROKER'S (Crofton) Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of Scenery, Antiquities, Manners, and Superstitions, *numerous engravings*, 4to. *hf. cf.* 14*s* 6*d* (pub. £2. 2*s*), 1824 3477
The Appendix includes a private narrative of the Rebellion of 1798.

CROKER'S (Crofton) Fairy Legends and Traditions of Ireland, the THREE SERIES, *with humourous engravings and vignettes by Cruikshank*, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. *bds. scarce*, 16*s*, 1826-8 3478

CROKER'S (Crofton) Adventures of Barney Mahoney, *original edition*, fcap. 8vo. *bds. scarce*, 6*s* 6*d*, 1832 3479

CROKER'S (Crofton) Popular Songs of Ireland collected and edited with Introductions and Notes, post 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s* (pub. 10*s* 6*d*), 1839 3480

CROKER'S (Crofton) Walk from London to Fulham, revised and edited by his Son, T. J. D. Croker, *with numerous beautiful woodcuts of interesting Houses, Localities, and Objects, by Fairholt*, post 8vo. *new cloth*, 4*s* 6*d*, 1860 3481

Fairy Legends, and Traditions of the South of Ireland. Second Edition. J. Murray.

WHEN this neat volume made its *first début*, "as we say in Dunkirk," we paid it that just tribute of praise for characteristic originality and national humour, which has since been so well followed up by its great popularity. We have, therefore, very little to do with edition the second, unless it be to notice the etchings, which are quite admirable in their way, and the performance of a young artist of the name of M'Clise. The eagle giving Daniel O'Rourke his "word of honour as a gentleman," with his right claw on his heart, is worth the whole price of the publication: as it is, the publication is really worth every body's having. We rejoice to see that Mr. Croker promises a continuation of these very characteristic Legends.

1 [CROKER's (C.)] The Good Prior, a fragment of the Middle Ages, sm. 4to, half morocco, gilt edges, *only a few copies privately printed*, 7s 6d 1843

2 ——— Recollections of Old Christmas, a masque, performed at Grimston, *illustrated*, sm. 4to, half morocco, *only a few copies privately printed*, 7s 6d 1850

VII.

Croker's Guide to the Lakes of Killarney.
A neat pocket volume, 6 Plates, bound in cloth, 5*s*.
"We do not know half so agreeable a work, which is half so satisfactory, and so applicable to the purposess of guidance and direction, and topical information."—*Cork Constitution.*
"Most charmingly illustrated, and the literary portion of it replete with the drollery of the author; while at the same time it is as good a guide as it is a pleasant companion, to every picturesque beauty, striking character, and local curiosity about Killarney."—*Literary Gazette.*
London: Fisher, Son, and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall; and all Booksellers.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK, ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER has been taken from among us during the present week, at the age of fifty-seven. He was an Irishman in heart, and voice, and look; and was favourably known to the public by his "Fairy Legends of Ireland;" his "Legends of the Lakes; or, Sayings and Doings at Killarney;" and by what we believe was his first work, his "Researches in the South of Ireland, Illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry," derived from personal observation, and professedly from "ancient MS." He was living at Cork when he first rose into distinction; but his literary ambition was for a long time much greater than his skill as an author. His admiration of Sir Walter Scott led him into a correspondence with the great novelist, and his local information and name into a correspondence with his better-known namesake, John Wilson Croker—the Quarterly slasher—the excellent editor of Boswell, and the ex-Secretary of the Admiralty. The fairy and traditional stories, mixed with odd bits of antiquarian intelligence, delighted Scott; while his local knowledge, excellent handwriting, and official habits, attracted the attention of Mr. Secretary Croker. Scott repaid him with letters; but Wilson Croker brought him to London and made him a clerk in the Admiralty, where he rose so rapidly that he was enabled, some four years ago, to retire with a pension of five hundred and eighty pounds a year.

Crofton Croker was small in make. In the journal of Sir Walter Scott (under the year 1826) he is thus described:—"Here was Crofton Croker, little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy prepossessing manners, something like Tom Moore." We may add that he was in no way related to the kind and unostentatious Mr. John Wilson Croker.

There was a long period of Mr. Crofton Croker's life to which all his friends look back with pleasure. He was at one time a most *clubbable* man; full of information—full of entertainment—replete with Irish fun—always amusing, with or without whisky—unwilling to give offence—ready to talk—anxious to listen—and somewhat indifferent whether the hours of departure were before the *wee short hours* or not. He shone at the *Noviomagians*. People will ask who were the Noviomagians? Let us endeavour to satisfy them.

A knot of known and unknown antiquaries had a fancy for fixing the site of a Roman settlement in England known as Noviomagus. As will be easily imagined, they differed widely, and even learnedly, among themselves about its site. Noviomagus had as many localities as Junius has authors urging claims for peculiar pets to a still unsettled honour. They consequently became peripatetic—nay, convivial. Kent and Surrey were ransacked for every Roman squat or settlement. They dined, they talked, they consulted, they drank. A very pleasant party was formed. Dryasdust was there—but Dryasdust was not there. Their large and little differences led to a club in London, where books and maps could be settled—and (shame to say) better wines obtained than they could get in the Weald of Kent or the commons of Surrey. Of this club Crofton Croker (now, we regret to say, no more!) was long the presiding spirit. Here he was "at home;" here he revelled in his own native wit, and here he was the soul that put fresh marrow into the standing dish of the Noviomagians—marrowbones, new and direct from Clare-market—land dedicated to that real delicacy, English marrowbones.

In missing Crofton Croker, we cannot but feel that we have lost a man who did something for letters in his day, and one who, in spite of some *now* forgiveable infirmities of temper that made him quarrel too frequently with his best friends, was a man to be esteemed. But he has gone, and his "Fairy Legends" with him. Authors, when alive, are too often judged by their worst performances; when dead, they are weighed and measured by their best.

CROKER'S LEGENDS OF THE LAKES.—"These volumes are indeed quite novel and original in their genus: they are as admirable guides to all the natural beauties of Killarney as if they were expressly written to be carried in the tourist's hands, to point out the picturesque views, the finest scenery, and the most remarkable spots; but they are at the same time so entertaining as literary companions, that the reader may sit by his own fire-side and reap almost as much amusement and information from them as if he were roaming upon the lovely waters of the lake, climbing its grotesque and legend-crowned rocks, chattering with its humorous natives, broiling its delicious salmon on arbutus skewers, or (bliss supreme) munching its inimitably-cooked potatoes. Thus, for the closet or for the country, for the arm-chair or the adventurer, our popular author is equally calculated to be a favourite with his genuine 'Legends' and characteristic 'Sayings and Doings.'"—*Literary Gazette.*

YATES's (Edmund) Broken to Harness : a story of English domestic life, *front. and vignette title*, cr. 8vo, cloth, *with A.L.s. from the Author and his bookplate inserted*, 3s 1865

The melancholy and even tragic death of Mr. Edmund Yates recalls to us the article which he wrote in the Jubilee Number of *The Illustrated London News*, in May 1892. In that pleasant gossip he recounted his earliest relations with this Journal, which began with the Christmas Number of 1853. He received two "blocks"—a snowballing scene and a mistletoe-seller—with instructions to write a story round them, after the pleasant fashion of Christmas fiction in those primitive times. Edmund Yates was then twenty-two, a clerk in the Post Office, and his greatest friend was Albert Smith, who was untiring in his efforts to procure employment for the young writer. Soon after that, Edmund Yates's pen was never idle, and he was a considerable person in the world of journalism when he had the famous quarrel with Thackeray, which has long passed into that mellow stage where nobody troubles to decide the merits of personal controversies. It makes an interesting chapter in Mr. Yates's "Recollections," one of the most entertaining pieces of literary autobiography in our generation.

But it was not till he founded the *World* that Edmund Yates filled his real place in contemporary life. As a journalist he had a perfect genius for actuality, and he was the first to see that a paper which gave a local habitation and a name to what is called personal journalism, a paper, moreover, which chronicled the fleeting humours of "society" from week to week, was indispensable to the gaiety of nations. The project was immediately and brilliantly successful. Mr. Yates has had many imitators in this field during the last twenty years, but none of them ever surpassed him in dexterity, lightness of touch, and *savoir faire*. Personally, Edmund Yates was "ever a fighter"; he inherited traditions of a period when Fleet Street was more bellicose than it is now. Some of his exploits with a pen which could, on occasion, assume the

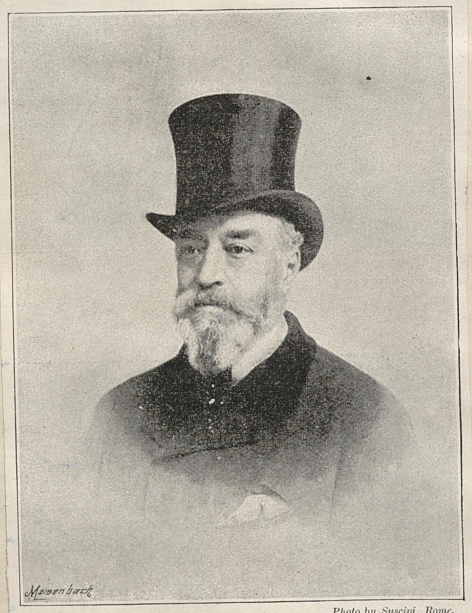


Photo by Suscipi, Rome.

THE LATE MR. EDMUND YATES.

properties both of sword and cudgel may seem rather startling to a pacific generation. But he was a staunch friend and ally, and his sudden death is sincerely mourned by many who knew him well.

Edmund Yates.

Friend of Ainsworth

Y.

YATES, EDMUND HODGSON, son of the well-known actor, who was sometime lessee of the Adelphi, born in July, 1831, was for many years Chief of the Missing Letter Department in the Post-Office. He has written "My Haunts and their Frequenters," published in 1854; "After Office Hours," in 1861; "Broken to Harness, a Story," in 1864; "Business of Pleasure," "Pages in Waiting," and "Running the Gauntlet, a Novel," in 1865; and "Kissing the Rod," and "Land at Last, a Novel," in 1866. In conjunction with the late Mr. F. E. Smedley, he wrote "Mirth and Metre, by Two Merry Men," published in 1854; in conjunction with the late Mr. R. B. Brough, edited "Our Miscellany," which appeared in 1857-8; prepared a condensed edition of "The Life and Correspondence of C. Matthews the Elder," published in 1860; and a "Memoir of Albert Smith and Mont Blanc." Mr. Yates, who has written some dramas, and was the theatrical critic of the *Daily News* for six years, edits the *Temple Bar Magazine*, in which his novel "Broken to Harness" appeared as a serial in 1864-5; is a constant contributor to *All the Year Round*, in which his novel "Black Sheep" was the leading serial story in 1866-7; and is the author of the *feuilleton* which appeared in the *Morning Star* every Monday for some time, under the title of the "Flâneur." In the autumn of 1867 it was discontinued. His more recent novels are, "Wrecked in Port," 1869; "Dr. Wainwright's Patient," 1871; "Nobody's Fortune," 1871; and "The Impending Sword," 1874. In May, 1872, Mr. Yates retired from the Post Office in order to devote himself exclusively to literature. In the course of that year he went on a lecturing tour in the United States, and in Oct., 1873, he was appointed London representative of the *New York Herald*. he *New York Herald*, which post he resigned in July, 1874, when he established *The World*, "a journal for men and women," which has a wide circulation, and of which he still remains sole proprietor and editor. In November, 1884, Mr. Yates published two volumes of "Personal Reminiscences and Experiences," an autobiography, which has gone through four editions. Mr. Yates was in 1884 indicted for a libel on the Earl of Lonsdale, and was sentenced by the Lord Chief Justice to four months' imprisonment.

Kissing the Rod. By Edmund Yates. (Tinsley.) This is a three-volume novel, written with (evidently) a most praiseworthy purpose and with considerable knowledge of the more superficial world. There are, no doubt, living in quiet retirement and deriving pleasure from external nature and the internal economy of households, thousands who have no notion that marriages are contracted in the way in which a marriage in this novel is contracted, and who will have a difficulty in realising to themselves the habit of thought and of action which could render such a marriage possible—such frightful results from the marriage all but inevitable. The purpose of the novel, we take it, is to show the misery which is certain, sooner or later, to follow upon a marriage which is a mere matter of barter, *when*, be it observed, there has been a question of heart, and deceit has been used to turn the course of true love into disconnected channels. The novelist has introduced no very original characters and no very extraordinary situations, but such as he has taken he has worked with very tolerable skill, and a brief outline of the story he has told will serve to show readers whether they are likely to find in the novel such a tale, spiced with some humour and a great deal of accepted slang, as is suited to their taste. A well-bred, dissipated, over-head-and-ears-in-debt father; a lovely daughter; a well-born, well-connected, handsome young gentleman, and a City merchant are the chief personages. Is it necessary to become a signpost and show how the young gentleman and the merchant both take the road which leads to the lovely daughter; how the lovely daughter saunters half way to meet the handsome young gentleman (passing the merchant by on the other side); and how the indebted father rushes into the merchant's arms? At any rate, villany intervenes, cements a union between father and merchant, separates the lovely daughter and the handsome young gentleman, and manages to sell the lovely daughter to the City merchant. Then retribution comes; the merchant is ruined; the wife whom he had bought finds out his villany and runs away from him; and when the ceremony of "kissing the rod" has been performed, when wife and husband are reconciled, and when the hour of reunion arrives, the injured woman rushes in to give forgiveness to a corpse. The plot is slight, but the lesson is severe, and there may be those to whom it will be salutary.

We notice in "The First-class Library," a new candidate for the suffrages of railway readers, a charming little volume of essays, stories, and poems by Mr. Edmund Yates. The book bears the modest title of "After Office Hours," by which we are led to infer that Mr. Yates is a merchant or a solicitor, or holds some Government appointment, and that these pages are, like Mr. Helps's essays, written "in the intervals of business." However, whether composed "after" or "before," or "during" office hours, the book is a very good one. Most of the articles of which it is composed are old acquaintances, culled from the pages of *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and *The Welcome Guest*. Among them we may specially mention an admirable description of a visit on Christmas Eve to a Trappist monastery, called "Out of the World," and a graphic sketch of travel after the "Cornhill-to-Grand-Cairo" model, entitled "In Charge."

Edmund Yates

April 19. '74.

Dear Lucy.

Send me, by return, addressed to me at Brill's Baths Brighton — any prose plays of the Lady of the Lake, & I'll settle with you on my return.

Faithfully yours
Edmund Yates.

The autobiography of a literary man, in the majority of cases, bears an interest proportioned to the general abiding value of his works. It is not altogether so with *Edmund Yates: His Recollections and Experiences;* two volumes, published by R. Bentley and Son, which really do contain much interesting matter. The author, who was born in 1831, has always been regarded as clever, bold, lively, bustling, and amusing; he has written several readable novels; but his conspicuous success as a journalist, within the last ten years, has coincided with the introduction, in a certain class of papers, of topics and of a style which would formerly have been less approved. Readers who have not yet acquired the taste for that sort of journalism may safely enjoy with us the earlier portion of Mr. Edmund Yates's personal narrative. His first chapter, "Parentage and Childhood," gives some charming pictures of the home of his infancy, adjoining the Adelphi Theatre, of which his father, Mr. Frederick Henry Yates, was manager and leading actor; while his mother (born Elizabeth Brunton), a woman of great talent and beauty, was the favourite actress. The unaffected warmth of filial love that inspires all Mr. Edmund Yates's account of his parents is very engaging; pleasant, too, are his vivid recollections, as a bred and born Londoner, though not yet an old man, of various places, customs, fashions, and trivial incidents which have been changed or have become obsolete. He was educated at the Highgate Grammar School, and at Düsseldorf; his mother, left a widow, then resided in Alpha-road, St. John's-wood. The family had influential connections and acquaintance; and but for the death of Mr. Frederick Yates, in 1842, his son might have been launched advantageously in a professional or official career. As it was, he became a clerk in the General Post Office, like Mr. Anthony Trollope; and he has something to tell of the inner life of that establishment under the rule of Colonel Maberly, and subsequently of Sir Rowland Hill. But Anthony Trollope has described it infinitely better, and it was never a subject of much importance to the public. So long as the business of Government offices is properly done, nobody outside cares particularly for the recreations of Government clerks. Mr. Edmund Yates had the same experiences of taverns and chop-houses, in the City, Fleet-street, and the Strand, as many other young men of his time; also of the Holborn Casino, Evans's, the Cider Cellar, and Cremorne. His remarks upon "the Drama in those days, 1847 to 1852," are better worthy of notice, though London playgoers of equal standing already know what he has to relate. Without giving up his Post Office employment, in which he was duly promoted, he began some thirty years ago to write for newspapers and magazines, joined the Fielding Club, cultivated the society of literary men, and was soon engaged as theatrical critic for the *Daily News*. Various subsequent connections with the London periodical press, daily and weekly, are described with rather unnecessary particularity. In those days, at least, the members of the regular staff of leading journals were not ambitious of personal notoriety; and some of them might still be content that Mr. Yates should have forgotten their names. The *Temple Bar* magazine, started by Mr. Maxwell, in December, 1860, gave more scope to his genuine talent, and brought him, as editorial assistant, into close working alliance with many successful writers. He had before enjoyed the private friendship of Dickens, who was, indeed, a cordial friend of his parents; and he had belonged to the Garrick Club, where an unfortunate quarrel with Thackeray, in 1858, caused the removal of Mr. Yates from that society. Enough was said about it at the time; both gentlemen, in their offended pride and mutual anger, seemed to play a rather foolish part; but Mr. Yates could have gracefully apologised to his elder, to one vastly his superior, for an injurious personal attack which he repented after the hasty writing of it. We do not believe there was ever any feeling of jealousy between Thackeray and Dickens. Mr. Yates devotes a separate chapter to his own recollections of Dickens, giving many characteristic anecdotes; but the mental portraiture was already complete. "To me," says Mr. Yates, "he was the most charming of companions, the kindest of friends." Of the deplorable estrangement which is too well known to have disturbed the great novelist's domestic life, Mr Yates speaks with delicacy and discretion. Among those collectively enumerated by him as "People I have known," in his next chapter, are Sir Alexander Cockburn, Mr. Abraham Hayward, John Forster, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, Mortimer Collins, John Leech, Buckstone, Keeley, Sothern, Mathews, and several now living. The chapter on his "Later Days at the Post Office," from which he retired with a pension in 1872 presents some features of interest with regard to the organisation of the Missing Letter Branch and of the Telegraph Department. Anecdotes of the superior officials, Sir Rowland Hill, Mr. Tilley, and Mr. Frank Scudamore, and of Anthony Trollope, are to be met with here. It is curious to be told that Anthony Trollope had no sense of humour; perhaps Thackeray had none? The fact is that Anthony Trollope did not like "society journalism," and we are quite sure Thackeray would not have liked it, or Dickens either, if they had lived to see its importation into England. The *World* was started in July, 1874, upon the suggestion and design of Mr. Grenville Murray, and Mr. Labouchere was one of those associated with Mr. Yates in the smart writing. Mr. Yates had been acting for some time as special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and had visited America on a lecturing tour, which were very profitable engagements. Whether it has not been somewhat of a loss to the more elaborate forms of literature, that the author of "Broken to Harness," and of other novels, turned his attention to a new style of producing "the light and gossipy news of the day," it is perhaps too late to consider. He professes entire satisfaction with the present direction of his industry upon which no opinion shall here be pronounced. These "Recollections and Experiences," in any case, will be reckoned not the least acceptable part of a clever and versatile writer's performances in a busy London life.

Our Miscellany. By E. H. Yates and R. B. Brough. London: Routledge and Co.

There is at present a want of comic literature. The "Punch" writers, who seem to have settled down into solid well-to-do citizens, content themselves with the working of their respective joke manufactories or mills, through which the same joke is again and again passed, and duly comes out in its allotted column with a certain typographical aspect of wit and humour, but lacking the somewhat necessary property of exciting mirth. The "Facetiæ" in the "Family Herald" and the "London Journal" are jokes only to those who never heard them before, and therefore raise but limited hilarity. The middle pages of the "Press" (as exhibited every Saturday in the windows of the publishing office) certainly contain true comic power, but the best article is generally made artfully to run over into an unexposed page, and as the paper is not ordinarily bought, much of the fun is lost to its regular readers. When, therefore, a shilling book appears, having, like the present, fun and good-humoured satire for its principal element, it lays claim to that double chance of success which is likely to arise from its own merit and the absence of rivalry.

"Our Miscellany" is a collection of burlesque imitations of our popular writers. There are two methods of parodying an author—one by seizing upon his style, and the other by burlesquing his incidents. Messrs. Yates and Brough have adopted these two plans indiscriminately. Thus, while the "Ascent of the Mont de Piété" is a squib upon the well-known Ascent of Mont Blanc, the style in which the story is told is certainly not that of Albert Smith. On the other hand, the ballad of "Johnson," though told in the metre of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" (and excellently told, by the way) has no affinity whatever with them in its story. Some of the papers follow their types with extraordinary closeness; others have merits of their own, which, without the imitation implied by the employment of a special kind of versification, would be ample recommendation. Of this kind are the "Ballad of Perca Nena," and "Down East." An excellent parallel (we can scarcely call it a burlesque or parody) to the dismally vulgar song of the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," is given us in a ballad, entitled the "Costermenger's Fancy," in which the events (like those detailed in its precursor) are of a tragic, not to say horrible, character. We fear, however, that the satire of Mr. Brough will be here too delicate for its object, and that the "Costermonger's Fancy" will be sung as a comic song by those who could tolerate the "Ratcatcher's Daughter." The intentional and utter absence of all effort at wit or humour—a result which the author has evidently strained to accomplish, will weigh but little with the comic vocalists of Lambeth or their audiences.

Mr. Yates's new story "Nobody's Fortune" (3 vols., Chapman and Hall), is made of sterner stuff than mere love. That irrepressible element is of course there, but the leading interest has more substantial material in the shape of a robbery. It is a very good robbery, too, of no less a sum than twenty-four thousand pounds in gold and precious stones. The robbers are captured and convicted, but not until they have succeeded in disposing of their booty underground. How Frank Scorrier discovers the secret of its whereabouts, and is tempted to make use of it after losing all his money in Australia, are events connected with the domestic interest of the story; for Frank is engaged to marry a beautiful girl named Ellen Womersley so soon as he shall have set himself up in life, and the hidden treasure seems his only chance—his pride not allowing him to depend upon her ample fortune. But meanwhile there are various complications at work, which eventually bring upon the scene several other persons concerned. In the first place there is a certain Mr. Pentweasel, who makes a business of obtaining stolen property upon advantageous terms. This gentleman proceeds to Hobart Town and manages to effect the escape of a convict whom he imagines to be the sole depositary of the secret; not being aware that the other convict has confided it to Frank immediately before his supposed death in an encounter with that gentleman. They will be glad, too, to meet Frank Scorrier, Pentweasel, Grogram, and Bradstock, who are studies from life; and Womersley, Jack Durston, the great Mr. Barnstaple, Q.C., who are very pleasant person—to say nothing of Ellen, to whose charming characteristics the author does full justice. There are a few strong breaches of probability in the story, that for instance connected with the revival of Bradstock. It is possible enough that a man, after being left for dead with a knife-wound in his side, may show signs of life and be brought round by a clever doctor; but it is difficult to conceive how another body could be substituted for his, in defiance of the coroner, the police evidence of identity, and the medical evidence as to the cause of death.

Running the Gauntlet. By Edmund Yates. (Tinsley.) A lively, rattling, three-volume novel, which may be read without effort, provided that the reader breathes freely in the pervading atmosphere, is attracted by such characters as are introduced, cares for such incidents as are recorded, and feels interest in such scenes as are represented. Fast life, however, is not to everyone's taste; forgers, and thieves' lawyers, and seducers, and semi-seducers, and women who hazard their reputation to indulge their spite, and horsedealers, and a mysterious governess with *aliases*, are not charming to everyone. There is considerable dash in the style of writing and of narration, and the dialogue is often amusing and piquant.

issued them.

Mirth and Metre. By Two Merry Men—Frank Smedley and Edmund Yates. (Routledge & Co.)—When the 'Rejected Addresses' can be had for a shilling, a book in the same style need have more than common merit to recommend it. Our "Two Merry Men" do not lack either humour or neatness; and as the German peasant-boy remarked when asked to repeat a certain prayer, that he had forgotten the words, indeed, but he could remember the tune, so it may be said of the authors of this imitative 'Mirth and Metre.' They are not quite masters, for instance, of Ingoldsby's method; but they have learnt the jingle, and make the same sound pleasantly enough. The imitation of 'Evangeline,' however, is a sorry failure. It has neither mirth nor metre in it.

NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOK, by the Author of "Frank Fairlegh," "Lewis Arundel," "Harry Coverdale's Courtship," &c., imperial 16mo, imitation half morocco, gilt edges, 8s. 6d.,

GATHERED LEAVES:

Being a Collection of the Poetical Works of the late FRANK E. SMEDLEY.

With a Memorial Preface by EDMUND YATES.

A Portrait and Numerous Illustrations.

London: VIRTUE BROTHERS and Co., 1, Amen-corner.

THE GARRICK CLUB "DIFFICULTY."

Mr. EDMUND YATES has published, in the form of a pamphlet, the facts and correspondence connected with his differences with Mr. Thackeray and the Garrick Club. His reason for so doing he states to be that the question between the parties (that of the legality of Mr. Yates's expulsion from the club) "no longer awaits the decision of any legal court." In the pamphlet before us, the origin of the dispute is set forth at length. In an article in an obscure periodical, Mr. Yates had commented (from actual observation, more or less correct) upon Mr. Thackeray's personal appearance and style of conversation. Two days after the appearance of this article, Mr. Thackeray wrote to Mr. Yates a letter in which he stigmatised the article as "not offensive and unfriendly merely, but slanderous and untrue;" and requested Mr. Yates, henceforth, to forego discussions, however blundering, upon his (Mr. Thackeray's) private affairs. "I suppose," says Mr. Yates, "I may assume it to be clear that this letter is intentionally arrogant and offensive." In the reply, the charge of being slanderous and untrue was retorted upon Mr. Thackeray's own letter. Mr. Thackeray, in return, forwarded a formal notice that he had laid the correspondence before the committee of the Garrick Club in preference to continuing a personal controversy. The secretary of the club, on the same day, announced that a special meeting of the committee had been called to consider the subject of Mr. Thackeray's complaint. Mr. Yates protested that the matter was not one for the consideration of the club; that the objectionable article made no reference to the club, referred to no conversation having taken place, and violated no confidence reposed, there. The committee, nevertheless, decided, on their meeting, that it was competent for them to enter into the subject; that Mr. Thackeray's complaints against Mr. Yates were well founded (we may here remark that Mr. Thackeray does not appear to have forwarded to the club any comment upon the matter beyond that contained in his letter to Mr. Yates); that Mr. Yates was bound to apologise, or to retire from the club. Mr. Yates respectfully declined the alternative, but added, that he would gladly apologise were the terms of Mr. Thackeray's letter less offensive. He then appealed from the opinion of the committee to that of a general meeting of the members. To such general meeting he expressed his sincere regret that ever he wrote the "unfortunate article." As Mr. Thackeray, however, was expressly excluded from the benefit of this apology, it does not appear to have gone far to allay angry feeling, and the general meeting, by a majority of 70 to 46, confirmed, to its utmost extent, the decision of the committee. Mr. Yates then resolved to bring the question at issue before a legal tribunal, and attended at the club for the purpose of having his ingress arrested. This was done by the secretary, and Mr. Yates commenced an action for the trespass. The secretary pleaded that the whole property of the club was vested in trustees, the only parties responsible in connection therewith. The effect of this plea is simply to throw Mr. Yates upon his remedy in the Court of Chancery, which Mr. Yates designates as a medium at once "easy, expeditious, and inexpensive." He therefore prudently prefers to abandon all further proceedings, and to publish the statement before us.

In this statement he says:—"In reciting the foregoing documents, and impartially stating the facts associated with them, I have but one object: I wish to enable every gentleman to judge of this case for himself, and to form his own opinion of its merits. I desire to present to every honourable and generous mind before which these pages may come, the inquiry, whether I have or have not patiently endeavoured to try the question between the Garrick Club and myself upon its own just merits; and whether, while this has been my object, divested of any irritating or disagreeable accompaniment, the committee—a body of gentlemen not to be questioned in their individual capacity—have taken refuge in little Old Bailey resources usually unknown to gentlemen."

A letter from Mr. Charles Dickens to Mr. Thackeray, upon the subject of the dispute, forms a portion of the correspondence. Mr. Dickens suggests a mediation, and says that he shall be heartily glad to do his best in it—"God knows, in no hostile spirit, least of all to you. If it cannot take place, the thing is at least no worse than it was, and you will burn this letter, and I will burn your answer." Mr. Thackeray replied that, since submitting his case to the club, he had, and could have, no part in the dispute, and referred to the club alone for the adjustment of it. He nevertheless wrote to the club, with reference to the dispute—"If you can devise any peaceful means for ending it, no one will be better pleased than your faithful servant." It is, perhaps, superfluous to add, that no adjustment of the difference has taken place, or appears probable.

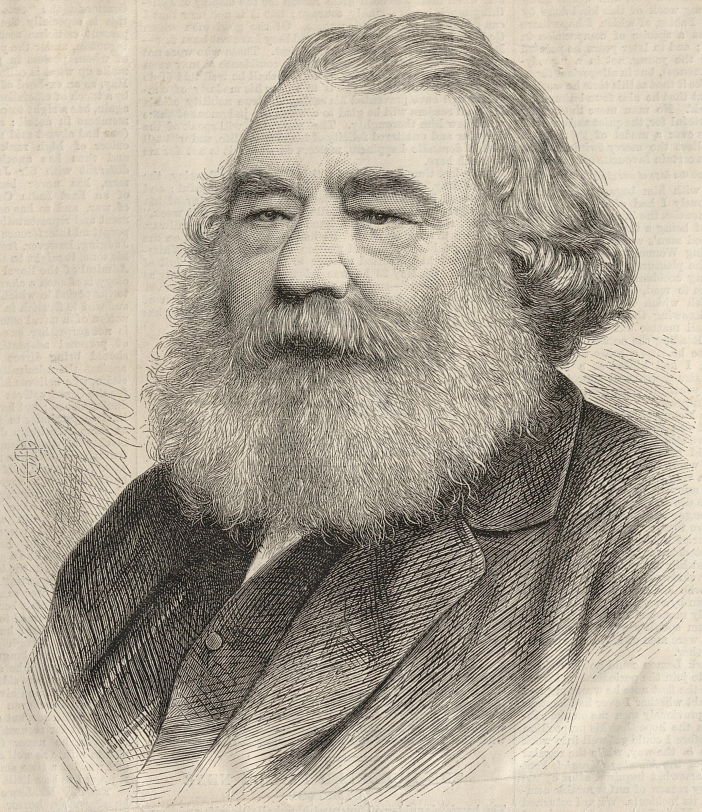
Such are the particulars of one of the most recent "Quarrels of Authors," which we publish not only on account of the perhaps undue interest with which the public generally appears to regard such matters, but because, in such a case as this, a plain and simple statement of facts tends, as a rule, to check much of that misrepresentation and exaggeration which naturally arise when stories pass current through unauthentic channels.

MARK LEMON.

The melancholy event which naturally suggests the production of the accompanying portrait is too recent, and the impossibility of yet verifying details of the early life of the subject of that portrait is too obvious, to justify the present writer in attempting anything which may deserve to be called a biography of Mark Lemon. The unexpected loss of a dear and valued friend unfits me from essaying any well-considered sketch of his character, and I propose to confine myself to the record of a few recollections. I am the more satisfied in taking this course, because I know that it had long been the intention of Mark Lemon to prepare some kind of an autobiography, which should contain, among other things, an explanation of the true history of the periodical with which his name was connected from the first, and respecting which it is the pertinacious custom of some to make representations which it is mild to describe as imperfect. I have reason to think that he carried out this intention, but at present it is not possible, of course, to ascertain whether this is the case. I will not run the risk of anticipating details which, if that autobiography shall be found to exist, will in due time be made known in the best and most trustworthy manner.

He was born in London on Nov. 30, 1809. I think that part of the curious bazaar known as the London Crystal Palace covers the site of his birthplace. Of his early life I have but slight knowledge; but he was carefully educated, and of the loving care of his mother, a venerable lady who survives him, he ever spoke with filial gratitude. It was one of the chief happinesses of his late years that he was enabled to offer his mother a home under his own roof; and I am not, I trust, trespassing over the threshold of that home when I mention that almost to the last her son's attentions to her were as sedulous as ever, and that no Sunday passed without his devoting an hour to reading to her the service of the Church. He was accustomed to speak of his youthful life as a pleasant one, and it is certain that none of the hardships of which we hear so much in many narratives of boy life were allowed to crush the natural joyousness (I may say playfulness) of his disposition. He had always a love for athletic exercises, and for horses, and he was fond of shooting and coursing, and these things are learned in youth or not at all. I am therefore right in believing that his early life was passed under pleasant conditions. I hesitate to forestal school stories, because if he has himself written them they will have a first-hand interest for readers hereafter; but I have no reason to think that the young Mark Lemon was in the least subject to the vanity of being more docile and orderly at school than any other healthy and happy boy. As a young man he was fond of the pleasures of life, and his liveliness and brightness made him very acceptable in society. His bearing towards women was ever gallant; and to the last he retained this most pleasant manner, in which a little touch of what we call the "old school" mingled, thrown in playfully, but really indicating the respect in which, in spite of modern cynics, he always held the matronhood and maidhood of England.

At what exact date, or under what stimulus, he began to use his pen for public purposes, I am not certain; but it must have been very early. He had a strong dramatic faculty, and there was a "go" about his first productions which more than atoned for the absence of the finish which he acquired in after days, and which manifests itself in the apparently unlaboured dialogue of his comedies. I make no doubt that he found the produce of his plays very acceptable at a time when a young man has not learned how many things there are in Vanity Fair that he can exceedingly well do without. Having found the value of pen and ink, he used it for other purposes than



THE LATE MR. MARK LEMON.

Mark Lemon

Friend of Ainsworth

Original Poem.

Though I sometimes think yes I say No

1

One bright sunny day in the fair month of May
When the wild birds were all in full song
Neath a lone greenwood shade there wandered a maid
Who sang as she strolled along
I've been wooed by the rich by the noble & brave
I can boast countless things of my bow
My faith when they'd probe should they ask if I love
Though I sometimes think yes I say No

2

Each day I am sure I've a dozen or more
Holding forth in the same telling strain
They seem never content till they get one's consent
Which they prize when its hard to obtain
If approving I look they are caught on the hook
A more queer kind of fish I don't know
In a manner so bland they entreat for one's hand
Though I sometimes think yes I say No

3

If a suitor appear with ten thousand a year
Whose handsome whose honest & true
In a whisper should say dearest but name the day
What then can a lone maiden do
Perhaps with a sigh I may faintly reply
As the case is so altered you know
How impatient you are you must ask my Papa
This time it wont do to say No

Falkner Lyle; or, the Story of Two Wives. By Mark Lemon. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) Anything from the pen of Mr. Mark Lemon must be received with pleasure by persons who in these days of unwholesome fiction have retained a taste for genial writing and healthy morals. The popularity of this gentleman's previous works, indeed, says more for the public than some pessimists have been willing to concede. It is perfectly true that an exceedingly bad mixture of English melodrama and French sentiment has been extraordinarily acceptable to the circulating libraries for some years past, and that a book in which almost impossible crimes, adventures, and escapes are sauced with a good deal of sentimentality and a little blasphemy has still a very good chance of being a success. But we believe that the thing has been overdone, and that the merchants of tainted goods are becoming bankrupt, while we have the yet more satisfactory belief that there are thousands who show no favour to such wares, but have a ready appreciation of pleasant and cheerful fiction, which can be read without a sense of demoralisation. To that class of fiction Mr. Lemon's novels belong, and we rejoice, in the public interest, to know that they are very welcome to large numbers of readers. But, in the present instance, Mr. Mark Lemon has addressed himself to his work with a keener artistic sense and a larger artistic power than in any of his earlier novels. He has given much care to the construction and development of his tale, and the result is admirable. A somewhat complex plot has been laid out with foresight and provision for strong scenes, and it is impossible not to be interested in the progress of the story. The dramatic strength of the author is not unfrequently exhibited in situations of passion; but perhaps there will be as much pleasure felt in the cleverly-sustained and often subtle dialogue with which the business is carried along, almost without the reader's being conscious that he is moving with the dramatis personæ. The tone of the book, in spite of certain tragic incidents, is habitually cheerful, for Mr. Lemon is evidently never so happy as when he can show the brighter side of human character; but he has not permitted his own likings to prevent his doing himself justice where the darker touches are essential; and in the character of one of his leading personages, Bertha (we purposely abstain from indicating her relations to others), he has given as vivid a picture of evil as any of the sensation novelists—even the female ones—could have drawn; while he has never been tempted by the power of the conception to render the subject other than an object of our hate. In this character, and in that of Falkner Lyle himself, Mr. Lemon's psychological skill has been exerted to the utmost, and he has achieved extraordinary force and finish. We hold it, in most cases, unfair to sketch, in a bald and condensed form, a plot which an author has developed with special care to bring out his effects in his own fashion; nor has a reviewer, we humbly conceive, a right to reproduce characters in his own language, and "re-weigh the justice" which the author has done them. It is, perhaps, only pardonable to do either of these things in cases where an author is comparatively unknown, and where his merits are likely to be left in obscurity unless they are pointed out to the general reader. Mr. Lemon's books are read by everybody, and therefore the critic has no excuse for enriching his own dissertation by pillage from the author. We shall content ourselves with saying that "Falkner Lyle" is a tale of the day; that the personages are such as live and move around us; that the scene is in England and also in India; and that the writer has supplied his characters with some of the very strongest motives of action and of passion. To say much about the two wives, beyond mentioning that this is not a tale of bigamy, would be to deprive a reader of a pleasurable excitement; but we must note that the characters of these ladies are in highly-wrought contrast, and that we have had a difficulty in determining on which portrait Mr. Lemon has bestowed most elaboration. Among the subordinate persons, most of them racily drawn, there are a Mr. and Mrs. Mallett, who are exceedingly amusing; and there is a dreadful old maid, who carries the vices with which old maids are credited into such animated action as to give one the idea of a new type of torment. Then we have a Mr. Bumpstead, who is the most useful, thoughtful, amusing of philanthropists; and there are some persons of the lower class who are introduced, not for their own sakes, but for the sake of the story, but who are very real, and not at all caricatured. This last point is one on which Mr. Lemon is always right. Many novelists finish up their ladies and gentlemen with conscientiousness and care; but in regard to menials and the humbler orders imitate the haughty old painters of other days, who treated animals and other accessories in any way that promoted the effect of the picture, and with profound contempt for zoology. Mr. Lemon avoids this carelessness, and whatever a clown or a tramp has to say, if it be only a few words, is said in a probable manner. We have little to add, except a sincere congratulation to Mr. Mark Lemon on his new success. Society has for many years been indebted to him for much of its "harmless gaiety." His dramas were always welcome, and would be welcome now, inferior as are the artists who would be supported by rather than support them, to those of the original cast, and we conclude that even Mr. Lemon's good nature would hardly let him intrust new and important characters to such companies as satisfy the present degenerated class of playgoers. But in other ways society has been and is Mr. Lemon's debtor, and notably for his eminent charioteering skill in driving the car of *Punch* round the political and social zodiac. He has displayed his singular versatility in addressing himself, in middle life, to a form of composition which many men take up in youth, but few much later, and he has shown himself a master in his new art. We say this emphatically, because the proof is that each of his books manifests new thought and varied treatment. "Falkner Lyle" cannot fail to become a favourite; yet no one who studies it will be prepared to say that it will not be surpassed by its successor, for it is the work of a skilled artist, working in a rich field, and for such a worker there are no limits save those which are self-imposed.

Tom Moody's Tales. Edited by Mark Lemon. (1 vol. Bradbury and Evans.) We had but the other day to welcome Mr. Mark Lemon's appearance in his new character of a three-volume novelist, and to congratulate him upon his successful inauguration of a career in which, if it so please him, he will add fresh laurels to those he has gained in other departments of literature. As instant "sequel at the heels of that success" comes a delightful collection of tales by the same pen—we presume Mr. Lemon uses the word "editor" in the old classical arena sense—and we have nearly as much pleasure in commending the handsome little volume to our readers. The stories, we should observe, are not only full of adventure and of humour, with just as much pathos here and there as is not unwelcome, but they are written with much finish, and in a pure English style, which is very bracing and welcome in these days of mongrel affectations and polyglot euphuisms. Mr. Hablot Browne has caught the spirit of the author he illustrates, and the result of their united labour should be in large demand, especially at the season of presents.

Mr. Mark Lemon's personation of Falstaff at the Gallery of Illustration continues to draw large and distinguished audiences. The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by their suite and accompanied by a number of ladies and gentlemen specially invited by his Royal Highness, honoured Mr. Mark Lemon with their presence at a private performance on Saturday evening. At the conclusion of the entertainment Mr. Lemon was favoured with a personal introduction to the Prince and Princess, who expressed their gratification at his interpretation of Falstaff.

Loved at Last. A Story. By Mark Lemon. (3 vols. Bradbury and Evans.) The warm reception which was given by the public to Mr. Mark Lemon's first essay in the larger fields of fiction would seem to have made it incumbent upon him to vindicate that judgment by showing that it was not simply due to the regard he had earned by his numerous dramatic successes and by his admirable discharge of perhaps the most difficult of editorial duties. He has not hurried before the world with his second novel, as many writers have done in order to avail themselves of a sudden popularity; but, conscious that whenever he chose to reappear he would be welcome, he has taken a reasonable period during which to construct his new book. The evidence of increased strength, and facility in handling the material of fiction is abundant in "Loved at Last." It is but justice to an author who had previously been favourably known by achievements of a different character to point out that his difficulties are not diminished by the earlier education of his pen. Mr. Lemon is, we believe, the writer of some sixty or seventy dramatic works of various degrees of importance, from the romantic play to the rattling farce. It is unavoidable that such an author's habits of thought should to a considerable extent be influenced by the curious exigencies of the stage. On the boards, provided that a story be progressive and comprehensible, that certain effective "situations" be wrought up, and that the dialogue be characteristic, success is almost certain, unless want of tact shall have led the dramatist to select a subject repulsive to the public. Broad outlines and bold colour will answer the purpose. A fastidious stage-writer, as Mr. Lemon has generally shown himself, will go further, will endeavour to account for every incident and turn of story, and will work at his dialogue in a way for which audiences might be more grateful, if actors in general were capable of doing justice to artistic language. On this latter point, Mr. Lemon has shown himself sensitive, and such of his plays as have admitted of finished dialogue, especially his capital comedies, will be found to be written with a care and point not ordinarily to be detected in a dramatic work. But the broad, bold handling which is essential on the stage, and the finished dialogue which is a convention we should be sorry to miss, though it is, of course, anything but natural talk, or the natural expression of passion, are alike opposed to the canons of novel-craft. The careful introduction, in which the novelist secretly prepares for his concluding chapters, is not more unlike the strongly-marked but simple opening of a good play than are the well-turned epigrams and half-florid diction to the alternation of easy and earnest language used in real life. A dramatist who becomes a novelist has therefore to re-educate his hand; and only those who have tried the two processes, beginning with the theatrical system, can know how hard it is for the novelist to avoid a dashing, melodramatic situation, which could not occur in a library or drawing-room with four walls to it, but which when the fourth wall is down, would bring shouts of applause from the audience which is the substitute for that missing wall; or can comprehend the unwillingness with which an exceedingly smart or horribly savage speech, which would infallibly draw down laughter or cheers from the playgoers, is sacrificed by the author of fiction to the judgment which tells him, in a stern whisper, that he knows that such things are never said in a private room. It is therefore no small credit to Mr. Lemon that he has obtained so much mastery over the very powers which, allowed free play, have gained him so many first-night laurels. No one, however, would be less gratified than the shrewd man of the world who presides over the satiric journal of the day at being told that he had entirely emancipated himself from all his dramatic habits, and had at two leaps become a complete and accomplished novelist. In the certain assurance that he cannot write without making progress, and that his next and succeeding fictions—of which we hope to review a prolonged series—will manifest a regularly increasing improvement in this respect, we will, before proceeding to notice the volumes before us, hint in the kindest spirit that he has

Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget.

Among the former we should be inclined to set down the habits of forgetting his own personal sentiments as to the position of his characters and their conduct, and of leaving his people to take care of themselves, which they are generally quite capable of doing. We at once trace the absence of the first of these habits to the very best of motives—that of aiming at a higher object than mere amusement; and of the second to the theatrical necessity of compactness and of an abstinence from aught that is not essential to the march of the play. But the novelist, if he aspire to be a teacher (which, except in the broadest sense of the word, we fear that art will not permit him to be) must teach by example only, and must not allow his men and women to please or annoy him into praise or blame. He is their creator, and who are they that they should have the power to delight or enrage him? And their moralities and immoralities must be allowed to speak for themselves, and must not be judged while the story proceeds. This is so easy a task—this leaving one's characters unpraised and unblamed, that we merely offer the hint to Mr. Lemon—a few unsparing strokes of the pen might almost perform it for the subsequent editions of the book before us. The other habit, that of giving his characters their heads—indulging them with their heads is, we believe, the language of the turf—is more important; but when we assure Mr. Lemon, once more, that his horses have good blood, good limbs, and good courage, and we often feel angry with him for "roping" or pulling up when they are going the pace so capitally, we are sure he will forgive us for asking him to remember that we readers are not an under-bred theatrical audience, that yawns if not excited, and that must at all events get home to its supper at a given time. We shall be very glad to read all that he has to tell us. A trifle or two in the way of forgetting, we should also like to hint at, and then we can get on to the pleasanter part of our duty. We wish that he would entirely forget the virtuous domestics and devoted day-labourers of the stage, because, though touching or diverting on the boards, they are non-realities which come into objectionable contrast with the capital real flesh and blood of his men and women of the middle classes, and even when comic, which is the only shape in which they are tolerable in a novel, have a conventional smack. These small blemishes will, we feel, disappear entirely from Mr. Lemon's fictions as he goes on; and we mark them because his books are so good, so wholesome, and so fresh, that we are inclined to be harder upon him for slight faults than we should be upon most writers for large ones.

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LEMON (Mark) Golden Fetters, FIRST EDITION, 3 vols, 1867, *presentation copy from the Author to Charles Manby, of Eastbourne, with autograph inscription, and a verse in Mark Lemon's handwriting, and signed by him, quoted hereunder:—*

"They cannot be complete in aught
Who are not humorously prone;
A man without a *Merry Thought*
Could hardly have a *funny bone.*"

Also the following by Mark Lemon: Falkner Lyle 3 vols, 1866; Loved to the Last, 3 vols, 1864; Wait for the End, 3 vols, 1863; ALL FIRST EDITIONS, *original cloth, uncut, and all presentation copies to C. Manby, with autograph inscriptions by the Author,* together 12 vols, UNIQUE, £6 6s (L)

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. MARK LEMON.—The annual dinner of the Dramatic Authors' Society took place at the Ship Hotel, Greenwich, on the 11th inst., and there was an unusually large muster of the members, especially of the older ones, by reason that it had been arranged to make a recognition of the valuable services which Mr. Mark Lemon has rendered to the society. To make these generally understood, a few explanatory words are needful. After fierce battle with those who could not perceive that an author has as much right in the creations of his brain as a landowner has in his estate, or a fundholder in his stock, an Act was obtained recognising the dramatist's title to remuneration from all who should act his plays. The country theatres had previously subsisted on the plunder of the London authors' works. The dramatists organised a plan for obtaining payment from the provinces; but, from various causes, it never worked well; and the chairman at the dinner, Mr. Bayle Bernard, gave an amusing sketch of the mode in which the authors suffered, between the active or passive resistance of managers and the blundering or fraud of the agents for the authors. The latter were always at law with some manager or other, and proceedings probably ended in a manager's bankruptcy. One manager used to send up false playbills, manufactured for deception. There were many honourable exceptions to the rule; but the whole machine acted clumsily, and to the great loss of the authors. Mr. Mark Lemon appeared as the *deus ex machinâ*, and devised a scheme which put an end to all difficulties, satisfied authors and managers, opened the whole range of the new drama to the provincial public, and increased the revenue of the society from about £700 to £3700. It was therefore felt that a testimonial of the gratitude of the authors was his due; and this was presented to him on the above occasion, Mr. Tom Taylor felicitously expressing the feelings of the society. Mr. Mark Lemon returned thanks very humorously, and intimated his hope that out of the testimonial (a beautiful inkstand) he should be enabled to draw inspirations of a remarkable character. Mr. Shirley Brooks, in proposing the chairman's health, complimented him on having accomplished a most difficult duty—that of speaking well in the presence of six-and-twenty men whose business it was to make the best speeches possible. Messrs. B. Webster, Planché, and Buckstone returned thanks for the society in a most amusing trio speech. Among the party were Messrs. Balfe, Oxenford, Wigan, Harrison, Palgrave Simpson, Byron, L. Buckingham, Blanchard, and Sketchley.

Tinykin's Transformations. A Child's Story. By Mark Lemon. (Bradbury, Evans, and Co.) This is one of the happiest efforts made in the present season to invent a new little romance for the amusement of small readers. Mr. Mark Lemon, who has so often handled a clever pen for the gratification of the grown-up public, wished to provide an innocent pleasure for his own six grandchildren, and wrote them a charming fairy tale. The scene is laid in Tilgate Forest; the time is in the reign of Horsa, King of the West Saxons. We need not be too particular about these historical and topographical details. Tinykin is a dear little boy, whom the Fairy Queen Titania loves so much that she will change him at once into the shape of any living creature he chooses instead of the human form. The account of his strange sensations when he learns to fly like a bird, to swim like a fish, to run and leap as a deer, or to burrow in the earth as a mole, is suggestive enough; and so is the process of thought by which he afterwards comes to imitate those animal movements with artificial and mechanical apparatus. The engravings, designed by Mr. C. Green, are pretty, and sometimes funny.

The Jest Book: the Choicest Anecdotes and Sayings. Selected and Arranged by MARK LEMON. Macmillan and Co.

A Joe Miller collection seems a strange volume to add to so chaste a series as the "Golden Treasury." Nevertheless, here it is: a handsome, portly little volume, brimful of the best sayings, adorned with a charmingly-executed vignette by Mr. Charles Keene, and backed up by the name of Mr. Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*. In an amusing preface Mr. Lemon explains how, with large-hearted liberality, he has admitted everything in the way of wit according to the many definitions of the many best authorities; and so it may be concluded that almost all the folly extant has been shot flying. "Of course," says the editor, "every one will miss some pet jest from this collection, and, as a consequence, declare it to be miserably incomplete." But this is unlikely. On the contrary, the reader will here and there be astonished at Mr. Lemon's liberality in giving the same story twice over, but generally to the same effect. The reader will also feel astonished at the editor's sense of delicacy towards the departed, instanced by the common practice of putting unmistakable names with *dashes* instead of vowels—Spencer Perceval, for instance—as if the son, other relatives, and friends of the statesman would find their feelings hurt by a harmless anecdote fifty-two years after the assassination. There are pages about Sir Boyle Roche in the collection; but once he is, with grave reticence, described as Sir B—— R——. Epigrams by Prior and Pope are unacknowledged, and one by Byron is attributed to Rogers. Surely, in these matters a little more care and taste might have been displayed. As it is, the collection is undoubtedly the best extant; but, as undoubtedly, the editing is as slovenly a piece of work as was ever effected by Indolence.

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Mark Lemon

ON November 29th comes the 100th anniversary of the birthday of Mark Lemon, one of the founders and first editors of 'Punch,' a most enviable title to literary fame. For the first two years of 'Punch's' existence he was co-editor with Henry Mayhew (who enjoys a modified immorality as the author of 'Villikins and his Dinah'), and after Mayhew's death was sole editor until his own death, more than a quarter of a century later. Mr. Punch owed not only his birth but his survival to Mark Lemon's assiduous nursing, for the editor helped with money as well as brains during the precarious early years. Mark Lemon's money, earned as a popular playwright, was well spent on 'Punch' for himself as well as for the world, for the salary of 30s. a week, with which he started, was £1,500 a year before he died."

This is one of Mr. W. James's notes on literary centenaries in his literary column, which we look for in every Saturday's *Evening Standard*. It is 50 years since Mark Lemon's first novel, "A Christmas Hamper," was published. The present writer can just remember Mark Lemon being pointed out as one of a jovial party at lunch at "The London," in its palmy days over Messrs. Partridge & Cooper's present premises, at the Fleet Street corner of Chancery Lane. The chef, who had wheeled up the saddle of mutton, had to stop in the middle of his cut to recover for an instant from some remark which the editor of "Punch" had fired at him—just a dash of Lemon.

HAYMARKET.—The entertainments at this cheerful and elegant little theatre, are of the light and pleasant kind that disarms criticism by amusing willing audiences, who come to enjoy a laugh, and are bent on accomplishing their object. The late farces of Mr. Mark Lemon have been less successful than usual; but there is always 'Married Life'—'My Wife's Mother'—'Grandfather Whitehead,' or some other domestic relationship to fall back upon



THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. DIAMOND.

Douglas Jerrold.

Letter invited Tully the musical director of the Opera House to dinner with Mark Lemon.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE original edition of "Cakes and Ale," a series of stories and essays, was dedicated by Douglas Jerrold to Thomas Hood. In Jerrold's collected works the dedication is repeated, with this addition:—

This humble offering is herewith renewed, with the expression of a regret that it was necessary for Thomas Hood still to do one thing ere the wide circle and the profound depth of his genius were to the full acknowledged: that one thing was—to die.

The universal sentiment that has burst forth upon the death of Douglas Jerrold himself is something like an approach to the full acknowledgment of *his* genius. That sentiment is the first expression of the recognition of the value of what is "lack'd and lost." But, when some years have passed away, as had passed when this tribute to Thomas Hood was renewed, then will the genius of Douglas Jerrold be acknowledged in its "profound depth" as in its manifest brilliancy, and the "wide circle" of his wisdom and his knowledge be as well perceived as the exuberance of his fancy and the smartness of his satire.

In the writings of Jerrold, of which the more important of a continuous character have been republished uniformly, as revised by himself,* the world will find few traces of an autobiographical nature. As in most writers of original genius, the universal largely predominated over the personal. Those who were in habits of confidence and intimacy with him may probably trace some scenes and characters suggested by his own experience; but in his writings we scarcely ever see his individuality. In the republication of his works the prefatory notices are extremely slight. One single paragraph of introduction to the present volume points to their author's early career:—

And there, where the ocean tumbles, was in the olden day a goodly town sapped, swallowed, by the weaving, the voracious sea. At lowest tides the people still discover odd, quaint, household relics which, despite the homely breeding of the finders, must carry away their thoughts into the mist of time, and make them feel antiquity. The very children of the village are hucksters of the spoils of dead centuries. They grow up with some small trading knowledge of fossils; and are deep, very deep, in all sorts of petrifactions. They must have strange early sympathies towards that mysterious town, with all its tradesfolk and marketfolk sunk below the sea; a place of which they have a constant inkling in the petty spoils lashed upward by the tempest. Indeed, it is difficult for the mind to conceive the annihilation of a whole town—engulphed in the ocean. The tricksy fancy will assert itself; and, looking over the shining water, with summer basking on it, we are apt to dream that the said market-town has only suffered a "sea change;" and that, fathoms deep, the town still stands—that busy life goes on—that people of an odd, sea-green aspect, it may be, still carry on the work of mortal breathing, make love, beget little ones, and die. But this, indeed, is the dream of idleness. Yet who, if he could change his mind at will, would make his mind incapable of such poor fantasies? How much of the coarse web of existence owes its beauty to the idlest dreams with which we colour it!

But, if there be one charm more than another in *all* the writings of Douglas Jerrold, it is the voice that is constantly urging on the great duty of human brotherhood. He has had noble fellow-labourers in the great attempt—which is now beginning to look less like a dream—of bringing classes that have been too long separated into a more just knowledge of each other, and, therefore, into more active sympathy. But no one has laboured longer in this work, or has laboured more consistently, than Jerrold. He has not sought to set classes at enmity. He has been indignant at the callousness of the sordid rich; but he has not taught the poor that the rich and the high-born were their social enemies. As a public journalist he had large opportunities of sowing discontent with the great principles of society and government; but he had more practical views, and, therefore, more benevolent views. No one ever more beautifully expressed a deep sense of the nobility of the poor than he has done in a passage of his "Clovernook":—

MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD AT HOME.—It is a bright morning about eight o'clock, at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gipsies are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window sash is shot sharply up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little, spare figure, with a stoop, habited in a short shooting-jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes, with short quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from its master. The gipsy encampment is reached. The gipsies know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp at the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast, and the morning papers. The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk; some toast, bacon, water-cresses. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers—here and there a bit of news energetically read aloud, then cut, and put between clippers. Then silently, suddenly, into the study. This study is a very snug room. All about it are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakspeare. A bit of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree lies upon the mantelpiece. Above the sofa are "The Rent Day" and "Distraining for Rent," Wilkie's two pictures, in the corner of which is Wilkie's kind inscription to the author of the drama, called "The Rent Day." Under the two prints laughs Sir Joshua's sly Puck, perched upon a pulpy mushroom. Turner's "Heidelberg" is here too, and the engraver thereof will drop in presently—he lives close at hand—to see his friend Douglas Jerrold. Ariadne and Dorothea decorate the chimneypiece. The furniture is simple, solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell, upon which the ink-stand rests, has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips on the table. The paper-basket stands near the armchair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study, and lies at his feet, work begins. If it be a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf, and go nibbling it, and thinking down the side walks. In again, and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine are brought in by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written, and dispatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed, a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; at last a seat, with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry-tree.—*Life of Douglas Jerrold.*

THE JERROLD TESTIMONIAL.—On Wednesday Mr. Thackeray delivered a lecture at St. Martin's Hall, in honour of Douglas Jerrold's memory, to a numerous audience. The title of the lecture was "Week-day Preachers," meaning by the term those public teachers who, by means of their writings and otherwise, instructed the common mind in a manner which in the present time was irresistibly felt. The lecture confessedly consisted of materials used on former occasions, both in America and in London; and was composed of an amalgam from Mr. Thackeray's oration on "Humour and Charity," delivered at the Marylebone Institution, and his series on the "British Humorists." Having exhausted, however, the old ground, Mr. Thackeray continued the subject by adducing Steele and Addison as the pioneers of that style of modern literature which preferred subjects from ordinary life, and addressed itself to the sympathies of the people. Burns and Béranger were cited in this connection; and then, in reference to the stage, Mr. Jerrold's merits were discussed, particularly in regard to "Black-eyed Susan." He also alluded to the penny theatres. In the productions of this class popular rights were advocated against aristocratic pretension. Charles Lamb, Thomas Hood, and *Punch* were then alluded to; and a paper from the last, owning Mr. Thackeray for its author—"The Curate's Walk"—was read, for the purpose, it would appear, of instituting a comparison between himself and Mr. Dickens, whom he acknowledged to be the more pleasant and benevolent writer. In conclusion, he expatiated on Mr. Jerrold's wit, lamented his removal from the "kindly board," and commended the intrinsic benevolence of his character. The lecture was frequently and vehemently applauded.

Jan 16

3. Gothic Cottages
Park Village, Regent's Park.

My dear Tully.

Will you, without ceremony, put your arm in Mark's to-morrow, and come and take a cut of mutton and a whisp of bird's-eye? You will.

Yours Ever,

Douglas Jerrold

THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON said, in the *Athenæum*, that if every one who had received a kindness from the hand of Douglas Jerrold flung a flower on his grave, the spot would be marked by a mountain of roses. Within these three years, I have been once or twice his debtor for kind and encouraging words, and I would willingly throw my little flower. On the very few occasions upon which I saw him personally,—not more than twice or thrice, and under his own roof,—I found him the most genial, sincere, and *fatherly* of men; perfectly simple, a man who looked straight at you, and spoke without *arriere pensée*,—without any of that double consciousness which makes the talk of some men of talent disagreeable,—and most thoroughly *human*. That "abounding humanity" which I once said elsewhere is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Jerrold's writing shone out conspicuously in all his behaviour. It was never necessary, as it is in conversing with too many, to say, by implication, "Never mind the book, and the reputation, and the wit, and the wits, and what I am thinking of you—am I not a man and a brother?" Mr. Jerrold recognised the manhood and the brotherhood so fully at starting that there was nothing to be said about it, and your intercourse with him went smoothly upon its true basis,—the natural "proclivity" of one human creature for another. The last time I saw him, he spoke of Mr. Wilkie Collins among the living, and Mr. Laman Blanchard among the dead, with particular cordiality. I then knew little of the *personnel* of literature, and missed, I doubt not, the full significance of what he said about others of whom he spoke in kind terms.

Mr. Jerrold had a peculiar fondness for children. On the same evening, I heard him speak, with positive tears of gratification in his eyes, of a sketch of Mr. Leech, in which some gutter-bred little ones were represented doing the honours of a mock party among each other. No man that ever wrote has said so much about "babies." In the middle of a political leader, you would find such an allusion as—"sweeter than the sweetest baby." And his writings are full of a gracious domestic purity, quite distinct from the clap-trap of the play-wright or the novelist.

The poetry that was in Mr. Jerrold has, I suspect, been much underrated by the general public. And I will conclude these unworthy words (I would willingly have deferred flinging my little flower till in a freer writing mood than at present, but it is better done at once), by quoting a very fine passage from his "Chronicles of Clovernook,"—which, he told me, as, indeed, any one might guess, contained more of his true self, as he would like to be known and remembered, than any other of his writings.

At this time the declining sun flamed goldenly in the west. It was a glorious hour. The air fell upon the heart like balm; the sky, gold and vermilion-flecked, hung, a celestial tent, above mortal man; and the fancy-quickened ear heard sweet, low music from the heart of earth, rejoicing in that time of gladness.

"Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather?" said the Hermit. "And how gloriously the earth manifests the grandeur of the Presence! How its blood dances and glows in the Splendour! It courses the trunks of trees, and is red and golden in their blossoms. It sparkles in the myriad flowers, consuming itself in sweetness. Every little earth-blossom is as an altar, burning incense. The heart of man, creative in its overflowing happiness, finds or makes a fellowship in all things. The birds have passing kindred with his winged thoughts. He hears a stranger, sweeter triumph in the skiey rapture of the lark, and the cuckoo—constant egoist!—speaks to him from the deep, distant wood, with a strange swooning sound. All things living are a part of him. In all, he sees and hears a new and deep significance. In that green pyramid, row above row, what a host of flowers! How beautiful and how rejoicing! What a sullen, soul-less thing, the Great Pyramid, to that blossoming chesnut! How different the work and workmen! A torrid monument of human wrong, haunted by flights of ghosts that not ten thousand thousand years can lay—a pulseless carcase built of sweat and blood to garner rottenness. And that Pyramid of leaves grew in its strength, like silent goodness, heaven blessing it; and every year it smiles, and every year it talks to fading generations. What a congregation of spirits—spirits of the season!—it gathered, circle above circle, in its blossoms; and verily they speak to man with blither voice, than all the tongues of Egypt. And at this delicious season, man listens and makes answer to them; alike to them and all: to the topmost blossom of the mighty tree as to the greensward daisy, constant flower, with innocent and open look still frankly staring at the mid-day sun."

"Evenings such as this," continued the Hermit, after a pause, "seem to me the very holiday time of death; an hour in which the slayer, throned in glory, smiles benevolently down on man. Here, on earth, he gets hard names among us for the unseemliness of his looks, and the cruelty of his doings; but in an hour like this, death seems to me loving and radiant,—a great bounty, spreading an immortal feast, and showing the glad dwelling-place he leads men to."

"It would be great happiness could we always think so. For so considered, death is indeed a solemn beneficence—a smiling liberator, turning a dungeon door upon immortal day. But when death, with slow and torturing device, hovers about his groaning prey; when, like a despot cunning in his malice, he makes disease and madness his dallying serfs"——

"Merciful God!" cried the Hermit, "spare me that final terror! Let me not be whipped and scourged by long, long suffering to death—be dragged, a shrieking victim, downward to the grave; but let my last hour be solemn, tranquil, that so, with open, unblenched eyes, I may look at coming death, and feel upon my cheek his kiss of peace!"

I think this passage will even add a zest to your enjoyment of the sunny July weather in which you will read it. May such "remembrances" of Douglas Jerrold as he would have wished us to cherish, wait upon the approaching evenings on which we hope each to inscribe his own IN MEMORIAM!

IN MEMORIAM.

A BRIEF time has passed since DOUGLAS JERROLD was taken from us; and the interval, though it has not mitigated our grief at the announcement, enables us with more calmness to reflect upon our loss.

At the close of last year (little aware of the sad interest that would soon attach to it) we presented our readers with a portrait of Mr. JERROLD, and with a brief summary of his literary services. We have nothing to add in the way of information now; but we may well be permitted to recur to some points of his character with the new "phrase and emphasis" of our present sorrow.

It is not only that we have lost in JERROLD intellectual gifts unsurpassed of their kind,—the play of fancy, the mastery of controversial weapons, the power of felicitous epigram, that condensed a truth into a line, and minted the wealth of thought into a coin that became at once current through the land; we have also to deplore a man of fervent sympathies and undaunted courage; one who never failed the right because it was weak, or paltered with injustice because it was powerful. We miss an unaccommodating and unbribable truth-teller in a courtly age; we miss a satirist whose invective had its source in "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love;" whose keen arrows flew from his heart-strings.

There is no more honourable trait of intellectual life in our times than the uses to which it has applied wit and humour. When we recal the scorn evinced by WYCHERLEY, FARQHUAR, and CONGREVE for all that is healthy in principle or generous in feeling, the virulence of SWIFT, and, in later times, the purposeless brilliancy of SHERIDAN, we may well respect those contemporary wits who have turned vice into ridicule and made heartlessness contemptible. It is needless to say, that in this brotherhood DOUGLAS JERROLD held a foremost place. He contributed materially to the high tone that now prevails in our literature. The fine spirit was touched to fine issues, and the influences which he aided by his life will be his enduring bequest to the future.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. (Bradbury, Evans, and Co.) Who has not heard of Mrs. Caudle and the long-suffering Job, her husband? She is as much a British institution as Mrs. Gamp, Sam Weller, or even Punch himself. Our older readers will remember how eagerly Mrs. Caudle's weekly lecture was looked for in the forthcoming number of *Punch*, and how, for the moment, it eclipsed the interest belonging to the *Times* or even the *London Gazette*. Stocks might have fallen, or Brown might be among the list of bankrupts, but Jones and Robinson were only eager to know what Mrs. Caudle had to say to her husband on his becoming a mason. As long as there are British husbands and British wives (and we imagine the race is far from becoming extinct) "The Caudle Lectures" will retain their popularity, and the publishers have done good service in bringing out this compact edition, with Mr. Charles Keen's effective and humorous illustrations. The coloured frontispiece, representing Mr. Caudle returning home late at night, with the shadow of Mrs. Caudle on the window-blind, is worth all the price of the book.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday a comic drama, in two acts, called *Nell Gwynne*, by Mr. Jerrold, was brought out at this theatre with most complete success. It is constructed on some historical and traditionary passages in the life of this favourite of the second Charles; who flourished at a period when chastity was in such small repute as to be no exception to the general rule, and whose beauty and other good qualities threw a lustre even over her unfortunate position. The subject was one of infinite peril and delicacy to a dramatist; and it is greatly to the praise of the author, that he has treated it so skilfully as to afford an excellent picture of the manners of a licentious age, without offence to the most fastidious moralist. In other respects, he has done much more. The piece is without a plot—we might almost say without a conclusion; yet, by originality of conception, by the mere force of situations, by the gradual and entertaining unfolding of a few probable incidents, by just delineation of character, by vivacity of dialogue, and by a composition generally sparkling with wit and talent, Mr. Jerrold has produced as pleasing a performance of its class as the stage can boast.

Covent Garden.—If five acts of brilliant dialogue constituted a comedy, 'Bubbles of the Day' would be the best which has appeared since the time of Sheridan, and likely to last while our stage or language exists; but it is deficient in two of the elements of a drama—plot and character—and as such, its term of existence is a season instead of a century. Crowded audiences will flock to Covent Garden, to listen to and laugh at Mr. Jerrold's humorous satire of the cant, hypocrisy, and folly of the time; the biting jest and the gentler touch of humanity will in turn excite the sympathy and ridicule of the town; and his impersonations of 'Bubbles' that float and glitter on the breath of popularity be greeted with shouts of merriment: but there it will end. This ephemeral success is surely not what should content such a writer as Mr. Jerrold. Endowed with a quick perception of the finer as well as the baser qualities of human nature, a strong sympathy with his kind, a hatred of wrong, and a keen sense of the pathetic as well as the ludicrous,—he possesses powers which, if exercised with judgment, are adequate to the production of a drama of permanent value and deep interest; and, with the echoes of laughter that greeted every stroke of ridicule in the theatre still ringing in our ears, we cannot but feel a regret that so much cleverness should have been wasted on a comedy that has no substance or vitality. 'Bubbles of the Day' is distinguished from the new 'Comedies' that we lately noticed, by its wit and originality; the characters never open their mouths but to utter a pointed saying, and the dialogue is a succession of smart repartees; this redundancy of vivacity becomes fatiguing at last, from the want of contrast and repose; nor is this the worst consequence—consistency of character and "keeping" are sacrificed, and the persons of the drama cease to be living realities. *Lord Skindeep*, whose speeches in parliament elicit roars of laughter, is a wit. Like the rest, *Kimbo*, his valet, is a smart fellow; *Guinea*, the lady's maid, utters stinging retorts, and caps verses: and *Corks*, his butler, lashes his master in a Sunday paper, under the signature of Brutus the elder. Then there is *Malmsey Shark*, a facetious money-lender, *Captain Smoke*, a satirical speculator, *Spreadweasel*, a caustic capitalist, and *Sir Phenix Clearcake*, a waggish auctioneer, who carries his "pulpit" eloquence into society, and extemporizes in the style of George Robins's advertisements. The least brilliant personages are *Mrs. Quarto*, the literary lady, who reserves all her good things for her book, *Melon*, the barrister, and *Chatham Brown*, the M.P.; but the latter are lovers, and privileged to be dull; the ladies with whom they run off are vivacious enough. Modern dramatists seem to think that to say smart things, or to put eloquent speeches into the mouths of their *dramatis personæ* is the principal matter; these are necessary, but they follow, as a matter of course, upon character and incident. If the dramatist have first conceived his characters distinctly, and then defined the position and course of action for each, the situations that arise would suggest the appropriate words in which to express the emotions of each; but the construction of an intelligible and coherent fable, which should be the first, as it is the main consideration, is neglected; and any jejune contrivance for shifting the phantasmagoria that flit to and fro before the scene, is considered good enough for the purpose. Consistency of character, propriety of sentiment and diction, natural conduct of the passions—in short, all that constitutes the metaphysics of the drama and the art of the dramatist—are overlooked, situation excepted; and this is oftener unsuccessful than otherwise, for

FIRESIDE SAINTS. By Douglas Jerrold. Edited by Walter Jerrold. With a Coloured Frontispiece and numerous black and white illustrations by Charles Robinson. Small 8vo., cloth extra, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

This is the first time that this charming little series, "the sweetest and sunniest" of Douglas Jerrold's writings, has appeared in a volume by itself. In the words of Mr. Walter Jerrold "they are holy little presences, each with her special shining virtue to be imitated. Any home should be the better for looking at—for studying them." The vein of poetry that runs through Mr. Charles Robinson's work invests his illustrations of this dainty series with a peculiar charm.

OBITUARY.

Jerrold, Douglas at his residence, Kilburn Priory, in the 55th year of his age, of affection of the heart and kidneys.—Mr. Jerrold is known to the world as a dramatist, a novelist, a satirist, and a journalist, and as the greatest wit of the day. He was "a self-educated man." His father was the manager of the Sheerness theatre, and at a very early age Douglas entered the navy as a midshipman. He very soon, however, quitted the service, and began a new career, as a journeyman printer, in London. Soon afterwards he turned his attention to dramatic composition. "Black-eyed Susan" was his first acknowledged work; and this was followed by the ever-popular comedy of "The Rent Day." Then came "Nell Gwynne," "The Housekeeper," "The Prisoner of War," "Time Works Wonders," and "The Bubbles of the Day." His dramatic works were entirely original, and in a style peculiarly his own. A writer in the *Times* has justly styled him "the last of the truly English dramatists." To give even a brief account of the numerous publications upon which the pen of Douglas Jerrold was employed would require greater time and space than we can well spare. His contributions to *Punch*, which range from the birth of that periodical down to the day of his own death, have contributed more to his popularity than almost anything else. With Jerrold the anonymous system was quite useless, for nothing could disguise that clear, incisive, epigrammatic, and original style which distinguished the slightest fragment from his pen. He was one of those men who cannot indite the most commonplace document without impressing it with something of his own peculiar character. Latterly he filled the post of editor to *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*: and it is a proof of his great popularity that his name was alone sufficient to advance the circulation of that publication to the first place among the cheap weekly newspapers. He is to be buried in Norwood Cemetery this very day.

The Golden Calf: a Comedy, in Three Acts. By Douglas Jerrold, author of "the Rent-Day," &c. Pp. 66. London, 1832. Richardson.

The publication of Mr. Jerrold's play confirms the good opinion we expressed of its merits when we saw it acted. He is a vigorous writer, and in the present time his force is not the less popularly felt in consequence of his enlisting his talent on the side of prevailing opinions against the aristocracy, and in exaltation of the lower orders, or, as he expresses it, "to expose the vicious consequences of a blind homage to the adventitious advantages of wealth and station." But as the discussion of this question does not come immediately within our province, we will leave the battle to be fought between Mr. Jerrold and the Licenser. There is another bit of his preface, however, which we will at least lend the help of our page. "Thanks to the enlightened advocacy of Mr. Bulwer, the monopoly which has so long palsied the energies of the English drama is *in articulo mortis*; and, though it 'play with the flowers' of venal rhetoric, and 'fumble the sheets' of musty patents, and 'babble' of Charles the Second, still it is growing colder and colder 'upward, and upward,' and must, next session, yield up the ghost. Then, with an equitable protection of dramatic literature, new dramatists, worthy of the times, will be found, who, in proportion to their original resources, will disdain to succumb to the stilted selfishness of individuals, who will produce plays for whole companies—will, in fact, paint groups, and not weary the public and impoverish managers by an endless repetition of single figures.—It may be adduced as an instance of the active warfare at present waged on the property of the dramatist, that the *Golden Calf* was, unknown to the author, and in his despite, played, whilst yet in manuscript, in the Lincoln circuit, only a week or two after its production in the metropolis." Now, there is much in this quotation

The Writings of Douglas Jerrold. Collected Edition. 8 vols. Bradbury & Evans.

It is the remark of Milton that fame and perpetuity of praise are the rewards conferred on those whose published works advance the good of mankind; and he adds, that this recompence is made by the consent of "God and good men,"—meaning, we assume, by the latter, the critics. Horace made the award of immortal fame to rest with the higher powers alone; yet the friend of Augustus uttered nothing very dissimilar to the remark of our Latin Secretary, when he said, "*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*"

When an author presents his collected works to the public, we see them as he wishes them to meet the eyes and challenge the verdicts of contemporaries and of posterity.

In this collected form we now possess the works of Mr. Jerrold, and a re-perusal of them serves to confirm our original opinion, that their object is to advance the good of mankind; that to this object there has been a devotion of rare skill, undoubted originality, imperturbable good temper,—concealed, perhaps, occasionally under an apparent fierceness of phrase and a force and flash of wit at once dazzling and delightful. A body of works more original, either in the artistic construction or in the informing spirit has not been added to the national literature in our time.

An especial charm in these works is, the visible earnestness of purpose of their author. In pleasant legends as in plaintive stories he teaches invaluable truths; and we should never suspect him of saying what Gerson was wont to say after one of his sermons,—that he preached what he did not exactly believe, but that people, nevertheless, would do well to give credence to it. Our feeling that Mr. Jerrold speaks under conviction renders the arguments and illustrations in his stories doubly powerful and attractive. He has, indeed, been accused of undue harshness against the aristocracy—(he alludes to the charge in the Introduction to his 'St. Giles and St. James'),—and he has been said to be best pleased and most effective when he is railing. With regard to the first charge, especially in as far as it applies to the work just named, we think it cannot be sustained; and as to the second, the railing seems to us a literary vehicle rather than a natural expression. An author dealing with manners must have a vice to buffet, and he takes the one which best suits his purpose,—like the Westminster boys in James the Second's time, who, not being allowed to burn the Pope, burned Jack Presbyter, which at once satisfied the conscience and the appetite for fun.

We do not, however, indorse all Mr. Jerrold's sentiments. It is very true that St. James in brocade may learn something of St. Giles in tatters; but in the tale which receives its title from these two names, there are conclusions which do not naturally follow the premises, and effects traced to causes which have not produced them. They remind us of the Spanish writers who declare that the baldness of the people on the Ebro is caused by the thick fogs which prevail there in autumn! Still the story is a fearful story,—the real hero of which, like Macbeth, is predoomed to be guilty and miserable, despite himself. The close of the story, perhaps, is faulty; for after all, society cannot be so badly organized wherein an outcast like St. Giles is enabled to take firm footing, and flourish in honesty, among honourable men.

The Writings of Douglas Jerrold. Vol. II. *Men of Character.* Bradbury & Evans.

'Men of Character'—a series of stories, published, if we remember rightly, in *Blackwood's Magazine* some fifteen or sixteen years ago, and afterwards collected into three volumes—constitutes the second semi-annual volume of Mr. Douglas Jerrold's collected edition. Of stories and sketches so long and well known to the reading public it is not necessary that we should speak at any length; nor do we care at this time to contrast the various merits of 'Job Pippins, the Man who *couldn't help it*,' and 'Jack Runnymede, the Man of *many thanks*,' of 'Adam Buff, the Man *without a shirt*,' and of 'John Applejohn, the Man who *meant well*,'—or, indeed, of any other of the life-like figures that crowd this canvas. We merely allow Mr. Jerrold to tell here, in his own characteristic way, so much of the story of the origin of these fancy sketches as he has thought proper to put on record in his preface. H

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE death of Douglas Jerrold has created a wider and a deeper sensation even than might have been anticipated from the fact that he was the last great wit in England, and that with him expired powers of a kind which had already become traditional. But Jerrold's career was just of that character to give interest to his death—beyond the interest which attends the loss of any man of mark; and those especially who know how steep is the upward way to friendless men of letters, feel and understand his loss most perfectly.

Douglas Jerrold was born, according to some accounts, in London, and according to others at Sheerness, on the 3rd of January, 1803. He was christened Douglas William Jerrold, Douglas having been the maiden name of his grandmother. His father, Samuel Jerrold, was manager of the two theatres of Sheerness and Southend, and in these sea-places much of his childhood passed. Among the theatrical folks who played on his father's stage was Edmund Kean, who carried him on the boards in "Rolla," and with whom he also appeared on the stage as the "Stranger's" child. Bred amongst sailor's and shipping, it was natural that Jerrold's early thoughts should turn towards a nautical life; and, after much useless remonstrance, his father obtained for him a midshipman's commission on board a man-of-war. His commander, Captain Austen, brother of the great novelist, was fond of theatricals, and the officers got up private plays. Stanfield, then a common seaman before the mast, painted the scenery, and Jerrold superintended the stage. When Jerrold was transferred to another ship they parted company, to meet again in after years, first at the Coburg, where the one was scene-painter and the other dramatic hack, and afterwards on the stage of Drury Lane, where Stanfield painted the scenery for "The Rent Day."

Jerrold soon tired of the naval profession, for which, on account of his delicate health, he was physically unfitted; and he was now, in accordance with his own choice, bound apprentice to a printer, and in pursuance of his new calling came to London, where he first made the acquaintance of the late Laman Blanchard, a fellow-apprentice, and commenced a friendship which was only to end with the death of the latter. After enduring years of drudgery at the mechanical duties of a compositor, the *cacoëthes scribendi*, innate in young Jerrold, developed itself; and his first literary production, an essay on the opera of "Der Freischutz," was dropped by him anonymously into the editor's box of the newspaper ("The Monitor") on which he was engaged as workman. While pondering over the fate of his anonymous composition, he was joyfully surprised at having his own manuscript placed in his hands to be set up for the next number. The essay soon caused a sensation, but amidst all the praise the young author preserved his incognito; until at last, finding himself earnestly inquired after in the "Notices to Correspondents," he presented himself to the editor, who instantly employed him upon work more suited to his abilities, and more congenial to his taste, than that of setting up type.

When Jerrold was scarcely eighteen years of age, he wrote a two-act farce, which, under the title of "More Frightened than Hurt," was produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Mr. Wilkinson, the actor, who had formerly been one of the Sheerness company, was, we believe, chiefly instrumental in the piece being accepted by the management; and to assist in its success, he undertook the part of Pope's-eye. This farce must have met with some success, for it was rapidly followed by "The Smoked Miser," "The White Milliner," and numerous other productions. Jerrold eventually engaged with Davidge, then manager of the Coburg, to produce pieces at a salary; and some of his plays at this time, hastily composed, and as he thought unworthy of his powers, appeared under the name of Mr. Henry Brownrig. In consequence of quarrels, he went from the Coburg Theatre to the Surrey, with "Black-Eyed Susan" in his hand. He had brought from the quarter-deck of the *Namur* a love of the sea and a knowledge of the service, which he turned to account on the stage and in his general writings. This, the most successful of his plays, which made the fortune of the Surrey Theatre—restored Elliston from a long course of disastrous mismanagement—and gave honour and independence to T. P. Cooke, was written when he was scarcely twenty years old. No dramatic work of ancient or modern days ever reached the success of this play. It was performed, without break, for hundreds of nights. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor for an after-piece; and night after night, a hackney-cab carried him in his blue jacket and white trousers, from the Obelisk to Bow Street. On the 300th night of representation the walls of the theatre were illuminated, and vast multitudes filled the thoroughfares. When "Black-Eyed Susan" was subsequently reproduced at Drury Lane, it kept off ruin for a time even from that magnificent misfortune.

Many dramas, comic and serious, followed this first success. Among these were "Nell Gwynne," "The Schoolfellows," and "The Housekeeper." Drury Lane opened its exclusive doors to an author who had made fortune and fame for Elliston and Cooke. His "Bride of Ludgate" was the first of many ventures and many successes on the same boards. "The Mutiny at the Nore" had followed the first nautical success, and his minor pieces on the Surrey side continued to run long and gloriously. But the patent theatres, with a monopoly of the five-act drama, were strongly garrisoned by adapters from the French, and Jerrold never felt his feet secure in either theatre until the production of his "Rent Day,"—a play suggested and elaborated from Wilkie's pictures, and for which Wilkie sent him a handsome letter and a pair of proof engravings with his autograph.

Finding that he had helped to make the fortune of so many managers, Jerrold determined upon taking a theatre for himself, and reaping all the advantages of his labours. In connection with Mr. Hammond, he became joint lessee of the Strand Theatre. It was then, we believe, that he made his appearance on the stage, acting a part in his own drama, "The Painter of Ghent." Though he failed to achieve success in his new capacity, yet the joint success was so great that the speculation promised to be a most lucrative one. Every night the seats were all filled, and hundreds turned away from the doors. Unfortunately the managers were not content with their prosperity. They longed for a larger field for their labours, and in an ill-advised moment left their paying property to become the managers of Drury Lane, which, with the usual fatality hanging over that establishment turned out a failure. It was about this time that Kenny Meadows's "Heads of the People," was first published. In it Jerrold, who also acted as the editor, wrote "The Pew Opener," "The Lawyer," "The Pawnbroker," and several other papers, in all of which his brilliant wit, sound reasoning, and power of similitude, both amaze and delight the reader. The well-known series of articles, entitled "Men of Character," were originally printed in "Blackwood's Magazine." Jerrold was abroad when "Punch" was first started, and did not return to England until its success had begun to be established. He was solicited to join its staff of writers, and at once consented. His first contributions were a series of essays signed with the letter "Q." "The Story of a Feather" was first published in "Punch," as also were "Punch's Letters to his Son," and "The Caudle Lectures;" works which gave ample scope for the peculiarities of his style and thought. Shortly after the establishment of "Punch," Mr. Jerrold commenced a monthly review, called the "Illuminated Magazine;" in this appeared his "Clovernook," one of the best-written of his works. After a year or so this publication was discontinued, and he started another called "Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine," which contained the tale of "St. Giles's and St. James's." In July, 1846, he commenced a weekly newspaper, which, as he was disappointed in the sale, he afterwards sold. He subsequently became the Editor of "Lloyd's Newspaper," a post in which he is succeeded by his eldest son. Besides domestic dramas, satires, and fictions, Mr. Jerrold produced some dramatic works of a high order of merit; amongst which "Time Works Wonders"—an excellent story, wonderfully related—and "The Bubbles of the Day"—one of the wittiest and best-constructed comedies in the English language—stand pre-eminent. The titles of some of his other pieces may be added: "The Catspaw," "Retired from Business," "The Prisoner of War," "Cupid," and "The Heart of Gold."

The faculty in which Jerrold peculiarly excelled may be described as a combination of the terse thoughtfulness of Rochefoucauld with the brilliant humour of Sheridan. For years he supplied London with witticisms and *jeux de mots* which travelled the round of the clubs and drawing-rooms, forcing many a meeting to laugh and be merry despite itself, and rescuing numberless dinner-parties from fashionable dulness.

He died on Monday the 8th of June, half-an-hour after midday. He had only been ill a week or ten days. On the previous Thursday he had risen from his bed, and, though ill-qualified for labour, sat at his desk and wrote. No one thought he was so near his end, for he seldom complained, and it was only when in the greatest agony that he allowed even a moan to escape his lips. With the few intimate friends who were permitted to see him, he conversed cheerfully, speaking of his ailments with the confidence of recovery; and as his face flushed with the excitement of the visit, it was impossible—after hearing his clear, calm voice—to imagine that his life was in such immediate peril.

Up to the last hour, all about him had hopes of his ultimate recovery. He had twice before been seemingly nearer death than then, and yet he had escaped. The doctors, too, spoke promisingly of his chances of life. He alone seemed to be aware that his end was imminent. When some one asked him, "How he felt?" he replied, "As one that is waiting and waited for."

His funeral was on Monday last, at Norwood Cemetery. The whole of his literary associates were present to pay the last mark of respect to the memory of a powerful and brilliant writer.

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With numerous Illustrations on Wood, and a Coloured Frontispiece, by CHARLES KEENE.

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

273 **JERROLD** (D.) PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON, *with* 24 *illustrations by* KENNY MEADOWS, FIRST EDITION, fcap. 8vo, *cloth*, 8s 6d Lond., 1843

HAYMARKET.—On Saturday last a comedy in three acts, entitled 'Retired from Business,' by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, was produced, with great success. The idea which lies at the foundation of this sparkling production is a happy one,—and commended by novelty. The author undertakes in it to satirize the mock gentility and mimic distinctions which follow retired men of business into the suburban or rural haunts to which they choose to transport themselves and their wealth. Pumpkinfield is the generic name which Mr. Jerrold has applied to these sylvan localities,—and the moral of their social arrangements is, that "raw wool does not speak to halfpenny ball of worsted, tallow in the cask looks down on sixes in the pound, and pig-iron turns up his nose at tenpenny nails." We learn at the opening of the piece that the two factions thus arrayed are described by the respective designations of the bill-ocrats and the till-ocrats:—in other words, those who have made their fortunes as merchants and those who have succeeded as shop-keepers. A richer theme could scarcely have been imagined for that peculiar vein in which the muse of Mr. Jerrold is so rich. He has included more than one group of eccentric persons in his general arrangement, and occupied an extended canvas with his portraiture. Besides the wit in which the piece abounds, it has a higher dramatic quality:—it is rich in characterization. The personages whose interplay composes the humour and interest of the scenes are individual, varied, and clearly drawn. Like many of Mr. Jerrold's dramas, 'Retired from Business' is more a conversation piece than a web of incident. The conversation abounds in sparkle and point,—and the points do for him what incidents do for other dramatists. Still, there *is* a story—but it runs lightly through the piece. It is rather an episode than the staple of the drama. Such as it is, it is simple, touching, and clearly produced:—and by the actors it was most admirably rendered.

Cakes and Ale. By Douglas Jerrold. 2 vols. How & Parsons.

WITH the majority of the tales in this collection we were already familiar, having read most of them in the *New Monthly Magazine*. They make up, however, a more agreeable miscellany than a former series issued by the same author. That Mr. Jerrold always writes, with pit, boxes, and gallery before his eyes, rather than the solitary reader on garden-seat, or in arm-chair, is perhaps inevitable to one whose first literary successes were dramatic: hence a needless clearness in the developement of every incident, an artifice of construction by which the vicissitudes of life are planed, shaped, and modified, so as to present a regular figure approvable by the canon-laws of the stage;—hence, a balance of quip against counter-check, of reply *versus* rejoinder in dialogue, which, though it cannot destroy the cleverness of the tales, throws a formality over their natural grace, which is always chilling, and sometimes repulsive. On another ground Mr. Jerrold's tales stand less chance of popularity, than their intrinsic merits deserve. His wit is too cynical, it is the 'wit blanket' which he has elsewhere so pleasantly described. The reader laughs at his command, and pities at his bidding, but rarely loves at his suggestion. The miser, the usurer, the hardened prodigal, are his favourite figures; he seems to delight in representing all the accidents, sufferings, and disappointments of life. At times, however, his speculations have a mellower flow, and a more genial spirit; and it is then we like him best. Such a fantasy, for instance, is here recorded:—

The Epitaph of Sir Hugh Evans.

"'There's pippins and cheese to come!' Such are the hopeful words of an old divine—of one Sir Hugh Evans,—a preacher distinguished in the latter part of the reign of Henry the Fourth, not so much for the ascetic asperity of his speech and bearing, as for a certain household wisdom that ran like threads of gold through his most familiar sentences, enhanced and recommended by a blythe look and a chirping voice; all of which excellent gifts made him the oracle and friend of the yeomen and good wives of Windsor. These inestimable qualities—to say nothing of his miraculous hand at bowls, and his marvellous sagacity as a brewer of sack—had, as we have already inferred, endeared him to his flock: and living, and preaching, and gossiping in a neighbourhood of love and good fellowship, the parson grew old, his cheek mellowing to the last; when, in the year ——, he fell, like an over-ripe plum from the tree, into his grave—all the singing men and maids and little children of mournful Windsor following their teacher to his couch of earth, and chanting around it the hymn best loved by him when living. In sooth, the funeral of the poor knight was bravely attended. Six stout morrice-men carried the corpse from a cottage, the property of the burley roystering Host of the Garter—a pretty rustic nook, near Datchet Meads, whither the worn-out parson had, for six months before his death, retired from the stir and bustle of Windsor,—and where, on a summer evening he might be seen seated in the porch, patiently hearing little John Fenton lisp his Berkshire Latin—the said John being the youngest grandson of old Master Page, and godchild of the grey-headed, big-bellied landlord of the Garter. Poor Sir Hugh had long been afflicted with a vexing asthma; and, though in his gayer times he would still brew sack for younger revellers, telling them rare tales of 'poor dear Sir John and the Prince,' he had, for seven years before his death, eschewed his former sports, and was never known to hear of a match of bowls that he did not shake his head and sigh,—and then, like a stout-hearted Christian as he was, soothe his discomfited spirit with the snatch of an old song. Doctor Caius had, on his death-bed, bequeathed to Sir Hugh an inestimable treasure; nothing less than a prescription—a very charm—to take away a winter cough: for three years had it been to Sir Hugh as the best gift of king Oberon; but, the fourth winter, the amulet cast its virtue, and from year to year the parson grew worse and worse,—when, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, on a bright May morning, in the arms of his gossip and friend, staid, sober Master Slender, with the Host of the Garter seated (for he was too fat to stand) in an arm-chair at the bedside, and Master Page and Master Ford at the foot, Sir Hugh Evans, knight and priest, passed into death, as into a sweet sound sleep. His wits had wandered somewhat during the night,—for he talked of 'Herne the Hunter,' and 'a boy in white;' and then he tried to chirrup a song,—and Masters Page and Ford smiled sadly in each other's face, as the dying man, chuckling as he carolled, trolled forth—

"Pinch him and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight, and moonshine be out."

As the day advanced, the dying man became more calm; and at length, conscious of his state, he passed away at half-past nine in the morning, with a look of serenest happiness,—and 'God be with you!' were the last words that fluttered from his lips. The personal property of the dead parson was shared among his friends and servants. Master Slender inherited his 'Book of Songs and Poesies;' the Host of the Garter, the sword with which Sir Hugh had dared Doctor Caius to mortal combat; and all his wardrobe, consisting of two entire suits and four shirts, somewhat softened the grief of Francis Simple,—son of Simple, former retainer of Master Slender, and for three years body servant of dead Sir Hugh. A sum of two shillings and fourpence, miraculously discovered among the effects of the deceased, was faithfully distributed to the parish poor. There was sadness in Windsor streets as the funeral procession moved slowly towards the church. Old men and women talked of the frolics of Sir Hugh; and though they said he had been in his day something of the merriest for a parson, yet more than one gossip declared it to be her belief that 'worse men had been made bishops.' A long train of friends and old acquaintance followed the body. First, came worthy Master Slender,—chief mourner. He was a bachelor, a little past his prime of life, with a sad and sober brow, and a belly inclining to portliness. The severe censors of Windsor had called him woman-hater, for that in his songs, and sometimes in his speech, he would bear too hardly on the frailties and fickleness of the delicate sex; for which unjust severity older people might, perchance, and they would, have found some small apology. For, in truth, Master Slender was a man of softest heart; and though he studiously avoided the company of women, he was the friend of all the children of Datchet and Windsor. He always carried apples in his pocket for little John Fenton, youngest child of Anne Fenton, formerly Anne Page; and was once found sitting in Windsor Park, under the hunter's oak, with little John upon his knees,—Master Slender crying like a chidden maid. Of this enough. Let it now suffice to say, that Master Slender—for the Host was too heavy to walk—was chief mourner. Then followed Ford and his wife; next Mr. Page and his son William,—poor Mrs. Page being dead two years at Christmas, from a cold caught with over-dancing, and then obstinately walking through the snow from her old gossip Ford's. Next, in the procession, were Master Fenton and his wife,—and then followed their eight children in couples; then Robin—now a prosperous vintner, once page to Sir John,—with Francis Simple; and then a score of little ones, to whom the poor dead parson would give teaching in reading and writing,—and, where he marked an apter wit among his free disciples, something of the Latin accidence. These were all that followed Sir Hugh Evans to his rest—for death had thinned the thick file of his old acquaintance. One was wanting, who would have added weight and dignity to the ceremony—who, had he not some few years before been called to fill the widest grave that was ever dug for flesh, would have cast from his broad and valiant face a lustrous sorrow on the manes of the dead churchman,—who would have wept tears, rich as wine, upon the coffin of his old friend,—for to him, in the convenient greatness of his heart, all men, from the prince of the blood to the nimming knave who stole the 'handle of Mrs. Bridget's fan,' were, by turns, friends and good fellows,—who, at the supper at the Garter (for the Host gave a most solemn feast in celebration of the mournful event) would have moralised on death and mortal accidents, and, between his tankards, talked fine philosophy—true divinity; would have caroused to the memory of the dead in the most religious spirit of sack, and have sent round whole flagons of surest consolation. Alas! this great, this seeming invincible spirit, this mighty wit, with jests all but rich enough to laugh Death from his purpose—to put him civilly aside with a quip, bidding him to pass on and strike at leaner bosoms,—he himself, though with 'three fingers on the ribs,' had been hit; and he, who seemed made to live for ever, an embodied principle of fleshly enjoyment—he, the great Sir John—

"He was dead, and nailed in his chest!"

Others, too, passed away with their great dominator, were wanting at the ceremonial. * * Sir Hugh Evans was laid by the side of his old friend and old antagonist, Doctor Caius; and, for many years, there was a story among the good wives of Windsor, that the fairies, once a-year, danced round the grave of Sir Hugh, the turf upon it growing as bright as emeralds; and, in a hawthorn bush, but a few paces from the spot, 'melodious birds' did, at certain seasons, 'sing madrigals.' We have now to speak of the Epitaph of the good Sir Hugh. The tombstone was erected from the private munificence of Master Slender; and the pithy and touching epitaph inscribed upon it, was selected by his happy taste, as combining all the excellences of an epitaph in the fewest words—these words having the further recommendation of being uttered, on a memorable occasion, by the deceased himself. The words were repeated to Master Slender, by his servant Simple, despatched, on a certain day, by Sir Hugh with a letter touching the wooing of Anne Page. After long pondering, reviewing every circumstance of his ancient friendship with the dead Sir Hugh,—seated, one sunny afternoon, on the bench outside the Garter, the words came jump again into the mind of Slender; and quickly rising and emptying his tankard, he marched like a man resolved to the stone-cutter,—and, for he cared not for Latin—bade the workman cut on the stone (the inscription, considering its age, is in an extraordinary state of preservation) the words that follow:—

HUGH EVANS,
KNIGHT AND PRIESTE,
Dyed atte Datchette,
MAY—ANNO DOMI 14—
AGED 68.

"THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE—TO COME."

"To our mind, there never was a more felicitous epitaph than this of the poor Welsh parson. How simply, yet how beautifully, does it shadow forth the fruitfulness of the future! How delicate, and yet how sufficing, its note of promise!—

"THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE—TO COME."

"Were we authorized to preach, we feel that we could make a most seemly, yea, a most reverent sermon, from this little text. Pippins! Does not the word, upon a tombstone, conjure up thoughts of Hesperian gardens—of immortal trees, laden with golden fruit; with delicious produce, the growth of a soil where not one useless weed takes root, where no baneful snake rustles among the grass, where no

A lively and stirring petite comedy in two acts, 'The Prisoners of War,' by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, followed the second representation of 'Acis and Galatea' on Tuesday, and the somewhat boisterous vivacity of the performers, together with the quick succession of jests, alternated with some effective melo-dramatic pathos, supplied the audience with a constant stimulus to laughter, or sympathy, as the mirthful or sorrowful predominated. Mr. Anderson and Miss Fortescue are a pair of lovers secretly wedded, and at the mercy of the young lady's father, a hearty but positive old admiral, personated by Mr. Phelps; and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are a cockney brother and sister, he bragging about England and blowing the flute, she sighing for a sailor and reading romances: then there are a couple of rival landladies cutting the cards for an English lodger, a tall Captain of gendarmerie, who coops up the whole party in prison, a French Jew usurer, and a villanous merchant, each and all cleverly personated. The scene in front of the café, with the idlers lounging in and out, the *salle à manger* of the boarding-house, and the prison with its noisy inmates planning an escape, are characteristic and animated.

4 **Douglas Jerrold's** SHILLING MAGAZINE, from its commencement, vol 1, Jan. 1845, to vol 6, Dec., 1847, inclusive, *finely illustrated with full-page plates by* JOHN LEECH, 6 vols, thick post 8vo, HANDSOMELY BOUND *in half green morocco gilt, gilt top edges*, A FINE SET, VERY SCARCE, £2 2s *Punch* Office. 1845-47

1 **Jerrold** (**Douglas**) Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. as suffered by the late Job Caudle *Punch Office*, 1846, cr 8vo, *frontispiece* by J. LEECH, *half calf gilt*, IST EDN, clean copy, 7s 6d



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

47

Sir Edwin Arnold

Friend of Ainsworth

THE SECRET OF DEATH:

BEING

A VERSION, IN A POPULAR AND NOVEL FORM, OF THE KATHA UPANISHAD, FROM THE SANSKRIT.

WITH SOME COLLECTED POEMS.

By **EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A.,**

Author of "The Light of Asia," &c.

225, CROMWELL MANSIONS,

KENSINGTON, S.W.

June 11. 1897

Kindest and warmest thanks, dear unknown Friend!

Edwin Arnold

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD'S POEMS.*

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD has collected in this volume much of his scattered poetical work. The dates of the fifty odd pieces belong to a period of not less than thirty years; and the range of the subjects is at least correspondingly large. The poems divide themselves naturally into the original and translated. The former are, we must confess, somewhat disappointing. We should like to have seen a writer of Mr. Arnold's ability show, in a line of his own, something of the decided success which he has achieved as an interpreter of Eastern thought. Many readers will thankfully acknowledge that he has led them to see something of the beauty and truth which lie, mostly concealed from Western eyes, in the Scriptures of Hindooism, of Buddhism, and of Islam. Such would have been glad to find that he had a message of his own. These original poems do not answer any such expectations. They are "occasional" poems, often graceful and tender, more rarely powerful; but they are not more than occasional. And they leave an impression of effort, of a straining after effect, of a certain want of restraint in the use of ornament, an occasional defect in taste, and a ring of something not altogether true in the pathos and sentiment. Here is a sonnet which seems to us, while we sympathise with its general thought, to illustrate some of these defects:—

"OXFORD REVISITED.

Mother! mild Mother! after many years—
So many that the head I bow turns grey—
Come I once more to thee, thinking to say
In what far lands, through what hard hopes and fears,
'Mid how much toil and triumph, joys and tears
I taught thy teaching; and, withal, to lay
At thy kind feet such of my wreaths as may
Seem least unworthy. But what grown child dares
Offer thee honours, Fair and Queenly One!
Tower-crowned, and girdled with thy silver streams,
Mother of ah! so many a better son?
Let me but list thy solemn voice, which seems
Like Christ's, raising my dead: and let me be
Back for one hour—a Boy—beside thy knee."

We will not make any direct comparison, but we will ask our readers whether they do not remember to have seen the theme treated in language far simpler, pitched, so to speak, to a lower note, but far more effective. In these poems Mr. Arnold is at his best when he is simply descriptive of some scene which specially appeals to his sympathies. Here is a charming picture of the temple where the Pundit expounds to him from the *Kaltra Upanishad*, "the Secret of Death":—

"The distant city's hum
Came soft, with broken beats of drum
Which did not mar the solitude;
For all around that temple cooed
The creamy doves; striped squirrels leaped
From stem to stem, the musk-rat peeped
Under the wall; beside the porch
Flamed the red lizard like a torch
Flung on the rock; the egrets stretched
Their snowy wings; green parrots fetched
Fruit to their young with joyous cries;
The monkey-peoples' mild brown eyes
Glittered from bough and coping-stone;
And—underneath a root—alone,
Dwelt a great cobra, thick and black,
With ash-grey mottlings on his back,—
A most prodigious snake!—but he
Kept the peace, too, religiously,
With folded hood, and fangs of death
Sheathed, while he drew his slow, cold breath."

When we come upon a more ambitious effort, as in the first story of "The Stratford Pilgrims," we are not so well pleased. The idea itself is delightful. The gay company that rode to Canterbury of old is gone. "None goeth forth on a pilgrimage—none." But why should not they two, the poet and his wife, make a pilgrimage of their own to where:—

"Far on yon path, by the emerald lea,
Fair Avon glideth adown to the sea;
By the walls of a church, beneath whose stones
Sleeps dust sacred as saintly bones."

So they go and tell tales to prove that a woman may be as true as man. "Vernier" is the first story told, and is, we suppose, Mr. Arnold's own. It is a tragic tale, yet somehow it misses its effect. It wants both simplicity and clearness.

The SONG CELESTIAL;

Or, Bhagavad-Gita. (From the Mahâbhârata.)

Being a Discourse between Arjuna, Prince of India, and the Supreme Being under the Form of Krishna. Translated from the Sanskrit Text

By Edwin Arnold, M.A.,

Author of "The Light of Asia."

"All his volumes are among the most precious possessions of the students of modern poetry; and we feel convinced that none of the preceding volumes—not even the great 'Light of Asia' itself—will be dearer to its students and lovers than this magnificent 'Song Celestial.'"—*Whitehall Review.*

Sir Edwin Arnold's New Poems*

SOME months ago Sir Edwin Arnold published a volume, "Seas and Lands," descriptive of his travels in Japan and through America, and the little volume of poems just issued may be regarded as the poetical supplement to that work. As in prose, so in poetry, Japan claims the larger share of Sir Edwin's attention, but he was inspired on the journey out, and has written three poems on Egyptian subjects. Of these, the poem which gives its name to the book is a paraphrase of the versions of the Koran, and of the Persian poet Jâmi, in which the name of Potiphar's wife is given as Asenath. The lines "To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers," are more in the *vers de société* vein.

Tiny slippers of gold and green,
Tied with a mouldering golden cord!
What pretty feet they must have been
When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord!

Passing to Japan, Sir Edwin publishes several sets of graceful verses, some of which have already seen the light in the press. He seems to have found Japan and its inhabitants singularly inspiring, for in prose and verse he never wearies of singing their praises, and the grace and charm of that Oriental muse,

O, Yoshi San!
Sweetest maid in all Japan,

for whose sweet sake he wrote a poetical epistle on the top of Fuji-San.

One or two of the poems owe their existence to the visit to America on the way home; an incident in the States affording an opportunity for telling the curious Indian legend of the chipmunk, an enthusiastic little animal which, so they say, once tried to mop up the Indian ocean with its bushy tail to save its wife and family from drowning. Then, coming home, we have two poems on the Naval Exhibition, one of them on the foretopsail of Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, which was there hung upon one of the walls:—

Oh, Wings of Victory!
Flew ye indeed that forenoon, white and great,
Wafting our hero to his glorious fate
Over the dancing sea!

The story of the rescue of a French man-of-war by the frigate *Endymion* during a storm in the Great French War is less convincingly told. Sir Edwin has throughout chosen a lyric form for his poems, and, as a rule, the lines run smoothly enough, but here and there is a rugged phrase which suggests a dramatic rather than a purely lyric rendering, and seems to ask the aid of the voice for its proper expression. The volume is worthy of Sir Edwin's reputation.

ÆSOP'S HINDU PROTOTYPE.*

WE thank Mr. Arnold for this very praiseworthy attempt at making the admirers of Æsop in this country acquainted with the great "Father of all Fables," with the old Indian work from which Æsop himself, and Pilpay, and, in later days, Reineke Fuchs, Hans Christian Andersen, and William Bernard MacCabe have drawn their inspirations. The language in which the fables were compiled, has hitherto been regarded as a sort of preserve for scholars; but Mr. Arnold, late principal of Poona College, and well known as a gentleman of learning and considerable poetical power, discovers in the treasures of that ancient tongue "the key to the heart of modern India, as well as the splendid record of her ancient gods and glories." "The hope of Hindustan," he truly observes, "lies in the intelligent interest of England; and whatever avails to dissipate misconceptions between them and to enlarge their intimacy, is a gain to both peoples." To this end the present volume aspires, its author says, to "contribute in an humble degree."

ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN. **The Light of the World; or, the Great Consummation.** (Longmans, Green and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d, *net.*

The theme of this poem is the character of Christ as revealed in his life on earth; the characteristic features of his teaching being skilfully contrasted with those of Buddha. Long extracts from the poem have appeared in all the newspapers; but perhaps the best general description of it is that contributed by Archdeacon Farrar to the current number of *Longman's Magazine.*

ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN.—**Japonica.** By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. With Illustrations by ROBERT BLUM. Large 8vo, cloth ornamental, gilt top. 15s.

"A whole year's dream among the islands of the East."—*Athenæum.* "A literary and artistic treat."—*Daily Telegraph.* "We may follow Sir Edwin Arnold in his bright sketches of Japanese men and manners with much profit and no little entertainment."—*The Times.*

Arnold, Sir Edwin. India Revisited. (Pub. 6s.; our price, 4s. 6d.)
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The burden of the poem is to set forth the joyful aspect of the Christian faith as compared with that of Buddha. (5s. net.)
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ARNOLD (SIR EDWIN, M.A., Etc.), East and West, being papers reprinted from the "Daily Telegraph" and other sources, *Longmans'*, 1896, 8vo, *with 41 illustrations, newly bound in half morocco gilt extra, g.t., other edges uncut, nice copy*, 9s.
Papers on India, Japan, Egypt. etc.

Arnold (Sir Edwin). Potiphar's Wife, and other Poems. 1st edition, post 8vo, *original cloth*, as new (6s), 2s (78) 1892

——— Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife, a Play in Four Acts. 1st edition, post 8vo, *original cloth*, good copy (6s), 2s (78) 1893

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems, Narrative and Lyrical. By EDWIN ARNOLD, of University College, Oxford. Oxford: Macpherson.

IT may be difficult to write poetry at a fixed sum, or for the purpose of gaining a prize. PLUTUS, omnipotent in most things, is but a poor inspirer of the muses; and that even the rich guerdon of a guinea per line is insufficient to excite true poetry the Laureate and his *Funeral Ode* have already furnished most excellent proof. For all this, it has sometimes happened that the University prizes annually offered for the best English poem have been awarded to remarkable men. Alfred Tennyson and Mr. Macaulay both gained the prize at Cambridge; albeit it has been whispered that it was awarded to the former by a mere accident. The subject was Timbuctoo (unpromising enough in all conscience!) and the great Alfred had treated it rather mystically, in a style somewhere between *Locksley Hall* and the *Lotos Eaters*. The Vice-Chancellor, struck with the oddity of the treatment rather than the beauty of the poetry, marked upon the outside, "Look at this;" intending to direct to it the attention of the other examiners, as to a literary monstrosity. These gentlemen mistook this note for a verdict in favour of the poem, and, not wishing to differ from his Reverence, they gave the prize to the future Laureate.

But what has this to do with Mr. Arnold? Not much; but he too has written a prize poem, and the best that has come out of Oxford for many a long day. The subject was indeed a little more promising than Timbuctoo, for it was no less a theme than the discomfiture of Belshazzar's Feast by the mysterious handwriting upon the wall. When Mr. Arnold appeared upon Commemoration Day, as the custom is, to recite his poem before the assembled University, his accent is said to have been so pompous that his auditors burst into a roar of laughter; but he had not proceeded very far before the derision gave way to admiration, and the laughter was drowned in bursts of the most enthusiastic applause. We subjoin a passage from this poem to show that this demonstration was not undeserved. *Apropos* of the suggestion offered by Belshazzar's Queen, that the prophet Daniel should be sent for, and he would solve the doubts and soothe the alarm which troubled his mind, he parenthetically sings:—

> Oh! ever, when the happy laugh is dumb,
> All the joy gone, and all the anguish come—
> When strong adversity and subtle pain
> Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain—
> When friends once faithful, hearts once all our own,
> Leave us to weep, to bleed and die alone—
> When fears and cares the lonely thought employ,
> And clouds of sorrow hide the sun of joy—
> When weary life, breathing reluctant breath,
> Hath no hope sweeter than the hope of death—
> Then the best counsel and the last relief
> To cheer the spirit or to cheat the grief,
> The only calm, the only comfort heard
> Comes in the music of a woman's word;—
> Like beacon-bell on some wild island-shore,
> Silverly ringing in the tempest's roar,
> Whose sound, borne shipward through the midnight gloom,
> Tells of the path, and turns her from her doom.

This poem, with about fifty others, making altogether a compact little volume, are now put forth by the author in a collected form, and by him dedicated to the Dowager Countess Waldegrave. The dedicatory sonnet is pert enough, though perhaps the reading of which it is susceptible was not altogether intended by its author. "A noble name," says he,

> Not the less showeth beautiful and bright,
> Though pale the star that gives its letters light:

clearly indicating that he (*i.e.* Arnold) is "the star," and that the Dowager Lady Waldegrave's noble but hitherto obscure name has received all the little lustre it may possess from the radiant emanations of "the star" in question. Her ladyship will probably be of opinion that "the star" is a young Sirius.

Mr. Arnold will no doubt write more, and we feel sure that he will write even better. There is at present in him a love of polish, and an aim at perfect euphony, which may indeed charm the ear, but which should never be preferred to the higher materials of poetry. Here and there are

Griselda, a Tragedy; and other Poems. By Edwin Arnold. London: Bogue.
Poems. By Isa. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.

THE story of Griselda has been a favourite with dramatists. Old Thomas Heywood treated it, and failed, his play being only readable for the sake of one beautiful lyric, and a few good lines. Frederic Halm made it popular on the German stage, but his play is commonplace, and would be tedious to any but a Teutonic audience. Nor do we think the story in itself well adapted to the stage. The charm of Boccaccio's or Chaucer's narrative blinds us to its improbability—the hatefulness of the husband's character, and the spaniel-like weakness of the wife's; but these would scarcely bear the sharper scrutiny of an audience, who see the incidents passing before their eyes, and test them by the rules which they would apply to similar incidents in common life. Their instincts would revolt at the husband's cruelty, and they would feel no sympathy for the woman who could go on bearing each successive outrage, and not turn upon her oppressor. And with justice. For such a prostration of her will, such a weak persistency in love for a man who treats his wife not as an equal, but worse than his hound, are destructive of all interest in and respect for her, quite as surely as the inhuman tests to which she is subjected are fatal to our toleration for her husband. Any interest we might feel in the beginning must die away as the story advanced, under a sense of indignation and disgust, and the essence of a drama's success, sympathy with one or both of the leading personages, infallibly evaporate. It seems to us, therefore, that to make a successful drama, the story must be modified in many of its incidents, especially those involving the final trial, when the Lord of Saluzzo brings home his new bride, and commands the presence of his wife to wait upon her. There is a point at which to be patient ceases to be a duty, and a skilful dramatist might, we think, keep alive our interest in Griselda, and produce a powerful dramatic collision, by making her husband's savage strain upon her endurance recoil upon himself, in the form of love chilled if not estranged, and by subjecting him to an ordeal of trial, from which he might rise again into a place in our regards. Mr. Edwin Arnold has taken the story as he found it, and simply transmuted into scenes the incidents as narrated by Chaucer. This, however, he has done with no small skill and dramatic feeling, and the result is a very graceful and readable poem. There are scenes which in themselves would not be ineffective on the stage, but the play wants life and variety and movement as a whole. Mr. Arnold has not attempted to vivify the times in which alone such a story is possible; there is no background for it to grow out of, no play of characters or secondary incidents, to relieve the attention or stimulate the imagination. Thus the work is rather a dramatic illustration of Chaucer's story than a drama. And yet there is so much of dramatic feeling in the treatment of some of the passages, that we are disappointed Mr. Arnold has not done more with his materials. His *Griselda* is a very beautiful sketch, and does not suffer by our remembrance of Chaucer's portrait. The *Marquis of Saluzzo* is also well imagined, and his motives, as suggested by Mr. Arnold, for putting *Griselda's* worth to trial, if not quite sufficient to justify, in some measure extenuate his conduct. Were Mr. Arnold to take a broader canvass, to write with more daring, and not to move too strictly in the trammels of the old tale, we believe he might produce a really effective drama. Let him, too, discard those painful archaisms and heavy efforts at humour, which Sheridan Knowles made fashionable among dramatists, to the infinite discomfort of their readers. He can write vigorous straightforward English, and say smart things smartly. Why, therefore, should he adopt, as he often does, a style of language which never was and never will be used? As a specimen of Mr. Arnold's dramatic power, we give the scene where *Griselda's* daughter is taken away from her:—

"LENETTE. A message from my lord.
GRISELDA. Who beareth it?
[*Enter* MARTINO.
MARTINO. I, lady.
GRIS. Who art thou?
MAR. Martino Sculza,
The sergeant of the guard.
GRIS. I know thee not.
MAR. 'Tis very like thou wilt not hold me hence
In fair remembrance.
GRIS. Why, what bringest thou?
MAR. That which I mean to speak. Great ones, good madam,
Do as they list; and they who suffer of them
Must bear it and bewail. I am not one
To stand against the storm; and, sooth to say,
Madam, I will not.
GRIS. Say, what wrongs you, sir?
MAR. My lord—my master, bids me bear thee what
Thou must take of me.
GRIS. If it come from him,
Speak welcomely; I'll hear it willingly!
MAR. Thus, then, I am entrusted to deliver:—
My lord commends me to your patient grace,
And prays you, of your courtesy, to give
Unto me here, without or let or stop,
The little maid, your child.
GRIS. So soon?
MAR. Aye! Now.
GRIS. What is your warrant, sir?
MAR. His signet ring.
Behold it here!
GRIS. It never yet set seal
To aught unworthy of his nobleness:
I will obey it.
MAR. Madam, you were best.
GRIS. Yes! but this cometh somewhat suddenly;
Yet I'll obey it. Give me pardon, sir:
Art thou to have my girl?
MAR. Madam, I am.
My lord's behest is that you render it,
Sleeping or waking, here into my hands,
Thereafter——
GRIS. Oh, say on!
MAR. I say too much,
More is not in my message; by your leave,
I'll find it here, and quit you. [*Goes to the bed.*
GRIS. No, oh no!
Thou art not gentle, thou wilt wake my babe.
MAR. She'll sleep enough anon.
GRIS. I fear I read
A bitter meaning in your broken speech;
But I'll not think so,—you are not to take her:
Your hands are hard with arquebuss and sword,


F. Marryat

Captain Marryat

Friend of Ainsworth

We have to record, too, the death, on the 9th inst., at Langham in Norfolk, in his 56th year, of Capt. Marryat, the well-known novelist. He had been long seriously unwell—from the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels; and his friends had for some time ceased to entertain the slightest hope of his ultimate recovery. The recent loss of his eldest son in the Avenger is known to have materially affected his health. It seems almost needless to recapitulate Capt. Marryat's claims to obituary notice in a literary journal—his 'Peter Simple,' 'Jacob Faithful,' 'Midshipman Easy,' 'Percival Keene,' and other sea-novels, written with spirit and humour which gained them an instant and brilliant popularity. For the moment they have been pushed out of sight by the writings of the less professional humorists; and their slightness of construction may be further thought to endanger their chances of return to a place in our literature of fiction. Yet the best are better than any "salt-water tales" since Smollett's—and the worst are not to be readily laid aside when once taken in hand. The book on America was an angry and superficial mistake:—but still it contained some racy pages and touches which are not to be forgotten.

MARRYAT, Florence (Mrs. Francis Lean), sixth daughter of the late Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N., C.B., F.R.S., was born at Brighton, in Sussex, and educated at home. She began to write in 1865, when her first novel, "Love's Conflict," was published, since which time she has written a large number of works, most of which have been republished in America and Germany and translated into French, German, Russian, Flemish, and Swedish. She was appointed editor of *London Society* in 1872, and has been a constant contributor to magazines and newspapers. She is known on the stage as an operatic singer and high-class comedy actress, and has been most successful as an entertainer and lecturer. She published, in 1886, "Tom Tiddler's Ground," and has since published "Gentleman and Courtier;" "The Crown of Shame;" "A Fatal Silence," 1891; "The Nobler Sex" and "How Like a Woman!" 1892; "Parson Jones," 1893; "A Bankrupt Heart" and "The Hampstead Mystery," 1894, besides a group of works dealing with spiritualism, in which she takes much interest. The last-named are "There is no Death," 1891, of which several editions have been published; and "The Risen Dead," a novel, 1893, and "Spirit World," 1894.

Marryat (Captain, *novelist*) Portion of the autograph MS. of "The Poacher," 2 pp. folio, £3, 10s 682

At the foot of one of the pages is a certificate written and signed by his daughter. "MS. in the handwriting of Captain Marryat, R.N., C.B., F.R.S., Florence Marryat."

Marryat (Capt.) Joseph Rushbrook, or The Poacher, *First Edition*, 3 vols, *boards, uncut*, very scarce, £2 18s 1841

(in the Author's Autograph)

Part of the M.S. of

"The Poacher"

By Capt. Marryat.

given to me by {his daughter, Florence: 27/5/94 TH

Captain Marryat

Friend of Ainsworth

We have to record, too, the death, on the 9th inst., at Langham in Norfolk, in his 56th year, of Capt. Marryat, the well-known novelist. He had been long seriously unwell—from the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels; and his friends had for some time ceased to entertain the slightest hope of his ultimate recovery. The recent loss of his eldest son in the Avenger is known to have materially affected his health. It seems almost needless to recapitulate Capt. Marryat's claims to obituary notice in a literary journal—his 'Peter Simple,' 'Jacob Faithful,' 'Midshipman Easy,' 'Percival Keene,' and other sea-novels, written with spirit and humour which gained them an instant and brilliant popularity. For the moment they have been pushed out of sight by the writings of the less professional humorists; and their slightness of construction may be further thought to endanger their chances of return to a place in our literature of fiction. Yet the best are better than any "salt-water tales" since Smollett's—and the worst are not to be readily laid aside when once taken in hand. The book on America was an angry and superficial mistake:—but still it contained some racy pages and touches which are not to be forgotten.

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Well, well – but do not be afraid – he must have been very young at the time innocent or guilty – and he won't suffer – that I know – but he will be sent out of the country –

Then I will go with him replied Mary –

Perhaps he will be pardoned, dear – keep your spirits up – & if you have money, get a good lawyer –

Can you tell me who would be a good lawyer to apply to

Yes – Mr – he is a very clever man – if any one can save him, he can

I will take his name down if you please – replied Mary –

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT, R.N., C.B.

ANOTHER bright ornament of literature has been taken from amongst us. Captain Marryat, the Smollett of the nineteenth century, died on the 9th instant, at Langham, in Norfolk, in his 56th year. He had been long seriously unwell, from the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels ; and the recent loss of his eldest son in the *Avenger*, is supposedtohave accelerated the fatal result.



THE LATE CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N., C.B.

Captain Marryat was the son of Mr. Marryat, the well-known banker of the city of London. At an early age he entered the Royal Navy ; served, while midshipman of the *Imperieuse*, in the operations conducted by Lord Cochrane on the coast of Catalonia, and was in the attack on the French squadron in Aix Roads in 1809. Subsequently he formed part of the Walcheren expedition ; and, when lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, in her barge cut out four vessels from Boston Bay in 1814. In the Burmese war he commanded the *Ariadne*, and was, for some time, the senior officer on the station.

His literary fame, which is considerable, rests on his "Peter Simple," "Perceval Keene," "Jacob Faithful," and "Mr. Midshipman Easy"—sea novels of unrivalled popularity, so replete with spirit and humour as to bear no invidious comparison with the admirable writings of the author of "Peregrine Pickle."

THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST. By CAPT. MARRYAT, R.N. Vol. 2. H. Hurst.

With this volume, Capt. Marryat has concluded his very attractive Story for young persons, the first portion of which we noticed some time since. The graphic vigour and freshness of the style is just calculated for youthful readers ; the narrative is not over-loaded with descriptive gems ; but the story is told with a *viva voce* character. Here is a specimen of a conversational digression, on the state of parties during the civil war:

"Excuse me, Mr. Hatherstone, but each day I find more to make me like you than I did the day before ; at first I felt most inimical ; now I only wonder how you can be leagued with the party you now are."

"Edward Armitage, I will now answer for myself and thousands more. You are too young a man to have known the cause of the insurrection, or, rather, opposition to the unfortunate King Charles. He attempted to make himself absolute, and to wrest the liberties from the people of England ; that his warmest adherents will admit. When I joined the party which opposed him, I little thought that matters would have been carried so far as they have been ; I always considered it lawful to take up arms in defence of our liberties, but at the same time I equally felt that the person of the King was sacred."

"I have heard so, Sir."

"Yes, and in truth ; for never did any people strive more zealously to prevent the murder of the King—for murder it was—than my relative Ashley Cooper and myself. So much so, indeed, as to have incurred not only the suspicion, but the ill will of Cromwell, who, I fear, is now making rapid advances towards that absolute authority for which the King has suffered, and which he would now

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Valerie. By Captain Marryat. 2 vols. Colburn.

WE could hardly have guessed this work to be written by Captain Marryat ; it is so unlike any of his preceding publications. But neither is it like any other author with whom we are acquainted. There are plots and incidents enow, as the various leading personages appear in the drama connected by Valerie's autobiography, to make three or four light French vaudevilles ; and the heroine herself undergoes a great number of metamorphoses. Love, even maternal, turned to unnatural hate, is developed in the character of her violent and passionate mother ; and again a similar revulsion of feeling in Lady R——, against a lover who marries her sister, that sister, and her child. The rest of the circumstances "progress" probably enough, and the interlacing of party after party with Valerie's career, afford the writer fair opportunity for clever pictures of life, individual characters well painted, and a *dénouement* very satisfactory to the reader ; nor does the narrative, though not so piquant as some of Captain Marryat's productions, fail in those acute and shrewd remarks which give point to the generality of his writings. The whole is pleasant and entertaining.

MARRYAT'S (Captain) POOR JACK, royal 8vo. ILLUSTRATED EDITION, *containing* 46 *large and exquisitely beautiful engravings on wood, after the masterly designs of* C. STANFIELD, *R. A.* (pub. at 14s) *elegantly bound in cloth, with emblematical gilding on the back and sides*, reduced to 9s 1845

*** Of this very popular and remarkably beautiful book ten thousand copies have already been sold at the full price.

"The 'History of Poor Jack' is so naive and yet so interesting, that we have no hesitation in saying it is one of the best of the author's very popular productions. It is, indeed, a touching picture, noble in its simplicity, and comes home to the heart. The illustrations, from the pencil of Stanfield, for original conception, beauty, truth, and expression, appear to us to be quite equal to the high reputation of the artist,—the first marine painter in the world."—*Literary Gazette.*

Jacob Faithful. By the Author of "Peter Simple," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Saunders and Otley.

EQUALLY original and amusing, Captain Marryatt is also the most national of our writers. He has traced for himself a path peculiarly English, and fills that path with characters as real as life can make them. They almost become confounded in our memory with people we have really known—so accurately are they painted, so vividly are their peculiarities brought before us. The nautical anecdotes are told with a relish peculiarly his own ; and, instead of anticipating the story, and spoiling the reader's pleasure by previous knowledge, we shall select a few of the most delectable bits.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Percival Keene, by Capt. Marryat. 3 vols.—After the long silence in which Capt. Marryat has indulged, a new work from his pen ought to be eagerly welcomed. The title of 'Percival Keene' will prepare the world for an antagonistic novel to 'Peter Simple': and yet, bating some slight difference in the qualities and characteristics *novel*ized,—and admitting the superior freshness of the elder work,—the two tales are written so completely on the same plan, that we might read them in alternate chapters, without any fatal mischief done to the interests of either. In manufacturing a plot, Capt. Marryat is as unskilled as he is skilful in contriving adventures. The latter come at his call : from the first moment, when Percival is the torment of his grandmother, to the final page, when the last drops of the never-failing golden shower, which the Captain loves to rain on his favourites, fall on his head—the hero is the same preternaturally tricksy, shrewd, successful being—always in scrapes, always on Fortune's high way, but never run over by the many untoward circumstances which travel the same road : alike the favourite of Tommy Dott, the "ne'er-do-well" midshipman, and of Bob Cross, the humble, but honest Achates whom Capt. Marryat could not manage his book without,—and of Mammy Chrissabella, the per-

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Olla Podrida. By Capt. Marryat. Bentley.

A VOLUME of Marryat's contributions to periodicals which he thought worthy to be separated from the mass, and preserved together in this form : forbidding the rest. It contains the diary of a *Blasé*, and a number of shorter periods, all of which are characteristic of the humour and the astuteness which made the author popular. Several of the tales are redolent of sea-life ; and two or three of the literary pasquinades are smartly critical upon the mushroom productions which ever and anon overspread the wholesome herbage of a legitimately and usefully cultivated press. There is always a foundation of sound sense in Marryat, and he is rarely otherwise than entertaining ; whilst many of his *dramatis personæ* are sketched with perfect naturalness and truth. This is altogether a pleasing remembrance of him. Alas, poor Yorick!

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493 **MARRYAT**'s (Capt.) Olla Podrida, FIRST EDITION, *large paper copy*, 3 vols, post 8vo, half calf gilt, marbled edges, *quite clean*, 5s 1840

Has Bookplates of Algernon Perkins and Charles William Curtis in each volume.

PARLOUR LIBRARY.

On the 15th of November, price 1s.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF

MONSIEUR VIOLET, BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

*** The Publishers have the pleasure to announce that they are now enabled to publish the above Work, which has been so long delayed by unforeseen circumstances.

London and Belfast: SIMMS & M'INTYRE.

The King's Own: a Novel. By the Author of the "Naval Officer." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is, for the most part, a tale of the sea, written, we believe, by an English post-captain, whose life has been more than usually active, and who, having seen much, not only in "the service," but out of it, seems determined to turn to account materials so acquired. The result of this determination is a very remarkable book, full of vigour, and characterised in many places by incidents of perfect originality, both as to conception and treatment. While we speak thus of the work as a whole, we cannot avoid expressing our opinion, that had it not been for the romances of Cooper, the novel before us would probably never have been written: not that it is, in the slightest degree, a copy of any of the sea-stories of the American; but that the great success of the latter as a naval novelist has excited the literary rivalry of English seamen, (for our navy can boast of men as distinguished for intellect as for physical hardihood); and hence the nautical tales which have recently been added to our literature.

The *King's Own* is the second novel of Captain Marryat. Of his first production, the *Naval Officer*, we spoke in terms of dispraise; because we saw in it evidences of haste, carelessness, rashness even, and, above all, want of due regard to that propriety which is now demanded and commanded in every branch of literary production. It was said of Sir John Vanbrugh, in an epigram of the day, that he often wanted *grace*, (meaning, in that instance, chastity of thought,) though he never wanted wit; and had it not been for the signs, and more than the signs, of intellectual force which we recognised in the *Naval Officer*, we should assuredly not have taken the pains to point out and reprehend what appeared to us to be defective in the taste of the writer. Nothing is more provoking than the slightest sign of mental perversion in a man of real talent. In the present work, however, we have no errors of that kind to condemn. The author has evidently written with greater care than before; he has, if we may so speak, respected his task,—he has learned, that to construct a fiction which shall represent truly human character, passions, and manners, as modified and contrasted by difference of occupation and variety of country, and rendered subservient to the purposes of a consistent tale, is not an undertaking to be lightly approached.

The Mission; or, Scenes in Africa, written for Young People, by Captain Marryat, 2 vols.—Even for readers of that blessed age when the appetite for adventure is the strongest, and discriminating taste has not made the student fastidious, "there is a form" to be observed by all writers who would please. We doubt if Captain Marryat be sufficiently alive to this old truth. Here, at least, is the narration of a pilgrimage in South Africa, undertaken by a youth under the hope of discovering some long-lost kindred,—which reads more like a Marcet's 'Conversations on Caffre-land,' than one of the easy, artless narratives thrown off ere the author of 'Peter Simple' began to lard his pages with useful knowledge. Snakes, lions, gnus, buffalos, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, and giraffes are brought into play in so steady a profusion, that at last the juvenile reader, if in any degree he share our humour, will expect to meet Megatherium or Mastodon at the smallest; disdaining a panther as a puerility, and a quagga as an impertinence. In short, there is emphasis in plenty, but too little discretion.

Olla Podrida, by the Author of 'Peter Simple,' 3 vols.—Soldiers and sailors are proverbially skilled in impromptu cookery; and it will not therefore surprise any one who tastes Captain Marryat's "Olla," to find it savoury, and containing some choice morsels. As a parlour-window—or suiting the word to the season, a fire-side book, it well answers its purpose. For those who love to revive recollections of foreign travel, or to dream of places they are never to see, the *Blasé* (laying aside his unattractive title) reprints in a collected form, the Belgian and German diaries, with episodes *de omnibus rebus*, &c., which appeared in the *Metropolitan Magazine*: for those who are curious to read the one experiment in Drama, made by every popular novelist, the author of 'Peter Simple' prints his 'Monk of Seville,'—an odd mixture of inflated melo-drama and slip-shod farce: while the third volume is made up of satirical sketches, snatches of romance, and an acting charade—these too being reclaimed from the periodicals, and offering the various amusement, which justifies the title of the miscellany.

Newton Forster; or, the Merchant Service. By the Author of the "King's Own." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

WE know few writers of the present day who have more reality in their sketching than Captain Marryatt—both vigorous and original, he gives at once life and interest to his scenes; few writers, either, have made greater improvement since their first appearance than he has; and we do not hesitate to give the preference to *Newton Forster*, in comparison with any of his works. Perhaps the opening of the *King's Own*, with its terrible appeal to the deepest sympathy of our nature, is Captain Marryatt's finest effort; but as a whole, we think, both for variety and sustained interest, *Newton Forster* must have the preference.



Engraved by D. J. Pound from a Photograph by Mayall.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, ESQ.

Martin F. Tupper

Friend of Ainsworth

January 12th 1812.

Received of Mr G. Lewis Esquire Seventeen pounds for Medicines for the year 1811.

£17.—.—

S. Chilver

Mr Tupper

ALBURY,
GUILDFORD

March 24. 1859.

Sir,

In reply, I judge from your description that the autograph in question is my Father's: he was a partner in medicine with Mr Chilver, and the M. G. Lewis of the receipt is (I suppose) Monk Lewis. In January 1812 I was 18 months old; so, not then quite capable of signing myself Yours faithfully

Martin F. Tupper.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Martin Tupper.

We regret to learn that Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S., died at a quarter past 2 on Friday afternoon. He fell ill a few days ago, and soon afterwards his condition was found to be hopeless. He was the eldest son of a well-known medical practitioner, Mr. Martin Tupper, F.R.S., who was twice offered a baronetcy for his philanthropic and general services, in the first instance by Lord Liverpool, and secondly by the Duke of Wellington. The Tupper family comes of an old Huguenot stock, known as Töpper in Germany, Toupard in France and the Low Countries, and Tupper in England and the United States. Representatives of the family were exiled from Hesse Cassel, for their Protestant opinions, by the Emperor Charles V. in 1548. Three years afterwards Henry Tupper, to whom the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" owed his lineage in a direct line, settled in Guernsey, where his descendants have ever since been men of wealth and position. In the reign of William and Mary a massive gold chain and medal, with some heraldic honours, was given to an ancestor for brilliant services at the battle of La Hogue; and at Bunker's Hill another ancestor, Major John Tupper, commanded after the death of Pitcairn. A branch of the family was among the Pilgrim Fathers of the United States.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper was born in London in 1810, and was educated at the Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1832, M.A. in 1835, and D.C.L. in 1847. After obtaining his degree, Mr. Tupper entered himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn. He was called to the Bar in 1835, but never practised as a barrister. In 1836 appeared his first work, "Geraldine and other Poems," which is now only sought by the curious; and the same year the first half of his famous "Proverbial Philosophy" was written in his chambers at 21, Old-square, Lincoln's Inn. This production, notwithstanding the onslaughts of critics, was recognized by some as a work of originality and merit, and it slowly but surely began to achieve popularity for its author. The original edition attained but a moderate amount of success, while its first appearance in America was almost a failure; but as it began to grow in estimation the demand increased year by year, so that for 25 years there were never sold less than 5,000 copies annually. The "Proverbial Philosophy" was lengthened into four series (1839-67), some of which went through more than 50 editions. An illustrated edition of the whole work was published a few years ago. It was computed that in less than a quarter of a century the circulation of this extraordinary work was upwards of one hundred thousand copies in England, and nearly half a million in America, while it was also translated into several Continental languages. Among other early works by Mr. Tupper may be mentioned "A Septuagint of Worthies," published in 1839, and consisting of sonnets and essays on 70 famous men and women; "An Author's Mind" (1841), containing skeletons of 30 unpublished books; "The Crock of Gold," "Heart," and "Twins," three tales on covetousness, &c., all of which were published in 1844, and went through numerous editions. Then followed in rapid succession "Hactenus" and "A Thousand Lines," 1848; "Surrey," being a rapid review of its principal personages and places, 1849; "King Alfred's Poems in English Metres," 1850; "Farley Heath," a record of its remains, and the "Hymn for all Nations, in Thirty Languages," issued in the year of the first Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, 1851; "Ballads for the Times and other Poems," 1852; "Probabilities; an Aid to Faith," 1854; "Church Ballads," "American Ballads," "White Slavery Ballads," "Rifle Ballads," "Lyrics," and a picturesque biographical novel entitled "Stephen Langton," which was described as a perfect pre-Raphaelite reproduction of Old England in the days of King John. In 1858 appeared "Paterfamilias's Diary of Everybody's Tour," and in 1861 the "Rides and Reveries of Mr. Æsop Smith," edited by Peter Query, Esq., which was a vigorous and unsparing criticism upon "wicked wives, bad servants, dull parsons, hypocritical mercymongers, and zoilistical critics." Mr. Tupper was a man of a chivalrous nature, and his feelings sometimes ran away with his judgment; but it ought to be stated that he led the forlorn hope in many projects which have since achieved success. "Æsop Smith," for example, assisted in the divorce reform, as the "American Ballads" tended to promote international kindliness between England and the United States. Mr. Tupper was an early friend to the colonization of Liberia, and he also gave a gold medal for the encouragement of African literature;

A Hymn for all Nations. By M. F. Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S. Translated into Thirty Languages. Published by T. Hatchard, London.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the spirit that dictated this sacred composition, the book must be regarded as a literary curiosity, containing, as it does, nearly fifty versions of the Hymn in thirty languages, translated by the principal linguists of the day, so that there is scarcely a civilised nation of the earth by whom it may not be read in its own tongue. The hymn has reference to the great event of the year, concerning which the author says, "I thought it would be a world-wide sin, if men of every nation under heaven met together to glorify their own skill and the wonderful things around them, without some Catholic acknowledgment of Him who made them all; therefore, I devised this Psalm." Mr. Tupper deserves all commendation for his attempt to lead the assembled nations into one harmonious song of praise.

This day, in a handsome volume, cloth, gilt edges, price 7*s.* 6*d.*

THREE HUNDRED SONNETS.

By M[illegible] F. TUPPER, Esq. D.C.L. F.R.S.

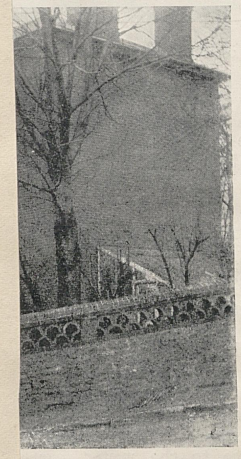
Author o[illegible] 'Lyrics,' 'Tales,' &c.

Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co. 25, [illegible]noster-row.

In the introduction to *My Life as an Author* (Sampson Low), Mr. Martin Tupper states that he has always rejected the proposal to write an autobiography, and gives some pregnant reasons for so doing. Now, at the age of seventy-six, he has changed his mind, and the admirers of "Proverbial Philosophy" will be glad that he has done so. That book had at one time so large a circulation that for many years it brought the author a considerable income, and he states that a million and a half copies were sold in the United States, which, thanks to the want of copyright, yielded little or no return. Instead of money, the Americans gave the author an extraordinary amount of praise. One well-wisher, whose flattering attentions Mr. Tupper repudiates, published a volume combining "the threefold wisdoms of King Solomon, William Shakspeare, and Martin Tupper"; another, Mr. N. P. Willis, said that "the richness of the Orient and the strength of the Occident, the stern virtue of the North, and the passion of the South," meet in the author of "Proverbial Philosophy"; and a third declared that his book will live as long as the English language. When Mr. Tupper was in America, this enthusiasm for his writings was expressed in a practical form by one of the richest men in New York, who said he had instructed his bankers to allow the successful author to honour any cheques he might like to draw; he also offered him his house, his yacht, and his carriage; and "who knows," writes Mr. Tupper, "how nearly I then missed smiles from the blind goddess by my sturdy refusal of her favours, for I heard afterwards that the wealthy Mr. —— was childless!" Dollars, however, in addition to praise, were reaped in the States, where the author, following the example of Dickens, repeatedly read his works to appreciative listeners. About those works he has a great deal to tell. There are few topics of the day upon which Mr. Tupper has not written in rhyme, from the doings of Royalty to Papal infallibility. In our limited space we cannot attempt to estimate his "authorial wealth"; but we may observe that he has published innumerable sonnets, some tales and dramas, a volume of travels, and an immense number of occasional verses and ballads. "God has blessed my writings," he says, "to millions of the human race, and from prince to peasant good has been done through this hand, incalculable." Unfortunately, however, it appears that most of Mr. Tupper's writings are out of print. His narrative is very discursive, as a glance at the table of contents will show; but the memories of an old man who has led a life of great activity will attract many readers. He remembers, when a boy, George III. putting his hand upon his head and giving him a blessing, he recalls his first literary triumph at Oxford, when he gained the prize for a theological essay, Mr. Gladstone standing second, and he relates how when, for some political offence, Wellington was attacked by the mob, he jumped on the steps of Surgeons' Hall and shouted out "Waterloo!" "That one word turned the tide of execrations into cheers, and the Iron Duke passed me silently with a military salute." There is a pleasing recollection, too, of Jenny Lind, who had found "Proverbial Philosophy" a great comfort; and a recollection, not so pleasant, of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and there is the memory of a great dinner given by Prince Astor, in New York, in honour of Washington Irving and Martin Tupper, at which the host expressed a wish that it were possible to give all his wealth in exchange for half their literary glory. Mr. Tupper is a happy man. He does not mind what "malignant" critics say, though he keeps all their criticisms, and he records, with an evident sense of enjoyment, the praises that have been lavished upon him. Then, although following no profession, he has led a life of great mental activity; and, in addition to his literary publications in prose and verse, has had, as he observes, all the "ologies" on his brain; has entered the lists as a theologian and defender of the faith; and has also tried his skill as an inventor, and found it a losing game. Altogether, we have in these pages the portrait, drawn by himself, of a kind-hearted, active-minded English gentleman, Protestant to his heart's core, but not otherwise intolerant; and, we should have also said, with a very adequate impression of his own merit, did not Mr. Tupper assure us that he has neither vanity nor self-conceit. The amusing volume deserves the attention it is likely to receive.

Guildford possesses its romance in "Stephan Langton," written by Martin Tupper, whose works were so well known to an earlier generation. The plot deals with the days of King John, and its local scenes at Guildford Castle, St. Martha's Chapel, and the Silent Pool are most graphically described. Tupper immensely popularised the lovely pond at Albury, to some extent effecting what the author of "Lorna Doone" did for Exmoor. He collected his materials, read up the period, and wrote the novel in eight weeks—fairly rapid work for a book containing roughly 120,000 words. Since its first appearance in 1858, "Stephan Langton" has passed through several editions and still obtains a steady sale in the neighbourhood.

Tupper "touched the threshold of fame," as he phrased it, by "Proverbial Philosophy"—a book which in its time attained a remarkable circulation both here and in America. It was issued in many editions, and the guinea copies contained illustrations by some of the best artists and engravers of that day. Now, the honest homespun has gone out of date and "Proverbial Philosophy" is seldom seen. Portions of the MS. were written at Albury House, the home of the author for forty years, where also "The Rides and Reveries of Æsop Smith" first saw the light. Miss Tupper informs me that most of the contents of this book—fables, songs, essays, etc., embracing a variety of subjects—were thought out by her father while riding over the Surrey hills and dales.



DIED.
od.

Like many other Englishmen, Martin Tupper dreaded a French invasion in the early forties. We can smile now to think of the patriotic writer busying himself with a few friends in the formation of a village Rifle Club. This, too, against considerable opposition. Nor did he confine his ardent loyalty to carrying arms, but wrote numerous well-known ballads on the subject of defence, which may claim

—Mr. Martin Tupper seems lately to have betaken himself to prose. Ill-natured people will perhaps tell us that he has been writing it all his life. We are not so sure of that. The success he has achieved must be accepted as a sign of more poetical merit than his detractors give him credit for. Be that as it may, he has been writing in the *Rock* on behalf of the immortality of animals, quoting Bishop Butler, "the great and good Bishop Butler, one of the best and wisest of mankind." The inference is—"If the creatures round us are not mere toys to be broken at our pleasure, but humbler children of God to meet us elsewhere hereafter, we have a higher and more excellent reason for treating them with all humanity." According to Mr. Tupper

"The poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind,"

is not far wrong when he

"Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

We may add here that it is stated in the *City Press* that Mr. Tupper intends, during the coming London season, to give a series of readings on Proverbial Philosophy.

Also by the Author of "Proverbial Philosophy."

PROBABILITIES:

AN AID TO FAITH.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

"In idea it resembles the "Analogy" of Butler, but it is much simpler in detail, and its arguments and illustrations are quite independent of those in that great work. * * * This kind of reasoning Mr. Tupper successfully applies to the leading events and tenets of the Christian faith, and to the false systems of religion that have arisen in the world. His volume is small, but there is matter in it for deep meditation, and for bracing mental exercise. His arguments, though profound, are interpreted with such luminous simplicity of language that a child may comprehend them; and it is an eminent merit of the book, that it suggests more than it expresses. Every chapter will afford the thoughtful mind food for long and profitable reflection. Mr. Tupper has done good service to religion by his publication: it will shake the doubts of the sceptical, strengthen the trust of the wavering, and delight the faith of the confirmed. As its character becomes known, it will deservedly fill a high place in the estimation of the Christian world."—*Britannia.*

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THE CROCK OF GOLD,

A RURAL NOVEL.

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"It does not contain a single unproductive line; its moral harmony is perfect."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

THE TWINS,

A DOMESTIC NOVEL.

HEART,

A SOCIAL NOVEL.

"For power of animated description, for eloquent reflections on the events of every-day life, and for soft, touching, pathetic appeals to the best feelings of the heart, these volumes are worthy of a place on every library table in the kingdom."—*Sunday Times.*

Mr. Tupper early received distinctions from many foreign sovereigns, and he was likewise awarded the Prussian Gold Medal for Science and Art. In 1835 he married Isabella, only daughter of Mr. A. W. Davis, by whom he had a large family. In 1845 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. His later publications included "Three Hundred Sonnets," 1860; "Cithara Lyrics," 1863; "Raleigh, his Life and Death," an historical play, 1866; "Washington," a drama, 1876; "Miscellaneous Poems," 1880; and "My Life as an Author," 1886, together with many articles, reviews, and fugitive pieces in prose and verse. In 1883 he was presented with a public testimonial.

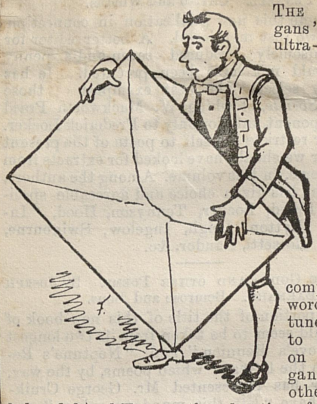
As a poet Mr. Tupper enjoyed more favour with the general public than with the critics. His peculiar verse has been a frequent theme for the satirists, and yet the attacks upon him only seemed to confirm his hold over the masses. He lacked genius and inspiration, but there was a kind of oracular air about his utterances which greatly impressed those who did not examine beneath the surface. As a moral essayist he deserved praise, and occasionally he reached a poetic strain when animated by the fervour of patriotism. That he enjoyed a strange and unique position in literature is beyond question. This is a tribute to the British heart rather than to its intellect.

And so there is to be a Congress after all. I simply note the pleasing fact with the view of respectfully suggesting to the distinguished diplomatists who are about to repair to Berlin to provide themselves with copies of a work called "Proverbial Philosophy," by Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L., M.A., F.R.S. Let them read Tupper on Congresses and on the spirit of tolerance which should be observed therein. Let them ponder in particular over the following passage:—

A wise man in a crowded street winneth his way with gentleness,
Nor rudely pusheth aside the stranger that standeth in his path;
He knoweth that blind hurry will but hinder, stirring up contention against him,
Yet holdeth he right on, with his face to the scope of his pursuit:
Even so, in the *Congress of Opinions*, the bustling highway of intelligence,
Each man should yield to his neighbour, and yield him again, concession;
Terms ill-defined, and forms misunderstood and customs, where their reasons are unknown
Have stirred up many zealous souls to fight against imaginary giants.

Are these not the words of wisdom? For how many weary months have we not been squabbling (and all but coming to blows) over "terms ill defined and forms misunderstood;" and how many legions of "imaginary giants" have not the zealous souls of the Jingoes conjured up. In my innocent youth I used to laugh at Tupper. I will deride him no more. He is a Sachem and a Sage.

FIFTY PROTESTANT BALLADS. By M. F. TUPPER. W. Ridgway.



THE two "organs" of the ultra-Evangelicals are the *Record* and the *Rock*, the latter paper being the younger, though not the stronger, and the poet who composes the words for the tunes that are to be ground on this "organ" is none other than our beloved friend Tupper, the adoration of our youth and the consoler of our mid-age. The modern Solomon is as stiff a Protestant as Mr. Whalley himself, and has always at least one eye kept vigilantly open for the detection of a Jesuit in the disguise of a Churchman. If the senior member for Peterborough would only comply with the request of the House, and "sing," we know of no one who could better supply him with words for his songs than the author of these "Fifty Protestant Ballads," some of which might have been expressly composed for Mr. Whalley. Anyone who "loves a ballad in print" will be glad to peruse this latest production of the genius of Mr. Tupper, who, not improbably, had Fletcher of Saltoun's saying in remembrance concerning the making of ballads and the nation's laws, when he penned these Protestant manifestoes and dubbed them as "ballads." Mr. Tupper, in a mystic manner and with a sybil's utterance, says that he is "conscious of having written many more" than these Fifty Ballads. Perhaps he could not find the back numbers of the *Rock* in which those other ballads appeared; any way, we must be thankful for small mercies, in their non-appearance in this volume. Mr. Tupper, as the mouthpiece of the ultra-Evangelicals, is, of course, not content with such poor *pabulum* as "milk for babes," but indulges in strong metaphors and hot epithets, of which "spawn of the serpent," and "bandits of the Babylonian beast," may be taken as pretty alliterative examples. Whether Tupper's last will be the last that we shall have of Tupper, is more than we can say—whatever may be our secret hopes.

— Some of our American friends are witty on Martin Tupper—a subject, by-the-bye, a little stale—in a poem, under the title of Asphodel, appearing in the *New York Citizen and Round Table*. The following poets—Béranger, Shubart, Ben Jonson, Gay, Blake, and Poe—are supposed to banquet among the amaranthine bowers, and as they banquet there to talk of Tupper. Ben Jonson very naturally asks who Tupper is, whereupon Schubart replied—

> "Why, the philosopher
> Of course, the great proverbialist whom all
> Men praise as being the wonder of his time."

Whereupon Gay exclaims—

> "Be silent, Schubart! That is too poor
> A jest. There have been those, as gentle Blake
> Doth testify. Time's favoured children now,
> Who lived neglected and unnoticed lives,
> And lived them tenderly and nobly too,
> And after death grew dear to costly fame.
> But Tupper is the single writer known
> To whom the world has fairly gone down on
> Its knees beseeching him to write no more."

The writer of this is one Millie W. Carpenter. Some of the above lines are evidently but little better than those of Martin Tupper; and if printed as prose would evidently appear to be such. Béranger, who as a poet but lately departed, may be supposed to know more about the men of the time than does rare Ben Jonson, exclaims—

> "Alas! poor Tupper! He
> Writes not wisely nor too well."

A remark which we doubt not but Mr. Tupper will apply, if he hears of him, to Millie W. Carpenter himself.

605 **TUPPER** (Martin Farquhar; F.R.S.) PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY, *printed on toned paper, with numerous fine woodcuts by the Dalziels, etc. after* SIR J. TENNIEL, CORBOULD, SIR JOHN GILBERT, *and others* (ORIGINAL IMPRESSIONS), sq. 8vo. *green morocco extra, g. e.* (FINE COPY), 15*s* 1854

'Vast numbers of fairly educated middle-class people perused these singular rhythmical effusions with genuine enthusiasm, and thought that Tupper had eclipsed Solomon. Clever parodies by Cuthbert Bede and others appeared, and the book was savagely reviewed in 'Fraser'. Tupper persuaded himself that the literary critics were a malicious and discredited faction. Yet in due time 'Martin Tupper' became a synonym for contemptible commonplace'.—*D. N. B.*

4 ——— Tupper (M. F.) The Twins: a Tale of Concealment; *frontispiece by Leech*, cr. 8vo, *original wrappers*, 2*s* 1849

My Life as an Author. By MARTIN FARQUHAR, D.C.L., F.R.S., Vixi, vivo, vivam. Octavo, with portrait of the Author, 14*s*.

THE author of "Proverbial Philosophy" appeals to a very large and sympathetic audience by his frank, kindly, and most pleasantly-written record of his honoured life and successful literary career. A great number of people hold his works in high and intimate esteem, and many will be found among them to whom Dr. Tupper's friendly revelations of the incidents of a singularly fortunate and happy career will be highly gratifying, and the stores of anecdote, personal reminiscences of distinguished persons in all the "worlds," and pleasant social incidents and recollections will prove attractive to the general reader. The difficulties presented by an autobiography are not ignored by Dr. Martin Tupper; they are avowed, encountered, and surmounted with a frankness which ought to disarm criticism, and with fair success.

M. F. Tupper—*continued.*

986 **TUPPER** (Martin) A Hymn for all Nations, 1851, translated into Thirty Languages (upwards of 50 Versions), 8vo, *wrappers, gilt edges*, 2s 6d (68) N.D.

987 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) A Modern Pyramid, to commemorate a Septuagint of Worthies, FIRST EDITION, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, 3s 6d (69) 1839
With signature, "Mary F. Adams (Tupper)."

988 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) A Thousand Lines now first offered to the World we live in, PRESENTATION COPY, post 8vo, *cloth*, 4s 6d (68) 1845
With inscription, "Mary Frances Tupper, from her dear Papa, Aug. 21, 1846."

989 **TUPPER** (Martin) A Voice from the Cloister, by a Young Collegian, sm. 8vo, *wrappers*, VERY SCARCE, 9s (68) *Oxford*, 1835
An early work by Martin Tupper, published anonymously.

990 **TUPPER** (Martin) Ballads for the Times: American Lyrics, Geraldine, and other Poems, *engraved title and front.*, AUTHOR'S OWN COPY, post 8vo, *cloth*, £2 2s 1853
With Author's signature, and a long list of ballads and poems written since the publication of this volume. A very interesting copy, because the Author has written in the margin against many of the poems a note of the circumstances under which they were written.

991 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) Geraldine: a Sequel to Coleridge's Christabel, with other Poems, FIRST EDITION, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, 3s 6d 1838

992 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) Hastenus: more Droppings from the Pen that wrote "A Thousand Lines," &c., PRESENTATION COPY, cr. 8vo, *cloth, gilt edges*, 7s 6d (69) 1848
With inscription, "Mary Francis Tupper, from her dear Papa, Albury, Christmas Day, 1847."

993 **TUPPER** (M. F., E. I. and M. E.) Poems by Three Sisters, dedicated to their father, Martin F. Tupper, *front. by one of the Sisters*, 12mo, *cloth*, 3s 6d *Moxon*, 1866

994 **TUPPER** (Ellin Isabelle) Poems, translated from the Swedish, and Original, PRESENTATION COPY, 12mo, *cloth* (*cover stained*), 4s 6d (69) 1872
With inscription, "Mary F. Adams (Tupper), from the Author, Dover, June 24th, 1872."

995 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) Proverbial Philosophy, FIRST SERIES, PRESENTATION COPY, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, 8s 6d (69) 1843
With inscription, "Mary Frances Tupper, on her seventh birthday, from her dear Papa."

996 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) Third Series of Proverbial Philosophy, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, 3s 6d *Moxon*, 1867
With signature, "Mary F. Tupper."

997 **TUPPER** (Martin) A Third Series of Proverbial Philosophy, FIRST EDITION, cr. 8vo, *cloth*, 2s (68) *Moxon*, 1867

MINOR MINSTRELS.

Lyrics of the Heart and Mind. By M. F. Tupper. (Hall & Co.)—This little volume, with its title very unfairly copied from Mr. Alaric Watts's collected and illustrated edition of his Poems, is called by its author "the crop of occasion and circumstance." We trust the explanation is intelligible, for we cannot ourselves undertake to say what is meant. We can say that the "crop" is *not* poetry, and *not* prose,—*not* verse, and *not* rhyme. But we are restricted to negatives. In another place, Mr. Tupper insinuates that it is "a cairn of pebbles"; but as we have never seen a cairn of "pebbles," the illustration does not help us much. Indeed, confusion of imagery is the observable characteristic throughout.—

> Haste, for Time shall be no longer,
> All creation seems to tend
> In a rapid ever stronger,
> To that cataract the End,

cries the minstrel; but why anybody should haste to be thrown over a cataract we do not see; and that a cataract is the "end" of anything is a fact now discovered, we apprehend, for the first time.

TUPPER's (M. F.) An Author's Mind: the book of title-pages, cr. 8vo, cloth, 2s 6d 1841
Charles Dickens said of this, "a scarce book, and curious for some of its extravagant *mots*, but on the whole a most foolish and banal production."

Lately published, Third Edition, fcap, cloth, price 4s.,
PROBABILITIES: An Aid to Faith. By MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, Esq., Author of "Proverbial Philosophy," &c.
"It is difficult to convey by extracts the charm which is diffused over this little book. There is, in the infinite variety of subject, a continuous line of thought, which fixes the attention to its progress, and leaves the mind amused and edified with the perusal."—Christian Remembrancer.—London: T. HATCHARD, 187, Piccadilly.

M. F. Tupper—*continued.*

1001 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) Rides and Reveries of the late Mr. Æsop Smith, edited by Peter Query, F.S.A., post 8vo, *cloth*, 3s 6d (68) N.D.
With signature, "M. E. Tupper."

1002 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) Select Miscellaneous Poems, *with 6 illustrations*, cr. 8vo, *cloth, gilt edges* (*spotted*), 2s 6d (68) N.D.
With signature, "Mary Frances Adams (Tupper), Brackenhurst."

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1004 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) The Crock of Gold, the Twins and Heart, cr. 8vo, *half calf*, 4s 6d (68) *Philadelphia*, 1851
With signatures, "Martin F. Tupper" and "Mary Frances Adams (Tupper)."

1005 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) The Twins: a Domestic Novel, FIRST EDITION, post 8vo, *cloth*, 2s 6d (68) 1844

1006 **TUPPER** (Margaret Elenora) Touches of Human Love, cr. 8vo, *cloth, gilt edges* (*loose*), 2s (68) N.D.

1007 **TUPPER** (Martin F.) Washington, a Drama, in Five Acts, PRESENTATION COPY, post 8vo, *wrappers*, VERY SCARCE, £2 2s (68) *Privately printed*, 1876
Presented to his son-in-law, John Clayton Adams, with autograph inscription, "J. C. A. from M. F. T."
This play was written for the Centenary of American Independence, in honour of its founder, and only a few copies were privately printed.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Popular Edition of Tupper's Tales. The Crock of Gold—a Tale of Covetousness. By Martin Farquhar Tupper.—This book in its original more costly edition was not reviewed by us:—to our readers, therefore, it is in some sense as good as new. A notice is further its due because Mr. Tupper by giving it out as the first of a series of cheap popular tales seems desirous of taking his part in the great duty of the day—education. Better meant a story could not be; though—as must almost inevitably be the case in these sermon-stories or story sermons—little more than the picturesque half of the argument indicated by the title is treated. As a popular tale-teller Mr. Tupper is far too mannered. We fancy that for model of style he may have selected Charles Lamb's 'Rosamond Gray.' Now, the thorough-going lovers of Elia must bear with us for saying that our faith is tested to its utmost by that story. Simplicity and conceit (as the Italians use the word) are there combined in a manner which, though relishing in a humorous essay, gives a sickly unreality to such a record of humble life and sorrow as this. The writer's tears and ejaculations are apt to withdraw our attention from the grief and the emotion of "the beings of his mind." Scott wrought in another, less self-conscious, humour. What heroine of the people has ever excited a more strong and abiding sympathy than Jeannie Deans?—yet from first to last her struggles and adventures are told without a single "*Oh!*" or "*Ah!*" from the bystanders. We are aware, on the other hand, that this mode of appeal is popular,—and that Mr. Tupper may have adopted it for that reason. But we cannot because of its acceptance consider it as other than a vicious manner of writing.

TUPPER's (Martin F.) ALFRED, A PATRIOTIC PLAY, in five acts. 8vo, pp. 51. 3s 1858
A good many dramatists have tried their hands upon the subject of King Alfred, but, one and all, with small success. It is curious that none of the Elizabethan dramatists (so far as I know or can recollect) dealt with a subject, which is, at first sight, so inviting. A little consideration, however, will show that Alfred's career, however interesting it may be made in narrative or story, presents few of the striking points or conflicts of emotions which are, if not absolutely necessary, at least desirable for the dramatist's purpose. Mr. Tupper's Alfred is, as might be expected, a very Tupperian personage.

515 **TUPPER** (Martin F.)—PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY: a book of Thoughts and Arguments; *portrait*; tk. cr. 8vo., *whole dark brown calf, raised bands, emblematically tooled on sides, carmine edges*, **4/6.** 1850

516 **TUPPER** (Martin F.)— BALLADS FOR THE TIMES (*now first collected*): Geraldine, A Modern Pyramid, A Thousand Lines, and other Poems; tk. cr. 8vo., *whole dark brown calf, raised bands, emblematically tooled on sides, carmine edges*, **4/6.** 1851

TUPPER's (Martin F.) Geraldine, a sequel to Coleridge's Christabel, with other poems, FIRST EDITION, cr. 8vo, cloth, 1s 6d 1838

TUPPER's (M. F.) An Author's Mind: the book of title-pages, cr. 8vo, cloth, *cover soiled*, 2s 1841
Charles Dickens said of this, "A scarce book and curious for some of its extravagant *mots*, but on the whole a most foolish and banal production."

54.

Nicholas Michell.

Found g Ainsworth

The Immortals; or, Glimpses of Paradise. By Nicholas Michell. (William Tegg.) It is generally held that to make an epic poem, divided into several books and written in blank verse, attractive, there must be some sort of more or less connected story, a fair amount of dramatic action culminating in some definite catastrophe, and an array of real or fictitious personages whose deeds and ultimate fate, so far at least as pertains to the most prominent, may enlist the reader's sympathies or antipathies so as to keep up a continual interest. In the present case a theory—a beautiful theory, no doubt—is propounded and illustrated, and there is little or no trace of that clue which the reader should catch firm hold of at the very commencement to prevent bewilderment during a long passage through a labyrinth of imagination. The poem, therefore, runs a risk of being read piecemeal, the attention is liable to flag, and admiration is likely to be confined to isolated portions in which there is some unusually bright thought or happy expression to rivet for the moment the wandering eye. But such poems have the advantage of being the more readily dropped at the call of duty and resumed from time to time as leisure permits.

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"He engages the interest of the reader by the importance and never-failing attraction of noble themes .....In his selection of 'Famous Women and Heroes' the author ranges over the whole world's history. .....The book is full of interest."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

"He is at once a poet and a philosopher. In his portraiture of 'famous women' enthusiasm breaks forth, and he is filled with a fervour worthy of the fascinating subject.....Mr. Michell is entitled to take high rank among the poets of the age."
New Quarterly Review (Notice of First Edition).

"Poems such as these give genuine delight, while they elevate the mind and improve the taste for what is beautiful; they are, therefore, in their present cheap form, certain to achieve popularity."
Civil Service Gazette (Second notice).

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"There are vivid passages of woodland and mere which recall the 'Lady of the Lake,' and there are pictures which might have been written by Goldsmith."—*Athenæum* (Review of 'Pleasure').

"Pleasure, its sources, its varieties, its effects on mind and body—Pleasure as derived from literature, music, and painting, with the indulgence of the human passions, is an extensive subject, and is treated by Mr. Michell in a large and comprehensive spirit. He is earnest, eloquent, beautiful—sometimes sublime; and a love for whatever is grand and good speaks in every page.
Civil Service Gazette (Review of First Edition).

"The subject is grand and noble....The entire poem is an intellectual treat."—*Oxford Chronicle* (Review of 'The Immortals').

"Mr. Michell vindicates his claim to be classed with poets whose works are among the treasures of our literature."
Public Opinion, Nov. 25th, 1871.

Tehidy Terrace
Falmouth
5 March 1872

My dear Madam,

Not having received a Durham Chronicle for the last month, I imagine it may have been mislaid by the Post as Newspapers sometimes are — but if there is any delay as regards the notice of my last two books, please let all the time be taken that is necessary — I merely drop this line lest the paper should have been sent and not reached its destination — and I have thus delayed forwarding the closing volumes

I am, dear Madam,
Yours very sincerely
Nicholas Michell

54.

Nicholas Michell.

Frank J. Ainsworth

The Immortals; or, Glimpses of Paradise. By Nicholas Michell. (William Tegg.) It is generally held that to make an epic poem, divided into several books and written in blank verse, attractive, there must be some sort of more or less connected story, a fair amount of dramatic action culminating in some definite catastrophe, and an array of real or fictitious personages whose deeds and ultimate fate, so far at least as pertains to the most prominent, may enlist the reader's sympathies or antipathies so as to keep up a continual interest. In the present case a theory—a beautiful theory, no doubt—is propounded and illustrated, and there is little or no trace of that clue which the reader should catch firm hold of at the very commencement to prevent bewilderment during a long passage through a labyrinth of imagination. The poem, therefore, runs a risk of being read piecemeal, the attention is liable to flag, and admiration is likely to be confined to isolated portions in which there is some unusually bright thought or happy expression to rivet for the moment the wandering eye. But such poems have the advantage of being the more readily dropped at the call of duty and resumed from time to time as leisure permits.

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New Quarterly Review (Notice of First Edition).

"Poems such as these give genuine delight, while they elevate the mind and improve the taste for what is beautiful; they are, therefore, in their present cheap form, certain to achieve popularity."

Civil Service Gazette (Second notice).

"A theme as sublime and stupendous as those themes which once occupied the genius of a Milton and a Dante. 'The Poetry of Creation' treats of angelic intelligences, of the mechanism of the heavens, of the solar system, of our earth, of man, of woman, of human body and soul. Such are the subjects, such Mr. Michell's powers of celebrating, in poetry of great beauty, the wonders, the glory, the loveliness of Creation."—*Sun* (Review of First Edition of 'The Poetry of Creation').

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"Mr. Michell vindicates his claim to be classed with poets whose works are among the treasures of our literature."

Public Opinion, Nov. 25th, 1871.

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The Siege of Constantinople; in Three Cantos, with other Poems. By Nicholas Michell. Pp. 81. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A MODEL is to a poet what a false beacon is to a mariner. Lord Byron has evidently been Mr. Michell's idol; and in imitation he has merged all originality. The *Siege of Constantinople* is a large and faint shadow of the *Siege of Corinth*; and the renegade hero is of the *Lara* and *Giaour* school. Still, there is a spirit about his dedication that we like; and our best justice will be to quote its conclusion.

"Having entered the lists of poetry, should I be foiled at the first onset, I may probably, like a true knight, who, as Cid Hamete's hero says, 'though he be vanquished to-day, may conquer to-morrow,' reset my lance in rest, and venture another encounter."

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"The range of his view is, beyond all doubt, magnificent. The poem of 'The Immortals' is full of elevating thought."—Sun.
"Exquisitely beautiful. There are parts which might have been written by Milton."—Western Daily Mercury, April 11.
London: William Tegg, Pancras-lane, Cheapside.

The Eventful Epoch; or, the Fortunes of Archer Clive. By Nicholas Michell, author of "The Traduced," "The Fatalist," &c. 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Of the *Traduced* we spoke very favourably, and it has reached a second edition, and from it we certainly expected greater improvement than appears in the present instance. In young authors we may overlook and excuse many imperfections; but if they carry on the profession, we must expect them to shew that they are "talented," and "progressing," at least so far as to write good English, and not botch our copious language with such phraseology as this, talking of "a foreign gentleman, whose swarthy visage and bent brows excited in the minds of his companions certain suspicions as to his *identity* and occupation."

The Eventful Epoch is the year 1791, when the poison of the French Revolution found its way into England; and the author describes the propagandism in these words:

"The seeds of the revolutionary principle were said to be taking root; secret societies and clubs, in imitation of the Jacobin, Cordelier, and others in France, were daily forming. Priestley wrote, and Price fulminated from his pulpit. Loyalists took the alarm; the merchant grew uneasy in his counting-house, and the landed proprietor felt himself insecure in his country mansion. In short, a panic, far greater, it must be confessed, than the occasion warranted, seized all ranks and orders of people, save only that class which has nothing to lose by a national convulsion."

We exceedingly doubt the correctness of these data. In our opinion the panic was not more than commensurate with the occasion. England stood on the edge of a frightful precipice, and one step more would have plunged her into the abyss of anarchy and blood. At this period the hero steps upon the scene, and his description will tend farther to prove the objectionable style in which the novel is written.

"Clive had entered his twenty-third year; in his person he was tall; but though possessed of great muscular power, that *grossiereté*, which too frequently is the concomitant of physical strength, was entirely *absent from his appearance*. Without faultless beauty of feature, there was a loftiness of expression in his face, and an unstudied dignity in his manner, which, whether they be inherent in the aristocratic classes, or *are indeed the light of the mind within reflected on the material surface*, rendered him superior to most with whom he might come in contact. Having premised thus far, we would acquaint the reader with our hero's actual position in life, and a knowledge of which will be indispensably necessary, if he desires to understand our story. The father of Archer Clive *had been* a member of an ancient and noble house; but that father was a younger son. Moreover, he had the imprudence to marry a lady whose beauty and wit were her chief dower; *yet* he had lavished on her a love which men who have mixed much in the world of fashion, and tasted the Circean cup of pleasure, have seldom to bestow. The tale is soon told. The young beauty proved faithless; a second passion, for a man in every respect unworthy of her, triumphed over her principles of honour; in a word, she disgraced her husband, and, blind to a future of infamy and remorse, fled with her betrayer."

Out of this inauspicious foundation is raised the plot of the story, which involves the fortunes of a noble family, and is finally wrought out with poetic justice. The head of this family is painted in a manner not very complimentary to archæology:

Living Poets and Poetesses; a Biographical and Critical Poem. By Nicholas Michell, author of "the Siege of Constantinople." 12mo. pp. 150. London, 1832. Kidd.

Wednesday, the most spring-looking day we have had this year, the streets, the parks, the spectacles (few as there are), were all more gaily enlivened with well-dressed and pleasant people than they have been on this side of Christmas. The sun not only shone, but was visible to the majority of the inhabitants of our vast metropolis; the air had an agreeable mixture of balminess with its perennial smoke; off the stones one might have fancied the redolent approach of the "ethereal mildness," and on them there was less of mud, or mud's alias—dust, than is common at almost any season of the year in town. The passengers passing to and fro, or meeting, were infected by the propitious aspect of external things; and friendly as well as polite recognitions were current on every hand. In sober sadness, there seemed to be a considerable quantity of happiness in the world.

In the midst of this so unusual and comfortable condition of affairs, it may well be believed that our spirit partook of the universal feeling; in fact, we were a perfect conglomeration of sympathy, philanthropy, and kindness; and we said to We, lucky is the author who may now have the good fortune to come before our most merciful tribunal! That luck pertains to Mr. Nicholas Michell, of the *Siege of Constantinople*; for his case was the first we took up from the waiting multitude of volumes, whose destiny still hangs dependent upon the doom we have to pronounce. And, all about us being lively, what could be more appropriate for reading than a production all about the living poets and poetesses—the poets and poetesses all alive, and all shewn up by Mr. Nicholas, the showman. Of his own merits or demerits we remembered nothing; for the *Siege of Constantinople* was a blank upon our memory; but if it be yet a living poem, we beg to refer the public to it, as a key, peradventure, to the present performance, though, should it be dead and buried (as we strangely fear it is) the key will be more applicable to unlock the secret chamber. It is a very remarkable circumstance in the natural history of literature, that still-born authors make the noisiest of critics; and that d—— souls, whether in prose or verse, always turn out to be the only true and competent judges of literary talent. Thus it has happened that our friend Nicholas is doubly qualified for the task he has undertaken.

Yet we are sorry to say that his performance is not altogether original. There was a certain Lord Byron, who wrote a certain book called *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. His lordship was a persecuted bard, but he trimmed his persecutors: Mr. Michell is a bard with whom nobody has meddled; but he has determined to out-Byron Byron in his great revenge! It is delightful to meet with so illustrious a person, bent on so immortal a design.

* * * * *

An Essay on Woman, in Three Parts. By Nicholas Michell, author of "The Siege of Constantinople," &c. 12mo. pp. 140. London, 1833. Wilson.

This unfortunate young gentleman appears to be smitten with the disease of versifying beyond the hope of cure. His own lucid intervals whisper their advice in vain, for he immediately relapses, and rhymes again with as much mediocrity and vehemence as before. Again he rushes to his lyre (as in his delirium he calls his halfpenny trump), and hurdy-gurdies away, at a deplorable rate, the result of the truth impressed on his memory, and the madness inflicted on his imagination. Hark! he sings to it:—

"What though no sunshine, bright and warm,
Along thy chords is thrown;
Though absent Fancy's varying charm,
And Passion's burning tone;
And though thy strains the listener tire,
I spurn thee not, my lowly lyre."

As we are unhappily among the compelled listeners here so truly described, we may as well, and as briefly as may be, communicate our ideas on the matter to our readers.

"Many authors have *satarised* the sex," says the preface; but Mr. Michell, on the other hand, has, as he assures, endeavoured to exhibit the dark side of woman less strongly than her fair side in his sheets. Resolute, in spite of nature and his stars, to be a poet, he has boldly confronted Dan Pope's *Essay on Man*, by his *Essay on Woman*—a much more ticklish subject, and rather above his skill, even as a baby, but far more incomprehensible for his understanding when he has conducted her to adolescence, and afterwards to matrimony. In sooth, however, Mr. Michell is a soft-natured, well-meaning individual. He laments where women,

"In South-Sea Islands writhe beneath the scourge;
Still deemed by man created to obey,
Ranked with his brutes, and lorded o'er as they!"

and admires where she

"Culls the snowdrops that adorn the way,
Herself as modest and as sweet as they."

But his composition, as we have hinted, is not so passable as his natural benevolence. Thus, he tells us:

"'Tis sweet to view the matin beam *unfold*;"

which, as we never saw any beam unfold, we take to be a poetical license. Women, it seems, are the finest painters:—

"Here is the art that bids the canvass glow,"

and then comes a sad mixture of adverbs,

"Music *around* her pours a heav'n *below*,
While poesy transports her soul *above*,
On wings [three] of fancy, tenderness, and love."

Surely the last must be a tail which the author has mistaken, while looking up to the flying phenomenon. The dark side we have mentioned, is turned thus:—

"Anger, self-love, ambition, thirst of praise,
Perturb man's soul, and darken half his days;
Envy and slander, jealousy and pride,
On woman wait, foul spectres by her side:
Yet these, oh virtue! bid you beam more bright,
As stars shine fairest on the darkest night."

Those virtues, however, don't stay in town—

"He who would find a breast ungiv'n to range,
That weaves no snare, nor languishes for change,
Must seek the walks where Peace and Reason dwell,
And Taste refines, and Friendship breathes her spell.
* * * * * * *
How oft the path do Hymen's votaries miss,
Who seek in cities matrimonial bliss!
There crushing crowds bid genial quiet fly,
And Dead-Sea fruits lure woman's mind and eye:
Too oft she listens pleasure's siren lay,
And flings for meteors star-born joys away;
Till folly chills and flattery warps her heart,
And social virtues slumber and depart:—
Her lord more darkly wanders e'en than she,
And hope's fair planet sets in sorrow's sea."

A tale of seduction illustrates this theory: the maiden is taken from the country, and lives merry enough for a season in the city—but a change ensues:

"Yes, Urban dotes no more on Ada's charms,
Another fills his base and faithless arms!
What anguish pierces Ada's heart and brain!
Has she then fled her happy home in vain?
Giv'n for this base return of traitorous love
Her every joy below, and hope above?

To Urban's coldness scorn is added now,
And frowns for fondness darken on his brow;
He taunts the gentle heart that writhes and bleeds,
Tramples the flower whose sweets no more he needs;
Till at her rival's prayer he bids her fly,
And find some shed to murmur and to die."

In the third part the contents say, "Woman having been treated of in the single state, matrimony next claims consideration," and, lo! it has it:—

"On love's wild wave, no compass and no chart,
When long hath tost the vessel of the heart;
By hope's fair gale now swiftly onward borne,
Now locked within the ice of fancied scorn;
While oft black doubt hangs clouds along the sky,
And flash thy lightnings, withering jealousy!
How sweet, each trial o'er, each peril past,
To enter wedlock's tranquil port at last!"

The joys of past wedlock are thus contrasted with the wretchedness of a poor nun, in a grated convent:—

"How dark, how desolate, her lot appears!
Regret and memory bathe her cheek with tears.
'Alas!'—she sighs—'on me must never more
Affection smile, or these cold eyes adore!
No cherub babe will e'er my fondness claim,
Smile in my arms, and lisp a mother's name;
But here, in barren sorrow must I dwell,
My couch cold stone, my world a dreary cell!'"

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"The range of his view is, beyond all doubt, magnificent. The poem of 'The Immortals' is full of elevating thought."—Sun.

"Exquisitely beautiful. There are parts which might have been written by Milton."—Western Daily Mercury, April 11.

London: William Tegg, Pancras-lane, Cheapside.

Second Edition of Michell's Essay on Woman.
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By the Author of the "Siege of Constantinople," &c.

"The verse has all the polish of that of Campbell. Indeed, when the auther warms into genuine poetry, he approaches the sublime. We prophesy the volume will become a favourite."—*Metropolitan Mag.*

"We consider this essay the best poem that has made its appearance for a considerable period. It is a glowing subject. It is full of beauty and tenderness."—*Lady's Mag. and Museum.*

Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London.

"Pleasure," a Poem in seven books, by Nicholas Michell (London: William Tegg), is of a higher order than the volumes above mentioned. But, alas! it is merely verse, and not poetry. The author has a command of the mechanics of his art; he writes with ease and fluency, but he lacks the divine afflatus. He has no enthusiasm; and tells us nothing we did not know before. He has no novel thought or imagery,—not even a novel mode of dressing up old materials. What is the use or the "pleasure" of such verses as these, even though the author wrote fifty tomes of them?—

> Back through Time's shadowy vista glances cast I
> Revive dead years! unsepulchre the past!
> The past which, coffin'd deep, doth mouldering lie
> In that great tomb-yard, lapsed eternity;
> Early as Passion her wild flag unfurled,
> The soul of pleasure warmed the ancient world.
> Old Egypt, with her temples stern and grand,
> Where dim Religion stretched her spectral hand,
> And man seemed born to dream of death alone,
> To watch the mummied tomb, and build his own—
> Egypt, despite her curse—dark thought and wo—
> Grew blithe at times, and bade joy's currents flow:
> Her youth could game, her maids love-glances dart,
> Wine could make jovial, music soothe the heart,
> And frolic's varied feats provoke the smile,
> Till mirth's gay shout rang loud, by solemn Nile.

Sibyl of Cornwall. By Nicholas Michell. (Chapman and Hall.) "Sibyl of Cornwall" is the title of what is called "a poetical tale," to which are added miscellaneous poems, with the effect of making up a volume filled with verses of, as is always the case, unequal merit. The author has evidently an eye which can discover the beautiful even in strange lurking-places, an ear which can guide him to rhythmical movement, a taste which has been cultivated, a soul which is susceptible of deep as well as of light impressions, and a pen practised in the art of faithfully rendering by words the utterances suggested by the spirit. It happens sometimes, if not always, in the tale that is told in verse, no less than in that which is told in prose, that more depends upon the story itself and the characteristics of the various personages than upon the tale-teller's fecundity of thought, gracefulness of imagery, and eloquence of diction, so that anything commonplace in plot or characters cannot be compensated for by the very finest executive workmanship; and, as a mere story, "Sibyl of Cornwall" will appear to some readers deficient in interest.

Dudley Costello

Friend of Ainsworth

DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

This able and amiable writer, reviewer, and essayist, whose death has recently occurred, was the son of Captain Costello, of the British service, and had been himself early in life an officer in the Army, having received his education at Sandhurst, and having served in America. On his retirement from military life he adopted the profession of literature, and was for many years connected with some of the most known and influential newspapers, reviews, and magazines of his time. He also published, with credit and success, several books of travel and works of fiction. His "Tour Through the Valley of the Meuse" enjoyed much popularity. In all his productions he wrote pleasantly and with taste and erudition. He was a thorough gentleman, and was much esteemed and respected. Mr. Costello's sister is Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, an authoress of considerable and varied talent, whose "Summer among the Bocages and Vines" and "Pilgrimage to Auvergne" are of deserved note and familiar to all.

Monday Eve. Oct. 6

My dear Newman. On the other side of this sheet you will see the Belgian Minister's reply to the note which, at your suggestion, I wrote to him about the Landseer. He will, by his communication, have set the matter right. —

Chicago, the port from whence the Dean Richmond set sail, is on Lake Michigan, that great westernmost lake which is nearest to, though unconnected with, the head waters of the Mississipi. I don't think you will find the place on any of the ordinary maps. It is a great opening-up of the vast corn country of N. America and as the Times predicts, will necessarily prove of vast advantage to com-feeders.

I admire the enterprise and self-devotion of Miss Nicol. Her services will, no doubt, be very useful, for Madeira is in a sad state. —

The title of my book is that which you well know: "The Joint Stock Banker", — and the publisher thinks — and so does the Post of to-day — that it will prove very effective.

I am glad you mean to be in town for some days before you go to Wrington. If I can't see the wedding give my love (privately) to the bride. Ever yours

D. Costello

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THE EDITOR OF THE QUARTERLY

John G. Lockhart

Son in law of Sir Walter Scott.
Friend of Ainsworth

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Yours truly

J G Lockhart

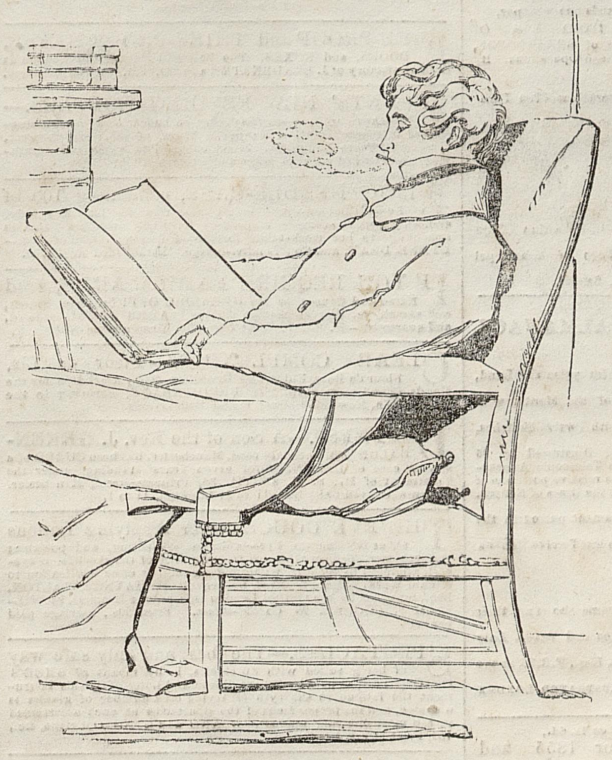
Edinburgh
Aug. 7. 1827

Address care of
Mr Murray.

Lockhart

J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, a famed critic and writer himself, and still more famed from his connection with the greatest of all Scotland's authors, was the son of a clergyman in Glasgow. He received his edu-



THE LATE MA. J. G. LOCKHART.

cation at Glasgow College, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He chose the law for his profession, and was called to the Scotch bar: his success, however, as an advocate was very moderate, and he soon resigned forensic pursuits for those of literature. There he speedily attained a very high position. He was a popular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and wrote, in that journal, "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk." Lockhart owed his introduction to Sir Walter Scott, in 1818, to the poet Hogg. The intimacy resulted in the union of Lockhart with Sir Walter's daughter, Charlotte Sophia. The late surviving issue of this marriage, and the sole descendant of the author of "Waverley," is the present Mrs. Hope, the wife of James Robert Hope, Esq., Q.C., D.C.L., now the possessor of Abbotsford. Through Sir Walter Scott's influence, Mr. Lockhart became, in 1825, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Apart from his contributions to magazines and reviews, Mr. Lockhart was the author of some singular novels and some excellent biographies. His chief works of fiction were, "Valerius: a Roman story;" Reginald Dalton;" and the remarkable and startling tale, entitled "Adam Blair." Mr. Lockhart possessed a good family estate; and he was Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall. Mr. Lockhart died on the 25th ult.

A character of Mr. Lockhart, as a critic, a novelist, and a poet, will be found in our column of "Town and Table Talk" of this week.

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON, a gifted and versatile writer, for many years editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was born in 1794 in Lanarkshire, at the manse of Cambusnethan, of which parish his father was minister. He was a child of two when the elder Lockhart was transferred to Glasgow to undertake the charge of one of the churches of that city. Lockhart was not distinguished at school; but at the university of Glasgow he became a conspicuous student, and in his sixteenth year gained the Snell exhibition, which has been the means of bestowing an Oxford education on many eminent Scotchmen. Proceeding, according to custom, to Balliol college, Oxford, he took a first-class in classics in 1813, and four years later he graduated B.C.L. His Balliol experiences afterwards contributed some lively sketches of men and things at Oxford to his novel of "Reginald Dalton." At the close of his academic career he visited Germany, with the literature of which he had already become acquainted, and at Weimar paid his respects to the poet Göthe. A knowledge of German was comparatively rare in those days, and Lockhart had also attained a considerable familiarity with the literature, especially the older literature, of Spain. On his return to Scotland he became a resident in Edinburgh, and a member of the Scottish bar. This was in 1816. Lockhart's talents, accomplishments, and social gifts soon made him a conspicuous member of the literary opposition with which the young tories of Edinburgh were beginning to confront the long supremacy of the *Edinburgh Review*. With John Wilson, then in the full vigour of his young manhood, physical and intellectual, Lockhart was on terms of intimate friendship, none the less warm because the two men, both of them gifted and admirers of the past, were dissimilar in character; the enthusiastic, glowing, and eloquent Wilson contrasting strongly with the satirical, reserved, and fastidious Lockhart. In 1817 Mr. William Blackwood started *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the editorship of the late Mr. Thomas Pringle the poet, and of Mr. Cleghorn the writer on agriculture. Lockhart and Wilson were among the early contributors to *Blackwood;* but it was not until the close, not long delayed, of Messrs. Pringle and Cleghorn's editorial connection with the magazine that the former became its leading spirits. Meanwhile, in 1818, some of the first-fruits of Lockhart's German studies became apparent by the publication of his (anonymous) version of Frederick Schlegel's excellent and compact Lectures on Literature. In this year he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, whose friendship he at once secured, and whose eldest daughter Sophia he married two years later. In 1819 Lockhart, now a foremost contributor to *Blackwood*, published his racy and vigorous sketches, chiefly of society in Edinburgh, "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolks," which displayed among the other talents of their author, a very decided one for mystification. Marrying in 1820, and residing near his illustrious father-in-law's seat of Abbotsford, Lockhart produced book after book — the spirited translation of Ancient Spanish Ballads, some of them contributed to *Blackwood* in 1821; in 1822 "Valerius, a Roman story," in which the conflict between early christianity and paganism was vividly depicted; "Adam Blair, a story of Scottish life," powerful and painful, of which Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter is a recent transatlantic echo; in 1823 "Reginald Dalton, a story of English university life," already referred to; and in 1824 "Matthew Wald," a little-known tale of great psychological merit. Besides the translation of the Ballads, another result of Lockhart's Spanish scholarship was his revised edition, published in 1822, of Motteux's translation of Don Quixote, to which he prefixed a spirited and eloquent "Essay on the life and writings of Cervantes." He was as yet careless seemingly of literary fame, for all his original works of this period were anonymous. In the crisis of Scott's fortunes in 1825–26 Lockhart was active and helpful; but his intervention came too late to save his father-in-law from ruin. Just before his fall the sanguine Constable projected his Miscellany, and to this Lockhart contributed in 1825 a "Life of Burns," which has gone through several editions, and remains the best biography of the great Scottish poet. In the following year, 1826, soon after the withdrawal of William Gifford from the conduct of the *Quarterly Review*, Lockhart became its editor, a post the duties of which he discharged with singular ability and success for more than a quarter of a century. Under his management the *Quarterly* gave a welcome to talent and originality wherever they were to be found, and eminent "liberals" were encouraged to contribute to the old organ of toryism. From the time of his

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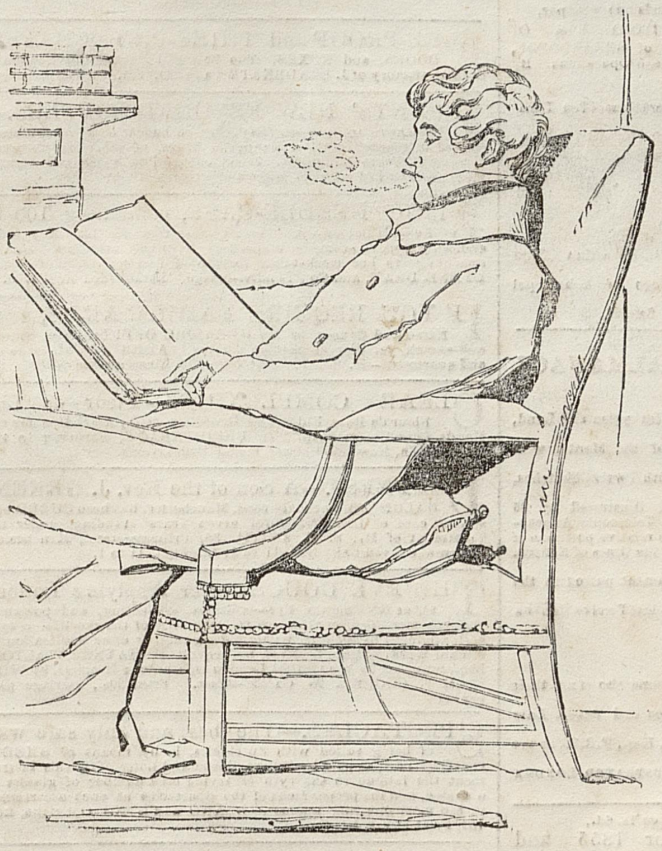

THE LATE MR. J. G. LOCKHART.

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exegesis. Among many other words, the leading terms, "idea" and "experience," have puzzled generations of readers. The "Essay" has been quoted by the most opposite schools. Locke, like Socrates, has moved philosophical thought in the most opposite directions, to the most various results; and both Socrates in Greece and Locke in Europe, by their earnest and unsystematic discourse, have aroused the two most powerful manifestations of reflection which the world has yet seen. It must be owned that the sympathies of the English philosopher were more with ordinary happiness, the prudential virtues, and the methods and spirit of experimental research, than with those loftier faculties and aspirations, which he was apt to associate with mysticism. Very soon after its publication, the "Essay" excited much attention. The author himself prepared six editions for the press, in the course of which he introduced many minor changes, and added some chapters. The second edition appeared in 1694, the third in 1697, and the fourth in 1700. It was translated into French by M. Coste in 1700, and into Latin by Mr. Burridge in the following year, while Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Wynne's well-known abridgment appeared in 1695, about which time the "Essay" was condemned by the Oxford heads of houses, who endeavoured to exclude it from the university. In Cambridge it was received with greater favour; and in Trinity college, Dublin, where it was introduced before the close of the seventeenth century, on the recommendation of Locke's friend Molyneux, it has ever since held an honourable place. In 1690 John Norris, afterwards rector of Bemerton, the mystical disciple of Malebranche, and author of the Ideal and Intelligible World, published his Cursory Reflections upon a Book called an Essay concerning Human Understanding. Norris was followed, in 1697, by John Sergeant in his Solid Philosophy asserted against the Ideists; by Henry Lee, in his Anti-Scepticism; in 1702, by Sherlock, in his Digression on Connate Ideas and Inbred Knowledge; and by Lowde, in his Moral Essays and Discourse on the Nature of Man—who, all in turn, and on various grounds, charged the "Essay" with unsound philosophy and dangerous consequences. But Locke's most celebrated adversary was Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester. In 1696 Toland had published his Christianity not Mysterious, in which he sought to prove that Scripture contains nothing above reason. He drew several of his arguments from the "Essay" of Locke. A similar doctrine was maintained in some Unitarian treatises published about that time. Stillingfleet, defending the mysteries of the Trinity against Toland and the Unitarians, condemned some of Locke's principles as heretical, and classed his works with those of the heretical writers. Locke answered the bishop, who replied the same year. This reply was met by a second letter of Locke, which drew a second answer from the bishop in 1698. Locke again replied in a third letter, in which he proved the harmony of his philosophy with christianity, and maintained that he had advanced nothing which had the least tendency to scepticism, as was alleged in the misrepresentations of Stillingfleet, whose death in the following year ended the controversy. This discussion was managed by Locke with extraordinary skill, and in no part of his writings is there a greater display of acuteness and masterly employment of language. Stillingfleet was better fitted for ecclesiastical than philosophical disputation, and was no match for the antagonist he had evoked. The subsequent history of the criticisms and controversies occasioned by Locke's "Essay," is in some sort the history of metaphysical philosophy during the last hundred and fifty years. In England, it is associated, in the early part of last century, with the names of Shaftesbury, Clarke, Collins, Jackson, Brown, Butler, Law, and Watts. In 1736 Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, published two Vindications of Locke against objections by Bishops Brown and Butler. Hartley, Priestley, Tucker, and Horne Tooke, all claim allegiance with Locke, founded on a one-sided interpretation of his theory. Hume, through the Scottish school of Reid, has drawn forth another. Stewart and Mackintosh, Coleridge and Hamilton, are among the most illustrious critics of the "Essay." In France, Condillac and Cousin, coinciding in their interpretation of his works, have ranged themselves and their respective schools as the disciples and the adversaries of the English philosopher. In Germany, the "Essay" of Locke gave birth to the Nouveaux Essais of Leibnitz, his psychological masterpiece, published by him a few years after the appearance of the "Essay," though it remained unpublished till 1765; and the

Loose Item

TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

THERE was too much truth in our paragraph of last week about the state of Mr. Lockhart's health. On the very day on which our paper was published that contained the paragraph expressive of the fears of his friends, this great critic and biographer died, in his sixty-first year, at Abbotsford, in the house of his illustrious father-in-law, and attended by his only child. Of the three grandchildren of Sir Walter Scott, one died before manhood; a second, after ruining a fine constitution and depraving a clear intellect, died childless a few years ago; and the third (a daughter) is married to a successful barrister—is the mother of an only child—a girl—and with her husband is the possessor of the classic domain of Abbotsford. "I have heard great things," Byron writes to Sir Walter, "of Mrs. Lockhart's personal and mental charms, and much good of her lord: that you may live to see as many novel Scotts as there are Scott's novels is the very bad pun but sincere wish of yours ever most affectionately. Byron."

Though the deep-rooted desires of the great novelist and poet, and the expectations of his brilliant son-in-law and biographer for a long and fruitful lineage of the Scotts of Abbotsford, have not been realised, the race, we are happy to think, is not yet extinct; and future generations may hereafter look with interest on the descendants of one who has contributed so largely to the amusement and information of mankind.

The literary career of Lockhart dates from the year 1818, when he was introduced to his future father-in-law for the first time. He was then in his twenty-sixth year—fresh from a career of promise at Oxford, and full of what he had seen in Germany and heard the great Goethe say. Sir Walter (then only Mr.) Scott took to him at the first; but one with whom his early labours were still more identified, and with whose name his own will live hereafter, both for evil and for good, was John Wilson—some seven years older than himself—an Oxonian poet, humourist, philosopher, and wit. They soon became intimate, and both found a ready outlet for their varied talents, their pleasantries and hostilities, in the columns of a magazine then started newly, and now known, wherever a Scotchman is known, by the title it still bears, of *Blackwood's Magazine*. It was in *Ebony* that the Tories of Edinburgh found a correction for the Whig tyranny of the *Edinburgh Review*; and their twelve shots a year were, of course, annoying to a contemporary who could only defend himself (however ably) but once a quarter. Mr. Lockhart's contributions, though anonymous, were soon known to be his. He attacked with equal skill and daring, till the pungency of his satire became almost unbearable. His articles on the Cockney School of Poetry have not yet been forgiven by the survivors of that school; and the sons of poets, who still frequent the "farmy fields of Hampstead," yet burn with hereditary dislike of John Gibson Lockhart.

At this time he was good-naturedly described by the Ettrick Shepherd (one of a little, but choice fraternity that made the far-famed "Noctes Ambrosianæ") as a mischievous Oxford puppy, of whom he was terrified, dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him. This love of drawing caricatures, we may here observe, he retained to the last; no one enjoying a number of *Punch* the day before publication, or the day after, more than John Lockhart.

In the second year of his introduction into life, he married Sophia Scott, the eldest daughter of the great novelist and poet, and the one of his children, who inherited most (and that in a great degree) of the many captivating qualities of her illustrious father. This new alliance drew, of course, fresh and marked attention on whatever he wrote or might be supposed to write. His novels, for by this time (if we are not mistaken) he had written at least three—viz., "Valerius," "Adam Blair," and "Reginald Dalton"—increased in sale as soon as his marriage to the daughter of the "Great Unknown" was made public.

He made his first appearance as an author, with his name to what he wrote, in the year 1823, when Blackwood published a quarto volume of "Translations from Ancient Spanish Ballads," which well entitles him to be ranked as a true poet. There were critics at the time who pertinaciously insisted that the ballads bore traces throughout of Sir Walter's marked and unmistakable assistance; but this was a cry raised by envy, and originating in the very excellence of the ballads; a cry to which every successful author—with able friends about him—must be more or less subjected. In Lockhart's case, a more unfounded untruth, connected with literature, has seldom been heard; but the very authors who gave rise to so unjust an assertion, lived to be convinced of its injustice, and to talk of it as something meant only to annoy.

Mr. Lockhart's next great step in life was from Edinburgh to London. In 1825, Gifford, full of years and infirmities, retired from the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. A new editor was of course required; and one of the Coleridge family (now Mr. Justice Coleridge) was tried, and soon retired. At this juncture, Mr. Murray, with his usual sagacity in fixing on the very best men, made an offer of the editorship to Mr. Lockhart. The offer was, we believe, made through Sir Walter Scott, and at once accepted. It was indeed a tempting offer to a young man;—political and literary position, much and increasing influence, and at least twelve hundred a year.

But before he became editor of the *Quarterly*, he had published a Life of Robert Burns—in every respect a manly and well-written work. The dedication to James Hogg and Allan Cunningham was deservedly looked upon, at the time, as an unmistakable proof that Lockhart was not seeking, by authorship, to court nobility; and that, in thus singling out the poet-shepherd and the poet-mason, he was ambitious of being considered nothing more than a distinguished member of the republic of letters.

Mr. Lockhart's connection with the *Quarterly* extended over a period of seventeen years: indeed, he may be said to have been connected with it to the last; for his sound advice was always, it is understood, sought, and always as readily given. He was, in very many respects, admirably fitted for the duties of an editor. He was a versatile scholar, retaining his Greek and Latin studies to the last, and adding to his thorough knowledge of French and German an unusual intimacy with Spanish literature. His style was clear and copious; his judgment wonderfully sound; and his unwillingness to lend himself to the cabals of authors—generally most determined. He was apt to give, it is true, too courtly a turn to the class of publications selected for review; but this is a necessity sometimes forced upon an editor by his staff of reviewers, and in some degree arising from the very wants of a publication meant for selling, as well as lending.

Of Mr. Lockhart's own contributions to the *Quarterly*, the best that we can call to mind are those on Theodore Hook, and the poets Campbell and Southey. How pleasant his style in the "Theodore Hook"—how sagacious and penetrating his knowledge of man in the "Campbell" contribution—how bitter, how partially true, and how partially untrue, is he in his famous article on Southey. It is impossible to write about Southey, Campbell, and Hook, without drawing largely on Lockhart's three articles upon them.

But the book by which his name will live is his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," a work in English literature second only in importance to Boswell's "Life of Johnson." How truly, and therefore how admirably, has he set Scott before us! He has portrayed Scott's best-known associates, the two Ballantynes, Constable, Dan Terry, and Willie Laidlaw, with a Chaucer-like skill. You more than see them, you hear them. How admirable are his anecdotes! Would that we had anything only half as good about Byron as Lockhart's "Life of Scott." Moore was a miserable biographer, while Lockhart sketched like Hogarth or Wilkie.

Mr. Lockhart, it has been said, was not a man with many friends, and there is something of truth in the assertion. His nature, haughty and retiring, did not fit him for many friends; his position, high and influential, did not require that he should be too accessible. Yet, to those who knew him, he was a warm-hearted friend. No one took to him readily. The *fin*-like finger he extended to many a warm hand sent numbers away with a hard word of dislike about him. But, when once known—when you broke through the ice that chilled his nature—when you unwrapped that Spanish cloak which sat so gracefully upon him, he was cordial, companionable, clubbable, full of anecdote, full of humour, full of satire—his fine dark eyes revelling with delight at every fresh turn that his humour or his malice gave to the story he was telling.

Mr. Lockhart's last London residence was at No. 44, Abbey-road, St. John's-wood, whither he removed, in the early part of the present year, from that house in the Regent's-park which will hereafter most assuredly be pointed out in every book descriptive of celebrated London localities. He had newly returned from Italy—not full of hope or fears—for his now attenuated frame and once vigorous constitution forebade both; but a few years "just to look about him and to die," were, he possibly thought, before him. But these were not allowed to him; and, on Friday last, John Gibson Lockhart was laid in Dryburgh Abbey, by the side of Sir Walter Scott; and thus an additional interest is attached to a spot already attractive to thousands of pilgrims.

WE have frequently been requested to point out occasionally such new publications as happen to strike us as worthy of public notice; and in the few instances in which we have obeyed the call, we have received very flattering testimonials of the influence of our recommendation. It is this which makes us cautious and sparing of praise, but we have lately been reading some works which demand the exercise of the pleasing duty.

In the first place, a novel called "REGINALD DALTON," written by the author of "VALERIUS," has powerfully attracted our attention; that it is superior to "VALERIUS," we doubt, because the combination of splendid imagery, historical research, elevated language, and deep interest, which is to be found in that work, is wanting in the new production of the same pen—not wanting from want of ability to produce it, but from the nature and construction of the story. "REGINALD DALTON" is introduced to the reader under his paternal roof, and carried through a variety of scenes and incidents with much skill and power. The loves of the hero and heroine are witchingly told; indeed the interview between them, where he declares his affection, is as delicately and beautifully described as any thing we ever met with.



CHIEFSWOOD COTTAGE,

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lockhart in the early years of their married life.

In 1820 the estate was rounded off by the purchase of Burnfoot, whose name was changed to Chiefswood. Here in 1821 Lockhart brought his bride, Sophia Scott, where their happiest married years were spent. Sir Walter was a constant visitor. No place, next to his own house, so attracted him. Many a time he was glad to escape from the "nauseous stir" of Abbotsford to his daughter's quiet and picturesque cottage home. Large portions of "The Pirate" were penned at Chiefswood, and here also Lockhart's own novels were written. Hither came Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, when a youth of twenty, to enlist Lockhart's services for the *Representative*, a

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

SCOTLAND has lost a man of note, who for a quarter of a century was connected with Edinburgh and London literature, in Mr. Lockhart. His health had for a long period been failing: after partial revival during a winter in Italy, it declined again lately, and he died of paralysis at Abbotsford—now inhabited by his daughter—a few days since, in the sixty-first year of his age.

Mr. Lockhart, we believe, was the younger son of a family occupying a fair place in the roll of the Scottish yeomanry. He was educated for the law at Glasgow University, subsequently at Balliol College, Oxford; but he early attached himself to studies wider and more romantic than in those days were the rule at St. Mungo's or the English College:—he became an apt Spanish scholar, and travelled in Germany. On his return to Scotland, with a view of embracing the legal profession, Mr. Lockhart's talents and accomplishments, and—as he has intimated—the pungency of one of the squibs contributed by him to *Blackwood's Magazine*, brought him under the notice of Sir Walter Scott. The Poet from the first sought his society,—warmly adopted his interests,—introduced him, in 1818, to the historical department of the 'Edinburgh Annual Register,'—commended with most courteous thanks his 'Peter's Letters,' a series of sketches of some of the clever men of Edinburgh,—and in 1820 gave him his eldest daughter, Sophia, "the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manners, most resembled himself, and who, indeed, was as like him in all things as a gentle, innocent woman can ever be to a great man deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life."—For a few years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart lived, under the shelter of the wing of the Great Unknown, at Chiefswood, a cottage within easy reach of Abbotsford. Towards the close of the year 1825 Mr. Lockhart was invited to London to succeed Mr. Gifford as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, which office he continued to hold till within the last few years,—and, with it, a prominent place in political and literary society. He was in 1843 nominated by Sir Robert Peel Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall—a sinecure place, with an income of four hundred a year—and is understood to have inherited family property on the death of a relative some years ago. His life, therefore, in point of fortune, was clear of those anxieties and vicisitudes which have warped the efforts and embittered the spirits of other men of letters. It was darkened, however, by a singular course of family bereavements. He survived his wife, sister-in-law, brothers-in-law, and his two sons; he lived to see the vanity of human wishes rebuked, in the return of the lands and name of Abbotsford—to lay together and to build which Scott sacrificed prosperity and life—under the tutelage of that Church which the novelist mistrusted so deeply, however picturesquely he could paint the extinction of its glories in his vision of the Monastery of Kennaquhair!

The obituary of the past fortnight includes some most distinguished names—one particularly of high literary significance. JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART died at Abbotsford, on the 26th ult. What memories does not the name of the dead and the place of his death evoke? The son-in-law of SCOTT, the Editor of the *Quarterly*—the one, perhaps his only title to glory; the other, his greatest title to shame. As an original writer, LOCKHART did nothing to dignify his memory. The "Life of Scott" did equal injury to the subject and to the author, by the calumny of an honourable family, the Ballantynes. None of his novels have become standard. Who now reads "Valerius," "Reginald Dalton," "Adam Blair," or "Gilbert Earle"? His translations from the Spanish make up the sum of his original labours. Nor will the memory of his critical judgments entitle him to the respect of posterity. A man who had a snarl for all, and a good word for none; who persecuted the weak, and maligned the powerless; who ignored every good feeling and every kindly sympathy with his fellows; a literary bully, who never was so happy as when he could display his prowess upon some one far less than himself—LOCKHART has left behind him little beside a crowd of literary animosities. Yet this man had a clear intellect, a nervous, vigorous brain. But he wanted heart.

A GREAT SATIRIST.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, was chiefly known as a keen and able satirist, who made a very uncompromising use of his powers in that respect.

This fact was a source of pain to Sir Walter, both as being so antagonistic to his own kindly nature, and because he saw that it had an adverse influence on his son-in-law's success in life. He used to call him the "Hidalgo" on account of his pride and haughtiness of manner, and he often said sorrowfully that "Lockhart's satirical propensities made him many enemies."

He disliked his style in reviewing because of the sharpness of his criticism; and in trying to reinstate him in the estimation of an eminent author whose works he had attacked, Sir Walter said, "It takes some time to know John Lockhart, and you have been accustomed to associate him with disagreeable matters; but I have known him to be safe, well-tempered, with a high feeling of honour and public principle"; while elsewhere he said "He is a distinguished scholar, with great qualities."

Lockhart was born at Cambusnethan, in Scotland, in 1794, his father being a minister of the Established Church. In 1820 he married Miss Scott, the eldest daughter of Sir Walter. She died in 1837, but Lockhart survived her for seventeen years. He died on the 25th of November, 1854.

Reginald Dalton. By the Author of Valerius, and Adam Blair. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadel. 1823.

ALTHOUGH we are now accustomed to estimate the value of this species of production by a high scale, the talent displayed in the novel of Reginald Dalton is of an order to put its author above the fear of critical conclusions. We will not flatter him (whoever he may be) with saying that his Valerius is excellent throughout, though it has many excellences; nor that his Adam Blair is admirable, though it possesses some powerful writing, and is chiefly stained by its atrocious story; nor that his Reginald Dalton is of the School of the Great Unknown, though in truth it often displays a knowledge of human nature, and exhibits character in a style not unworthy of that marvellous man—for these would indeed be, in our judgment, untruths. But we will say, that among the many publications of the day deserving the good word of the reviewer, and the thanks of the novel reader, this will not be found the least deserving. It is only, in fact, in consequence of its approach to the grand standard of our time, that we elaborate (in running-hand) our exordium, and mention in one paragraph the author of Waverley and any other author. The former is of a genius so fine, that even when he is below the common line, it is only Homer that nods; or, to use a new instead of a hacknied allusion, we see the distaff is in the hands of a Hercules; and if we titter, like the nymphs of Omphale, at his awkwardness in this particular of spinning, we feel, like their mistress, that he is a being of unrivalled strength—but, so far from slapping him with our sandals, would not shake the dust off their soles against him. Then when another nears him in a happy page, we are not unwilling to yield the comparative praise; no matter if, as in this instance, the subcurrent shows more of the real *calibre* of the writer, than the flight of his highest success. But we, critics, get into mixed metaphor in spite of our common sense, which is above our common rules, and therefore cannot with any decency go into very critical analysis. And indeed we have always felt how much easier it was to find fault than to write—aye, to correct than to write correctly: and we comport ourselves accordingly.

579 **LOCKHART** (J. G.), Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk, containing Characteristic and Satirical Sketches of the Literary Eminent Characters of Edinburgh and its Society of over Ninety Years Ago, *portraits and vignettes*, 3 vols. 8vo, *hf. cf. scarce.* 10s 6d 1819

EXTRACTS FROM "VALERIUS; A ROMAN STORY."

Valerius, a tale evidently written by a hand of the finer order, is a production of classical intelligence. The scene is laid in Rome, in the reign of Trajan; and the most interesting parts of the story hinge on his persecutions of the Christians. Valerius, a noble Roman, though the son of a British lady, and born in Britain, is invited to the eternal city by his relation, the forensic orator Licinus, for the purpose of claiming the patrimony of his ancestors.—We shall not pursue the intricacies of the plot, which have little of *peculiar* attraction; the main feature being its attempt to familiarize us with Roman manners at the close of the first century. His approach to, and first morning view of Rome, are superb descriptions: but the account of an exhibition of combats at the amphitheatre furnishes us with the most continuous example of powerful writing.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. Translated by J. G. Lockhart. 4to. pp. 209. Edinburgh, 1823, W. Blackwood; London, T. Cadell.

AN edition of Don Quixotte, from the Spanish by Motteux, in five volumes, and understood to be the work of Mr. Lockhart's pen, has been upon one of our book-laden tables for nearly twelve months; so much to our reproach as tardy critics, that sometimes when we lifted up our eyes and beheld these delightful *Tomes*, we have fancied the Knight of La Mancha might, in revenge, rush from behind them mounted on Rosinante, and, couching his valorous lance, punish us for our negligence. Candidly do we confess that we have not only been guilty of a critical omission, but that we have been as it were recreants to chivalry; and we sincerely rejoice that by his present handsome and interesting publication, the author has afforded us a fair opportunity for making the *amende honorable*.

Mr. Lockhart has taken his pieces principally from the German collector. He states that the first Cancionero is that of Ferdinand de Castillo, published in 1510; and this is correct as far as regards the warlike, romantic, and amatory composition under that name; but there is a folio Cancionero of coplas *devotas* of twenty years earlier date, published at Zaragoza. The *Trescientas* of Juan de Mena are earlier; and we are not certain but the Seville folio Cancionero of the works of Juan de Enzina also take the precedency. None of these publications, however, determine more than Mr. Lockhart suggests, namely, that many of the ballads which they and the first *General* Collections of *Cancioneros* or *Romanceros* contain, "have a claim to antiquity probably much higher than is to be inferred from any of these dates."

The Introduction, which has led us into these brief remarks, presents a concise and interesting view of the subject of Spanish poetical antiquities; and shows that these Ballads, form the oldest and largest collection of popular poetry to be found in the literature of any European nation whatever. This entitles them to peculiar attention, and we are very glad that the theme has been started, as we doubt not the beginning will conduct us to very curious and pleasing investigations in the English language. The author, after discussing the antiquarian branch of his researches, goes into a slight historical sketch, applicable to the relations which subsisted between the Moors and Christians in Spain—their mutual cruelty and hostility, and also their mutual admiration and courtesy. Of the ballads he has chosen about one half are *historical*, a few unquestionably of *Moorish* origin, and a considerable proportion *Romantic*. The first are heroic; and the two latter, especially the Moorish, sung in the valleys of Andalusia, afford striking pictures of the Arabian-Spanish pastoral, and the passionate loves of a people, "like wax among women," as they were "like steel in battle"—

Fuerte qual azero entre armas,
Y qual cera entre las damas.

In the following specimens which we select to exemplify Mr. Lockhart's very clever performance, it may be seen that the verse occasionally halts a little, and that, aiming at fidelity, he has been sometimes betrayed into a style not far removed from doggrel; but the general merits of his translation, the taste and feeling which he has displayed throughout, do far more than redeem these trifling blemishes, and recommend the *Ancient Spanish Ballads* very strongly to the public.

Rev R H Barham in his Diary records that on Oct 17 1839 he went with W. Harrison Ainsworth to call on Mr Moncrieff, author of the forthcoming version of Jack Sheppard for the Victoria Theatre. Moncrieff was quite blind but remarkably cheerful. He gave us in detail the outline of the plot as he had arranged it, all except the conclusion, which had not as yet been published in the novel, but which Ainsworth promised to send him. Moncrieff in a very extraordinary manner, went through what he had done, without having occasion to refer to any book or person, singing the songs introduced, and reciting all the material points of the dialogue."

W. T Moncrief.

Friend of Ainsworth

7 MONCRIEFF (W. T., *Dramatist*) A.L.s. to J. Winston, 2 pp., 8vo, 4s 6d
N.D.

The Pantomime shall be legally put into your hands in a proper shape as far as I am concerned forthwith—whether you do anything with it or not is not my business.

Moncrief

5 Union Place
13th May 1827.

My dear Sir

When I met you the other day - I told you I had a very fair apology to present to you for my seeming rude neglect - "Upon my soul it's true" We mean very soon to call on you - would you could pay us a visit - I have taken another House - so can receive you either as Cavalier seul (en garçon)

or Homme Mari – still retaining Saville House – and with Books Prints and Music manage to entertain you – We are completely in the Country here – the back of our House looking all over his Grace of Canterburys Demesnes which in despite of Manners we manage to consider our own – is your Absence to be in-terminable – Is there no rule to be found for breaking out of rules – on a particular occasion – Argue the point – find some precedent – and put in an appearance – Best respects to Mrs Hone & your Family & believe me

My dear Sir

Yr very Obliged Sr.

W. T. Monnieff

P. S.

I suppose you know I perpetrated Mathews this Year – and am the Arbiter Elegantiarum at Vauxhall pour le present – I mean to improve on the Plan of the Tivoli and Beaujon of our French neighbours have Vaudevilles – Spectacles

&c. When a Bachelor I kep
my ~~[illegible]~~ plaints to myse
I have no longer any
occasion for them now
therefore turn them ov
to your very amusing
"Book" which I keep
constantly on my "Table"
it may serve to ensna
like other Animals one
caught we become "Dec
I expect to sing all th
more now that I am ca
so you may look to he
from me as the Irishman
says —

COVENT GARDEN.

"HARRY to Harry, and Horse to Horse!" Mr. Milner rushes over Waterloo Bridge, to "Drury Lane"—and Mr. Moncrieff gallops over Blackfriars, to "Covent Garden." The champion of the Coburg flings down his gauntlet, in the shape of an "operatic extravaganza;" and he of the Surrey answers the challenge, by the production of what the bills call "an entertainment." *The Somnambulist, or the Phantom of the Village*, is a translation of *La Somnambule Villageoise*,—a notice of which appeared in our last *Gazette*. Done into very equivocal English, and deprived of its pretty music, the somewhat improbable, but elegant and interesting French vaudeville becomes a dull, common-place melo-drama, rendered bearable only by the powerful acting of Miss Kelly, and the irresistible humour of Keeley.

Old Booty, or the Devil and the Baker: a serio-comic Sailor's Tale. By W. T. Moncrieff, Esq.; with six wood-cuts by R. Cruikshank. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

WE are a-wearying of these diableries. The legend of *Old Booty's* ghost in its flight to Strombolo is a good galley-yarn in prose, which Mr. Moncrieff has not improved by paraphrasing into verse in imitation of Scott. The cuts do not possess any novelty of invention; but as the "article" is a very cheap one, a shilling, we suppose it may go with the rest.

Price 1*s*.

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London: William Kidd, 6, Old Bond Street; and sold by all Booksellers.

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456 MONCRIEFF (W. T.) POEMS; 12mo. *cloth*, SCARCE, 5*s*
Printed for private distribution at the author's Private Press, Lambeth, 1829

This author's name was originally Thomas, but he assumed that of Moncrieff on writing for the stage; he was most famous for his burlesques, "*Giovanni in London*," "Tom and Jerry," etc.

Author's presentation inscription on title.

MONCRIEFF'S (T.) Dramatic Works, selections of, *portrait*, 3 vols. 8vo. *cloth*, 12*s*, 1851 9463

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1458 WARWICKSHIRE.—Moncrieff (W. T.) The New Guide to the Spa of Leamington Priors, containing an Ancient and Modern History of Leamington, with an Analysis and Professional Dissertation upon the Nature, Properties and Cures performed by the Waters, interspersed with Poetical Illustrations, *with plan, map and views*, THIRD EDITION, fcap. 8vo, *bds.*, 3*s* (D 12) N.D.

G. A. Sala said, Count D'Orsay and William Harrison Ainsworth were two of the best looking and the best dressed men in London."

Samuel Rogers said "I hear that a young fellow from Manchester is the star of the season. I hope he will put D'Orsay to the right about."

"But" says Mr Ellis, "Ainsworth did not do that – for Count D'Orsay was too supreme a sartorial star ever to be eclipsed in his own sphere – he was content to shine as a rival luminary. D'Orsay was of course his friend since the time they met at the Trasenian symposia, and was remarkably like him in personal appearance, as well as dress, – so much so that when riding quickly on horseback, Ainsworth was frequently mistaken for D'Orsay, the King of the Bucks."



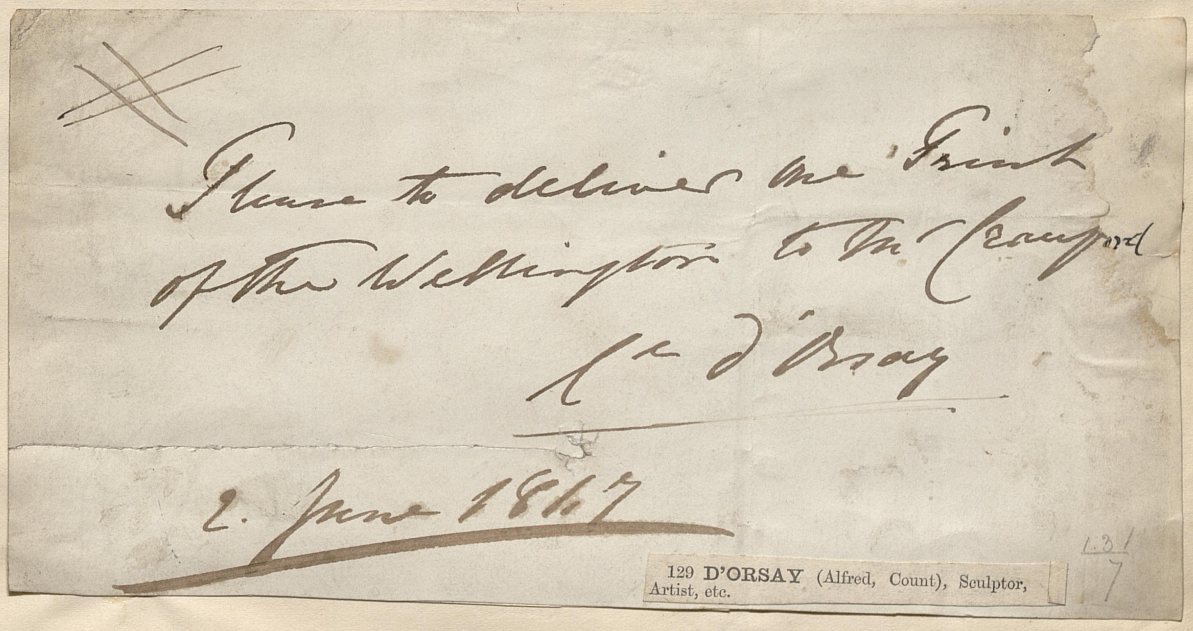
Count D'Orsay.

Friend of Ainsworth

D'ORSAY, Count ALFRED, who will be long remembered as a man of fashion and of public notoriety, from his alliance with the Blessington family, was the son of General D'Orsay, and was born at Paris in 1798. He entered the army at an early age, and was quartered at Valence in 1822, when he became acquainted with Lord and Lady Blessington, and renounced his military career for the pleasure of their society. In 1827 he married Lord Blessington's only daughter by a first marriage, but a separation followed at no distant period; and Lord Blessington having died at Paris in 1829, Count D'Orsay returned to England with Lady Blessington, where they became the centre of a circle highly distinguished for art, rank, literature, and accomplishments. In the later period of his life he displayed considerable artistic talent and taste, both as a painter and sculptor. Having shown kindness and hospitality to Louis Napoleon when an exile in London, the Prince President was not ungrateful to his former friend, and in 1852, soon after the *coup d'État*, he was nominated Directeur des Beaux Arts, with a handsome salary; but he did not live to enjoy it. Died, 1852.

D'ORSAY'S LAST DAYS.

I visited my poor friend a few weeks before his death, and found him evidently sinking, in the last stage of disease of the kidneys, complicated with spinal complaint. The wreck only of the *beau* D'Orsay was there. He was able to sit up and to walk, though with difficulty and evidently with pain, about his room, which was at once his studio, reception room, and sleeping apartment. He burst out crying when I entered the room, and continued for a length of time so much affected that he could hardly speak to me. Gradually he became composed, and talked about Lady Blessington's death, but all the time with tears pouring down his pale wan face, for even then his features were death-stricken. He said with marked emphasis, "*In losing her I lost every thing in this world—she was to me a mother! a dear, dear mother! a true loving mother to me!*" While he uttered these words he sobbed and cried like a child. And referring to them, he again said, "*You understand me, Madden.*" I understood him to be speaking what he felt, and there was nothing in his accents, in his position, or his expressions (for his words sounded in my ears like those of a dying man), which led me to believe he was seeking to deceive himself or me.



129 **D'ORSAY** (Alfred, Count), Sculptor, Artist, etc.

D'Orsay.—Gentlemanly, like, and retaining the exact expression of his Grace in the private circles honoured by his presence, we are glad to hear that Mr. Mitchell has secured this portrait for engraving. There are so many caricatures of the Duke, that we shall rejoice to have him *au naturel*, and in his habit as he lived, the blue ribbon crossing his breast, in the costume in which he usually appears. 1477, a statuette of the Emperor of Russia, and 1479, a model of a statue of the Marquess of Anglesey, afford other proofs of the fine taste and talent of this distinguished amateur. In these small designs no one can surpass him.

Portrait of the Duke of Wellington. By Count D'Orsay. London, Mitchell.

WE have seen the Duke in so many characters, that it was quite a pleasure to have him from the graceful easel of Count D'Orsay in the character of a gentleman. Such he was in the original oil-painting, and such he is in this well-executed lithograph. Uniting so much of the skill of the artist with the refined taste of the connoisseur, Count D'Orsay has made a happy hit in this most agreeable portrait. There is great simplicity in it, and great elegance, yet no want of firmness or expression. The Iron Duke was not forbidden by nature to adorn my lady's chamber; and it is a relief to have him thus translated from war to peace. No collection of his likenesses can be complete without this specimen; and while many others may be dispensed with, we could scarcely think of doing without the familiar, and not counterfeit, resemblance by Count D'Orsay.

Portraits by the Count D'Orsay. Mitchell.

FEW members of the fashionable world deserve to be, and are, in every respect, so distinguished as the noble amateur, some of the productions of whose facile and elegant pencil are here presented to the public. They consist of the sketched portraits, *en profile*, of seven individuals; all of them, with one unhappy exception, enjoying just and extensive literary celebrity. We disclaim any knowledge of the exception (who must, however, we presume, be very proud of his associates), but of six of these spirited and finely executed drawings we are entitled to speak; and we confidently assert, that whoever has seen the highly-gifted originals cannot fail instantly to recognise the resemblances of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart., Theodore E. Hook, Albany Fonblanque, Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Carlyle, and Richard M. Milnes, M.P.

But the persistent dandy is a man who never learns the relative importance of things. He remains a wanton lapwing, and is always getting himself another crest long after his spring is over. He prolongs his pairing season into old age, and yet as often as not stultifies all his elaboration of plumage by never pairing at all, or by making a disastrous marriage of convenience. We pardon or even enjoy the extravagances of youth just because youth does not last. A young man should make his experiments in life if he is to find out for himself what is best worth having and doing; but the dandy's experiments have no result, and teach him nothing. He is, in fact, a professional just where we only want amateurs, a professional in the pleasures of youth, who must keep up with ever-increasing effort the dreary pretence of being an amateur; and in his later years he can be admired only by the inexperience of youth. Count D'Orsay was only 51 when he died. Yet it was said of him that "he died ten years too late, for he became at last merely a ridiculous old doll." He tried to be an artist, but, though he made money by his pictures and statues, he was only an amateur in the bad sense of the word. He was fatally committed to the pose of the man who could do anything well without effort; and when he had to work for money his futility betrayed itself. Mr. Shore prints a letter of Thackeray's about his last days, in which this futility is cruelly exposed. "D'Orsay," Thackeray says, "believes in his mad rubbish of a statue, which he didn't make; believes in it in the mad way that madmen do—that it is divine, and that he made it; only as you look in his eyes, you see that he doesn't quite believe, and when pressed hesitates, and turns away with a howl of rage." Such was the end of the man who was an amateur where he should have been a professional and a professional where he should have been an amateur. Perhaps Alcibiades in his last days was in the same case, making the same desperate pretence to be a general and a statesman. He was a far greater man than D'Orsay, yet, like D'Orsay, he never took root. He would not reconcile himself to any change in the season of life, and died in a miserably belated youth.

In both these books we hear wonderful things of the splendour of the later dandies, yet Brummell and D'Orsay look figures of fun in their pictures. Mr. Shore gives us a portrait of D'Orsay on horseback by Sir Francis Grant, which is a burlesque of Vandyck's Charles I. It reminds one that D'Orsay himself was a burlesque great man, although the artist's satire is quite unintentional. Charles I. lived in an artistic age, and though not a great King could bear himself like one and could find an artist who knew how to paint one. D'Orsay was himself a work of bad art as well as a bad artist, and he appealed to all the bad taste of his time. He also chose a feeble artist to paint him, and in the picture he looks like a keepsake King who would serve for an illustration to one of Lady Blessington's Keepsake poems. As for Brummell, he, at least, never pretended to be anything but a dandy. He had more character than D'Orsay, and his recorded sayings are more amusing, since they prove that he was always ready to burlesque his own pose of exquisite fastidiousness and fragility. Thus he said that he had caught a cold because "on the Brighton road the other day, that infidel Weston [his valet] put me into a room with a damp stranger." There is also some merit in his poem "The Butterfly's Funeral," particularly in this verse:—

> The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
> And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn;
> And the Moth, who was grieved for the loss of a sister,
> Bent over the body and silently kissed her.

MARIE. From the French. Edited by Count D'ORSAY. Chapman and Hall.
A perfect prose pastoral is contained in this little volume. The story is simplicity itself, and its interest springs wholly from the manner in which it is treated. It is intended as an antidote to the feverish and unwholesome style of writing that has so long prevailed in French literature, in which even crime is darkened and exaggerated. There is a freshness about this rural tale refreshing as the hill-side breezes. In justice, the name of the author ought to have been given, for he is no ordinary writer. In the translation, some French idioms are to be traced, and terms retained, for which perfect English equivalents exist. But there is a quiet grace in the narrative itself, and the author has evidently an eye for nature and knowledge of the heart.

D'Horsay, or The Follies of the Day, by A MAN OF FASHION (John Mills), with an Introduction and Sketch of COUNT D'ORSAY'S famous career by JOSEPH GREGO; *contains also 12 etchings by* GEORGE STANDFAST *and one by* D. MACLISE, R.A.; 8vo, cloth, edges uncut, 4s 6d 1902

132 **D'ORSAY,** or the Complete Dandy, by W. Teignmouth Shore, with 16 portraits, thick 8vo, cloth gilt, 3/- (pub. 10/6) 1912

NAPOLEON BY COUNT D'ORSAY.

AMONG all the elegant articles in the repository of Messrs. Howell and James, there has just been placed a little work of art, which will attract more attention than all the rest put together. It is an equestrian group of Napoleon, modelled by Count D'Orsay, and executed in bronze or plaster. The cast we have seen is of the former imperishable material, about two feet in height, and exceedingly spirited and beautiful. The man (as is too often the case) is not sacrificed to the animal; but whilst the latter is animated and striking, the former, besides being an admirable likeness, is equally effective from the fine repose and dignity of the figure. The proportions of the whole are accurate and just; the anatomy of the horse well understood and sufficiently developed; and the composition altogether, in size and excellence of sculpture, in taste and finish, exactly such a production as may be an everlasting memorial of a wonderful being, and one of the most brilliant and valuable ornaments of our splendid saloons. We doubt not we shall immediately find copies in many such sites, not only in the rich and noble mansions of England, but in those of France and continental Europe. We advise our readers to visit and inspect it.

Portraits of the Earl of Chesterfield, Countess of Chesterfield, and Hon. Mrs. Anson. By the Count D'Orsay. Mitchell.

THE present *livraison* contains the first female portraits that we have seen from Count D'Orsay's pencil, and they prove that he is as skilful in delineating beauty and elegance, as he has shewn himself in representing the more firmly marked features of his male subjects.



THE EDITOR OF "THE LITERARY SOUVENIR."

A. A. WATTS, ESQ.

Alaric Alexander Watts, Esq., the well-known poet, journalist, and general writer, was born in March, 1797, and was educated in the Grammar School of Wye College, Kent, where his only brother, much older than himself, was one of the masters. He, on leaving that establishment, acted, while still a youth, as usher in a school kept by his brother at Putney, after which he became the literary assistant of Crabbe, the writer of the "Technological Dictionary." He published about this time, in 1822, a small collection of poems, which obtained a success. The fame of this caused him to be appointed editor of the *Leeds Intelligencer*, and he subsequently was editor of the *Manchester Courier*. He, in 1825, when Annuals were rising into vogue, commenced the publication of one of them, entitled *The Literary Souvenir*, which continued to appear every year until 1836. Among the literary contributors to this popular volume were Campbell, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and among its artists were Roberts, Leslie, and Turner. Its chief engraver was Heath. Mr. Watts in 1833 commenced the *United Service Gazette*, of which he remained the editor until 1842. He was subsequently connected with the *Standard* and other newspapers. A handsome collected edition of Mr. Watts's poetical pieces appeared in 1851, with the title of "Lyrics of the Heart." He two years after that received a well-merited pension of £100 per annum from the Government. Mr. Watts displayed considerable feeling, talent, and grace as a poet, and all that he wrote was characterised by much elegance of diction, thorough honesty of thought, and good sense. His highly honourable conduct and benevolent disposition had won him the esteem and affection of a large circle of friends. Mr. Watts married Miss Zillah Wiffen, sister of the poet, Jeremiah Holme Wiffen, librarian to the Duke of Bedford, and translator of Tasso. Her other brother, B. B. Wiffen, has translated the "Alfabeto Christiano" of Juan de Valdez. Mrs. Watts was associated with her husband in his literary labours throughout his career, and has herself produced some poetical pieces of high merit. She at one time edited "The New-Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir;" and she also wrote the literary portion of "Finden's Tableaux." By her, who survives him, Mr. Watts leaves a family. He died on the 5th inst., at his house at Notting-hill.

Alaric A. Watts

Friend of Ainsworth

Torrington Square
April 8 - 1836

Sir

I authorise Mr Naylor to publish a song in the Literary Souvenir by Mrs Hemans entitled the Voice of Home so far as my right extends as the proprietor of that poem

I am Sir

Your obt.

Alaric A Watts

Messrs. Cramer & Co

THE LATE ALARIC A. WATTS.

A PORTRAIT of this literary veteran, from the photograph by Messrs. J. and C. Watkins, is here engraved. Mr. Alaric Watts, who died a month since, had just completed his sixty-seventh year. As the author of several volumes of poems, which display much refinement of taste and feeling, and as the editor, from 1825 to 1836, of an annual, "The Literary Souvenir," to which Campbell, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were contributors, the name of Mr. Alaric Watts may be preserved in the literary history of this age. He began life, it is said, as an assistant in his brother's school at Putney; then helped to compile a Technological Dictionary; published a little book of verse, and, after some years' regular employment on the newspapers, began the publication of "The Literary Souvenir," which enjoyed a fair measure of reputation and success. It was the first of the annuals; and the plan of such a serial miscellany, when proposed to him by Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, was a novelty in England, though in Germany something of the kind had existed before. Mr. Watts's notion was, that poems and short prose sketches by popular writers of the day might here be associated with highly finished line-engravings from the best examples of the English school of painting. Some of the finest works of Turner, Leslie, Stothard, Roberts, Lawrence, Collins, Danby, and Martin were engraved, at his suggestion, by the hands of Heath, Finden, Watt, Goodall, and Pye, and were published in the "Literary Souvenir." The sale of this annual reached on one occasion the number of 14,000 copies. After its discontinuance, in 1834, Mr. Watts edited, for three years, the *Cabinet of Modern Art*. He was at the same time editor of the *United Service Gazette*, and remained its editor until 1843. He was subsequently connected with the *Standard* and other newspapers. A handsome collected edition of Mr. Watts's poetical pieces appeared in 1851, with the title of "Lyrics of the Heart." He received a pension of £100 per annum from the Government. Mr. Watts married Miss Zillah Wiffin, sister of the poet Jeremiah Holme Wiffin, translator of Tasso.



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ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE.

LYRICS of the HEART; with other Poems. By ALARIC A. WATTS. Longman and Co.

In this exquisitely embellished work, Mr. Watts has assembled a selection from the various poems published by him since the year 1824. Such of our readers as are familiar with the "Poetical Sketches," the "Literary Souvenir," and the "Cabinet of Modern Art," need not be assured that the volume before us enshrines many sparkling gems of the poetic art, and "appeals to the domestic affections," which must endear the work to every hearth and home where it is seen and read. We quote one of the most interesting specimens:—

LEAVES FROM A POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(*Written on the fiftieth anniversary of the Author's birthday, under circumstances of great mental depression.*)

TELL me not a radiant morrow
Follows oft the gloomiest night;
That the darkest cloud of sorrow
Sometimes hides a world of light;
If the heart hath long been pining,
Faint and sick with hope's delay,
And the star above us shining,
Veils from earth its guiding ray.

Evil days have overtaken,
With their storm-charged clouds my way;
And my soul, till now unshaken,
Shrinks within its coil of clay:
E'en the Muse—invoked not often,
Save to soothe the spirit's wrong,
Pride to tame, or grief to soften—
Half withholds the power of song!

Foul Oppression, fiercer, stronger,
That her step I strove to stay,
Till my feeble arm no longer
Might her trampling hoofs delay—
Treads me down: no more my trust is
In my buoyant faith of old;
What can Reason, Truth, or Justice,
'Gainst the giant might of gold?

Stormy skies are lowering o'er me;
Raging billows gird me round;
And the gloom that spreads before me
Grows but more and more profound:
Not a beacon-light is left me,
To my distant port a clew;
Fate, at one fell swoop, hath reft me
Of both chart and compass too!

Like a gallant ship succumbing,
That no more obeys her helm,
Bide I now the tenth wave coming,
With its mandate to o'erwhelm:
O'er my hopes, a clean breach making,
Sweeps that flood of wrack and wrong;
Rending stays and bulwarks breaking,
Which I once believed so strong!

Whilst upon the scene of ruin,
From his covert safe on high,
On the storm his work is doing,
Glares the Wrecker's baleful eye!
As the stout ship goes to pieces,
Torn each stalwart limb from limb,
How his sordid joy increases,
If some fragment drifts to him!

Once, of old, my glad way winning,
Youth and Hope both led me on;
Now, once more, the world beginning,
Hope and Youth alike are gone:
Sad experience, bought how dearly,
Cruel, seldom to be kind,
Like the stern-light, shows too clearly
But the track we leave behind!

Friends with whom in youth I started
On life's first adventurous way,
Once so warm and genial-hearted,
One by one have dropp'd away!
Some, earth's vain turmoil exchanging
For the land that knows no wrong;
Others Fortune's smiles estranging
From the weak, when *they* grew strong!

Summer friends, like swallows trooping,
Come when sunshine warms the heart,
But at winter's advent drooping,
For less chilling skies depart:
Foes, like stormy petrels flocking,
Round the doom'd and labouring bark,
Deepening woe, misfortune mocking,
Come when heaven is wild and dark.

Many a year, ambition dulling,
Irksome labour claim'd my pen;
At the oar incessant pulling
'Mid the stir and strife of men.
From more calm pursuits diverted
To a task I plied in vain,
Tastes abandon'd, haunts deserted,
Which, though late, I seek again!

Long Fate's adverse current cleaving,
With a bold and sturdy stroke,
Hoping still, and still believing,
Did I bear that galling yoke!
Day and night, not seldom, toiling,
Wanting that which sweetens toil;
Life of half its joys despoiling,
Bartering peace for wild turmoil!

Manhood's vigorous prime exhausted;
All the flowering years of life!
Health impaired, acquirements wasted
In that long and fruitless strife;
Just as Fortune's tide was turning,
And my respite all but won;
For the hard-earned haven yearning,
But for others' sakes alone;

Lawless Rapine, hundred-handed,
Sordid, cunning, bold, and strong,
With her base familiars banded,
Falsehood, Fraud, Revenge, and Wrong,
Of that poor reward bereft me;
Swept my household gods away;
Ravaged even my hearth, and left me,
Save in heaven, no single stay!

But the great and just Redresser,
(Who may 'scape unscathed His frown?)
That can strike the rich oppressor
In his rampant triumph down,
May vouchsafe me his protection,
Sweeten even this bitter cup,
And from "profitless dejection"
Lift my trampled spirit up!

The Engravings, some 40 in number, remind one of the better days of book illustration. They are from pictures by R. Stothard, R.A.; G. Barret; G. S. Newton, R.A.; D. Roberts, R.A.; F. Danby, A.R.A.; R. Westall, R.A.; T. Hofland; H. Howard, R.A.; R. P. Bonington; Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; W. Etty, R.A.; and B. R. Haydon. All are most beautifully engraved in line, by our best artists. With such testimony of excellence in each department, we need scarcely add our commendation of this brilliant *réunion* of "Poetry and Printing." We should, however, add, that the volume is printed and embellished uniformly with Rogers's "Italy" and "Poems."

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"It is impossible for any one to read the poems before us without being deeply struck with their extreme beauty."—Literary Museum.

London: printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 90, Cheapside, and 8, Pall Mall, and Archibald, Constable, and Co. Edinburgh.

120. *The Literary Souvenir; or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by* Alaric A. Watts. *pp.* 400. Hurst, Robinson, *and Co.*

THIS is one of the most beautiful little volumes that ever came under our notice. Before examining the literary department of the work, we must be allowed to look at the pictures. There are ten highly-finished line-engravings designed by Fielding, Brockendon, Nash, Corbould, Wright, Ducis, &c. The view of the Bay of Naples by Heath, and City of Lyons, Fortress of Saguntum, and Paris from Pere la Chaise, by Finden, are perfect gems of art. Nor are the historical subjects less beautiful; among which may be particularly noticed, Mary Queen of Scots and Chatelar, by Ducis, and engraved by R. Baker; and the Mother and Child, by Brockendon, and engraved by Humphreys. There are also three plates of fac-similes of the handwriting of upwards of 30 living poets.

The editor, Mr. A. A. Watts, himself a poet of no mean fame, has rallied to his aid a host of eminent writers, whose united contributions must ensure popularity to any publication. Besides several anonymous contributions from distinguished sources, the pages of the Literary Souvenir have been enriched with original productions, in prose and verse, by Sir Walter Scott, bart. Thomas Campbell, esq. James Montgomery, esq. Mrs. Hemans, the late Rev. C. R. Maturin, Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, L. E. L. (Miss Landon), author of "The Improvisatrice," Rev. G. Croly, Archdeacon Wrangham, (author of "May you Like it)," Rev. C. Colton, (author of "Lacon,") Alaric A. Watts, J. H. Wiffen, esq. William Read, esq. Mrs. Opie, Delta (of Blackwood's Magazine), T. K. Hervey, esq. David Lyndsay (author of "Dramas of the Ancient World,") the Rev. Thomas Dale, R. Sullivan, esq., the Editor of the Literary Gazette, Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, the late Ismael Fitzadam, the Rev. E. W. Barnard, the late Herbert Knowles, &c. &c. &c.

POETRY AND ART.*

THERE is no living author to whom British Art is so much indebted as to Mr. Alaric Watts; although many years have passed since his intercourse with artists was close and frequent, the present generation of painters who have become famous owe him much: for, in their earlier struggles towards the celebrity they have since obtained, they were aided not a little by his judgment and experience, which gave many of their first works, through the medium of engraving, to the world. Men must be somewhat aged now to recollect the advent of those pleasant and graceful Christmas books called "Annuals;" to Mr. Watts unquestionably belongs the merit of so improving upon them that they became singularly beautiful and admirable as collections of works of Art. The engravings which embellished "The Literary Souvenir," of which Mr. Watts was for so long a time the editor, have never been equalled in England, since the abandonment of that ably conducted publication. He laboured, and most successfully, so to raise the character of this class of works, as to convert that which had been previously little more than a toy, into a production which represented the Art-talent of the country; and the exquisite gems that appeared from time to time in his volumes, judged not by their size but their merit, were placed, and will remain, among the worthiest tributes the genius of the age received from the power by which its influence is strengthened and extended.

We do Mr. Watts, therefore, no more than justice, when we attribute to him much of the popularity which an improved state of art has obtained in this country; for, beyond all question, a better taste originated in, and was fostered by, "the Annuals." Previous to their appearance, wretched perpetrations of the graver were widely circulated throughout the kingdom; such as, within a few years after the publication of better things, entirely vanished from London and provincial markets.

It would now, we imagine, be a difficult matter to collect a complete series of the illustrations of "The Literary Souvenir;" like most things cheap, which are comparatively neglected, to be valued and coveted when Time has made them scarce; they would, at the present moment, be highly estimated as rare examples of the beautiful in Art, and of the best artists of the age and country; among them would be found copies, as perfect as the burin could render, of some of the best works of Lawrence, of Wilkie, of Eastlake, of Uwins, of Roberts, of Mulready, and a host of others, including many who have since climbed the hill at the foot of which they then lingered.

Mr. Watts has for several years dwelt at a long distance from Art; as he informs us in the beautiful volume we are about to review,

> "At the oar incessant pulling,
> 'Mid the stir and strife of men."

No doubt, however, often while busied amid political turmoils, his mind and heart have gone back to the labours of his earlier life, when his pleasant task was to associate, in happy and profitable intercourse, Literature with Art, and Art with Literature.

He will for many reasons, therefore, receive a cordial greeting, when he once more appears before the public in his old character. This Book of "Lyrics of the Heart," was commenced twenty years ago, and many of the engravings were executed about that period. Various circumstances have combined to keep it back; but published now, when so much of mediocre engraving finds its way abroad, it is doubly welcome. It recals the palmy days of "Book prints;" as a series of fine engravings of admirable pictures, it has certainly not been equalled since "The Annuals" died; and we believe, as well as hope, that we shall find evidence, in its prosperity, that mediocrity has not done its work of impairing public taste.

The volume is a collection of poems from the pen of Mr. Watts, with a few graceful and touching compositions by his lady; many of them have been long established in public favour—such, for examples, as "My Own Fire-side," "Ten Years Ago," "Kirkstall Abbey Revisited," and others, which are familiar in all collections of "Fugitive Pieces," published in England and America. They have secured for their author a very high position among the poets of the age; and, gathered together in any form, they would have been acceptable to all who cherish the domestic virtues, and consider fittest for song those themes which tell of home and homely graces.

* "Lyrics of the Heart," with other Poems, by Alaric A. Watts. With forty-one engravings on steel. London: Longman & Co.

242. **Watts** (Alaric). A Narrative of his Life, by his son, Alaric Alfred Watts, *portrait*. 2 vols., post 8vo, *original cloth* (21s), 3s 6d (106) 1884

"The Record now given of him is no less than he deserved, and contains much readable matter, and interesting anecdotes."—*Saturday Review.*

84. *Poetical Sketches; with Stanzas for Music, and other Poems. By* Alaric A. Watts. 12*mo. pp.* 158.

HAVING been indulged with a perusal of this elegant little volume, we regret to see at the foot of the title-page, that it is there stated to be "printed for *private* circulation," as from the sparkling beauty of the many little poems it contains, we think a more general diffusion of it would be acceptable to the publick. The author appears to live on the best terms with his poetical friends, and his taste and enthusiasm induce him properly to appreciate their merits. For this, he will have more ample scope in his intended "Specimens of the Living Poets."

The first poem in this collection is entitled "The Profession." It is a spirited sketch of the ceremony of the imposing rite of the profession of a Nun, as observed in the Southern parts of Italy.

Reserving to ourselves the privilege of again adverting to this little work in our Poetical Department, we shall at present extract only the two following specimens:

"*Lines written in the "Angel of the World," an Arabian Tale, by the Rev. G. Croly.*

It is a sunny vision—a deep dream—
Too full of beauty for the heart to dwell,
Unpained, upon the dazzling rays that stream
Around the Bard's creations. Music's swell
Voluptuous on the ear;—the camel-bell,
Borne softly on the distance;—banners bright,
Instinct with gems;—that angel ere he fell,
And starry Eblis,—in their mingled might,
Deluge each weary pulse with too intense delight.

II.

We turn away with dim, delirious sense
From that so fervid blaze; and seek repose
From Eastern splendour and magnificence,
From gorgeous palaces, and clouds of rose,
Sceptres and thrones, and diamond-crested brows,—
Pluming our spirits' pinions at the page,
Where sweet Floranthe warbles forth her woes
In strains, of power each turbulent thought to 'suage, [wild war to wage!
And bid the Passions cease their fierce,

III.

Surpassing Lyrist! from thy powerful hand,
The thunders and keen lightnings of the Muse
Speed forth in glorious might:—thou canst command
The noon-tide burst of poesy;—yet infuse
Its twilight calms and bloom-refreshing dews
Amid thy deep conceptions; and canst braid
Wreaths, rich and bright, with variegated hues,
As those on an Arabian Heaven displayed,
Ere day's last rainbow-beams have vanished into shade!"

Sonnet to "the First-Born."

Never did music sink into my soul
So 'silver sweet,' as when thy first weak wail
On my 'rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound!
Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is thy sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail:
Or, if thy voyage must be rough,—mayst thou [am now!
Soon scape the storm and be—as blest as I

In 1 vol. Foolscap 8vo. price 6s.

POETICAL SKETCHES: The Profession —The Broken Heart, &c. with Stanzas for Music; and other Poems.

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In those days Mr. Watts was one of a class of bards who sang principally at the bidding of the affections,—and had a large audience to listen. "Confined," he says, "as for the most part my poems are, to appeals to the domestic affections, conveyed in language which addresses itself to the heart rather than to the head,—and asserting no claim to the more exalted attributes of purely imaginative poetry,—I seek to secure for them no appreciation which can be considered inconsistent with such very limited pretensions." Accepting this estimate as justly descriptive rather of Mr. Watts's practice than of his power,—the fact remains, as testifying to the practice itself, that the appreciation which he so sought was very largely accorded to him. For many years his name had a popularity the echoes of which have not yet died out. Premising that he has many times shown a power, if such had been his temper, to climb the heights that lay around him,—it is yet true that his taste led him commonly to confine his poetical excursions to the wayside, where the ordinary humanities met him face to face and were his theme. His verse has nothing in common with that resonant sea of song in which the diver must go down great depths to find a pearl—or come up without one, as the case may be. It flowed on like one of those natural streams that wander, discoursing a low sweet music, amid the flowers familiar to the common heart and eye—now and then in deeper and darker reaches reflecting the stars,—and by whose margin the people in their leisure moments love to stray.—

Deem it not strange I should prefer the string
That best accords with gentle themes like these,
And leave the realms of Fancy's wilder wing,
To sing of home and homebred sympathies:
Content with few and simple notes to please,
And win a poet's meed from hearts like thine,
All unambitious prouder wreaths to seize,
The Muse's loftier vision I resign
So that her twilight tears and sunset smiles be mine!

The youthful lover's hopes and fears to tell;
Of childhood's budding bloom, and happy death;
Of those high thoughts that bid the soft heart swell;
When glowing Faith resigns her sainted breath:
To catch the hues from Pity's dew-spent wreath,
And bid them live a moment in my lay;
To mourn, some old, umbrageous oak beneath,
O'er joys that wither like the waning day,
And wear their loveliest smiles even whilst they fade away!

Or, haply, murmuring of some peaceful cot,
The home of pleasures pure, pursuits refined;
Some quiet nook, some calm, sequestered spot,
Radiant with triumphs of the heart and mind;
Where Poesy and Painting sit enshrined;
Where Art and Nature yield their treasures chaste,
And charm their votaries with their spells combined;
Where Genius' self, by Truth and Fancy graced,
Doth not disdain to own the plastic hand of Taste.

Such are the simple songs I bring thee here,
Songs that a few will prize, that all may feel;
Records of bliss and woe, of hope and fear,
Of lowly lives like tranquil streams that steal,
And in their wanderings, dark or bright, reveal
The shade or sunshine of their chequered way.

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From THE ART-JOURNAL.

There is no living author to whom British Art is so much indebted as to Mr. Alaric Watts. Although many years have passed since his intercourse with artists was close and frequent, the present generation of painters who have become famous owe him much; for in their earlier struggles towards the celebrity they have since obtained, they were aided, not a little, by his judgment and experience, which gave many of their first works, through the medium of engraving, to the world.... The engravings which embellished 'The Literary Souvenir,' of which he was for so long a time the Editor, have never been equalled in England, since the abandonment of that ably-conducted publication. He laboured, and most successfully, so to raise the character of this class of works as to convert that which had been previously little more than a toy into a production which represented the Art-talent of the country; and the exquisite gems that appeared, from time to time, in his volumes, judged not by their size but their merit, were placed and will remain among the worthiest tributes of the genius of the age received from the power by which its influence is strengthened and extended.....This book of 'Lyrics of the Heart' was commenced twenty years ago, and many of the engravings were executed about that period. Various circumstances have combined to keep it back; but published now when so much of mediocre engraving finds its way abroad, it is doubly welcome. It recalls the palmy days of book prints. As a series of fine engravings of admirable pictures, it has certainly not been equalled since the Annuals died; and we believe as well as hope that we shall find evidence in its prosperity, that mediocrity has not done its work of impairing public taste.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poetical Sketches, &c. By Alaric A. Watts. 12mo. pp. 144. London, Hurst & Co. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. 1823.

REVIEWERS are often charged with partiality for their friends: we fear that in the present, as well as in many other instances during our seven years apprenticeship, we might be too justly accused of the opposite offence—the neglect of those with whose talents we were most familiar, and who had reason to anticipate an early public recognition of the merits which they were aware we privately appreciated and admired. The author, whose little volume we now take up, is in this predicament. Several of his productions have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*; a proof that we, at least, thought them highly deserving. We have long enjoyed the pleasure of reading them in this collected shape, while circulated among the writer's friends; and yet we are among the last to hail their publication, and give their character to the world.

This indeed is now hardly necessary, for the public has already decided, and the book is popular. The very manner of its appearance affords an unusual proof of these facts: for it is owing to the loud encomiums from every quarter lavished upon the limited private edition, that Mr. Watts has been encouraged to print the new impression. As a poet, he may therefore class himself with elected monarchs: he has not his privilege and dignity by descent or through his own ambition, but in consequence of the public voice, and the call of his country. This is a proud distinction, and he has cause to be proud of it. But in this Number of the *Gazette*, occupied as it is, we have no room for comment, and shall barely justify our opinion of the taste, good feeling, and pathos, here displayed, by quoting a few brief examples of Mr. Watts' Muse.

Female beauty is finely touched in a poem called The Profession:—

O'er her white brow her wandering hair descends
In rich unbraided rings;—a coronal
Of lilies wreathed amid each clustre, lends
An added grace; and as at evening's fall
Day struggles with the annihilating pall
That darkness would shed o'er it, so the gleam
Of her transparent forehead shines through all
The chesnut curls that shadow it:—so stream
With tremulous light the rays that from her deep eyes beam.

Hers is that nameless loveliness that sinks
On the beholder's heart; and if he seeks,
Whilst his full glance her blaze of beauty drinks,
To know where lurks the charm which thus bespeaks
His passionate admiration—if in cheeks
Of rose, or ruby lips, or violet eyes!—
It is in vain;—not in the separate streaks
Of that rich bow of gathered beauty lies
The spell of power, but in its full united dyes.

Lyrics of the Heart: with other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts. With forty-one Engravings on Steel. Longman & Co.

THE name of Mr. Alaric Watts in common with a volume of poems carries the memory back, through many years, to a time when poetry had a more general acceptance and more earnest echoes than wait on her in the present day. The stormy realities of the times in which we have recently lived, succeeding to an age of utilitarian assertion and scientific marvel, have to a great extent silenced that sympathy for song which in ordinary times seems to be a natural portion of the universal mind. Great questions, affecting the destinies of large sections of the human race, have kept men's thoughts in a state of breathless attention which has left them no leisure for any occupation less important than the examination of the vast issues on which they were fixed:—and Science has so far outstripped the visions of the Muse in her most creative moods, that for a time the latter has lost that hold over the general affections and imagination which seems, nevertheless, to be a portion of her destined inheritance, under normal conditions, for all time.

T. J. Pettigrew.

Friend of Ainsworth.

was one of the founders of the British Archæological Association, and was long their treasurer, vice-president, and editor of their Journal. Mr Pettigrew was also a fellow of the Royal Society, of the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal College of Surgeons. Among his medical works are,—"Views of the Basis of the Brain and Cranium," published on his 18th birthday. "General Views of the Application of Galvanism to Medical Purposes," written in conjunction with Aldini; "Observations on Cholera;" and "On Superstitions connected with Medicine and Surgery," published in 1843. Among his other writings are,—"Memoirs of Dr Lettsom," "History of Egyptian Mummies," "The Medical Portrait Gallery," in 4 vols.; "Memoirs of Lord Nelson," 2 vols.; the "Chronicles of the Tombs;" besides very numerous papers contributed to the Journal of the Archæological Association. Died at South Kensington, 23 November, 1865. His wife had died eleven years earlier. Of a large family he left three sons and three daughters surviving him.

PETTIGREW, THOMAS JOSEPH, the distinguished surgeon and archæologist, was born in London, 28th October, 1791. His father was a surgeon, and as he early showed an extraordinary fondness for anatomical pursuits, he was placed with Mr Taunton, in whose medical school he soon began to teach. Admitted to the Medical Society of London in 1808, he became successively their secretary and registrar. Among his early friends were Dr Lettsom, Dr Cogan, Coleridge, and the Chevalier Aldini of the university of Wilna. He founded the Philosophical Society of London, and took an active part in its transactions. In 1813 he was named secretary to the Royal Humane Society, a post which he held for seven years, and through which he obtained the friendship and patronage of the duke of Kent. The duke appointed him his surgeon in ordinary, and charged him with the duty of vaccinating the Princess Victoria. He also introduced him to the duke of Sussex, who appointed him his surgeon and librarian. The latter office necessitated his active engagement in literary pursuits, and especially led to the preparation of the splendid work entitled "Bibliotheca Sussexiana; a Descriptive Catalogue, accompanied by Historical and Biographical Notices," of the ducal collection, which was published in 1827 and 1839. Meanwhile he was busy also in his profession, took part in founding Charing Cross Hospital, of which he was for a time senior surgeon, contributed papers to Medical Journals, and published several pamphlets. During the last thirty years of his life he devoted much attention to antiquarian subjects, and through his friendship with Belzoni, B. Mangles, Dr Lee, Sir G. Wilkinson, and Dr Young, he was especially attracted to the study of antiquities of Egypt. He

6 **Bibliotheca Sussexiana.**—A Descriptive Catalogue Accompanied by Historical and Biographical Notices of the Manuscripts and Printed Books contained in the Library of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, in Kensington Palace, by Thos. Joseph Pettigrew, vol 1, PART 1, FINELY ILLUSTRATED *with full-page illustrations and a portrait*, comprising Burman Manuscripts, Singhalese Manuscripts, Arabic Manuscripts, English, Dutch, and Italian Manuscripts, Latin Manuscripts, Greek Manuscripts, etc., etc., 1 vol, ALSO Vol 1, PART 2, Comprising Printed Books, *with full-page illustrations*, 1 vol, TOGETHER 2 VOLS, thick roy. 8vo, *half cloth boards*, FINE STATE, PROBABLY LARGE PAPER COPIES, with AMPLE MARGINS, 2786d THE TWO VOLS 1827



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Jan 22. 1859

Dear Sir,

In Dec.r 1857 you wrote me
last after your audit in June 3
you undertook to me on account
of the British Archæological
Society 2.2.0. Another 2as
now to be added upon the
payment of which I am with
mine to Jan.y next.

I must really beg your attention
to this matter as you have
after the explanations made
to the Council by me on your
part placed me in a very
unpleasant position.

Yours very truly

T. J. Pettigrew

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Medical Portrait Gallery. Biographical Memoirs of the most celebrated Physicians, Surgeons, &c. By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. Parts I. and II. Fisher, Son, and Co.

A LAUDABLE endeavour to supply a great desideratum in biography, viz. an account, at once professional and popular, of the lives of those eminent persons, among the most valuable members of the community, whose "objects and duties," to use Mr. Pettigrew's eloquent language, "are to contemplate the wonders of creation; to behold them, as exhibited in the intricate structure and extraordinary mechanism of the human frame; to mark the changes which ensue at the various periods of life, and under a variety of circumstances: to render, by a diligent study of these phenomena, nature itself tributary to the comfort and happiness of mankind; to relieve the pains of suffering humanity; to restore the bloom to the cheek of faded beauty; to dispel the gloom of disordered intellect; and to assuage the agonies of expiring nature." Our business here, however, is only with the graphic embellishments of the two parts of this publication which have hitherto appeared. They consist, as we have previously noticed, of a whole-length of "Esculapius," from the celebrated statue in the Louvre; and portraits of "Sir Henry Halford, Bart. G.C.H.;" "Barnard Siegfried Albinus, M.D.;" and, also, of "Frederic Ruysch, M.D., F.R.S.;" "Albert de Haller, M.D., F.R.S.;" and "Sir Anthony Carlisle, F.R.S.;" all very respectably executed.

PETTIGREW (T. J.) History of Egyptian Mummies and Account of the Worship and Embalming of Sacred Animals, and Remarks on the Funeral Ceremonies of different Nations; 13 *full-page plates by G. Cruikshank, etc., some coloured,* 1st edition, 4to, fine copy, half polished green turkey morocco, full gilt back, g. e., by Riviere, *Lond.*, 1834 24*s*

542 **PETTIGREW** (Thomas Joseph,) F.R.S.) BIBLIOTHECA SUSSEXIANA: Descriptive Catalogue of the MSS. and Printed Books (especially BIBLES) in the Library of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, with Historical and Biographical Notices, *portrait of the Duke and* 19 *plates,* 2 vols. impl. 8vo. in 3, *original boards, uncut,* £1. 1*s* 1827-39

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NELSON'S (Lord) Life, with Correspondence, Anecdotes and Sketches of his Contemporaries, &c. by T. J. Pettigrew, *portraits and facsimiles of writing*, 2 vols. 8vo. *cloth*, 15*s* (pub. £1. 16*s*), 1849 9874

Bibliotheca Sussexiana. A Descriptive Catalogue, accompanied by Historical and Biographical Notices of the Manuscripts and Printed Books contained in the Library of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, K.G. D.C.L. &c. &c. &c. in Kensington Palace. By Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F.R.S. F.L.S. &c. &c. &c. late Librarian to His Royal Highness. Vol. II. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

It is well known to the literary world that Mr. Pettigrew, having undertaken the laborious task of arranging the extensive and valuable, but imperfect and disorganised, library of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, at Kensington Palace, of filling up what was wanting, of inquiring into the best editions of all classes of books, and of writing a particular account of the literary treasures accumulated in the royal residence, published in two parts, in the year 1827, the first volume of "Bibliotheca Sussexiana." Of the second volume, which we believe has hitherto only been delivered out privately, a copy lies before us. The contents of the two volumes are thus comprehensively described in the autobiography of Mr. Pettigrew, which appears in the 25th or last number of his "Medical Portrait Gallery:"—

"The first part, consisting of 294 pages, gives an account of all the theological manuscripts; many of them are exceedingly curious and valuable. The variety of languages in which they are written rendered the work exceedingly laborious to me, and I spent many an hour even in acquiring a knowledge of the alphabets of some of them. I have described fifty-one Hebrew manuscripts, four of which are the rolled manuscripts of the Pentateuch, and three of the Phylacteries. Of Greek manuscripts there are twelve; one of which is a New Testament of the 13th century, with curious illustrations. The Latin manuscripts are 148 in number, embracing various copies of the Old and New Testament, some in verse, and a remarkably fine Psalter of the 10th century, together with several fine Books of Offices. There are thirty-four French; nine, Italian; two, Spanish; one, German; eight, Dutch; fourteen, English; one, Irish; four, Arabic; one, Armenian; three, Pali; three, Singhalese; and six, Burman manuscripts. Of all these I have given an account, and added historical and antiquarian notices. I have also, in order to illustrate the circumstances under which they were written, given, as far as my researches would enable me, biographical sketches of the authors or transcribers, including a detailed account of forty-seven persons. The work is enriched with fourteen plates in illustration, and a portrait of His Royal Highness, engraved by William Skelton, from a painting made for me by J. Lonsdale in 1824. The second part of this work forms a large volume of 516 pages, and gives an account of a portion of the printed theological books contained in the library. It extends only to the Latin version of the Holy Scriptures, for I have arranged the different versions according to their antiquity. In this volume will be found an elaborate account of the five larger Polyglotts and all the pieces connected with them; of the five lesser ones and the celebrated Polyglott Pentateuch, printed at Constantinople in 1546. Also of seven Polyglott Psalters, four Polyglott portions of the Old Testament, four Polyglott New Testaments, and two portions of the same. Of the Hebrew Bibles I have described seventy-four editions, and seventeen Hebrew-Samaritan and Hebrew Pentateuchs; also ten portions of the Old Testament in Hebrew, some of which are of the greatest rarity. The Greek Bibles amount to twenty-eight. There are ten portions of the Old Testament in Greek and a Pentateuch. Of the Latin Bibles, a class of extraordinary richness, there are no less than 213 editions, and there are six various portions of the Old Testament in Latin. These are all treated of in the same manner as the manuscripts, and biographical memoirs are given of 125 of the most celebrated editors, printers, &c. facsimiles are also given of the rarest specimens of typography. I dedicated this work to his royal highness, and presented to him a copy, in which the illustrations were depicted in gold and colours, after the manner of the original, forming a most splendid work. Fifty copies were taken off upon large paper, and are deposited in the public libraries, in the collections of crowned heads, and in those of a few of the dignitaries of the church and of the choicest bibliographers. My original intention was to have described the whole of the library in the same manner; but this would have been an endless work. I then determined to confine myself to the theological division. There are, however, so many accounts of portions of this division executed with so much greater ability than I could lay pretension to, that I abandoned this idea, and have only just completed my task by the publication of another volume in 1839, which contains an account of the remaining versions of the Holy Scriptures. This now constitutes, I flatter myself, a tolerably perfect account of the known versions, arranged in a chronological order, and accompanied by historical and biographical notices after the manner of the preceding part of the work. It contains a variety of information perfectly new upon the subject, and some curious particulars relating to our English versions derived from the manuscripts deposited in the British Museum, the State Paper Office and the Chapter House. This volume gives an account of 1151 works in the following versions:—Coptic, Basmurico-Coptic, Æthiopic, Armenian, Irish, Syriac, Arabic, Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, Georgian, Slavonic, German, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Polish, Swedish, Danish, Bohemian, Dutch, Hungarian, Grison, Wendish, Welsh, Lapponese, Malayan, Portuguese, Manks, American Indian, Finnish, Esthonian, Gaelic, Cingalese, Hindostanee, Bengalee, and Chinese. Of the New Testaments (the Polyglott editions having been described in the previous volume) there are copies in the following languages:—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Coptic, Armenian, Irish, Syriac, Arabic, Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, Georgian, Slavonic, German, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, Wendish, Welsh, Basque, Turkish, Lapponese, Malay, Manks, Cingalese, Hindostanee, Bengalee, Telinga, Damulic, Chinese, Calmuck, Amharic, Mohawk, Greenlandish, and Esquimaux. This volume contains 101 biographical notices, and consists of 588 pages."

It may easily be supposed that these 588 pages contain a vast deal of curious and interesting matter. Much of it has never before met the public eye. For instance, there are ten original letters addressed to Lord Cromwell by Miles Coverdale, by whom the first entire translation of the Bible into English was published, and who, as a recompense for this incalculable benefit, was permitted by his grateful countrymen (in pursuance of their too frequent usage on such occasions) to pass his latter days in indigence. In these letters Coverdale shews a warm zeal in the cause of the Reformation, and denounces to the Lord Privy Seal the "preestes that maynteyned the popes authorytye." As more in accordance with our limits, however, we quote a document (also original, and derived from the State Paper Office) which occurs in Mr. Pettigrew's description of "The Holie Bible, 1568." This Bible is well known by the title of "The Bishops' Bible;" so called because it underwent the revision of eight bishops, as well as of several other learned men. It is a strange, and, if the subject were not of so grave a nature, would be an amusing circumstance, that the first edition of this Bible "is known by the appellation of the Leda Bible, from the story of Leda and Jupiter being engraved on wood, and placed at the commencement of the epistle to the Hebrews!" But to the document to which we have alluded. It consists of a letter from the learned and amiable Archbishop Parker, to whom the direction of the work had been intrusted, to Lord Burleigh, on transmitting to his lordship the first copy of it, for the purpose of its being presented to Queen Elizabeth, and of the letter addressed by the archbishop to her majesty on that occasion.

"'Sir,—After my right hartie commendations: I was in purpose to have offred to the Quene's Highnes the first frutes of our labors, in the recognising the Bible; but I feale my health to be such, that as yet I dare not adventure; whereuppon for that I wold not have the Quene's Highnes, and Your Honor, to be long delayed, nor the poore Printer, after his great charges, to be longer deferred, I have caused one Booke to be bound as ye see, which I hartely pray you to present favourablie to the Quene's Majestie, with your friendlie excuse of

It was Ainsworth who introduced Macrone to Dickens for whom he published "Sketches by Boz". The business relations between the two did not last long, for when Dickens was issuing through Chapman and Hall The Pickwick Papers in monthly parts Macrone decided to issue a new Edition of Sketches by Boz in monthly parts similar in size and form. Dickens believing this proposal likely to be prejudical to his interest strongly protested, and sent Forster to remonstrate with Macrone, but without effect; so Dickens bought back the copyright of Sketches by Boz from Macrone & cut his connection.

Macrone tried to involve Ainsworth in the dispute and wrote him a letter of complaint against Dickens, but Ainsworth replied that he must decline giving any judgment on an ex parte statement, nor would he be dragged into a dispute with which he had no personal concern.

Before the dispute was ended Macrone died very unexpectedly, and Dickens with generous mind, in conjunction with Ainsworth in collecting some original papers written by themselves and other friends which were published in three vols in 1841 under the title of The Pic Nic Papers for the benefit of Macrone's widow and children.

J. Macrone

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Yours truly

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Wm Harrison Esq

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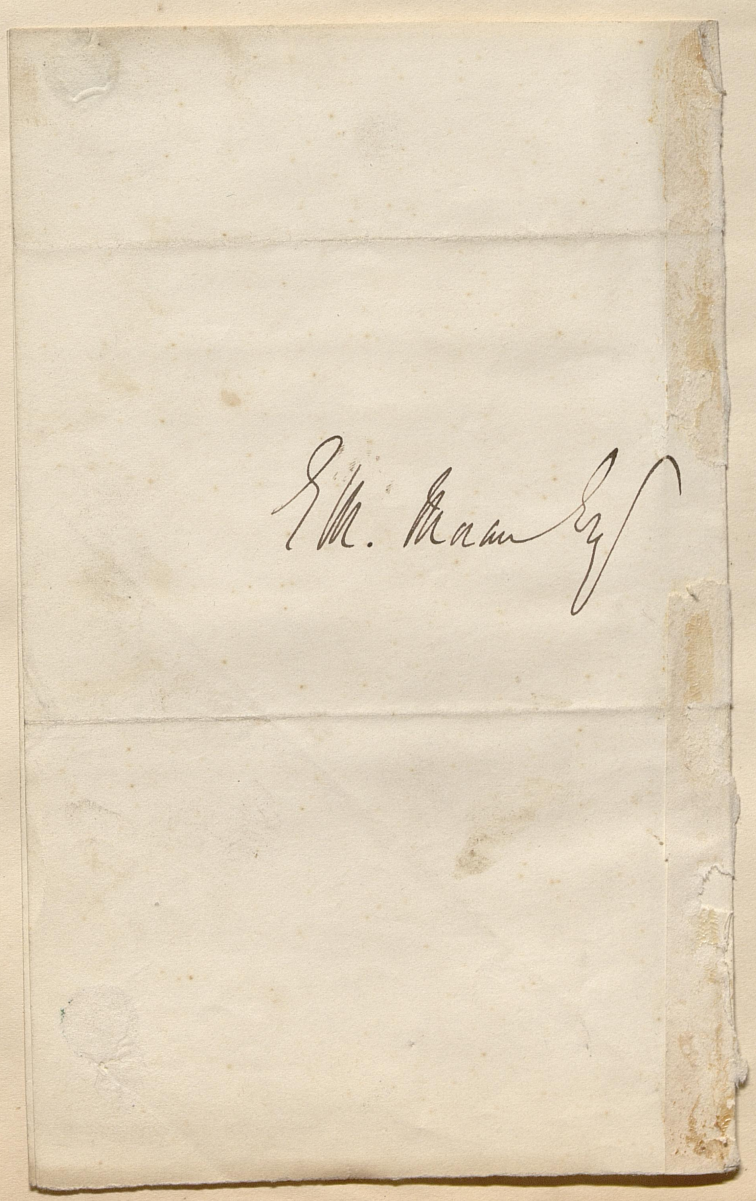

William A. E. Axon

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the temperance pictures down here.
I had a conversation with the gentleman best qualified to speak on this matter, and he did not think the present a favourable opportunity. I heard that you were unwell, & hence did not want to bother you with letters earlier. I am glad to hear of your recovery.

Yours very ever

William E. A. Axon

Mr Rowley will no doubt write you in returning the drawings.

73

William A. E. Axon

Friend of Ainsworth

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of it. It entailed a
pecuniary loss upon th
Club somewhat larg
than we had anticipat
but this we shall
survive, & the Exhibiti
will I trust have do
much good, by showing
as it did show, the
enormous amount
effect attainable withou
colour.

I did not find the
time proprietous for
pushing the notion (whic
I showed dearly like to see
carried out) of keeping

hictures down here.

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anything for us will be a great favour—

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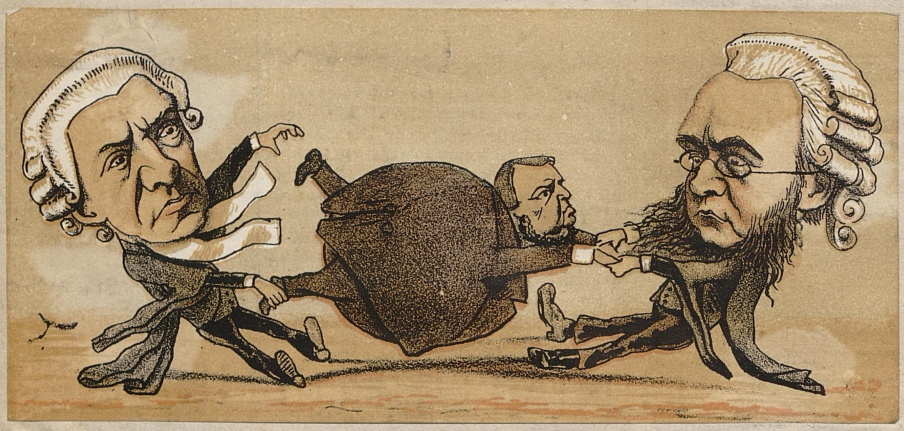

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Hastings July 23

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some latitudinarian
opinions, & believe me
when I say that they
have been suggested,
not lightly, but after
some reflection.

I had the pleasure
a great many years
ago.

Eheu fugaces Postume, Postume
Labuntur anni,
of meeting your daughter

and I recognize in her
all those kindred traits
of intellect which I think
distinguish you.

The Pantomime
has puzzled a good
many people - but
there is not an idea
in it, which I think
false, and ~~and~~ I
am not answerable

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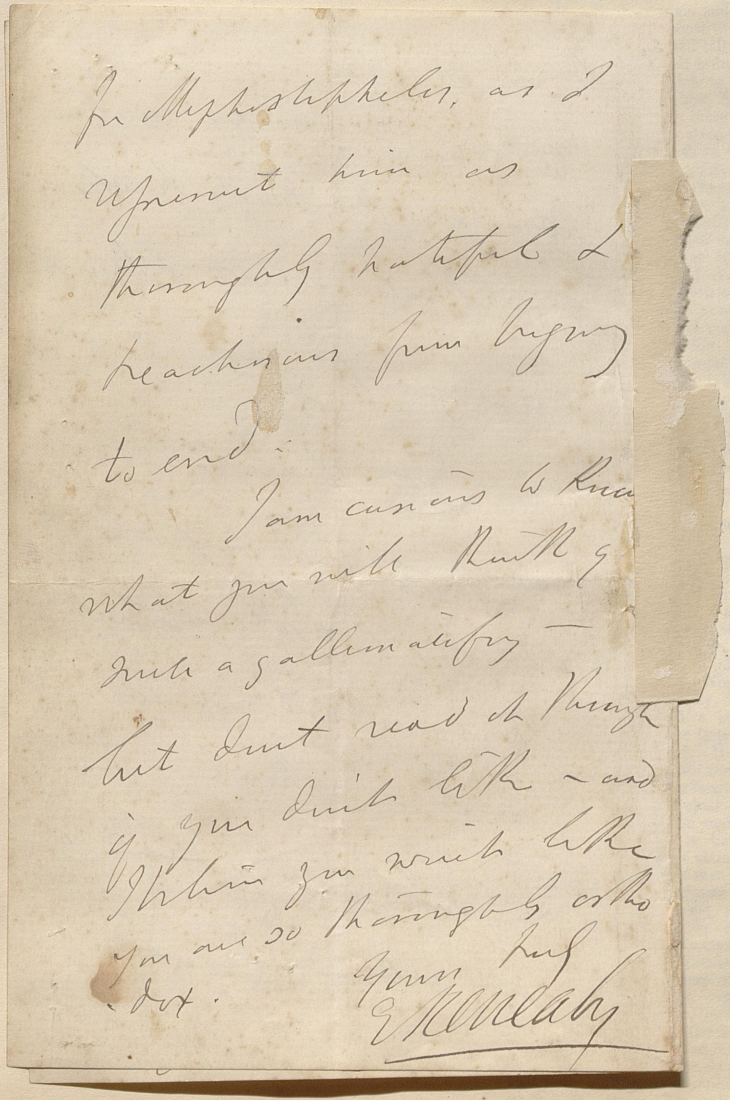

for Mephistopheles, as I
represent him as
thoroughly hateful &
treacherous from beginning
to end.

I am curious to know
what you will think of
such a gallimatifry —
but don't read it through
if you don't like — and
I believe you won't like
you are so thoroughly ortho
dox.

Yours truly
E Kenealy

MR. DISRAELI, AND *A NEW PANTOMIME*.*

IN the "Prologue for the Theatre" of *Faust*, the Manager tells the Poet:—

> You know, upon our German stage, every one tries what he likes. Therefore spare me neither scenery nor machinery upon this day. Use the greater and the lesser light of heaven; you are free to squander the stars; there is no want of water, fire, rocks, beasts, and birds. So tread, in this narrow booth, the whole circle of creation, and travel, with considerate speed, from Heaven, through the world, to Hell.

The author of *A New Pantomime* has followed this advice to the letter, except in the article of considerate speed. He has trodden the whole circle of creation, but we have been obliged to travel over five hundred and seventy closely-printed pages to keep company with him; and although parts of the road were newly festooned with wreaths of his own making, he rarely passed through a country, displayed a prospect, or introduced a character, that was new to us. The plan of most of the scenes is borrowed from *Faust*, especially from the Second Part—an extravaganza which was very far indeed from exalting the fame of Goethe, and is one of the last poems of an admired author that a judicious imitator would select. The "Walpurgis-Nacht," also, will not bear repetition. Addison killed Sir Roger de Coverley to prevent him from falling into unworthy hands; and Goethe would have done his best to lay the ghost of Mephistopheles, had he been forewarned of the probable reappearance of that spirit under Dr. Kenealy's auspices. Dante, with many minor writers on super or sub-earthly topics, is largely laid under contribution; and the *Inferno* is re-stocked with a motley crowd for the purpose of enabling the copyist to pass sentence on any one against whom he may happen to entertain a prejudice or a spite. The germ of his allegorical characters, Lust, Envy, &c., will be found in Spenser; and a notorious French melodrame may have supplied a hint or two. In *Le Juif Errant*, all the great men of all ages are judged, and only five, including Socrates, Franklin, and Napoleon, are saved. The archangels encounter, and this colloquy precedes their combat:—

> *Satan.*—Michel, tu mens.
> *Michel.*—Mensonge à toi, fils d'enfer!

This is quite as much in keeping, and in quite as good taste, as most of what has earned (as we shall presently see) the applause of "the finest intellect in Europe." Of Dr. Kenealy's capacity for the distribution of praise and blame some estimate may be formed from his dedication, which is one of the curiosities of literature in its way:—

> TO THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.
>
> To you, the first and the kindest of Critics on this Poem in its fragmentary form, I now dedicate it in its complete development.
>
> I beg you will accept it as a token, however slight, of the deep, sincere, and affectionate admiration in which I have held you;—although I dare not hope that it is in all things worthy of the applause of the finest intellect in Europe, and, as Spencer Walpole recently said, "of the most splendid genius that ever the House of Commons produced."
>
> Nevertheless, it is no slight gratification to me to be permitted to inscribe this work to the most illustrious living Orator and Statesman, and to one who also as a Writer ranks with the highest on the roll of Fame. For these rare qualities the world admires you; but for my own part, I value more that noble candour and majestic integrity of soul which win from all who approach you love and attachment.
>
> As I cast my eyes on Gainsborough's superb portrait of Pitt, which now hangs before me, I retrace in mind the wonderful similarity in your mental elements; but Pitt, though superlatively great, could never have written *Vivian Grey*, or *Sibyl*.
>
> That you are now misunderstood by many is but the fate which unites you with all who achieve; but history will do justice to one of the truest, brightest, and most disinterested public characters that ever illuminated our country's annals.

> *Mephistopheles.*
> Whipster, Gorgon, Pug-nose, Dog-face,
> Hair-brained Trull, Grimalkin, Flirt,
> Demirep, Lacedmutton, Gadder;
> *Do* give over flinging dirt.

Nine pages of similar ribaldry occur in a dispute between "Evil Spirit" and "Devil's Advocate," in front of the judgment-seat of Minos:—

> *Evil Spirit.*
> Scoundrel, Stinkard, Ruffian, Booby!
>
> *Devil's Advocate.*
> Spoil not those ripe lips of ruby.
>
> *Evil Spirit.*
> Dunghill, Coward, Dunce, Rascallion!
>
> *Devil's Advocate.*
> Why, you're rampant as a stallion.

Mephistopheles, who (in close imitation of Dante's *Virgil*) acts as Goethe's guide and cicerone, includes ancient as well as modern sinners, male and female, in his descriptive catalogue; but we suspect the learning of a fiend or author who confounds one Theocritus with another; and we hardly know how the very title of the book can be reconciled with Greek or etymology; for pantomime, instead of being "a representation in dumb show," is here all talk.

It would take columns to abstract the plot of this book, if plot it can be called, where plot is none. All we know about the matter is, that all kinds of people and things, animate and inanimate, entities and nonentities, abstractions and actualities, men and angels, gods and devils, poets and prose-writers, get into all sorts of odd places, possible or impossible, including "The Sky," "The Bedroom," "Heaven," "Tartarus," "Cloudland," "Fairy Land," "Taunus," "The Abyss of Hell," &c. &c., and play all sorts of pranks in them. The upshot is, that Goethe and Gretchen are released from "Hell, Utter Darkness, and The Furies," the poet and Pegasus, and ushered into Elysium by Abelard and Heloisa, described by choruses of youths and virgins as pre-eminently qualified by their antecedents to do honour to virtue and genius.

But the author might ask with Mr. Bayes, in the *Rehearsal*—"What a devil is the plot good for but to bring in fine things?" If told that his *dramatis personæ* are not always plain, he would reply with the same high authority—"Plain! Why did you ever hear people in the clouds speak plain? They must be all for flight of fancy, at its full range, without the least check or control upon it. When once you tie up spirits and people in the clouds to speak plain, you spoil all." He evidently relies principally for the reputation and popularity of the poem upon the Abyss of Hell, and the cantos or passages conceived in a similar spirit. As regards these, it must be allowed that an astounding variety of criminals has been got together—what we miss is, a corresponding variety of appropriate judgments. The author is as much at fault in this respect as the Judges of England or the Home Office; his system of secondary punishments is ill-managed, defective, and obsolete. He has hit upon nothing that may not be found in the *Inferno*, or the great picture in the Sistine Chapel, or the picture at Munich, in which a torrent or avalanche of agonized wretches are descending into the bottomless pit. Yet if indignation makes verses, it might also invent penances. This gentleman, the very reverse of Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia, who offered a reward for a new pleasure, would fain advertise for a new pain. We never met with a writer with so determined a bent for cruelty. Lord Macaulay says of Jeffreys:—

> There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously, and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxurious amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer.

There is the same exultation in Dr. Kenealy's chief spokesman, Mephistopheles, who in Goethe's hands was a sneering and mocking but not cruel fiend. Considering the poet's lack of fancy in this matter, his hatred of the Church, and general knack of borrowing, why did he not, adopting Sydney Smith's notion, picture a bishop preached at by mad curates? And considering the declared sympathy with Mr. Disraeli, why was not the late Sir Robert Peel represented bound and gagged, with a spiteful rhetorician declaiming, and an excited bench of county members shouting at him?

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THE LATE MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

Thomas Wright, F.S.A.

Friend of Ainsworth

THE LATE MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

The death of this learned and laborious compiler of historical literature, who had quietly executed a vast amount of thoroughly good and useful work, has been noticed in our Obituary. Born in 1810 in the neighbourhood of Ludlow, and educated at the Grammar School of that town, he took his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts at Trinity College, Cambridge. While there he became a zealous explorer of the treasures contained in the University and College Libraries. Becoming a constant writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Fraser*, and the *Literary Gazette*, he contributed largely to the revival of the taste for antiquarian studies. Soon after settling in London as a man of letters, M. Guizot appointed him a corresponding member of the committee charged by the French Government with the publication of documents connected with French history and antiquities. He was still quite a young man when he was elected a Corresponding Member of the French Institute. He was one of the founders of the Camden Society, of the Percy Society (of which he was for some years treasurer and secretary), and also subsequently of the Shakespeare Society; and, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Roach Smith, he established the British Archæological Association, whose journal he edited for several years. He was a frequent contributor to the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries, to the *Art Journal*, the *Edinburgh Review*, *Once a Week*, the *New Monthly*, *Macmillan*, and the *Intellectual Observer*. It ought not to be forgotten that the annual Archæological Congresses which have been held in various parts of England during the past thirty-five years were originated at Canterbury in 1841 mainly by his exertions. Mr. Wright was selected by the late Emperor Napoleon to translate into English his "Vie de Jules César." The list of his contributions to literature occupies nearly seven columns in Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors." His chief works are "The History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art," "The History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages," "The History of England under the House of Hanover," "Biographia Literaria" (vol. i.), "A History of Ireland," "The History of Ludlow and its Neighbourhood," "Essays on Subjects Connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, &c., of the Middle Ages," "Womankind in Western Europe," and "A Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English." He also edited a variety of important works for the Roxburghe Club, and for the Percy, Camden, Caxton, and Early English Text Societies, including

Memorials of Cambridge: a Series of Views of the Colleges, Halls, Churches, and other Public Buildings, of the University and Town of Cambridge, engraved by J. Le Keux; *from Original Drawings, made expressly for the Work, with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Buildings, &c.* By Thomas Wright, M.A. F.S.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. London, 1838. Tilt. Parts I.—V.

On the first appearance of this handsome work we expressed our opinion of the excellence of its embellishments. The publication of the fifth Number, which completes the history of Trinity College—the most distinguished of the two universities,—gives us an opportunity, of which we gladly avail ourselves, to bear our testimony to the merits of the literary department. It too frequently happens that works of this description consist merely of barren details, but little inviting to the general reader.

From this cause of complaint, however, the book before us is remarkably free; for, without being full of dry learning on the one hand, or superficial on the other, it happily combines a pleasant spice of antiquarian lore and anecdotical detail.

Mr. Wright has evidently made considerable researches in sources which have not heretofore been explored; and, to us, the five Numbers have presented much that is new and interesting. Instead, however, of abridging the account of Trinity College, famous for the number of great and learned men it has produced, including Bacon and Newton, in themselves a host, we will give an extract, describing the state of party feeling in the university in the reign of Elizabeth.

No 17

14, Sydney Street, Brompton, London, S.W.
July 4, 1857

My dear Sir,

I inclose you my little paper, which I am afraid you will think rather hastily and imperfectly put together, but perhaps it will do in its present state to read. Do you get your meeting well reported in the local papers? I should like to have one of them containing the report. I should think the Leeds Mercury would glad to print a little paper like this in extenso, which would not affect your printing it after, as I will completely revise it, and increase it to about double its present extent.

You were kind enough to say you thought you could get two subscribers to my friend Mr Mackie's little book on the chalk — I should like to have the names, as he is going to print a list of subscribers with a new prospectus. I am, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully Yours,

Thomas Wright

Henry Denny, Esq

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The History of Fulk Fitz Warine, an Outlawed Baron in the Reign of King John. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. Printed for the Warton Club.

After long delay this work is sent forth as the first publication of the Warton Club,—a publishing Society intended to take the place of the dissolved Percy Society. This new Society differs from its predecessor, and from our other publishing Societies, in two important points. First, its existence is limited. A predetermined life of six years is assigned to it: at the end of that period its series of publications is to be completed. There may be good in such an arrangement. It ought to operate as a spur to activity. Certainly it will be a relief to book-buyers to be spared the infliction of another series so long as that of the Percy Society. Several smaller series would be better than one which is altogether indefinite and interminable. The second peculiarity of the new Society is, that for its period of six years it is to be entirely under the management of a Committee of "six gentlemen," who announce in their prospectus that they are "known for their attainments in this branch of literature." There are to be no general meetings, no president, no treasurer, no secretary, no auditors of accounts, none of "the forms of a Society." The "six gentlemen" are to be a Permanent Committee, and nobody else is to say a word. In a little matter of this kind it is scarcely worth while to object to such an arrangement; but if the business to be done were of any importance, it is impossible to conceive a scheme more likely to lead to abuses of every kind. We should have thought that the "six gentlemen" who have assumed the position of managers would not have liked to receive even so small a sum as two hundred pounds a year from their friends without making provision for, at the least, a proper investigation of their accounts. We shall be surprised if such a constitution should work satisfactorily. Already two observations have been generally made respecting the Club. It has been thought that some of the "six gentlemen" self-announced as "known for their attainments," &c. have yet to prove their qualifications; and the delay of twelve months in the publication of the first volume,—a delay which rendered it necessary to add a year to the Society's existence,—and put the first subscription to the second year's account,—is a poor guarantee for the activity of the Committee.

Gualteri Mapes de Nugis Curialium Distinctiones Quinque. Edited, from the unique MS. in the Bodleian Library, by Thomas Wright, Esq. Printed for the Camden Society.

The more rarely a popular association like the Camden Society prints Latin works the better. We admit their value on many grounds,—but they are not calculated for general reading. When on a former occasion the same body published a Latin Chronicle, it was thought necessary as a private speculation merely that it should be translated into English; and that translation was the origin of another work on the subject, which assuredly never would have been written had the Chronicle remained under the seal of a dead language. As it was, the translation gave it currency, attracted public attention to it, and induced a popular author to bestow some pains upon the subject.

In the case before us we must be allowed to say, that Mr. Wright would have done much better service if, instead of merely appending a few (we admit useful, and, as far as they go, learned) notes to the monkish text of Walter Mapes, he had given us a plain English version of it with such illustrations as occurred to him. At present, the work will be unintelligible to some of the subscribers to the Camden Society, —and we are confident that nearly all would have been better pleased with a translation. If the Latin text were thought indispensable, it might still have been accompanied by the English.

Nor are we led to place implicit confidence in the text with which we are furnished. "My principle [says Mr. Wright in his preface] has been to correct all those incidental corruptions of Latin orthography which arose merely from the ignorance or carelessness of monkish transcribers, but to retain most of those which were strictly mediæval forms; and I think that in the latter part I have carried this process of purifying a little further than at first was intended." That is to say, the beginning and the end of the volume are not consistent, according to the acknowledgment of the Editor,—and we are without any means of knowing how far he carried his "process of purifying";

French Record Commission.—We have noticed the interesting labours of this commission with great satisfaction, and have much additional pleasure in stating, that M. Guizot has appointed our countryman, Mr. Thomas Wright, its English correspondent. The selection does credit to the minister's discrimination; for, though as yet young in years, Mr. Wright has eminently distinguished himself by his patient researches in ancient literature and philology, by his extensive acquaintance particularly with the northern and Saxon languages, and by his general learning and acquirements. We anticipate much delightful information from the investigations now carried on in various quarters into the earlier remains of letters among our ancestors, and nowhere more than from those of the French Record Commission with a person of such learning and judgment at its head as M. Guizot.

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The Celt, the Roman and the Saxon. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A. London: A. Hall and Co.

This volume is a successful endeavour to make archæology walk hand in hand with history. Mr. Wright has gathered together all that is known to us of the relics of Ancient Britain, from the earliest period down to the conversion to Christianity of the Anglo-Saxons, and from these authentic memorials he has compiled a history of the early inhabitants of Britain, from which a far better conception of them and of the condition of the country will be obtained than from any work with which we are acquainted. The materials of which the picture has been constructed are scattered in many and distant repositories, in a multitude of books, in archæological reports, local and general, in museums metropolitan and provincial. With amazing diligence Mr. Wright has explored every accessible source for information, and thus he has succeeded in presenting a more minute and perfect history of our ancestors than any that has been written. He has also condensed it into a compact volume, instead of expanding it into three or four lumbering tomes, as, if he had followed the fashion of the day, he might have done. To make it more interesting, and to render verbal descriptions more intelligible, he has introduced a great number of woodcuts illustrative of the antiquities referred to in the text. Nor is the style or manner such as from the proverbial dryness of antiquarians might have been anticipated. On the contrary, it is graphic and lively: pleasant as well as profitable to read. We commend it to the notice of all our readers as a necessary addition to the histories of England, and to all students of history as the first book to be read about their own country, as showing them more perfectly than any of the historians what was the precise condition of their ancestors, how they lived, what were their manners and customs, and what progress they had made in the arts and sciences, as well as their literary achievements, all of which are fully treated of by Mr. Wright.

Early Christianity in Arabia: a Historical Essay. By T. Wright. (Quaritch.)—In this historical essay we have the result of Mr. Wright's early studies in Oriental literature and in those obscure records which bear on the state of the East at a period anterior to Mohammed's conquest. Through the glimmerings of tradition we discern in that province of the Arabian peninsula called the Happy, an active people, who lived in luxury on their abounding plains. Pastures and plantations, naturally rich, afforded them subsistence; they laboured only for their own pleasure,—they amassed the stores of an imperial opulence,—they were sumptuous without effeminacy, and spoiled their splendours by no corruption. Scholars and poets were their favoured guests. Such was the picture of Yemen, with its Sabæan inhabitants, which the ancients possessed; but the country passed through many changes, and a far different scene was opened to the sight of conquering Islam when the last of the independent chiefs ruled and died. Mr. Wright has diligently collected materials for a view of the peninsula, under its early Christian aspects, and has, with some scholarship, compared the testimony of writers in Europe and Asia. His book is little more than a fragment and a study; but it is meritorious as an example of careful research and honest criticism.

La Mort d'Arthure: The History of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, Knt. Edited from the Text of the Edition of 1634, with Introduction and Notes. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., is the last contribution to Mr. Russell Smith's valuable *Library of Old Authors*, and a very welcome one it is. The popularity of Sir Thomas Malory's work, which Mr. Wright well describes as "a good comprehensive condensation of the romantic cycle of King Arthur and his Knights," has been very great. Not only was it printed by Caxton, twice by Wynkyn de Worde, and again by William Copland; but in the present century, three editions have appeared and grown rare. Two of these appeared in 1816 (one under the editorship of Haslewood), and in 1817 Southey edited a reprint of Caxton's text in two handsome quarto volumes, which are now highly prized. Mr. Wright's text is from the edition of 1634, and is accompanied by notes illustrative of the obsolete words and phrases which are scattered pretty thickly throughout the work. So that there can be little doubt that these three volumes will find favour in the sight of all lovers of old ce.

7 **WRIGHT** (Thomas, 1810-1877) Historian and Antiquarian, Founded the British Archæological Society; **A.L.S.**, 2 pp., 8vo, very closely written, to Francisque Michel, Esq., Trinity Col., Cambridge, Sept. 22nd, 1834 **8s 6d**

Long letter of exceptional interest, concerning his own work and that of Francisque Michel, mentioning Bishop Groteste, Pickering the publisher, Kemble (John Mitchel, philologist and historian) and others; also quoting several anecdotes and couplets in old French.

78

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England under the House of Hanover, its History and Condition during the Reigns of the Three Georges, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the Day. By Thomas Wright, M.A. 2 vols. Bentley.

THERE is merit in the idea of this book—and some merit in the execution. Mr. Wright, however, is too fresh from Anglo-Saxon and Early-English studies to have made it what it should be,—and Mr. Fairholt, who contributes nearly two hundred fac-simile illustrations, is an amateur artist at the best. The points selected by Mr. Wright are not, therefore, always the most striking,—indeed, as we shall have to show, he has entirely overlooked many of the leading passages of satire; while Mr. Fairholt has given us too many little bits from caricatures, and too often missed the characteristic expressions of his original. There has been a careful hunting up of caricatures to make the book what it is (and in this way it is curious); but till the time of George Townshend, Sayer, Rowlandson, and Gillray there is very little of this kind (Hogarth always excepted) possessing any degree of merit. 'The Motion,' a satire of the year 1741—praised extremely by Horace Walpole—is perhaps the single exception.

THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ. F.S.A.

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We have to call the attention of our readers to two volumes recently added to the important Series of Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, now publishing by authority of the Treasury under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. The first of these, being the sixth volume of the collected works of Giraldus Cambrensis, contains a carefully edited text of the Welsh Treatises of Giraldus, the value and importance of which can scarcely be over-estimated, as is shown by the learned and elaborate Introduction to them by the editor. The second is the concluding volume of Mr. Wright's edition of the *French Chronicle of Pierre de Langtoft*: not the least remarkable portion of which will, in the opinion of some of his readers, be found in the four appendices in which Mr. Wright has preserved the curious documents which he has found appended to many of the MSS. of his author, and which relate to the Scottish claims and the Scottish war. Mr. Wright has divided them into documents relating to the Pope's interference in the affairs of Scotland; poems ascribed to Langtoft; prophecies; and lastly, a remarkable English prophetical poem. These two volumes add greatly to the value and importance of the series of which they form a part.

WANDERINGS OF AN ANTIQUARY; chiefly upon the Traces of the Romans in Britain. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c., &c. Nichols and Sons.

It was the President of the Royal College of Physicians who set the example of making philosophy in sport minister to instruction in earnest; and, applying a similar rule to the generally dry and often trifling subject of antiquities, Mr. Wright has followed in the same line, and, in this volume, rendered archæological knowledge in the higher degree interesting. When pursued with the true spirit, the study of ancient remains is exciting and delightful. Curiosity, one of the most lively and stirring of our instincts, is kept ever on the alert for discoveries, and when perseverance is rewarded with a prize, the careful examination required in order to ascertain its value and authenticate its origin and import, affords an exercise to the judgment replete with intelligence and improvements. Dry as dust as the science is, Mr. Wright has shown that it is susceptible of very lively illustration, and set before the eyes of aspiring neophytes such a set of "Wanderings" as is enough to inflame an irresistible desire to tie the knapsack* on back, and take mattock in hand, and go forth exploring monuments and barrows with as much zeal as Don Quixote went in quest of enchanted castles and distressed damsels, before the age of chivalry was gone.

The author's high classic and Anglo-Saxon attainments, and complete conversancy with mediæval literature, would guarantee his fitness for the most learned discussion of the subjects treated of in this volume: but, in perusing it, the reader ought to bear in mind that the object of the book is to put the accurate knowledge of these subjects in a proper form; and thus substitute it for the erroneous notions which the majority of people who look into such matters at all still entertain respecting them. In no branch of inquiry is vulgar error more predominant; and legendary fable has tended, to a wide extent, in perpetuating the strangest fictions in the place of truth, long buried, indeed, but still capable of being dug up and restored to light. As the wisest men are often the pleasantest playfellows, and the best-informed, the easiest of familar teachers, so we find here that practical research and experience in the exploration of the various classes of antiquity which enrich our island, enable Mr. Wright to dispense the most useful lessons on British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman archæology in a tone of descriptive beauty and agreeable attraction; for sketches of scenery and adventure in the treasure hunting vary the narrative and enlighten the excursions till the tale of other times seem to read like an amusing modern story. Yet it tells of the great Roman iron district of Dean Forest, and its vulcanic *débris*; of the Roman cities Ariconium, at Weston-under-Penyard, near Ross, and Magna, at Kenchester, both on the Welsh borders; of Verulamium, St. Albans; of Kits Coity House, and other relics and cromlechs, in Kent; of Rutupiæ and Richborough, near Sandwich, the village on the sands; of Pevensey, with its mixed Roman and Norman walls; of Isurium, and other Yorkshire remains; and of Stonehenge, Bignor tessellated pavement, Old Sarum, Hill entrenchments, Bramber early church architecture, et de quibusdam aliis—all illustrative of hoary langsyne, and plentifully embellished with engravings and vignettes.

The most playful chapter in the book describes a visit of a small party to the mud-banks of the Medway, near Upchurch, which banks are literally sown with Roman remains as a field is with seed; and, for miles you may dig up vases and broken pottery, &c., in abundance, which are detected in their soft bed, merely by thrusting sticks into it as you drag along, and throwing it up wherever you find any hard resisting substance.

Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, M.A. 2 vols. J. R. Smith.

THESE volumes, as Mr. Wright informs us, are published with the view of spreading "a more general taste for the study of the literature and history of our forefathers in the Middle Ages;" and, in prosecution of this plan, the earlier portion of the work is devoted to "a popular view of the character of the literature of our island during the 12th and 13th centuries," while the second part consists of essays on popular mythology and superstitions, on the history of romance, the transmission of popular stories, on the Robin Hood ballads, and on our political songs. Here is a tolerably extensive bill of fare;—the promise is good, let us look at the performance.

197 THE ROLL OF ARMS of the Prin[ces], Barons, and Knights who attended K[ing] Edward I, to the SIEGE OF CAERLAVEROC in 1300; edited from the Manuscript in the British Museum, with a translation and notes by T. WRIGHT; *illustrated with 5 large plates containing all the* COAT ARMOURS *correctly emblazoned in* GOLD AND COLOURS original emblematic cloth, gilt edges, FINE COPY, Scarce, 38s, 1864 4to

The earliest Roll of Arms we possess and of great interest. Besides the description it contains of the arms of most of the leading Barons and distinguished Knights of that time, it very frequently describes their persons also, and gives us traits of their personal character which make us more intimately acquainted with the moving personages of that period than any of the ordinary sources of information. We have here also a singularly curious picture of the method of arraying an army, and the whole process of a siege of a castle. The Original Text and the Translation are side by side. It will be noticed that this is an Illuminated Copy containing the arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours, a circumstance to be particularly noticed as only a small number were so done, the arms in most copies being printed in black and white.

THE CELT, THE ROMAN, AND THE SAXON.

A HISTORY of the EARLY INHABITANTS of BRITAIN down to the CONVERSION of the ANGLO-SAXONS to CHRISTIANITY. Illustrated by the Ancient Remains brought to light by recent research. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A. F.S.A. With numerous Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, Esq., F.S.A. *[Shortly.*



THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE

JERDAN, WILLIAM, Esq. This gentleman, who has been long devoted to literary pursuits, was for some time proprietor and conductor of the Satirist. Afterwards he became a partner in the Sun evening paper, of which he is also the joint editor with Mr. Taylor. He has recently published

The Paris Spectator, 3 v. 12mo. a translation from the celebrated French work of *M. Jouy*, entitled 'L'hermite de la Chaussé d'Antin.'

William Jerdan.

Friend of Ainsworth

JERDAN, WILLIAM, M.R.S.L., for thirty-four years Editor of the "Literary Gazette," was born at Kelso, Roxburghshire, on 16th April, 1782. He is the third son and seventh child of John Jerdan, proprietor of a small landed estate, and baron bailie, under the Duke of Roxburgh, of the township of Kelso and neighbourhood. He was educated at the school of his native place, and being intended for the legal profession, was for some time in the office of a writer to the signet, the Scottish name for attorney. In 1801 he migrated to London, where he was engaged as a clerk in the counting-house of Messrs. Turner, West India merchants. He subsequently returned to Scotland, and for the purpose of studying the Scottish law was sent to Edinburgh, and placed in the office of a Mr. Elliott, a writer to the signet. In 1804 he again came to London, and through the influence of an uncle, surgeon of the Gladiator, guardship in Portsmouth harbour, was entered as temporary surgeon's clerk on board that vessel, in which capacity he served from October, 1805, to 28th February, 1806. Returning to London he became a reporter on the "Aurora," a short-lived morning paper, started under the auspices of the hotel-keepers of the west end. He afterwards joined the "Pilot," evening newspaper, established in January, 1807. He next became one of the staff of the "Morning Post," and subsequently reported, during three sessions, for the "British Press." He was also a contributor to the "Satirist, or Monthly Meteor," the copyright of which was purchased by him. On the 11th May, 1812, he was instrumental in seizing Bellingham, the murderer of Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the lobby of the House of Commons; and has given a detailed account of that melancholy event in the first volume of his "Autobiography." He became editor of the "Sun" on the 10th May, 1813, a journal then in high favour with the Tories. In 1814, when France was re-opened to English travellers, he visited Paris, whence he communicated a journal of Parisian events to the "Sun." In the spring of 1817 he left the "Sun," having sold a share which he held in that newspaper for 300*l.*, and soon afterwards became editor of the journal with which his name has been so long associated. In 1821 he assisted in founding the Royal Society of Literature, of which he was one of the earliest members. In 1826 he became a member of the Society of Antiquaries. The Literary Fund was also an object of his zealous and ceaseless exertion, and in its administration he for some time took an active part. He was one of the founders of the Melodists' Club, and in 1830 helped to start and edit the "Foreign Literary Gazette," of which, however, only thirteen numbers were published. In 1850 his connexion with the "Literary Gazette" ceased, and in 1852 a pension of a hundred pounds per annum was conferred upon him. A money memorial, subscribed to by many of the first men of the day, was also presented to him, "as a public acknowledgment of his services to literature, science, the fine and useful arts, and benevolent institutions of his country, animating to many, and instructive to all, during a long period of years, and especially since the commence-

My dear Sir

I am just returned from the West Countrie, & I'd have had the pleasure of calling on you; which I hope to do soon on sundry pleasant matters. Meanthime will do me the favour & service to quote the below in your City article of Monday. I need not say it is strictly correct. You will oblige me greatly. Yrs truly W Jerdan

all or part?

Shares in the Brighton & London Railroad (without a Tunnel) rose to 1/4 premium; & could not be found sufficiently in the market to meet the demand. On monday they were 1/8 discount & there is a call of £1. pr share for next Saturday.

E. R. Moran Esq
Globe Office

W. D.

The Autobiography of William Jerdan.
Vol. II. Hall, Virtue & Co.

ANOTHER volume of inconsistent grumbling, unjustifiable invective, and puerile complaint! Volume II. of Mr. Jerdan's 'Memoirs,' like the volume that preceded it, is a miserable but unauthorized whining over the literary profession, relieved by scarcely a page of biography or original composition that an indifferent reader will care to peruse. We entreat Mr. Jerdan, for his own sake, to desist from this unmanly and unnecessary wailing. We tell him again, and in all sincerity and good will, that he is not the man from whom the public is anxious to be informed whether the literary profession is one that may be followed with hope of substantial reward, or whether it is a trade from which scavengers and street-sweepers with literary aspirations would do well to shrink. If the plain truth must be spoken, Mr. Jerdan does not come into court with clean hands. Men who desire to be listened to as authorities must produce vouchers for their competency; and Mr. Jerdan can bring no such attestations. It may be, as he says, that let a man practise self-denial, prudence, moderation, and every other humble but wholesome virtue as actively as he may, he shall find after all no return for labour as a literary man; still *his* eternal and querulous repetition of the statement shall not go one inch in the way of conviction, because he, at least, has never once thought, from the commencement of his career until the present moment, of exercising any one of the virtues in question. Mr. Jerdan is quite in a position to show, that if a man is reckless, improvident, wilfully extravagant, neglectful of social obligations, and superior to moral restraints, he will in all probability end his days in disappointment, bitterness, poverty, and self-reproach; but he is not to be listened to for a moment, when he reiterates the monstrous assertion, that let a man strive as he will, and bring what powers he may to help him in his fight, to him victory is impossible, and satisfaction altogether out of the question.

We have little pleasure in dwelling upon this point; but Mr. Jerdan leaves us no alternative. We vindicated the literary profession against his aspersions on the appearance of his first volume, and he answers our vindication by idle sneers and audacious repetition of his mis-statements. The reader shall presently judge for himself whether, even upon Mr. Jerdan's own showing, he has any ground of complaint against literature, either as regards fame, respectability, or reward; as the reader must also decide, when Mr. Jerdan has closed his story, whether the literary profession has suffered more from its association with Mr. Jerdan than Mr. Jerdan has suffered from his connexion with it. Meanwhile, in order to put an end to a discussion which, although not without interest to the public, ought not to intrude itself into every third page of Mr. Jerdan's narrative, we strongly urge upon that gentleman the propriety of stating, once for all, whether, during any one year of his life, he has steadily laboured for his bread, and having been rewarded for his pains, *spent* less than the sum he has received for his exertions. If he tells the truth, he will acknowledge that throughout his life, whatever may have been the amount of his annual receipts, they have invariably fallen short of the sum of his annual expenditure; and we fearlessly tell him, that had he been born a partner in the house of Rothschild, and pursued the same reckless, inconsiderate, and flagitious course, he would to-day have had to utter the same useless lamentations that disfigure his pages, lamentations that point him out rather as an unhappy example to be avoided, than as a wise prophet to be believed in and followed.

A NEW LONDON WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, OF LIBERAL POLITICS, PRICE FOURPENCE,

Will be published on Saturday, the 15th of May. A beautiful Print, "THE ORIGIN of the STOCKING-LOOM," painted by ALFRED ELMORE, A.R.A., and engraved on Steel by FRANCIS HOLL (published at One Guinea), will be presented GRATIS, to Subscribers, with the thirteenth number.

THE LONDON WEEKLY PAPER, and Organ of the Middle Classes. A Record of Political, Domestic, and Foreign News, Literature, Arts, Science, etc. Under the direction of WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq., (late Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.) Orders will be attended to by all Newsvenders throughout the United Kingdom; or the Publisher will send it direct upon the receipt of a quarter's subscription, viz., 4*s.* 4*d.* Money orders to be made payable to FREDERICK TALLIS, 1, Crane-court, Fleet-street. For particulars see Prospectus.

7 —— Rutland's (Duke of) Original Documents illustrative of the Courts and Times of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., edited by W. Jerdan, sm. 4to, cloth, 2s 6d 1842

THE following verses, from the *Poetical Works* of poor Eliza Cook, afford a touching testimony to the critical mansuetude of JERDAN:—

TO THE LATE WILLIAM JERDAN.

If my poor Harp has ever poured
A tone that Truth alone can give;
Thou wert the one who helped that tone
To win the echo that shall live.

For thou didst bid me shun the theme
Of morbid grief, or feigned delight;
Thou bad'st me *think* and *feel;* not dream;
And "look into my heart and write."

And looking in that heart just now;
'Mid all the memories there concealed;
I find thy name still dearly claim
The thanks in these few lines revealed.

Art. X. *The Paris Spectator; or, L'Hermite de la Chaussée-d'Antin.* Translated from the French by W. Jerdan. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. xii. 868. Price 18*s.* Longman and Co. 1815.

'A very *German* Milton indeed,' was the remark of one of our most celebrated literary characters, upon being told that Klopstock was the Milton of Germany; and we must say that the Author of the Paris Spectator is indeed a very *French* Addison. But the faults of the performance, perhaps, belong rather to the manners of the capital itself, than to the delineator of them; and if, instead of the sublime piety, the exemplary delicacy, and the original humour of Addison, the Hermit of *La Chaussée d'Antin* presents to us a mere repetition of impertinences, we ought, in justice, to contrast the days of 'good Queen 'Anne,' with modern times, and acknowledge that if Addison himself were to live again, and 'catch the living manners as 'they rise,' he would not be able to portray many characters sufficiently interesting to fix our admiration.

180 [**Jerdan** (William)] PERSONAL NARRATIVE of a JOURNEY OVER-LAND from the BANK to BARNES, by way of Piccadilly, Brentford, Putney Bridge, etc., 12mo. *original boards, uncut,* 1829 4s

The author was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Literature and the Royal Geographical Society.

ART. 14. *The Jubilee, a Poem; or the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Majesty's Accession to the Throne. By William Jordan.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Stockdale. 1809.

We may at least commend the fervent and patriotic zeal of the author, although he may not be entitled to claim much of the poetic laurel. His sentiments are so entirely in unison with our own, that we will not cavil about the execution of his undertaking, but produce enough to satisfy the reader, that by purchasing the Poem he will find some very easy, and sometimes elegant versification.

'Oh GEORGE, of Kings the most admired,
The best beloved—while I, inspired,
With the most full and pleasing theme,
That e'er dispell'd poetic dream,
And challenged Truth's impartial voice,
To sing of virtue and rejoice,
Attempt and want of powers confess,
Thy peoples' feelings to express,
Their trust in that—their gratitude,
To thee the great, because the good,
Their offerings bring, and lowly bend,
To thee their father and their friend,
Vouchsafe to lend a gracious ear,
Nor scorn thy well-earned praise to hear.'' &c. &c.

PORTRAIT

2 **JERDAN** (William) **National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century**; *upwards of* 180 *fine portraits*, 5 vols. roy. 8vo, full blue calf, gilt and blind tooled on backs, gilt ornamental borders on sides, centres covered with elaborate blind tooling, gilt leaves, *Lond.*, 1830. Fine Set £4 4s

16 Letters from James Earl of Perth, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, &c., to his Sister the Countess of Erroll, and other Members of his Family, edited by W. JERDAN, sm. 4to., cloth, 5s 1845

They contain many interesting notices of the exiled Stuarts and their followers.

? EARL OF PERTH. Letters from James, to his sister the Countess of Erroll, edited by W. Jerdon, fcap. 4to, cloth, 1845 1/6

This day is published, the First Volume, in post 8vo., price 5s. cloth, gilt, with a Portrait of the Author, engraved by ROBINSON, from a Painting by HARLOWE, and a view of KELSO after TURNER, the

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of WILLIAM JERDAN; with his Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence, during the last Forty Years, as Editor of the *Sun* newspaper, 1812-17, and of the *Literary Gazette*, 1817-50, in connection with most of the eminent persons who have been distinguished in the past half century, as Statesmen, Poets, Authors, Men of Science, Artists, &c.

It is proposed to complete the work in Four or Six Volumes, to be published Quarterly.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE and Co., 25, Paternoster-row.

1 June 1835
T. K. Hervey

T. K. Harvey

Friend of Ainsworth

T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, who died of bronchitis on the 17th ult., was for many years distinguished in the literary world for his writings in prose and verse. Amongst his works were "Australia and other Poems," "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture," and "The Poetical Sketch Book." He also, in its best days, ably edited the *Athenæum*. Mr. Hervey married, on the 17th of October, 1843, Eleonora Louisa, only daughter of the late George Conway Courtenay Montagu, Esq., of Lackham, Wilts, the representative of a branch of the noble house of Montagu, Dukes of Manchester. This lady, both as Miss Montagu and as Mrs. Hervey, has attained high repute as one of the most graceful poetesses of the present time. She is the author of "Edith of Greystock," and numerous other poems, many of which have graced the columns of this journal, as well as some prose productions, all of considerable merit and popularity. By this lady Mr. Hervey leaves issue an only son.

My dear Sir,

On Friday I shall hope to see you; not at 2. there will be something in the Shape of a Lamb Chop on the Table. You may not be a dining man; but, after a ride from Peckham, and the exhilaration consequent upon that & not weather,

T. K. Hervey

Friend of Ainsworth

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there can be little difficulty in acquiring the habit. Of dining, in the formal sense of the word, you have small chance in a Bachelor's lodgings; but I hope you will taste my salt.

Yours very truly

T. K. Hervey

Wednesday

61. Seymour St.

I want, in fact, as long a chat with you, as you can afford to give me — & I am close to the Omnibuses.

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10 June 1835

T. K. Hervey

Wm Hone Esq.

T. K. H.

3

the candour to conclude with the equally valid but more honest fifth reason of the epigram,

"Aut —— quælibet altera causa."

ART. IV. *Australia; with other Poems. By Thomas K. Hervey, Trinity College, Cambridge.* 8vo. 142 pp. 6s. Hurst & Co. 1824.

THE most superficial observer of the politics of poetry, cannot have failed to remark the contrast to each other, which the poetical legislations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries present. The age of sound poetical taste in this country was, certainly, that of Elizabeth. It was then that poets, after deep study and close imitation of the models which the happiest periods of classical taste afforded, came forth to the task of original production with their genius schooled and disciplined, chastened and regulated by a contemplation of the masterpieces of poetical art; they were taught to appreciate and economise their powers by observing the use which other poets had made of theirs: and the result was what might be expected. Vigour and sublimity were there: but they were not carelessly and inappropriately squandered; elegance of expression and harmony of versification were combined with felicity of thought. Although they rarely lost sight of their models, their originality was uncompromised; unless it can be said that Chantrey's exquisite group in Lichfield Cathedral, is other than original, because we know that such perfection is unattainable, without a long and diligent study of the models of sculpture. But as classical learning and civilization advanced, other ideas prevailed. As the dawn of revived learning proceeded to its noon, when all that could instruct, improve, and delight, was to be found in the writings of the Greek and Latin authors: when, moreover, every step of advancement in just taste, and mental improvement, exhibited some new excellence in these revered models, and confirmed and elevated the admiration which they had previously challenged and received, it was natural for men to suppose that languages embalmed by imperishable productions, should in their turn, become a balm to preserve those works, which, however great their intrinsic worth, must, it was presumed, decay, if written in the fluctuating and mortal dialects of degenerated times. Hence it became the custom

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Illustrations of Modern Sculpture: a Series of Engravings, with descriptive Prose and illustrative Poetry. By T. K. Hervey. No. I. London, 1832. For the Proprietors by Relfe and Unwin; Tilt; Moon, Boys, and Graves.

POETRY, Painting, and Sculpture, have long been deemed sister arts; but it remained for the present day to draw yet closer their bonds, and call upon the poet to be the oracle of the dreaming world of the painter and the sculptor. The task of illustrating the exquisite marble fashioned by Canova, Flaxman, and Westmacott into beauty, has been confided to Mr. Hervey; and his verse is like one of those silvery fountains over which of old bent the graceful statue, or beside which rose the carved urn. Fanciful and luxuriant, his poetry is marked by the number and beauty of its similes; sorrowful thoughts arraying themselves in the images of all they see; as if he wrote in the very spirit of the ancient poet, who says,

"When I am sad, to sadnesse I apply
Each herd, each tree, each flower that I pass by."

His fault is profusion — he often weakens an exquisite image by surrounding it with half a dozen inferior ones. We quote the "Dancing Girl," a beautiful poem, though somewhat marred by this over-richness. We scarcely need point the attention of our readers to the pathos of its conclusion.

"The spirit of the dance is past,
An' —like a bird, whose fainting wing
Has travelled all too far and fast,
And from its wandering stoops at last,
To seek an earthly spring—
With folded frame and weary heart,
The gentle girl reclines apart!

The spirit of the dance is past,—
Burnt out, like flame, before the blast,
That withers by its keen caress,
And dies amid its own excess!
The bounding soul of mirth is o'er,
The impulse that so bright and high
Shot up—like rocket-lights that soar,
As if to reach the sky,
But turn amid their starry flight,
And fall—though, still, they fall *in light!*—
So,—beautiful, but chastened, now
Appears the baffled girl,
Though something of a *spirit*-glow
Has faded from her languid brow,
Amid the mazy whirl!—
But things that are of mortal birth
Are dearest with a look of earth!

And thus—oh! thus it still must be
With human hopes and wings,
That leave too far and soaringly
Their own allotted springs;
That, like the Cretan boy's, lure on
The trusting hearts that wear them,
And melt before the very sun
To which their feathers bear them!
Oh! thus with earthly feelings all,—
The song that saddens while we sing,—
The censers in the festive hall,
That darken from the light they fling,
That waste the more, the more they warm,
And perish of their perfumed charm,—
Are types of life's each frail delight,
That cast their feathers in their flight,
Or on their own sweet substance prey,
And burn their precious selves away!"

There are some delightful touches; for example, speaking of a mother's love,

"All the idols of her soul
Are gathered into one."
"Echo, the shadowy voice that, as it flies,
Tells only half its tale, and that in sighs."

The innate desire of the heart for "things that are not" gives its own truth to the following passage from "Mercury and Pandora:"

"The mind has no *to-day!*—the present things
Are for the senses,—never for the soul;
Backwards or forwards, on its restless wings,—
An eager traveller, without a goal,—
It flits for ever!—seeking out the lore
Of things to come, in things that were before;
Stealing the taper from the old world's tomb,
To light it through the future's deeper gloom!
It is the hidden principle of soul,
Which will not sleep amid a noon of light,
Which ponders still upon a doubtful scroll,
And spurns the lessons that a e read at sight;—
Which, more than present waters, loves to hear
The music of an *unseen* fountain play,
And, better than the trumpet in its ear,
The echo of a trumpet far away!"

We also add the conclusion,

"And such a tale of her, the Titan's bride,—
A child of earth, but coloured by the skies!—
Ere man had reaped the fiery fruit of pride,
(Like Hæmon, taught, by sorrow, to be wise,)
Who—if she shed the tempest—wore a form
That—like a rainbow—beau ified the storm;
Who—if she came to wound—remained to heal,
And what she brought of sorrow, stayed to feel;
To kiss the poison from the memory's smart,
And smile away the Mara of the heart!
Who, in her dowry of celestial things,
Had all an angel's gifts, except its wings;
And sits, with Hope, beside the stream of life,
To gather healing from its hour of strife,
Or walks, in beauty, where its demons throng
And lays the spirits with her low sweet song!
—'Tis ever thus!—alas! life's purest springs
Still nourish, in their bosom, reptile things,—
Grief still is cradled in the heart of joy,—
But golden gifts repay their own alloy!
Oh! welcome are the hues that Iris wears,
Though half her beauty is made up of tears;
And joy—had woman filled the world with night,—
Who stayed, herself, to charm it back to light!"

We cannot but hope this beautiful work will meet with the encouragement it so richly deserves.

Early next week will be published, price 12s. by Lupton Relf
13, Cornhill, London.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Friendship's Offering. A Literary Album. Edited by Thomas K. Hervey. London, 1827. Lupton Relfe.

LIKE the chrysanthemums which now bloom so luxuriantly and of all gay colours, we have here another of those beautiful annuals with notices of which our journal has of late been enriched. The *Friendship's Offering* of the present year is worthy of its high reputation both for literature and embellishments. Eleven various and excellent plates adorn it;—the subjects chosen with great taste, the designs happily finished, and the work of the graver executed with fine effect by the ablest artists.* Among the painters, W. M. Wright has greatly distinguished himself; his Bower Scene, and Coquette between Gaiety and Gravity, are both charming. Eastlake's Brigand Chief, and Davis's Contadina, are also delightful pieces. An Alpine Scene is picturesque; but we think Mr. D nby's Norwegian Precipice a tumble.

In its general features this very pretty and elegant volume resembles the *Forget-me-Not* and *Souvenir*, being filled with poetical contributions and prose tales from many popular writers. Upon the whole, we think the latter superior to the former, and, perhaps, to any thing of the same kind elsewhere; for which the Editor is mainly indebted to the Author of the Subaltern, who has given him two striking compositions. Some of the poetry is also of the highest beauty; but there are a few performances the mediocrity of which ought to have led to their exclusion.

HERVEY (T. K.) THE ENGLISH HELI
of the Nineteenth Century, cr. 8vo, ..
calf, extra gilt, *London*, 1841 /-

It is the design of this volume to prove that the golden age of poetry that is past will be united to the golden age which is to come.

SEYMOUR (R.)—**HERVEY** (Thomas K.) **The Book of Christmas;** *frontispiece, engraved title, and* 34 HUMOROUS *and other plates, also illustrations in the text by* ROBERT SEYMOUR, FIRST EDITION, fcp. 8vo, orig. cloth, g. e., *London*, '36, SCARCE £3 3s

HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE, Poet and Critic, and for some eight years (prior to 1854) Editor of the "Athenæum," is the son of a merchant of Manchester, in which town he was born about 1804. He is the author of "Australia and other Poems," a third edition of which, with additions, was published in 1829 under the title of "The Poetical Sketch-Book." Mr. Hervey has also been a valuable contributor to the leading periodicals of the day. Having received the rudiments of his education at a private school in Lancashire, he was entered, at an early age, at Cambridge, and afterwards, if we mistake not, by his own desire, at Oxford, but left both Universities without having attempted to take a degree. He was ultimately placed in the office of an eminent special pleader, with the view of being called to the bar. In this object, however, he appears to have been "foredoomed his father's hopes to cross," and to have preferred "penning a stanza" to drawing a plea—a defection in which he did but follow the example of many distinguished authors, who, like Albany Fonblanque and Thomas Hood, would not consent to be "harnessed to the law." For a short time Mr. Hervey made some show of pursuing his legal studies, but finally abandoned them altogether for the far more precarious profession of literature; which, however, he has not followed up with the steadiness of purpose that would have enabled him to do full justice to the early promise and aspirations of his genius. His first poetical venture was launched upwards of twenty-five years ago, and was characterised by delicacy of taste, elegance of fancy, and melody of versification. He had, moreover, not disdained to enter upon an honest but emulative study of the great masters of the art; that sort of study which it is the foolish boast of some of the fantastic versifiers of our own day that they sedulously despise and abjure. Mr. Hervey's "Australia" appears to have been begun as a prize poem; but his muse having lured him beyond the limits to which collegiate genius is usually restricted, he resolved to work out his idea without reference to its original object, and give it a separate and independent existence. He was, perhaps, not unwilling to take it out of the category of prize poems; than which, with here and there an honourable exception, nothing can be more elaborately vapid and ineffective. The lyrics associated with "Australia" would of themselves have invested Mr. Hervey with a legitimate claim to take rank as a poet, and many of his subsequent poems have fully confirmed his title so to do. Some of his [illegible] successful efforts of this class, which were first published in the "Literary Souvenir" and "The Friendship's Offering," have since obtained a very wide circulation in volumes of selected poetry, published in this country and in America; and of the lyrics so distinguished none have been more generally read and admired than "The Convict Ship," "Cleopatra on the Cydnus," (a poetical realization of Danby's celebrated picture,) and his "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture." Indeed, of those elegant and polished lyrics, which have been preserved in modern anthologies, and are still cherished by many a tasteful reader, he may be said to have supplied a more than an average number. In 1843 Mr. Hervey married Miss Eleanora Louisa Montagu, (herself a poet of no mean order,) by whom he has a son, his only child. We are not able to assign their precise dates to Mr. Hervey's publications, but their order of succession was as follows: "Australia and other Poems," "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture," "The Poetical Sketch-Book," "The Book of Christmas," and a clever little satirical poem entitled "The Devil's Walk," suggested, in all probability, by the well-known partnership poem of Coleridge and Southey. Mr. Hervey is said to be engaged in collecting his poetical writings, including such of his "waifs and strays" as he deems worthy of the association, for publication in an integral form. He was for some time the editor of the "Friendship's Offering," in which, as well as in the "Literary Souvenir," he has written some very striking novelettes.

Edward Raleigh Moran

Editor of the "Globe".

Friend of Ainsworth

BIOGRAPHY.

Edward Raleigh Moran.—Who in London, connected with the Press or with Literature, will fail to drop a tear to the memory of this true-hearted Irishman; untimely taken away from us by an attack of cholera, which he overcame, but relapsed and died of the consecutive fever on Saturday last. Mr. Moran, from living a social, not intemperate life, was converted to tea-totalism; and the change had weakened his frame, and left his constitution unequal to this fatal trial. For more than eighteen years he was sub-editor of the *Globe* newspaper; and to the diligence and ability with which he discharged the duties of the office, that journal has owed not a little of its popular success. His arrangements were excellent, and the industry and skill with which he collected from every quarter, and produced the articles of miscellaneous intelligence (so invaluable in a newspaper) were daily conspicuous in the *Globe*. Political confidences of a high order were not withheld from Mr. Moran. In literary friendships and great esteem he abounded. Moore the poet, to whom he was devotedly attached, entertained the warmest and most intimate regard for him. As an adviser and friend of eminent publishers he possessed very considerable influence; and his counsels were sought on many occasions where the fate of authors and their works hung upon his opinions. As a man he was kindly, sincere, active and untiring in the service of those he loved; open, liberal, just, and honourable. A knowledge of twenty years enables us to vouch for his virtues, and to say he was an individual of whom his country might be proud. We believe he was a native of Limerick, and we suppose about fifty years of age. He has left a widow, but, fortunately, no family. His literary remains and depositories must be various and rich; we have seen many very interesting things in his possession, and we could name a gifted person, one of his closest friends, under whose care they might be made a monument to his talents and worth, and a gratification to the public.

"Globe" Office
Wednesday

Dear Sir

As the city people know nothing of the Fontanabria affair we would be very desirous to have any particulars which may have reached you

The Marines being in the affair renders it probable you may have had accounts

Yours truly
E R Moran

To C Ward Esq
M.P.
&c &c
Admiralty


Saml Rogers

Samuel Rogers.

Letter to Mrs Shelley nee Clairmont. Feby 25 1844 Now! née Godwin
see back of letter.
Friend of Ainsworth

Rogers, Samuel, poet and connoisseur, was born at Stoke Newington, near London, in 1762. His father was a banker, and the poet, after a careful private education, was introduced into the banking house, in which he remained a partner through life. The reading of Beattie's 'Minstrel,' when he was nine years of age, first excited in him the desire of becoming a poet. He appeared as author of 'An Ode to Superstition, and other Poems,' in 1786, the year of the first appearance of the poems of Robert Burns. In 1792 he produced 'The Pleasures of Memory,' with which his name is most frequently associated. In 1812 he published 'The Voyage of Columbus,' a fragment; in 1814, 'Jacqueline,' a tale; in 1819, 'Human Life;' and in 1822, 'Italy,' a descriptive poem in blank verse. His collected works have been published in various forms, one edition containing vignette engravings from designs by Stothard. His wealth enabled him to cultivate his favourite tastes, to enrich his house in St. James's Place with some of the finest and rarest pictures, busts, books, and gems, and to entertain his friends with the most generous hospitality. His conversation was rich and various, abounding in wit, shrewd observation, and interesting personal anecdote, specimens of which may be seen in the 'Table Talk,' published by Mr. Dyce. He was familiar with almost every distinguished contemporary author, orator, and artist, and many works were dedicated to him as memorials of friendship or admiration. His benevolence was equal to his taste; his bounty soothed and relieved the last days of Sheridan, and was exerted to a large extent in behalf of suffering or friendless talent. An interesting volume, entitled 'Recollections by the late Samuel Rogers, Esq.,' has been published since his death. Died, Dec. 18, 1855.

Rogers Woods on English sinecurists

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London, Moxon, 1842

"Rogers is the poet of home; his charm consists in painting the scenes of infancy—portraying the endearments of youth. His poem on Italy is full of morals and descriptive sweetness, and written in the chastened tone of fine taste."—*Hallam's Lit. Hist. of Europe.*

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Only a few copies printed in this sumptuous manner chiefly for presents. The plates being printed on large plate paper separate from the text, have a far more beautiful appearance than those usually seen.

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28 guineas *Cadell and Moxon,* 1834

*** It is indeed a pleasure to find a copy so entirely free from those spots which nearly always, more or less, mar the great beauty of these engravings. An interesting autograph letter is inserted in the first volume, from Rogers to his printer, written on 1¾ pp., 4to, dated June 25, 1832. It evidently refers to the printing of the 1834 "Poems," and goes into the question of price, etc. Inside the cover of the same volume is a most exquisite water-colour drawing of a lady at her devotions, and an oblong engraving from a previous edition of "The Pleasures of Memory" is inlaid in a leaf facing the opening of that poem.

270 ROGERS (Samuel.—Poet. 1763-1855). A.L.s. 2 pp., 8vo. To Wm. C. Macready. £1 7 6 *St. James's Place, Jan.* 4, 1841

*** ". . . When I first entered the theatre in Drury Lane I had the happiness to behold Garrick; and when I leave it, I shall rejoice to think that the great characters in Shakespeare are still nobly represented."

271 ——————— A.L.s. 1p., 8vo 10 Mrs. Macready, inviting her to one of the famous Sunday morning breakfasts. £1 5 0

*** ". . . If you have any scruple with regard to graver duties, pray remember that at twelve o'clock and within a walk of three minutes a beautiful service begins in the Royal Chapel, St. James's."

Rogers (Samuel) burgh. Literature

My dear Mrs Shelley.

Many, many thanks for thinking of me & so kindly in my absence. Pray, pray come if you can & breakfast with me on Saturday morning at 10½ o'clock.

Yours ever
S. Rogers.

4996
Bound 1853

739.

THE LATE SAMUEL ROGERS.

(Continued from the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS *for Dec. 22, 1855.)*

MR. ROGERS had a catholic taste in art, with a sympathy for all schools. Within his bachelor's abode—the house of a man whose income probably never exceeded five thousand pounds a year—were to be seen choice examples of the several Italian schools, of the schools of Flanders, Spain, France, Holland, and his own country. That "Virgin and Child," by Raphael; and that "Noli me Tangere," by Titian, would give reputation to any collection. That "Triumphal Procession," by Rubens, would shine as a Rubens at Blenheim or Munich. Then those Rembrandts would be additions of moment to the Dutch collections of King George IV., of Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Hope. That "Arcadian Mill," by Claude; and that grand Landscape, by Poussin, would "tell" in the great French collection at the Louvre. If we turn to the English school, we have the "Puck" and the "Strawberry Girl" by Sir Joshua, a choice Richard Wilson, a choicer Gainsborough, and "bits!" that will bring high prices, by Wilkie, Turner, Stothard, and Leslie.

In his ninetieth year his memory began to fail him in a manner that was painful to his friends. He was no longer able to relate his shortest stories, or welcome his constant companions with his usual complimentary expressions. He began to forget familiar faces, and at last forgot that he had ever been a poet. It was impossible, however, even when memory had at length deserted the poet who had sung her charms, to look upon him without a feeling of veneration. Faces of other times seemed to crowd over him as he sat, and what that now vacant mind had once known, what those now lifeless eyes had once seen, and what that now faltering tongue could once relate so well, were the thoughts uppermost in the minds of all who knew him. On the morning of the 18th December, 1855, the Tithonus of living English poets was taken from among us. He died in his own house, surrounded by the works of art which his fine taste had brought about him. "He expired," writes Dr. Beattie, the physician who was with him, "at half-past twelve this morning. A more tranquil and placid transition I never beheld. His devoted niece closed his eyes, and his faithful domestics stood weeping round his bed. Some of the attendant circumstances reminded me of the death-bed of Campbell; but *this* was more calm, solemn, and impressive—quite in keeping with the scene in his 'Human Life.'"

His face is said to have been prepossessing in his youth, and the drawing of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence, from which so many engravings have been made, seems to support such belief. His eyes were blue in colour and large, and his nose long. His complexion must always have been pale. His height was about five feet five inches.

As he advanced in years the colour retreated altogether from his face, and the satire of Byron was then true to his appearance. His looks afforded, of course, a fine field for sarcastic comment. Theodore Hook, who was often merciless at his expense, recommended his friends to induce him to abstain from attending Lord Byron's funeral. He stood in danger, he said, of being recognised by the undertaker as a corpse he had screwed down some six weeks before.

Thus eminent by position and genius, his opinion was frequently sought by authors and by artists. He was shy of praise—shy of censure. In an age when almost every poet of any name was a reviewer Rogers was not a reviewer. When in the presence of the painter of any picture, he had constant recourse to the safe and general criticism of Sir Joshua. "Pretty, very pretty," were the words that conveyed satisfaction to the eager ears of many a clever artist.

The critic who annoyed Mr. Rogers in the *Quarterly* was never more in the wrong than when he asserted that his author was a hasty writer. A man of letters and of fortune from his birth, whose literary life extended over sixty years, cannot be called a hasty writer when the produce of his life can be placed with ease in an ordinary pocket volume—for such is the shape his works assume in the latest edition. The fact is that his were hard-bound brains, and not a line he ever wrote was produced at a single sitting. This was well exemplified in a favourite saying of Sidney Smith:—"When Rogers produces a couplet he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied, and straw is laid down, and the caudle is made, and the answer to inquiries is, that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected."

Pointed axioms and acute replies fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate. How many smart sayings are assigned to Sheridan and Selwyn, to Jekyll and Rose, to Walpole and others of Walpole's contemporaries, which, in truth, they never uttered. Many were, and are still, assigned to Mr. Rogers with which he had nothing whatever to do. In the early days of the *John Bull* newspaper "Sam Rogers" was fathered with many a smart saying, and many a clever and many a stupid jest. It will be the business of Mr. Dyce to select the genuine from the false—the smart from the dull—of the many sayings attributed to Mr. Rogers. A few most truly and unmistakably his, will not be out of place in these columns.

Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Phillips have both very great merits as painters of female portraits. When Rogers was asked to distinguish their different excellencies, he replied, "Phillips shall paint my wife, and Lawrence my mistress."

Of the late Lord Holland, whose face was full of sunshine, he observed most happily, "Lord Holland always comes down to breakfast like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune has just fallen." On another occasion he exclaimed (alluding to the same nobleman)—

His was the smile that spoke the mind at ease.

A line, I believe, of his own composing, though not included in his works.

He could be severe upon his own friends. Of the same nobleman he observed, "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain."

In Italy he said, "The memory sees more than the eye."

"I envy no man of my time any saying so much as I envy Lord John [illegible]

eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place, nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him, and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking.

This, the writer of these imperfect memoranda once observed to him, was hardly original. "Ah!" he exclaimed, evidently surprised, and with an air of doubt. I then asked for a copy of the *Spectator*, and read as follows:—

When I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster-hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking. The wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by his jest.

He made a mark in the volume, and said, with a smile, "I will say what Sydney Smith always said when he heard a good thing for the first time—'*booked.*'"

"Sheridan told me that he was aware he ought to have made a love-scene between *Charles* and *Maria* in the "School for Scandal," and would have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do justice to such a scene."

"I met Sheridan very often, but never in his own house."

"J. T. Smith told me that the little landscape by Claude hanging near the Puck, for which I gave at West's sale 200 guineas, was bought by West at an old iron shop for ten shillings and sixpence."

"When I knew Mr. Fox first, he was living in Albemarle-street—on the left hand as you go up—a little way up."

"Whenever Lady Holland hears that a person of any consequence has said an ill word of her she immediately invites him to dinner."

"Mr West told me that Beckford called upon him before he went to Spain to borrow two small pictures to take in his carriage with him wherever he went, and that the two pictures he selected were the little octagon 'Claude' you see there, and the 'Domenichino,' at the end of the room."

"Campbell wrote to Sir Robert Peel, asking for the Laureateship, and Campbell was angry, not unnaturally, that he got no answer. But Peel, I say, did give him an answer (with a sneer), he helped to bear the pall at his funeral."

"Lord Holland came to Lord Lansdowne a short time before his death and showed him the epitaph he had written on himself. It ran in this way, 'Here lies Henry Vassall Fox, Lord Holland,' with all his titles, 'who was drowned sitting in his elbow-chair.' This was in some degree true. He died of water in the chest."

"Lord Holland read to me his character of Sheridan. The wind-up I particularly remember—'He died with great Christian resignation, joining fervently in the prayers that were read to him when the sacrament was administered.' Now I asked Howley, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, what Sheridan's end was like; 'He was insensible,' said Howley. 'Mrs. Sheridan put his hands together in the attitude of supplication, and I read the prayers.'"

"There is a couplet in Cowper which I admire exceedingly:—

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

When I am at Fine Arts Commissions, where good paper and pens abound, I copy out these lines for the people who trouble me for my autograph.—'How much he improves,' was the remark of one who mistook them for mine. These lines, (and they are very good)

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavour, not endure
To imitate as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his power employs
In making others happy!

I transcribe in the same manner."

"Lady Holland, who was always inquisitive, was particularly anxious to have Sir Philip Francis asked if he was Junius. She would not ask him herself, and it fell, I know not how, to my lot to ask him. I asked the question, and met with this brief answer:—'Ask that again, Sir, at your peril.' This was enough. Next time I saw Lady Holland she asked, 'What success—is Francis Junius?' To which I replied, 'I dont know whether he is Junius, but I know he is Brutus.'"

"I was observing one day to Sydney Smith that I should not sit again for my portrait unless I was taken in an attitude of prayer. 'Yes,' said Sydney, who was even readier than Luttrell—'yes, with your face in your hat.'"

"Here is Hallam, who has spent a whole life in contradicting everybody, is now obliged to publish a volume to contradict himself." [Mr. Rogers referred to the supplemental volume to the "Middle Ages."]

I have said that the verses on Mr. Rogers, which Byron "threw off" in a bitter mood, are very severe, and not in parts untrue. I will, therefore, now transcribe them, as they are not included in Byron's works, and but very little known:—

LORD BYRON'S VERSES ON MR. ROGERS, IN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

QUESTION.

Nose and chin would shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker;
Mouth which marks the envious scorner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you
In the places that most may wring you;
Eyes of lead-like hue, and gummy;
Carcass pick'd out from some mummy;
Bowels (but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten);
Skin all sallow, flesh all sodden—
Form the Devil would frighten God in.
Is 't a corpse stuck up for show,
Galvanised at times to go?
With the Scripture in connexion,
New proof of the resurrection?
Vampyre, ghost, or ghoul, what is it?
I would walk ten miles to miss it.

ANSWER.

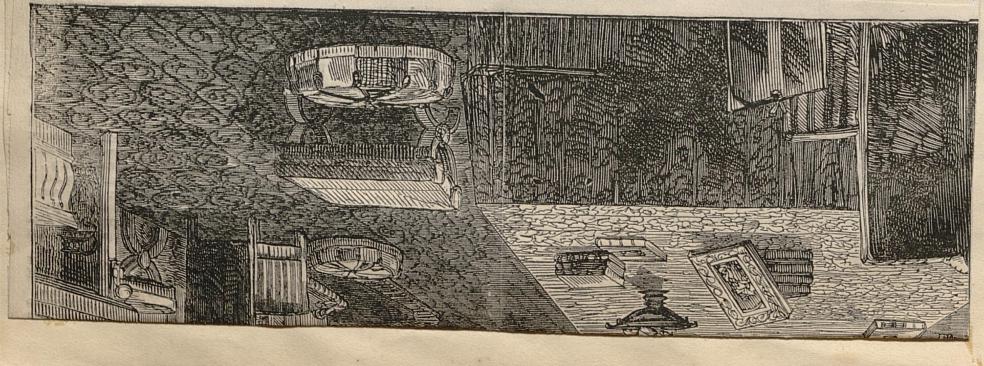

TABLE TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS.*

(In our Journal of last week we characterised this very attractive work. Although it abounds with stories with which the reading public are familiar, it is likewise rich in that kind of epigrammatic anecdote which conveys the *personnel* of the subject in a few words. The recollections of great men of the last century, and its public life, are extremely interesting.

I saw Garrick act only once—the part of *Ranger*, in "The Suspicious Husband." I remember that there was a great crowd, and that we waited long in a dark passage of the theatre, on our way to the pit. I was then a little boy. My father had promised to take me to see Garrick, in *Lear*; but a fit of the mumps kept me at home. Before his going abroad Garrick's attraction had much decreased; Sir William Weller Pepys said that the pit was often almost empty. But, on his return to England people were mad about seeing him; and Sir George Beaumont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit before the doors were opened to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them "be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces, as if they had just been struggling for entrance." Jack Bannister told me that one night he was behind the scenes of the theatre when Garrick was playing *Lear;* and that the tones in which Garrick uttered the words, "O fool, I shall go mad!" absolutely thrilled him. Garrick used to pay an annual visit to Lord Spencer at Althorp; where, after tea, he generally entertained the company by reading scenes from Shakspeare. Thomas Grenville, who met him there, told me that Garrick would steal anxious glances at the faces of his audience, to perceive what effect his reading produced: that, one night, Garrick observed a lady listening to him very attentively, and yet never moving a muscle of her countenance; and that, speaking of her next day, he said, "She seems a very worthy person; but I hope that—that—that she won't be present at my reading to-night." Another evening at Althorp, when Garrick was about to exhibit some particular stage effect of which they had been talking, a young gentleman got up and placed the candles upon the floor, that the light might be thrown on his face as from the lamps in the theatre. Garrick, displeased at his officiousness, immediately sat down again.

I was present when Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered his last lecture at the Royal Academy. On entering the room, I found that a semicircle of chairs, immediately in front of the pulpit, was reserved for persons of distinction, being labelled "Mr. Burke," "Mr. Boswell," &c., &c.; and I, with other young men, was forced to station myself a good way off. During the lecture, a great crash was heard; and the company, fearing that the building was about to come down, rushed towards the door. Presently, however, it appeared that there was no cause for alarm; and they endeavoured to resume their places; but, in consequence of the confusion, the reserved seats were now occupied by those who could first get into them; and I, pressing forwards, secured one of them. Sir Joshua concluded the lecture by saying, with great emotion, "And I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of—Michael Angelo." As he descended from the rostrum, Burke went up to him, took his hand, and said,—

> The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he a while
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."‡

What a quantity of snuff Sir Joshua took! I once saw him at an Academy dinner, when his waistcoat was absolutely powdered with it.

I have several times talked to a very aged boatman on the Thames, who recollected "Mr. Alexander Pope." This boatman, when a lad, had frequently assisted his father in rowing Pope up and down the river. On such occasions Pope generally sat in a sedan-chair. When I first began to publish I got acquainted with an elderly person named Lawless, shopman of Messrs. Cadell and Davies, the booksellers. Lawless told me, that he was once walking through Twickenham, accompanied by a friend, and a little boy the son of that friend. On the approach of a very diminutive, misshapen, and shabbily-dressed person, the child drew back half-afraid. "Don't be alarmed," said Lawless, "it is only a poor man." "A poor man!" cried his friend: "why that is Mr. Alexander Pope."

Boddington had a wretchedly bad memory; and, in order to improve it, he attended Feinagle's lectures on the Art of Memory. Soon after, somebody asked Boddington the name of the lecturer; and, for his life, he could not recollect it. When I was asked if I had attended the said lectures on the Art of Memory, I replied—"No: I wished to learn the Art of Forgetting."

One morning, when I was a lad, Wilkes came into our banking-house to solicit my father's vote. My father happened to be out, and I, as his representative, spoke to Wilkes. At parting, Wilkes shook hands with me; and I felt proud of it for a week after. He was quite as ugly, and squinted as much, as his portraits make him; but he was very gentlemanly in appearance and manners. I think I see him at this moment, walking through the crowded streets of the City, as Chamberlain, on his way to Guildhall, in a scarlet coat, military boots, and a bag-wig—the hackney-coachmen in vain calling out to him, "A coach, your honour?"

When a young man, I went to Edinburgh, carrying letters of introduction (from Dr. Kippis, Dr. Price, &c.) to Adam Smith, Robertson, and others. When I first saw Smith, he was at breakfast, eating strawberries, and he descanted on the superior flavour of those grown in Scotland. I found him very kind and communicative. He was (what Robertson was not) a man who had seen a great deal of the world. Once, in the course of conversation, I happened to remark of some writer, "that he was rather superficial—*a* Voltaire." "Sir," cried Smith, striking the table with his hand, "there has been but *one* Voltaire!" Robertson, too, was very kind to me. He one morning spread out the map of Scotland on the floor, and got upon his knees, to describe the route I ought to follow in making a tour on horseback through the Highlands. The most memorable day perhaps which I ever passed was at Edinburgh—a Sunday; when, after breakfasting with Robertson, I heard him preach in the forenoon, and Blair in the afternoon, then took coffee with the Piozzis, and supped with Adam Smith. Robertson's sermon was excellent both for matter and manner of delivery. Blair's was good, but less impressive; and his broad Scotch accent offended my ears greatly.

When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed, "Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with." "A friend of mine," said Erskine, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly: they dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes." To all letters soliciting his "subscription" to anything, Erskine had a regular form of reply; viz.:—"Sir, I feel much honoured by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—myself your very obt servant," &c. I wish I could recollect all the anecdotes of his early life which Erskine used to relate with such spirit and dramatic effect. He had been in the Navy, and he said that he once managed to run a vessel between two rocks, where it seemed almost impossible that she could have been driven. He had also been in the Army; and on one occasion saved the life of a soldier who was condemned to death, by making an earnest appeal in his behalf to the General in command and his wife. Erskine, having got the pardon, rode off with it at full speed to the place of execution, where he arrived just as the soldier was kneeling, and the muskets were levelled for the fatal shot. When he had a house at Hampstead he entertained the very best company. I have dined there with the Prince of Wales—the only time I ever had any conversation with his Royal Highness. On that occasion the Prince was very agreeable and familiar. Among other anecdotes which he told us of Lord Thurlow I remember these two:—The first was, Thurlow once said to the Prince, "Sir, your father will continue to be a popular King as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday, and to be faithful to that ugly woman your mother; but you, Sir, will never be popular." The other was this:—While his servants were carrying Thurlow up stairs to his bedroom, just before his death, they happened to let his legs strike against the banisters, upon which he uttered *the last words he ever spoke*—a frightful imprecation on "all their souls."

It is quite true, as stated in several accounts of him, that Fox, when a very young man, was a prodigious dandy, wearing a little odd French hat, shoes with red heels, &c. He and Lord Carlisle once travelled from Paris to Lyons for the express purpose of buying waistcoats; and during the whole journey they talked about nothing else Fox (in his earlier days, I mean), Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, &c., led *such* a life! Lord Tankerville assured me that he has played cards with Fitzpatrick at Brookes's from ten o'clock at night till near six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them "whose deal it was," they being too sleepy to know. After losing large sums at hazard, Fox would go home—not to destroy himself, as his friends sometimes feared, but—to sit down quietly, and read Greek. He once won about eight thousand pounds; and one of his bond-creditors, who soon heard of his good luck, presented himself, and asked for payment. "Impossible, sir," replied Fox; "I must first discharge my debts of honour." The bond-creditor remonstrated. "Well, Sir, give me your bond." It was delivered to Fox, who tore it in pieces and threw them into the fire. "Now, Sir," said Fox, "my debt to you is a debt of honour;" and immediately paid him.

I saw Lunardi make the first ascent in a balloon which had been witnessed in England. It was from the Artillery-ground. Fox was there with his brother, General F. The crowd was immense. Fox, happening to put his hand down to his watch, found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. "My friend," said he to the owner of the strange hand, "you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last." "O, Mr. Fox," was the reply, "forgive me, and let me go! I have been driven to this course by necessity alone; my wife and children are starving at home." Fox, always tender hearted, slipped a guinea into the hand, and then released it. On the conclusion of the show Fox was proceeding to look what o'clock it was. "Good God," cried he, "my watch is gone!"—"Yes," answered General F., "I know it is; I saw your friend take it." "Saw him take it! and you made no attempt to stop him?"‡ Really, you and he appeared to be on such good terms with each other that I did not choose to interfere.'

Very shortly before Fox died he complained of great uneasiness in his stomach; and Cline advised him to try the effects of a cup of coffee. It was accordingly ordered; but, not being brought so soon as was expected, Mrs. Fox expressed some impatience; upon which Fox said, with his usual sweet smile, "Remember, my dear, that good coffee cannot be made in a moment." Lady Holland announced the death of Fox in her own odd manner to those relatives and intimate friends of his who were sitting in a room near his bed-chamber, and waiting to hear that he had breathed his last;—she walked through the room with her apron thrown over her head. Trotter's "Memoirs of Fox," though incorrect in some particulars, is a very pleasing book. Trotter died in Ireland: he was reduced to great straits; and Mrs. Fox sent him, at different times, as much as several hundred pounds, though she could ill spare the money. How fondly the surviving friends of Fox cherished his memory! Many years after his death I was at a fête given by the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick House. Sir Robert Adair and I wandered about the apartments, up and down stairs. "In which room did Fox expire?" asked Adair. I replied, "In this very room." Immediately Adair burst into tears with a vehemence of grief such as I hardly ever saw exhibited by a man.

Foote was once talking away at a party, when a gentleman said to him, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, Sir," answered Foote: "you know the company better than I do." Fox told me that Lord William Bentinck once invited Foote to meet him and some others at dinner in St. James's-street; and that they were rather angry at Lord William for having done so, expecting that Foote would prove only a lore, and a check on their conversation. "But," said Fox, "we soon found that we were mistaken: whatever we talked about, whether foxhunting, the turf, or any other subject, Foote instantly took the lead, and delighted us all."

Witticisms are often attributed to the wrong people. It was Lord Chesterfield, not Sheridan, who said, on occasion of a certain marriage, that "Nobody's son had married Everybody's daughter." Lord Chesterfield remarked of two persons dancing a minuet, that "they looked as if they were hired to do it, and were doubtful of being paid." I once observed to a Scotch lady, "how desirable it was in any danger *to have presence of mind*." "I had rather," she rejoined, "*have absence of body*."

Horne Tooke told me that in his early days a friend gave him a letter of introduction to D'Alembert at Paris. Dressed *à-la-mode*, he presented the letter, and was very courteously received by D'Alembert, who talked to him about operas, comedies, suppers, &c. Tooke had expected conversation on very different topics, and was greatly disappointed. When he took leave, he was followed by a gentleman in a plain suit, who had been in the room during his interview with D'Alembert, and who had perceived his chagrin. "D'Alembert," said the gentleman, "supposed from your gay apparel that you were merely a *petit maître*." The gentleman was David Hume. On his next visit to D'Alembert, Tooke's dress was altogether different, and so was the conversation.

Lord Nelson was a remarkably kind-hearted man. I have seen him spin a teetotum with his *one* hand, a whole evening, for the amusement of some children. I heard him once during dinner utter many bitter complaints (which Lady Hamilton vainly attempted to check) of the way he had been treated at Court that forenoon: the Queen had not condescended to take the slightest notice of him. In truth, Nelson was hated at Court; they were jealous of his fame.

There was something very charming in Lady Hamilton's openness of manner. She showed me the neckcloth which Nelson had on when he died. Of course, I could not help looking at it with extreme interest; and she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. She was latterly in great want; and Lord Stowell never rested till he procured for her a small pension from Government.

The public gave little encouragement to Flaxman and Banks, but showered its patronage on two much inferior sculptors, Bacon and Chantrey. As to Flaxman, the greatest sculptor of his day, the neglect which he experienced is something inconceivable. Canova, who was well acquainted with his exquisite illustrations of Dante, &c., could hardly believe that a man of such genius was not an object of admiration among his countrymen; and, in allusion to their insensibility to Flaxman's merits and to their patronage of inferior artists, he said to some of the English at Rome, "You see with your ears!"

Ottley's knowledge of painting was astonishing. Showing him a picture which I had just received from Italy, I said, "whose work do you suppose it to be?" After looking at it attentively, he replied, "It is the work of Lorenzo di Credi" (by whom I already knew that it was painted). "How," I asked, "could you discover it to be from Lorenzo's pencil? have you ever before seen any of his pieces?" "Never," he answered; "but I am familiar with the description of his style as given by Vasari and others."

I once dined with Curran in the public room of the chief inn at Greenwich, when he talked a great deal, and, as usual, with considerable exaggeration. Speaking of something which he would not do on any inducement, he exclaimed vehemently, "I had rather be hanged upon tweaty gibbets." "Don't you think, Sir, that one would be enough for you?" said a girl, a stranger, who was sitting at a table next to us. I wish you could have seen Curran's face. He was absolutely confounded—struck dumb.

Percival W. Banks
= Morgan Rattler.

Close friend of Ainsworth

Mr. Percival Weldon Banks, after a long and lingering illness, has been removed from the ranks of literary labour by premature death at the age of 45. The Morgan Rattler of *Fraser's Magazine*, and a copious contributor to that and other periodicals, under many a signature, he was a writer of much humour, generally tinged with satire and sarcasm. He had been called to the bar, but had not arrived at any considerable practice. In private life he was gentlemanly and pleasing, intelligent and communicative. If there was a spice of ill-nature, it was all comprised in the spirit of his pen, when ridiculing the follies or lashing the vices which provoked his censure. Mr. Banks has left a widow, the sister of one of our most eminent painters.

—The daily papers announce the death, on the 13th inst., of Mr. Perceval Weldon Banks;—better known as the Morgan Rattler of *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Banks, though only in his 45th year, was the last of the race of writers who, with Dr. Maginn, Mr. Churchill, and others, gave a sting and pungency (of a vicious and unwholesome kind, however,) to the early numbers of that journal. He seldom did justice to his own talents,—for he wrote too often in haste, always at the last moment, and too rarely with good taste.—He was by profession a barrister.

Morgan Rattler of Blackwood

JUNT.

Yours faithfully
Percival W. Banks

"Morgan Rattler" of Blackwood



MR. KEELEY AS THE CONJUROR OF CRIPPLEGATE.

Ha, ha, Keeley!—little Keeley!—dry Keeley!—cunning Keeley!—Keeley anything!—Keeley everything!—what a boy you are—what a broth of a boy—you have been the life of us—you will be the death of us—but who made you a magician? Keeley the conjuror! Well, it is as good an alliteration as "Cox, King, and Curtis" after all—but—Keeley the conjuror!!

Robert Keeley.

Found q Ainsworth

KEELEY, Mrs., widow of Mr. Robert Keeley, the popular comedian (who died in 1860), was born at Ipswich in 1806, acquired reputation as an actress as Miss Goward, and made her first appearance in London at the Lyceum in 1825, as Rosina, in the opera of that name, and Little Pickle. Mrs. Keeley acquired great fame by her rendering of the characters of Smike, Mrs. Peerybingle, and Clemency Newcome, in stage adaptations of Mr. Dickens's novels, "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "The Battle of Life." She has now for many years lived in retirement in her London home, though on occasion she has appeared at dramatic gatherings where she has been honoured as the oldest living representative of the drama. Her husband, also a well-known comedian in his time, died many years ago, as did her daughter, "Polly" Keeley, who at one time acted constantly with her parents, the group being famous as "the Keeleys."

LYCEUM.

Those who can imagine Keeley, as *Mr. Boodle*, travelling on the banks of the Danube, for an English sauce and pickle establishment—winning a château on the river in a lottery, and being compelled to pass one night in its ruined hall to establish his claim to it, amidst imaginary ghosts and wolves, and real fleas and gipsies, can conceive how comically he enacted the part, in an agreeable drama produced here on Monday night, and called "Taking Possession." The story which serves to introduce him in these predicaments, is to this effect. *Karl* (Mr. Craven), a young peasant, betrothed to *Meta* (Miss Arden), has purchased a ticket in a lottery—one of those grand affairs of which we sometimes receive a prospectus by the post, forwarded by unknown bankers in places a great way off. An old uncle (Mr. Meadows) places the ticket in the salt-box for security, and he takes it out again by mistake to wrap some salt in that he gives a gipsy, *Balthazar* (Mr. Wigan), to eat with his meat. *Balthazar* sells the ticket to *Mr. Boodle*, and presently afterwards it turns up a prize—a castle on the Danube, which he starts per steamer to take possession of. In the meantime, *Karl* has discovered his loss, and as *Balthazar* was, in some measure, the cause of his misfortune, he determines to make reparation. Accordingly, he disguises himself as a German Student, and accompanies *Boodle* to his new residence, a dilapidated château, just better than a complete ruin. Here, with the assistance of his wife, *Corra* (Mrs. Wigan), he contrives to make *Boodle* so wretchedly frightened and uncomfortable, that he is at last happy, upon any terms, to give up all right to the property. It is accordingly restored to *Karl*, and the various parties find everything terminate satisfactorily.

We have said that Keeley was enormously funny as the traveller for the pickle warehouse. His terror and utter misery in the dreary moonlit chamber, where he must pass the night, was capitally portrayed; contrasting richly with his swagger at first arriving amidst his tenantry—the "tenantry" being *Balthazar's* gipsies, who have lived a long time for nothing in the Castle, and whose ideas of paying rent are somewhat vague and unsatisfactory. Mr. Wigan's *Balthazar* was admirably dressed—so also was his German Student. He appears constantly to study the most effective manner in which he can supplant the old conventional theatrical modes of costume; and his impersonation of foreigners generally, especially scamps, is unequalled. Mrs. Wigan was also effective as *Corra*, reminding us of her old gipsy character in the "Beulah Spa." Mr. Meadows was droll enough as the old Seneschal, who, after the loss of the ticket, harps perpetually on one idea—that he put it in the salt-box.

There was considerable applause at the fall of the curtain, mingled with some disapprobation.

The principal fault of the piece was its construction, for the dialogue was sprightly and full of humour; but the plot was not sufficiently strong to keep up the interest of the audience through two acts. It is always a dangerous experiment to drop a curtain in the middle of a laugh, except at some exciting point of expectancy. The farces of "The Marriage Certificate," and "A Model of a Wife" followed, and the programme concluded with "Valentine and Orson," which appears destined to survive all the other Christmas pieces.

Wednesday April 20th 1842
5 Amphill Place, Wapsall Rd. Brixton

Mr and Mrs Keeley present their compliments to Mr and Mrs Planché and Miss Molly Planché and the two Misters Squires Junr (tho' it's wrong to call people Misters when they are Squires) and to Uncle Ben (whose address they have forgotten) and beg to inform them that they shall provide some "wittles" for them on Sunday next at 5 o'clock precisely, and will be obliged by an answer to know whether they will come and eat thereof.

On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were suited with a pair of characters in a new farce by Mr. Shirley Brooks, called 'The Guardian Angel.' The interest lies between a servant maid and a lawyer's clerk. The former is skilled in divination, and learns from her cards that she is to marry the latter,—whose fortunes she accordingly pursues through all their changes. These are, indeed, many; and it is surprising how such an amount of story has been compressed into a one-act farce. As plodding clerk, roué, and man of fortune,—the destined victim still finds the diviner his domestic: in which office she contrives so to suppress and manage his correspondence as to prevent his intrigues with the ladies. In the course of her manœuvres, she has the ill-luck to embroil him with many influential friends most seriously:—but "as she holds the cards," she also contrives to get him out of the scrape. He is so delighted with her adroitness, that he marries her. —The incidents of this little drama were confused, from over-compression. But the dialogue lost none of its smartness and vivacity in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley—and the piece met with the general approbation of the audience.

LYCEUM.—A new, but not original, farce, in one act, called 'The End of June,' was produced on Monday. Mr. Keeley performs the part of one *Nicholas Czarny* (a tailor),—who is employed by nine conspirators to make for them waistcoats from a piece of cloth; and is so pleased by its pattern that he contrives to "cabbage" a wedding waistcoat out of it for himself. 'The End of June' is the watchword of the band,—who have appointed that time for their rendezvous at the Silver Lion: and the tailor has also chosen the same time and place for his wedding. He, thus, gets implicated in the conspiracy;—and escapes out of the danger which he has incurred only by confessing the theft. Mr. Keeley made the most of this ludicrous situation.

COVENT GARDEN.—The revival of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Spanish Curate' owes its success to the admirable personation by Farren of the curate *Lopez*, and of his sexton *Diego*, by Keeley; and it will repay the endurance of an otherwise heavy and disagreeable comedy, to enjoy the diverting scenes in which this pair of starving church mice bemoan their fate, and nibble eagerly at the tempting bait for their covetousness with which the gallant *Leandro* entraps them to promote his intrigues with *Amaranta*, the pretty young wife—or ward, as she is now represented—of the old lawyer *Bartolus*. The epithet "thin" seems to have haunted the author's fancy while conceiving the lean and hungry curate; he is characterized as a "poor *thin* thief;" the first words he utters are, "Thin world, indeed;" and he harps upon his "thin stipend." Farren looks an embodied exemplification of thinness—an anatomy of a curate, fee-famished. The sexton *Diego* is more fleshly and ravenous: his stomach is in active state of craving; his appetite rebels; he is impatient and open mouthed, and his talk is of fatness and feeding. The curate is hard, polished, and all edge; the sexton is blown with emptiness, coarse, and noisy; and the arid, angular style of Farren, and Keeley's unctious humour are exactly suited to the couple.

Keeley and his wife are making merry the visitors at the NEW STRAND THEATRE; and this week they have been playing in a laughable, but disjointed farce, with the title of the 'Bump of Benevolence,' in which Mrs. Keeley plays a servant smitten with a passion for "free-knowledgery," who has the organ of "Destructiveness" very strongly developed, as her breakages testify, but is in despair at not possessing the "bump of benevolence;" and who, in the course of her scientific investigations, makes a pillory for herself of a broken bust of Socrates!

ADELPHI.

Mr. J. Maddison Morton has contributed the novelty to this house—a farce entitled "Whitebait at Greenwich." Its incidents are partly derived from the French piece denominated, "Japhet à la Recherche d'un Père"—the Japhet here being a certain *John Small* (Mr. Keeley), the waiter at the Crown and Sceptre, who is recommended to the family of the *Buzzards*, as "man;" and thinks that in *Mr. Benjamin Buzzard* he has discovered his lost parent. The proof, however, fails at the last moment, and he loses both his father and the situation; to which he had been named by an aunt of the parties—a brother and sister—who had threatened, in case one of them married, to leave her property to the other. Both, unknown to each other, had married on the same day; both had celebrated the event by whitebait, at Greenwich, in different apartments of the same tavern; and both, on the arrival of *John Small*, are fearful of being identified by him. *John*, however, had forgotten both the occasion and them; but, on being strangely offered a series of bribes for concealing something, he consents to be mystified, and pretends acquiescence. All this, as acted by Mr. Keeley, was admirably managed.

MRS. KEELEY.

To the public of to-day the loss of Mrs. Keeley is a matter of sentiment only. Those who have seen her on the stage, except to speak an occasional address, are a small and rapidly diminishing minority, and public interest has been principally stirred by the thought of sorrows buoyantly borne and a smiling old age enjoyed when all that ordinarily makes life happy has passed away. Fifty years ago Mrs. Keeley was an admirable soubrette and an unrivalled exponent of parts such as Smike, Betsy Baker, and Jack Sheppard. She was wise enough and prosperous enough to retire in the plenitude of her powers, and was bright and vivacious enough throughout her long life to find troops of friends to replace those of whom time had deprived her. In her ninety-fourth year she was still the brightest and cheeriest of bodies, with her faculties in marvellous preservation. An attack of pneumonia supervening upon influenza carried her off on Sunday last. To recapitulate all the parts in which she was seen would occupy pages. A few leading facts of her life may, however, be recorded here.

Mary Anne Goward, born November 22nd, 1805, as is said, in Orwell Street, Ipswich, the oldest of a large family of girls, came out on the Norwich circuit as Lucy Bertram in 'Guy Mannering,' and after playing in Dublin and elsewhere, made her way to London, appeared at the Lyceum in July, 1825, as Rosina in the opera so named, and little Pickle in 'The Spoil'd Child.' Here she met Robert Keeley, whom she married in the summer of 1829. She is first traced as Mrs. Keeley, January 12th, 1830, when, at Covent Garden, she was the original Laura in the 'Phrenologist' to the Sampson of her husband. She had been playing at Covent Garden since 1825. In 1834 Mrs. Keeley was engaged at the Adelphi, where she played in 'Lurline' and in Buckstone's 'Agnes de Vere.' After performing under the Mathews and Vestris management at the Olympic, she returned in 1838 to the Adelphi, and was a marked success as Smike in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and was subsequently Oliver Twist to the Fagin of Yates, the John Dawkins of Wright, the Bill Sikes of O. Smith, and the Nancy of Mrs. Yates. She then visited the Strand, and, returning to the Adelphi, obtained perhaps her greatest triumph as Jack Sheppard in Buckstone's adaptation of Ainsworth's novel. On October 1st, 1842, she was at Drury Lane Audrey in 'As You Like It,' to the Touchstone of her husband, Phelps's Adam, Mrs. Nisbett's Rosalind, and the Jaques of Macready, her manager. She made, also, an excellent Prue in Congreve's 'Love for Love,' and was no less successful as Mrs. Peerybingle in an adaptation by Albert Smith of 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' given at the Lyceum. This was followed by Clemency Newcome in 'The Battle of Life.' In 1847 and 1848 she was with Webster at the Haymarket, where she played Nerissa, Jane in 'Wild Oats,' Maud in Lovell's 'Wife's Secret,' and Rachel in 'The Rent Day.' With her husband, who joined Charles Kean in management, she went to the Princess's, appearing as Maria in 'Twelfth Night.' Here she gave her great comic creation of Betsy Baker. She played Dame Quickly in a representation at Windsor Castle of 'King Henry IV.' In or near 1860 she followed her husband into retirement. Subsequent appearances were almost exclusively for benefits, at which she often spoke occasional addresses. In 1895 her ninetieth birthday was celebrated at the Lyceum by an entertainment in which numerous actors participated. Her last appearance was for the benefit of Miss Ellen Farren. She died at her residence, 10, Pelham Crescent, Brompton. The Keeleys acted during twelve months in America. Their daughters, Mary (Mrs. Albert Smith) and Louisa (Mrs. Montagu Williams) were at one time familiar and welcome figures on the stage. Both long predeceased their mother.

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Blanchard, Laman, a graceful periodical writer, was born at Great Yarmouth in 1803. His father having removed to London when he was five years of age, he received his education at St. Olave's School, Lambeth; and here was laid the groundwork of those literary tastes and habits which distinguished him through life. His first occupation was that of reader at Cox and Baylis's printing office in Great Queen Street; in 1827 he became secretary to the Zoological Society; and in 1831 editor of the Monthly Magazine. He subsequently became connected with the True Sun, the Constitutional, the Courier, the Court Journal, and the Examiner; and was a constant contributor to the lighter periodicals of the day. Never was there a writer with a readier pen; but though radiant with wit, it was never dipped in gall; and though his political opinions were strongly marked and maintained through good and evil report, his entire freedom from party bigotry and prejudice gained him the respect even of his most decided opponents. But a series of domestic calamities crushed his buoyant spirit to the earth, and in a fit of temporary insanity he committed suicide, Feb. 15, 1845. A lected edition of his writings, with a memoir of the author by Sir Bulwer Lytton, was published in 1846.

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E. Laman Blanchard

Friend of Ainsworth

BY CLEMENT SCOTT AND CECIL HOWARD.

THE LIFE OF E. L. BLANCHARD AND REMINISCENCES. With Notes from the Diary of W. BLANCHARD. With copious Index, Photogravure Portraits and Illustrations. Two vols., Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 32*s*.

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BLANCHARD's (E. L.) Flights of Fancy: a medley, No. I. (*all published, complete in itself*), the Comic Encyclopædia, 8vo, wrappers, *presentation copy, with Author's autograph inscription, scarce*, 2s 6d 1882



E. L. Blanchard

The following memoir of Mr. E. L. Blanchard appeared in the *Biograph* for February, 1882 :—Mr. E. L. Blanchard is the king of the only fairies that are known to us in these days of snorting "steam and piston-stroke." He is a kind of London Oberon, and for certain weeks in the snow-time of the year keeps court and festival in the middle of the largest city that has ever yet been known. What become of his elves in the summer months we do not know, unless they "creep into acorn-cups and hide them there;" but when the Christmas month comes round they obey the potent call of their master, and have done so for many years. Mr. Blanchard is not only ruler in Elfland, but he is the friend and philosopher of all good and sensible children who love and believe in the fairies that are under his power.

Edward Leman Blanchard was born in London on Monday, the 11th December, 1820. He is the younger son of the late William Blanchard. For thirty-five years the father was one of the most sterling and legitimate actors in the brilliant company organised at the beginning of the century under the management of the Kembles, of Covent Garden, and for nearly as long a period the son has written all the comic annuals that have been successively produced at Drury Lane. In 1835 the father died, and the son realised that he had his own way to make in the world. About that time the oxy-hydrogen microscope was making some stir, and after vainly seeking some employment, the lad obtained an engagement with an exhibitor, who, with a capitalist, had speculated in one of these instruments, and proposed to give entertainments all over the country. His duties were of the "general utility" kind, from the collecting of stagnant water full of water-beetles, efts, and other interesting creatures afterwards to be shown to the astonished rustics as the contents of a drop of *pure* water—to the delivery of the lecture itself, should the lecturer happen to be ill. The entertainment did not pay, and finally, when in the West of England, the capitalist and exhibitor retired in disgust, and young Blanchard was left without any money to find his way across the Mendip Hills to Bristol. Here fortune threw him against a scene-painter whom he knew. He borrowed half-a-crown, and with this walked to London, taking three days over the journey.

He then commenced operations for bread with the pen, a weapon that thousands grasp, but that only few can warm with life and meaning. The pen is a common thing in all our houses, but now and then there comes

. In 1841 he was so well known as a dramatic writer that he was retained at the Olympic Theatre as the stock dramatist. In addition to writing for the stage, he was making the most of his leisure by contributing to periodicals. At the end of 1841, being then only in his twenty-first year, he was editing a literary miscellany, published every Saturday, and entitled *Chambers's London Journal*, which lived for about a year and a half. While busy with his weekly journal, there was produced at the Olympic Theatre a one-act farce of his called "The Artful Dodge," in the enjoyment of which no doubt many of our readers have made themselves red in the face. A year afterwards he wrote for the same theatre, in ridicule of the melodramatists of that time, a droll piece of work called "Pork Chops, or a Dream at Home." Then followed a number of dramatic pieces of all sorts, as some of the titles will show: "The Road of Life," "Angels and Lucifers," "Game and Game," "Magic Mirror," "The Invisible Client," "Jack Noakes and Tom Styles," "The Cobbler of Coblenz," "Cinderella," "Babes in the Wood," "The Merchant of Venice, melodised for the Million," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and "Faith, Hope, and Charity; or, Chance and Change."

Altogether apart from stage work, Mr. Blanchard has had a great love for writing such matter as finds its way into the comic press, and he has contributed to most of the comic sheets that for a time tried to successfully strive against *Punch*. One of these productions *(Fun)* has lived, and to this Mr. Blanchard has contributed a great deal of sprightly matter worthy the title of the sheet. He has also been tempted towards literary work of a very different kind. He edited "Dugdale's England and Wales Delineated," and also "Willoughby's Shakespeare," each work being a really laborious undertaking. Turning from this sober and steady work, he has been incited to rival the prophecies of Zadkiel, the star-seer, the flood-teller, the famine and war prophet, and when twenty-four years old started the mystic and awe-inspiring *Astrologer, and Oracle of Destiny.*

POCKET LONDON GUIDE BOOK.

A COMPLETE, HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, GENERAL, AND TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEY OF THE METROPOLIS,

FOR

THE USE OF THE RESIDENT OR STRANGER.

GIVING IN A COMPENDIOUS FORM A FULL DESCRIPTION OF EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE SEEN WITHIN ITS LIMITS, CORRECTED UP TO THE LATEST PERIOD, AND ARRANGED IN AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND INTERESTING MANNER.

By E. L. BLANCHARD,

THE PRINCESS.'—The pantomime at this theatre is one of the most elegant of the season, and an indubitably great success. Mr. E. L. Blanchard is the author, and has studded the opening with more puns than is usual with him. He has treated the subject of Prince "Riquet with the Tuft" *con amore*, and the action grows in interest as the story advances. The scenery, which is by Mr. Beverley, is charming. One is remarkable for its novelty and beauty, and which we have chosen for our Illustration. Mother Shipton conducts Mother Bunch to a field of enormous mushrooms, under which her imps are concealed—little demons dressed in red and armed with battle-axe and silver helmet—who come forward in a ballet. And this beautiful scene is followed by another still more beautiful, in which Mother Bunch developes her fairy troop in their haunt by the lake of water-lilies, and who delight us with a second ballet. The burlesque scenes are cleverly acted. Mr. Belmore, as Rumbustical, surnamed the Rumpageous, King of Little Brittany, and the father of the silly Princess Amouretta, excited immense laughter. Mr. Charles Seyton, as the ugly but intellectual Prince, was lively and amusing. The scene of the kitchen in which the cooking is going on for Prince Riquet's wedding, is one of those fancies in which Mr. Blanchard is so fertile and felicitous. Such a mode of wooing is surely irresistible. But a further trial must be made of the affection of the parties through the humours of a harlequinade, and therefore a transformation is requisite—one so complex and beautiful, and so thoroughly exhibiting Mr. Beverley's art that it is indescribable. The comic business is also good. The production of a Christmas-piece, so perfect in all its departments, must have a most beneficial effect on the fortunes of the new management, which has certainly commenced with spirit, and, we trust, will secure an ultimate triumph.

DRURY LANE.—We can report the complete success of Mr. E. L. Blanchard's pantomine of "Goody Two-shoes." But before giving any further account of this in many respects remarkable production, we have to notice the improvements made in the house by its new lessee, Mr. Edmund Falconer, who has remodelled nearly the entire interior of the house. Not only has the rotunda been flatted out in three colours, but the auditorium has been extensively remodelled. The promenade behind the boxes no longer exists, but has been thrown into the boxes themselves, which are now furnished with chairs up to the wall. The panelling in front is now substituted by the arabesque trelliswork, or interlaced gilding, in the style of Louis Quatorze, and imitated from the pattern in the Imperial palace at Versailles. The credit of this is due, we are told, to Mr. Marsh Nelson, of Parliament-street, with whom the design originated, and who has carried it through with exemplary perseverance. The paper on the walls and the upholstery of the house consist of a bright barred crimson. The box divisions have been removed, and the dress circle forms an immense balcony, in which, as we have said, the audience is accommodated with chairs. The second tier is similarly arranged, with the addition of an artistic vista, terminating in the grand saloon. A new chandelier is suspended from the ceiling, and from the supporting pillars four light branches project, with ground-glass shades. The orchestral stalls are formed of crimson velvet-covered armed chairs, and extend to three rows. Finally, her Majesty's box and retiring-apartments have been carefully put in order, and it is hoped will ere long be honoured with the Royal presence. We have little to add to the account of the pantomime that we rendered last week. We should have pointed out, however, that it is a combination of two stories, including not only the tale of "Goody Two Shoes" but also that of "Cock Robin." That these have been somewhat arbitrarily associated we must confess, but the author has shown his usual skill. The drama opens with Little Goody (Miss Lydia Thompson) keeping school. Little Boy Blue (Miss Helen Howard), the shepherd swain, loves her, and, what is more, helps her in distress, when Sir Timothy Gripe (Mr. Tom Matthews) persecutes her with his attentions, and, because rejected, seizes on her for rent. The fairy Good Nature (Miss Kate Saxon) comes to the shepherd's aid, and provides him with a never-decreasing stock in trade to raise money withal. Poor Goody, nevertheless, is compelled to a temporary retreat in the forest, and there dreams of the Flowers in the Enchanted Dell, and of herself being a Forget-me-not. And for this scene Mr. Oscar Byrne has invented and arranged a "Ballet des Bouquets," in which Miss Lydia Thompson and the Misses Gunnis execute spirited and expressive pas. Soon after comes the celebration of May Day; and then follows the episode of the death of Cock Robin, by the Spirit of Envy incarnated in the Sparrow. But Mr. Blanchard has not been willing to leave the subject here; but, rising on poet-wing, esteems Cock Robin as a veritable Phœnix, restored to life by Good Nature, who then "proceeds on her radiated path of prisms over the world." The transformation scene has much novelty, presenting, first, the Majolica Fountain, and then the Nave of the Great Exhibition under the eastern dome. The scenery of the opening is magnificently painted; but two scenes especially require commendation. First, the Bramble Brake in the Depths of the Forest; and second, the Haunt of the Woodnymphs, which exhibits a fertile and boundless country, with broad rivers and lofty mountain and superb cascades. The harlequinade consists of six scenes, some of which are ingeniously contrived, and many consist of patented and registered effects. Altogether this pantomime is a superior production, and equal to the best ever produced at the national theatre. The house was crowded to excess on the occasion, and nearly as many were turned away from the doors unable to gain admission. We gave a list of the company last week; we have only on this to say that all acted admirably. The business was successfully carried through without a hitch: the whole, indeed, was a brilliant triumph.

DRURY LANE.—The subject of "Sinbad the Sailor" is treated by Mr. E. L. Blanchard in his usual skilful manner. We may state at once that the pantomime has been placed on the stage with a gorgeousness that far exceeded our previous experience. On every scene Mr. Beverley has expended the prodigality of his art. The opening scene, Memnon and the Pyramids, was remarkable enough; but the second, the source of the Nile, was magnificent beyond expression. A cataract of real water, with a moon that looked a live one, shedding poetic light on the gauzy clouds near her, presented a scene of enchantment that was rapturously applauded by an overflowing audience. But there was something more than the scene; there was Mr. Cormack's troupe of dancers, the maidens of the Nile, who descended the rocks in countless numbers, and then figured in a grand ballet of exceedingly picturesque character. It was early in the evening for a demonstration; but the audience were imperative, and Mr. Beverley was brought forward to acknowledge the compliment. Miss Willmore enacted Sinbad, whose appearance in the Valley of Diamonds was at least interesting. Delivered from its dangers by the enormous Roc, whose wings filled the aerial space (as shown in our Engraving), poor Sinbad has to encounter new dangers with the Dwarfs, who would eat both him and the nefarious captain who has subsided into his servitor, and with the Old Man of the Sea, admirably acted by Master Percy Roselle. This lad's performance was a perfect gem, and will add greatly to the reputation of the pantomime. He was deservedly recalled to receive the congratulations of the audience, who were evidently astonished at so much histrionic skill in one so young. The transformation scene was extremely grand and "beautiful exceedingly," with its stalactites and its female divinities, glittering and graceful, and glowingly emblematic. The pantomime, as we have already stated in a previous Number, was worked by a double company, whose names we need not repeat. Altogether, Messrs Falconer and Chatterton have achieved a great success with their pantomime, the popularity of which will not have to be questioned.

ADELPHI.

The children's pantomime at this theatre has been projected and provided by Mr. E. L. Blanchard; and, notwithstanding the difficulty of the task, has proved a great success. The subject is appropriate, "Little Goody Two Shoes; or, Harlequin Little Boy Blue." The performance is perfect of its kind, and provokes more of applause accompanied with intense delight than any stage exhibition within our recollection. It is indeed, thoroughly marvellous, and in parts irresistibly fascinating.

PRINCESS'S.

Protected by the ægis of so redoubtable an authority as Mr. Robert Browning, *The Poetical Works of Laman Blanchard* (Chatto and Windus) could securely resist attack, even if any attack were contemplated; but it may be safely asserted that more interesting than the poems will be found the memoir (contributed by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold) with which the volume commences. The tone of the memoir has a savour of vindication, which is strange and somewhat regrettable in view of the saying about what is to be inferred from uncalled-for excuses, inasmuch as nobody, if memory may be trusted, ever accused the late Mr. Laman Blanchard of being deficient in any of the qualities requisite for the attainment of great literary and social distinction. But a godson and son-in-law does well, perhaps, to be jealous for the reputation of his departed relative by affinity, though it may be questioned whether, "when the time shall have come to write the history of literary England during the first half of the nineteenth century, among the first will stand the poet, essayist, and journalist" who, as Laman Blanchard, held so high a position in the esteem of his contemporaries. Unless "the history of literary England" is to run to inordinate length, it is to be feared that, so great will be the number of permanently-established authors or fixed stars, the more fugitive writers or shooting stars will stand a very good chance of being altogether disregarded or dismissed "in a lump" with a brief notice "at the end." It is abundantly evident from the volume under consideration that the late Mr. Laman Blanchard wrote excellent verses, including sonnets, more or less delicate, more or less elegant, more or less imaginative, more or less picturesque, more or less graphic, more or less sprightly, more or less witty, all eminently adapted for magazines, and it may be easily allowed that, had inclination and circumstances permitted, he might have produced a poem that would live and keep his memory for ever green. As things are, however, it is not so much upon his poetry—much of which has already lost point and interest—as upon his general celebrity and his connection with a brilliant circle of associates that his name must rely for perpetuity of remembrance. It is a pity that he did not listen to his friends, collect all his poetical effusions and have them published during his lifetime; his personal weight, and the favour with which they would almost certainly have been received at a time to which they were far more appropriate than to our own, might have been sufficient to create for them a popularity which should have lasted, but which, when the iron has grown cold and the time for striking is past, it is almost hopeless to contend for.

ADELPHI.

A new piece, for the Vokes family, has been written by Mr. E. Blanchard, which resembles in its plan and treatment "The Belles of the Kitchen," at which pantomime audiences have so frequently laughed. The new drama is entitled "A Bunch of Berries," and its scene is laid in Hollybush Hall, whose owner and his sister are from home. The hall is left in possession of the son, his niece, and some family visitors, who resolve on rehearsing an amateur pantomime in the drawing-room. This production is called "Harlequin Prince Pantomime; or, the Dark Demon of the Dismal Swamp." A transformation scene is painted by one of the party, rejoicing in the name of "The Regi-n of Perpetual Bliss." The opening is contrived in true artistic style, and the development of the subject follows the usual course of stage representation; but the expedients adopted to suggest the scenery are often very odd, and productive of obstreperous merriment. The imagination of the audience is called upon to a pretty extensive exercise of the faculty, to make out the detail, but the marvel is effected in spite of difficulties. The comic business, too, is represented, with the Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Columbine; and the amount of fun got out of simple materials must be witnessed to be properly understood. All the points are made in the happiest style, and with the greatest success.

DRURY-LANE.

Our readers have been informed that "Harlequin and the Forty Thieves" serve for the pantomime argument, which is treated with all the elegance of Mr. E. L. Blanchard's facile pen. The curtain rose on one of Mr. Beverly's splendid pictures, a magnificent scene of Bagdad, in all its Oriental witchery. The Vokes family, as usual, were in great force, and appeared at once dancing, as if they had always done so, and never intended to cease. Their first set dance was encored. Then followed the Divan of the Genii, with a Peri ballet and some tricks played by a remarkable donkey, which will be remembered all through the year by the excited audience. The business throughout, it may be shortly stated, was singularly ingenious and copiously supplied with fun. The transformation scene showed Mr. Beverly at his best—presenting the Peri's Paradise with the gates ajar, as poetical as it was beautiful. From the oil-jars as they appear at the beginning emerge the dazzling fairies, until gradually they fill the space, in attendance upon Eureka and her assembled Court. The harlequinade that followed proved exceedingly good. As usual, a double company is provided. Messrs. Edward Dean and Charles Wilford as Harlequins, Miss Eva St. Pierre and Miss Fanny Lauri as Columbines, Miss A. Rosalind as Harlequina à la Watteau, Messrs. C. Lauri and F. Evans as Clowns, and Messrs. H. Lauri and R. Jones as Pantalcons, left nothing to be desired.

To E. L. BLANCHARD.

Express myself to you I can, sir,
In very simple, childish rhyme,—
You dear, benevolent romancer,
Good spirit of all pantomime!
Wizard! I've blessed thy magic brain,
Which deftly worked for great and small,
Made fine old *Drury* ring again,
Yet *drew re*-spect from one and all!
'Midst those who never "cut" a "shine,"
Give me thy hand, good Valentine!

Journal of Bel

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by its immediate transmission, by post, we r

No. 610. SATU

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Doings in London; or Day and Night Scenes of the Frauds, Frolics, Manners, and Depravities of the Metropolis. By George Smeeton. 8vo. pp. 423. London, 1828. Smeeton.

We have now had several books of this kind, and we are very sceptical about their leading to the diminution of crime. In one of his own illustrative quotations, Mr. Smeeton says, "your ignorance is bliss, and proves the words of *Pope*" [Pope or Gray, 'tis all de same, for the beauty and correctness of the poetical quotation,]

"If ignorance is bliss,
It's folly to be wise."

Now if this be true, any detailed account of the "depravities of London" must be injurious; and we are inclined to think that it is so. Youthful curiosity is more likely to be piqued by some of the scenes, than vice deterred by disgust or dread from seeking the most dangerous of them. But we would not care so much for books of this class, though recommended by wood-cuts *ad captandum* and low prices, were it not that they serve to fill up the measure of a very bad and corruptive course of popular reading. The far greater mischief is wrought by the newspaper press. Not to mention the *Sunday* journals, which *par excellence* too generally live upon slander and obscenity,—let any one look at the common construction of the best daily papers, and say if they furnish that species of intelligence and information which is fittest for a well-regulated community. On the contrary, the disproportionate space in their columns allotted to prurient law cases and to low police reports is enough, by reiteration, to corrupt the feelings and morals of any People. It is true that the foreign news is very scanty, derived from sources of no authority, conflicting and partial, and almost repetitions of the same things for months together; but surely, after this sort of matter is disposed of, it would be possible to fill even a daily journal with superior matter to that with which these influential engines are now stuffed. Silly paragraphs, taken without discrimination or correction from country newspapers, are the most venial of their offences. It is the avidity with which infamous transactions are reported that disgraces them, and renders their tendency pernicious on society. In short, it is a serious consideration to admit any Newspaper into a family circle, unless your mind be made up to the point, that details of every vulgar and worthless piece of riot and ribaldry, minute descriptions of what passes in brothels, and circumstantial accounts of the most unnatural and abhorrent crimes, are fit for the perusal of the young and the female portions of your home. Were these subjects, or any of them, only incidental, were they touched upon once or twice, the sense and feeling of the public would revolt from the insult to decency and propriety: but custom doth breed habit; and we are becoming so accustomed to them, that, though ever and

The past season will be also well-remembered by the lovers of the drama, as having shown to the world the sources of Mr. Macready's genius, which before were hidden, or only guessed by a few attentive observers. No performer, within our memory, has succeeded in spite of such formidable obstacles. His appearance had not the freshness of novelty—he had often been seen in a variety of inferior and often disagreeable characters—and, except in a very few instances, had acted parts of mean malignity, not only beneath, but wholly unsuited to his powers. His performance of Rob Roy first showed the cordiality and nobleness of his spirit, and that of Mordaunt in the Steward, the intensity of his passion. But these were prose parts at the best; and success in them was no proof of capability to succeed in Shakspeare's principal characters.—His attempt to play Richard was adventurous almost without parallel—from the great excellence of Mr. Kean in the part, and from the violent feeling of exclusive attachment which so many cherished towards that admirable performer. Yet he triumphed over prejudice and party; gave to this often repeated character the air of novelty; and necessarily without aid from any other actor, rendered the play attractive for nine or ten nights, at a period when theatrical enthusiasm was comparatively feeble. In Coriolanus, the fresh recollection of past greatness presented almost as severe an obstacle, as the admiration of present excellence in Richard; for an attempt so soon after Mr. Kemble's retirement, to embody the part which the imagination identified with him, was regarded as little less than sacrilege: Mr. Macready, however, so skilfully brought out the more human traits of the character—the young patrician enthusiasm—the filial love—the swelling and noble contempt of base disguise—and the terrible struggle of affection with pride—that he gave a new striking idea of the part, without disturbing that which his great predecessor had bodied forth with equal vividness and majesty. His Macbeth also was an attempt of great peril; because he had not only the long shadows cast by Mr. Kemble's fame to cross his path, but was unaided by any support in Lady Macbeth, which could heighten the attraction; and the play, with all its unearthy grandeur, is a fearful weight for one individual to sustain. Yet here his bewildered air—his looks of a haunted wildness—and his gallant bearing—presented a picture of the character before but dimly seen even by the mental eye. His success in Virginius is less extraordinary, because he had less to overcome than in either of his other principal efforts; and assuredly never has there been exhibited on the stage a performance of more variety, yet more entirely harmonious.

meaning, and shew that if Mr. Blanchard has much that offends the judgment, he has many parts whose best praise is to be found in their own beauties.

"She stood beside the ruin of a wall
Painted and carved; where unplucked flowers and moss
O'ergrew the beauty of the ruling Cross:
And sainted foreheads, which in other time
Had bowed their earth in heaven's cloud-columned hall,
Were greenly wreathed in mockery of age.
And here a bank its purple shadow kept
Above a lake, where Hope perchance had wept,
Ere yet a tear was made the mirror of a crime,
And here a monument whose ice-like page
Dropt as the day perused it—though a bard
Had found therein the coldness of reward:
Dark trees were dying round it. Farther on,
A gray and falling bridge sent gentle strife
Through waters, which, unstained with human life,
Made music mid the roots that twined the stone.
And far beyond a plain, where living forms
Flashed in the lustre of warm summer hours,
And a thick world of forest, whose deep tune
And shadows stretched where no sear leaves were strewn,
Stood hills, the *hiding-place of sunny storms*
That laughed amid the light in sudden showers.
* * * *
And that brief moment of the heart's unveiling
Is worth its long years of succeeding light;
For every coming hour must find it failing
With hopes that may return not—onward sailing,
Until its voyage shall be wrecked in night,
And all things darken in the sinking sight.
Not thus with these—the poet who had seen
Earth's splendour fade before him; and the bride
Whom his stript breast now sheltered in its pride—
In whom no thought recoiled on what had been,
But clasped the heart whereof she felt the queen,
And feared no darkness as the daylight died.
Each was the other's life; their passion seemed
All that hath e'er been found, or feigned, or dreamed;
The atmosphere and earth, the sky, the shade—
All which was theirs to see, and all that cannot fade.

Their melancholy was but deeper joy,
Too deep for smiles—for he was marked with grief;
And she, though sunnier thoughts the spell destroy,
Was fashioned in the sweetest starriest time
E'er whispered of in poet's midnight rhyme;
And her pale gloom had ever felt relief
In token of a morrow. Now they were
Throned on the bosom of their love, uniting
In one small circle all that least can err,
Sting, and deceive, with all that most can bless,
Support, and shield in virtue's pathlessness.
They winged them o'er the fields of air, alighting
In some lone spot to talk on fairy themes;
Or twined within the hollow of a shell,
Whose sea-voice sang to them, steered their true dreams
Where never mortal eye hath seen how well
The beautiful unenvied things of ocean dwell.
They met the winds together."

And then the following slight but exquisite touches:—

"O'er the sands she stray'd,
Mute as a wish within a human breast.

Her eyes had many shadows, as each dye,
Each tinge of thought, dissolved into its sky.

Her veins seemed heaven's blue,
And their bright blood the sunshine that runs through.

She lived as lives the moon for her dark lord,
Or rainbow, scabbard of the tempest's sword.

A track where the moon glides, with stars strewn o'er
Like jewels in the night-sea."

Or the little boat that glides on in "the morning of the moon." Or where the Poet's Bride,

"On the scroll
Of the vast shore, his haunting image traced,
And wept to see the waters razing it."

If images and expressions like these are not fresh from the fairy land of poetry, we know not what constitutes that language whose words are pictures. And now that we proceed to the less pleasant task of censuring, it is with the firm belief that such faults as we observe, belong to one whose blemishes are worth amending. In how bad a taste are such expressions as, "his fleet heart's horses;" or again, "his heart's honeysuckles;" or where their thoughts walk "their serene dominion as a meadow;" or where there is a "warmth to keep his flowers awake," &c. &c. The ode to the Spirit of Poetry is full of similar blots and

The past season will be also well-remembered by the lovers of the drama, as having shown to the world the sources of Mr. Macready's genius, which before were hidden, or only guessed by a few attentive observers. No performer, within our memory, has succeeded in spite of such formidable obstacles. His appearance had not the freshness of novelty—he had often been seen in a variety of inferior and often disagreeable characters—and, except in a very few instances, had acted parts of mean malignity, not only beneath, but wholly unsuited to his powers. His performance of Rob Roy first showed the cordiality and nobleness of his spirit, and that of Mordaunt in the Steward, the intensity of his passion. But these were prose parts at the best; and success in them was no proof of capability to succeed in Shakspeare's principal characters.—His attempt to play Richard was adventurous almost without parallel—from the great excellence of Mr. Kean in the part, and from the violent feeling of exclusive attachment which so many cherished towards that admirable performer. Yet he triumphed over prejudice and party; gave to this often repeated character the air of novelty; and necessarily without aid from any other actor, rendered the play attractive for nine or ten nights, at a period when theatrical enthusiasm was comparatively feeble. In Coriolanus, the fresh recollection of past greatness presented almost as severe an obstacle, as the admiration of present excellence in Richard; for an attempt so soon after Mr. Kemble's retirement, to embody the part which the imagination identified with him, was regarded as little less than sacrilege: Mr. Macready, however, so skilfully brought out the more human traits of the character—the young patrician enthusiasm—the filial love—the swelling and noble contempt of base disguise—and the terrible struggle of affection with pride—that he gave a new striking idea of the part, without disturbing that which his great predecessor had bodied forth with equal vividness and majesty. His Macbeth also was an attempt of great peril; because he had not only the long shadows cast by Mr. Kemble's fame to cross his path, but was unaided by any support in Lady Macbeth, which could heighten the attraction; and the play, with all its unearthy grandeur, is a fearful weight for one individual to sustain. Yet here his bewildered air—his looks of a haunted wildness—and his gallant bearing—presented a picture of the character before but dimly seen even by the mental eye. His success in Virginius is less extraordinary, because he had less to overcome than in either of his other principal efforts; and assuredly never has there been exhibited on the stage a performance of more variety, yet more entirely harmonious.



Engraved by D.J. Pound, from a Photograph by Mayall.

ALBERT SMITH, ESQR.

Albert Smith.

A page of Christopher Tadpole, authenticated on back of it
Friend of Ainsworth

further still."

There was such an expression of horror and agony in his face that Christopher was equally startled for the moment. But he soon said:—

"You must be mistaken — some animal has died here. I will look; besides I have lost my cap."

"Don't look — I tell you: come away!" exclaimed the other trembling violently. "I never saw but one dead body in my life, and then the room was full of people. But to meet one here — never mind your cap. Come away: it is a tomb — a grave."

"There is nothing in it that will hurt me" said Christopher, as he went towards the hut, and held up the lantern and then he saw that Gudge was right: for the ground was really covered with dark human bones and skulls and mummy like forms, some of which they had trodden down in entering. A slight shudder at once crept through him. He hooked his cap out with the shamois horn at the end of his pole, and returned to Gudge.

"I cannot tell what this terrible place is" he said "but they are human remains."

Neither Christopher nor his companion knew that the building they had entered was the bones Morgue or dead-house of the Convent: which the visitor may readily recollect at the side of the pathway up the last steep. The bodies of those unfortunates who

A portion of the original manuscript of "Christopher Tadpole", with signature outside of its author "Albert Smith".

Albert Smith

13 Poland St.
Oxford St.

Mr Schultz Printer

Albert Smith.

A page of Christopher Tadpole, autheticated on back of it
Friend of Ainsworth

MR. ALBERT SMITH.

On Monday evening, this distinguished *litterateur* resumed his popular entertainment of "the Ascent of Mont Blanc," at the Egyptian-hall in Piccadilly, which suggests a fit opportunity for presenting to our readers the antecedents of our successful illustrator of life and manners.



MR. ALBERT SMITH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

Albert Smith was born May 24, 1816, at Chertsey, in Surrey; was educated at Merchant Taylors' School; studied medicine at the Middlesex Hospital, and became a member of the College of Surgeons in 1838; after which he continued his studies at the Hôtel Dieu and Clamart, in Paris; and, on his return to England, practised with his father as a surgeon, at Chertsey. He had already appeared as an author, in a pamphlet entitled "Arguments against Phrenology," in which the leading question propounded was, "Whether the external form of the Head correspond to the external surface of the Brain?" This *brochure* appeared in 1837, when its author was described as "a rising student in one of our metropolitan hospitals." His argument extends to some two dozen pages, the most remarkable feature in which is the good-natured satire and quiet humour with which the writer demolishes the theory of the Phrenologists. In 1838, Mr. Smith communicated a series of clever "Sketches in Paris," to *The Mirror*, then edited by John Timbs; and, in 1839-40, appeared in the same editor's periodical, the *Literary World*, Mr. Smith's "Sketches of Evening Parties," the earliest specimens of the writer's home fun; and in the same work he printed and illustrated a narrative of his "Passage of the Great St. Bernard," the *avant-courier* of his "Ascent of Mont Blanc," which he faithfully describes as a long-cherished hope of his early youth. About this time he gave a very interesting account of his Mount St. Bernard journey, illustrated with his own drawings, at several public institutions of the metropolis and its environs. He also wrote a set of characteristic papers for the *Medical Times*; and in 1841 he settled in town, and began to write for the magazines, and became a contributor to the pages of *Punch*—in the first volume of which appeared his "Medical Student" sketches. In 1842 Mr. Smith wrote for the *London Saturday Journal* a *nouvellette*, entitled the "Armourer of Paris;" and an old Chertsey legend, "Blanche Heriot," which he afterwards dramatised for the Surrey Theatre—this being his first essay in writing for the stage.

Mr. Smith has since produced the "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," the "Scattergood Family," the "Marchioness of Brinvilliers," "Christopher Tadpole," and the "Pottleton Legacy," most of which first appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and have been republished in volumes. He, likewise, wrote for the Lyceum and Princess' Theatres several burlesques, which enjoyed great popularity. Next he appeared as the author of a set of amusing little books, the idea of which may have been taken from the Parisian "Physiologies," but, in each instance, was worked out by our author with great originality; such were "The Gent," "The Flirt," "The Ballet-girl," "The Idler upon Town," "Stuck-up People," &c.: which, by good-naturedly showing up the weak points of a very large class of society, insured a very extensive popularity.

Meanwhile, Mr. Smith occasionally contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, *the Keepsake*, *the Book of Beauty*, and other Annuals; and, for several years, he was the dramatic critic of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, to which journal also he contributed many a column of pictorial pleasantries. He also wrote several songs for John Parry, and his entertainment entitled "Lights and Shadows of Social Life."

In 1849, Mr. Smith made an excursion to the East, and on his return, published his clever volume, "A Month at Constantinople," and in the following year he produced his entertainment of travel, "The Overland Mail." Next year, Mr. Smith made the ascent of Mont Blanc. Upon this perilous journey was founded his entertainment, first given at the Egyptian Hall, March 15, 1852, the success of which is best attested by the following data: in the two seasons 1852-53 there paid for admission 193,754 persons; the entertainment was represented 471 times, and once privately to Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred, at the Egyptian-hall, June 28, 1852, at half-past nine o'clock in the morning. The sum received at the doors during the two seasons exceeded £17,000; and it is a noteworthy merit of Mr. Smith's management, that no charge was made for places taken or for play-bills.

Our author's latest work, "The Story of Mont Blanc," has already been reviewed in our columns: it is altogether his best literary production, and has a maturity and finish which will prove a lasting merit.

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ROOM for beauty! The *belle* of the evening claims our next attention: the lovely dark-eyed girl, so plainly and yet so elegantly dressed, who wears her hair in simple bands over her fair forehead, unencumbered by flower or ornament of any kind, and moves in the light of her own beauty, as the presiding goddess of the room, imparting fragrance to the enamoured air that plays around her. How many quadrilles deep she is engaged for!—how earnestly an introduction is requested!—how fortunate it is even to be her *vis-à-vis!*—and what a thrill of inexplicable happiness pervades our sense—what an ecstacy of admiration—what a mesmeric throb of pleasure as we take her hand in the *chaine des dames!* And for the waltz! those brilliant intoxicating moments, which come so rarely to brighten our dim career, are cheaply purchased by hours of unpleasantry and disappointment. And who does not associate the fairest portions of his life with the shadowy remembrance of some exquisite creature, who endowed him, for the time, with a species of Daguerreotypic existence by the light of her presence alone, her absence forming its shadows!

We appear to be getting philosophically poetical:—we are not often taken so, and must plead in excuse the exciting cause of our present indisposition. The beauty of the ball has sometimes one uncomfortable characteristic, which her very position generates—she is an out-and-out flirt. At one party she will talk softly to you for half an hour together in the conservatory, with no other witnesses than some flower-pots, paper camellias, and a Chinese lamp; at another, she will all but cut you for a new cavalier with an imperial, which you do not wear. In the first situation, you will think evening parties the poetry of society; in the last, you will pronounce them to be very indifferent amusements after all. She is, moreover, very capricious; and, having refused all invitations to waltz, on the plea of giddiness, will eventually stand up with another handsome girl, and twirl away for a quarter of an hour. Possibly this is for the express purpose of tantalizing all the young gentlemen in the room, upon the same principle that makes young ladies kiss babies so rapturously before company.

The *professed flirt* is not always the beauty of the room, but still sufficiently good-looking to attract several *pro-tempore* lovers. And it is remarkable what diplomatic ingenuity she puts forth in carrying on a flirtation with three or four young gentlemen at the same time. The mere shade, the very idea of a gentle pressure of the hand, as she meets you in the chain of the last figure of the Lancers, induces you to believe yourself the favoured one. But you are mistaken: she has made three or four others equally self-satisfied by the same proceeding; and just as she has half given, half allowed you to take a flower from her *bouquet*—which you intend to place in water when you get home to your chambers, as a romantic souvenir, and afterwards, when withered, to treasure up in your dressing-case for an indefinite period, amidst a similar collection of *gages d'amour*, such as old rose-leaves, odd sandals, shrivelled violets, three-cornered notes (scented with that odd perfume the women are so fond of at present, which resembles a cocoa-nut oil lamp that had gone out), locks of silky and odoriferous hair, that have made the paper which envelopes them very transparent, and, perhaps, a vinaigrette or torquoise ring—you find she has offered to mark some other happy swain's handkerchief with his initials and her own hair. Wherefore you set her down as a heartless coquette, and the gentleman as a thorough muff; but you do not throw away the lily of the valley notwithstanding.



And even when she waltzes with him, and asks you to hold her delicate scarf, which resembles point lace in a consumption, you are still gratified by the honour. The flirt does not admire being cooped up in the ball-room all the evening. She is very fond of going down for refreshment; not that she stands in need of any, but it removes her from the *espionnage* of her *chaperon;* and, if there is one situation she prefers more than another, it is sitting on the staircase outside the drawing-room door, under pretence of enjying the cool air."



The flirt has different opinions formed of her. Old mammas, with unmarriageable daughters, pronounce her "an exceedingly forward young woman." Young ladies who are a little jealous, think her "a very strange girl in her manners;" and the young gentlemen speak of her according to their temperaments and ideas of perfection as "a splendid creature," "a girl with no humbug about her," or (unfeminine yet expressive appellation), "a thorough-going brick, and no mistake!"

7 SMITH (Albert) Mont Blanc. Sm. 8°. London: printed for PRIVATE CIRCULATION, 1852. Reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine, with appendix. Portrait inserted. PRESENTATION COPY "Shirley Brooks Esq. from his friend the author, 1852." Original wrappers. £3/15/-

8 —— The Story of Mont Blanc. Coloured frontispiece and numerous illustrations in the text. Large 12°. 1853. FIRST PUBLISHED EDITION. Original cloth. 10/-

9 —— Another edition. Frontispiece. Large 12°. New York, 1853. Cloth. 8/6

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—— A hand-book of Mr. Albert Smith's Ascent of Mont Blanc, with (seven) outline engravings of the views, First represented at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, March 15, 1852. Oblong 8°. Published for the author, N.D. Wrappers. 4/6

295 SMITH (Albert) MARGUERITE de BOURGOGNE; a Tradition of Ancient Paris: FIRST EDITION, cr. 8vo., *cloth*, 4/- 1845

296 SMITH (Albert) The NATURAL HISTORY of the FLIRT; *illustrated by Gavarni Gilbert*, &c., 24mo., *sewed*, FIRST EDITION, *covers missing*, 2/-. 1848



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My Diary in America in the Midst of War. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Two volumes. Tinsley Brothers.

"America in the Midst of War" has been made known to all the world through the columns of a morning contemporary; but all the world must not imagine that the two handsome volumes just issued by Mr. Sala contain simply that which they have already seen. Much of the original writing remains, indeed; but much has been amended, and a goodly quantity now appears for the first time. Taken altogether, it may be looked upon as a new book, worthy of a broad and general survey quite distinguished from that usually bestowed upon sometimes hasty and ephemeral "correspondents'" work. Everybody, however, will remember, from the mass of columns perused, such subjects as the presentation to the Lincolns at the White House, the wonderful chapter struck upon a box of matches, or New Year's Day in New York; together with many others which day by day delighted or astonished, or did both, besides conveying impressions altogether different in certain select circles which seem to think mere hostility in journalism as good a call upon public support as any other. The eight hundred pages before us are of the same kind—as lively, as graphic, as severe. The author was always moving about, and he has arranged his material in order that the effect should not be too erratic; whilst his well-known discursive powers are exercised to an extent which precludes all possibility of the least fatigue. The book is a good book, and certainly honest, though seldom amiable. It is the longest grumble on record. But it *is* annoying to be swindled ten times over in your very first cab. It *is* annoying to have a drunken colonel and a designing female stuck into the same vehicle—the first to hiccup out how he is going to be "fits (in reality something worse) on Cheesewright," the second to give a free-and-easy invitation which might or might not be to your advantage. It *is* annoying to receive silent contempt or an audible curse upon courteously asking a question. And it *is* annoying—down to the extreme length of a column, did we care to index the various perplexities which beset an English gentleman when trying to get a notion of America and the Americans in the midst of war. The effect is not pleasant, but this effect is not universal. There is much sociality of an admirable character—if you are "somebody" suffered to share it and rich enough to pay for it; and Mr. Sala most ungrudgingly testifies to the many happy days he has spent, and the many dear friends he has made, during his twelve months' run up and down the Northern States, Mexico, and Canada. But he is conscious of the side on which the balance falls. That pound of feathers will always let the sixteen ounces of lead down with a flop. And he is prepared for the result in the country which he has quitted, and has opened his book with a chapter called "Justificatory." To this the present attention will be principally confined. He is to be branded for being egotistic; but, he asks, should a healthy man be ashamed of owning that his book is himself, and especially when the book can scarcely help being so? Therefore he publishes himself by inches or by feet, by moments or by days; and, whatever the actual subject may chance to be, be sure that Mr. Sala is living in it, pervading it, giving it his own colouring according to the glasses which he wears. These glasses, he tells the "Intelligent American" (imaginary) to whom he addresses the chapter, are very seldom *couleur de rose;* as a rule, they are decidedly yellow, and a bilious, jaundicy tone is likely to cover the majority of things seen. But he intended to make his book the record of his personal experience, and he says:—"Had I thought it right to build my book on any other model, I should not have left a happy home, and an assured livelihood, and a host of kind hearts who had known me from my infancy, to knock about for twelve months and more in a strange land and a cruel climate, among strangers who hated me. I should have gone to the library of the British Museum, and, in due time, with the aid of Mr. Panizzi's shelves, produced two bulky octavos as modest as Mignon and as dull as ditch-water." Mr. Sala has steered clear of this. His "Diary" is as bold as Bayard and as animated as an aviary.

Quite Alone. By George Augustus Sala. (3 vols. Chapman and Hall.) Something very good is expected of Mr. Sala, and expectation is generally satisfied; nor will it be disappointed in the case of "Quite Alone." His sketches of places, scenes, and characters are wonderfully minute and brilliant; his power of rendering French with comical literalness into English is insurpassable; his felicity in the introduction of French expressions dropped from the mouths of his French personages is really curious; and he possesses to a marvellous extent the charm of illustrating incidents by happy allusions or apt analogies drawn either from his exhaustive memory or from his commonplace-book. Whatever may be the peculiar merits or defects of his work, he has succeeded in writing a very readable novel. "Quite Alone" is, so far as the story answers to the title, the biography up to womanhood of the daughter who was born in lawful wedlock to a fashionable English blackguard and an extravagantly-conceived (in the author's brain) French actress, was utterly neglected (except upon a few occasions when she was ill-used by her affectionate mamma) by her parents, and was consequently, so far as family ties went, nearly always "quite alone." Mr. Sala explains, in a very good-humoured and amusing preface, one disadvantage under which his novel labours. One might apply to him the saying, "this man began to build and was not able to finish." He was, for very good reasons, which he candidly and humorously gives, unable to complete his story in time for the requirements of *All the Year Round*, for which it was written, and the latter portion of it—from page 185 of the third volume to the end—is not his handiwork or brain work. It is impossible to say how far the novel has suffered—if it have suffered at all—from the employment of a "new hand;" but one cannot help thinking that Mr. Sala would have explained how it came to pass that Lily Blunt, though she was living in the hotel of the faithful Constant, though she was under the protection of her uncle, and though she was by nature the last person in the world to do anything bold, should have ridden constantly in the park and have dined constantly in the coffee-rooms of hotels "quite alone." Mr. Sala might also have shown by what process akin to the backward motion of the shadow upon the sundial of Ahaz a gentleman who at page 10 of the first volume is described as being "close upon fifty years of age," should have receded, at page 308 of the third volume, to "forty." Our private opinion is that Mr. Sala intended so to manage matters that Lily should have been introduced to horse-flesh, that her uncle should have died and left her his fortune, and that by force of circumstances she should have become habituated to riding and dining in public "quite alone." Mr. Sala declares that during his absence from England, when he ought to have been completing his novel, he "had forgotten the very names of" his *dramatis personæ;* but it seems to us that the coming oblivion was already throwing its shadows before when he suddenly changed the Monsieur Sournois of page 58, vol. i., to the Jean Baptiste Constant who figures conspicuously throughout the rest of the story. We have found it impossible—with a due regard for time—to come to any other conclusion than that Sournois and Constant are two in one, and that the phenomenon is due to the author's forgetfulness. An error so slight would of course be unworthy of notice except as premonitory of the oblivion which ultimately overtook Mr. Sala.

A Journey Due North. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. London: Bentley.

THE readers of the "Illustrated Times" and "Welcome Guest" are aware that Mr. Sala has been to most places. Among others, he has been to St. Petersburg, which he visited immediately after the war, to see how he liked our enemies. He did not like them at all. He detests them for their bugs and their *boutoschniks*, their vapour-baths, and their *vodka*, their caviar and their cruelty, their drojkas, their dirt, and their dram-drinking before dinner. Russia, with singular felicity of expression, he styles "the valley of the shadow of stick," and he compares the Russians themselves to Chinese—which, we believe, is the greatest insult that can be offered to a nation: when Heine was unusually bitter against the English, he used to say that *we* were Chinese.

M. Edgar Quinet, who, like many other French writers, has lately fallen in love with the Moldo-Wallachians, begins his work on those interesting semi-barbarians by cursing the Sclavonian alphabet and Cyril who introduced it, and Peter the Great, who, under pretence of simplifying it, complicated it into the Russian. Mr. Sala is of M. Quinet's way of thinking. He is annoyed, though amused, at seeing Souvaroff's name spelt "СУВОРОВ," and he is annoyed, and not at all amused, at the Russian word "drojka," being written in Roman characters "drosky, droshky, or droschky;" nor are we quite sure that he will not be annoyed even with us, who appreciate and admire his talent more than any one, for giving in this article the only correct orthography of that substantive, which is the name of the most disagreeable vehicle ever invented—a vehicle so utterly ill adapted to the purpose it is intended to serve, that an eccentric English nobleman, on a tour to St. Petersburg, is said to have offered a thousand pounds to the person who could discover anything more inconvenient. He is also very savage with the Russians because their nouns have genitive cases, and accuses them of not knowing their own language, because they say sometimes *vodka*, and sometimes *vodki*, just as the Romans sometimes said *vinum* and sometimes *vini*.

We, who lived the greater part of a year in Russia, in spite of *boutoschniks* and bugs, confess that we like caviar as much as Shakspeare himself did (for otherwise would Hamlet ever have said that the play which was too good for the audience was "caviar to the general"?) that we even like *vodka*, which when good is equal to the best Scotch whisky, and that we would walk a good many miles for the sake of a Russian bath. Let us add, that though there are doubtless a great many dirty persons in the vast Russian empire, we never found any difficulty in getting introduced to clean ones, and that we not only never witnessed any act of cruelty in Russia, but never even saw a blow struck but once, when we struck it ourselves—and it will be understood that we do not very often agree with Mr. Sala in his observations on the life and manners of the Muscovite people.

There is an absurd saying that seeing is believing, but it would be far truer to assert that believing is seeing. Caviar disagrees with Mr. Sala, and Russian spirits, when he tastes them, irritate him; naturally then he dislikes the country, believes every thing in it is bad, and full of that belief, looks about him and sees nothing that is good. We, on the other hand, like *vodka*, delight in caviar, and would rather hear a performance of the Moscow gipsies than an opera at Covent Garden, with Bosio and Mario in the principal parts. Of course, then, we believe Russia to be a very fine country, and see all sorts of things that fortify us in that opinion.

However, we do not differ with Mr. Sala upon all points. He agrees with us in praising the Russian tea, and we agree with him in detesting the Russian officials, and especially the officials of the police. It appears to us that the truest portion of the whole book is that which relates to the "Great Russian Bogy." Thanks to secret tribunals, documentary evidence, and corrupt judges, law in Russia is a terror and a curse, and Russian policemen are, as it were, the scouts who are perpetually seeking to drag fresh victims, either as accusers or accused, (one fares about as well as the other) into the mazes of a criminal court. There are not a hundredth part so many persons as is generally imagined in the pay of the Russian police, but, on the other hand, the Russian police are in the pay of almost every one. Persons not engaged in trade have nothing to fear from them, unless they are mad enough to seek redress for some injury they may have received; but a shopkeeper, if he fails to make a handsome present to the commissary of his district on that gentleman's *fête*-day, may as well make up his mind to shut up shop. "I can't beat you," says an official in one of Gogol's comedies, to a tradesman who is not sufficiently liberal with his bribes, "I can't beat you, because you are a free man, but you shall swallow snakes somehow or other. Next week you will have a regiment of soldiers to lodge." Mr. Sala tells a story of a grocer who had omitted to fee the police, and who was absolutely invaded by them, on the plea that a robbery had been committed in his house. In vain the poor man protested that he had lost nothing; the alguazils knew better. Day after day he had to make his appearance at the police office, bank-note after bank-note was extracted from his pocket, until at last the affair was concluded by a magnificent douceur to the commissary—the only possible way of terminating it. The tale is very horrible, but Mr. Sala tells it so admirably, and the villany of the officials is so excessive, so ludicrously monstrous, that it reads like a chapter out of "Gil Blas." Indeed, the book, from beginning to end, is thoroughly entertaining; we will not say "as entertaining as a novel," because our contemporaries have rather vulgarised the comparison, and also because the majority of novels, instead of being entertaining, are quite the reverse. The cleverest part of the book appears to us to be the account of the journey out. How that tedious Baltic voyage could have furnished Mr. Sala with the pictures, the characters, and the immense amount of downright fun that are to be found in the opening chapter, we are at a loss to understand. Indeed the whole work is so amusing, that that very fact has been made use of to depreciate it. "Russia can't be so amusing as Mr. Sala makes it out," it is said, just as it might be objected to Mr. Dickens, that human life is not so comic or so picturesque as the representations of human life in his admirable fictions. It is like telling Beaumarchais or Congreve that the wittiest gentlemen in every-day life are not half so witty as their barbers and valets. To which it may be replied, that if characters in comedies talked half so stupidly as most men do, no one would go to the play. And if those critics who object to being amused were to write an account of a voyage in a Baltic steamer, we are quite sure we should part company with them long before the vessel entered the Gulf of Finland.

863. SALA (G. A.). Trifles for Travellers. *A series of upwards of* 100 *humorous coloured designs on long panoramic folding plate.* Sq. 12mo, *orig. illust. boards, in slip case.* Lond., *Ackermann, circa* 1840. 30s

How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser. By BENEDICT CRUISER, M.M. (Married Man), and now H.H. (Happy Husband), edited by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, with illustrations by PHIZ.

THE SEVEN SONS OF MAMMON. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Tinsley.

The titlepage of this work declares it to be "a story;" we presume, as contradistinguished from that which is popularly denominated a novel. In his preface the author seems to anticipate, and in a manner to defy, hostile criticism. This probably implies a consciousness that his book may be questioned as a specimen of literary workmanship, and as sinning against the real or supposed rigid canons of authorship. We rather believe that it will be judged by no such crucial test. In order to be properly estimated, it must be read, not skimmed for incidents or filtered for sensations. Occasion has recently served for an expression of opinion as to the peculiar qualities and the peculiar merits of Mr. Sala as a writer, and it is by the standard which he has avowedly set up for himself that he must be considered. If in the book before us there is sought a tale constructed after the manner of a railway, with straight lines, along which the narrative glides, reaching at last a large, comprehensive, and roomy terminus, containing everything to minister to our satisfaction on arrival thither, the seekers in this wise will not find what they look for. No such chartered smoothness and directness are to be expected. But there is a sufficient framework of story, and enough of character; and for the rest it is filled out by records of those under-currents of human life which it has been the fortune, good or ill, of Mr. Sala to have penetrated, and which in this tale he has done a good deal to unveil. No doubt there will be many persons who will hesitate at accepting much of the narrative of crime and fraud which is here given—will question the possibility of such agents in ill-doing as are here depicted, and believe they are paying the best compliment they can to the writer when they admit that he has drawn on a well-furnished imagination. Nevertheless, it may be asserted that there is nothing written down in this tale of modern life that is not just a paraphrase of plain, prosaic statements in newspapers of comparatively recent date. Beyond this we are informed that more than one of the principal characters are reproductions—with artistic effects of course—of persons who have actually lived and who ran careers practically identical with those which are embodied in Mr. Sala's book. Mrs. Armytage, for instance, is drawn from a woman whose existence and doings are known to many persons; and we are told that Ephraim Tigg, the squalid miser, is sketched from actual life. "The Seven Sons of Mammon" having appeared in subdivisions in the pages of a monthly magazine, and in its progress excited no little attention, there is a certain public familiarity with regard to its heroes and heroines. As usual, the story on its appearance in a complete form has some disadvantages to contend with. It is a vicious necessity of the serial form of publication that construction and continuity are made subservient to the sustained interest of what are in the first instance detached chapters; and although Sir Bulwer Lytton, in defending himself from an absurd blunder in a story of his now in course of publication, states pointedly that, though most of his recent novels have appeared in magazines, and so in fragmentary shapes, they were always written in full, and concluded before the first chapters appeared, it is hardly to be supposed that every contributor of tales in the same form is so provident. Something of this should be taken into consideration when one is about to object that only three of the seven sons of Mammon are dealt with in these volumes. The author, besides, distinctly states that, in commencing the first chapter of his work, he knew perfectly well what the last one was to be, and that he never contemplated giving a distinct biography of each son of Mammon; and he hints at a sequel to the present narrative, dependent on the inclination of the public. Exception will probably be taken to the conclusion of the story. It will be objected that mysteries are not cleared up, and that an imposing tableau does not precede the fall of the curtain. The secrets of the main mover of the puppets certainly remain undisclosed, and the machinery by which they were played is scarcely more than hinted at. If this be a literary sin, it is one not without precedent. There is or was a certain novel called "Vivian Grey," which created the literary reputation and laid the foundation of the political career of the author; and, if we remember rightly, at the close of that book the hero is left in the branches of a lofty tree into which he had climbed to escape from a flood; having been brought into that situation by a series of adventures phantasmic enough, and nothing more has ever been heard of him. Again, the same novelist, after having driven another of his heroes into a position which implies proximate destruction of body and soul, his future is dismissed by a curt announcement of the arrival of his father and mother at Jerusalem in search of him. These are the kicking over the traces of genius, and are not to be visited severely by the critical lash.

It is undeniable that there are in this story, apart from that which may be called its high-pressure phases, much that is interesting and a good deal that is novel. As a specimen of that which Mr. Sala has designated his "Dutch painting," we would point to the description of the Flemish village of Hoogendracht, with its surroundings of the Monastery of the Pères Maristes des Bonnes Œuvres and the Château of St. Hendrik. Again, look at the descriptions of the inner life of a French convict prisons—the substitute for the once famous "galleys." It is minutely detailed, and bears on it so much the impress of truthful delineation that it almost suggests the inquiry how and under what circumstances was such extraordinary knowledge obtained? The sketch of the Kentish village of Swordsley is very well done, and the place is peopled with infinite comicality. Then, too, there is the abnormal life of Monmouth Chambers—the model lodging-house for more or less genteel poverty—which is so drawn that it reads like a description which owes nothing to fancy; for, though the lodging-house may be a fact, its denizens may be only creations of the writer. The treatment of the detective police, French and English, who are introduced, is at once humorous and suggestive: the contrast of what may be called the style of the two forces is admirably insinuated. Over and over again we have had descriptions written of that great English festival which is familiarly called the "Derby Day," and here we have another, of which to say that it will bear comparison with any of its predecessors were very small commendation. It is hardly necessary, however, to cull out more of the parts and passages of these volumes, which bear on them the marks of the author's undoubted powers. It may be true that in some technical respects Mr. Sala has not done full justice to himself in this work; but, if it is to be taken as a sample of what he can do, there can be but one opinion about it. As to its being extensively read, that is a certainty.

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Breakfast in Bed: or, Philosophy between the Sheets; a Series of Indigestible Discourses. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. London: John Maxwell and Co.

It is a lazy thing to get one's breakfast in bed. There is no doubt about that. A cup of coffee and a smoke, under the benign influences of which you can consider your ways and be wise, may be allowed to bachelors; and when the wife be indulgent, and the husband literary, to married men. And even then a good deal is to be said on the negative side by rigid sticklers for propriety, but as to breakfast in bed that is quite out of the question. Breakfast ought to be the most joyous meal of the day. And, much-respected reader, if you are in good condition and keep decent hours, and eschew inordinate drinking and loose company, it will be. People say, go to Scotland to breakfast: it is true than in

> "Caledonia, stern and wild,
> Fit nurse for a poetic child."

you can get a good breakfast, if—oh, how much depends upon that if—if you have money to pay for it; but so you can in London. Be there not cakes and ale in the metropolis? Do not Fortnum and Mason deal in all the delicacies of the season? And as to spicy condiments, are not Crosse and Blackwell in themselves a treasure. And where out of London can you get chops and steaks, and the Yorkshire ham, and the joint of juicy beef, a few pounds of which go far to make even a hungry man comfortable and to dull even the keen edge of his appetite?

Circumstances over which Mr. Sala has had no control apparently have reduced him to a lighter diet, and as a consequence, we presume, the literary production we have indicated. If so we are thankful for the enforced abstinence, and take it as an illustration of what we have often felt true, that the mind perhaps is all the better for the privations to which the physical man is ofttimes compelled reluctantly to submit. Tennyson writes very little poetry now that he has got his pension. We have Wordsworth's authority for the fact that plain living and high thinking go together. Perhaps the world would have never been charmed with the "Vicar of Wakefield" had not Oliver Goldsmith's landlady seized his goods for rent. Nightingales often, it is said, are deprived of their eyes in order to make them sing, and so let us be thankful for the temporary derangement of liver or bile which has led to the publication of Mr. Sala's last work. "Breakfast in Bed" is a series of essays, as the reader may be aware, which originally appeared in "Temple Bar," and which are written in the author's best manner. They are, of course, very miscellaneous. Lord Dundreary, *alias* Mr. Sothern, is called a clever droll, and the comedy of "Our American Cousin" is called a vulgar farrago. He is indignant that such actors and such pieces should crowd the Haymarket. In the article on "A Little Boy going to School," Mr. Sala insinuates that something too much has been said about babies by Mr. Bennett, and writers of that ilk, and seems rather inclined to philosophise on the neglected baby—"a poor little gasping lump of damp dough with a chronic stomach ache." Next Mr. Sala turns attention to "Mr. Mayor's Spelling Book," and intimates his hope that ere long a dozen may be added to the libraries of the Senior and Junior United Service, the Guards', and the Army and Navy Clubs, where they may be instrumental in spreading a mild and innocent love for the contemplation of words in the syllables. Madness is next treated of, and Mr. Sala, like many other people, thinks that if we are to trust to the mad doctors we should all be proved to be in but a poor way. But these opinions are nothing unless given in the style for which Mr. Sala has become famous. Garbled quotations fail to show either the extent of Mr. Sala's lore, or his range of humour, or his mastership of the rare and difficult—and to-be-delicately-used—art of digression. It is an art in which he stands chief among modern writers, and one which he invariably uses to the amusement and instruction of his readers. This "Breakfast in Bed" is perhaps on the whole the best of Mr. Sala's numerous books, and it is well that they are reprinted in a style which will ensure for them a place in the library or the club.

It will be well to bear in mind that the little word "mainly" appears upon the titlepage of *Under the Sun*, by George Augustus Sala (Tinsley Brothers). The big volume contains a collection of "essays mainly written in hot countries;" but some of them, and those not the least brilliant and amusing (all, by-the-way, being brilliant and amusing), were written under atmospheric and other circumstances having no connection with hot countries and having about them nothing sunny except what is supplied by the author's imagination and style. About himself the author is frankly and entertainingly garrulous. It appears that the first necessity of life to him is warmth; that he hates work; and that, often as he has been complimented upon his industry, he never sits down to his toil without tears in his eyes, and never rises up at the conclusion of it without a sense, if not a yell, of exultation. In all three respects he would probably find many, and he would certainly find one, of his fraternity to fully indorse his sentiments. His manner of filling any amount of paper must by this time be very generally known. Give him a very mustard-seed of a subject, and his fruitful fancy, assisted by the manure of a wonderful memory or of a well-stocked note-book, will, in as short a period as was required for the growth of Jonah's gourd, produce for you an overshadowing tree of discursive literature. Moreover, he touches nothing which he does not adorn; and, if the adornment be sometimes little better than the tinsel of the stage or the paint and feathers of a Red Indian in full dress, it is also sometimes as neat, and fresh, and graceful as the dress in which Nature arrays her lilies. It is true that he gives you the idea of being most at home amidst the smoke of cigars and the chink of glasses, or when he is half-tragically and half-comically drawing caricatures of misery; but there are occasional flashes which reveal a cultivated mind and an exquisite taste. It may be safely asserted that there is scarcely a page of his volume which does not contain a bright thought, a humorous touch, a quaint expression, a laughable hit, a grotesque image, a pat anecdote, a curious illustration, a clever sentence, or a smart saying—indeed, there may be too much piquancy for some palates.

THE TWO PRIMA DONNAS. By G. A. SALA. Tinsley.

This popular and prolific writer appears, in a volume entitled "The Two Prima Donnas," in a new, or at least in a somewhat different, style to most of his recent publications. His present work comprises two stories, the second being designated "The Dumb Door-Porter;" and they are both told in a manner so neat and simple and in a tone so graceful that one scarcely recognises at the first glance the fervid word-painter with whom we have become so familiar. Nevertheless, in the tale of "The Two Prima Donnas" there is no deficiency of incident verging on the dramatic; there is not a little originality in its conception, while the sketches of character are as finished as anything that was done in the "Dutch Pictures." The scene is laid in France; and the manners and customs of a little Norman village are minutely described, and tinted with a local colouring which would speak at once to the fact that the author is writing from his personal experiences and recollections, even if we were not informed that he has spent some pleasant days on the spot. We are informed that for the main circumstance on which the story is founded Mr. Sala is indebted to an actual occurrence. The starting-point of the tale is the restoration of the little Catholic Church of Cidre-Fontaines by the beneficence of an English nobleman, the only claim upon whose generosity in the matter arises from his family having sprung from the district in question, and who does not hesitate to admit that claim when an appeal is made to him by the Curé of the parish, when all other means of saving the edifice from tumbling into ruin have failed. This groundwork was suggested to the author by the occurrence of a gift on the part of the ducal family of Bedford of a peal of bells to a French village church, the Curé of which had been ingenious enough to discover some monuments of departed "Roussels" (whence "Russell") in the chancel. The resources for carrying out the object of restoring the Church of the Cidre-Fontaines of the story having been thus obtained, there arrives to superintend the work a young Englishman who is a protegé of the nobleman, hight the Marquis of Mirabel, whose character is admirably drawn, and who, by his frank, unselfish, fresh manners, and general goodnature and ability (of which latter he is full, though it is somewhat desultory; he is an artist if he is anything), wins the hearts of all the inhabitants of the village, and the Curé in particular. It should, perhaps, be said before going further that the mode in which this excellent specimen of a French parish priest is delineated is in the happiest and most truthful vein. Beyond this the roving Englishman makes a more regular and more singular conquest. There resides in an old château in the village a certain Countess Malinska, of whom all that is known is that her name is Russian, who wears an eccentric suit of black, and always keeps her face closely veiled, but displays invariably a pair of very beautiful white hands, which, together with the general oddity of her ways, which are half spiteful, half beneficent, gain her the sobriquet of the "fairy with the fair hands." This mysterious lady sings and plays to perfection, and is heard through the open windows, to his great distraction, by Leonard Dayrell. The lady and gentleman come in contact, and a sort of Benedick and Beatrice acquaintance grows up between them, notwithstanding the veiled face of the latter, ending in a mutual passion; that of the lady being the first instance of her showing any tenderness to any one of the male sex, although, as she reveals in a letter, she has been a famous prima donna and gone through the amatory ordeal of all Europe. Without going deeper into her history it may suffice to say that from the days of her childhood she has been the object of rivalry and hatred to a certain Nina Costesi, the second of the "prima donnas" of the tale, to whose persecution she owes much misery, and whose malice is the cause of her retirement from the world and the adoption of the continuous black veil. After a certain amount of probation, Leonard's love proving sufficiently strong and trusting to induce him to accept her hand, without any attempt at clearing up her mystery, which is akin to that of Mokanna in Moore's "Lalla Rookh," he is amply rewarded, as the readers of the book will find when they clear up a mystification which we do not propose to anticipate. Mr. Sala in his preface states that with respect to the fantastic and apparently unreal character of the Countess Malinska, and her appellation, he is indebted to a paragraph cut from a French provincial newspaper twenty years ago, and in which it was stated that such a "Fée aux belles mains" had been living at some out-of-the-way château doing good in a haughty, capricious manner, and baffling all inquiries as to her identity. The rest of the story he states to be entirely original; and we believe that his readers will admit that it is not only original in its conception, but admirable and interesting in its telling.

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This interesting brochure was written specially for James Gee, a hatter, of Market Street, Manchester. The late Mr. Sala received fifty pounds for the writing of it.

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DUTCH PICTURES, WITH SOME SKETCHES IN THE FLEMISH MANNER. By G. A. SALA. Tinsley Brothers.

There is very little doubt, we suppose, in the minds of even the most hypercritical of critics, that Mr. Sala's literary reputation is made. The work before us has a peculiar interest, inasmuch as it shows us in a great measure how that reputation was made. The title has been chosen for very excellent reasons, and the author himself explains them for the benefit of those who require literal explanations. As the Batavian painters of the seventeenth century were remarkable for their careful delineations of the minutest objects, animate and inanimate, bestowing infinite pains on the reproduction of the commonest and even meanest things, so he has endeavoured, always laboriously, to imitate with the pen what those ingenious artists have done with the pencil, and to give to the description of the men and the manners of the times in which he has lived that minuteness which makes every Dutch picture curious if not excellent. With what success the labour has been attended all the reading world knows. Among the executants of what is called "word-painting" Mr. Sala stands in a conspicuous position; while his versatility, the extraordinary wide range of subjects which he has created in a comparatively narrow circle (to speak somewhat *more Hibernico*), to say nothing of his marvellous fertility and power of production, have caused him to be as much wondered at as he is popular as a writer. Once and again, there have appeared publications consisting of papers which have appeared in the weekly serials that have been conducted by Mr. Charles Dickens tending to disenchant the public of a notion that that eminent "littérateur" was himself the author of at least two-thirds of the matter which filled the pages of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. Not so very long ago a collection of this kind took the town by surprise, for therein were found, with the claims of another authorship duly verified, articles which the keenest-sighted as well as those who take most things for granted considered some of the happiest flights of the genius of the author of "Pickwick." It is probable that this volume of Mr. Sala will produce something of a like effect, for it consists of papers of which the majority appeared in *Household Words*, between the years 1851 and 1856 inclusive. Of the simple vice of mere imitation there is nothing in the volume to convict Mr. Sala; but there are marks of unconscious similarity which may well be accounted for by the insensible influence of contact and literary atmosphere, of which he must have breathed a great deal at the time when he wrote these papers. Beyond this they have merits of their own which fully justify their reproduction. They are studies of the manners which the writer saw around him, which he has photographed and coloured, with the hope that they might not be without some interest when those manners had passed away.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Twice Round the Clock; or, the Hours of the Day and Night in London. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Houlston and Wright.

Some eight or nine years ago those persons who were in the habit of regularly perusing the various periodicals of the day remarked the irruption of a new style of writing in *Household Words*,—a curious quaint, style, a little resembling that of the hierophant of the establishment, but differing from him in the depth of its worldly wisdom and the somewhat extravagant display of its caustic bitterness, herein assimilating itself to that of another great master of authorcraft, who, however, paints boldly and rapidly, and, while true to a hair's-breadth in the anatomical development of his principal figures, seldom cares to finish the landscape in which they are represented or the minor accessories, surrounding them with that pre-Raphaelite stippling and Dutch fidelity of rendering which showed themselves pre-eminent among the attributes of the new hand. The lapse of time revealed the unknown as Mr. George Augustus Sala, his writings speedily became recognisable; and, during the whole six years of his connection with *Household Words*, it was perfectly possible to trace the growth and schooling of his intellect, the enlargement of his mind, and the utility of that constant pen-practice which has so thoroughly made the most of the original excellence of brain, and has produced one of the most admirable writers of the day.

Although Mr. Sala's marvellous powers of observation, and, what is of much more consequence, power of recording his observation, are of course applicable to any place, and, though (witness "Colonel Quagg's Conversion," "Madame Busque," and the "Journey due North") he seems to know as much of American, French, and Russian as of English life, he appears himself specially to revel in the delineation of London scenes—scenes which I always imagine him studying through that kind of glass with which watchmakers see into the interior of a brequet, or those double-million-magnifying spectacles, the possession of which Mr. Weller coveted, and with which poor Edgar Poe, in one of his maddest hours, did really endow one of his heroes. London scenes of every kind, and London people of every grade, he knows thoroughly; indeed, more remarkable even than the microscopic accuracy of his descriptions is the universality of the knowledge which enables him to describe. When you see the occupants of the area and galleries of St. Martin's Hall surging and seething with undisguised delight as they listen to the description of the Cratchits' Christmas dinner, you see from the testimony borne by the London middle classes themselves how well Mr. Dickens understands their order.

A treasure of amusing descriptions and observations by one of the cleverest writers of the day, upon the liveliest topic in the world, fills two volumes of *Paris Herself Again* (Remington and Co.). Mr. G. A. Sala, as most Londoners will remember, was in Paris from July to November of last year, sending to the *Daily Telegraph* a copious stream of such delightful familiar gossip as he alone can produce, in the present dearth of ready wit for literary small change. He shows as much vivacity of humour as in the freshness of this vein, opened in *Household Words* a quarter of a century ago. His letters from Paris have now been collected, and have by occasional new touches been fitted to bear the company of 400 illustrations, which are reprinted from several French journals, and many of these, drawn by Cham, Bertall, Pelcoq, and other well-known artists, are highly characteristic original designs. The manners and habits of Parisian social life, both that of French people and that of their foreign visitors, have never been portrayed with a more intense appreciation of their diverting aspect, and seldom, by any English author, with more precise and abundant knowledge. Mr. Sala tells us that he lived in Paris as a schoolboy nearly forty years ago; and he has since constantly watched its various changes, structural and moral or political, with a shrewd perception of their effects in the present, and with a perfect recollection of the past. His memory of all sorts of minute details of external appearance has been surpassed by none of his contemporaries except the late Charles Dickens; and he has not less faculty of rendering such details, as they actually existed, visible to the reader's eye. It need scarcely be remarked that the imaginative powers, the humour and highest qualities of genius possessed by Dickens, are not within this comparison. But Mr. Sala's talents of observation and portraiture, with a humorous relish of all that is odd and queer in the ways of mankind, a predilection for the comparative study of modern city life, and an ingenious curiosity with regard to skilled trades and manufactures, are manifested in his recent work. The Paris International Exhibition of 1878, as well as "Paris herself again" affords a great variety of novel and curious objects to attract Mr. Sala's notice; and he has not spared pains to inquire concerning their technicalities and industrial or commercial statistics, in those instances which might seem likely to be of interest to the general newspaper reader. Articles of ladies' dress and jewellery, decorative furniture, and luxuries of a *recherché* kind for the table, sauces and preserves and choice wines or liqueurs, obtain particular attention in his passing review of the contents of the Exhibition. But his account of more serious works of art, while free from the pedantry of æsthetic criticism, is guided by sound knowledge. The total result is a palatable mixture of grave and gay, the *utile* with the *dulce*, and with a spice of pungent satire, or *esprit de moquerie*, which in Paris, and probably in every other modern capital except London, comes so readily to the man of the world as he contemplates what we nowadays call civilisation. Though not a professed moralist, this experienced observer of men and cities has a vein of sober thoughtfulness underlying his prodigality of quips and cranks and hits of ridicule; and his frequent reflections on the past vicissitudes of public and private life among the Parisians, of which he has been a spectator upon the most exciting occasions, are not without profit. The contents of these two volumes, in short, are for the most part extremely diverting, in which respect they are fitly accompanied by the drawings of several droll French caricaturists. Other chapters present a fair report of the lighter portion of that grand parade of Arts and Manufactures last year, and of the attendant social pomps and pleasures. To read Mr. Sala's book now quietly at home is a tolerable compensation for not having been at Vanity Fair on the Seine a twelvemonth since. This publication is dedicated to Lady Combermere, with a graceful and grateful remembrance of her kindness to the author's mother a great many years ago.

Lord Albert Conyngham FSA

Friend of Ainsworth

LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM'S TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.
In 3 vols. post 8vo.
THE NATURAL SON; a Tale descriptive of the Age of the Emperor Rudolph the Second.
From the German of Spindler.
By Lord ALBERT CONYNGHAM, M.P.
London: John Mitchell, Library, 33 Old Bond Street.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Natural Son. A German Tale, descriptive of the Age of the Emperor Rudolph II. Translated from Spindler, by Lord Albert Conyngham. 3 vols. 12mo. Lond. 1835. J. Mitchell.

THE *Natural Son* possesses all the wildness of situation of incident, much of the favourite superstitions, and no inconsiderable share of the improbabilities and exaggerations of the German school of fiction. Neither is it deficient in those touches at simplicity and pathos, which, though the difference of national manners, feelings, and modes of expression in England, often cause us to regard with a smile, are quite true to nature, and consistent with the forms and habits of the country whence they emanate.

With these qualities, and perhaps, in the critical eye, defects; there is, nevertheless, a strange and stirring interest in the story, especially in the first two volumes, which carries the reader through all the impediments of supernatural appearances, witches, murders, disguises, wonderful interferences, and still more wonderful contempt of staring death in several of the characters, till he finds himself fairly embarked with the hero, sink or swim, to the end of his voyage.

Not having seen the original, we can only presume from the ease of the narrative, and the good style in which the version is clothed, that Lord Albert Conyngham has acquitted himself in a very superior manner of his difficult task of translation. Whether the age of Rudolph be accurately described or not, we are incompetent to decide; but the portrait of Rudolph himself is exceedingly well drawn, and stands out of the canvass with a prominency not unequal to Sir Walter Scott's Lewis XI. in *Quentin Durward*. Other historical personages, margraves, margravines, an early scion of the house of Kaunitz, and leaders of Hungarian and Austrian armies, are also boldly introduced; but the principal actors belong to the city of Ulm, including the *Natural Son*, a reputed witch, Lene, the elder brother of the bastard, and his diabolical accomplice Simon, syndics, burgesses, and minor folks; and we should mention that our own renowned countryman, Dr. Dee, (whom Mr. Roby, in his *Traditions of Lancashire*, has conjured up from his grave, and made so curiously familiar to the public), is among the leading *dramatis personæ*, and that Hubert, a monk, and the doings of the priory of which he is a member, constitute a vivid chapter in the events recorded.

Conyngham

Gurnok

Wed

Sir

Your letter & second Ballad only reached me Yesterday, as I have been moving about in Scotland for the last Month – I am really sorry to hear that you have

not succeeded in your

wishes.

When I return to London

I will communicate with you

about the price of Musick

Yrs faithfully

Cunningham

Shirley Brooks
Editor of Punch

BROOKS, CHARLES SHIRLEY, Author, was born in 1816. Originally intended for the profession of the law, he went through the usual studies, and passed a distinguished examination before the Incorporated Law Society. But, preferring literature, he addressed himself to dramatic composition and journalism, and met with successes which decided his subsequent career. He produced a series of dramas at the Haymarket, Lyceum, and Olympic theatres, the best of which pieces are "Our New Governess,"—an amusing two-act comedy, instinct with fun and character, and which has frequently been revived; "Honours and Tricks,"—a three-act comedy of wit and intrigue; and "The Creole,"—a drama of strong interest, based on a story of slavery in Mauritius. Mr. Brooks next became the writer of the Parliamentary Summary for the *Morning Chronicle*, and occupied a gallery-stall in the House of Commons for five sessions. During this engagement, he visited Russia, Syria, and Egypt, as the special commissioner despatched by the *Chronicle* in the prosecution of its inquiry into foreign as well as British "Labour and the Poor." His letters appeared in that journal, and a portion of them has been reprinted under the title of "The Russians of the South." Mr. Brooks has also written several novels, the more important of which are "Aspen Court" and "The Gordian Knot," and is the author of a serial tale, "The Silver Cord," published in *Once a Week*, 1860–61. He has also acquired considerable reputation as a lecturer, and is one of the oldest and most constant contributors to *Punch*. He is married to a daughter of William Walkinshaw, Esq., M.D., late of Trinidad.

12 New Sun.
Jan. 30.

My dear Dixon,

Let me say one word in acknowledgment of the exceedingly kind & valuable notice of my little book in the Athenaeum. I have heard from so many of our mutual friends that you have "acceded" (is that a lawfully begotten child of accession?) to the presidency, that it is not indiscreet to direct my thanks to yourself. And I

well doubly glad of the opportunity of wishing you a long, brilliant, and prosperous reign.

Given from New Sun — "as well as can be expected" from a man condemned to another six months sentence of imprisonment, to begin tomorrow about 2 — you'll hear the guns.

Ever, my dear Dixon,
yours faithfully
Shirley Brooks.

W. Hepworth Dixon Esq

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

I PROPOSED to offer to the reader a literary portrait, to discover all the habits and qualities of mind that made the subject of this outline—a figure of a man of letters not often seen in this country. But the materials have not reached my hands, and the task will probably fall to the share of some one better able to discharge it. Yet, to fill up the picture I had in my mind's eye, it is necessary that the painter should have had a long and sympathetic knowledge of the subject of it. A surface view of Shirley Brooks has been already taken by many hands. My intention was to show how in him we boasted in England a thorough man of letters; an artist who dwelt incessantly in art; a literary man for ever steeped in books—thinking books and talking books. All his outward expression took a literary form. I feel certain that when he had once put the law aside for letters (a transaction of his early youth), he never thought for a day of getting away from his book-shelves. He was a literary man of the old, gay French type, and appeared to be quite unconscious that there were paths in life less steep to climb than his. There was a serene content in him, which stood by him through all the fortunes of his career. He would parry a disappointment with an apt quotation, and close a transaction with a *mot*. He had a bright memory and an alert intellect; so that his wit and humour were perpetually fed and enriched from the ample stores of his reading. He was no recluse, for ever setting his heel towards the faces of men; but a joyous, sociable dweller in the midst of his kind. Yet he seemed to be always just clear of his study. He had always something fresh, dug from his shelves, that he made to sparkle on the topic of the hour. A happy illustration of a homely incident delighted him. You could not get him out of literature, in short; and in this quality of thoroughness he resembled, I repeat, an old French type of *savant* that is now unfortunately passing away. The kind of literary man whom such editors as M. de Villemessant produce are to the old *homme de lettres* what the Italian image boy is to the sculptor. Shirley Brooks threw the grace and learning of his art about freely, for the very love

of it. It belted him, as the atmosphere belts and encloses the earth. And there are abundant evidences of this lying far and wide among his hosts of friends. I hoped to be able to submit many of these to your readers, in addition to my own store; but they are not yet to hand, so I must be content either to hand mine over some day to another, or wait till such time as I may be in a position to do justice to the quality that, to my mind, was the noblest in the mind of Shirley Brooks.

His books are the most notable events, or should be, in the life of an author. When we have said that Shirley Brooks was the son of an architect, that he was born in 1815, in Doughty Street, where Dickens lived for years; that he came of a gentle stock; that early in life he was articled to his uncle, Mr. Sabine, a well-known gentleman of Oswestry; that after having pursued his legal studies in London to some purpose he forsook the law for letters; and that thenceforth he steadily rose to the place of honour in which death found him in the midst of his books and papers, working cheerily among those whom he loved—his life is told. He travelled less than any man of his mind and means I can remember. He went to Southern Russia, to inquire into the corn trade there for the *Morning Chronicle*, and his pleasant letters home were afterwards published in the *Home and Colonial Library*, under the title of "The Russians of the South." We passed a few weeks together at Boulogne during the two or three summers when my father, Dickens, Gilbert à Beckett, and others—all gone now!—took their summer rest there; and he made a few holiday trips to Paris. I remember a chatty evening, full of his bookish sparkle, over a dinner at Philippe's, which he thoroughly enjoyed. But Shirley Brooks was as essentially a London man as Dr. Johnson. He was driven once or twice to the waters of Harrogate, and he had a liking for a Scotch trip; but no liking for any place was half so strong in him as that which he cherished for Fleet Street and Covent Garden. He would go into the country for a few days under great persuasion; and when he got there he chafed till he returned to his morning papers, his voluminous correspondence, his own armchair, and his familiar books—all set in his own methodical way, and not to be touched by strange hands on any account. But he was at home, he was at his ease only in the thick of London. When his family and all his friends were far away fishing, shooting, yachting, he would remain contentedly in town; and after his long day's work was done, he would issue from his pretty home in the Regent's Park, and walk happily through the quiet streets to the Garrick for a gossip, or to his favourite hotel under the Piazzas,

where he and Mark Lemon would laugh like boys, over a plain dinner and a glass of punch.

Lemon had the higher animal spirits, but Brooks had the keener tongue, the more cultured mind, the finer grace. Lemon's fun bubbled from his loving heart. His eye compelled your laughter as much as his lip. You were aglow in his presence. Brooks was the well-bred gentleman, methodically genial—a sayer of good things you thought over. He was, as I have said, immersed in literature always, and could never be rid of his reading in his conversation; whereas Lemon was rather a man of the world, part of whose business lay in the pleasant ways of letters. Both were men of the old-fashioned, courteous address. In their denials they appeared to be conferring a favour. To the humble they were gentle; and they had their reward in the zeal with which all people in a printing house, an hotel, or their home pressed to serve them.

Let me note an instance of the effect which Shirley Brooks produced on those with whom he came in contact, viz.: the esteem in which he was held, throughout his life, at Oswestry, where he passed a few years of his youth, as his uncle's articled pupil. When it became known that I should endeavour to present to the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a faithful sketch of my old friend (I met him for the first time in 1846) I received a letter from Mr. Askew Roberts, editor, I believe, of *Bye-gones*—the *Notes and Queries* of the Cambrian border, in which he testified to the deep impression Shirley Brooks's death had made in Oswestry. "As a boy," he says, "I remember the keen delight we always felt when Mr. Brooks came amongst us and took an interest in our sports. We all loved him, and I have felt it indeed an honour for so many years to be favoured with communications from him. Although we Oswestrians have only had hasty glimpses of Mr. Brooks of late years, his death—to all who remember his residence here—has been like that of a friend." Shirley Brooks had the faculty of holding people close to him. He had a princely memory. He never forgot a face he had seen, nor the circumstances under which he had seen it. The tenacity of his memory was indeed extraordinary. In March, 1873, he wrote to Mr. Roberts:—

> I want to ask you, who know all about Welsh affairs, a *domestic* question. It is partly suggested by what his sceptical Grace of Somerset said about Welsh coal. All the coals we get, no matter what one pays (they are *cheap* now, 28s.), are more or less bad. But it has been borne in upon my mind, as the Quakers say, that there is corn in Egypt, that is to say, coal in Wales, which must be good, and which may be supplied somewhere in London. Do you happen to know how this is? . . . . I remember that in the old days in Oswestry

we used to have coals for almost nothing, and the late Minshull "the poet" (but I fancy this man had died before your time) wrote—

> "And jaggers may by way of toll
> Fling now and then a lump of coal."

It must be quite forty years since Minshull wrote the doggrel.

This faculty of retention, applied industriously to literary pursuits by a man of fastidious taste, produced the thorough man of letters it was my ambition to describe to the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Roberts tells me he has often been absolutely amazed at the wonderful memory Shirley Brooks had for little things. Here are two examples :—

Some one having given an epitaph in our *Bye-gones* column, Mr. Brooks wrote to say he could find a more dismal one in Oswestry Churchyard, and indicated the spot—giving, almost complete in his letter, the whole eight lines that composed it! And a few months earlier, noticing a discussion in the *Advertiser* about a brooch, bearing the date at which the "twelve Apostles" became a political bye-word in Shropshire, he wrote and said, "I was in Oswestry at the Cotes and Gore contest, which was three years before 1835, the date of the brooch, and then I heard the term, 'Lord Clive's Twelve Apostles' applied to the members as they had been in olden times; (for later, and before the Reform Bill there were two or three Liberals) : I remember being remonstrated with for repeating the phrase, as profane!"

Traces of his sojourn in Oswestry are to be found in the "Gordian Knot" and the "Silver Cord." St. Oscar's, in the former work, is a vivid description of Oswestry; and Mr. Henry Cheriton is a faithful portrait of Mr. Sabine, the author's uncle, with whom he lived, and whom he assisted in his charitable work in the local Sunday schools.

In his early time—say about 1842-5—Shirley Brooks signed his articles, which were appearing in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, Charles W. Brooks: his second literary signature was C. Shirley Brooks: and finally he became Shirley Brooks. His full name was Charles William Shirley—the latter being an old name in his family. His early magazine papers, which brought him into communication with Harrison Ainsworth, Laman Blanchard, and other known men of the time, were of various kinds. One—"A Lounge in the Œil de Bœuf," was a brilliant dialogue among the courtiers of Louis the Fourteenth. A second was an account of an excursion of some English actors to China, brimming over with humour. Then there were dramatic papers—some of remarkable power—as "Cousin Emily" and the "Shrift on the Raft." These drew marked attention upon the young writer; and soon he was the centre of a strong muster of literary friends, who welcomed his beaming and handsome English face, and found pleasure in the wit and grace of his society.

His house became the resort of many men who were then rising, and have since risen, in the realms of literature and art. Angus Reach was his intimate friend; and they worked together for years on the *Morning Chronicle*—to which paper Brooks contributed the summary of Parliament during five Sessions—an experience that stood him in good stead afterwards in *Punch*. Albert Smith took many a hint and wise bit of advice from his friend Shirley Brooks. And then his life took a dramatic twist. It was probably his friendship with Charles Kean and Keeley that led him to the stage, and to the production of the delightful comediettas which brightened the reign of the Keeleys at the Lyceum Theatre. "Our New Governess," "The Creole," "The Daughter of the Stars," and "Anything for a Change" are light and bright pieces that deserve a more grateful public than they have obtained. Some day a manager will open the acting edition of them, and find that there is very seldom any dramatic writing produced now-a-days equal to that to be found in "Our New Governess."

But I have only touched on the literary activities of Shirley Brooks. His graceful pen—grace was his special quality—was a nimble one. Contributions to provincial papers, leaders for the *Illustrated News*, for the *Era*, for the *Home News*, travelled in copious streams. And here let me note how kind that brave and busy hand was: how tenderly it fell on a child's head, how it drew animals to its caress, how warmly it pressed a parting friend. For years that hand toiled every week in a certain paper—giving the entire pecuniary result to the widow of a dear friend. First, the friend fell ill, and remained for many many months unable to work. The brain had lost its balance. It was a mercy when the spent writer died. All this time Shirley Brooks quietly stood by; did the sick man's work for him, and, the sick man dead, continued the weekly task as his offering to his friend's widow. There was real heroism in this sustained toil, given regularly away until it was wanted no longer, that I never permitted myself to forget whenever I heard men forming an estimate of Shirley Brooks.

Not a demonstrative, nor in any way a gushing or sentimental man, Brooks was hearty. But his heartiness had been polished; and he was to the unceremonious, bluff, and fast folk of the present day, somewhat ceremonious and modish. His manner always reminded me of that of a fashionable physician; and, by the way, he affected doctors—and they affected him. I think it is Mr. "Original" Walker who has observed that a gentleman is a man of education who will take a polish. My dear friend Shirley had taken that polish.

In the society of ladies, I have been always told, he was delightful. His fine presence and gallant bearing, his lively talk that assumed considerable knowledge in his listeners, and in this sometimes flattered them vastly; and above all, his gracious and sympathetic method of approach, bespoke the man who had enjoyed the advantages which the constant companionship of cultivated gentlewomen gives to a man. It is the bloom upon the polish. Shirley Brooks could pay a compliment in the old, respectful style, and turn the corner of a mistake or an awkward incident with a special grace that was all his own. Be it observed that there are hundreds of illustrations afloat of the points of character I am endeavouring to submit to the reader; but I have them not at hand, and I am writing far away from the friends who could pour them into my basket. So that my estimate must be taken on my own good faith, and my faculty of observation that ranged over twenty-eight years. Some twenty of these years ago Shirley Brooks had invited a certain gentleman and his daughter to one of those joyous parties of his which, alas! there are few alive to remember to-day. In his letter he had omitted to give the number of his house. This being requested, he made an elaborate drawing of his street door—writing, "This is that side of my door on which I am least anxious to see you."

But it is impossible to convey a complete idea of the admirable writer about whom I am merely making a few notes, without his letters. For he was a great and careful letter-writer. How he found time to carry on the correspondence in which he indulged was a mystery to the friends who knew the amount of "copy" he was in the habit of throwing off every week. He read everything of mark that appeared; he kept a thoroughly literary diary, which, I believe, will presently see the light of print. He was fond of society, and a diner-out of the old school; he had always time for a gossip; he was well posted up in every event of the day; and yet he found time to write sparkling, witty, and kindly letters about nothing and everything, by the hundred. In some he frolicked like a schoolboy; in others he would set seriously to work to solve or illustrate some literary subject that had accidentally turned up. He would enter upon a long correspondence to serve a friend. You never found him exhausted; seldom tired. If you caught him lounging by the dainty conservatory he had in his house, after a long day upstairs in his study, he would be reading the last *Quarterly*, or dallying with a novel by one of his friends—but he would brighten for a talk, and be sure to shine in it. When he had finished his

correspondence for the day, after his work, he would take his letters to the post himself. It was his orderly way. You could see his methodical mind in the precise writing, the unbroken lines, the absence of any sign of haste from his shortest notes. His books and pictures were arranged with extraordinary neatness. He had photograph albums of friends, with their autographs and characteristic bits from their letters contrived with exquisite care under each. One letter of his, which I happen to have under my hand, is a good example of his unsleeping watchfulness over all about him, over the welfare of a friend, over the success of any undertaking in which he was concerned. The opening paragraph refers to some domestic joke we had in common :—

4th Monday in Lent (March 24), 1873.

My dear William,—I can write to you. The consciousness of innocence sits upon my brow, and also flutters over my inkstand; which I consider a rather fine image.

The C. K.* memorial will, I hope, be a success. Routledge began it, and is very energetic. It ought to be something artistic, at Windsor. Some folks are pushing about an "educational tribute," &c., but I think we need not flavour *everything* with the smell of corduroy. 'Tis quite dominant enough already. You *ought* to be on the committee.

I was going to write to L. by order of E., to say that the latter, who, with Reginald, has been about Italy, and has seen all the sights, is making her way to Paris, and greatly hoped to find you there. I fear this hope will be blighted. I cann't send you her address, tho' I write to-day to Naples, as she will have left that before L. could write, but if I get a Marseilles address, I will send it.

Do you know Mrs. L. R.? She is a young artist of great merit. Frith and Tom Taylor prophesy a great career for her, and she is studying in Paris—having exhibited many pictures here, at the Academy, &c. It would be very kind if L. or you, or both, would give her a call, if you can. I subjoin the address. I know not what part of Paris it is in—you will. If you go, say that you are friends of mine, and that Mrs. Brooks will call on her when she comes. You will like her—she is very bright.

No news but those you read in the papers. They say to-day that Jessel is to be Master of the Rolls at once.

If M. Doré is in Paris, I beg my best compliments to him. Do you see Plimsoll wanted, or wants, him to paint a picture on the coffin-ships? And wouldn't he do it grandly!—Kindest regards.—Ever yours,

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

I may note that M. Doré declined the subject—deeming it a political one, on the merits of which he was not competent to pronounce judgment with his brush.

Some—I trust many—under whose eyes these lines will fall will remember Shirley Brooks in his latter days, when the hard-fought

* The memorial to Charles Knight, of which Shirley Brooks was honorary secretary.

fight had been won, and he had come out of it, his whitening hair being the only scars of the struggle. He never looked braver, handsomer, nor happier. He was as deep in his books, as familiar with his ink, as ever; but now he had his acknowledged place in the literature which he loved. The steel at Napoleon's side was the same on the eve of the battle as on the morrow of victory; but on the morrow it was the sword of Austerlitz. How cheerily and kindly, in the heyday of his complete success, Shirley Brooks gathered his circle of friends about him, none who ever stood under his roof-tree will forget. That was a pleasant house in Kent Terrace, by the Regent's Park, where so many men whose names are household words were wont to gather and be wisely merry. How many years have I seen out and in, sitting with hosts of friends round the mahogany tree of our dear friend! How many times has his manly and kindly voice said "God bless you all" to us, as the bells of the New Year broke through the stillness of midnight! He stood at the head of his table last New Year's Eve, his friends crowded about him—the background his books and pictures; watch in hand. His happy English face, ennobled with silver hair, never looked fuller of the intellectual light that he had trimmed and burned—a student always—for nearly forty years. I remember that a sad feeling came upon me as I gazed at him, with his watch in his hand counting the dying seconds of the last New Year's Eve he was destined to see. For he reminded me of my father in his study at Kilburn Priory, on *his* last New Year's Eve, when he spoke so solemnly and slowly, as though in the midst of our revel, Death had whispered to him. The scattered flakes of white hair were the chief resemblance between the two; and it was these that revived the old scene in my mind—for I was struck with what appeared to me to be the almost sudden whiteness of my friend.

But no sad memory, no melancholy foreboding, was apparent on the night when, for the last time, Shirley Brooks blessed his guests, and wished them a happy New Year. All the old friends were there. Frith, Tenniel, Edmund Yates, Du Maurier, Burnand, Mrs. Keeley, Crowdy, J. C. Parkinson, Sambourne, and many others; and among the welcome strangers was Mark Twain, who proposed the health of the host in a speech brimming with his peculiar humour. Shirley Brooks replied quietly, and with a little fatigue in his manner. It was late, and he abhorred late hours. He had been an early man all his life; and to this good habit he owed that prodigious power of work which astonished his friends, who knew that he had never been a robust man.

Less than two months afterwards he was upon his death-bed. He

was busy with his duties to the last hour of his life. On the morning of the day on which his eyes were closed for ever he looked over the forthcoming number of *Punch* and made some suggestions. He was at peace with all the world. He had blessed his wife for the loving care with which she had watched over him. His boys were at home with him. And he turned gently on his side, and fell into his long sleep, leaving hosts of friends to mourn him, and not an enemy that I ever heard of, to assail his memory.

WATERSIDE SKETCHES.

II.—THE MAY-FLY.

MAY has nearly run its course. We have an ancient promise that the seasons shall never fail, and though sometimes our variable climate makes it difficult to draw a hard-and-fast line between summer and winter, in the long run you may be sure seed-time and harvest come round in very much the same fashion as they appeared to our forefathers. I pack my portmanteau as I make these sage reflections, and am grateful that the spring has been one of the time-honoured sort. March winds prevailed at the proper time, the April showers fell softly, and the May flowers bloomed without delay. And there has arrived a letter announcing the advent of the green drake.

May-fly fishing is not, to my mind, altogether a satisfactory style of angling, yet I grieve me much if the May-fly season passes without taking advantage of it. The fish are so terribly on the "rampage" at this time that it seems like catching them at a mean disadvantage. The silly trout evidently take leave of their senses for a fortnight or so, at the close of May or beginning of June, and, of all ranks and sizes, lay themselves out for unlimited gorge. The angler, however, places himself more on an equality with his game if he forswears the live fly. If I were asked for my advice I should say:—Never use any but the artificial May-fly, if you would live with a clear conscience; then you will have the additional gratification of knowing that the special difficulty experienced in producing a really good imitation is a slight set-off against the greediness of the trout at the May-fly period.

Cotton, who even in these times of increasing piscatorial literature and research very well holds his own as an authority on fly-fishing, speaks of May-flies as the "matadores for trout and grayling," and he adds that they kill more fish than all the rest, past and to come, in the whole year besides. It should be remembered that Cotton was then writing of the picturesque Dove, not so superbly stocked with trout and grayling now as it was in his days, but still as limpid and romantic as when Piscator welcomed his disciple to the Vale of Ashbourn with—"What ho! bring us a flagon of your best ale"—the

Henry G. Bohn.

MR. H. G. BOHN.

Mr. Henry George Bohn, the publisher, formerly of York-street, Covent-garden, died at his residence, North-end House, Twickenham, on the 22nd inst., at the advanced age of eighty-eight. The son of a London bookseller, after completing his education, he entered his father's business, where he soon acquired a knowledge of books which made him one of the best bibliographers of the age. In 1831 he commenced business on his own account, and it is impossible to estimate too highly the services he rendered to the more intelligent portion of the community by republishing, at a cheap rate, a vast number of the most valuable works in literature, science, philosophy, history, biography, topography, archæology, theology, natural history, poetry, art, and fiction. For his series of cheap classics he translated several of Schiller's, Göthe's, and Humboldt's works. He also edited Addison's works, and a new and enlarged edition of "Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual." He was also the compiler of a "Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs," a "Handbook of Proverbs," an "Illustrated Handbook of Geography," and a "Handbook of Pottery and Porcelain and other Objects of Virtù;" and the editor of a "Handbook of Games of Chance, Skill, and Manual Dexterity." Mr. Bohn was also an eminent antiquary, a Fellow of the Antiquaries' and of many scientific and learned societies, including the Philobiblon Society, to which he contributed a "Life of Shakspeare" and an extensive "Dictionary of English Poetical Quotations." Mr. Bohn married the only daughter of the late Mr. Simpkin.

HENRY G. BOHN has removed from 4, 5, and 6, York Street,

TO No. 18, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN,

and will continue there until he has disposed of the remainder of his stock.

Septr 24. 1869

Dear Sir

I am pained to have to return the China sent to me on the part of your son. None of it is Bristol, not even the broken teapot. But I do myself the pleasure of enclosing (in the box) a sovereign in indemnification ~~and~~ of his trouble & good intention. I am the more disappointed as I was in hopes to find your son very useful to me as a caterer, but he will

I am afraid not have experience enough for that task yet awhile.

Yours Dear Sir
very truly
Henry J Bohn

Mr. H. G. Bohn

Eminent-

Bookseller.

1/-

A Handbook of Proverbs; comprising an entire Republication of Ray's Collection of English Proverbs, with his Additions from Foreign Languages, and a complete Alphabetical Index; in which are introduced large Additions as well of Proverbs as of Sayings, Sentences, Maxims and Phrases. Collected by Henry G. Bohn. Bohn.

A book like the present was much wanted, as a glance at its title (which, to begin with a proverbial saying, is as long as the title of a Spanish Don) is sufficient to show. There are many collections of proverbs in existence; but, up to the present time, that made by Ray, the celebrated naturalist, and first published in 1672, remained the standard English one, and unfortunately was unprovided with an index. The great advantage of this 'Handbook' by Mr. Bohn is, that it has an Index. You can now catch your proverb, which is the first preliminary. But we have yet no book to do for English proverbs what Erasmus has done for the "Adagia" of antiquity,—explain, illuminate and expound them. Meanwhile, Mr. Bohn's book is certainly in the main what it professes to be, —and if the same could be said of all books, what a literature should we have! We differ from him as to the propriety of inserting all these "sayings, sentences, maxims, phrases," &c., and think their place might be better occupied by a larger infusion of foreign proverbs and a more searching collection of English ones. In a handbook of "proverbs" we should have *proverbs* only. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is an unmistakeable proverb,—but, "We should never remember the benefits we have conferred nor forget the favours received," has no more business in a 'Handbook of Proverbs' than it would have in a 'Handbook of Epigrams.' If such maxims are to be inserted, on what ground will any short saying be kept out?

The question, "What is a Proverb?" however, is, simple as it looks, one that has never yet been satisfactorily answered, from the days of the folio of Erasmus to the duodecimo of Mr. Trench. It is like the "What is a pound?" of the financier,—or the "What is a gentleman?" of the herald. Everybody knows—or rather everybody feels—when he hears a genuine proverb,—yet no definition has been given which includes all it ought to include, and excludes everything else. It is one charm of the Proverb that it belongs to all classes of men. It has occupied the attention of the greatest writers;—it lives on the lips of the poorest and humblest of mankind. There is undoubtedly a peculiar interest excited when we see an Erasmus labouring on a saying which perhaps found its way into literature originally from the lips of a fisherman of the Archipelago or of a Campanian boor.

450 **Seymour's** Humourous Sketches, 86 *very amusing caricature etchings, illustrated in Prose and Verse, by A. Crowquill*, with a Biographical Notice, by H. G. Bohn, r oy. 8vo, *cloth gilt*, 8s 6d 1878

69 **Bohn** (H. G.) Catalogue of his Pictures, Miniatures and Art Books, collected during 50 years, with descriptions, thk. sm. 4to, *only 50 copies privately printed*, vellum neat, UNCUT, 10s 6d 1884

Last copy sold at Puttick's produced £3 3s.

WOOD-ENGRAVING. JACKSON (JOHN) and W. CHATTO. Treatise on Wood Engraving, historical and practical, second and enlarged edition, containing a New Chapter on Artists of the present day, by G. H. Bohn, nearly 500 illustrations. Thick royal 8vo, full bound crimson morocco, extra gilt and gilt edges, 1861 £1

Antiquity of Engraving, Progress of Wood Engraving, Invention of Typography, Wood Engraving in connection with the Press, Wood Engraving in the time of Albert Durer, Further Progress and Decline of the Art, its Revival, etc., etc.

* BOHN, HENRY GEORGE, bookseller and publisher, eldest son of the late Mr. John Bohn, of an ancient German family, was born in London in 1796. After receiving a liberal education, he travelled extensively on the continent, and gradually formed, and for many years conducted, his father's business, as a foreign and classical bookseller. In 1830 he married the only daughter of the late William Simpkin, Esq., head of the firm of Simpkin & Marshall, and then commenced business on his own account in York Street, Covent Garden; dealing principally in the higher walks of literature, especially Greek and Latin classics, and works on the fine arts. By degrees he extended his grasp to every branch of literature (as may be seen in his memorable guinea catalogue of 1841), and then, after having carried retail bookselling to a higher pitch perhaps than it had ever reached before, embarked with great energy as a publisher. His first project in this department was a comprehensive series of sterling English literature, in compact but elegantly-printed volumes, in the old library form of demy 8vo; and his editions of Roscoe's Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X., which compress six quartos into three octavos, are as perfect examples as paper, print, and graphic illustrations can make them. But half-guinea volumes, however cheap in proportion to anything that had been previously produced, failed to enlist the sympathies of the multitude, and the speculation was necessarily abandoned. Immediately after this, quickened by some encroachments on his copyrights, he commenced, and followed out in rapid succession, his various well-known "Libraries," remarkable as being among the first examples in this country of high-class literature in an extremely cheap and attractive form. Under the various titles of the "Standard, Classical, Scientific, Antiquarian, Illustrated, Historical," and other "Libraries," these serials extend to nearly five hundred volumes, and entitle him to the warmest thanks of the reading multitude. Mr. Bohn is himself not unknown as an author. So far back as 1813 he translated from the German a two-volume novel called "Ferrandino;" and he has co-operated largely in his libraries. Schiller's Robbers, and several other of his dramatic pieces, as well as considerable portions of Goethe and Humboldt are translated by him; and he has edited Ockley's History of the Saracens, Grammont's Memoirs (adding a Life of Charles II.), Addison's works, the Handbook of Proverbs, Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs, and Fosteriana. He also wrote an appendix to his edition of Walton's Angler, and contributed the essays which form in fact the text of the useful treatise on Pottery and Porcelain, published in his Illustrated Library. Mr. Bohn is a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; of the Society of Arts; of the Royal Society of Literature; of the Archæological Institute and Association; one of the council of the Horticultural Society of London, in whose proceedings he has taken an active part; foreign secretary to Lord Brougham's National Association for the promotion of Social Science; and honorary member of several foreign institutes. In 1851 he was elected chairman of [illegible]book department of the Great Exhibition, and in 1[illegible] president of the Brussels Congress of Free Trade.—E. W[illegible]

BOHN'S ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY FOR JANUARY.

A PICTORIAL HAND-BOOK of MODERN GEOGRAPHY on a Popular Plan, compiled from the best authorities, English and Foreign, and completed to the Present Time; with numerous Tables and a General Index, by HENRY G. BOHN. Illustrated by 150 Engravings on Wood, and 51 accurate Maps engraved on Steel. Post 8vo. cloth, 6s.
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3 ADDISON (J.) Complete Works, comprising his Essays, Poems, Translations, Plays, Remarks on Italy, Dialogues on Medals, Evidences of Christianity, etc., etc., edited, with Bp. Hurd's Notes and large Additions, chiefly unpublished by H. G. BOHN; 6 vols, *portrait and facsimile of medals*, half calf, good set, 21s, 1854 crown 8v

"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familia but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."—DR. JOHNSON.

[illegible] M. Menard.

Mr. Bohn, braving the common saying about the man who is his own lawyer, has edited, as well as published, *A Pictorial Hand-Book of Modern Geography*, illustrated by 150 wood engravings, and 51 maps engraved on steel. Considering the number of the illustrations, it is not to be expected that they should be of a superior order at such a price. The maps are on a small scale to suit the size of the volume, and are too crowded with names to be sufficiently distinct. The woodcuts are occasionally pretty good, but more frequently of little value. As to the text, we have only to observe that, without presenting any remarkable feature, it embraces too large a number of topics and places to allow of sufficient detail upon each, and is not so conveniently arranged as other works on the same subject.

438 POTTERY, PORCELAIN, and other objects of vertu, Guide to the knowledge of, comprising an illustrated catalogue of the BERNAL COLLECTION, with the prices realised, etc., etc., by H. G. BOHN; *with numerous illustrations, and engravings of marks and monograms*, thick post 8vo. *cloth*, 4s 1857

58 **SCHILLER, FREDERICK. The works of; Early Dramas, and Romances**, by H. G. Bohn; presentation copy with author's signature; special binding cloth; 8vo; 4s. 6d. 1849

THE REV. DR. CROLY.

This gentleman is a native of Ireland, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He is a correct and eloquent poet and prose-writer: his poetical works are "Paris in 1815;" "The Angel of the World;" "Gems from the Antique," &c. Dr. Croly has also edited, with excellent judgment, a volume of Selections from the British Poets. Among his many prose works are "Salathiel," a romance founded on the old legend of "The Wandering Jew," and displaying the most powerful bursts of eloquence throughout its pages. Several years since, too, Dr. Croly published a comedy, entitled "Pride Shall Have a Fall," which was performed for several nights, with great applause, at Covent Garden Theatre, and was universally admired for its unsparing ridicule of the follies of the day. "A Life of Burke," and the "Personal History of George IV.," are among Dr. Croly's biographical works; and a volume on the "Apocalypse of St. John," attests his erudite research; he is at present engaged in writing the descriptions of Mr. Roberts's splendid "Illustrations of the Holy Land, &c."

Dr. Croly is rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook; his style of preaching is characterised by impressive eloquence. By virtue of his office he has presided at some of the numerous vestry-meetings held of late upon the distracted affairs of the parish of St. Stephen; and, upon each occasion, his conduct has commanded the respect of the parishioners; whilst his anxiety for the restoration of their beautiful church bespeaks his just appreciation of high art.

The talent of Dr. Croly as a public speaker was most conspicuous on Tuesday last, at a meeting of the members of the Syrian Medical Aid Association, at Beyrout, held at the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle-street. Upon this interesting and important occasion, Dr. Croly thus eloquently advocated the wants of suffering humanity:—Nothing can be more evident than the want of medical aid in those vast and interesting countries at the head of the Mediterranean. Every traveller gives his testimony to this want, and every traveller comes away with details of popular wretchedness arising from this source, and appeals to the common sense and common humanity of nations. And this becomes more to be regretted, from the circumstance that the suffering is almost wholly the result of medical destitution. The climate is one of the finest in the world, the soil fertile, the hills bearing the olive and the vine, the plains loaded with corn, the year almost divided between spring and summer; and yet, in the midst of this favoured region, there remains the victim of fearful suffering, broken down with hopeless disease, given over to helpless agony, a blot on the rich and smiling creation around him. Would it be believed that until lately there was not one regular practitioner from the border of Egypt to Lebanon. Now, we who know how essential the offices of the medical man are to the common comfort of life—how destitute, in our own country, even a village seems, which has not medical aid within reach—how tremblingly we look upon the first symptoms of illness in an infant—how eagerly we call for the assistance of the practitioner, and how anxiously we count the hours until he comes—we may conceive the boundless



THE REV. DR. CROLY.

terror produced by the approach of disease in the East, where the first symptom of distemper is necessarily regarded almost as a signal of a death warrant, for help is beyond all reach; the land might be searched from end to end before a physician could be found, and the result is, that the unhappy husband and father must sit still and gaze while his wife or child is dying day by day before his eyes. And even this bitter feeling is made more bitter still by a kind of vague conviction that there are means in existence by which life might be preserved, if they were but within his reach. Follow this conception into reality, see the infection spread, see father and wife and child gradually sinking, until their cabin becomes a pest-house, and, deserted by all their kindred and neighbours through absolute terror, they perish a mass of startling mortality. But the diseases of the East are not merely more destitute of medical help; they are in their general nature of a more fearful, fierce, and torturing kind than those of temperate climates. There infection is the instant seizure of the whole frame, fever is fire, the wound is an ulcer, the small-pox is a pestilence, and typhus takes the shape of plague. It has even been said that the plague never ceases in the regions of Mahometanism: when it pauses in one quarter, it bursts out in another, and in all continually shakes the quiet of life and threatens the existence of the population. It is into this scene of suffering that we propose to send, it is beside this fountain-head of disease that we propose to plant, the science which will dry it up. It is to relieve intolerable pangs, to restore the men to the incalculable blessings of health, to cheer the hearts of all, to inspire new homage to the humanity of England, even to make a noble inroad on the common mortality of man, that we are called on at this hour, in the name of sympathy and humanity, to assist an institution which has no other object than the happiness of society, and, I solemnly believe, the honour of God. Gentlemen, we all take an interest in the renown of our country, and I envy not the man who can follow the career of our great statesmen in their senatorial struggles, without due homage to their accomplished understanding. The heart of England has long paid its tribute to the great champions of its liberty and illustrious leaders of its armies; but in the midst of all our national trophies—in the midst of all that accumulation of the tributes of past ages to the achievements of eminent men—if I could venture to propose raising one memorial more, the memorial of a triumph gained neither in the senate nor the field, and yet, not less expressive, less permanent, nor less illustrious than them all; I should say that that memorial would be a British Hospital in Syria.

Rev. George Croly LLD.

Intimate friend of Ainsworth

THE REV. DR. CROLY.—We regret to announce the death of this distinguished divine and eminent author, which took place quite suddenly on Saturday afternoon, while he was walking not far from his own house, 9, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, seemingly in the enjoyment of robust health. He was observed to stagger for a few moments and then fall, after which he almost immediately expired. It is believed he died of apoplexy. Dr. Croly was a most voluminous author, and wrote on a variety of subjects. His 'Salathiel,' in three volumes, will long be remembered. He was a writer in poetry. For upwards of forty years he was a copious contributor to the leading literary journals of the day, and to those newspapers which identified themselves with Conservative principles. Dr. Croly was also an accomplished scholar, as many of his literary and theological works prove. He has repeatedly mentioned to us (*Morning Advertiser*) that he had been for some years engaged on a large work on the Book of Job, to which he attached great importance, because he believed that in consequence of his researches in fields of Eastern literature not before explored, he would be able to throw a great deal of additional light on that book, and that the result of the publication of his work would be to establish triumphantly, by a new class of evidence, the truth of the Old Testament Scriptures.

CROLY, REV. GEORGE, LL.D.; *b.* Dublin, 1785; *d.* 1860. A well-known writer, the author of "Salathiel the Immortal," "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," &c. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards went to London, where he conducted the *Universal Review*, and contributed to the periodicals. He was subsequently appointed to the living of St. Stephen and St. Benet, Walbrook.

June 4
4 Southampton St
Dear J. — Strand

My cold is too heavy
for me to make experiments on
this morning air. — But
if you should be coming into
Town — on any day before
Sunday — (this being Friday)
You will either find me
at home — or a short
critique — made of Extracts
from the Poem to which

Rev. George Croly LLD.

Intimate friend of Ainsworth

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you will add as
many or as few sentences
as your genius stimulates
at the beginning &
end—. It shall be left
on my table addressed to you.

Now for weightier matters,
On Saturday Evening Talma
has promised to come
here — about ten to

a little supper a l'Anglais —
punch &c — Come if you
can —. It is probable
that Curran! & Godwin!!
will be here. — possibly
West!!! this is a small
joint affair of our mansion
I rely on your coming
Say nothing of this to
any one —

Sincerely Yrs G.C.

G. Croly
To meet Talmer
— — 1817

4 o'Clock
4 Dec
1817 F.V.

Brian
3py 1 Paid

To Wm Jordan Esq
Old Brompton

The Modern Orlando: a Poem. By the Rev. George Croly, LL.D. 2nd Edition. Hurst and Blackett.

En adsum qui feci. Dr. Croly now openly avows himself the author of a poem which made not a little stir on its first appearance. To increase the chance of retaining his incognito, he then amused himself by dividing the parentage of the poem among the literary celebrities of the day. The verses in which this was done are worth transcribing, from their reminiscences of a generation which is rapidly fading away, though some of the names still form links with living literature:

"Who am I?—Do I wear a pilgrim's scallop,
Albanian kilt, or knightly mail and casque?
Guess me, (thy torment Jonathan!) *the* Tr—ll—pe;
Or stately Lady Emm—l—ne, *en masque*;
Or, (if the world should further deign to ask,)
Make me a wit, and call me Bl—s—ngt—n,
(Taking our wicked Tory times to task;)
Or Lady L—nd—nd—rry.—So think on!
Then shines my lucky star, my laurels all are won.

"Am I Bavaria's Monarch?—Czar?—Czarina?
Or Louis Philippe?—(all your Kings *now* write)—
Or Lady M—rg—n, with a new Glorvina?
(The lonely star of Ireland's stormy night).
Sm—th? M—re? or Br—gh—m, still flashing left and right;
"Or *Aide-de-camp*, upon the Prince's Staff!
('Visions of glory! spare my aching sight!')
Or, man of mirth and mitre, old Ll—nd—ff?
I leave the wondering world *its* secret, and *my* laugh.

"Or, if you think I'm lively Lady Ch—rl—tte,—
The world will like *my* 'Anecdotes' the better;
Read by all 'gentlemen,' from black to scarlet;
Or, Mrs. A—st—n, charming in black letter;
Or gentle M—yn—rd—I'm the more your debtor.
Or, think me Mrs. N—rt—n, the tenth Muse,
Binding all bosoms in her golden fetter!
(One whisper more—now, make me what you chuse)—
I'm ARIEL!—my cloud waits—so, take my last adieus!"

In a new preface Dr. Croly has some good remarks on the great Italian poets, declaring his own enthusiastic admiration of Ariosto, "the greatest poet of Italy in its greatest day." He agrees in this with Gibbon, who speaks of "the boundless variety of the incomparable Ariosto:"—

"I contend with no man, or woman, on this subject, or, perhaps, on any other; I leave the stern sublimities of Dante to those who can understand (which no *Italian* now can) a language, as obsolete, cramped, and obscure, as a cenotaph of hieroglyphics. I leave the intolerable love-making of Petrarch to those who can find the language of passion in the elaborate artifices of sonneteering; I equally leave the heavy embroidery of Tasso to those who can feel raptures in a procession of cardinals, or the pomp of a melodrame; but for the music of language, variety of conception, and delicious fancy, I turn instinctively to the great master of the Cinquecentisti.

"I here allude to him only as a poet. His morality is that of Italy, in all the past, and as it will be in all the future, until men cease to deposit their consciences in the hands of confessors. The truest champion of his fame would be an 'Edizione Castigata.'

"Those familiar with Italian literature know the distinction of the three great classes—the Trecentisti, the Cinquecentisti, and the Scientisti. The first the age of Dante, the second the age of Ariosto (whom the Italians still call 'Divino'), the prince of the Augustan age of modern Italy; and the third, an age when the governments lost the vigour, extravagance, and genius of their republics. The literature began to degenerate with the liberty, and they thenceforth became purists, jurists, economists, and slaves."

For the sake of those whose acquaintance with literature has begun since Dr. Croly's poem was written, we quote two episodes, amusing in themselves, and exhibiting the characteristic style of a work well worthy of its present reproduction in a separate volume. The first is the story of an incident that is said to have taken place during the occupation of Paris by the allied armies after Waterloo:—

"One morn, the honest, homely King of Prussia
Called on the Emperor Francis, for a stroll;
And dropping in upon their brother, Russia,
Found him at Very's, at his chop and roll;
And having settled all, from Line to Pole—
Proposed to spend *one* half hour at their ease:
So, slipping Chiefs of Staff, and Grooms of Stole,
And tempted by the summer sky and breeze,
They sauntered, arm in arm, to see the Tuileries.

"They found the Louvre open, and walked in,—
Unknown; three quiet, plain, blackcoated men!
All there, as usual, bustle, crowd, and din!
A tide of peasant, soldier, citizen!—
To force the passage, was no trifle, *then*,
For, all before them was the world's 'tenth' Wonder!
(Long since all buried in its monkish den.)
The world had never seen such brilliant plunder;
I think to strip it was a more than gothic blunder!

"What, if Napoleon robbed some craven throne;
The sitter first had sold himself to shame;—
(*I* should have muleted him of flesh and bone!)
Now, all is gone to darkness, whence it came;
To cowls, and cobwebs!—Well, the world's to blame!
I only wish, that I could give ye wings,
Or sweep ye on some whirlwind car of flame,
Back to my gaze again, ye glorious things!
Now, I must hunt ye out, 'mid monks, and monkish kings!

"(Not that I mean to break through my decision,
Never to talk of picture-galleries,)
But, *then* the Louvre was no earthly vision;—
Such lovely nuns! you almost heard their sighs;
Such pontiffs (all the Popedom in their eyes;)
Such monks! with heavenward looks (which monks had never!)
Such nymphs! as glowing as their own Greek skies;
Such chieftains! made to ride and rule for ever;
One scarcely drew one's breath—'twas all gasp, flush, and fever!

"And then, what alabasters, bronzes, marbles!—
All bursting on you, in one gorgeous glare.
(Pencil or pen the witchery but garbles)
The eye and mind were all one dazzled stare.
Or, as you rushed, half fainting, to fresh air;
Just *then*, some face, of such deep loveliness,
Beamed from its canvas, that it fixed you there!
Some 'Dama,' with bright eye and jet-black tress,
Jewelled, and grand!—I love that old Venetian dress!

"Then, the Apollo!—splendid!—which the Pope
Offered to give us.—My beloved Allies,
I should have wished you all (in Heaven, I hope!)
Ere *I* refused, like Castlereagh, the prize.
(Alas! the wisest are not always wise)
I should have taken him, with all my soul!
The Venus, too, found favour in my eyes;
Dimples and all!—I loved her, every mole!
Dianas, Graces, Nymphs!—I should have grasped the whole!

"As rambled the three Sovereigns up and down,
They met a *rather* puzzled English squire,
Who, thinking them three tradesmen of the town,
Asked them all questions, to his heart's desire;—

Divine Providence; or, the three Cycles of Revelation, shewing the Parallelism of the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Dispensations. Being a new Evidence of the Divine Origin of Christianity. By the Rev. George Croly, LL.D., Rector of Bondleigh, Devon. 8vo. pp. 627. London, 1834. Duncan.

FULL of strange and mysterious matters, this work comes almost entirely within the category of those theological and polemical subjects which we have proscribed in our page; proscribed, not from a disregard to their importance, but an opposite feeling, added to the conviction, that a miscellany like the *Literary Gazette* is not the proper medium for entering upon such discussions. The learning, the imagination, and the ability displayed by the author, induce us, however, to give some account of his performance, so that the reader may have an idea of its nature and characteristics.

It is dedicated to the Lord Chancellor.

A preface asserts the truth of Christianity, as proven by historical facts, and by the evidence of human nature; but holds that the present argument is yet more conclusive.

"Its object is to prove that 'Christianity is the direct work of Providence;' and this, not by any mere probability arising from its original weakness and subsequent power — nor from its moral superiority—nor from the sufferings undergone by sincere minds in its cause —nor even from its prophetic testimonies—but from the comparison of facts acknowledged by all, without reference to religious opinion. It will be shewn that the leading facts of Christian history have been the leading facts of the two former dispensations, Judæism and the patriarchal religion; and that those facts have occurred in the three, not merely in essence, but with the same purpose, and in the same order; yet that no mere dry sequence has been observed in the order of the respective dispensations, but that they have received in each those slight variations of shape and colour which exhibit a supreme adapting hand, varying the process, but distinctly preserving the principle. * * * * *

Having thus opened his general views, Dr. Croly proceeds to demonstrate the existence of a God, the literal truth of the Mosaic creation *versus* geology, (which we think ingenious, but quite erroneous,†) and to describe Paradise, its concomitants, the Adamite state, the patriarchal ages, &c.; in all of which he contends for the strict interpretation of the Old Testament, rejecting every gloss and explanation, and, truly, as the common phrase has it, "sticking to the text." The first cycle closes with the confusion of tongues (page 306).

The second commences with the Call of Abraham, goes through the Law of Moses and the Jewish history, and terminates with a statement of the Christian church at the era of Constantine (page 532).

The third treats of the Second Adam, the Apostolic Church, Christendom, Babylon, the Reformation, Napoleon, and the Future. The following note upon the great political question of a separation between church and state, now at issue amongst us, will, perhaps, serve as well as any other extract to illustrate the author:—

4 CROLY'S (Dr. George, *of Walbrook*) XI. Sermons; viz., Popery the Antichrist; Papal Rome; the Bible the Restorer of Christianity; the Reformation a direct Gift of Divine Providence; the Sabbath; Infant Regeneration; Marriage; the Lord's Supper; the Universal Kingdom; &c., 12mo. *cloth*, 2s. (pub. at 3s. 6d.) 1848-51

5 CROLY'S (Dr. George, *of Walbrook*) "*animated and eloquent*" Sermons preached in the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital; and in St. Stephen's, Walbrook, 8vo. *cloth*, 3s. (pub. at 10s. 6d.) 1848

"As to his Sermons, clearer, more nervous, and in the true sense of the term, simpler discourses have not appeared for many years; their style is in general pure Saxon, their matter strong, manly and his own, their figures always forcible, and never forced; their theology, sound and scriptural, and would to God such sermons were being preached in every church and chapel throughout Britain! They might recall the many wanderers, who with weary heart and foot, are seeking rest elsewhere in vain, and might counteract that current which is drawing away from the sanctuaries so much of the talent, the virtue, and the honesty of the land."—*Gilfillan's Literary Portraits.*

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,
AND
Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 272. SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1822. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Catiline: a Tragedy, in five Acts. With other Poems. By the Rev. Geo. Croly, A.M. Author of Paris in 1815; The Angel of the World, &c. London, 1822. 8vo. pp. 232. Hurst, Robinson & Co.

Of Mr. Croly's genius, our opinion has been frequently given: few, certainly, of the living poets occupy a higher place in our admiration; for, whatever of mannerism we may have detected by critical tests, or however we may occasionally have blamed him for pomp in language and obscurity in expression, we were still delighted with the fertility of his imagination, his lofty conceptions and splendid descriptions, his soundness of principle, vigour, comprehensiveness, and natural dignity. His blemishes appeared to us to be the weeds of a most luxuriant soil: not the poverty, but the superabundance of his resources was the cause of defects which the slightest care would chastise; and we felt that from such intellectual affluence, the stream of poesy might long be poured in floods as copious, but more purified and translucent than the first overflowings. Catiline realizes this anticipation. The thoughts are never overloaded with style. It is much more simple than any preceding work from the same pen. It is more refined and in a chaster taste, without losing any of the energy of the author. In fine, it is less liable to the objections that have been alleged to passages in "Paris," and the "Angel of the World," an approach to grandiloquence, and that species of condensation for which Dante is so remarkable, and which is undoubtedly to be avoided in composition—we mean that where the sense is not obvious at once, and a fatigue is imposed upon the understanding in acquiring the ideas of the poet, which, on the contrary, should be so clear and distinct, that, to use a trite saying, he that run might read.

Mr. Croly draws the character of Catiline rather after the outline of Cicero in his oration Pro Cœlio, than after the sketch of Sallust. He is "a daring man, of eminent capacity, who for a while presents a doubtful aspect of good and evil; but, at length, tempted or driven, rushes into treason:" (preface, page 9.) By this treatment of his subject he has escaped from a close resemblance to preceding dramatists who have employed their Muse upon it: of these he mentions Ben Jonson, Voltaire, and Crebillon: but this portion of Roman history has furnished several other pieces for the Stage, not only in England and France, but in Spain, Italy and Germany. He has also had recourse to some deviations from the received story, in order to introduce and give effect to incidents of force and interest in the drama. Hamilcar, a captive Moorish prince; two Allobroges, on an embassy to Rome; and Aspasia, a Greek priestess, are striking personages, and finely diversify the general tone of Roman manners. But as the play has not been acted, and the catastrophe coincides with fact, we shall not enter into a detail of the circumstances which conduct to the fatal end. It is more to our purpose to view Catiline simply as a poem, and to illustrate it by extracts, divided into distinguishing heads, which will readily show the genius of the author, and enable every reader to form a judgment of his poetry, which is evidently constructed on the noble model of Shakspeare's blank verse rather than on the less perfect fashion of Massinger and his imitators.

Effect of Oratory upon a Multitude.

His words seemed oracles,
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face, [turn,
That with the like dumb wonder answered him:
Then some would weep, some shout, some,
deeper touch'd,
Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,
In fear but to have lost a syllable.
The evening came, yet there the people stood,
As if 'twere noon, and they the marble sea,
Sleeping without a wave. You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke,
But when he ceased, the shout was like the roar
Of Ocean in the storm. - - -

The Grievings of a proud Spirit.

Crime may be clear'd, and Sorrow's eyes be dried,
The lowliest poverty be gilded yet,
The neck of airless, pale imprisonment
Be lighten'd of its chains! For all the ills
That chance or nature lays upon our heads,
In chance or nature there is found a cure:
But self-abasement is beyond all cure!
The brand is there burn'd in the living flesh,
That bears its mark to the grave.—That dagger's
Into the central pulses of the heart; [plunged
The act is the *mind's Suicide*; for which
There is no after health—no hope—no pardon!

A Soldier.

You've seen him in the field?
Hamilcar. Aye, fifty times,—
I' the thickest fight; where all was blood and steel;
Plunging thro' steeds unrider'd, gory men
Mad with their wounds,—thro' lances thick as hail,
As if he took the ranks for idle waves!
Now seen, the battle's wonder; now below,
Mowing his desperate way, till with wild shrieks,
The throng roll'd back, and CATILINE sprang out,
Red from the greaves to the helm!—

Sunset.

This air is living sweetness. Golden sun,
Shall I be like thee yet? The clouds have past—
And like some mighty victor, he returns
To his red city in the west, that now
Spreads all her gates, and lights her torches up,
In triumphs for her glorious conqueror.

Chance.

Chance can do nothing. There's no turn of earth,
No—not the blowing of the summer wind,
Or the unstable sailing of a cloud,
Much more the destiny of mighty states,
But hath a will that orders it.

An Aurora Borealis.

Last night I could not rest: the chamber's heat
Or some wild thoughts—the folly of the day—
Banish'd my sleep: So, in the garden air,
I gaz'd upon the comet, that then shone
In midnight glory, dimming all the stars.
At once a crimson blaze, that made it pale,
Flooded the north. I turn'd, and saw in heaven
Two mighty armies! From the zenith star,
Down to the earth, legions in line and orb,
Squadron and square, like earthly marshalry.
Anon, as if a sudden trumpet spoke,
Banners of gold and purple were flung out;
Fire-crested leaders swept along the lines;
And both the gorgeous depths, like meeting seas,
Roll'd to wild battle. Then, they breath'd awhile,
Leaving the space between a sheet of gore,
Strew'd with torn standards, corpses, and crash'd
spears:
But soon upon the horizon's belt uprose,
Moon-like, or richer,—like the rising Morn,
A bulwark'd city.
Hamilcar (eagerly.) Rome?
Catiline. Both armies joined,
And like a deluge, rush'd against the walls.
One chieftain led both armies to the storm,
Till the proud Capitol in embers fell,
And Heaven was all on fire.

A Meeting of Magicians.

In my own land, and hunting through the hills,
I've sat from eve to sunrise, in the caves
Of Atlas, circled by the altar-fires
Of black enchanters, men who yearly came,
By compact, to hold solemn festival:
Some riding fiery dragons, some on shafts
Of the sunn'd topaz,—some on ostrich plumes,
Or wondrous cars, that press'd the subtle air,
No heavier than its clouds,—some in swift barks,
That lit the Libyan Sea through night and storm,
Like winged Volcanoes;—From all zones of the
Earth—
From the mysterious fountains of the Nile—
Gold-sanded Niger—India's diamond shore,
From silken China,—from the Spicy Isles,
Like incense-urns set in the purple sea
By Taprobane. - - -

A Spirit.

If ever parted Spirit walk'd the earth,
Haunting the treasure that it loved in life,
We stand this hour in presence of a thing,
That, bodied to our senses, would let loose [night,
Our strength like water,—strike our eyes with
Fill the hot brain with the unwholesome thoughts
That shake the reason. - - -

A Talisman.

Its equal's not on Earth!
The metal fell from Heaven in thunder-peals;
'Twas temper'd in strange fire of warriors' bones;
Then shaped, at shuddering midnight, to wild songs,
That made the yawning Earth give up her ghosts;

The Modern Orlando: a Poem. By the Rev. George Croly, LL.D. Second Edition. London: Colburn.

This poem, when it appeared many years ago, excited much conjecture and considerable praise. It contained no author's name, but merit gleamed through its pages, evident as sunlight. The Rev. G. Croly, a name of wide celebrity, has in this second edition acknowledged the parentage. The poem has little or no story, but it contains incidents in the rambles of the author, with grave and humorous reflections thereon, and a fertility of rhyme quite astounding. Byron, the mightiest "master of rhyme-twisters," and, as "Don Juan" proved, the most capriciously powerful of recent poets, is almost, if not quite, equalled in *The Modern Orlando*. And yet there is no shade nor semblance of imitation. Here we have a free, dashing, and quite-at-home sort of muse, which delights to laugh at and make innocent fun of the common every-day follies and foibles of life, and yet is quite familiar with what is grand, gorgeous and spiritual. In this volume there are strong contrasts, wherein the muse sports over the surface of conventionalism, or swells into a forcible and majestic march—into descriptions of the highest and healthiest kind.

A second edition like *The Modern Orlando* neither calls for elaborate analysis nor extracts; but Dr. Croly's style is so unrestrained and vivid that we are tempted to diverge from our u course and offer a fragment.

I once sail'd up the mighty Amazon;
All day the waters round us seem'd to boil—
Drench'd from the eve in dew till rose the sun,
For months our morning, noon, and night were toil.
But all was lovely Nature's virgin soil—
The ground, a tissue of ten thousand flowers,
The forest, curtain'd with their splendid coil,
The valleys, depth on depths of glorious bowers:
I still delight to dream of those soul-stirring hours.

True, we kept eager watch upon the creek,
Where the thick plaintains cluster'd o'er the river;
Old haunt of serpents, or the panther sleek,
Or the swart Indian, with his poison'd quiver,
Waiting his deadly missive to deliver.
And once we saw a war-axe bore a leak
Below our water-mark (I shot the diver!)
Still on we work'd and laugh'd, from week to week;
Winding by forest green, and mountain's sun-dyed peak.

But all was life; the stately jaguār
Stalk'd to the beach to bathe his shining hide;
The swift flamingo, like a shooting star,
Shed crimson lustre through the forest wide;
Fearless the antelope the strangers eyed;
Upsprang in snowy clouds the white toucan;
Tribes, thick as motes, in gold and scarlet dyed,
Soar'd to the sun; the pheasant spread his fan:
All, as in earth's first days, without the dread of man.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. A Sermon preached in pursuance of the King's Letter, in the Parish Church, Northfleet, Kent, on Sunday, Nov. 27, 1831, in aid of the Funds of the above Institution: with a brief Memoir of the Society. By the Rev. George Croly, LL.D. London. 1831. Duncan.

We have seldom space to notice single serm but having in this No. of the *Gazette*, in the spirit of impartial journalism (whose object it is to supply every kind of information on subjects embraced within the plan of publication), quoted a heavy charge against parties engaged in the conversion to Christianity of barbarous races of men, we think we cannot do better than furnish an antidote from the eloquent address of Dr. Croly. This sermon (advocating the cause of an enlightened and enlightening Institution), gives an abstract of the progress of Christianity from the first ages of the missions—adverts to the British reformation—states the origin of the Society, as having been called for by the religious necessities of our early colonists in America, for whom it provided churches and ministers; its founding the episcopal church, which now consists of seven hundred clergy; its adopting the missions to the East, where the British church is at last established; and the extensive prospects of good which it still continues to open and cultivate.

The Rev. G. Croly.—It is always with plea are we hear of rewards or honours conferred upon literary merit; of which tributes to genius there are far too few examples in this country. We are led to the remark by learning that the University of Dublin has done credit to itself by conferring the degree of LL.D. on Mr., now Dr., Croly; one of its sons so highly distinguished in various branches of literature. This voluntary act cannot be the less acceptable to the gentleman in question, from its proceeding under the auspices of so profound a scholar and master of science as Dr. Lloyd, and of the present board of fellows, who are doing so much to exalt the character of the University.

Review.—*The Beauties of the British Poets, with a few Introductory Remarks. By the Rev. George Croly.* 12mo. pp. 290. *Seeley and Son, London.* 1828.

The exterior of this volume bears a kind of imitative resemblance to the blooming annuals, which regularly make their appearance at this season of the year. It is very neatly got up, and is adorned with eleven beautifully executed wood engravings, illustrative of the various subjects in the collection to which they refer. These decorations in their combined effect give to the volume a very attractive aspect.

The work itself is professedly a compilation, so that in the merit or demerit of the compositions, the compiler has no share. His responsibility rests on the selection and the arrangement; and in both of these respects he has acquitted himself well. Beginning with the works of Chaucer, and passing on with those of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope; his selections are above all suspicion of being deficient in poetical merit. To purity of sentiment, the compiler has not paid less attention than to the elegance and elevation of his extracts. We are not aware that a loose or contaminating thought has on any occasion been permitted to pollute his pages.

From the works of Pope, the compiler proceeds to those of Thompson, Young, Akenside, Collins, Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith, Bruce, Logan, Jones, Burns, Cowper, Crabbe, Smith, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scot, Montgomery, Campbell, Rogers, Moore, Byron, Keats, Millman, Wolfe, and Hemans. From each of these well-known favourites of the Muses, he has selected several beautiful pieces, and arranged them under the names of their respective authors, with becoming order and regularity. Is is a work compiled with much taste and judgment: comprising numerous excellencies of our most celebrated British poets, but many volumes would be necessary to incorporate even one half of their indisputable beauties.

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8. *The Englishman's Polar Star*, (Rivington, London,) is simply the reprint of an interesting preface written by the Rev. G. Croly, to a new interpretation of the Apocalypse of St. John, with which are connected some introductory and concluding remarks by R. H. M. It is decidedly against Catholic emancipation; and the author has adduced many striking facts to prove, that our parliaments and ministry have invariably been attended with some adverse circumstances, in proportion as they have favoured papal measures,—and have been vigorous and prosperous, while setting their faces against papal demands. It is a warning voice, which seems at once admonitory, ominous, and prophetic.

32 **Pope's Works,** ORIGINAL FAVOURITE EDITION, HANDSOMELY BOUND. — THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE, with a Memoir of the Author, Notes, and a Critical Notice to each poem, by the Rev. Dr. G. Croly, A FINE COPY OF THE ORIGINAL ISSUE OF THE VERY CHARMING FAVOURITE EDITION, *with a pretty frontispiece and vignette title to each vol and a portrait*, THIS IS NOT ONLY A FINE COPY OF THE ORIGINAL FAVOURITE EDITION, BUT THE VALUE OF THIS PARTICULAR COPY IS FURTHER ENHANCED BY THE INSERTION OF THE ORIGINAL CLOTH COVER AT THE END OF EACH VOL, 4 vols, sm. 8vo, NEWLY AND VERY ELEGANTLY BOUND *in half crushed polished crimson morocco, tastefully gilt panel backs, raised bands, art cloth sides, gilt top edges*. OTHER EDGES TOTALLY UNCUT, A REMARKABLY FINE COPY, £2 17s6d Valpy, 1835

Till Death upon its bosom pillow'd her;
Of noble natures sour'd; rich minds obscur'd;
High hopes turn'd blank; nay of the kingly crown
Mouldering amid the embers of the throne;—
And all by Love. We paint him as a child,
When he should sit, a giant on his clouds,
The great, disturbing Spirit of the World!

Astrology.

Look there! the hour is written in the sky.
Jove rushes down on Saturn,—'tis the sign
Of war throughout the nations. In the east
The Crescent sickens;—and the purple star,
Perseus, the Ionian's love, lifts up his crest,
And o'er her stands exulting!

Love.

We shall be light of heart,
As birds in summer skies; fond, as two doves,
That have escap'd the fowler's cruel snare;
Our vine and myrtle fence shall be a bound,
That Earth's pale vanities, its hatreds, fears,
Fiery ambitions, pining discontents,
Dare not o'erleap; and we'll have dance and song,
And hymn the Sun with touches of the lyre,
As he sheds morning on the Athenian hills.
And we will wander by the evening shore,
And hear the mellow music of the waves,
And read strange fortunes in the speckled sands,
And make sweet pictures in the crimson clouds,
And tell the story of our travel past,
Till the day sinks, forgotten in our talk,
And Hesper's twinkling lamp must light us home.

A Lover's Oath.

By this white hand, thus shook with such sweet fear;
By the deliciousness of this droop'd eye;
By the red witchery of this trembling lip;
By all the charm of woman's weeping love.

Conspiracy.

This is the curse of all conspiracy;
To mingle with the refuse of our kind,
To be the tool of tools, the slave of slaves,
To patch up ruffian quarrel; from his cups
To drag the dozing drunkard; tear the knife
From the assassin's hand; stir up the base
To manly thoughts; degrade the swelling heart
To necessary villains, that the eye
Had loathed in daylight.

Peasant Happiness.

In that yellow thatch
Now the sunn'd peasant at his supper sits,
With all his babes about him,—then lies down,
Blessing the gods, and thus shuts in the day;
Unpressed by heavier thoughts, than with what face
To-morrow's Sun shall look upon the sky,
Or in what hive his honey-bees shall swarm,
Or to what elm his vine shall be a bride,
Or whether he shall pipe his woolly flocks
To hill or vale; or some such gentle care,
To put a healthful motion in his mind.

The Sword.

This emblem of all miseries and crimes.
The robber's tool, that breaks the rich man's lock;
The murderer's master-key to sleeping hearts;
The orphan-maker, widower of brides,
The tyrant's strength, the cruel pirate's law,
The traitor's passport to his Sovereign's throne,
The mighty desolator, that contains,
In its brief bar of steel, more woe to the Earth,
Than lightning, earthquake, yellow pestilence,
Or the wild fury of th' all-swallowing Sea.

These quotations, which we could parallel by thrice as many of equal beauty, were it necessary, must throw the author on his deliverance before his country. We think we can anticipate the verdict; but, feeling that private esteem might be thought to warp our public judgment, we abstain from saying how much we admire them, as noble, original, and genuine poetry.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Salathiel; a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

An early copy of this work, justly, we believe, ascribed to a very distinguished writer in the varied walks of literature, has reached us too late in the week to admit of our entering upon even a general outline. The hero is the Wandering Jew; and the first volume relates chiefly to his adventures in Judea, from the origin of the Christian era—with some Roman accessories. The second volume is of a different and gayer cast, the scene being laid in Italy, Syria, and Arabia. The third returns the Wanderer to Jerusalem, and narrates its fatal siege and destruction by Titus. We presume, of course, that this entire publication occupies that division of the title-page indicated by the word "past;" and that we may hope for the "present," (barring the bull), as well as the future, hereafter. Without discussing this, however, we shall simply, by way of foretaste, quote a few specimens of the story, which, being unpublished, is as yet unfair game for the critic.

THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, D.C.L.

In the Parish Church of St. Stephen, Walbrook which is situated in an out-of-the-way thoroughfare at the back of the Mansion House, and which church is or was famous for its filthy condition and for the warfare of its Vicar with Alderman Gibbs, officiates the celebrated author of "Salathiel," "The Angel of the World," and, if report be true, of "Marston, or the Memoirs of a Statesman," which recently appeared in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine.

Accompanied by a friend from America, who having read Croly's works, was exceedingly desirous to hear him preach, I one Sunday morning dived into Walbrook, ascended the stone flight of steps which led to the door of the church, and on the invitation of a grimy-looking old woman, entered the sacred edifice, and was conducted to a pew. The service had already commenced. From the literary reputation of the preacher, I had expected to find a crowded congregation; but, to my utter surprise, three-fourths of the pews were untenanted, and the remainder had, on an average about two persons each in them. There were half a dozen benches, and these were occupied by miserably old-looking charity children, frightfully

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3 College Terrace
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Sir

I have herewith sent you a sketch of a Celebrated spring situated in a bank on the estate of Bramshill Court seat of Sir John Cope Bart. near Heckfield Hants. the planks are of oak on each side and the back is stone a sort of Granite the figure in the stone Represents Queen Elizabeth with a favorite lapdog at her feet. as it is supposed that by tradition she used the water for her teeth as it of a beautiful Clearness if you think it worthy of a place in your table Book you are welcome your Humbl. W A D. Junr.
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Bramshill House was formerly a Palace of Queen Elizabeth
vide History of England.

Delamotte

To

W. Hone Esqr.

at. Messrs. Hunt & Clark
York Street
Covent garden.

For Table book.

Illustrations of Virginia Water, and the Adjacent Scenery. No. I. By W. A. Delamotte, Jun. Drawn on stone by W. Gauci. Bulcock.

SLIGHT but pleasing sketches of the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of his Majesty's "favourite and frequent retreat." One of them, we mean the view of the ruins which have been constructed near the arch which carries the Sunning-hill road over the private drive of the park that leads from the margin of the lake to the Belvidere pavilion, reminds us of a complaint made by one of our correspondents (we have not ourselves seen the spot), which we will briefly state. He observes that these ruins, which are the remains of various ancient temples, brought to this country at different, some at distant, periods, although they have a fine and picturesque effect, are not so arranged as to convey any idea of the edifices which they originally contributed to form; and, consequently, that they present to the eye of taste a mass of incongruities. We are surprised to hear this.

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292 **DELAMOTTE** (W.) Picnic Set of Etchings (18), l[illegible] n portfolio, cloth, 1/6 1837

1916 **Whitmore Lodge,** the Seat of R. MARYLES, COLOURED Aquatint after W. Delamotte (5 × 7), 5s *Ackermann,* 1827

Richard. J. Lane A.R.A.

Friend of Ainsworth

THE CHALK DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, &c. &c.

MR. RICHARD J. LANE announces his intention to execute (for publication) a Series of Imitations of Drawings and Sketches by the late esteemed and lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence.

From the high character of the Drawings which have already been kindly intrusted to Mr. Lane in furtherance of his object, he is enabled (even at this early period) confidently to promise a selection of the most interesting Subjects; and he hopes that (from his experience in copying the Drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence), it may be reasonably expected that his Work will not be discreditable to the Memory or the Name of the Great Master, whose lighter Productions have so eminently advanced his exalted reputation.

Should the Possessors of any Works of this class be willing to enable Mr. Lane to extend his Plan, by intrusting to his care such valuable Drawings, the favour would be most highly appreciated; and they may be assured that no Drawing would be retained for a longer time than the adequate execution of the Imitation might require, which term would in very few cases exceed ten days or a fortnight.

4, Ulster Place, January 27, 1830.

LANÉ, RICHARD J., a distinguished lithographer and engraver, was born in 1800. His father was Theophilus Lane, a Prebendary of Hereford; his mother, whose maiden name was Sophia Gardiner, was a niece of the painter Gainsborough, a woman of remarkable character and ability. His brother, Edward Lane, is the well-known Orientalist. Richard Lane chose the profession of line engraver, and was in 1816 articled to Charles Heath. But in the course of a few years he was induced to apply himself to the newly introduced art of lithography. In this he attained a skill and mastery almost unrivalled, and as early as 1827 he was elected A.R.A. Ten years later he was nominated lithographer to the Queen, and soon after to Prince Albert. He practised lithography for about thirty years, and produced more than a thousand works. Among them are admirable reproductions of Sir T. Lawrence's portraits and portrait-sketches, of drawings by Gainsborough, and of pictures by Leslie and Landseer. He also executed many charming pencil portraits, some of which belong to the royal family. After the decline of the popularity of lithography, Mr Lane resumed his early pursuit of engraving on copper, and became superintendent of an etching class at the South Kensington Museum. He was an accomplished musician, and a skilful modeller in clay. Died in London, 21st November 1872.

—— Theatrical Sketches, drawn from Life by R. J. Lane, a Collection of 50 fine Tinted Lithographs on India Paper of Celebrated Actors and Actresses in their most famous Characters; Young, Kemble, Mathews, Farren, Miss Horton, Madame Vestris, Macready, Ellen Tree, Miss Faucit, Bedford, Kean, Vandenhoff, Mrs. Keeley, etc., etc., BRILLIANT IMPRESSIONS, folio, cloth, £8 8s, exceedingly scarce *Mitchell*, 1840

19 Gloucester Terrace
Campden Hill
W.
June 1872.

My dear Mr. Hall.

On Jany 14 - 1858 -
I delivered a Lecture to
the Students of the Roy: Acad:
which was signalised by
the attendance of the Presi-
dent and many of the
Members - the subject was
"Art and Utterance."
I have dug up the M.S. of
this Lecture, which had
been quietly interred ever
since it served its purpose;

and I should much like to submit it to you, as to one who is distinguished as a highly accomplished exemplar of the matter of which I treat; and in the hope that you may think it worth the trouble of being printed as a supplementary sheet of "The Art Journal" — in which case I would beg to be allowed to present it to you. It is in this hope that I have rewritten some parts, and done what I could, by condensation and epitome, to make it fit for your acceptance.

If you will allow me to send it for your consideration, pray send me a line that I may know where to address it

and with kind regard to Mrs Hall.

I am ever
My dear Mr Hall
very truly yours
Richd Hamel

S: C: Hall Esqre F: S: A
[illegible]

Lawrence. From a Plaster Cast taken at the age of Thirty-four, in the possession of an attached Friend. Drawn on stone, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

THE attached friend who possesses the mask from which this tripartite view of the fine countenance of the lamented President of the Royal Academy has been taken, is, we believe, Mr. Charles Denham. Mr. Lane has made from it a front, a three-quarter, and a profile, drawing, on stone, with his usual skill and taste; and, notwithstanding the great drawback which is necessarily occasioned by the absence of the expression of the eye, the resemblance is very striking in them all; especially in the front view.

The Princess Victoria. Drawn from Life, at Kensington Palace, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Printed by C. Hullmandel.

A CHARMING little head. The drawing is firm and tasteful; and it is impossible to surpass the delicacy and finish of Mr. Lane's lithographic execution. We are concerned to learn that this accomplished artist has been recently suffering a severe domestic calamity, in the loss of a most beautiful and interesting child.

Maria F. Malibran. Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from Sketches by A. E. Chalon, R.A. Mitchell.

Two interesting plates, derived from Mr. Chalon's Sketch-book. The one (No. VIII. of "Chalon's Operative Sketches") contains a whole-length of Malibran, in the character of *Fidelma*, and a profile resemblance of her face; together embodying the following note from Mr. Chalon's book:—

"After playing *Fidelma*, in Cimarosa's opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Malibran went into a pit-box to see the ballet, or rather to afford the public a better opportunity of appreciating her powers of transformation. July 31st, 1830."

The other plate contains a repetition of the last-mentioned head; but drawn of a rather larger size, and, as will appear on comparing them, with greater delicacy and sweetness of expression.

234 **Walker** (Alex.) The BEAUTY in WOMAN, Analysed and Classified, with a critical view of the Hypotheses of the most Eminent Writers, Painters, and Sculptors, *embellished with many full-page plates of female figures, from life, by H. Howard, drawn on stone by M. Gauci and R. J. Lane*, BEST EDITION, roy. 8vo, *well bound in half calf, neat*, SCARCE, 18s 1852

Birmingham."

Taglioni as the Bayadere. Lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from a Drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A. London, Ackermann; Paris, Rittner and Gaupil.

MOST sylph-like and aerial, the graceful and affectionate Bayadere looks unutterable things. About the drawing of her left arm we are not assured; but these gay elemental creatures of the dance, and the most perfect of them all is She, do *assume* such forms and attitudes as to set all critical judgment at defiance. This is a charming representation of the chief favourite of the popular eye and heart.

Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Crombie, LL.D. F.R.S. M.R.S.L. A Miniature painted by W. Booth. Lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.

THE numerous friends of the esteemed and worthy individual here represented (and few men, we believe, have secured a wider circle by the consistent practice of the amiable qualities and higher virtues which adorn humanity, during a long life) will have a great treat in this most speaking likeness. The engraving is enlarged from the original, which reflects the highest credit on Mr. Booth's talent; and is executed with all the fidelity and taste which distinguishes Mr. Lane's productions. The ample brow, the large and intellectual eyes, and all the mild though striking features, are perfectly given; and we can truly say, that we never saw a superior work of the style of art to which it belongs.

The Right Hon. Lady Nugent. Painted by Lawrence; drawn on stone by R. Lane, A.R.A. J. Dickinson.

A MAGNIFICENT portrait; not only one of the highest specimens of the late President's style, but one of the finest examples even of Richard Lane's lithographic powers. The head is noble in character, the neck beautiful, and the hair admirably disposed to augment the expression chosen by the painter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lewis's Sketches and Drawings of the Alhambra, made during a Residence in Granada, in the Years 1833-4. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, R. J. Lane, A.R.A., W. Gauci, and John F. Lewis. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

A VALUABLE and charming addition to the pictorial library of this country; being no fewer than twenty-six representations, on a large scale,—one a general view, the others views in detail,—of that most magnificent and celebrated palace of the ancient Moorish kings, the Alhambra. Although evidently falling into decay, it still retains abundant proofs of its former splendour, in its various towers, gates, courts, halls, fountains, baths, &c., many of which are ornamented and finished in the most exquisite manner. Mr. Lewis's talents as an artist are too well known to the public, and have too frequently been eulogised by us, to render it necessary to say more of this beautiful work than that, although it is strongly marked by his peculiar style of execution, it abounds, also, with his peculiar excellence. Eight of the lithographs are by his own hand: in the remainder, his able coadjutors, Messrs. Harding, Lane, and Gauci, seem to have striven to outdo one another. The volume is dedicated, with great propriety, to the Duke of Wellington.

High Life; Low Life. Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from pictures by E. Landseer, R.A. Ackermann and Co.

WE are delighted that these admirable pictures, which we noticed when they appeared in the Exhibition of the British Gallery three or four years ago, have fallen into the hands of so able a lithographer, and one so capable of doing them justice, as Mr. Lane. Political events have rendered them, if possible, still more characteristic than when they were produced. They are indebted to parliamentary reform for an increase of value. It is impossible to conceive more happy animal personifications of a conservative and a radical. The elegant form and high bearing of the one contrast exquisitely with the intensely vulgar shape and countenance of the other; and the accompaniments of both are entertainingly appropriate. The originals do the highest credit to the talents of Mr. Landseer and to the taste of Mr. Vernon (of whose *recherché* collection they are two striking features); and the prints bear equal testimony to the skill of Mr. Lane.

Shortly will be published, by J. Mitchell, Library, 33 Old Bond Street,

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ITALIAN Opera, 1835, by A. E. Chalon, Esq. R.A.; and drawn on Stone by R. J. Lane, Esq. A.R.A. Consisting of Portraits of

Mdlle. Grisi, in the opera of Otello.
Signor Lablache, in Marino Faliero.
Signor Tamburini, in I Puritani.
Signor Rubini, in ditto.
Mdlle. Grisi, and Signor Lablache, in ditto.
And of Mdlle Taglioni, in La Sylphide.

The distinguished patronage bestowed on the library department of this establishment, which J. Mitchell gratefully acknowledges, enables him to continue the unlimited supply of all new Publications, the only means by which Subscribers can be ensured the immediate perusal of them. Subscribers of the Extra Class will receive, in Town or Country, every New Work, including the Reviews, Monthly Magazines, and Periodicals, the day of their publication, and will be privileged to order any Work that may not have been previously in the Library, which J. Mitchell will engage to obtain.—Bookbinding and Stationery in their various departments upon the most moderate terms.—*Library, 33 Old Bond Street.*

The Duchess of Kent. Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. from a picture by R. Rothwell, R.H.A. Dickinson.

THE expression is exceedingly pleasing; and the costume and effect are calculated, no less than the amiable character of the royal original, to render this a popular print.

Cheap Edition, price 1s. 6d., 330 pages and Woodcuts,

LIFE AT THE WATER CURE; or, a MONTH at MALVERN. By R. J. LANE, A.E.R.A., Lithographer in Ordinary to Her Majesty; and (by permission) 'The Confessions of a Water Patient,' by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. "A highly interesting and amusing Diary of Household Water Cure Science."—*Pioneer.*

W. Horsell, 13, Paternoster-row; and all Booksellers.

No. 453. *Portrait of a Lady, a Drawing on Stone.* R. J. Lane, A.E.—One of the most extraordinary productions of the pencil we have ever seen, whether for taste or marvellous execution.

La Musique. Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from a picture by George Hayter, M.A.S.L., &c. Dickinson.

BEWITCHING! The fascination of a rattlesnake can be nothing to that of such eyes!

Mrs. Honey, as Psyche. Drawn by E. Novello; on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. London; J. Dickenson.

"UBI flores, ibi *mel*," we said, as we placed this print, with the foregoing, in our portfolio. It is a pretty picture of a pretty and clever actress, who is making great progress in her

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Duke of Wellington. From a Sketch by J. Jackson, R.A. Being Plate VIII. of Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists. By Richard J. Lane, A.R.A. J. Dickinson.

Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists. By Richard J. Lane, A.R.A. Dickinson. Part III.

THE four prints before us, viz. "from a Sketch (Lalla Rookh) by T. Phillips, R.A.;" "from a Portrait of Lord Cosmo Russell, son of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, by Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.;" "from a Sketch (the Origin of a Painter) by W. Mulready, R.A.;" and "from a Drawing by G. Stuart Newton;"—complete the First Part (comprehending twelve plates) of this tasteful and clever publication; and are quite worthy of their predecessors. In the last-mentioned especially—from Mr. Newton's drawing—there is a feminine delicacy and grace which we are not aware that we ever saw surpassed.

As we have noticed this work in its progress, we need hardly remind our readers that it contains fac-similes of twelve drawings after designs of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie, Leslie, Chalon, Stephanoff, G. Jones, Collins, Jackson, Phillips, Mulready, E. Landseer, and Newton; and that we are inclined to regard it as the triumph of lithography over all that has been advanced against this wonderful discovery. We shall select a single print in proof of this, not on account of its superior execution, but because it will enable us to speak more decidedly with reference to the objections which we hear brought against lithography, even by artists of eminence, who are, however, unacquainted with the theory or capabilities of the art, and offer a general opinion, founded upon the inferior specimens which are daily to be seen. The print we have selected is that after a sketch by Edwin Landseer, the Portrait of Lord Cosmo Russell. It is not to our present purpose to describe the composition,—the boy, full of youthful beauty, bounding over the hills on their native pony, attended by his trusty and eager dog,—but we wish to call the attention of those who have hitherto been inclined to undervalue the powers of lithography, to the general tone of this print, the character preserved in the texture, the exquisite gradation of tint, and the force and the delicacy of execution which it at once exhibits. This is strong praise: but Mr. Lane, as a lithographic draftsman, merits even more, for the fidelity with which he has transferred to stone the sketches copied by him. Each drawing appears to be a work proceeding from hands as different as the minds displayed in the originals.



FREDERICK RICHARD PICKERSGILL, R.A.

H W. Pickersgill. R.A.

Find q answer

No. 399. *Rinaldo destroys the Myrtle in the Enchanted Forest*, by Mr. F. R. PICKERSGILL, A.R.A., will surprise the visitors by its position on the line, being utterly unable to endure an examination; with no new qualities of design, the execution is so exceedingly bad, that we wonder how so careless and coarse a work could proceed from a hand which had a brilliant and felicitous command of materials. Very ordinary and weighty Nymphs turn lumbering (to use a backwoodsman's term) away: there is not a single limb, whether of wood or what is meant for flesh, which is rightly drawn: they are certainly all spirits of oak trees, from the great amount of tannin in their complexions. The heads throughout are what Mr. FROST might have done when he was ten years of age, if in a robust state of health.

(*To be continued.*)

No. 348. 'Dalila asking Forgiveness of Samson,' F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A.

Dalila. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
Samson. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage.

Samson is in the act of uttering his refusal; his back is turned to us, and the contraction of the muscles declares the shrinking repugnance with which he hears Dalila's request, more distinctly and forcibly than could any expression of the features. The body is in nowise attitudinised; the determination of the refusal is declared by the muscles of the back. Dalila kneels trembling before Samson, and her attendants in equal degree share the feeling of their mistress. The soundness of the work, and its honesty of principle, recall to mind certain of the eminent masters of the Venetian school; but their conventionalities of costume are discarded for forms which might have been acknowledged even in the days of the Philistines.

No. 350. 'Sunny Hours,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The works exhibited under this name always display great knowledge and taste in dealing with the costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The scene is the "pleasaunce," either at Haddon or Hampton Court, with a fair sprinkling of *beau monde*.

No. 353. 'Ave Maria,' E. W. RUSSELL. A study of a girl at vespers, painted with firmness, and very appropriately circumstanced.

Mr. F. R. Pickersgill is a disappointing painter. He reminds us of the Coptic magician's servant, who, in his master's absence, got access to all his spells but one, and that one was the one that gave them full life. So his skeleton moved its bony jaws, and the brazen head rolled its eyes: but the one could not speak, and the other could not walk; so he learned no secret. So is it with Mr. Pickersgill: he uses colours with great witchery; his pencil with great taste; his figures with great skill: but there is an end. His personages want life-blood, and the one touch more that makes the whole world kin. They are costume figures—drapery holders—poetical vacuities; and one has no firm belief in their vitality or *bonâ fide* existence. They simper gracefully; they trip about with dimpled rosy backs, and quartern loaves and pint bottles of sherry, and are called Faith, Hope and Charity, or Mercy and Love, or Venetian ladies, or any pretty Southern name, effeminate, Italian, and soft-sounding. But yet they do not live in the imagination, and seem drawing-room ephemerides, destined for genteel people. Furniture smooth as French polish, clean, trim, and ornate.—*Britomart Unarming* (16) has nothing of Spenser's creation. Britomart is a pretty English girl, and has nothing of the stern, armed chastity, cold and saintlike as Diana.—*Christian conducted by Charity, Prudence, Piety, and Discretion into the Valley of Humiliation* (324) is exactly of the same class of thought, and would do for Spenser, if a quotation were attached to it. The Virtues pirouette and waltz round Christian, who bears it with becoming patience. In the former picture cherubs or cupids, not at all buoyant but rather heavy, are disarming Britomart.

PICKERSGILL, HENRY WILLIAM, R.A., the son of a gentleman who was connected with woollen and worsted manufactures, was born in London in 1781. At first brought up for commercial pursuits, he was accidentally led to study art, for which he had always a strong turn. An early marriage threw him very much upon his own resources, and having exhibited one or two successful pictures, he found himself elected an A.R.A. when little more than thirty years of age. He was admitted in 1827 to the full honours of the Academy, of which he is now one of the oldest members. From that date he has constantly exhibited, and his skill and power as yet (1865) can hardly be said to show symptoms of decay. He is chiefly celebrated for his portraits, and there are few distinguished personages who have not sat to Mr. Pickersgill at one time or another during the last forty years.

PIERCE ... for President

In a work of colossal scale, Mr. F. Pickersgill takes the 19th verse of the 16th chapter of Judges,—*Samson betrayed* (16)—as the means of exhibiting his knowledge of, and mastery in, the treatment of the human form. His power in drawing and natural sense of colour are too great to permit us to be satisfied with such a close following of the practice of the great colourist who has just left us. His is not the only instance in the present Exhibition where a strong admiration has influenced a picture to the destruction of its originality. Mr. Pickersgill, like Samson, has allowed himself to be shorn of his proper strength by a false Dalilah. His own acknowledged powers referring to the original source whence Etty himself derived his inspiration—the luxuries of the Venetian palette—will, with the aptitude for composition and poetic invention which he possesses, added to a more chastened style of form, carry him further in their legitimate combination than any wandering after the lights of a favourite master, however worthily chosen, ever can. *Pluto carrying away Proserpine, opposed by the nymph Cyane* (264) is a striking instance of this truth: so is *A Scene during the Invasion of Italy by Charles the Eighth* (552). In the same artist's *Three sketches from the story of "Imalda"* (1043) Mr. Pickersgill appears on ground of his own, and with native effect.—Mr. Pickersgill's talents are of too high an order to be thrown away on imitations of even what itself is high.

14 Stratford Place
24 Novr 1864

Dear Sir

You were polite enough to say when I was once introduced to you that I might see an early Picture I painted of Miss Landon in your profession I therefore beg the favor to know the most convenient opportunity without the slightest inconvenience to you I shall be honor to be

Dear Sir
Yours faithfully
H W Pickersgill

To G. W Virtue Esqr

FREDERICK RICHARD PICKERSGILL,

ROYAL ACADEMICIAN,

A DISTINGUISHED historical painter, is a nephew of the late Henry William Pickersgill, R.A. He was born in London in 1820, and studied at the Royal Academy. His first production, "The Combat between Hercules and Achelous," was exhibited in 1840. It was followed by "Œdipus cursing his son Polynices," in 1842, and "Dante's Dream" and "Florimel in the cottage of the Witch," in 1843. In the competition at Westminster Hall in the latter year, his cartoon, "The Death of King Lear," obtained one of the additional premiums of £100. Mr. Pickersgill confesses himself, however, to have been unsuccessful in the fresco process, as shown in his specimen of the following year. To the Academy exhibition he contributed a scene from "Comus," "The Lady in the Enchanted Chair," in 1844; "Amoret, Æmilia, and Prince Arthur, in the cottage of Sclaunder," and "The Four Ages," in 1845; and "The Flight of Stefano Calloprini," in 1846. In 1847 Mr. Pickersgill achieved the grand success of his life, in the colossal oil-painting, "The Burial of Harold at Waltham Abbey." This great work, in the Westminster Hall competition, obtained one of the three first-class prizes of £500. It is now placed in the new Palace of Westminster, the Commissioners having purchased it for a second sum of £500. This noble performance secured his election as A. R. A. in the same year. Mr. Pickersgill has since exhibited at the Academy many pictures of cabinet size, with poetical subjects from Spenser, Shakespeare, Italian and English history, ancient mythology, and other sources. Sound judgment and good taste are displayed in the choice of the subjects of these works; their treatment is characterized by delicacy of feeling and purity of expression; the colouring is rich and brilliant, and the style orthodox and correct. We have only room to mention "Samson betrayed by Delilah;" "The Duke Orsini and Viola;" "The Bribe" (his diploma work, deposited in the Academy on his election as an Academician); "Delilah asking forgiveness of Samson;" Pirates of the Mediterranean playing at Dice for Prisoners;" "Isabella, Duchess of Clarence, urging her husband to abandon the House of York and support that of Lancaster;" "A Royalist Family;" "Columbus at Lisbon;" and "Queen Elizabeth's Commissioners accusing Mary Stuart of having participated in the murder of her husband;" "The Death of Doge Foscari;" "Britomartis Unarming;" "The Dawn of Christianity;" "Mariana." Mr. Pickersgill, who was elected an Academician in 1857, is Keeper and Trustee of the Royal Academy.

PICKERSGILL, Frederick Richard, Hon. R.A., nephew of the late Henry William Pickersgill, R.A., born in London, in 1820, studied at the Royal Academy. His first production, "The Combat between Hercules and Achelous," an oil painting, exhibited in 1840, was followed by a prize cartoon of "The Death of King Lear," exhibited in Westminster Hall in 1843; and "The Burial of Harold," a picture for which he received a first-class prize, in 1847, and which was immediately purchased for the new Houses of Parliament. Mr. Pickersgill was for many years a regular exhibitor. In 1847 he was elected A.R.A., and in 1857 was promoted to the rank of Academician. He was Keeper of the Royal Academy from 1873 to 1887, and retired a few years ago.

Loose Item

Mr. Pickersgill takes, as usual, the lead in *Samuel Amory, Esq.* (66), *Quarles Harris, Esq.* (142), *Sir Robert Harry Inglis* (181), and *W. B. Wilcox, Esq.* (317). His *Monsieur Colomb* (370)—a figure clad in a fancy costume of bright armour—is very fine. *Sir Harry Dent Goring* (130) is an admirably arranged composition of man and horse. Sir Harry wears the uniform of a yeomanry corps, and the painter has overcome the difficulty presented by the blue coat and red trowsers with great skill. The remaining male figure from this eminent artist's hand is simply described as a *Portrait of a Traveller* (483). The picture of a female—*Nourmahal: the Light of the Harem*—(85), is, for anything that appears in the Catalogue, a fancy sketch, but there is an individual life about it which suggests that the artist has taken at least the features from a living type.

Mr. Pickersgill takes the lead as the painter of male portrait; the halls and public buildings in and about the metropolis, as well as private collections, bear abundant evidences of his knowledge and facility in the conduct of a picture—perpetuating studies of literary, scientific, and other intellectually distinguished persons. *Admiral Sir Edward Owen, G.C.B.* (145), *Thomas Cubitt* (212)—a picture commissioned by subscription of the builders of London to be presented to the original as a testimonial of their esteem—*Sir Robert Buckley Comyn, late Chief Justice of Her Majesty's Supreme Court, Madras* (264), *Thomas Grissell* (337), *Charles Barry* (85), *The Dean of Windsor* (480), and *Sir R. Murchison* (78), are all evidences of the painter's long experience and of his supremacy in his art.

No. 281. 'A Portrait,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. One of the best heads we have seen from the hands of the artist: but in the pose there is a marked affectation, and an objectionable peculiarity in the heavy velvet cap.

Mr. H. Pickersgill, jun. has this year again made progress in a scene from *Thierry's History* (470) where Robert surnamed 'The Devil' first obtains sight of his future wife. One day, returning from the chace, he beheld a young girl of Falaise, with whose beauty he was struck, as he looked on her washing linen, with her companions, in a stream.—She became the mother of William the Conqueror. This is an ambitious composition,—to which Mr. Pickersgill has brought the qualification of increased breadth and largeness of style that is indicative of future excellence.

No. 171. *Portrait of Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., author of Pelham, Devereux, Paul Clifford, &c.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—It is always gratifying to the public to become acquainted with the features of those by whose genius or talents they have been improved or

Mr. Pickersgill maintains his ground as the leader among his class. His *Lord Brougham* (66) is a good manly presentment,—one of that class of whole-lengths by the artist which are met with in our civic and other halls. It is, however, in the *Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford,* (390) that we find the best expression of Mr. Pickersgill's power. There is an individuality in this picture worth a dozen of those masterly vaguenesses which seek to disguise incapacity under the garb of freedom, and which retail the commonplaces of Reynolds and Gainsborough until the originals themselves are brought into disrepute by the unwholesome plagiarisms. There is excellent painting in the *Head Master of Rugby School, the Rev. Dr. Goulburn* (189). In *A Falconer* (8) Mr. Pickersgill has been very successful in a fancy picture. In the *Portrait of Dr. Watson* (449) there is also masterly treatment. Other pictures by the same hand are evidences of large experience and of conscientious dealing.

Portraits
Two Sisters (93), and (512) *A Young Lady*, exhil
Mr. Pickersgill's improved powers in female po
raiture,—the 'Sisters' more particularly. As a pictu
is eminently successful. It is modest and chast
hile it has force and strength united to delicac
he Hon. Robert Clive, M.P. (156) is one of tho
uestrian whole-lengths in the painting of whic
Mr. Pickersgill stands alone. No one knows bett
e difficulty of such arrangement,—and none
oroughly masters it. The horse might be a lesso
eyond the range of portrait painters. The portra
Sir James Ross (366), taken on the eve of th
ficer's departure to seek for Franklin, is a mos
ithful transcript.

Mr. H. W.
Pickersgill, R.A., has an excellent likeness of Mr. Forsyth, the Queen's counsel, and the other Pickersgill, also R.A., sends the "Diploma Picture" deposited by him in the Academy on his election as an Academician. It is all about a lady in brocade who had tempted an "Alcaydi," (who reminds the spectator indifferently of the ghost in Hamlet and the man in brass) with jewels and with gold in order to obtain the release of a captive, with whom, doubtless, she is in love, as was the "faire Sophia" with Lord Viscount Bateman. The picture is about as significant and is of about equal value as an Oxford or Cambridge prize poem.

185. "Portrait of Viscount Eastnor." H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. We dislike portraits painted with so thin a vehicle that the grain of the canvass actually throws a tone of shadow over the whole of the light surfaces of the picture, and this is one of them. Besides, such painting will not stand. Mr. Pickersgill is also guilty of using his purple grey too liberally; many of his portraits, like the present, have the complexion of those unfortunate persons in whom the venous and arterial systems are confounded, and who are known in the medical profession as "blue patients."

No. 127. *Portrait of Jeremy Bentham.* H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—Whatever differences of opinion may exist with respect to Mr. Bentham's political theories, whoever reads his works must acknowledge that he is no common man. A similar conviction must strike every one, however unacquainted with the original, who looks at the venerable figure which Mr. Pickersgill has here so ably and happily depicted.

126. The Oriental Love-letter. *H. W. Pickersgill, A.*—There is a rare union of sentiment with the other high qualities of Art in this beautiful picture: it is, as we have said, the poetry of painting,—a style which demands no ordinary genius. The lines quoted do not convey any thing like the feeling which the subject suggests. Quiet and composed, it steals upon the imagination, and penetrates where more exaggerated action would fail. Mr. Pickersgill's Portraits too well claim to be ranked in the foremost class of that department.

124. "Portrait of Mrs. L. C. Humphrey." H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. On looking at the noble lineaments of this accomplished lady, we would fain associate with our admiration the poetic faith of Mr. Simmons, that

Nothing through earth or ocean's range,
But suffer's dull disastrous change,
Save woman's radiant looks, that beam
As ages back they beamed,
When Sydney wove his starry dream,
And Surrey's falchion gleamed.

We would that a glance so beneficent, so gay, were in itself immortal; and as much also would we wish that the painter, whose art is calculated to give it in a degree the desired perpetuity, had, in the present instance, laboured more worthily in its high vocation. Compared with the living original, or regarded with the many Vandykes which "our meddling memory musters up" to mar our contemplation, this portrait is but as the dead colouring to a finished picture. An inkiness of tone pervades the carnation, which is in no small degree aggravated by the *black* sky background, and the colours appear to be scrumbled, giving the picture the weak and shallow effect of a crayon drawing.

Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists. By Richard J. Lane, A.R.A. Nos. VI. and VII. J. Dickinson.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. Lane has made arrangements which will enable him to proceed rapidly with the execution of this clever work. No. VI. is "La Nuit et le Jour," (Edda, Fable 16) by G. Jones, R.A. No. VII. "Studies from Nature," by W. Collins, R.A. Although not possessing any remarkable interest in themselves, these Numbers are as successful as their predecessors in shewing the style of the masters of whose designs they are imitations.

No. 490. *Portrait of His Majesty, from a Drawing by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.* R. J. Lane, A.E.—This very clever performance, executed on stone by Mr. Lane, may be considered a perfect fac-simile of the original drawing. There is a memorandum attached to it, we presume in the hand-writing of Sir Thomas, importing that it was in the year 1814 that his Majesty was graciously pleased to permit him to make the drawing; which, certainly, as a most pleasing resemblance (*en profile*), as well as a spirited and tasteful work

Charles Hooton

Friend of Ainsworth

99 **Colin Clink,** by Charles Hooton, *with* 16 *humorous plates by John Leech and George Cruikshank,* FIRST EDITION, 3 vols, post 8vo, *half morocco,* FINE SET, £1 10s 1844

Radford near Nottingham June 20th/26

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I am a regular Subscriber to your "Every Day Book", and as such, any thing that may fall in my way, which would suit your pages, I will most gladly communicate to you. By inserting the present article you will much oblige

Sir
Your most obedt Servt
C. Hooton

To. Mr Wm Hone.

Mr C. Hooton
Mr S. Hooton's
New Radford
near
Nottingham

114

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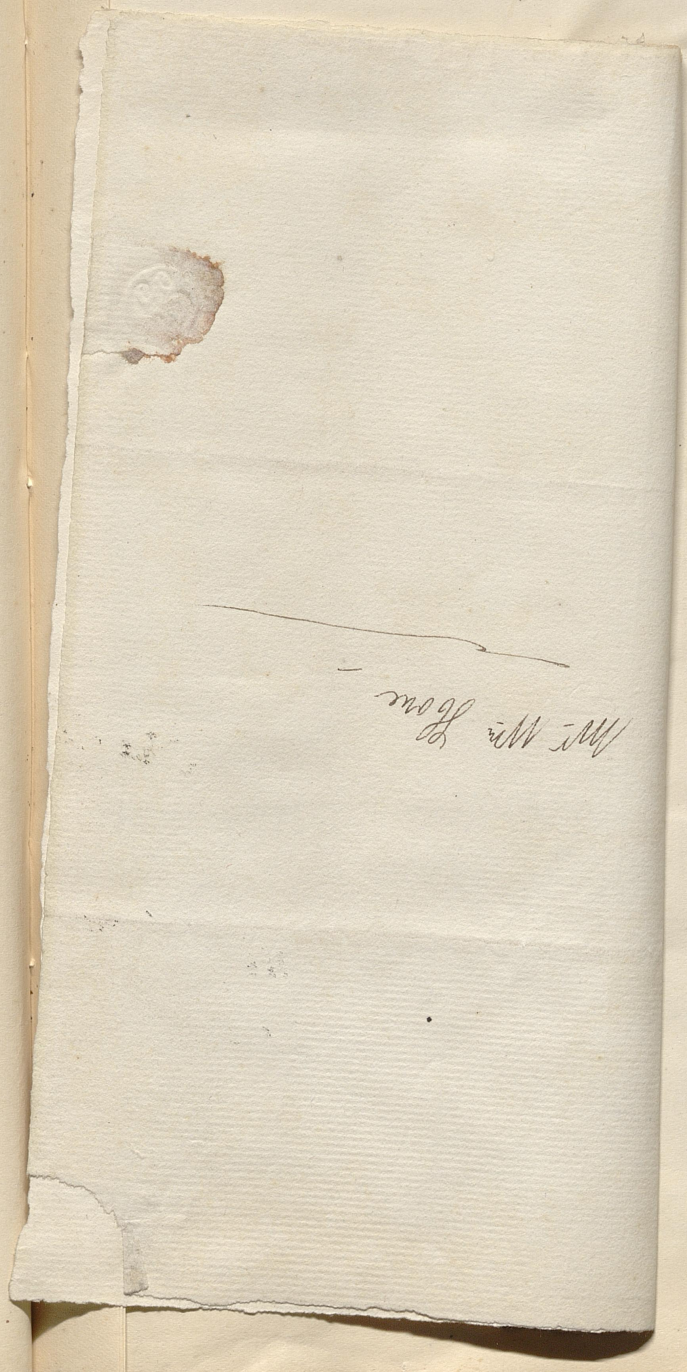

Lord F. Levison Gower

Friend of Ainsworth

THE ARM AND THE HAND.

Impromptu, by Lord F. L. Gower, on being asked by the Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis which he admired the most, Sontag's beautiful hand or classic arm:—

I know not which is loveliest,
For, ah! that syren's *hand!*
With one light clasp might fire the breast,
Too thrilling to withstand.

And yet there is a fond embrace,
A far, far deeper charm,
A bliss that mantles in the face
When circled by an *arm.*

London. June eighteenth 1842

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LINTON'S (W. J.) James Watson: a Memoir of the days of the fight for a free press in England, and of the agitation for the People's Charter. 8vo, title, &c., 4 ll. and pp. 76, *with a portrait.* 10s 6d

Appledore Private Press, 1879

This is a memoir of one of those brave, sincere, and public-spirited workers for political freedom and the freedom of the press, to whom we of the present day, who are now in possession of most of the privileges for which they fought and suffered, owe so deep a debt of gratitude. Watson twice suffered imprisonment (an imprisonment that was as much an honour to himself as it was a dishonour to his prosecutors) for his efforts to promote a free and unstamped press. He was not less active in his efforts to secure political reform, and he was one of the original promoters of the Chartist agitation. He was one of the wisest and most moderate of the advocates of the People's Charter; and had all the leaders of the movement been possessed of an equal degree of wisdom, the agitation would probably have been successful. I mean by this that it would have met with immediate success, for the agitation, abortive as it seemed in 1848, when it made its last effort, undoubtedly led the way to, and had a great share in hastening, the reforms which have been effected during the last forty years. Linton was an intimate friend of Watson, and his memoir of the single-minded, true hearted, and indomitably honest bookseller, publisher, and reformer, does as much honour to himself as to his subject. Enviable as is the reputation Mr. Linton has gained as the best of modern English wood-engravers, his own labours in the cause of liberty and enlightenment do him at least as much credit as his achievements in the world of art. He has never suffered in person, it is true, like his friend, but that was an accident only, for it cannot be doubted that he would have endured imprisonment with as much cheerfulness and fortitude as Watson had the occasion arisen. His sacrifices, indeed, in time and money, though he has never boasted of them, or even alluded to them, so far as I am aware, have been quite sufficient to attest his devotion to the cause of political and religious liberty.

It will be observed that this and the preceding book bear the imprint of the "Appledore Private Press." Appledore is Mr. Linton's permanent residence, and is situated in the township of Hamden, just outside New Haven, Connecticut, U.S.A. "Windfalls," and the Memoir of James Watson, were the first productions of Mr. Linton's press. Several other works have since been printed by Mr. Linton, and I am sorry that I cannot give particulars of them here. Those, however, who wish to know more about Mr. Linton's productions, should consult an article by Mr. A. H. Bullen in "The Library," for January and February, 1889.

It is perhaps worth noting, that the two books mentioned above are presentation copies to Mr. Linton's old friend, R. H. Horne, and have autograph inscriptions to that effect.

LINTON'S (W. J.) Bob Thin, or the Poorhouse Fugitive. *Illustrated by T. Sibson, W. B. Scott, E. Duncan, W. J. Linton.* Royal 8vo, pp. 39. 15s 1845

This poem originally appeared in the "Illuminated Magazine," of which Mr. Linton was at that time the editor. A few copies were printed off separately for presentation.

"Bob Thin" is one of Mr. Linton's most interesting productions. It is instinct with his hatred of injustice and oppression: in the first part full of satire upon those who think the best use that can be made of a man is to put him in a workhouse, and in the second, full of poetical pictures and charming lyrics inspired by the author's love of nature and country life. The illustrations are worthy to accompany the text; sometimes grotesquely humourous as in the queerly designed capital letters of the First Part, and again full of the beauty of trees, flowers, forests, and waterfalls, as in Part Second. Altogether it is a book to be loved and prized.

TON'S (W. J.)] Wind-Falls: two hundred and odd. Sq. 16mo, pp. 96. 10s 6d

Appledore Private Press, N.D.

This little volume consists of blank verse scraps, which are supposed to be quotations from various dramas. It may be surmised however, that they resemble the supposed quotations from old plays which Sir Walter Scott used to prefix to the various chapters of his novels. I quote a few specimens:—

VICES.

Our vices are like weeds. 'Tis not enough
To prune or break them down. Up with the roots!

A BOOK.

A good book is a friend: the best of friends,
That cannot be estranged or take offence
However neglected, but returns at will
With the old friendship.

POETRY of AMERICA. Selections from One Hundred American Poets from 1776 to 1876. With an Introductory Review of Colonial Poetry, and some Specimens of Negro Melody. By W. J. LINTON. Large post 8vo, 7s 6d. Also a Cheaper Edition, 3s 6d.

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W J Linton
Friend of Ainsworth.

LINTON, William James, born in London in 1812, was apprenticed to Mr. G. W. Bonner in 1828, became the partner in 1842 of the late Mr. Orrin Smith, and was engaged with him on the first works of importance published in the *Illustrated London News*. As an engraver on wood he ranks in the first class. In his younger days, as a zealous chartist, he became intimately associated with the chief political refugees; in 1844 was concerned with Mazzini in calling the attention of the House of Commons to the fact that the exile's letters had been opened, by Sir James Graham; and in 1848 was deputed to carry to the French Provincial Government the first congratulatory address of English workmen. In 1851 he was one of the founders of the *Leader* newspaper; in 1855 became the manager and editor of *Pen and Pencil*; and was for several years a regular poetical contributor to the *Nation*, during the editorship of Mr. Duffy. He has contributed to the *Westminster Review*, *Examiner*, and *Spectator*. He has published: "A History of Wood Engraving," and a series of "The Works of Deceased British Artists," 1860; "Claribel, and other Poems," 1865; a "Life of Thomas Paine," "Some Practical Hints on Wood Engraving," 1879; "A Manual of Wood Engraving," 1884; and several volumes of "The English Re-



LINTON, W. J. **Life of John Greenleaf Whittier.** (Walter Scott.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 202. 1s. 6d.
A volume of the Great Writers Series, including a bibliography by Mr. John P. Anderson of the British Museum.

547 LINTON'S (W. J.) POEMS and TRANSLATIONS; *finely printed on hand-made paper, with portrait*, sm. 4to. *half calf, top edges gilt*, ONLY 780 COPIES PRINTED, 3s 6d (pub 12s 6d) 1889
Mr. W. J. Linton's fame as a wood engraver has somewhat obscured the merits of his poetry. In the present volume nearly all his early and later poems [love-lore] and a large selection from "Claribel" are included.

LINTON (W. J.) [Editor] RARE POEMS of the 16th and 17th Centuries; collected by; with Notes, post 8vo, cloth, *London*, 1883 2/6

ART.—Gilchrist (A.) Life of William Blake, with Selections from his Poems and other Writings, *numerous illustrations from Blake's own works, in facsimile, by W. J. Linton, and in photo-lithography, with a few of Blake's original plates*, FIRST EDITION, 2 vols, demy 8vo, *cloth*, 35s 1863

284 **LINTON** (W. J.) CLARIBEL and other Poems *with woodcuts by the author*; cr. 8vo, *cloth*, (*slightly soiled copy*), 2/- 1865
285 ——— [Editor] RARE POEMS of the 16th and 17th Centuries; collected by; with Notes, post 8vo, *cloth*, 2/6 1883



TIMES AND SEASONS



Appledore Press, 1'94.

No son todos los tiempos sonos.



TIMES AND SEASONS



There 's a time — the proverb tells us —
For all things under the sun :
Even so may be proper seasons
For good works to be done.
And for good words to be spoken.
In the fear either I or You
Should miss some happy occasions,
Let us here note down a few.

LINTON, W. J. Life of John Greenleaf Whittier. (Walter

When the trees are in pride of blossom,
Or the leaves crisp underfoot,
When fruit on the board is grateful,
And while there is rind or root ;
When flood-rain pours from the heaven,
When sunshine followeth rain,
When the Autumn fields are waving
With the weight of golden grain ;



When the hills are purple with heather,
When the fells are black with cold,
When the larch is gay in its tassels red,
When nuts are shrivel'd and old ;

Whenever there 's growth in the Spring-time,
Or June treads close on May,
And what time that the First of January
Happens on New-Year's-Day ;



When mushrooms spring in the meadows,
Or toadstools under the trees ;
When the gnats gyrate in the sunbeams,
When oak-bonghs strain in the breeze ;
In the days of the cuckoo and swallow,
When the white gulls flee the foam,
When the nightjar croons i' the gloamin',
Or the owl flits silently home ;

LINTON, W. J. Life of John Greenleaf Whittier. (Walter

When the rippleless lake is a mirror,
When the mountains melt in mist;
When the depths of the lake are pillars of gold
On a floor of amethyst;
When a rainbow spans the morning.
Or when thunder rends the night,
Or the snow on the mountain side is red
With the blush of the dawning light;



When the soul is heavy with sadness,
And the tears fall drop by drop;
When the heart is glad as the heart of one
Who climbs to a mountain top;

When youth unfolds like a bracken frond;
When age is grandly grey
As the face of a crag deep-riven and scar'd
By the storms of yesterday:—



Be sure that in all of these seasons
Some good may be done or said,
And whenever a loving Thought and Will
Are loving enough to wed.
And well is it with the generous heart
That hath throughly understood
How the "time for all things under the sun"
Is always the time for good.

History of Wood Engraving, &c.
a series of "The Works of De-




A. Schenck Lith. Edin.
John Wilson

Professor John Wilson
'Christopher North'

PROFESSOR WILSON OF EDINBURGH.

THE Scottish papers announce the death, at Edinburgh, on Monday, in his 69th year, of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and better known in the literary world as the editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Whose heart has not beat often, in warm sympathy, with the genial spirit of Christopher North, and admired the taste and genius of the author of the 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Character'? In his last years, he displayed the character which Sir Walter Scott described, when he wrote long ago to Joanna Baillie, of young Wilson, saying, "he is excellent, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic, something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality, placing him among the list of originals." John Wilson was a native of Paisley, studied first at the University of Glasgow, in his eighteenth year was entered as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards proceeded to Edinburgh, to prepare for the Scottish bar; but his lively temperament and irregular genius pointed to literature rather than law as his occupation. An early admiration of Wordsworth, and delight in the scenery of Cumberland, led him to take up his residence in that district, where he became the proprietor of Elleray; and he was soon known to every visitor as 'the admiral of the lakes.' In boating and in all manly and athletic sports he was an adept; and many a tradition of his feats of agility, strength, and daring, is still current. In the literary world he first became generally known as the author of the poem, 'The Isle of Palms,' and of the pathetic tale, 'The Trials of Margaret Lindsay,' as well as of the sketches of Scottish character, already referred to. The manner in which he saw, wooed, and won his wife was quite in keeping with his romantic and original character. Seeing, among a party visiting the lakes, a lady whose appearance struck him, he found out at what inn they were going to stay; and, inducing the landlord to allow him to act as waiter, he contrived to have an opportunity of seeing more of the object of his admiration, and then of declaring his passion. The result was in every way more auspicious than so irregular an introduction might have produced. When 'Blackwood's Magazine' was projected he was offered the editorship, and it was chiefly through his able management, and his own admirable and agreeable writing, that the journal obtained a world-wide reputation. On the chair of Moral Philosophy being vacant, on the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, he appeared as a candidate, warmly supported by Scott and other Edinburgh *literati*, and in his conduct of the class for above thirty years he proved a worthy successor
Thomas Brown.

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"To the lover of legendary lore and to the antiquarian, these Tales afford a fund of amusement and information which has been seldom equalled. They embody many of the reminiscences of bygone times, wherein the magic stories of the belted knight and of the lover are admirably entwined. The style is plain, and, when jocularity is required, to the point. Those who admire the productions of the 'Great Minstrel' cannot fail to place these Tales side by side with the productions of the 'Great Unknown.'"—*Kelso Chronicle.*
Published for behoof of the Widow of John Mackay Wilson, Berwick; by John Sutherland, 12 Calton Street, Edinburgh; and sold by R. Groombridge, Paternoster Row, London; of whom also may be had the First Volume, price 8s. in cloth.

15 ——: **WILSON** (Prof. John, '*Christopher North*'), and Robert **CHAMBERS**: The LAND of BURNS: a Series of Landscapes and Portraits illustrative of his Life and Writings [with Chapter on his Genius and Character, by PROF. WILSON (pp. 153)], *with* spotless impressions *of the numerous fine steel plates after* D. O. HILL, R.S.A., 2 vols. 4to. *cl. gilt, g. e.* (*fresh copy*), 15*s* 1840

10/– Edinburgh, [illegible]
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79 Wilson (John

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay;
Sweet was her blessing, kind her caressing,
But now they are fled—fled far away.
I've seen the forest adorn'd the foremost,
Wi' flowers of the fairest, wi' pleasant and gay;
I've seen the bonny birk [illegible] blooming, their scent the
air perfuming;
But now they are withered and a' wede away.

John Wilson
28th August 1844.



THE EDITOR OF "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

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POETRY.

The City of the Plague, and other Poems. By John Wilson, Author of the Isle of Palms. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

This is genuine poetry, though rather of the mournful cast. The principal piece, which gives a title to the volume, is of the dramatic character, and exhibits a dreadful picture of the English metropolis during the latter part of the fatal plague year. Two young naval officers are described as entering the city together, amidst the awful scene of desolation; and nothing perhaps can be imagined more truly affecting than the fond anxiety and fearful expectation of one of them during his inquiry after the fate of his mother. He arrives just time enough to weep at her funeral, and that of his little brother; but he finds his Magdalena moving among the living and the dying, as an angel of peace, exhorting the one to repentance, and consoling the others by her prayers. The picture of this wonderful female, and that of the pious clergyman, who also remained unshaken in the work of benevolence, surrounded by the horrors of pestilence, is wrought up with the glowing spirit of poetic and religious feeling. Nor should we pass over in silence the remarkable character of the astrologer, and the eagerness with which the distracted populace crowd around the impostor to learn their destiny and that of their friends. This description corresponds with what is related of the strange infatuation of the times; and equally so does that of the shocking depravity which prevailed among the people, notwithstanding the sad spectacles hourly presented to their view. Of the other poems which make up the volume, the "Convict" is perhaps the most impassioned and pathetic, but that of the "Children's Dance" is superior to it in pleasing imagery. From this last piece we shall extract the introductory lines, and then heartily recommend the entire collection to the perusal of our readers:

"How calm and beautiful the frosty night
Has stolen, unnotic'd, like the hush of sleep,
O'er Grassmere-vale! Beneath the mellowing light
How sinks in softness every rugged steep!
The old church-tower a solemn watch doth keep,
O'er the sweet village she adorns so well;
Faintly the freezing stream is heard to weep,
Wild murm'ring far within its icy cell,
And hark! across the lake, clear chimes the chapel-bell."

Noctes Ambrosianæ. By Professor WILSON. Vol. Blackwood.

THE characteristics of Professor Wilson's style, and the beauties as well as the faults of the famous *Noctes* were eloquently treated of by APOLLODORUS in noticing the first volume of the republication. The second volume just issued needs no other remark than a notice of some of its most interesting features. It contains ten *Noctes*, extending from July 1827 to May 1830, and embraces, among the multitudinous topics treated of by the party, Thomas Campbell, the pulpit orators, oysters, horse-racing, education of the people, Hazlitt, Sheil's oratory and dramatic genius, Scotch critics of the last century, Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, Macaulay, Southey, and the Opium-eater, Scottish sculpture, Greek tragedy, a glowing discourse on the difference between beauty and sublimity, and comments on Moore's Life of Byron. We could glean from this volume many columns of the most brilliant poetry, and most gorgeous eloquence; but the influx of new books this season demands our space, and we must reluctantly forbear. Let the reader look for them in the volume itself.

NOTES ON BOOKS, ETC.

We are of the number of those who, having read from time to time, as they appeared in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the brilliant dissertations, diatribes, dogmas, and discussions, which the late Professor Wilson put into the mouths of the world-renowned conversationists of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, are well pleased to see a selection of them in the form of a separate publication. The powerful imagination, the fervid eloquence, and ready pen of Christopher North, combine to place many passages of the *Noctes* among the most successful specimens of word painting which are to be found in the English language. The Professor was a good hater, and consequently gave vent to his antipathies with an energy somewhat startling; and one of the sources of the regret which must be felt that he himself did not superintend the republication of these effusions, written from month to month under the excitement of strong political and party feeling, is, that there can be little doubt that his natural kindliness of heart, proved upon numerous occasions, would have led him to temper with many a kind note the severity many a hard criticism.