ECHOES OLD AND NEW

RALPH NEVILL

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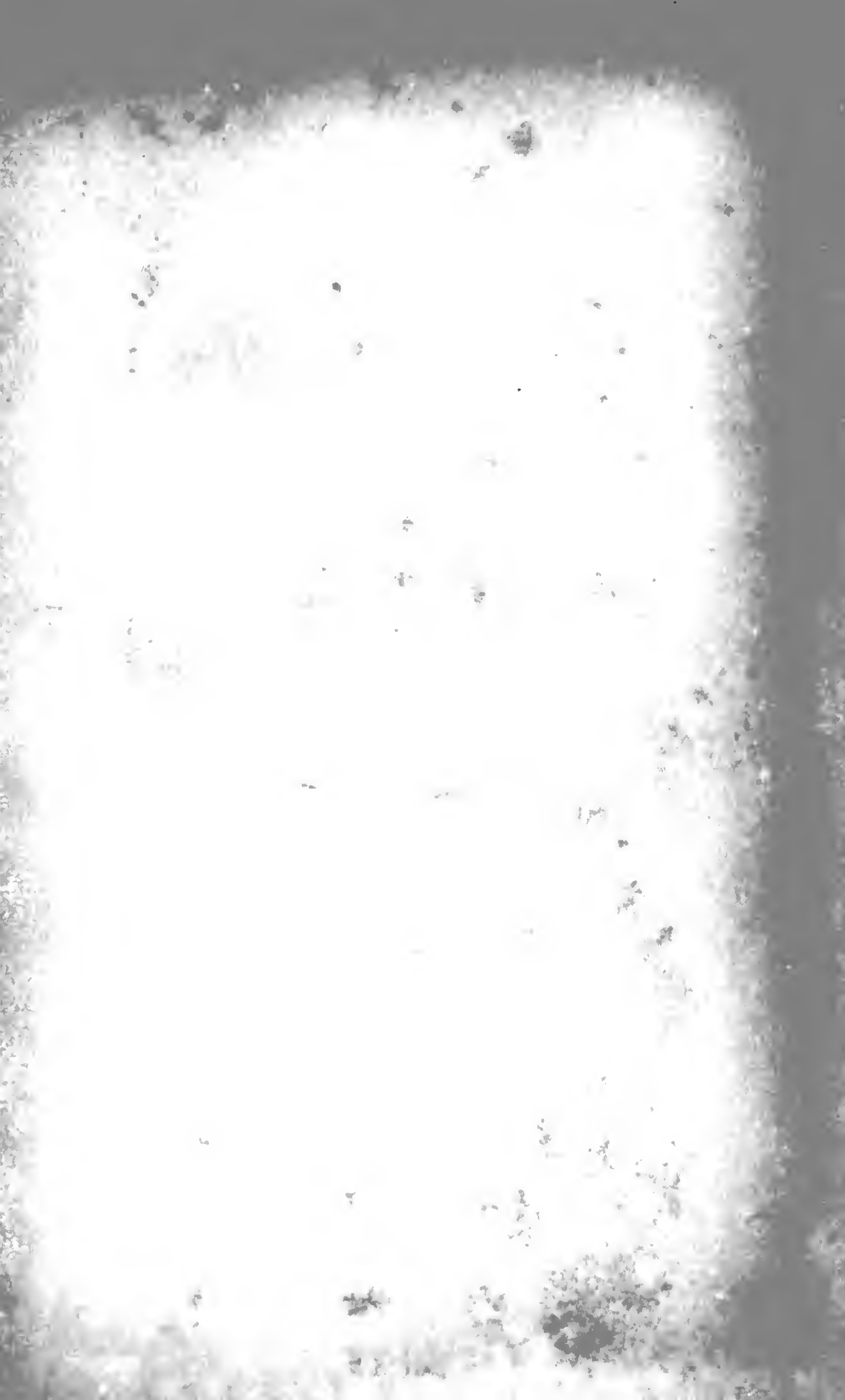

ECHOES OLD AND NEW

THE BAY OF NAPLES.

From a Painting by Zuccarelli, in the possession of H. Lawrence, Esq.

ECHOES OLD AND NEW

BY

RALPH NEVILL

AUTHOR OF "THE MERRY PAST," ETC., ETC.

WITH EIGHT
ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1919

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WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED
LONDON AND BECCLES

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PART II

SOME ASPECTS OF SOCIAL ENGLAND

1798—1914

ECHOES OLD AND NEW

I

HENRI DE LORRAINE—CYRANO DE BERGERAC

THERE are few periods in European history more full of picturesque romance than the seventeenth century, the epoch of Mazarin, Richelieu, the Marechal de Saxe, D'Artagnan, Cavalier, and countless other interesting figures.

D'Artagnan, though of course idealised by Dumas, did, in actual fact, have a most adventurous career, as did others of his brothers in arms of the king's musketeers.

Of the many picturesque figures of that era one of the most attractive was Henri de Lorraine, the last Duc de Guise, a particularly interesting episode in his life having been his intervention against the Spaniards during the Neapolitan insurrection headed by Masaniello. Although so many years have passed since that day, and although new buildings have sprung up and old ones have been demolished, from a distance Naples still presents much the same appearance as it did when it was the scene of such

romantic incidents. In order to realise the city's unchanging face, one should climb up to the Monastery of San Martino, with its charming garden, the balustrades of which are ornamented with little marble death's heads—one of them, presumably in memory of some particularly saintly monk, wreathed with laurels. From this spot Naples, lying immediately beneath, may be seen as a whole, running down to the waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea. Mellowed by distance, the city appears picturesque and beautiful, much as it was at the time that Masaniello led a turbulent mob through its narrow streets. Certain quarters, indeed, with their confused mass of slums, palaces, and churches, still remain to a great extent unchanged from what they were in the days when the Spanish galleys came and anchored in the port.

In 1647 the imposition of a tax on fruit by the Duke of Arcos, Viceroy of Naples, roused much discontent, the chief leader of the populace being Tommaso Aniello of Amalfi, whose wife had been roughly treated by the tax collectors.

The story goes that, according to an old tradition which was cited when the revolution of 1647 broke out at Naples, liberty had been on the point of being conquered a century before by another Tommaso Aniello of Amalfi, a fisherman who had headed the insurgents and lazzaroni, and that this man had died predicting to his

countrymen that they would be delivered at the end of a hundred years by one of his descendants.

Be this as it may, the leader of this insurrection was placed in command by the populace and called Captain-General of the most faithful people of Naples. He at once proceeded to extend the scope of the revolt. By his directions the prisons were broken open, and the captives set at liberty; the few inhabitants who resisted being put to death; one house, where there chanced to be a quantity of gunpowder, was blown up, an accident which cost eighty-seven persons their lives.

The mob having once tasted the pleasures of license, according to the wont of mobs proceeded to riot with ten-fold force. In the meantime the Duke of Arcos was taken absolutely unprepared. He had, indeed, about three thousand soldiers, most of them Germans and Spaniards, but though he garrisoned the three castles, Nuovo, dell' Ovo, and Sant' Elmo (at that time the citadels of Naples), and cut them off from the city by hastily improvised fortifications and entrenchments, the number of his troops was scarcely sufficient to protect these important strongholds, to say nothing of certain outposts which were essential to their defence. A German regiment of five hundred men was defeated and disarmed in an attempt to enter the city. The provincial militia were even more easily repulsed, and many joined the

insurgents. Thus it became pretty evident that if the nobility and gentry of the city united with the populace against the Government, the city, and ultimately the kingdom of Naples, would be for ever lost to Spain.

The insurrection, which was accompanied by fire and outrage, meanwhile got worse and worse. The insurgents, after overcoming the efforts of a company of soldiers, placed for the protection of an important post, possessed themselves of the steeple and church of St. Lorenzo, which commanded the city. Masaniello and his successors, in their stormy exultation at heading the people, made use of the great bell of that church as a tocsin or alarm. Long afterwards the Duke of Arcos was wont to say that he never heard it toll without thinking of the judgment peal.

Eventually Masaniello had a set of conditions drawn up, in which the *gabelles* were abolished, all former privileges renewed and confirmed, and the ringleaders in the late tumults, including himself and his counsellors by name, assured of pardon. These conditions were read publicly in the Church of Our Lady of the Carmelites, after which the Cardinal Filomarino passed in procession to the Castello Nuovo, followed amid loud acclamations by the whole mass of the population. On this occasion Masaniello, at the Cardinal's suggestion, exchanged his mariner's habit, which he had rendered more redoubtable than any

imperial robes of Tyrian purple, for a splendid suit of cloth of silver, and, mounted on a fine charger, proceeded to pay his respects to the Viceroy. The latter, receiving him with the utmost respect, had an opportunity of seeing the wonderful and alarming influence which this humble fisherman had acquired over the populace. Vast numbers of the insurgents crowded in after the procession, and filled the castle yard. After a certain time, however, alarmed at the length of their hero's stay, they began to show symptoms of uneasiness. Masaniello was then with the Cardinal and the Viceroy in the cabinet of the latter, but hearing the tumult he stepped to the window and silenced every one merely by a word from his mouth and a wave of his hand. At another wave, all the bells of the city were tolled; and at yet another, the deafening peal was silenced. A motion of his hand, and the people shouted; he placed his finger on his lips, and the roaring multitude became hushed as death. Finally, he commanded them to disperse to their homes, and the courtyard, as if by magic, was evacuated in an instant. Meanwhile, the Viceroy and his courtiers looked at each other with astonishment. It was no wonder that the Duke of Arcos felt it necessary to recognise the authority of a demagogue possessing such complete influence over his followers. The Spaniard, indeed, went so far as to put a gold chain round Masaniello's neck,

and to salute him by the title of Duke of St. George !

Like most demagogues Masaniello appears to have had no plan or principle whatever, except the very obvious idea that the imposts were unpopular and disagreeable, and therefore must be got rid of. This was what he called freedom, immunity from taxation being one of the most popular notions of that age, just as getting something (or if possible a good deal) for nothing is the ideal of the modern Bolshevist.

Not unnaturally the populace of all countries takes a material view of every political movement !

"Independence," said a South American to an English traveller, "consists in getting a shirt cheaper by nine-tenths than we used to do."

When Masaniello proposed to restore his country's freedom, all he really meant to obtain was a removal of the imposts, and the vagueness of his ideas upon the topic is best understood from his ravings concerning the apparitions of saints and angels, and the "scalding lead in his brain." This hatred of taxation was probably the feeling of all men of his class in Naples, and he, being an active, bold, and more than half-mad fellow, spoke out loudly what others thought. Nevertheless, he entertained no project whatsoever of freeing his country from the Spanish yoke. On the contrary, he professed the deepest devotion to Philip IV., never mentioned him but with

signs of respect, and paid almost superstitious reverence to his portrait. When, indeed, one of the fisherman-leader's advisers suggested the alternative of calling in the French to assist the insurrection, Masaniello threatened if he heard a word more on the subject to bring the man to trial as a rebel.

Meanwhile, however, plots were hatching, and before long various portents indicated that the people of Naples were tiring of their leader's rule.

While on the sixth day of the insurrection Masaniello was sitting in his judgment-seat, a masked female, or a man in woman's dress, approached and whispered, "Masaniello, we have reached the goal, a crown is prepared, and it is for thy brows." "For mine?" he replied, "I desire none but the green wreath with which we honour Our Lady's festival in September. When I have delivered my country, I shall resume my nets." "You will find them no more. Rebellion should not be undertaken, or it should be carried on to the end." "I will resume my nets," said Masaniello steadily. "You will not find them," came the strange reply. "What, then, shall I find?" "Death!" answered the masked figure, and so saying, withdrew into the crowd.

Power now was becoming too much for Masaniello, and henceforth he began to behave in a most eccentric manner. On the eighth day of

the insurrection, a Sunday, he threw himself into the sea after Mass, and swam about for some time. He then drank twelve flasks of Lachrymæ Christi, and the next day was in a state of absolute frenzy. It was clear that the possession of arbitrary power had unsettled his wits, and a number of the popular chiefs determined to get rid of him. In spite of this he still managed to retain his absolute authority ; but his actions were more and more marked by vehemence and ferocity. On one occasion he even drew his sword and cut furiously around him—became, in short, so outrageously mad that his attendants and friends were forced to bind and secure him for the night.

The end, however, was close at hand.

After nine days of eccentric rule, bordering upon lunacy, Masaniello, escaping from his best friends, who tried to detain him, rushed into the church of del Carmine, the day being the festival of the Virgin patroness. Cardinal Filomarino was performing the service, and after its conclusion, Masaniello, in a desponding mood, harangued the people with a crucifix in his hand ; complained of being forsaken by them, the while he mingled expressions which were of a pathetic description with such as were utterly irrational and ridiculous. He behaved, indeed, with such indecorum of speech and gesture, that the priests were obliged to withdraw him from the pulpit by force. He

then approached the Cardinal, and expressed his resolve of yielding all power to the Viceroy. The prelate with difficulty prevailed on him to enter the adjoining cloister and cease interrupting the prayers of the congregation. While the unfortunate man was still in the cloister, a band of assassins, few in number but followed by many others who favoured them, burst into his place of refuge, exclaiming, "Long live the King of Spain, and death to Masaniello!" "Do you seek me, my people?" answered Masaniello. "Here I am!" Turning round he received the fire of four arquebuses, which killed him on the spot, giving him but time to exclaim, "Oh, ye ungrateful traitors!" The Neapolitan mob was a fickle one, and so low was their hero's popularity fallen, that the thousands then assembled in the church of del Carmine heard, without the least emotion, that Masaniello was slain. Shortly afterwards his head was carried to the Viceroy, and his body, after being dragged through the streets by a rabble of boys, to whom the nobility threw pieces of money, was eventually tossed into the city ditches.

After his death a reaction took place in Masaniello's favour, and the next morning some of the striplings, who had constituted the guard and lictors of the murdered leader, sought out his dishonoured remains, and carried them to the Cathedral. The mangled corpse was arrayed in royal robes, decorated with a crown and sceptre,

and, after being carried in funeral procession, followed by thousands of armed men, it was at length solemnly interred in the church, with many tears, prayers, and lamentations.

Thus ended the short but eventful career of Masaniello, who, in the course of ten days, rose from the most humble situation to an unrivalled height of despotic authority. After reigning like a monarch he was, by common consent, shot and dragged through the city like a mad dog, and yet he was finally buried like a Prince, and almost worshipped as a saint.

After his death the populace elected the Prince of Massa as their leader, but on his attempting to effect a reconciliation between the Neapolitans and the King of Spain he was beheaded, and Gennaro Annese, an illiterate gunsmith, elected in his stead.

Envoys to seek assistance were now dispatched to Rome, to France, and to other countries, with the result that new actors came upon the scene.

The Duc de Guise, at Rome, having let the people of Naples know how much he sympathised with them, the latter passed a resolution, that the Royal Republic of Naples should invite the Duc de Guise to command their armies, and enjoy the same authority at Naples as the Prince of Orange did in the Netherlands, the extent of which was probably wholly unknown to them.

Without doubt the Neapolitans were carried

away by the idea that the coming of this French noble would ensure the triumph of their cause.

Here, thought they, was a powerful Prince, handsome and graceful as imagination could conceive, with riches inexhaustible, and liberal in proportion to his wealth, descended from that house of Anjou which had formerly swayed the Neapolitan sceptre, who was disposed, if invited by the people, to place himself at their head, and take his risk of death or conquest.

As a matter of fact, both they and the Duke were deceived, the latter imagining that he would find 170,000 well-armed and well-equipped men, the former believing all sorts of wild stories as to the Duke's wealth and power.

The latter at once set about providing for the sinews of war, and, with this end in view, sent the following curious letter to his brother, the Chevalier de Guise, exhorting him to strip every friend and relative of all available money or jewels he could lay hold of :—

"If we may believe honest Machiavel, I shall be more puissant than the great Turk, since he could not draw together a hundred-and-seventy thousand men, which is the number that in arms attend to receive my orders. Naples is a fair theatre of honour, where I am to encounter a son of the King of Spain, put his army to flight, take three castles and other fortresses of the kingdom, and recover ten posts that have been lost to the

enemy, and kept by them well fortified in that one city. Who hath more work to do, and more honour to gain, if I play my part well? How difficult soever it may appear, I am made believe I shall overcome it very shortly after my arrival; I will keep something yet for you to do, and you shall have your part if you take care to send me good store of money. Adieu—I detain you too long, considering the little time I have for making my despatch. Plunder all you can lay your hands on, and, if possible, the great diamonds of honest Chevereuse; leave nothing in the Hôtel de Guise—in a word, let neither locks nor bolts be proof against your fingers."

He also approached his mother in the same way. "You must not," answered the noble lady, "be stopped for want of a little money. I send all my jewels, amounting to 10,000 crowns. If you are unfortunate, I can get others. But unfortunate you will not be." He raised other supplies as he could, the Cardinal of St. Cecilia assisting him in negotiating a loan with a banker in Rome.

A lady who came to offer the Duke all her plate, jewels, and the savings of a lifetime—10,000 crowns—appears to have been chivalrously treated, for he declined to accept anything at all from her.

Funds being now provided, the Duke, followed by all the French in Rome, who accompanied him on horseback to his boats, took his route to

Fiumicino. As they passed the hotel of the Spanish ambassador, "Guise," said the Duke, "must not go to war in silence," and he commanded his trumpets to blow a blast of defiance.

After a brush with the Spaniards the Duke and his retinue of twenty-two men finally reached Naples, and, amidst the plaudits of the populace, who were enchanted by his prepossessing appearance, went to hear Mass. This being done, he went to see the Captain-General, Gennaro Annese, who, having taken possession of the tower of the Carmelites, described as a strong bastile or species of citadel, lived there with a band of wretches, his companions and instruments in plundering, scarcely daring to leave it for fear of the fate which threatened him, and which he deserved infinitely more than the unfortunate Masaniello.

The appearance of Gennaro much surprised the Duke. He was a little man, very ill made, and very black, his eyes sunk in his head, short hair, large ears, a wide mouth, a beard close cut and beginning to be grey, and a voice powerful though very hoarse. This gunsmith could not speak two words without stammering, was ever restless, and so very timorous that the least noise made him tremble. He was attended by a picked guard of twenty men as evil as himself. His dress, however, appears to have been picturesque. According to a contemporary account he wore a buff coat with sleeves of red velvet, and

scarlet breeches, with a cap of cloth of gold, of the same colour, on his head (this he hardly took the pains to doff when he saluted his august visitor); he had a girdle of red velvet, furnished with three pistols on each side; anticipating a modern military fashion he wore no sword, but instead carried a great blunderbuss in his hand.

The Duke, having had nothing to eat since he had left Rome, presently suggested dinner; upon which Gennaro made excuses for the poor fare he could provide, not daring, he said, for fear of poison, to employ any other cook than his wife. The lady in question presently appeared carrying the first dish. She was dressed in a gown of sky-coloured wrought satin, embroidered with silver, with a farthingale, a chain of jewels, and a fair necklace of pearls, with pendants of diamonds in her ears, all plundered from the Duchess of Matalone; in this stately equipage, says an eye-witness, it was pleasant to see her dress meat, scour dishes, and divert herself in the afternoon with washing and smoothing linen. Dinner, adds he, lasted not long, and all things were so nasty and unsavoury, that had it not been for the bread, wine, salad, and fruit, which were indeed excellent, the Duke had run hazard of starving.

After this unsatisfying meal the Duke proceeded to examine the military situation, and, to begin with, much to his mortification, found that the popular fury against the Spaniards had

subsided to rather a low ebb. He gathered, indeed, that dissension prevailed among the Neapolitan commanders, and finally that instead of a hundred-and-seventy thousand men in arms, the fidelity of three or four thousand, scarcely sufficient to defend the various forts, was all that could be relied on. In addition to this, money was wanting for the pay of these men, without which no reliance could be placed in them. To add to this ominous intelligence, so different from what he had been taught to expect, he shortly afterwards witnessed the return of a force chiefly composed of banditti which one Jacomo Rosso had led on an expedition against the nobles, which return clearly betokened their having received a severe defeat.

As to the general state of the Kingdom of Naples, the Duc de Guise found it totally and inextricably embroiled amidst contending factions. In the three castles and ten fortified posts, and on board of the considerable fleet which lay in the bay, there was quartered a Spanish army, not numerous enough to conquer so large a city while the heat of the insurrection lasted, but determined to hold out with vindictive composure and Castilian patience till time and opportunity should bring the season of revenge. In the Kingdom of Naples itself several large towns had followed the example of the capital; others, with the provinces, were being ravaged by robbers or

banditti, who had assumed the more honourable name of popular soldiers. Meanwhile the main part of the open country was held by the nobility at the head of their feudal vassals, who, although unfriendly to the Spaniards, were incomparably more exasperated against the populace of Naples, who had murdered their friends and relations, burned their homes, pillaged their property, and raged against them more cruelly than against the Spaniards, the oppressors of both. In the city itself, the Neapolitans themselves were disunited. The lower orders, with whom the tumult had originated, were well enough pleased to continue rioting, which plunder and idleness rendered a thriving trade. But, on the other hand, the lesser nobles and gentry of the city, the merchants, lawyers, and principal shopkeepers, in short, all the class distinguished as *Black cloaks*—that is, men of decent attire, manners and education—were totally averse to the revolution, although far from being able to agree on the best means of ending it.

Such was the situation as placed before the Duc de Guise in Gennaro's abode.

Amid the gloomy thoughts which this state of things generated, the Duke had still to go through the most extraordinary part of the evening.

His own description of what passed is as follows :—

"It being now very late and I wanting rest, every one retired, and I had a supper brought as unhandsome and distasteful as my dinner; it lasted not long, and inquiring in what part they had prepared me a bed, I was not a little surprised when Gennaro told me I should lie with him. Having refused this as much as possibly I could, out of pretence of not incommoding his wife by taking her place, he told me she should lie on a quilt before the fire with her sister, and that it concerned his safety to share his bed with me, without which his enemies would cut his throat, the respect of my person being the only means to secure him from that danger, whose apprehension had so strongly prepossessed him, that he awaked twenty times in the night in disorder, and, with tears in his eyes, embracing me, besought me to save his life, and secure him from those that would murder him. He conducted me to lodge in his kitchen, where I found a very rich bed of cloth of gold, and at the feet of it, in a cradle, a little blackamoor slave about two years old, full of the small-pox; a great deal of plate, both white and gilt, heaped up in the middle of the room, many cabinets half open, out of which tumbled chains and bracelets of pearl and other jewels, some bags of silver and some of gold half scattered on the ground, very rich household stuff, and many fair pictures thrown up and down disorderly, which made sufficiently appear

what profit he had made by plundering the houses of the richest and best-qualified persons of the town; though he could never be induced to assist the people with the smallest part of it, either to buy ammunition or victuals, for paying the troops already raised, or making new levies. This put me in a rage, to see myself in want of everything, and yet to have so considerable supplies at hand, which I might make no use of."

Thus did the Duke discover that "politics as well as misery make men acquainted with strange bedfellows," and for eight nights the lover of the beautiful Montbazon, and of Mademoiselle de Pons, continued to share the couch of the gunsmith. Henry de Lorraine, however, did not suffer all this penance uncompensated. By means of the Signora Annese he abstracted from Gennaro's hoards considerable treasure, which the miserly gunsmith indeed missed, but for want of being able to read, write, or keep accounts, could not make out the deficiency. The Duke also appears to have extracted a good deal of ready money from Gennaro.

The curious thing is that the Duc de Guise does not appear to have been particularly scandalised at the ignominious squalor of Gennaro's mode of life. It must, however, be remembered that the magnificence amidst which the nobles and even the kings of that day lived, was often tempered by low and dirty surroundings. The condition of

the Palace of Versailles under Louis XIV., for instance, is described as not having been sanitary, while splendour and squalor were to be seen in close juxtaposition.

Meanwhile, the Duke sought in all directions to increase the forces at his command, and obtained the assistance of several regiments of banditti who poured in from the country to aid him. His description of these men is picturesque.

"They were three thousand and five hundred men, of whom the oldest came short of five-and-forty years, and the youngest was above twenty. They were all tall and well made, with long black hair, for the most part curled, coats of black Spanish leather, with sleeves of velvet or cloth of gold, cloth breeches, with gold lace, most of them scarlet; girdles of velvet, laced with gold, with two pistols on each side, a cutlass, hanging at a belt suitably trimmed, three fingers broad and two feet long, a hawking bag at their girdle, and a powder-flask hung about their neck with a great silk ribbon; some of them carried firelocks and others blunderbusses; they had all good shoes, with silk stockings, and every one a cap of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver of different colours on his head, which was very delightful to the eye."

Having reviewed this extraordinary and romantically equipped army, their leader never questioned but that he would be next day complete master of Naples. But to steal and rob is one thing, and

to fight another; when it came to an assault the famished and exhausted Spaniards beat off almost all the attacks, and several of the chiefs of the banditti behaved like cowards or traitors.

The Duke now determined to make an example of some of his unsuccessful and, perhaps, traitorous followers. Paul of Naples, one of the most powerful of the banditti chiefs, who had plundered the citizens during the night-attack, and set his authority at defiance, coming to him at the head of his regiment, Guise had him secured, in spite of their formidable protection, and sent him to prison. Shortly afterwards the bandit in question was condemned and executed.

In the course of his campaign the Duke, owing to the withdrawal of the French fleet, upon which he was relying, got into a very precarious position. Nevertheless, he showed the most undaunted spirit. Every day brought some fresh danger, but every danger found him ready to meet it; he suppressed tumults, and punished the leaders—quelled mutinies of troops under arms, and killed with his own hand the mutineers who opposed him, maintaining to the very last the character of sovereign which he had assumed. On one of these occasions, his friends having remonstrated with him on the personal danger to which he exposed himself, he made the characteristic reply, "*that naturally he had no fear of the rabble, and that when God framed a person of*

his quality, He imprinted something on the forehead which could not be beheld by it without trembling!"

(The words of the original are, "que naturellement je ne craignois point la canaille, et que quand Dieu formoit une personne de ma condition, il lui imprimoit je ne sais quoi entre les deux yeux qu'elle n'osoit regarder sans trembler.")

At length he was made prisoner, but not before he had defended his personal liberty with the same gallantry he had shown in protecting his sovereignty. He was treated with respect by the Neapolitan nobles, to whom he surrendered; but, when transferred to the Spaniards, was in some danger of being put to death, as acting under no established flag. Don Juan of Austria prevented this barbarity. The Duke was eventually sent to Spain, where he remained till August, 1652, more than four years, in expiation of about as many months of sovereignty. He obtained his freedom by the intercession of the Prince de Condé, then in Guienne, and in alliance with Spain, during the wars of the Fronde in France. Possibly it was expected by the Spanish Ministers that so active and mercurial a genius might breed disturbances at Paris, which idea facilitated his liberation. Guise, however, to whom Mademoiselle de Pons had proved ungrateful and faithless, seemed more disposed to console himself for her loss by fresh gallantries than to repair his ruined schemes of ambition by new political adventures.

Six years later, it is true, he once more attempted to gain possession of Naples, but beyond making himself for a time master of Castellammare, was as unsuccessful as on his former expedition.

Henceforth he devoted his energies to the "hot vanities" which distinguished Louis the XIV.'s court, where he held the office of Grand Chamberlain. In the celebrated *Carousel* of 1662, he distinguished himself particularly; and, indeed, his disposition perhaps better fitted him for the dazzling and splendid than for the great and substantial affairs of life. As the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Guise caracoled together along the Place de Carousel—"There they go together," said Cardinal du Retz, "the heroes of history and romance."

He died in 1664, the last to bear the formidable name of Guise, the sound of which had so often shaken the throne of France.

Though essentially a man of pleasure, the Duke had seen a good deal of military service in addition to his experiences at Naples.

He had taken part in two campaigns in Flanders, among those gay volunteers who entered the trenches to the music of violins, and showed the same gaiety in the field of battle as in the ball-room.

Almost as interesting a character, though in quite another way, was Cyrano de Bergerac, who lived in the same age.

Though, of course, never enjoying the same advantages as the Duc de Guise, Cyrano, owing to his original character and undoubted talents, achieved quite a wide celebrity in the Parisian world. Something of a D'Artagnan, and in his way a true Cadet de Gascogne, Cyrano was as ready with his sword as with his pen.

His story is a curious one.

The Cyrano so poetically depicted by Monsieur Rostand is, of course, an idealised character. Nevertheless, the poet has embodied in his striking play much of what is known concerning the history of this very extraordinary and independent individual.

That is to say, while the romantic hero of the play is a modern creation, he still has a good deal in common with the real Cyrano, who, soldier, author, and dreamer, was so well known in his day as to provide much historical and legendary material for whomsoever should essay the task of writing about him.

Savinien de Cyrano Bergerac, born in Paris in 1619, of a good family, received his early education from a curé whom he afterwards tersely described as an "Aristotelian donkey." Whether this was a correct description of the worthy ecclesiastic or not, it is at any rate clear that the youthful Cyrano must have acquired some knowledge under his care, for in the year 1631 we find him entering the College of Beauvais. At this seat of learning

he was brought into contact with "Grangier," then principal of the College. Nor did this scholar impress the young man any more favourably than his first preceptor; for one of the characters in "Le pédant joué," by Cyrano, is well known to be a most unflattering portrait.

When eighteen years of age Cyrano, having terminated his studies, left Beauvais, and at once began to give a free rein to all those desires and fancies which are the usual concomitants of hot-headed youth. Plunging deeply into every species of eccentricity and folly, he frequented all the dissipated places of the Paris of that day, and revelled in those pleasures for which that city was notorious. He carried, indeed, his extravagant conduct to such lengths as to incur the serious displeasure of his father, who eventually threatened to withdraw his allowance; and indeed would actually have carried out this harsh threat had it not been for the intervention of his son's intimate friend and well-wisher, Henri le Bret. This young man, who had no taste for debauchery, appears to have had some influence with the elder Cyrano, for having pleaded the youth of culprit as an excuse for his follies, with some difficulty he obtained his forgiveness.

Henri le Bret had been the constant companion of Cyrano in childhood and youth, both young men being of much the same age. The friendship thus contracted lasted on into later life, although

the two men seem to have been of very dissimilar habits and dispositions. It is le Bret who has left us a biography of the strange and enigmatical personage whose good genius he ever attempted to be, a biography which unfortunately tells us only too little of the vagaries and eccentricities for which his friend was celebrated. Le Bret it was who induced Cyrano, then nineteen years of age, to take service in the company of the Garde Noble, commanded by Captain Carbon de Castel Jaloux, a commander renowned for daredevil courage and reckless bravery. It was in his description of this company, "Les cadets de Gascogne," that the late M. Coquelin always roused the enthusiasm of his audience.

Carbon de Castel Jaloux:

"Puisque ma compagnie est je crois, au complet,
Veuillez la presenter au Comte s'il vous plait."

Cyrano:

"Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne,
De Carbon de Castel Jaloux ;
Bretteurs et menteurs sans vergogne,
Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne !
Parlant blason, lambel, bastogne,
Tous plus nobles que des filous,
Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne
De Carbon de Castel Jaloux !

* * * *

Voici les cadets de Gascogne
Qui font cocu tous les jaloux !
O femme adorable carogne,
Voici les cadets de Gascogne !

Que le viel epoux se renfrogne :
Sonnez, clairons ! Chantez coucous !
Voici les cadets de Gascogne
Qui font cocu tous les jaloux ! "

Carbon Jaloux was renowned for his valour, and was considered among the bravest men of his day. To be one of his "cadets de Gascogne" at once gave a man the reputation of being ready for anything both in love and war.

These cadets were for the most part Gascons like their leader, and possessed in a pre-eminent degree those qualities, good and otherwise, for which the natives of Gascony have always been celebrated.

Cyrano was not long in becoming a well-known character among Castel Jaloux's soldiers. His vivid imagination, reckless daring, and unconventional cast of mind soon caused him to be hailed by his companions as a Gascon and a brother. As a matter of fact, neither of Cyrano's parents had any connection with Gascony. The great personal bravery of the young recruit soon obtained for him a sobriquet of a most flattering kind. The nickname he received was "Demon of courage!" It was at Mouzon in 1639 that he received his first serious wound By the following year, however, he had recovered, and once more joined his company, which was then taking part in the siege of Arras as part of the large French army then before that city, under the command

of the three Marshals, Chaulnes, Chatillon, and de Meilleraye. In the course of this campaign Cyrano was again wounded, receiving a severe sword thrust in the throat which for some time endangered his days. Eventually, however, he rallied from its effects, and, apparently weary of a career of arms, determined to devote himself to study, which as he grew older ever fascinated him in an increasing degree. Returning to Paris, he began to attend the course of philosophical lectures then being delivered by the celebrated "Gassendi." The philosopher in question was, it appears, not a little alarmed at the prospect of having among his pupils one who had served with the redoubtable "Cadets de Gascogne," for he was well aware that their paths usually lay more in the direction of taverns and other kindred establishments than in that of lecture rooms. At first he absolutely declined to allow Cyrano to attend his lectures, but his opposition being somehow overcome, the whilom soldier of fortune took his place with the rest of the students, and seems to have behaved with as much decorum as the most serious amongst them.

Amidst these bookworms Cyrano must have presented a curious appearance, for from his portraits his physiognomy was no ordinary one. There are four contemporary portraits of him extant. The best of these is the one by Desrochers,

in which he is represented as crowned with laurels. Beneath is written :—

> "CYRANO DE BERGERAC,
> Author and French poet, Gentleman.
> Born in Gascony, he died at Paris in 1665, aged 35."

This somewhat inaccurate inscription is followed by verses of a eulogistic description. Cyrano is depicted as a fine-looking young man, with an intelligent expression full of life and fire. A silky moustache covers a somewhat scornful upper lip, and the hair is dressed with considerable care. The whole physiognomy, however, is spoilt by what can only be called a "monumental nose of enormous proportions." About this disfigurement (for it was little else) Cyrano was extraordinarily sensitive, and it was his wont to immediately challenge any one to mortal combat who might have regarded it with amusement or allowed himself to indulge in any pleasantries at its expense. There is much in his writings concerning the defence of large noses. Notably in "L'autre monde," where he warmly eulogises them and declares that no animal possesses any feature at all resembling the nose of man. Cyrano de Bergerac, once his opinion was formed, was wont to attempt to enforce it at the sword's point. That he was an adversary not to be despised, is shown by his championship of Lignieres, a somewhat dissipated acquaintance, who published a lampoon reflecting upon a certain great noble.

The grand *seigneur* in question, incensed at what he deemed an unwarrantable piece of impertinence, suborned a band of pickpockets and cutthroats to lie in wait for the rhymester who had dared affront his dignity. The ruffians are said to have numbered no fewer than one hundred individuals. Be this as it may, according to tradition, news of the ambuscade prepared for Lignieres having somehow reached the ears of Cyrano, the latter at once declared his intention of assisting his friend. Bidding him take a lantern and follow in his wake, he set out and encountered the assassins near the Tour de Nesle, and such was the fury of his attack that the cutthroats were put to flight. In the ditches near the spot two dead bodies and seven wounded men were the next morning discovered, with many other evidences of a precipitate flight.

Another adventure in which Cyrano's impetuous daring showed itself was the affair of the Theatre Brioché in the Rue Guinégaud. The proprietors of this place of amusement possessed a monkey, Fagotin by name—one of its greatest attractions. This animal they one day attired in a dress and hat which were evident caricatures of Cyrano's somewhat eccentric attire. They were instigated to do so by a former friend of his, one Dassoucy, who had become a most bitter enemy, and who took delight in burlesquing and annoying him in every possible way. News of the joke soon

spread, and the theatre became thronged with a delighted crowd, laughing inordinately at the impersonation of Cyrano given by the monkey. It was not long before a rumour of what was going on reached the victim of the joke, who at once set out for the playhouse, and burst into it like a thunderbolt. Cyrano attacked the audience with such fury that in the twinkling of an eye he found himself left master of the situation, and confronted only by the unfortunate Fagotin, who, viewing the disorder produced by his appearance with serene equanimity, sat unconcernedly cracking nuts. This philosophic attitude, however, was soon disturbed, for finding no one left on whom to wreak his vengeance (actors, audience, and manager having fled), Cyrano became so transported with rage that he transfixed the ill-fated comedian with his sword. In consequence of this assassination, the proprietors of the theatre brought an action against the murderer of their leading actor, for the loss of whom they claimed damages. They were non-suited, perhaps not a little by reason of the wit of Cyrano, who announced that he was ready to pay damages, but only in verse or monkey money!

As time went on the hot-headed young man developed into a more serious character. Cyrano became temperate in drinking, partook very moderately of the pleasures of the table, and from having been a somewhat dissipated individual,

developed a rigid morality. His demeanour towards the fair sex, before flippant, now became deferential and grave. Sternness took the place hitherto occupied by frivolity. All he retained of his hot youth was a gentle scepticism, and a habit of freely speaking his mind without concealing his ideas. This he was the more entitled to do from being universally accounted a talented, if eccentric, man. He became a great lover of Nature, in a manner perhaps little understood in his day. His admiration for her appears to have been of a more modern pattern than that of his contemporaries. He had no sympathy with formality, and what attracted him were the fields, the woods, and the streams, as Nature had made them. This, of course, was not the taste of his time, which lay in the direction of artificially laid out gardens and groves.

A lover of independence, Cyrano de Bergerac scorned to be any man's parasite. The Maréchal de Gassion, who had heard of his prowess, proposed to attach him to his suite, but his offers were haughtily rejected by their recipient, who preferred his humble apartment in the Rue St. Jacques to loss of liberty and a comfortable berth in the Maréchal's household.

Between the years 1643 and 1645 it is probable that de Bergerac made some voyages; but whether they ever extended outside France is uncertain. There is a tradition of a visit to

England, but this rests upon but slender foundations. From some allusions to a voyage made to Poland in the "History of the Republic of the Sun," it seems probable that the author may have made a journey to that country. This "History of the Republic of the Sun" is but one among many of Cyrano's works, which abound in fanciful descriptions of life on the other planets. The moon was one of his favourite subjects, and he made many fanciful speculations as to the discovery of some means of reaching it. Many of his writings, such as his "Comic History of the States and Empires of the Moon," are partly whimsical, partly metaphysical, and though extremely unconventional, both in idea and conception, can be clearly recognised as the work of an original, if somewhat eccentric, mind.

In the latter years of his life Cyrano at length consented to avail himself of the offers of protection extended to him by a great nobleman—the Duc d'Arpajon, in whose mansion, the Hôtel du Marais, he took up his abode. It was in the year 1654, that his "Œuvres Diverses," published by De Sercy, made their appearance, with a dedication of the author's to his benefactor. One of his best-known productions, "La Mort d'Agrippine," was the cause of great annoyance to the Duc, for, although it obtained a success, it was one of a rather scandalous nature, and for this reason the Duc was considerably annoyed and hurt at his

name appearing on the title-page of such an impious and libertine work. Steps were at once taken by him to remedy the injury he believed himself to have sustained, and in subsequent editions his name was suppressed. The differences which arose in connection with this matter between the Duc d'Arpajon and Cyrano have been declared by some to have indirectly occasioned his death. This, however, is almost certainly a fiction. True is it that the eccentric writer was severely injured by a block of wood falling upon him from one of the windows of the Hôtel du Marais, but it is far more likely that this was the effect of accident than intention. The statement that he died a week later from its effects is manifestly an invention, for the accident occurred in 1655, and Cyrano did not die till fourteen months and five days later, for the date of his death was March 4, 1656.

Shortly after his injury Cyrano left the mansion of the Duc and proceeded to the house of a certain Tanneguy Regnault des Bois Clairs, Grand Prévôt of Bourgogne and Bresse, and a Conseiller du Roi. It is to this official that le Bret dedicates the first edition of the last work written by his dead friend, "L'autre Monde ou les Etats et Empires de la Lune." This he did by the express wish of the deceased, who appears to have regarded Regnault with feelings of great affection. In the dedication he is termed the "good demon," who succoured

the author in the violent fever resulting from his wound.

According to some accounts, it was in Regnault's house that the would-be planetary explorer passed away, having before his death abandoned his scepticism and become reconciled to the Church. The same authority states that this was caused by the influence of three holy women—Catherine de Cyrano, his aunt, the Prioress of les filles de la Croix; Marie de Senaux, Superior of the same Order; and Madeleine Robineau, his cousin, the widow of Christophe de Champagne, Baron de Neuvillette, his old companion in arms, who fell at the siege of Arras where Cyrano himself had been severely wounded. This Madeleine Robineau is, of course, the original of the Roxane of M. Rostand's comedy, in which Cyrano is represented as cherishing a noble but secret love for her—secret partly owing to a diffidence which causes him to doubt the possibility of any woman loving one so ill-favoured as himself, and partly on account of his chivalrous friendship for the handsome Christian (Christophe) de Neuvillette whom she adores. The latter begs Cyrano to assist him in his suit, and provide him with well-turned phrases and sweet speeches wherewith to express his passion, as he himself, though of captivating appearance, is dull and can utter nothing but the merest commonplace. Cyrano accedes to his wishes, and, while speaking for Christian, in

reality utters the words dictated by his own love for Roxane. Christian is killed at the siege of Arras, and for fourteen years the noble Cyrano conceals his affection while tenderly watching over the widowed Roxane, whose married life with Christian had lasted but a day. At last, mortally wounded by a block of wood dropped upon him by some enemy, the dying Cyrano, concealing his condition by a Herculean effort of will, comes to pay a last visit to Roxane in the convent to which she has retired. In the course of a most beautifully-written conversation she happens to admit that she admired the beauty of Christian's mind, as expressed in his love-letters and wooing (really Cyrano's), far more than his personal appearance, pre-eminently handsome as it was. It is then that the dying Cyrano confesses his life's love, and after some speeches of great beauty, passes away in his love's arms, just as she imprints a kiss, the reward of fourteen years' heroic silence, upon his brow! Thus ends this beautiful and tender love-story.

The story of Cyrano's tardy return to the paths of orthodoxy is not thoroughly authenticated, and a more probable account says that five days before his death he was, by his own wish, removed to the house of his cousin Pierre in the country, where he expired.

Cyrano de Bergerac was buried in Paris, in the church of the Monastery which adjoined the

mansion of the d'Arpajons. He was interred near the burying-place of that family, and his monument remained in existence until the Terror, when the church was desecrated, put to secular purposes, and its monuments destroyed. Strange indeed was the fate which overtook his body, which, snatched as it were at the last moment by the Church, was destined to be scattered to the winds by the atheistical mob of the Revolution !

That Molière is greatly indebted to Cyrano de Bergerac for some of his scenes is undeniable. Clearly two at least in "Les Fourberies de Scapin" are taken from "Le Pédant Joué." These are the seventh scene of Act II. and the eighth of Act III., which come respectively from Scene 4, Act II., and Scene 2, Act III. of the latter play. The "Pedant Joué" also supplied much material for parts of the "Bourgeois gentilhomme" and the "Dépit Amoureux." As to the plagiarism of the scene, "que diable allait il faire," etc., there can be no doubt whatever ; the only difference being that whereas Cyrano puts a Turkish galley, moored in the Seine, between the Pont Neuf and the Pont de Nesle, Molière, with somewhat more knowledge of the fitness of things, stations it on the Italian coast at Naples ; which place was at the time he wrote especially exposed to the attacks of pirates. In M. Rostand's play Cyrano is made to applaud Molière's genius while pardoning him for his plagiarism ; whether he would

really have acted in such a way is very doubtful, as there seems to have been nothing more to his taste than attacking a rival author, upon whom in some cases he lavished the most bitter invective. During his lifetime he appears to have been rarely, if ever, taken seriously, and to have been regarded by his contemporaries as a character hovering between the confines of genius and madness. Such a reputation would naturally obtain for its owner a toleration not accorded to more ordinary mortals, and that this was extended to Cyrano is certain from many anecdotes of him which are thoroughly substantiated and repose on no legendary foundation. His treatment of Montfleury, for instance, is a case in point.

Montfleury was a well-known comedian at the theatre of the Hôtel du Bourgogne; for some reason which is not quite clear he had incurred the enmity of Cyrano, who once, rising among the audience, forbade the unfortunate actor to appear again on the stage for the space of a month's time. Two days later the latter dared to brave Cyrano's wrath and attempted to make his appearance as usual. The attitude, however, which his enemy adopted towards him was of such a threatening nature that he gave way, and duly abstained from acting for the prescribed period.

This shows that the influence of the author of "Agrippine" must have been considerable. Nor

did the persecution of Montfleury end here, for Cyrano published a lampoon about him, in which he was characterised as a bad comic actor and a worse author. The personal appearance of the poor man, who was extremely corpulent, was also mercilessly criticised, and a so-called geographical survey of the provinces of his enormous body described, while a supplementary note stated it was an undoubted fact that it would be impossible for him ever to be hung as he deserved, Nature having given him no neck, and there being consequently no difference between his head and body.

The attacks of Cyrano upon Scarron were also very acrimonious and bitter, though the exact reason of his dislike to the author of the "Roman Comique" is not very clear. His epistolary assaults, indeed, were in every case of a peculiarly acrid nature. There is one written to a lady, who had evidently incurred his displeasure, which declares his conviction that she only accepts letters illuminated by the reflection of pieces of gold, for without such assistance they are as obscure to her understanding as Hebrew. It is, the letter goes on to say, as a good Christian that she takes the shining metal—"bright symbol" of pure and chaste intentions—and also as a good Frenchwoman—for the sake of the King's image, reproduced upon the coins. Well does the writer appreciate her conscientiousness, "for is it not a

fact that she throws more life into the kisses paid for with ten pistoles than those priced at nine?" This letter is quaintly addressed, "À une demoiselle interessée." On another occasion Cyrano attacks a financier who had refused to lend money to Dassoucy (with whom he afterwards quarrelled), and threatens to give him a thrashing.

Dyrcona was chosen by Cyrano as his anagram, and he uses it very frequently when describing his imaginary adventures in the moon and other planets. For the moon, in particular, he seems to have entertained an especial fondness, and it must be admitted that the extraordinary artifices he imagines for reaching that sphere display a great deal of dainty imagination and graceful fancy. Indeed, his gifts as a writer were of no mean order. The boldness and extravagance of his ideas frequently cover very profound thoughts and suggestions, which, in many cases, have opened the way to authors upon whom fortune has smiled, with the result of their reaping far more fame than the man in whose footsteps they have trod. Had Cyrano de Bergerac been less independent, and more of a scyophant and flatterer, there is little doubt but that he would have risen to a high position in the world of letters of his day; but, strange compound as he was of genius, eccentricity, chivalry, and dissipation, he appears to have preferred a Bohemian life of unfettered liberty, to the trammels by which a

successful author of the seventeenth century had almost of necessity to be bound. Theophile Gautier has a notice of Cyrano de Bergerac in "Les Grotesques," and a few articles have been written upon him during the last sixty years in France. It has been reserved for M. Rostand, however, to idealise, and, if the term may be employed, immortalise the strange character of Cyrano in the beautiful play he has written around him.

A striking proof of its abiding interest is the success which has attended the recent production of an English version. The charm of the original is very difficult to render in another tongue, it is therefore all the greater triumph for Mr. Robert Loraine who, following the example of the great Coquelin, seems to have caught much of the spirit of Cyrano.

II

CASANOVA

It would seem that the manners and customs of any particular age have a considerable effect upon the physiognomies of those who live in it. Most portraits of the eighteenth century, for instance, have a sort of family likeness, as well as an air of distinction which is not seen in modern portraiture. Pictures representing the old French *noblesse* seem to say, "Look at us, who for a hundred years made France the centre of European elegance and taste."

Oddly enough, portraits of modern people dressed in eighteenth century dress do not at all convey the same impression; despite old-world garb, men or women rarely look as if they belonged to any other epoch than their own.

Europe, before the great Revolution, though often an unpleasant place for the multitude, was more or less an earthly Paradise for the privileged classes and their immediate dependents. Undoubtedly the proletariat had to support many grievances, but this hardly excused the frenzied stupidity which swept away so much which was cultured and picturesque. On the whole, it may be doubted whether the French Revolution did not do more harm than good. With it certainly

originated many wild and foolish dreams which have since made for anything but real progress. It would rather seem that where political freedom is gained personal liberty is lost—a very poor exchange.

Though the present age, for instance, is perpetually gabbling about its rights and bragging of its independence, life is restricted and regulated in a manner which would not have been tolerated by the men of a past era.

Memoirs such as those written by Casanova clearly prove this. The adventurer in question, a man of no birth whatever, and by no means a *haut* and *puissant* seigneur, was able to range about Europe doing exactly as he liked. There were no rules and regulations to hamper him, or social reformers to demand that he and his like should be improved off the face of the earth.

As long as he had a few sequins in his pocket, he did exactly as he chose, and, what is more extraordinary, seems to have been more or less welcome in whatever society he chanced to find himself.

Within recent years the remarkable career of this adventurer of adventurers has begun to attract a considerable amount of attention.

Books have been written about him, and not very long ago, in London, an admirable and interesting lecture was given dealing with certain aspects of his life. At its conclusion, however,

the chairman made a short speech to the effect that "there seemed to be nothing interesting about such an individual, who would be better forgotten, and it was a good thing that Casanovists were a decreasing band," which latter statement, by the way, is the exact opposite of the truth.

Against this estimate of the great Venetian adventurer we have the evidence of his contemporary, the Prince de Ligne.

"If," says the Prince, "Casanova sometimes took advantage of some fools, men and women, for purposes of gain, it was in order to make those round him happy."

"Amidst the greatest irregularities of a most stormy youth and of a most adventurous and sometimes rather doubtful career, he manifested delicacy, honour, and courage."

"He is proud because he is nothing."

* * * * *

"His prodigious imagination, his natural vivacity, his travels, all the parts he has played, his fortitude in the absence of all moral and physical amenities, make of him a rare type precious to meet, worthy even of respect and of much friendship from the very small number of people who find favour in his eyes."

There is, indeed, plenty of testimony as to Casanova's great gifts.

In his "Memorial d'un Mondain," Count Max de Lamberg, Grand Marshal of the Prince Bishop

of Augsburg, and a nobleman of recognised literary talent in his day, speaks of Casanova as "a man known in literature, a man of profound knowledge."

As a matter of fact, in his Memoirs Casanova has painted for us a lifelike and admirable picture of an epoch. The fact that considerable portions of the book are devoted to the narration of the writer's love intrigues in no way affects the enormous historical value of the work in which live once again a vast number of the great personalities of the eighteenth century, including Voltaire, Rousseau, Cagliostro, the Comte de St. Germain, Favart and his wife the famous actress, Augustus III., King of Poland, the Duke of Brunswick, La Clairon, Frederick the Great, Guardi the painter, La Perouse the navigator, Pope Clement XIII., the Duc de Villars, Charles III. of Spain, and countless others.

I believe that the number of names mentioned altogether is something just under 1400—no one probably ever had a more numerous or varied acquaintanceship amongst well-known people of all classes.

Most memoirs betray the secret vanity of their authors, and put the reader in mind of that saint who left a large sum of money to get himself canonised.

There is nothing of this sort about the memoirs of Casanova, who paints his own portrait in an

CASANOVA AT THE AGE OF 63.

From an Engraving by L. Berka.

entirely realistic manner. Such vanity as he displays is perfectly open and frank. He himself says that he wrote the Memoirs to banish boredom in his old age, and there is no clear proof that he contemplated that they would ever be given to the public.

As the Prince de Ligne has pointed out, the style of the Memoirs, which, however, we now know to have been most injudiciously tampered with by the writer employed to transcribe them, rather resembles an old-fashioned preface—long, diffuse, and heavy—but when it comes to descriptions of Casanova's adventures, there is so much originality, *naïveté*, and sense of dramatic fitness that the reader's admiration becomes thoroughly aroused.

No better picture than Casanova's has been painted of the pleasure-loving world of the eighteenth century, and it is impossible not to be fascinated by this prince of pleasure-seekers, who wandered over Europe in search of pleasure going just where caprice and fancy prompted him to go.

Towards the end of that period his renown as an adventurer, gambler, and man of pleasure had spread far and wide, and, when the announcement of his arrival was made at even small continental towns, the frivolous rushed to gamble with him. More serious people lost no chance of trying to get him to tell his experiences, and the ladies

were full of eagerness to see what this hero of innumerable love affairs might be like.

The advent of Casanova in a small town on the Continent was quite an event. In a fine carriage, gorgeously dressed, and usually with plenty of ready money at his command, the Venetian at once eclipsed all the local bucks, while the fair sex, fascinated by his reputation for gallantry, swarmed around him like flies round a honey-pot. Nor did serious and clever people despise his society, for he was always well-informed as to the latest literary and political movements of the day, besides generally being in touch with some of the greatest personages in Europe.

Gaming always occupied a large part of his time, and though apparently not an over scrupulous gambler, he does not appear ever to have been seriously accused of cheating. His well-known readiness to fight, and his success as a duellist, however, probably made people careful what they said to him.

" Les sots sont ici bas pour nos menus plaisirs " was a maxim which greatly appealed to Casanova.

Though, by his own confession, he was on occasion not averse to resort to very doubtful methods, no one seems to have been particularly outraged at such proceedings on his part.

Probably the main causes of his immunity from chastisement or legal prosecution, were his great physical strength and the charm of his

manner and conversation, which seem to have made him a welcome guest in palaces as well as hovels.

Europe has undergone a vast transformation since Casanova rambled from city to city. Venice, however, remains more or less unchanged, except that the brilliant costumes and uniforms have given place to the sad-coloured clothes which the progress of so-called civilisation has brought in its train.

As a young man Casanova appears to have been something of an iconoclast, and even when writing in old age he shows little respect for certain old-world institutions identified with his beloved Venice. He casts ridicule, for instance, upon the ceremony of the Doge wedding the Adriatic. "The unique function in question," says he, "depended upon the courage of the Admiral of the Arsenal, who had solemnly to certify that the weather would remain fine, the least puff of contrary wind being capable of upsetting the *Bucentaure* and drowning the Doge, with all his serene retinue, the Ambassadors and the Papal Nuncio, who all attended this burlesque wedding which the Venetians superstitiously revered. Such a tragic accident would have made all Europe laugh, people being sure to have said that at last the Doge had gone to consummate his marriage."

The Pope himself did not escape the Venetian's satire.

Dancing, says he, was the mania of all the young Roman girls after Pope Rezzonico had cut them off from that pleasure during the ten long years of his sway.

This Pope, who allowed the Romans to play every sort of game of chance, had forbidden them to dance. His successor, Ganganelli, having another cast of mind, forbade gambling and allowed dancing.

"Such is Papal infallibility—one approves what the other condemns. Ganganelli deemed it less immoral to let his subjects jump about than to facilitate means for them to ruin themselves, commit suicide, or become brigands; but Rezzonico had perhaps not thought of this?"

Casanova was not at all afraid of saying sharp things to great personages. Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, whom he met at Luxembourg, spoke to him with scorn of people who had stooped to any sort of baseness, and spent immense sums of money to obtain titles. "I despise all those who purchase nobility," concluded he.

"And with reason," replied Casanova; "but what is one to think of those who sell it?"

The Emperor dropped the subject.

Though thoroughly recognising the necessity for some limitation of kingly follies in France, Casanova would seem to have disliked the Revolution.

At the same time, he had no patience with

certain of the French *noblesse*, who, exiles from France, tried to live in the same way abroad as they had done at home.

Speaking of them, he says:—

"The French *emigrés* may inspire with pity certain people always ready to be moved, but as to myself I affirm that they inspire me only with contempt, for I maintain that by standing firm around the throne they could have opposed force by force, and somehow have annihilated 'les boute-feux' without giving them time to assassinate the nation. Moreover, I declare that their duty, their interests, and their honour bade them save their King or be overwhelmed beneath the ruins of the throne.

"Instead of this they came and aired their pride and their shame among foreigners without doing themselves any good, and to the great detriment of those who had to keep them."

Strong criticism this from one who was himself a wanderer, one might even say a prince of wanderers!

In certain ways no one has ever lived a more wonderful life than this Venetian who, starting as a penniless adventurer, contrived to go everywhere, see everything, and know everybody.

Few men, indeed, have played so many parts as Casanova, whose striking figure, well set off by fine clothes, decorated with the Papal Order of the Golden Spur, became well known throughout

most European haunts of pleasure. Starting as a candidate for Orders in the Catholic Church, he became successively, among other things, a lieutenant of the Venetian Republic, a fiddler, a magician cabalist and treasure seeker, a professional gamester, a lottery promoter, a poet, a wall-paper manufacturer, man of business to the Duc de Choiseul, and, finally, a man of letters of no mean ability.

Above all, he was a lover of personal freedom. Ever avid of love and pleasure he, like Cyrano de Bergerac, was essentially fond of individual liberty and independence, the value of which he thoroughly understood.

Casanova was born at Venice on April 2, 1725. His father was Gäetan-Joseph Casanova, a native of Parma, who married a Venetian girl of humble birth named Zanetta Farusi—a name which Casanova sometimes used before he assumed the appellation of de Seingalt which he bestowed upon himself. Gäetan Casanova had become an actor to earn his living, and his wife soon followed his example. The youthful Casanova, having received quite a good education and being possessed of agreeable manners and pleasant ways and appearance, was well received in aristocratic circles in Venice. At this time he was destined for the Church, and in due course received minor orders from the Patriarch. Love intrigues, however, soon caused his expulsion from the seminary, and after further adventures, including

a sojourn in the prison of Fort St. André, he made his way to Rome, where, managing to please Cardinal Acquaviva, and entering his service, he gained the favour of Pope Benoit XIV. A brilliant future now seemed to be before him, but suddenly falling into disgrace, he definitely abandoned the priesthood for a military career, and became an ensign in a Venetian regiment at Corfu.

There he lost all his money gambling, after which he obtained leave and went to Constantinople, in which city he visited the celebrated Comte de Bonneval, for whom he had a letter of introduction from his patron, the Cardinal. The Comte, a French adventurer, who had become a Mussulman, and went by the name of Osman Pacha, received him very genially, showing Casanova his "library," which consisted entirely of bottles of wine concealed behind curtains in large bookcases. After a sojourn in Constantinople he returned to Venice, where, having left the army, he again impoverished himself by play to such an extent as to be obliged to become a violinist at the Théâtre de Saint Samuel.

Having by good luck been the means of saving the life of the Senator de Bragadino, who was nearly killed by the ignorant treatment of a doctor, the young man was adopted by this patrician, who furnished him with ample funds.

Casanova immediately resumed a life of wild

extravagance, and very soon got into serious trouble. Wandering from city to city he visited Verona, Milan, Mantua, Ferrara, Bologna, and Cisena, in which latter town he met the woman who probably he loved best of all his numerous loves—the seductive Henriette, a beautiful French girl, who for reasons of her own chose to dress as a hussar, though, according to Casanova, her costume being more or less of a fancy dress, no one could be in doubt as to her sex.

With Henriette he went to Geneva, where the couple stayed at the Hôtel des Balances.

Lord Malmesbury, speaking of this hotel, pulled down in 1905, says: "It is the same in which Casanova's romance with his Henriette took place, and they showed the pane of glass which he mentions on which he cut her name with his ring."

Lord Malmesbury, however, no doubt owing to his age—he was seventy-seven when he wrote his Memoirs—was in error when he spoke of Casanova cutting the name, for it was not he but Henriette, the charming French girl, who wrote on the pane of glass,

"Tu oublieras aussi Henriette,"

words which did not come true, for Casanova never forgot her, and in his old age cherished her memory as his most precious souvenir.

Fifty years after her first meeting with her

lover, Henriette (long happily married) wrote frequently to him. Her charming letters Casanova intended to be added to his Memoirs, but for some reason they escaped notice at the time the latter were put together.

Mr. Arthur Symons, however, found them in the library at Dux in Bohemia, where Casanova had ended his life as librarian to Count Waldstein, and there is now every hope that when a new and authoritative edition of the famous Memoirs shall be published these letters, written, Mr. Symons says, "as if the fifty years that had passed were blotted out in the affection of her memory," will see the light.

Writing as an old man, Casanova said, "No, I have not forgotten her, for, white-haired as I am, her memory is still a veritable balm for my heart."

Under other circumstances Casanova possibly might have married Henriette, who appears to have been his real affinity. However, at heart he was a confirmed bachelor, who took care never to lose his liberty, perhaps because he loved women too well ever to become permanently tied up to any single one.

Marriage and celibacy have both their drawbacks. Those of the latter state, however, are not without a remedy, which Casanova thoroughly realised.

His disinclination to marry was probably

based upon much the same estimate of matrimony as was once made by Byron.

The poet in question, having acted as best man to a bridegroom who had gone mad shortly after the ceremony, was upbraided by the bride's father for having connived at his daughter marrying a madman.

Byron's defence to this was that his friend had not struck him as being madder than any one else about to marry !

Though Casanova several times was nearly captured in the matrimonial net, he always managed to escape at the last moment ; amongst the ladies whom he nearly married were C. C., Mademoiselle de la Meure, Esther of Amsterdam, and the seductive Manon Baletti, daughter of the actress Silvia.

If, however, he never had a wife, he more than made up for it by being never without one or more mistresses. The number of these ladies as detailed by himself, probably with truth, for research has proved the famous Memoirs to be astoundingly accurate, was very great.

Though he loved many women he took care never to become their slave, being in this an exactly opposite type to the Chevalier Des Grieux, before whose eyes was ever a single image, that of his adored Manon de L'Escot.

Every one as regards his love affairs is either a Des Grieux or a Casanova, though very few

have ever had the ardour or success of the latter.

Any detailed account of Casanova's love affairs would fill several volumes, a great part of the Memoirs being devoted to his adventures with the fair sex, which are very fully described.

His mistresses were drawn from every class and from every nationality, a curious thing being that in almost every case he parted from them perfectly amicably and speaks with pleasure of meeting them again years later.

In a large proportion of cases he found his old loves married and prosperous. Very few of them, except the unfortunate Lucie de Paséan, whom Casanova discovered twenty years after he had first known her in a horrible resort at Amsterdam, appear to have ended badly; indeed, he seems rather to have brought good luck to the majority of the many girls whom for a brief period he loved.

Casanova's account of some of the latter give the impression that they possessed great charm. Chief among them, perhaps, comes Thérèse, whom Casanova first met when she was passing herself off as a boy (Bellino) in order to be allowed to act in the dominions of the Pope, who at that time forbade women to appear on the stage. Attractive also must have been the very lively nuns he calls C. C. and M. M., one of whom escaped from the convent of Murano in order to join the

Venetian and his patron, Cardinal de Bernis, the French Ambassador, at a joyous supper party. Henriette has already been mentioned.

Among Casanova's many loves, one, Mademoiselle O'Murphy, of Irish extraction, was the sister of a mistress of Louis XV., while several others figure prominently in the historical records of their period.

As was to be expected in a man who had seen so much of the world, Casanova in matters of religion and philosophy had very broad views.

Speaking of an Italian nobleman, the Marquis de Mosca, he said:

"The one fault of this excellent man was what the monks regarded as his first quality; he was religious to excess. . . . But in this respect is there less harm in outstripping the limit than in not going far enough? That is a question I will never allow myself to decide. The poet, Horace, said he had no religion, and began an Ode in which he censures philosophy which leads him away from worshipping the gods. All the 'too muches' are bad."

"There are monsters," said he, "who preach repentance, and philosophers who treat our pleasures as mere vanities. Let them say what they like. Repentance is only connected with crime, and pleasures are realities unfortunately too soon gone."

Casanova fully appreciated good fortune when

it came his way, and laughed at foolish moralists who denied the existence of happiness on earth.

The words "on earth" particularly excited his hilarity; as if, says he, happiness is to be found elsewhere. Death, he declares, is the last line in the book of the Universe, the end of everything, since with death man ceases to have senses; but, adds he, "I am far from maintaining that the spirit has the same end as matter. One should only affirm that which one positively knows, and doubt should begin only at the last limits of the possible."

"Yes, morose and imprudent moralists, there is happiness on earth, a good deal of it, some for every one. Not that it is lasting, it vanishes, reappears, and vanishes again according to that inherent law of nature which affects everything created, the eternal routine of men and things, and, perhaps, the sum total of evils, the consequence of our physical and moral imperfections, exceeds the sum total of happiness enjoyed by every individual."

* * * * *

"Yes, there is happiness, and much of it. I repent this to-day that I know it only from remembrance.

"Those who candidly confess the pleasure they feel deserve to enjoy it—the unworthy are those who deny it while they are enjoying themselves, and those who able to possess it neglect to do so."

"I," says Casanova, with much truth, "have no need to reproach myself on either of those scores. When I think that in my old age I am only happy through recollections, I find that my long life must have been more pleasant than miserable, and after having thanked God, 'Cause of all cause,' congratulate myself to be able to own that life is a blessing."

Nevertheless, the approach of old age saddened his heart, and occasionally the tone of the Memoirs is pessimistic. Writing of the time when he was nearing fifty years of age, he says: "Everything made me feel that the only thing for me to do was to make the inevitable descent towards death as little disagreeable as possible.

"It is while on this descent that the man who has passed his life amidst worldly joys and pleasures indulges in sombre reflections which would not have arisen in his flourishing youth—youth which need foresee nothing, exclusively occupied with the present, while its never-changing horizon, always rose-coloured, makes life happy and nurtures illusions of felicity; youth laughs at the philosopher who points out that ever behind that ravishing horizon are to be found old age, misery, remorse, always late, and at the end death, the very name of which will be enough to awaken disgust and terror."

When forty-nine years old he declared that it seemed to him that he had nothing more to hope

for from Fortune, a goddess as coquettish as she is capricious, liking and favouring only youth, while seeming to abhor maturity and especially sorrowful old age.

Casanova dated the end of the amusing part of his life from September, 1763, which was when he met (in London) the girl called La Charpillon, afterwards the mistress of John Wilkes.*

This demi-mondaine, for she was nothing else, by alternately leading him on and then feigning a virtue which she was far from possessing, drove the Venetian almost to the point of suicide. She would probably have been in her element in modern London, where she could have revelled in recovering damages for breach of promise.

According to Casanova's calculations, the line of descent from the date given above being equal to the line of ascent to it, he expected to live till 1801. His anticipations in this respect were, however, not realised, for he died in 1798.

Religious bigotry and intolerance naturally inspired Casanova with anger and disgust. During a visit to Count Ambroise at St. Angelo, he was taken to see a convent at Milan, which was really a refuge home in which the Empress Maria Theresa (whose fierce hatred of illicit love much resembled that of some of our modern Puritans) was wont to incarcerate fair and frail sinners, among whom

* See Mr. Horace Bleackley's most interesting book upon Wilkes.

Casanova found one of his old loves, formerly called Thérèse, but now known as Marie Magdalen.

When he was told of her fate, he says he cried and cursed the barbarous Empress, whose austere virtue he despised.

He nevertheless paid a visit to the convent, where he found his former flame nearly mad from religious mania, which caused him to declare, that if he could have entered Milan at the head of a victorious army, his first act would be to rescue this unfortunate victim from the torture inflicted upon her by a female tyrant. He proceeds to say, that if his Holy Religion is true, the soul of Maria Theresa, unless she should have repented, must certainly be damned, if only for the thousand different cruelties she practised upon girls unfortunate enough to have been obliged to live by the sale of their charms.

"Poor Marie Magdalen," says he, went mad, and suffered all the tortures of hell, because Nature—the divine cause of all—had bestowed upon her the most precious of all gifts—beauty joined to an excellent heart. Admittedly, she had misused them, but for such a transgression (undeniably the smallest of all, and one which God alone should judge), was it right that another woman, perhaps more sinful still, should inflict the most cruel of all punishments?

"I defy any reasonable man," continues Casanova, "to give an affirmative reply."

In another place Casanova says, "Everything at Vienna was beautiful, plenty of money and much luxury." He then deplores the fierce puritanism of the Empress, who employed a legion of vile spies called by the fine name of "commissaires de chasteté," to persecute all flighty girls.

Maria Theresa, says he, lacked the sublime virtue of tolerance as regards illicit love, and devout to the point of bigotry, imagined that she would be highly favoured by God for systematically suppressing the most natural instinct of the sexes.

The Empress, he declares, while lenient enough as regards six of the seven mortal sins, was adamant as regards punishing those who indulged in the seventh. She, as it were, declared open war upon anything which disturbed her chaste mind, and ordered all women of light character to be sent to Temesvar, while ordering unfaithful wives to be thrown into prison, whether their husbands liked it or not.

Her policy as regards the *commissaires de chasteté*, or chastity commissioners—a policy, it should be added, which some of our modern English puritans have wished to revive in London—produced a terrible state of affairs. All day and all night, poor girls, often quite respectable, were being arrested and thrown into prison. Every one mistrusted every one else, for these "purity spies" wore no uniform. Blackmail flourished unchecked, and rogues reaped a rich harvest.

The only way a poor girl could walk unmolested in the street, was to keep her eyes fixed upon the ground, and carry a rosary in her hand as if going to church.

The vile creatures who had been appointed to supervise public morals made themselves especially noxious to strangers. Walking in a small street one day, Casanova was surprised to be told by a slimy-faced man, that if he were not careful he would be arrested. The reason of this was that the spy perceived a woman looking out of an upper window some distance away, and thought that Casanova had been making signs to her!

The utter futility of this system of repression is demonstrated by the fact that, in spite of all the efforts of the Empress, a regular demi-monde flourished in Vienna, for the "chastity commissioners" took care not to interfere with people ready to pay well.

Casanova, though he became a Freemason, seems rather to have scoffed at Masonic rites and ceremonies. Nevertheless, he declares that every well-bred man should become a Mason, taking care, however, he adds, to choose a good lodge. He laughed at the idea that Freemasonry was a danger, and resented the ban laid upon it by the Popes.

III

CASANOVA

In Paris Casanova contrived to be on good terms with many of the *noblesse*, and entered fully into the life of the gay capital.

The following incident is very typical of life as it was lived by the *grands seigneurs* of the class in question.

Casanova, at that time a Government official connected with a projected national lottery, being in the *foyer* of the Comédie-Italienne at Paris, met the Comte de la Tour d'Auvergne, who asked him for a loan of one hundred louis till the Saturday following, explaining that he must have the sum in question at once, having lost it the previous evening at the house of the Princesse d'Anhalt, mother of Catherine the Great.

Casanova regretted he had not one hundred louis in his purse, but begged the Count to take what he had got.

"A lottery official," rejoined La Tour d'Auvergne, "must always have more than one hundred louis!"

"Agreed," said Casanova, "but the cash-box is sacred, besides in eight days from now, on a Monday, its contents must be handed over."

"That will be all right, you shall be repaid the Saturday before. Take out a hundred louis and put in their place my word of honour. Believe me, it is worth the money!"

Casanova had no more to say, but went to his office and got the money, which he handed to the Count.

Saturday arrived, but no repayment, and Casanova had to pawn a valuable ring in order to replace the sum he had taken from his cash-box.

Three or four days later at the Comédie Française he met the Count, who made all sorts of excuses, in reply to which Casanova, showing him his ringless finger, told him he had pawned his ring to save his honour.

La Tour d'Auvergne thereupon sadly said that he had broken his word, but would be certain to repay the hundred louis the next Saturday.

"On my word of honour," added he.

"Your word of honour," rejoined Casanova, "is in my cash-box, so allow me to say I don't expect the money. Pay me when you like."

At this the Count turned as pale as death. "My word of honour, my dear Casanova," said he, "is dearer to me than life, and I will give you the hundred louis to-morrow, at nine in the morning, at a hundred paces from the café which is at the end of the Champs-Elysées. I will give them you alone—no one must be there, and I

hope you will come to receive them and bring your sword with you: I shall have mine."

Casanova, who did not wish for a quarrel, tried to soothe the Count, but it was all in vain, and in due course the two met at the café and, after breakfasting together, adjourned to a convenient spot. There La Tour d'Auvergne, with a grand air, handed his opponent the sum he owed and, retiring a few yards, drew his sword. Casanova did the same, and, after a few passes, wounded the Count in the chest.

"I am satisfied," said the latter, as he staunched the blood from his wound.

Casanova then drove him home, and the two parted excellent friends.

A week later they supped merrily together at the house of the Count's mistress and in due course La Tour d'Auvergne introduced Casanova to Madame d'Urfé, the former's aunt.

Like many others of the old French *noblesse*, this Marquise loved to dabble with magic and the kabal. Thinking that when fools were determined to get rid of their money he might as well have it as any one else, Casanova proceeded to take advantage of her mania and obtained considerable sums as well as jewellery from the very wealthy and foolish old lady, with whom he went through various ridiculous rites supposed to rejuvenate her. He frankly admitted that in

his opinion she was an old fool who richly deserved to be made to pay for her follies. As a matter of fact, he did not behave very much worse than some modern spiritualists who contrive to make a good living out of the eternal gullibility of humanity. Casanova, unlike most of these tricksters, was quite open in his contempt for his dupes and fleeced them not only by pretended magical powers but also when gambling. On the other hand, he was always very generous to poor people, and when keeping a bank at faro or any other game would often contrive that they should win while frequently cancelling the losses of sympathetic but impecunious losers.

At the house of Madame d'Urfé it was that he met the Comte de St. Germain, whom he thoroughly summed up as an agreeable and clever impostor. There also Casanova met M. de Choiseul, who was so struck with the Venetian that he entrusted him with an important mission to the merchants of Amsterdam.

The latter's account of his life in Paris abounds in amusing and interesting notes.

Never was wit more esteemed than among the gay world of that day, one of the great objects of whose existence was the cultivation of the lighter graces. As a natural consequence of this, ridicule became a most powerful weapon of defence and offence. On the day of their presentation at Court the Duc de Guines said to his daughters,

"Remember, my children, that in our country vices do not matter, but ridicule kills."

Reputed wits enjoyed as much consideration in the *salons* of Paris as first-class swordsmen did among duellists.

Casanova, who always contrived to make his way into the pleasure-loving society of any city he visited, appears to have known a number of the most prominent of the French *noblesse.*

Cardinal de Bernis, one of those vivacious ecclesiastics who flourished at the Court of Louis XV., was particularly fond of his society and the two had many a merry supper party together.

As a very young man the Cardinal had arrived in Paris with nothing but fifteen hundred francs and a handsome face.

Going to see the Bishop de Mirepoix, an old man (then very powerful as regards benefices) with an aversion to wits, the latter said:

"You may be sure, Monsieur l'abbé, that you will get nothing while I am in office."

"I shall wait, monsieur," replied Bernis.

In latter days, when rich beyond the dreams of avarice, Cardinal de Bernis delighted in describing how he obtained his first gift of money from the King.

Madame de Pompadour, who took a great fancy to his lively disposition and his songs, had got him installed at Versailles, and one day gave him a Persian carpet for his little room. Carrying

it away from her apartments Bernis met Louis XV. on the stairs.

The King, who was always curious, said, "What have you got under your arm?"

The Abbé, rather embarrassed, told him.

"Well," said the King, taking a rouleau of fifty louis from his pocket, "she has given you a carpet, here is something for the nails. I have heard pleasant things about you from Madame de Pompadour, I'll look after you," and he did.

A few years later the Abbé, who would at first have been glad to have obtained anything, had become successively Archbishop, Cardinal, Minister of State, Commander of the Order of the Saint Esprit, and had signed the treaty between France and Austria—the treaty, however, according to some, was really the work of Madame de Pompadour and the Prince de Staremberg.

Through Cardinal de Bernis, Casanova once had an audience of the powerful favourite, but though she declared she was much interested in his account of the famous escape from the Piombi, and said that it would be a pleasure to her to do what she could for him, she does not seem ever to have taken any great trouble on his behalf. He had, however, several interviews with her.

Casanova chanced to be at Versailles when Damiens attempted to assassinate Louis XV., and he was also present at the execution of this

unfortunate fanatic, who was tortured in the most barbarous manner in the Place de la Grève.

He went to see this dreadful spectacle with three ladies. He strongly disapproved, however, of the torturing, and says he looked the other way. As a matter of fact, he seems to have spent most of the time making love to one of the ladies. As regards the brutal methods employed towards the wretched man, Casanova's views entirely coincided with those of a more enlightened age. He calls Damiens a victim of the Jesuits.

Speaking of Louis XV., he says, "at that time the Parisians imagined that they loved their King; in all sincerity and from habit they appeared to do so. To-day, more enlightened, they would love only the sovereign who would really desire the happiness of the nation and would only be the foremost citizen of a great people; and in this all France, and not only Paris and its suburbs, would emulate one another in love and gratitude.

"As for kings like Louis XV.," he continues, "they have become impossible, but if there should be any more of them, no matter what party should support them, public opinion would not be long in seeing justice done and their ways punished before the tomb should have relegated them to the domain of history which kings and statesmen should never lose sight of."

Louis XV., according to Casanova, was as handsome as it was possible to be; no painter was

ever able to catch the expression of his magnificent face when the monarch in question cast a kindly look at any one. Nevertheless, he declares that even when the King appeared most popular, he was not liked by the people, who only cried "Vive le Roi," because they had got used to doing so. Louis XIV. and XV., though covered with adulation when alive, once dead were of very small account. France, indeed, according to Casanova, never liked her Kings except Saint Louis and the great and good Henri IV.

Louis XIV. and Louis XV., owing to the atmosphere of subserviency which surrounded them, came almost to believe that they were demi-gods. The old Duc de Brancas told Voltaire that when the former King had been told of the battle of Ramillies he said:

"God has then forgotten all I have done for Him?"

During the last illness of Louis XV. one of the doctors who were called in made use of the word "must" in some instructions he was giving.

The dying King, shocked at hearing such a word applied to himself, in a dying voice softly murmured, "Must! Must!" *

In pre-revolutionary France it was almost impossible for any Prince, much less for a King, ever to hear the plain unvarnished truth.

The corruption of the Court and the intrigues

* "Il faut! Il faut!"

and depravity of the *noblesse* were beyond question very flagrant.

After the Revolution old courtiers and others who had battened on the monstrous abuses which crushed France were always saying that everything could have been put in order without so much destruction.

They were the sort of people, said Chamfort, who would have preferred to see the Augean stable cleared out with a feather broom!

The faults of Louis XV., declares Casanova, were mainly produced by his education, and had he been brought up differently, he would have been a really great King. His courtiers duped him by their profuse flattery.

Louis XV., from constantly being told that he was the best of Kings, in the end really believed it. Nevertheless, he sometimes seemed to grasp the truth. When, for instance, he recovered from an illness, and all France appeared to rejoice, the King naïvely remarked, "This joy at my recovery surprises me, for I cannot imagine why I am so popular."

The story of the man in the iron mask, Casanova says, was a pure myth. At least, he had heard Crébillon state that Louis XIV. himself had told him so. The Siamese Ambassadors received by this King with so much ceremony at Versailles, according to the same authority, were impostors paid by Madame de Maintenon.

Crébillon also told Casanova that he had left his tragedy of "Cromwell" unfinished because the King one day bade him not waste his writing upon such a "rogue."

At Paris Casanova was introduced to the amiable and venerable Fontenelle, then ninety-three years old, but witty and charming as ever. "I have come from Italy," said Casanova, "expressly to see you." "You must admit, monsieur," was the reply, "that you have kept me waiting a long time!"

When an old lady, aged ninety, said to Fontenelle, aged ninety-five, "Death has forgotten us," "Hush!" said the old man putting his finger to his lips.

Fontenelle, Casanova declares, was said to have been the lover of Madame de Tencin. He had also heard that d'Alembert was in reality their son.

The latter, whom he met at the house of Madame de Graffigni, he adds, possessed the secret of never showing his cleverness when with amiable but ignorant people, besides which he knew the art of making people who argued with him say clever things.

In Paris, Casanova naturally met many demi-mondaines and actresses, amongst the latter the famous Madame Favart, who had been the mistress of the Maréchal de Saxe. One of her lovers was the Abbé Voisenon, a clever and

delightful man with whom the adventurer struck up a great friendship. All the plays, says the latter, which were said to have been written by Madame Favart were really the work of this Abbé, who became a member of the French Academy.

He was extremely witty. Asked the news by Casanova, on his return from Versailles one day, he said, " the King is yawning because he has to hold a ' lit de justice ' to-morrow."

Casanova inquired what the term " lit de justice " meant:

" I don't know," replied the Abbé, " unless it means that justice goes to sleep there."

In Paris Casanova at one time had a splendid establishment—horses, carriages and servants galore. Having, however, fallen into disfavour with his powerful patrons, he went into a silk business, being supported by the Prince de Conti. The enterprise collapsed and the Venetian, only extricated from prison by his old protectress, Madame d'Urfé, left Paris in 1759. He now wandered to Cologne, Stuttgardt and Zurich, and very nearly became a monk at the Monastery of Einseedeln. After further wanderings during which he met the celebrated Haller, he went to Geneva in 1760, where he went to see Voltaire (whose play " l'Ecossaise " he translated), and had a curious conversation with the sage. In the course of his adventurous career he once had

to fly from Paris for having run a man through in a duel.

In 1755 Casanova, being at Venice, was for some reason which is not entirely clear thrown into prison by the authorities.

The terrible Piombi of Venice were then known all over Europe, and the prisoner's marvellous escape from captivity attracted a good deal of attention. Only superhuman energy, perseverance and resource could have carried him through the ordeal he then underwent, and his evasion remains one of the famous escapes of history.

In modern days the itinerary of Casanova's famous flight from the Piombi can be easily followed, while almost the very spot may be located where, in the Campo of San Giovanni and Paolo, near the statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, M. M., the beautiful nun, who had come in a gondola from the Convent of Murano, joined her ardent lover.

On the Campo St. Angelo can still be seen the sculptured well head, from which Casanova in his hot youth removed the top. This was the period when, as a young fiddler at the San Samuelo theatre, he was indulging in all sorts of midnight frolics, such as casting loose gondolas from their moorings.

Casanova at times acted as a secret agent and was employed on all sorts of undertakings, including a secret mission to Dunkirk.

During one of his numerous journeys he touched at Mentone, where he went to see the Prince and Princess of Monaco, who resided at that town, then part of their dominions, in preference to living at Monaco, of which by the way Casanova appears to have had but a poor opinion.

The Princess, a very vivacious lady, had insisted upon marrying the Prince in spite of the opposition of her parents, saying it was a case of becoming "O* Monica (a nun) O† Monaco," and this being so they gave way.

The ruler of Monaco, according to the description, given by Casanova, was exceedingly fond of pleasure, and made a point of entertaining all good-looking ladies who visited his principality, which at that time was garrisoned by a French regiment commanded by very volatile officers.

Up to quite recent years the reigning Prince of Monaco retained a tiny army, picturesquely uniformed in blue with red and white *aiguillettes*. Some years ago, however, this was abandoned or rather absorbed into the corps of Gendarmerie, which at the same time was given a hideous helmet in place of its pretty old-fashioned cocked hat. The finely ornamented cannon given by Louis XIV. to one of the Grimaldis may still be seen near the Palace, which, of course, has been greatly improved since Casanova's day, when the Prince preferred to live at Mentone.

* Either. † Or.

It seems strange to read Casanova's disparaging remark concerning Monaco. Little did he dream that it was the one spot in Europe which was destined to become a pleasure resort entirely after his own heart. The site of Monte Carlo was then, of course, merely a barren rock, while such roads as existed were generally impassable except for mules.

Not the least interesting portion of the Memoirs is that describing Casanova's sojourn in England.

When in 1763 the famous adventurer arrived at Calais on his way to London, he engaged a packet boat for himself alone. The Duke of Bedford's valet, however, coming to him and saying that his master was in a great hurry to get home, and would take it as an especial favour if he might also go on the boat, Casanova wrote to the Duke to say that with the exception of a place for himself, two other people and his baggage, the whole vessel was at the Duke's disposal.

The Duke not unnaturally wanted to pay his share, but Casanova would not hear of it, saying that he never resold goods he had bought, and would eagerly avail himself of an opportunity of being agreeable to the English Envoy. The Duke, it should be added, had been appointed Ambassador to France on September 4, 1762.

Eventually, however, it was agreed that the expenses should be shared. They had a quick voyage, only taking two hours and a half.

On reaching England both Casanova and the Duke as well (which for those days seems strange) had to pass their baggage through the Customs.

Everything in the country struck Casanova as being different from what it was on the Continent. He was especially impressed with the general cleanliness, the beauties of the countryside, its mode of cultivation, the good roads and excellent horses and carriages. Of the towns between Dover and London, he remarks that they stretch out along the roadside to a great length, but do not extend to any distance back from the road.

Arriving in London he went straight to Madame Cornelis of "ball-giving notoriety," in Soho Square, where her house was nearly opposite to that of the Venetian Envoy.

This lady having received the adventurer without the warmth he expected, he determined to find rooms for himself and immediately after his arrival went for a stroll, in the course of which he paid a visit to an establishment he calls the "Café d'Orange," which he adds had the worst reputation in London, as being the resort of disreputable Italians.

There he met an old acquaintance who looked for a house for him in the columns of the *Advertiser*. What seemed to be a suitable residence was soon found in Pall Mall, the rent twenty guineas a week, each week to be paid in advance.

No references appear to have been asked for, which seems strange as the house is described as being in the very best condition, spotlessly clean and containing every sort of requisite. Casanova was so pleased with it that he paid four weeks' rent ahead, and also engaged the housekeeper, who had shown him over it.

Thus, says he, in less than a couple of hours did I find myself excellently lodged in a city which is usually a "chaos" for a foreigner.

Having got a house he now began to look about for a companion, and according to his own account inserted the following advertisement in the *St. James's Chronicle.*

"Second or third floor, furnished, to be let cheap to a young lady, alone and free, who speaks English and French, and receives no visitors either by day or night."

The announcement in question, he says, caused a good deal of comment; however, it appears to have answered its purpose for eventually a beautiful Portugese girl of cultivated tastes (Casanova says she read Milton in English, Ariosto in Italian, and La Bruyère in French) was selected to occupy the rooms, which he declares about a hundred applied for.

Having arranged his household to his satisfaction Casanova, who at this time appears to have had plenty of money, was in high spirits, which, however, were rather damped by his

reception by "Mr. Zuccato," the Venetian Resident, for whom he had a letter of introduction. The latter, when asked by Casanova to undertake his presentation at Court, merely smiled in a disdainful manner, upon which his visitor gave him a cold bow and, leaving the house, went to see Lord Egremont, for whom he had also a letter of introduction. This nobleman, whom he found too ill to see him, died some days later, expiring on August 21, 1763, at Egremont House (now the Naval and Military Club), Piccadilly.

His next visit was to M. le Comte de Guerchi, to whom he had a letter from the Marquis de Chauvelin. The Frenchman received him extremely well, asked Casanova to come and dine on the morrow, and told him that if he liked, he would present him to the English Court the next Sunday, after church.

It was while driving with this Ambassador that Casanova met the Chevalier d'Eon, then Secretary of Embassy. He declares that before a quarter of an hour was over he knew that d'Eon was a woman. His voice and appearance he declares were very feminine.

At this time Casanova, as has been said, appears to have been equipped with funds, having at various banks more than 300,000 francs, something like twelve thousand pounds—a good deal of money for those days.

He went to Covent Garden and Drury Lane,

where he passed unnoticed—rather a rare thing with him. The theatres, however, he says, did not amuse him as he did not know a word of English.

He also went to dine at all the fashionable and unfashionable taverns in order to get to know every side of English life.

At the Royal Exchange he made some friends, and there was put in the way of getting a nigger servant who spoke English, French and Italian, and was warranted trustworthy. From the same source he also got a first-rate cook, who spoke French.

The next Sunday, in his best clothes, Casanova went at eleven o'clock to meet the Comte de Guerchi, and was in due course presented by the latter to King George III., who spoke in such a low voice that his words could not be understood.

The occasion was rather a triumph for Casanova, as the Venetian Resident, who had been rude to him, was much upset to see the Queen engage the adventurer in conversation about Venetian matters. The conversation in question, though flattering enough to Casanova, is described by the latter as being what a conversation at Court always is—" made up of nothings."

In London, Casanova, except for the incident of La Charpillon, does not seem to have had any exciting love adventures. The English demimonde apparently attracted him but little, and

even the famous Kitty Fisher scarcely aroused his admiration.

The only really amorous episode which enlivened his sojourn was a very brief liaison with a lady of the English aristocracy, whom he met coming away from Vauxhall.

Shortly afterwards, meeting her in Society, he observed that she behaved as if she had never set eyes upon him before, which, under the circumstances, was, perhaps, not so extraordinary.

Casanova describes how, walking in St. James's Park one day he met a gentleman whose acquaintance he had made—"Sir Auguste Hervey," which is his way of speaking of Lord Augustus Hervey, who became sixth Earl of Bristol in 1775, after a naval career.

Lord Augustus was with a friend at the time, who, much to Casanova's surprise, he declared was a brother of Lord Ferrers, who had recently lost his head for the murder of one of his own servants. As a matter of fact, Lord Ferrers had been hung on Tyburn Gallows on May 5, 1760, for having in a fit of ungovernable temper shot his land steward, an old man named Johnson.

Lord Ferrers' brother and successor, like Lord Augustus Hervey, was in the Navy, which accounts for the latter's warm defence of him when Casanova expressed astonishment at Lord Augustus being on such good terms with a relative of a murderer.

"A good joke, indeed," replied Lord Augustus!

Why even his brother is not dishonoured now. He broke the law, but paid for doing so with his life, so society in general, to which he no longer owes anything, is satisfied." His Lordship then went on to explain how any one could without dishonour break the law if he should be prepared to pay the penalty prescribed for breaking it.

Casanova appears to have had a high appreciation of English courage, for he makes the remark that curiously enough in London, where "every one is brave, it takes only one man to arrest another, whereas in my own dear country (Venice), where people are very cowardly, it takes thirty!"

He goes on to say that one single man at Venice has often been seen to put twenty police officers to the rout, and that he himself remembers having helped a friend in Paris to escape from the hands of forty police who were successfully made to fly.

Speaking of the English, he says, "The Englishman is pre-eminently carnivorous, he eats scarcely any bread, and pretends he is economical because he saves the expense of soup and of dessert, which caused me to remark, that the English dinner has neither a beginning nor an end."

"Soup is considered as a great extravagance, because servants even decline to eat meat which has served to make stock, maintaining that it is only good enough to be given to dogs."

"As a matter of fact, their salt beef is excellent.

The same thing cannot be said of their beer, to which I found it impossible to accustom myself, its bitterness seeming to me insupportable. Moreover, what perhaps helped to disgust me with it were the excellent French wines with which my wine-merchant supplied me; they were very pure, but very dear."

From what Casanova says about English cooking, it is nevertheless clear that good fare was easily to be obtained. He admits that while living in Pall Mall, his English cook gave him great satisfaction. The man in question, he says, thoroughly understood French as well as English cooking, and would even make soup like a Frenchman.

It is curious to note that as far back as 1763 champagne was freely drunk in London, for Casanova mentions drinking it with a relative of the Duke of Beaufort's, at a tavern near St. James's Park, where the two went to eat oysters.

Referring to Mr. Hamilton, whom he met at the same time as the Duchess of Kingston, who had been Miss Chudleigh, Casanova tritely remarks, "Mr. Hamilton was a very clever man; nevertheless, he has ended by marrying a young person who has had the talent of making him fall in love.

"This misfortune often happens to clever people as they grow old.

"Marriage is always a folly, but when a man

indulges in it at the epoch when his strength is on the down-grade, it becomes a mortal one."

The Duchess in question seems to have had most extravagant ideas. Having obtained for her mother a suite of chambers at Hampton Court, Miss Chudleigh, meeting the King some time after at the *levée*, was asked by him how her mother liked the apartments? "Oh, perfectly well, sire," said the lady, "in point of room and situation, if only the poor thing had but a bed and a few chairs to put in them." "Oh, that must be done by all means," said the King, and immediately gave orders for furnishing her bed-chamber. In a few months after this order, the bill was brought from the upholsterer, which ran:

"To a bed and furniture of a room for the Hon. Mrs. Chudleigh, £4000."

The sum was so unexpectedly great, that the Controller of the Household would not pass the account till he showed it to the King. His Majesty clearly perceived how he had been taken in, but it was too late to retract. He accordingly gave orders for the payment, but observed at the same time, "that if Mrs. Chudleigh found the bed *as hard as he did*, she would never lie down in it as long as she lived."

After having enjoyed the dissipations of London, where he was a welcome guest in fashionable society, Casanova had to decamp

from England owing to no fault of his own—at least that is his story.

With regard to this Venetian's sojourn in London careful search has not been able to discover any corroboration of his statement concerning the advertisement he declares he inserted in the *St. James's Chronicle*, nor does there seem to be documentary proof of his having resided at any house in Pall Mall. On the other hand, that indefatigable Casanovist, Mr. Horace Bleackley, has discovered the exact house in Greek Street, Soho, to which Casanova migrated after his friends had become too limited to permit his remaining in Pall Mall.

The difficulty in verifying the famous adventurer's movements while in England has no doubt arisen owing to the unfortunate transcription of the Memoirs, which took place when they were first published in Leipsig about ninety years ago.

That Casanova's doings while in London aroused some interest is evident from a paragraph in the *Public Advertiser* of September 3, 1766, also discovered by Mr. Bleackley, which runs as follows:—

"They write from Warsaw that Mr. Casanova, the Italian, who had the duel there some time ago with Count Branicky, having again shown himself in that capital, the Court immediately sent him orders to retire."

From this it is evident that memories of the

adventurer still endured in London, otherwise the *Public Advertiser* would not have thought it worth while to chronicle any of his doings.

Among other countries he visited Germany, and had an interview with the Great Frederick in the gardens of Sans Souci. Declining a post offered him by the King, he proceeded to Russia and had several audiences of the Great Catherine. His next visit was to Poland, where the King gave him a warm welcome and some money.

According to Casanova, ambition, vengeance and stupidity ruined Poland ; but stupidity above all.

It was the same stupidity, sometimes daughter of shame and indolence, which began to ruin France on the accession to the throne of the feeble and unfortunate Louis XVI.

" Every dethroned King must have been a fool ; every foolish king deserves to be dethroned, says he."

At Warsaw Casanova quarrelled with the great Chamberlain of the Court, General Branicki, and reluctantly fought a duel with him, in which the General, who behaved with great chivalry, was wounded. In consequence of this, Casanova being obliged to leave Poland, *via* Dresden and Vienna, once more made his way to Paris, but getting into trouble there set out again for Madrid within twenty-four hours. Both in Madrid and Barcelona he was thrown into prison, but contriving

to obtain his liberation as usual, in 1769 he appeared at Aix where he met the Marquis d'Argens and Cagliostro.

The latter portion of the Memoirs, which only extend to 1774, deals with the Author's further adventures in Italy and Venice, to which city Casanova, having made his peace with the authorities, returned as a Government functionary.

In 1785 Count Waldstein, a nephew of the Prince de Ligne (a great admirer of Casanova, whose portrait he has given under the name of "Aventuros" in his Memoirs), offered the old adventurer, now rather broken down and weary, the post of librarian at his Château of Dux in Bohemia, and here Casanova passed his last days writing the fascinating chronicle of his many adventures. Ninety years ago, when first published, these were subjected to a process of revision and alteration at the hands of a local Frenchman, Monsieur Laforgue by name, who altered the original Italian-French in which they were written with disastrous results—he also confused names and places.

The library at Dux, it is interesting to know, remains in exactly the same state as when Casanova was in charge of it, about the only change in its appearance being that a good engraving of its former custodian has been hung between two of the book-cases.

Though no doubt grateful enough to find such

a pleasant refuge in his old age, the old man was very irritable and testy while at Dux, taking offence at the least thing, and occasionally leaving in a huff. At the end of a short time, however, he always returned. Count Waldstein understood and humoured the old adventurer, who was allowed to do pretty much as he liked till his death, which occurred in 1799, his last words being: "I have lived as a philosopher and die as a Christian."

It may here be added that before the outbreak of the great war, Messrs. Brochaus, the descendants and successors of the original publishers, were about to issue a complete and unexpurgated edition of Casanova's text.

IV

JOSEPH GORANI

THE great French Revolution brought to the surface many curious figures. A considerable number of these perished in the storm which they themselves had helped to raise, yet others who for a brief moment had played quite important parts in the revolutionary tragedy faded away into complete obscurity once it had come to a definite end.

Among the latter was an Italian, Joseph Gorani by name who, like an old-world portrait, has been left to moulder in the garret of history. Nevertheless, in his time he had been a personage of some note and importance. His career was indeed most remarkable.

Soldier of the Seven Years' War, prisoner of the Great Frederick, intimate of Mirabeau and secret agent of the Girondins, diplomat, writer, and man of pleasure, Alphonse Joseph Emmanuel Balthazar Gorani saw life as it is given to but few men to see it.

Born at Milan on February 15, 1740, his early years seemed to give promise of peaceful prosperity. His family, affluent and respected,

had come to Milan about 1616, where his forefather, Ignatius Gorani, had purchased a mansion in a street which possibly is still known as the Via dei Gorani.

Whilst but a mere child Joseph acquired a very exalted idea of his birth and importance, for his nurses were constantly telling him stories of an illustrious ancestor, " Gorano " or " Corano " by name, who had reigned as King of Scotland in the year 501.

Mention of this monarch and of his assassination by certain conspirators, after ruling for thirty-four years, is to be found in the " Mapamondo Istorico " of the Jesuit, Antonio Foresti (Venice, 1710). But the Reverend Father does not deal with the question of the connection between the family of Gorani and the northern sovereign just mentioned, nor is it at all probable that the slightest grounds exist for believing in such a legend.

Be this as it may, the idea of Royal descent made no slight impression upon the child's mind and caused him at an early age to be already discontented with his lot, whilst eager to undertake such heroic enterprises as his infantile ambition suggested.

Following a custom very usual among her class in that age, Gorani's mother—who was devout to the point of fanaticism—placed her son in the charge of monks directly he was old

enough to walk. Religion, however, in no way appealed to his nature, and he appears to have been continually making attempts to escape from his priestly instructors, who, much to his disgust, took every opportunity of pointing out to him the spiritual advantages which would result if he consented to join their Order.

War and adventure were much more to the youth's taste, so having secretly learned the art of fencing he proceeded after many escapades to enlist, about the year 1757, in the "Regiment d'Andlau," and speedily attained the rank of ensign.

At the beginning of his life, Gorani, like many more serious men, appears to have devoted a good deal of his time to love-making of an unromantic and unedifying nature. It was also his practice to speedily get rid of such funds as might chance to find their way into his pocket. In due course the young soldier took part in several battles, which made anything but an heroic impression upon his mind, for he declares that real warfare was a totally different thing to the glorious picture which his imagination had painted.

During the early part of his military career Gorani was perpetually chafing against the fate which kept him a mere penniless ensign. Fortune, however, soon began to smile upon the young officer, for chancing to be billeted in the house

of a rich Bohemian miller, the latter and his wife conceived such a friendship for the young man that, in addition to providing such luxuries as the country could afford, they also lent him a sum of money. Nine years later, when in comparative affluence, Gorani made efforts to acquit the debt he had incurred, but found to his chagrin that his generous host and hostess had both fallen victims to the pestilence which had ravaged Bohemia in 1765.

Taking part in the campaign of 1758, Gorani fought at Hochkirchen, and was present at the siege of Dresden. Wounded and made prisoner by the Prussians at Lungwitz, he was taken to Berlin, where he had an interview with Frederick the Great, of whom Gorani told the following anecdote:—

It is the eve of the battle of Lissa and a French deserter is brought before him.

"Why did you attempt to leave me?" demands the King.

"Sire, things are going too badly with you."

"Well, this time I forgive you," is the reply. "Return to your regiment and recollect to-morrow I risk a battle. If I chance to be beaten, come and look for me and we will desert together."

On the conclusion of peace Frederick made him the offer of a captaincy in his Army. Far more loftly ideas, however, haunted the ambitious Italian's brain, and he declined the honour of

serving the Prussian Crown as well as a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the Russian Army, which was also placed within his reach.

Engaging in travel, he visited Russia, Sweden and Denmark, and afterwards returning to his native city of Milan, remained there some little time, occupied for the most part in quarrelling with his family and making love to the ladies. His early dreams of kingship had not left him and, determined to seat himself upon the throne which he considered it his destiny to occupy, he set out for Genoa.

Corsica now appeared to him to be the island most likely to satisfy his ambition, nor was this dream so wild or impossible as it seems to people of a later age.

Thirty years previously a German adventurer, the Baron von Neuhof, had actually managed to get himself proclaimed Theodore, King of Corsica. It was of him that Walpole said, " that Fate had given him a kingdom but denied him bread, for his reign having lasted eight months he was driven from Corsica to languish seven years in a debtors' prison in London."

Gorani had studied the history of Neuhof and his adventures, and was convinced that the German's ruin had been brought about by his lack of capacity for ruling men. Confident, therefore, that a man of courage, discretion and ability, such as he deemed himself to be, would achieve

the success denied to a mediocrity, he set sail for the island where he believed a crown to be awaiting him.

In Corsica he found the patriot Paoli all powerful and idolised by a people over whom he exercised a beneficent and just sway. Gorani, then but twenty-four years old, soon realised the impossibility of peacefully supplanting one who held such a place in the hearts of his countrymen, so making up his mind that force alone could assist him in the attainment of his lofty ambition, he left Corsica for Constantinople, hoping there to obtain from the Grand Signor the subsidies necessary to equip an armed force. The Sublime Porte, however, just then had more serious matters on hand, not to speak of the fear of involving itself in political complications with Russia. Gorani's next idea was to seek aid from Tunis, Morocco or Algeria, but his finances being now nearly exhausted he found himself unable to proceed to those regions. Unwilling to return to Milan, where his ambitious projects had already excited the derision of his fellow-townsmen, he proceeded to Marseilles, in which city he engaged in a love affair and a duel. Passing thence through Barcelona he made his way to Madrid, and after further adventures made the acquaintance of an Englishman who offered to take him as travelling companion to Northern Africa. This offer he joyfully accepted, with the idea of availing himself of a

chance of seeking the assistance necessary to effect the conquest of the island on which his hopes still continued to be centred. Once more, however, he was disappointed, for the Dey of Algiers proved to be the only potentate who showed any inclination to listen to the adventurer's schemes and, when he had heard them, made such stern conditions in case of their proving successful that Gorani at last seems to have realised that his dream of sovereignty was one destined never to be fulfilled.

From Algiers Gorani returned to Cadiz in no buoyant mood, but once there his troubles were forgotten in the gay society of that port. An amusing companion, fond of love and pleasure, he was made welcome everywhere by the Spaniards, but after passing three months in frivolity his ambitious nature again obtained the upper hand, and determined to make his way, he once more set out, this time for Portugal—in which country he proposed to offer his services to the famous Joseph de Carvalho, Comte d'Oeyras, afterwards Marquis de Pombal, who was then all powerful in that country.

Shortly after his arrival at Lisbon, Gorani had an adventure which might have cost him dear.

Out for a stroll one evening, he was accosted by a negress carrying a rosary. This woman, in the course of conversation mentioned that she had a very beautiful friend to whom she would

like to introduce him. Though a man who nurtured serious ambitions, he was not proof against temptation where the fair sex was concerned—as was said of a certain learned Frenchman, " he had Tacitus in his head and Tibullus in his heart." Consequently Gorani readily followed the woman through several streets, till eventually they came to a house where he soon found himself supping with an extremely pretty girl.

Pressed not to leave the house, in the small hours of the morning Gorani was aroused by a mysterious noise. The assurance that the cause was merely the noise of rats aroused his suspicions. Hastily throwing on his coat he took his sword in his right hand, a pistol in his left, and awaited events.

Suddenly the door opened, and a man carrying a lantern stealthily appeared, several others following him.

Gorani fired at the leader and thrust at the others with his sword, after which he made for the street as hard as his legs could carry him.

Once outside he realised his position. Dressed only in his coat, without boots or stockings, and a drawn sword in his hand, he ran a good chance of being arrested by the patrol. Meanwhile to escape the bullies he crouched down in an old doorway and to his relief he soon saw them running past.

Eventually, having persuaded a passer-by, who at first ran away from him, that he was neither a ghost nor a cut-throat, he was escorted back to his hotel, the man in question lending him a cloak which concealed Gorani's lack of clothing.

Gorani found Portugal in a much less flourishing condition than he had anticipated, but he nevertheless pushed on to Lisbon, where, having been accorded an audience, he presented the letters of introduction with which he had furnished himself to the Dictator, of whose wife he was a distant relation. This circumstance, together with his attractive manner and facility for paying compliments, stood him in excellent stead and he received as good a reception as he could have desired.

In order to make a good impression, Gorani, when he had made up his mind to seek an audience of the Dictator, hired a magnificent carriage on credit, the understanding being that it was only to be paid for when he had made his fortune.

He also took care to dress a footman in a gorgeous livery, procured by the Italian innkeeper with whom he lodged.

His scheme succeeded, for the major-domo at the palace was so much impressed by such magnificence that he ushered Gorani, who had not even asked for an audience, straight into the presence of the Comte d'Oeyras and his wife.

Gorani presented certain letters of introduction which had been given to him in a very flowery way, and, having made the most of his distant relationship to the Comtesse, was received with considerable favour and given to understand that he should not be forgotten.

A few days after the audience, the commission of a Captain of Grenadiers, carrying with it pay amounting to 32,000 reis a month, was bestowed upon him. Never, perhaps, had he so poignantly realised the mockery of the Portuguese coinage, on which in his writings he comments, but in spite of this his prospects appeared good enough, for the Comte d'Oeyras, who was an inveterate gambler, constantly invited him to his card-table, where Gorani appears hardly ever to have been a loser. The Comte, he says, was such a devotee of the gaming-table that it was his frequent practice to delay important Councils of State whenever they were likely to interfere with his favourite pastime.

The Dictator in question was a tyrant who showed the utmost ruthlessness towards those who displeased him.

One day in January, 1766, Gorani received orders to attend a review and report what he saw to his patron.

On the parade ground he saw the regiment "Royal Etranger," commanded by a French officer of high attainments, Colonel Peisserie de

Graveron, go through certain military evolutions in a most efficient manner.

Suddenly, however, the General in command gave orders that certain Portuguese regiments should close all round the "Royal Etranger," and when this manœuvre had been carried out the encircled soldiers were told to consider themselves prisoners, and the officers summoned to give up their swords.

De Graveron was afterwards tried for having made large sums by embezzlement, and though at first acquitted, was condemned to be hung by a second tribunal which was coerced.

The poor officer, however, in the end was not hung but shot, and after his death his total fortune was found to amount to no more than three louis and a half!

His real offence had not been embezzlement, but failure to flatter the Dictator, to whom it had been reported that when others sang his praises De Graveron either said nothing or walked away.

At first Gorani was much impressed by his patron, and formed a high estimate of his talents and capacity for ruling, but eventually his cruelty and tyranny reached such a pitch that the Italian's enthusiasm became totally extinguished. Another reason also contributed to this. Gorani, ever anxious to benefit himself, had made, whilst at Lisbon, the acquaintance of a rich Jewish family recently converted to Christianity, and had played

his cards so cleverly that he had become engaged to the daughter of the house. The Comte, however, had stepped in and prohibited the marriage, the Portuguese considering that four generations were needed to wash out the stain of Judaism. For a moment Gorani conceived the idea of eloping with his Jewess, but this plan he hastily abandoned on the discovery that no portion of the wealth of the newly-converted family could be taken out of Portugal without the permission of the Dictator.

By way of consolation the daughter of a noble Portuguese was offered to him in marriage, but the disappointed suitor was out of humour and would have none of it. He was, in fact, eager to be off, and very soon his demeanour began to make the Comte suspicious. Imagining Gorani to be concerned in some plot, he unsuccessfully attempted by means of stratagems and spies to draw the latter into compromising himself, but all his attempts proved futile, and only resulted in making their victim not only more cautious but also more desirous of escape. Gorani, now quite at his wits' end how to escape, at last hit upon an expedient to extricate himself from the clutches of his inconvenient benefactor.

He contrived to have a letter sent from Milan announcing his father's death, being all the time well aware that its contents would be made known to the authorities directly it should reach Portugal.

Then at the right moment he flew to the Palace, looking the picture of misery and apparently broken down by grief. Seeing him in such piteous plight, the Comte, who had been informed of what the letter contained, accorded the unfortunate orphan the leave he craved without the slightest suspicion of the real state of affairs, and eleven days later Gorani, light-hearted and cheerful at having escaped from virtual captivity, was on board ship entering the harbour of Genoa.

After paying a visit to his father, from whom he obtained a fresh supply of money, he once more set out, this time for Vienna.

While in Vienna, Gorani had an adventure of a most unpleasant kind.

The Empress Maria Theresa, who was fanatically puritan as to illicit love, was attempting the futile task of enforcing morality by law. With this end in view she had established a Tribunal of Chastity, under whom worked the Commissioners whose cruel persecution of unfortunate women had so infuriated Casanova.*

Gorani, who was extremely fond of amusing himself, had two sets of apartments.

He lived in a house owned by one of the above-mentioned Tribunal, but in addition to this he rented rooms where he was able to give supper parties, no questions being asked.

Having on his way home one evening made

* See pages 60–62.

the acquaintance of a girl who took his fancy, she agreed to accompany him to supper.

Hardly had the couple arrived at their destination, however, when there was a loud knock at the door. Gorani, thinking it was one of the Chastity Commissioners of the Empress, rushed out to parley with the intruder, but what was his relief on finding that the latter was merely a military friend who had called in to see if any fun was afoot.

Improvising some excuse to keep the officer from entering, Gorani eventually sent him away, but what was his horror and dismay to find that the girl, owing no doubt to fright (for the penalties imposed by the Chastity Commissioners were very severe), had fallen down dead !

His position was now most alarming, and he racked his brains as to the best course to take.

Finally, he decided to return to the house where he lived, and place the whole affair before his landlord who, in spite of being a member of the Tribunal of Chastity, was a good fellow and a Hungarian.

His confidence was not misplaced, and owing to the kindly offices of the above-mentioned official, who by virtue of his office wielded considerable power, the corpse of the girl was removed without scandal, and the whole affair hushed up.

Though the Empress attempted to enforce a

high tone of morality in Vienna, some of her Ministers were anything but puritanical.

Prince Kaunitz, for instance, though Chancellor of State, amused himself as he liked. He had, indeed, numerous mistresses in all walks of life, some of whom were, it was said, chiefly endeared to him on account of their skill as secret agents, it being the Chancellor's practice to use all sorts of people for the purpose of espionage.

One day the Empress, who had been consulting Kaunitz about Foreign Affairs, began to reproach him about his liaison with a singer called Gabrielle.

"Fie, Madame!" cried Kaunitz, "it's unworthy of such a princess as you are to take any notice of such a wretched affair!"

The Empress, who was said to be secretly married to her Chancellor, put up with a great deal from him, because she recognised how valuable his guidance and advice were in matters of State.

Prince Kaunitz was absolutely indifferent to some of the ordinary conventions of civilised life; he was, for intance, wont after dinner to send for an elaborate case, filled with tooth-brushes and tooth-powder, and would then calmly proceed to brush his teeth before all his guests at the dinner-table.

At Vienna, Gorani, having been accorded an interview with Maria Theresa, created such a

favourable impression that in a short time a diplomatic mission at Genoa was entrusted to him. Before, however, he could complete the arrangements for his journey, his indomitable love of pleasure combined with certain outspoken comments upon Prince Kaunitz, brought about his disgrace, and the appointment was cancelled. It now became clear to him that he could not remain any longer in Vienna, and for a time he seems to have entertained some idea of imitating the French adventurer "de Bonneval," who, embracing Islam, had acquired a great fortune at Constantinople under the name of Achmet Pasha.

Fortune, however, decreed that Gorani should meet Prince Lichtenstein, who, inviting him to his house, took a great fancy to him. Desirous of assisting his protegé, this nobleman obtained the permission of the Empress to entrust him with certain secret negotiations in Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Holland. These negotiations he appears to have carried out in a very satisfactory manner, for at their termination he departed from Amsterdam with his pockets well lined with gold, for in addition to having received a large sum from Prince Lichtenstein, he had also been given some handsome presents by German princes.

Gorani's destination was now London, and in that city, with the assistance of a fair Cyprian, who captured his somewhat facile affections, he very soon contrived to get rid of the greater part

of his newly-gotten wealth. In more sober mood and with lightened pockets he then proceeded to Paris, where he was presented to Louis XV. and made the acquaintance of several of the foremost thinkers of the age. D'Alembert made no great impression upon his mind, his opinion being that the latter's conversation was not as brilliant as that of d'Holbach, Diderot or Helvetius. Though admitted to this intellectual and cultured society, Gorani was by no means inclined to abandon that love of amusement and pleasure to which all his life he seems to have given a more or less free rein. On the contrary, during his five weeks' stay in Paris he effectually squandered the little money his English light of love had left him. From Paris he returned once more to Vienna, where a lampoon attacking Maria Theresa and Kaunitz being wrongfully attributed to his pen, he fell into disgrace for the second time. Returning to Venice, he remained there in obscurity for some months, and then, after visiting Milan, took up his abode at a property of his father's at Lucernate, where he set to work upon a disquisition upon "True Despotism" ("Il vero dispotismo").

Beccaria, to whom the essay was submitted before publication, thought very highly of it. Eventually published at Geneva at the beginning of 1770, "Il vero dispotismo" created a considerable stir, and was placed upon the Index by Clement XIV. About this time, Gorani was

introduced to Charles Bonnet, who was greatly struck with his ability and frequently invited him to his country house at Genthod.

In the public library at Geneva is a portfolio which belonged to Bonnet, containing letters from celebrated men of his day. A considerable number are from Gorani, a fact which shows that his talents were held in no light estimation. Bonnet was wont to encourage his young disciple in certain entomological experiments which he was conducting with a view to the production of hybrids amongst insects and butterflies. Their last meeting was in 1790, when the old man addressed some memorable words to his disciple who, full of enthusiasm for the new ideas, was about to set out for Paris.

"Take care, my friend," said he, "to have nothing to do with the Revolution. Its present aspect may attract you, for the French appear to have no other desire but to regenerate humanity and render it happy. Resist being won over by the blandishments of this frivolous people. Inconstant, thoughtless and superficial, they wish to overturn thrones and altars, and to replace them by their own follies and passions. France is about to be precipitated into a gulf of horrors from which Providence alone will be able to extricate her."

Like many others, Gorani went to visit Voltaire, at Ferney, where he was extremely well received.

One of his visits lasted more than a week, and he had ample time to make a close study of the old philosopher. He declares that Voltaire was sincerely devoted to Catherine II., of whom he spoke in enthusiastic terms. Nevertheless, this admiration did not prevent him from charging her the usual prices for the watches and other trinkets which were manufactured at Ferney, whilst himself buying them at the tariff current in the trade and consequently netting a handsome commission. According to Gorani, Voltaire attempted to induce him to undertake a mission to the Greeks, as secret agent for the great Empress, with the object of exciting them against Turkey. Be this as it may, the sage of Ferney was undoubtedly well-disposed towards his visitor, for he afterwards made him an offer of becoming librarian and confidential Chamberlain to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, which the Italian would have accepted had not his father died just at the time the offer was made.

From 1770 to 1790 the life of Gorani was comparatively uneventful, his time being passed between Italy and Switzerland. From the elder Mirabeau, to whom he had sent a copy of his work, on Despotism, he received a long letter which stated " that a great deal of cleverness and learning had been devoted to the expounding of mere errors." Gorani profited by this commentary, and changed the entire plan of a new book upon

which he was at that time engaged. This dealt with the subject of Public Education. It is said to have been printed in London in 1773. Meanwhile he had many other literary ventures on hand; indeed, he declared himself entirely given up to literature and totally freed from his old ambitions. He certainly declined to accompany the hereditary Prince of Hesse Darmstadt to the Russian Court, notwithstanding that a journey under such auspices must have proved advantageous.

In 1782, at the time when Pope Pius VI. was entertained there on his return from Vienna, Gorani was at Venice. "Never," says he, "had anything so fine been seen! The lagoon was covered with boats and gondolas, so that one could walk upon it as on dry land. Many of the vessels were fitted out as shops and restaurants, whilst others were full of actresses, singers and courtesans." He also adds that "so fascinated was he by the beauty and splendour of the scene, that he hardly ate anything for fourteen hours."

Between 1786 and 1788 Gorani completed his "Secret and Critical Memoirs of the Courts, Governments and Manners of the principal States of Italy," a work which was published at Paris in 1793, only three out of the ten volumes of which it was composed being issued.

In 1790, Gorani arrived in Paris, having on his way found everything and everybody in a

state of upheaval. Doubtless his own enthusiasm for the new state of affairs now bursting upon the world was in great measure engendered by the hope of playing a prominent part and obtaining some responsible position for himself.

This he indeed came near doing, for at one time the men of '92 had an idea of sending him to found a republic at Milan.

Gorani was well acquainted with many of the persons then to the fore in Paris, amongst others Danton, Barnave and the brothers Lameth, as well as Condorcet, who introduced him to the Club of '89, in the debates of which he took part on one occasion, and gave some advice on the question of Army Reform which was afterwards followed.

He also attended the meetings of the Club des Jacobins and the "Bouche de fer," the President of which was the Abbé Claude Fauchet, whose knowledge of geography may be gauged from his lament over the fate of certain prisoners incarcerated in the Castle of Chillon, situated, as he declared, on a fearful rock ever lashed by the terrible waves of the ocean!

Besides frequenting the political world Gorani, according to his wont, did not forget to pay his respects to a more frivolous society. He dined constantly with Madame du Barry, around whose table scandalous anecdote flew from tongue to tongue, and was also a constant visitor at the

receptions of "Mademoiselle Eline," who having in her day been a shining light in the world of gallantry, in later years devoted herself to the cult of literature and the fine arts, and often acted as hostess to such men as Mirabeau, Condorcet and Barthelemy. It was at the house of Sophie Arnould that Gorani met Marmontel for the first time in March, 1791. "This exceptional man (says he) was never a partisan of the Revolution, clearly foreseeing the true aim of its makers. Ah, what did he not do to prove to me that it would become the curse of the World—and how astonished was he at a man like myself, whom he held in great esteem, becoming an upholder of what seemed to him but a conspiracy against the human race!"

There also he met Beaumarchais, whom he described as one of the cleverest, the most amiable, and the most hateful men in France—believed by every one in Paris to have murdered his three wives after having shamefully ill-treated them.

A favourite haunt of Gorani's at this time was the café du Caveau, where he heard the speeches of the famous Camille Desmoulins, whom he terms an insensate demagogue wanting in neither wits nor knowledge, and making a bad use of both. Like many others, he declares him to have been in the pay of the Duc d'Orleans.

With Mirabeau, Gorani appears to have been upon very intimate terms, dining frequently at his table. His dining-room he describes as perfect,

Mirabeau.
From an Engraving by Duplessis Berteaux.

the science of gastronomy having been brought by him to absolute perfection. At the four corners of the room were finely decorated sideboards crowned with antique vases. Between these sideboards were book-cases full of richly bound volumes and rare editions, whilst upon the walls hung pictures and prints depicting the pleasures of the table. Servants were not permitted to be present during dinner. The guests sat down without ceremony, and dumb-waiters were close at hand with everything needful upon them in order that all might help themselves. When a course was finished a bell summoned the waiters, and the conversation was suspended. In the twinkling of an eye three men removed the empty plates whilst another three brought in the next course and disappeared. Conversation in this abode of Epicurus was consequently unfettered and free.

Gorani cited Mirabeau as having said: "What people call good sense is really but lack of all passion, or complete nullity."

"If this absence of all sensibility produces some personal benefits it is none the less true that it makes, and will make, men so many lumps, practically useless to society and at the best good only to stagnate in the mire of servitude.

"When one hears any one say that good sense is worth more than wit and cleverness, be sure that the speaker is either a fool or an envious individual,

full of pride, modestly insinuating that, in reality, he is more clever than the most illustrious men of all time.

"Alas, mediocrity hates everything which is not mediocre, people don't understand it, being frightened of it."

Mirabeau, Gorani describes as having been too passionate, too corrupt, too vicious, to be called a great man, but he was, nevertheless, a great genius—the greatest of the Revolution. Never in reality a Democrat, he had become less of one directly the powers which formerly stood in his way had been abolished. His idea of democracy (like that of so many other people) was to reduce to his own level those who were above it—but not to elevate those beneath him to it. A monarchy was his aim, and such a form of government with Mirabeau as Prime Minister would soon have become very absolute.

The popularity of others, the latter detested—Lafayette, for instance, he called "Cromwell minus his genius!" Already foreseeing the inordinate ambition of Robespierre, he did not fear it, for he told Gorani that he defied that "seagreen incorruptible" or any one else to succeed in ever making him unpopular. After June, 1790, Mirabeau was secretly on the side of the King.

Difficulties never appalled him; indeed, there were few he could not overcome and turn to his

own advantage. Unequalled as an orator, his speeches showed his profound learning and great knowledge of men. "Had not," says Gorani, "this giant of the Revolution perished too soon for his own glory, the destinies of France would have taken a very different direction to the sanguinary one which prevailed after his death. Mirabeau had excited the Revolution, and he alone could have controlled it."

Gorani appears to have acted as a kind of secretarial assistant to the great Tribune, and to have rendered him a good deal of help in the composition of his speeches and policy. On the evening of February 24th, Gorani was dining at his patron's house when news came that twelve thousand people were assembled before the Tuileries, led by Marat and Robespierre, demanding the return of the King's aunts who had withdrawn to Italy. Without losing a moment Mirabeau set out for the scene of disturbance accompanied by his guests, and after he had addressed the populace, the turmoil at once abated and the crowd dispersed.

In the month of March, 1791, Gorani left Paris for the provinces, where he had been entrusted by Mirabeau with a mission to arouse public opinion in favour of his policy, but the death of the latter brought the Italian's journey to a premature end.

At Lyons, Gorani met Chalier of infamous

memory, whom he stigmatises as being well worthy of his master, Robespierre. The following year he accepted the French citizenship which was bestowed upon him by the National Assembly at the same sitting as it conferred it upon Priestley, Payne, Bentham, Wilberforce, Washington and others. He appears to have had some scruples about becoming French under such auspices, for he had always professed himself a Royalist rather than a Republican, and had, according to his own account, been three times offered the Ministry of Foreign Affairs during the long agony of the Monarchy, his refusal being dictated by the conviction that the King was rushing to destruction, and, as he himself said, Gorani was consequently unwilling to ruin himself where success was impossible.

Nor was this Italian alone in concluding that all attempts to make the Royalist party behave in a reasonable manner would be in vain.

The majority of the old *noblesse* were utterly incapable of realising the pressing necessity for carrying out immediate and drastic reforms, but the most reactionary of all was the Queen, whose conduct the truthful historian is obliged to admit in a great measure contributed towards bringing about the Revolution and the horrors which followed in its train.

In addition to being frivolous to an extreme, the beautiful Marie Antoinette was strongly

imbued with the traditions of monarchical rights, and regarded the *canaille,* as the lower orders were then termed, as being hardly human. That the people should complain at all seemed to her an insolence, and that their complaints should even for a moment be listened to an outrage.

No wonder then that when any reform was mooted to the King, her voice was ever raised on the side of reaction.

It was notorious that her conduct had at times been, to say the least of it, indiscreet and unbefitting the wife of a King of France.

At the present day it is almost universally assumed that Marie Antoinette perished a martyr to the blood lust of the Revolutionary Tribunal, which sought by her execution to rivet more closely the bonds of affection which bound it to the scum of the Parisian populace.

The sympathy which her heroic bearing in the hour of adversity has evoked: the transition from the throne of France to the scaffold, the insults heaped on her by the tribunal of wretches who elected themselves her judges—all have had their share in causing the grave accusations levelled against the unfortunate Queen to be regarded as maleficent concoctions, and the rumours current in Paris at the time of the Revolution to be deemed but the invention of miscreants whose thirst for blood led them to fabricate every species of vile calumny, with the view of alienating

sympathy from their Royal victim, and thus facilitating her passage to the grim instrument of death in the Place de la Revolution.

Undoubtedly the hatred of the proletariat for the Royalists was kept alive in every conceivable manner. The papers, or rather broadsheets which appeared daily, and even hourly, were legion. Marat in the "Ami du peuple," Hèbert in the "Père Duchêne," Prudhomme in the "Les Revolutions de Paris," and many others, heaped calumny upon calumny, in the endeavour to render the *noblesse* and those who sympathised with them odious in the eyes of the public. Marat's paper, as Lamartine has said, literally sweated blood, while Hèbert in the "Père Duchêne" indulged in the most gross and obscene abuse of Louis XVI. and his consort, "La louve Autrichienne," as he termed her. Besides Hèbert's paper there were other sheets of the same name, all claiming to be "le plus veritable, des veritables Père Duchêne's," and all vying with the original in coarseness of language and absence of literary merit. Hèbert's own sheet contains many references to George III., facetiously styled "George Dandin," and his adviser "le jokay Pitt." Imaginary conversations between the King and his minister are given in which, as a rule, "l'infame jokay Pitt" suggests to his master schemes for the wholesale poisoning of French patriots, the while he trembles from fear of the vengeance of "le peuple." There are

also accounts of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. in the Temple, and descriptions of the conversation of the Royal couple, in which the Queen usually calls her husband "mon gros cocu!" and in the coarsest language expresses her hopes for the destruction of all patriots. There is, however, no possible doubt that the frivolity and extravagance of the Queen contributed largely towards bringing about the French Revolution. Her passion for gambling, her love of pleasure, and the enormous outlay which it involved, aroused and irritated a populace smarting under oppression and infuriated by privations. No question exists as to the gambling proclivities of Marie Antoinette, she even insisted on importing the game of "faro" into Versailles—a game against which Louis XVI. had but recently issued a stringent prohibition; upon one occasion she is known to have remained at the gaming table the entire night.

Of the many accusations levelled against the ill-fated Queen, the one connecting her name with that of the King's brother, the Comte d'Artois, was the most scandalous. Amorous meetings, it was alleged, had been frequent between the two at Versailles, and formed a common topic of conversation in court circles—"an officer who had interrupted the guilty couple had been incarcerated in the Bastille." The Queen was said to equal if not surpass the famous Du Barri herself in

viciousness—she beneath whose portrait was written,

> "La Messaline que tu vois
> Par sa lubrique complaisance
> Charma l'ame et l'esprit du plus faible des rois
> Et commenca les malheurs de la France."

If anything the kinswoman of the Barrymores (for such she claimed to be) was regarded by the people with a far more lenient eye. Difficult is it for us of the present age, to whom Marie Antoinette must always appear a dignified and innocent martyr, to realise the aspect in which she was viewed by a populace frenzied by stories of her cruelty, vice, and indifference to the sufferings of the people. Frenzy is perhaps the only word which can at all express the state of mind in which the Parisians were at the time of the Revolution. There is little doubt that many of the leaders of that sanguinary epoch were insane or, at all events, impregnated with the germ of latent insanity, which the guillotine in many instances prevented from attaining its full development. In the case of the celebrated Theroigne de Mericourt—"la belle Liegoise," she who took such an active part in rousing the women of Paris, and in instigating the attack on the Tuileries—this is strikingly exemplified. After the Terror she was found to be a raving maniac who could talk of nothing else but "traitors to the people," aristocrats and patriots. For thirty years she

lived in a cell, refusing to wear clothes and going on all fours like a beast, which for all practical purposes she had become. She declined to sleep on anything but damp straw, and would only drink the dirty water with which her cell was cleansed, and this she eagerly lapped up.

Unfortunately (or rather most fortunately), the knife of the guillotine prevented any observations as to the after-life of the more prominent of the Terrorists, but who will affirm that Robespierre, the gentle friend of the animal creation, who sent hundreds to the scaffold, Marat ("l'ami du peuple"), and Carrier the inventive spirit who devised the "noyades," or wholesale drownings of ingenious contrivance which gained him so much credit in "patriotic" circles, were not mad?

It is a curious fact that the existence of the Bastille, the destruction of which was the first striking sign of the revolt of the people, had in reality never affected the latter at all. Essentially a prison for the *noblesse* who had outrun the constable or rendered themselves obnoxious in some way, political or otherwise, rarely had it happened that one of the proletariat was imprisoned within its walls. In the latter days of its existence the prisoners incarcerated there were very few—there were but seven discovered at its destruction! Never had it served as a prison for the common people. The writers of the time, however, had found in it a

good subject around which to weave horrible and pathetic tales of oppression and suffering, and the gloomy structure, it is clear, must have very powerfully influenced popular imagination. As a matter of fact, none of the maddened mob who attacked and demolished the Bastille would ever have run the slightest risk of being taken there had its walls continued to frown over Paris. At one time it was the custom for the relatives of young spendthrift noblemen to have their volatile kinsmen kept in captivity within the old fortress until they gave signs of having, in some measure, realised the responsibilities and duties of life. Probably hardly a man in the crowd which demolished the Bastille knew anything of the class of prisoner confined there, or if he did he had become so carried away by excitement, that he saw only in the Bastille a conspicuous emblem of that tyranny which a newly-liberated people were leagued together to destroy.

Once Gorani had thrown in his lot with the Revolutionists he displayed great ardour. He joined the Girondins, who urged him to use the pen—his most formidable weapon—in their service. Consenting to act as the midwife of other men's ideas, he immediately set to work and produced his "Lettres aux Souverains," which appeared first of all in *The Moniteur*. These epistles were addressed to the Duke of Brunswick, the King of Naples, and other sovereigns with a view to

inducing them to break the Treaty of Pillnitz, and leave the French to themselves. He also wrote a number of pamphlets on army administration, the inculcation of revolutionary principles and kindred subjects. Strongly disapproving of the horrors perpetrated in the name of liberty, Gorani was never actively engaged in any of those atrocious acts which stained the hitherto white banner of France. At the end of 1792 he crossed over to England, the Republican Government having dispatched him to try and assauge public opinion here. But the massacres in the prisons had disgusted the English, and his mission did not meet with much success.

Returning to the Continent he visited Amsterdam and Cleves, where he obtained some important information, but at Coblentz he was very near being arrested, and only disarmed suspicion by going straight to the King of Prussia's aide-de-camp, to whom he gave such a plausible explanation that the officer in question ended by inviting him to breakfast.

Part of Gorani's mission in Germany was to endeavour to obtain the expulsion of the noble *emigrés* who had fled from France, but in this he was unsuccessful, which seems somewhat surprising, if any reliance is to be placed upon the account he gives of their behaviour as guests. He declares that at a banquet given by the Elector of Mayence to the brothers of Louis XVI.

the princes and their suite indulged in the most outrageous excesses, for not content with getting drunk, they broke mirrors, furniture and everything else in the banqueting hall where they had been magnificently entertained. The same disgraceful conduct prevailed at Treves and Cologne, the French nobles dissipating the subsidies granted them in useless display and debauchery. "Great names degrade instead of ennobling those who do not know how to uphold them," and no wonder that the Prince Royal of Prussia exclaimed, "These people are indeed incorrigible!"

On the occupation of Frankfort by the Prussians Gorani was again in great danger, but his luck standing him in good stead he escaped and made his way back to Paris.

He was now too deeply involved in the Revolution to withdraw from it, which about this time he appears to have been exceedingly desirous of doing. The fact was that the horrors daily enacted before his eyes disgusted him, besides which he perceived that matters were taking a different turn to the one he had expected them to do. His position was becoming dangerous, and he never knew when his arrest might not be decreed. In spite of this it is to his credit that he refused to lend his aid to the annexation of Geneva to France. Ordered to write letters to the King of England and the Stadtholder of Holland, he was, however, obliged again to take up a somewhat

trembling pen. Continually brooding over means of leaving Paris, his difficulties were increased by the edict of Robespierre, which prohibited Republican functionaries from going out of the country unless employed on some mission by the Government. Eventually after much scheming he managed to obtain the authorisation which he so much desired, and leaving Paris in April, 1792, he flew rather than travelled to Geneva, where he arrived in three days.

He had anticipated a good reception in that city, by reason of his efforts to secure the independence of the small republic, but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. Some saw in him a secret agent of the monster Robespierre, whilst others declared that he was paid by the Allies; in addition to this, Soulavie, the French Resident, who was his personal enemy, wrote word to the Convention that he was in the pay of the aristocrats of Geneva. Regarded with suspicion by all parties, he was only visited by two or three faithful friends, who came after nightfall for fear of attracting attention.

Directly Robespierre received Soulavie's report he declared Gorani an outlaw and decreed his arrest. At that time such a sentence might very easily be executed, even beyond the frontiers of France, for Robespierre had "long arms," so once again Gorani found himself obliged to fly. At Celigny, which he thought would afford him a

safe refuge, he was within an ace of being extradited and only escaped to Vic at the moment when his arrest was imminent.

He was now in worse plight than ever. An exile from Italy—hated in Austria and Germany, and by all the sovereigns of Europe, whom his revolutionary pamphlets had infuriated, and an outlaw from France, danger seemed to menace him on every side.

The bitterest enemy of all was the Queen of Naples, whose reputation had been severely handled by Gorani in certain portions of his "Memoirs secrets." She was determined that her defamer should be punished, and ready to adopt all means to achieve her end. Hiring a band of brigands under the leadership of a certain Colombier, she dispatched the desperadoes to Switzerland with orders to capture Gorani at all risks. As they were only in pursuit of one individual, and molested no one, the Swiss authorities appear to have been reluctant to interfere.

Very soon his pursuers were upon Gorani's track, but getting warning of his perilous position he fled to Lausanne by way of Bâle and Morge. Notwithstanding his efforts to evade his pursuers and his constant assumption of pseudonyms, the bandits continued to press him hard, and forced to be perpetually on the move, Gorani, after several exciting adventures, sought refuge once again at Bâle, taking up his abode in an old farmhouse

at the gates of the city. Here he remained some little time in concealment, passing his days in writing his "Lettres aux Français," the tone of which was exactly opposite to that of the revolutionary letters he had indited at Paris. These letters were afterwards printed at Frankfort.

Colombier, however, soon got news of his retreat, and it was only owing to the kindly offices of an innkeeper, who disguised Gorani in a huge black wig and arranged his escape, that he managed to reach Appenzell in safety. Here he found the inhabitants sympathetic and ready, as they declared, to defend him by force of arms, but foolishly making a trip to Zurich, he eventually found himself sitting at dinner at the same table d'hôte with his relentless pursuer. Fortune, however, did not desert him, and eluding Colombier he escaped from the town. He was now again forced to wander, or rather fly, from place to place, but learning from Paris that, Robespierre being dead, he might now safely return and claim the protection accorded to a French citizen provided he could prove that he had not been an *emigré*, he hastened to avail himself of such a chance, and reached Paris in June, 1795.

At the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Gorani had small difficulty in proving that his departure from France had been perfectly legitimate. The Government, as a matter of fact, owed him a certain sum of money which, however, he took

care not to claim. First of all because he declares that he repented of having had any share in the Revolution and, secondly, because he was well aware that there was no chance of his claim being considered were it to be made.

Paris, in the meanwhile, had totally changed, and Gorani found that many old friends had disappeared, others who retained memories of his share in the Revolution gave him but a chilly welcome. Going one day to call at a house in the Faubourg Saint Germain, where he had in former days been a frequent visitor, he perceived the same porter as of old standing at the door. "Are the Comte and Comtesse at home?" he inquired? With a horrible grin the man slammed the door in his face and shouted, "This is my house now!"

For about six months Gorani remained in Paris without any definite aim or object in view, but at the end of that time the wife of a bookseller in the Palais Royale, with whom he had according to his wont formed an intimacy, suggested a satisfactory speculation. A General who had captured several thousand pairs of boots from the Austrians, being anxious to secretly dispose of his loot, Gorani became the purchaser, and netted a considerable profit from the transaction. By a similar speculation in munitions of war he realised a further sum. He did not, by his own account, engage in these dealings without certain conscientious scruples, but was consoled by the

reflection that although the French Government was being defrauded, he was merely recovering what was justly due to him.

The next year, realising that the days of his political activity had gone, he left France for ever, and in February, 1796, took up his residence at Geneva.

Here Gorani lived till his death, twenty-four years later, in a retirement only varied by three journeys to his native city of Milan. At one time he had almost decided to reside permanently at the home of his forefathers, but this idea was speedily abandoned by reason of the dull pertinacity of his relatives, who believing, as he said, that age must have weakened his reasoning faculties, attempted to lead him back into the meshes of Roman Catholicism, to which form of religion he had always been violently opposed.

Gorani's views as to religion may be gathered from a profession of faith which he made at a meeting of philosophic priests in 1786 at Paris.

He had read the Old and New Testaments through three times, besides numberless books treating of theological matters. The result of all this was that he declared himself anti-Catholic, though a Christian. His Christianity, however, was neither Lutheran, Calvinistic nor Anglican, being, he declared, the Christianity practised during the thirty years immediately succeeding the death of Christ.

At Geneva he lived quite forgotten by all, save one or two old friends who paid him occasional visits, but he was not entirely alone, for with him resided a *gouvernante*, to whom he was much attached, and who eventually inherited his property. During this time he wrote a good deal and also destroyed much of what he had written.

His writings dealt with all sorts of subjects.

In his "Secret Memoirs," for instance, Gorani speaks of a brigand, Angiolino del Duca, who would appear to have been quite a famous character.

Brave as a lion and not devoid of wit, Angiolino, at the head of a hundred and twenty followers, like Robin Hood, robbed the rich but helped the poor.

As a rule he did not attack foreigners, and would even give them an escort to protect them against other robbers. Aristocratic and titled travellers (against whom, on account of a youthful grievance, he had, as it were, declared war), however, did not fare so well on falling into his hands.

In the intervals of a life of brigandage, Angiolino was a veritable king of the countryside, touring about the towns and villages of his district and acting as a sort of judge, settling disputes and administering justice with the greatest impartiality—bribes he never took.

As a rule, this brigand showed great politeness to people he thought fit to rob. Meeting a bishop

on his way to Naples, he stopped him and, hat in hand, asked how much money his Grace was carrying.

"A thousand 'onces,'" was the reply.

"Well," said Angiolino, "you will only need half of that sum for your stay at Naples and for your return. Give me the other half, and may God be with you."

Eventually this prince among robbers was caught and summarily executed. Had he been tried in the ordinary way he would certainly have been acquitted, and for years after his death the Neapolitans spoke of him as a martyr who had perished for love of the people.

It should be added that Gorani left some manuscript Memoirs (completed about 1810), which have never been printed. About twenty years ago, however, M. Marc-Monnier, to whom the MSS. had been entrusted, published a very interesting study of their contents, and to this volume the present writer wishes to acknowledge his obligations.

Articles concerning Gorani have appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the "Bibliothèque universelle," in "l'Archivio Storico Lombardo" (1878), and in the "Rivista Europa" (1879), and elsewhere.

Gorani, though at one time he had been one of the best known men of the late eighteenth century, ended his life in complete obscurity, so

much so, indeed, that though he died early in December, 1819, the "Dictionnaire historique" spoke of him as being dead in 1804, and published his obituary notice at that date.

Though he had come in contact with so many powerful sovereigns and politicians and been much employed by the latter, he was too fond of change ever to attain permanent office.

He could never, indeed, keep quiet, besides which, though ambitious, he was easily discouraged and devoid of perseverance.

His good qualities and defects were ever in contradiction one with the other, and the result was that he ended by offending those who, under other circumstances, would have aided him to gain a high position.

Royalists disliked him because he had been a Girondin, and Democrats because he had become a Royalist. His unorthodox theological views alienated both Catholics and Protestants, whilst Agnostics sneered at his partiality for religion.

As his French biographer has said of him, his life should interest moralists, even though it may shock puritans, for every one of his misfortunes came as a direct consequence of some folly or error.

Writing in extreme old age, Gorani said that he considered his name entirely obliterated from the roll of prominent men, deplored his isolation and the ingratitude of humanity. Nevertheless,

he congratulated himself on his good health and on having retained some of his old mental vivacity.

"A good many people now making a great noise in the world," says he, "will perhaps end by being more stupid than I, and God knows whether they will have a lucid interval of good sense to repeat what the famous Marlborough said before his reflection in the glass:

"'Is that really you, oh great general and renowned politician who caused Louis XIV. to tremble, and dictated to the whole world? To what a state have you fallen, my poor man!'"

In December, 1819, Gorani died—having outlived his contemporaries and his own reputation such as it was. In his time he had had every opportunity of rising to eminence, for he lacked neither brains, learning nor audacity, but a restless nature prevented him from using to advantage alike the favours of fortune and the gifts of nature. He had led a most agitated and eventful life, and the following lines from Prudentius, which he placed at the head of his Memoirs, were certainly well chosen:—

> "Inveni portum spes et fortuna valete
> Sat me lusistis—ludite nunc alios."

V

THOMAS DERMODY

A French writer once declared that—

> "C'est une folie à nulle autre seconde.
> De vouloir se mêler de corriger le monde."

And his contemporaries of the eighteenth century agreed with him. They had, indeed, little desire to force unconventional characters to change their lives, and realising that very clever people were liable to give way to fits of dissipation, often allowed them great latitude.

Genius, it must be remembered, is seldom if ever found in a perfectly normal individual, and where it exists, a certain measure of toleration should be exercised towards its possessor, always provided, of course, that his eccentricities do not reach such a pitch as to become dangerous to the community in general.

The said eccentricities are apt to take very curious forms; fine classical scholars, for instance, have often been fond of low company, drinking, and dissipation.

A little-known instance of this kind, the victim being almost a boy, was Thomas Dermody, a youthful Irish poet, who flourished, or rather languished, more than a hundred years ago.

Born at Ennis, co. Clare, in January, 1775, Dermody came of a respectable Irish family, his father having been a classical teacher and accounted by competent judges an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, which, however, did not prevent him from having too great a fondness for the bottle, an auxiliary, as Dr. Johnson says, that soon becomes our master. These Bacchanalian habits eventually diminishing the number of his pupils, Mr. Dermody made an unsuccessful attempt to establish a seminary in the town of Galway. Eventually, however, he returned to Ennis and here, in his ninth year, his son Thomas, who showed precocious talents especially for poetry, acted as Greek and Latin assistant in his school. Here also, besides a love of the Classics, the latter also absorbed a love of alcohol, his infant mind, it is to be feared, having been tainted by the example of his father, who took the child into low and dissipated society.

One of the real social improvements which have taken place within the last hundred years is more sensible and more humane treatment of children. In former times instances of fathers encouraging their children to drink, as the father of Dermody would seem to have done, were not so very rare. It must, however, be remembered that the prevalent idea of the day, especially in Ireland, was that alcohol was good for everybody, young as well as old. Among impecunious people

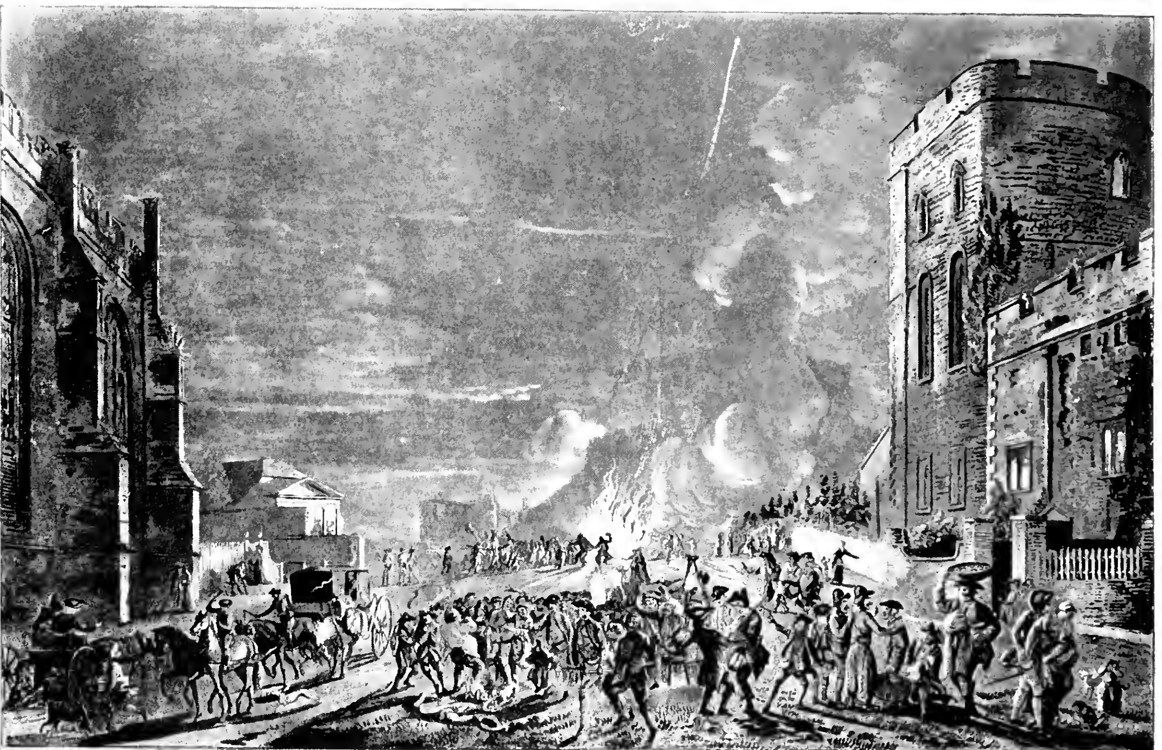
in particular, the important thing was to obtain enough of it, while convivial habits were common all over the British Isles.

No great stigma was then attached to any one who made a hobby of getting drunk, provided, of course, that he did not become violent or outrageous, and even then his addiction to the bottle seems rather to have conduced to his being let off lightly.

It was, no doubt, this attitude towards drinking which caused Dermody's benefactors to be so lenient towards the repeated lapses of their protégé.

In 1785 the boy, then ten years of age, ran away to Dublin—his sole capital two shillings, his luggage merely the second volume of "Tom Jones." A single change of linen and a letter to an eminent apothecary in College Green completed his outfit. Having given the two shillings away on the road, he only reached his destination owing to obtaining a lift from a kindly carrier, and the change of linen on arrival had to be sold.

The apothecary, in spite of the letter of introduction, receiving young Dermody ill, the latter strolled about the streets till a friendly bookseller, perceiving his condition, engaged him as an assistant for his son in learning Latin. Later on the young pedagogue went to another and more prosperous second-hand bookseller as shop boy. A short time later he met Dr. Houlton,



WINDSOR CASTLE ON THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.

By P. Sandby, 1776.

then holding a medical appointment under the Irish Government.

"It was, to the best of my recollection," says the latter, "in the year 1786, that chance made me acquainted with young Dermody. Happening, one day, to notice a little country-looking boy, meanly habited, and evidently not more than ten years old, standing at an humble book-shop in Dublin, and reading Longinus in the original Greek text, I was not a little surprised at the occurrence. I entered into a conversation with him, and soon found him an adept in that language. I asked him home to dine with me. He accepted the invitation: informing me that his name was Thomas Dermody, and that his father was a schoolmaster in the county of Clare, whom, from a particular cause, he had abruptly quitted, and begged his way to Dublin, where he had arrived only a short time since.

"During dinner, on whatever subject was started I found him intelligent. He conversed in such nervous language, with such a measured pronunciation, pertinency of remark, and justness of observation, that I could not but contemplate him as an infant philosopher, or as a little being composed entirely of mind. To my greater surprise, he informed me that he had been an usher in his father's Latin and Greek school for the last two years, and had commenced that duty at eight years of age. 'Then,' exclaimed

I, 'you are doubtless conversant with most of the Latin and Greek authors that are generally read in those seminaries.' He answered that he was; and that if I had any such in the house, he would attempt to convince me of it. I produced Horace and Homer, when he speedily proved that they were among his very intimate acquaintance. I remarked to him, that his application must have been immense. He modestly answered that he was more ready to ascribe any proficiency he had attained to his father's assiduity in instructing him; he having put him into the Latin Accidence at four years of age, and unremittingly made him pursue his learning (even amidst the drudgery of his usher-ship) from the above early period till the day he left him."

Having by good fortune been given a letter of recommendation to a Mr. Edward Tighe, Dermody had a curious experience.

Mr. Tighe, being in the habit of frequenting an eminent bookseller's in College Green, was one day, as he left the shop, accosted by a ragged boy who told him that he had just left a letter of introduction at his house, and waited upon him by the desire of a gentleman who was his particular and intimate friend. Mr. Tighe, doubting perhaps the truth of his story, desired him in a very rough tone to go about his business, and walked on without giving the occurrence

any further thought. But as he ascended the steps to knock at his door, he perceived Dermody behind him; the latter loudly asserted his innocence, and added that he had taken the liberty of following him home for the purpose of convincing him that he had not told a falsehood. Mr. Tighe, being of rather an irritable temper, began to treat him as an impostor, and was on the point of knocking him down with his cane, when fortunately the servant appeared at the door. Dermody made no attempt to assuage the anger of his assailant, but at once took to flight. The letter convinced Mr. Tighe of his error, and generously conceiving he was bound to atone for the injury he had done, he dispatched the servant with the utmost speed to bring Dermody back. The latter had by this time nearly reached the bottom of the street. Turning round and perceiving the servant making huge strides towards him, for the purpose, as it seemed, of giving him a thrashing, he set off with increased velocity, nor was he convinced that his apprehensions were groundless till he had been thus *run down* after a long chase.

When he returned, Mr. Tighe apologised for the error he had committed, and assured him that he would make every reparation for the alarm he had occasioned him. As the letter informed Mr. Tighe that the bearer was a poet, the first part of the interview produced only

some frivolous questions and answers incident to such an introduction, but at length in an unlucky moment Mr. Tighe, thinking that the boy was merely gifted with the knack of rhyming, asked him if he had gone through his Latin Accidence. This so enraged Dermody that he snatched his hat from the table, and without much ceremony left the house. During the early part of their conversation, Dermody had received a pamphlet written by Mr. Tighe, which was to be the subject of a copy of verses; it had luckily been put into his pocket before the last fatal question, but from the fury and indignation that blazed in his countenance when he darted from the room, Mr. Tighe supposed that an everlasting separation had taken place. He was deceived. The following day Dermody made his appearance with the pamphlet written by Mr. Tighe in one hand, and his own poem in the other; when, to the great astonishment of that gentleman, instead of a panegyric on his book, a keen and pointed satire was presented. He had the liberality to applaud the poem and reward the author; he presented him with five guineas, a snuff-coloured suit of clothes, and a cocked hat, the formidable eccentricity of which surpassed that of "ancient Pistol." The hat and suit were, by Mr. Tighe's desire as a lesson of economy, to be worn without alteration; and Dermody, to the no small amusement of his friends, for some time figured

away in these sober and antiquated habiliments—the breeches being tied below the calf of the leg, the waistcoat lapelled to the knees, the skirts of the coat dangling at his heels, and the hat with a significant and solemn slouch covering both his ears.

To-day such an outfit would probably entail the wearer's being arrested as a lunatic, but at that time it probably merely added to Dermody's popularity in the Bohemian circles which he loved to frequent.

Eccentricities of all kinds were then looked upon with great leniency and the result was that "real characters" abounded. Many indeed were the pranks played by the Bohemians of a long-vanished generation, such as Reynolds, the actor, who filled up the blank in a militia paper that was sent him with the description, "Old, lame, and a coward." Matthews, the comedian, was also another irresponsible joker.

Upon one occasion, left in a room with an old gentleman and a little child, and the former putting the question to it, "Well, my dear, which do you like best, the dog or the cat?" Matthews, by exercising his powers of ventriloquism, made the child seem to answer, "I don't care a damn for either," to the utter confusion of the old gentleman, who immediately took the father to task for bringing up his child in such a dreadful manner.

It was, indeed, an age of considerable eccentricity of conduct. Another Matthews,—Charles Skinner Matthews,—for instance, the friend of Byron, who had extraordinary powers of mental application, conceived that he might increase them by going through a process of pugilistic training under the guidance of a master of the art. As study forms no part of pugilistic training, young Matthews could form no idea of his growing aptitude or ineptitude in that respect till he had tried. When he was told he had become an expert, he shut himself up, and set to work with his books. He tried and tried to concentrate his mind upon his work, but utterly in vain, and the experiment ended in his kicking over his reading apparatus with great force, and sallying forth in quest of some active adventure, for which alone he found he had made himself fit.

At one time Dermody was afforded shelter by Mr. Coyle, a scene painter at the Dublin Theatre, who gave the youth employment in the painting room.

At the theatre he met Mr. Owenson, an actor, who showed Dermody great kindness and gave him a home, where Mrs. Owenson and her two daughters gave him a warm welcome.

A new outfit was provided for the lad and as soon as it was ready Dermody made a burnt-offering of his rags, which with classic solemnity he consigned to the flames, at the same time

creating the Miss Owensons high priestesses of the altar and their mother the presiding deity of the ceremony, the while he recited a poem specially composed for the occasion.

"This practice all mankind pursue ;
To spurn the old, and catch the new.
'Tis thus I cast you far away,
Who warm'd me many a chilly day ;
Who kept me from the wind and weather,
While all your parts were stitch'd together :
But now, when threadbare, thin, and tatter'd,
Take strangers, who my pride have flatter'd.
Yet though I cast you off like lumber,
Your fame shall chime in jingling number.
The muse in triumph shall adore you,
And lay all honours down before you ;
Inscribe you in poetic page,
As trophies of her infant age.
Perhaps may place you on Parnassus,
With Phœbus and his jilting lasses ;
Or, in a freak, may metamorphose
Into a star my worn-out small-clothes.

. . . .

Well then, my friends ! you need not grumble,
Though me you covered very humble ;
For now I've given full recompense
To any clothes of wit or sense.
You shall not deck a sable seat
Of most rag-ific Plunkett-street ;
But be of an immortal birth,
Presiding o'er all rags on earth."

Mr. Owenson arranged for Dermody to study under Dr. Young, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert.

Dermody, however, ungratefully played truant, but being forgiven by Mr. Owenson, was soon

after taken into the house of the Rev. Gilbert Austin, a clergyman who kept a school of high repute in Dublin. This kind protector, besides sheltering the boy, raised a subscription for him and printed a small collection of his poems at his own expense.

Eventually, however, Dermody as usual behaved in such a way as to offend his benefactor, but owing to the kindness of a Mr. Atkinson his story was brought to the notice of Lady Moira, who, taking a great interest in him, placed him under the care of the Rev. Boyd of Killeigh, with whom he remained two years, during which, among other knowledge, the boy learnt French and Italian. While at Killeigh he made many friends in the village, including one Lory, who kept the public-house where the village tradesmen assembled.

Here the parish clerk, John Baynham, and Dermody were great favourites, the latter especially being looked upon as a sort of oracle.

The youth wrote a number of poetic trifles concerning his associates, one of the most successful being a clever imitation of Congreve's celebrated song in "Love for Love"—

"A soldier and a sailor,
A tinker and a taylor,
Had once a doubtful strife, Sir,
To make a maid a wife, Sir,
Whose name was buxom Joan.

For now the time was ended
When she no more intended
To lick her lips at men, Sir,
And gnaw the sheets in vain, Sir,
  And lie o' nights alone."

Dermody's parody was entitled "The Parish-Clerk's Song, by Merry John Baynham of Killeigh" and was entirely devoted, not to love, but to the praises of "stout ale," a beverage to which the young poet was very partial.

Lady Moira, ever anxious for his improvement and prosperity, with unceasing care endeavoured to correct the foibles which by this time she well knew sullied her protégé's character. Having been informed of the habits which he had contracted and the faults he had committed during his stay with Mr. Austin, she frequently attempted to give him friendly lectures, which unfortunately were soon forgotten, though it appears that at the time he felt their force.

Dermody was entirely free from literary hypocrisy: he never spoke one thing and wrote another, and would rather sacrifice his dearest interest than what he termed his honest judgment. An instance of this kind of independence once occurred at Mr. Wright's, the bookseller, in Piccadilly. A nobleman who had been solicited to befriend the poet, and who had frequently administered to his wants, called there one day with a list of subscribers whom he had obtained

for a book which Dermody was about to publish. Just at this time Dermody came into the shop, but perceiving Mr. Wright in conversation with his Lordship, whom he instantly recognised, he quickly turned upon his heel, and made an attempt to go. Being noticed, however, by the Peer, who immediately saluted him with a cordial shake of the hand, he returned to the shop, and when interrogated relative to his intended publication, freely entered into discourse. From the various and common topics of the day, the conversation turned upon literary disquisition—a kind of argument which Dermody was at all times ready to engage in, and which delighted those who had the power and were fortunate enough to engage his attention and draw forth his opinions. His Lordship, unluckily, at last took up a new publication from the counter, and putting it into his hands, desired him to peruse it at a future period, and give him his opinion of its merits. Dermody replied, "My Lord, I have already read the book, and found too little pleasure in the task to endure the fatigue of again wading through such a mass of dullness." The nobleman thanked him for his candid opinion, and instantly left the shop. "Fatal mistake!" exclaimed Mr. Wright, "you have for ever lost a friend and patron; his Lordship is the author!" Dermody very coolly turned over some leaves of the book, and reading here and there a few

passages, replied, "Were the King the author, it is badly written. Then why should his Lordship be offended? For had I known that it was his, I should certainly have told him the same truth." Mr. Wright's prediction was verified, nor did poor Dermody ever after receive the least favour from his former benefactor.

On one occasion, as often happened, Dermody having besought a friend, who was in the habit of helping him, to assist him with money to procure some new clothes, the latter, on going to see him about the matter, found the poet in the attic of a low public-house, in a new suit of clothes, indulging in a carouse with the landlord and a party of boon companions; the table covered with tobacco, pipes, and a plentiful flow of wine and spirits, and the sideboard loaded with bottles, the contents of which had plunged the members of this elevated company in a state of equal jollity and confusion.

The appearance of a stranger sadly damped the conviviality, and Dermody, who well understood that the look which accompanied his friend's entrance into the room was a just rebuke for the impropriety of his conduct, began to frame an apology. This, however, being brushed aside, he flew into a rage and on the spur of the moment composed and repeated the following lines, which, all things considered, are far from being devoid of merit.

"When wit's wild flashes wreathe a smile,
Dimpling on Bacchus' blushy cheek;
Or when, gaunt sorrow to beguile,
Outrageous peals of humour break;

If then, all furrow'd o'er with frown,
With mad-cap jollity at odds,
You strike each quaint chimera down,
A fiend amid the laughing gods;

Go to the tabernacled clan,
Who drone devotion through the nose,
And hide with pray'r the inward man—
I herd not with such imps as those.

If your pure palate is so nice,
That ev'n in frolic's festive hour
You can't endure a little vice,
To sweeten life's eternal sour;

'Fore heav'n! you'll find no saint in me,
From passion's furnace glowing hot;
And as for prim hypocrisy,—
Hypocrisy! I know her not."

On another occasion when the same long-suffering friend had bought Dermody new shoes and stockings because he had noticed how dilapidated was the poet's footgear, the latter came to see him the next evening without either shoes, stockings, hat, neckcloth, or waistcoat, and in a state of hopeless intoxication. He had pledged the shoes and stockings, got drunk with the money, and in an affray in the streets had lost more of his dress. He entered the house in this state, told his tale, threw on

the floor the duplicate of the articles he had pledged, demanded other apparel, was refused, indulged in much Hibernian rhetoric, swore a few oaths, threatened to destroy a sideboard of glass, alarmed the whole family, was turned out of doors, and during the remainder of the night took shelter in a shed fitted up for some cattle in one of the fields leading from Westminster to Chelsea.

Later on Dermody enlisted in the 108th Regiment, and having risen to the rank of Sergeant, went with it to England in 1794. On his arrival there Lord Moira, then in command of troops destined for France, obtained for him a second-lieutenancy in the waggon corps, in which capacity, as a biographer quaintly says, he "conducted" himself to Southampton. Dermody was a sharer in all the dangers and difficulties encountered by the English army in this unfortunate expedition. He visited many remarkable places on the Continent, and among others the tomb of Abelard in Lombardy, on which occasion he narrowly escaped being made a prisoner. He was in almost every considerable action, and received several dangerous wounds, one of which in some degree disfigured his face and another deprived him of the use of his left hand, a bullet having passed directly through it. The battles, however, in which he had been most conspicuously engaged, are particularly

hinted at in the following lines, extracted from a short poem of his entitled "The Invalid"—

> "And as in Flandria's shatter'd map I trace
> Each signal spot, each memorable place,
> Where sluic'd in every vein, and steep'd in gore,
> Grim death himself the English standard bore;
> Here point to Dunkirk's strength; or here display
> Catau's dread plain, or Ghent's immortal day:
> The pictur'd scenes still bid my spirit glow,
> And crush with iron hand the felon foe."—

—Lines even more applicable to-day than at the time they were written.

Returning to England Lord Moira got him a place at a bookseller's in Bond Street, but the frolics of his fancy, his constant irregularities and disconcerting whimsicalities, ill-suited the domestic economy of his master's establishment.

As a rule Dermody had only himself to blame for the awkward predicaments in which he was constantly being landed: "'Twas in himself he met his greatest foe."

According to Lord Chesterfield, a fair judge of humanity, ten times more men are ruined from the adoption of vice than from natural inclination. Now nothing leads people more to adopt vice than the difficulty of employing their leisure hours, and those periods when a disinclination to solitude comes on. Men do not in general acquire a habit of bad company for the love of bad company, but because it is the

easiest to get into, or perhaps at the moment the only resource; those who indulge in but occasional aberrations are probably most frequently induced to do so by temptation presenting itself and there being no other attraction at hand.

Such observations, however, did not apply in the case of Dermody, who had an instinctive liking for low company and the habits in which it delights.

Unable to settle down to any regular employment, before very long he left the bookseller's and was soon in the Fleet for debt. Lord Moira got him out, but threatened to withdraw his protection if anything of the sort should occur again.

As usual, of course, Dermody was profuse in his protestations of gratitude and reform, but no breeze is favourable to one who has no destined port, and the young poet's unstable disposition quickly led him once more into trouble. He could not resist a nocturnal carouse, and time after time the reproachful splendour of dawn found him sitting with boon companinons over the bottle.

Dermody, without doubt, was most disappointing to those who tried to take him in hand. He was, indeed, a living refutation of Rousseau's dictum "that a real benefactor never yet made an ingrate." Lord and Lady Moira helped him again and again, but though grateful enough at

the time, directly he was placed beyond the reach of want, he at once relapsed into a state of dissipation which only came to an end when he found himself again without a penny.

The natural consequence of thoughtless dissipation is dependence, and consequently, Dermody, whenever he chanced to be even slightly prosperous, was obliged to try and make some return for such kindnesses as his associates might have conferred upon him when penniless. These returns varied, according as the obligations he laboured under were weighty or trivial. At one time he might be seen in his garret in company with his hosts, the cobbler and his wife, and some attic lodger of equal consequence, feasting on a goose which he had himself roasted in his own poor apartment. Meanwhile the pallet-bed which stood in a corner was strewed with various vegetables; the fireside decorated with numerous foaming pots of porter; and the cobbler's work-stool, boot-leg, lap-stone, etc., were commodiously placed as seats. Often he would frequent some neighbouring ale-house, entertaining his boon companions with such cheer as resorts of this description generally afford. Here the astonished guests, enveloped in clouds of smoke, sat listening with rapture to the eloquence of the giver of the feast. The landlord meanwhile stood in the background applauding with one hand, while his other dexterously scored an

additional item to the bill. Usually, if Dermody could not discharge it during the following day, he was soon put into the hands of some pettifogging practitioner of the law, the unfortunate debtor glaring the same evening through the bars of a sponging house, like Bajazet in his iron cage.

The individuals who made the most profit out of the poet's failings were those persons with whom, at various necessitous periods, he lodged; and such was the power of habit, or such his fatal propensity for this kind of society, that he was continually involved with them in their poverty and low excesses. The little food he required was generally purchased and prepared by these spongers, no regular agreement being kept, but a running account. According to this the sum Dermody owed them might, for any knowledge he had of the justice of the claim, have been at any time one pound or one hundred. Thus, being always overwhelmed by debt, the victim was in constant dread. Whenever he received a sum of money, he honestly brought it to his landlord, who always—as he termed it—"carried it to the account," and when money was wanted and Dermody had none to give, the request was in general followed by an arrest, which frequently turned out a very profitable speculation. The fear of imprisonment made him importune his friends, who never suffered him to languish in confinement; and as

those who had occasioned his embarrassments were his messengers during such periods, they generally obtained a knowledge of his patrons, and turned the kind benevolence intended to relieve him, into a source of emolument to themselves.

Sometimes, however, he would disregard their authority and assert his independence, which he did by flying from one miserable lodging to another still worse, and remaining there till the same cause, or the terror of an arrest, compelled him to return to the former spot.

In spite of his almost insatiable desire for ale and good fellowship, he had his hours of reflection, at which he flew from the folly, noise, and irregularity of his associates, from the giddy pleasures calculated only for ignorance and youth, and indulged in melancholy and meditation. He had his particular periods of reserve, which generally continued for some time, and from these neither mirth could allure nor pleasure charm him. He then resigned himself wholly to his Muse.

Notwithstanding his addiction to low company his conversation could be elevated and refined, and he talked polished and fluent English.

His classical knowledge (which was quite wonderful, and is often displayed in his writings), added to a memory uncommonly powerful and comprehensive, furnished him with allusions that

were appropriate, combinations that were pleasing, and sentiments that were dignified.

He was indeed a strange mixture, and about the best epitaph upon him would have been a stanza taken from his own "Enthusiast."

> "He who such polish'd lines so well could form,
> Was Passion's slave, was Indiscretion's child :
> Now earth-enamour'd, grov'ling with the worm ;
> Now seraph-plumed, the wonderful, the wild."

As will have been observed, the kind-hearted people who attempted to play to Dermody the part which in recent times the late Mr. Watts Dunton played to Swinburne, in every case found that their efforts to make the young poet lead a quiet, well-regulated life ended in ignominious failure. They might take him into their houses and equip him afresh with everything necessary for a comfortable existence, all was in vain, for in a few days the bird would have flown, only to be discovered some little time later penniless and in rags, carousing with the disreputable associates whose attractions Dermody seemed ever powerless to resist.

When discovered by one of his benefactors in such company, he was, as has been seen, not infrequently defiant, but after he had once more been rescued, re-clothed, and given pocket-money, no one could be more profuse in protestations of gratitude and of future reforms. His epistles to Lord and Lady Moira, all of them most ceremonious and flowery in tone, would fill

a small volume. Time after time this good-hearted Peer and his wife overlooked the grossest lapses, indeed there seems to have been no limit to their good nature.

Nature, however, does not forgive excesses beyond a certain point, and eventually Dermody, whose constitution must have become exhausted owing to his careless method of living, contracted an affection of the lungs which in the end carried him off.

Weakened, both bodily and mentally, by disease, he died in a wretched hovel near Sydenham, on July 15, 1802, and was buried in Lewisham Churchyard, where on a monument to his memory are inscribed the following lines from his own poem, "The Fate of Genius."

> "No titled birth had he to boast :
> Son of the desert—Fortune's child,
> Yet not by frowning Fortune crossed,
> The miser on his cradle smil'd.
> He joyed to con the fabling page
> Of prowessed chiefs and deeds sublime,
> And even essay'd in infant age—
> Fond task !—to weave the wizard rhyme.
> And though fell passion sway'd his soul,
> By Prudence seldom ever won
> Beyond the bounds of her control,
> He was dear Fancy's favoured son.
> Now a cold tenant does he lie
> Of this dark cell, all hushed in song,
> While Friendship bends with streaming eye,
> As by his grave she wends along.
> On his cold clay let fall a tear,
> And cries, 'Though mute, there is a poet here.'"

Dermody is described as having been un-graceful in his deportment, slovenly in his person, diffident in his address, and reserved in his conversation. Nevertheless, he appears to have had a simplicity and a modesty in his manner that created esteem and even respect. When irritated, he was rather sullen than passionate; yet quick and inconsiderate in his resentment, sacrificing his interest on the impulse of fancied wrongs, and the attachment of his best friends on the slightest grounds of imagined offence. His poetical powers may be said to have been intuitive, for some of his best pieces were composed before he had reached twelve years of age, at which period he united in the full vigour of manhood the strongest judgment and most unbounded fancy.

Cowley had received the applauses of the great at eleven, Pope at twelve, and Milton at sixteen. At ten years old Dermody had written as much genuine poetry as either of these great men had produced at nearly double that age.

He had a mind eager for learning, but could never resist temptations apt to seduce him from his studies. He had little sense of propriety and paid as small regard to the character of his associates as he did to the rules of prudence, the dictates of reason, or the opinion of the world; which last he at all times set at defiance.

In the cast of his mind he resembled the

unfortunate Chatterton, and in his propensities the eccentric Savage; but in precocity of talent and of classical information, excelled both them and every other rival, having in the first fourteen years of his life acquired a competent knowledge of the Greek, the Latin, the French, and Italian languages, and a little of the Spanish. Like Savage, he would participate in the pleasures of the lowest company, but had not the same eagerness after money, nor the same effrontery in demanding it of his friends.

Dermody was one of those hopeless types whom the social reformer, (who maintains that every one would really be virtuous provided all temptations are removed), is never able to understand.

The standpoint which he adopted may be gauged from a statement which he was occasionally fond of making. "I am vicious because I like it," said he, and these words in a great measure explain his extraordinarily perverse behaviour. There were, no doubt, times when he was really repentant and ashamed of his ingratitude to his benefactors, nevertheless he was probably never really happy except among the boon companions whose very unedifying society he preferred, and there is no reason to think that, had he lived to old age, his habits would ever have changed.

The idea that literary culture checks a taste

for dissipation is a pure fallacy; on the contrary, in some cases it promotes it—a certain kind of highly cultured mind soon tiring of the joys of humdrum respectability and the orderly habit which follow in its train. No doubt this is very sad and very shocking, but it is certainly true.

A conspicuous instance of great cleverness being accompanied by a tendency towards reckless extravagance and dissipation was, of course, Sheridan, who, besides being by no means averse to Bacchanalian habits, was driven from pillar to post to evade his creditors.

When he lived in Bruton Street the bailiffs, it was said, were so constant in their attentions that it was usual to pass provisions to the kitchen by lowering them over the area railings. On the occasion of a grand dinner, Mrs. Sheridan's portrait was redeemed for one night from the pawnbrokers.

Intense application and study in early years would appear to have a considerable effect upon certain temperaments in the way of destroying moral control. Certain it is, that a great many cases have occurred in which scholars of transcendent ability have fallen victims to alcohol, over-indulgence in which they have been powerless to resist.

In certain respects Dermody resembled the celebrated Porson, who it is said, while at Eton, once actually construed Horace from memory,

a mischievous schoolfellow having thrust some other book into his hand. Like Dermody also, Porson was the victim of impecuniosity and was helped by friends; in fact, a fund was started for him when he went to Cambridge in order to provide for his maintenance at the University. Later on, also, when he had missed a fellowship by declining to take Holy Orders because, as he said, "he found that he should require about fifty years' reading to make himself thoroughly acquainted with divinity and satisfy his mind on all points," an annuity of £100 a year was secured to him owing to a fund also raised by friends. Previous to this Porson had been compelled by stinting himself to make a guinea last a month.

There were many other points of resemblance between the famous Greek scholar and the young Irish poet. Like the latter, Porson was often ill-dressed and even dirty, besides which he could be a very inconvenient guest owing to his immoderate drinking. Both were apt to be rather gloomy in the morning, more genial after dinner, and in their glory at night; both disliked the restraints of formal society and on occasion would prolong a carouse till dawn.

Both Dermody and Porson were in certain ways products of the times they lived in. They would not have been suited to the present age, when every effort is made to dragoon humanity into one set pattern, with the same ideas, the

same tastes, and the same clothes. As a matter of fact, the unconscious aim of the so-called civilised world, at present, seems to be to produce universal mediocrity, in which, judging by the complete lack of great men, it has met with considerable success.

Legislation in the modern world has for some unknown reason come to be regarded as a panacea for every sort of evil. Particularly is this the case as regards alcohol, which an unreasoning band of fanatics is ever seeking to deny even to those who know how to use it with moderation. What an older and probably wiser generation thought of temperance by coercion may be judged from some remarks of a wonderfully clever old man, James Northcote, the painter.

Speaking of a debate in Parliament on the question of gin drinking, he said, "The effect was quite droll. There was one person who made a most eloquent speech to point out all the dreadful consequences of allowing this practice. It would debauch the morals, ruin the health, and dissolve all the bonds of society, and leave a poor, puny, miserable, Lilliputian race, equally unfit for peace or war. You would suppose that the world was going to be at an end. Why, no! the answer would have been, the world will go on much the same as before. You attribute too much power to an Act of Parliament. Providence

has not taken its measures so ill as to leave it to an Act of Parliament to continue or discontinue the species. If it depended on our wisdom and contrivances whether it should last or not, it would be at an end before twenty years! People are wrong about this; some say the world is getting better, others complain it is getting worse, when, in fact, it is just the same, and neither better nor worse. What a lesson, I said to myself, for our pragmatical legislators and idle projectors!"

It is a pity that modern England, with its ridiculous mania for meddlesome legislation, does not take these wise words to heart.

VI

LA PAIVA

THE Paris of the Second Empire was essentially a city of amusement, offering pleasure-loving Europe every inducement to prolong its days as far as that could be done by sitting up all night.

Under the citizen King Louis Philippe the Parisians had complained that the traditional gaiety of their metropolis was becoming eclipsed.

True, as Murger had shown in his "Vie de Bohême," the students still amused themselves, nevertheless the era of unrestrained revelling had waned and an atmosphere of unwonted propriety seemed to be hanging over the beautiful city on the banks of the Seine.

A few years before the "Coup d'Etat," Lamartine in the Chamber of Deputies had said, "Messieurs, j'ai l'honneur et le regret de vous avertir que la France s'ennuie."

Napoleon the Third determined that under his rule no such reproach should be possible and, as a clever contemporary writer remarked, put "La France qui s'amuse" as the first and chief item of his social programme. He succeeded by such means for eighteen years in drawing all

the world to Paris, but in the end, owing to having placed pleasure before efficiency, found himself conquered, deposed and an exile.

It has been said that it would have been well if Napoleon III. had died on the field of Sedan; nevertheless, his moral courage and personal dignity amidst the greatest misfortunes deserve to be recognised. Indeed, his conduct during his exile at Chislehurst brought him honour.

He bore his sorrows with sad equanimity and never for an instant shrank from assuming a responsibility which a word could have transferred to others.

The great error which cost him his throne blotted out the record of what he had done for France, to which country he at least gave eighteen years of material prosperity and secured to her a political pre-eminence such as she had not enjoyed even during the time that his uncle's legions were tramping over Europe.

Napoleon III. made Paris a Queen of Cities, and till the violence of party passion drove him from taking a cautious path, ruled with generosity and moderation.

Macmahon and Leboeuf exonerated him from the blame which attached to those who directed the war. Though himself a theorist possessed of remarkable powers of military criticism, the Emperor always yielded to the judgment of professional soldiers.

One thing he foresaw long before others, which was the great part to be played by artillery in the warfare of the future, and up to the time when illness began to overwhelm him he was most solicitous that his army should be equipped with the best ordnance procurable.

The French of that time, who were still suffering from the feverish effects of the Great Revolution, never stopped to consider the Emperor's merits once he had been beaten.

Bitter obloquy and insult were poured out upon him, while he was not unnaturally held responsible for the misfortunes which had overtaken France.

Sensible and high-minded Englishmen, however, felt nothing but sincere regret and pity for one who, whatever his faults, had been the assured friend and faithful ally of England throughout eighteen years.

The Emperor's policy, once he had secured the Imperial Throne, was to keep the Parisians in a good temper and, with this end in view, he set to work to attract all pleasure-loving Europe to the banks of the Seine.

The Paris of the Second Empire was in many ways, totally different from the Paris of more modern days. All the great restaurants had their own particular French *clientèle,* and foreigners were comparatively rarely seen in such resorts as the Café Anglais, the Café Riche,

the Maison Dorée, and other noted temples of gastronomy.

Fine pranks were played in the *Cabinets Particuliers* of those restaurants, to which ladies could go by a special entrance. Awkward meetings, however, sometimes occurred on the staircase, and stratagems often had to be resorted to in order to get away unobserved. One of the most amusing of these is described in Alphonse Daudet's wonderful book, "Les Rois En Exil," where a lady, in order to avoid being seen, obtains a cook boy's white clothes and cap from the kitchen, and having dressed herself in them, walks calmly downstairs and thus escapes raising a terrible row.

Tragedy, as well as comedy, was sometimes associated with the frolicsome doings which took place in the little upstair rooms. Coming downstairs at the Maison Dorée, the Duke of Hamilton fell and sustained such injuries that he never spoke again. His successor, the 5th Duke, would, I believe, never enter that particular restaurant.

The Maison Dorée, according to a boast of "David," an old *maître d'hôtel*, had never been closed for a quarter of a century, by which he meant that the *Cabinets Particuliers* there were open up to any hour at night, or rather morning.

It was at the Maison Doiée that the noted

gourmet Doctor Véron used to dine, which was quite an advertisement for the house. He always came to dinner in company with his secretary, and for some reason only known to the Doctor the two came to the corner of the street outside the restaurant together, then parted and entered the house by different doors.

Doctor Véron thoroughly understood the art of gastronomy, but never allowed his appreciation of good cooking to make him eat to excess as did some of the old school of French *gourmets*, notably the Duc d'Escars, Minister of Louis XVIII.

The nobleman in question may indeed be said to have fallen for the cause, dying of a surfeit of *pâté de foie gras* partaken of at a special *déjeuner* with his master the King, who, though also taken ill, lived to eat another day. In connection with this a cynic remarked that the King had been attacked by a fit of indigestion of which the Duc d'Escars had died.

A far more careful notary of the table was Prince Talleyrand, a veritable Sardanapalus of the French kitchen, who, loving variety, in a way undermined its solid structure. Though during the Second Empire there was no *gourmet* who attained such gastronomic fame as the diplomatist just mentioned, the real French cuisine continued to flourish at restaurants which catered more or less for the Parisians alone and had little in

common with the vast cosmopolitan caravanserais which now go by that name.

Many Parisians dined at the same place every night, using it as a Club. Great decorum prevailed downstairs at the most high-class resorts, but long after the habitual diners had left, gay supper parties revelled in the rooms above.

Those were the days of wild suppers in the "Grande Seize," as it was called, at the now defunct Café Anglais—of opera balls and of plays with tuneful music by Offenbach, music which, perhaps, better than anything else expresses the spirit of that epoch, a spirit of irresponsible pleasure tinged by a certain vague undercurrent of sadness, as if to emphasize the truth that pleasure is always fleeting.

Never was Paris more attractive to the eye, its streets being full of colour produced by the gay uniforms of officers who, during that epoch, were as apt worshippers of Venus as of Mars.

Amusement, indeed, formed the main preoccupation of the brilliant soldiers who thronged the Tuileries, and whole rows of them were to be seen in the theatres where opera bouffe was the attraction. Hortense Schneider drew crowds of them to hear her sing "Ah que j'aime les militaires."

The actress in question, who was then one of the leading stars of the lighter Parisian stage,

HORTENSE SCHNEIDER.
From a Photograph by Disdéri.

survived up to a few years ago—a quiet, unobtrusive, plainly dressed old lady, living at one of the pleasant Parisian suburbs, who occasionally was to be seen in an omnibus coming in to do some shopping in that Paris where she had formerly captured so many hearts as Offenbach's Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein.

Another favourite of the same epoch, though not such an artistic one, was the Café Concert diva "Thérèsa," who at one time created quite a furore with her song, "Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur."

Long after the Second Empire, together with the Cent Gardes, the Guides, the Dragons de l'Impératrice, and all the crowd of butterfly officers had disappeared this songstress continued to sing; indeed, she drew good houses as late as the early 'eighties.

During the Second Empire, a good deal of prominence was given to the doings of the demi-monde by the Parisian Press, which, subjected to a rigorous censorship as regards political matters, was sometimes hard put to it to fill its columns without setting the censor's scissors to work. The official in question, it may be added, though most severe regarding references to the Government, showed great leniency towards articles dealing with the lighter side of Paris life. Whole columns were consequently filled with descriptions of the existence led by the

ladies mentioned above, their sayings, eccentricities and luxury being described in a way which conferred upon them an importance which they were far from deserving.

The demi-monde, in short, became a regular recognised class. Even ladies of unblemished reputation knew most of its members by sight as well as name, meeting them daily on the neutral ground of the Bois de Boulogne, or at the theatre, where some of the first-named class combined the functions of a *cocotte* with those of a bad actress.

While most of the demi-monde were pretty and young, there was a certain older section known as the Old Guard, whose motto was maliciously said to be, "Se rendre toujours et ne mourir jamais."

Every one with any money was largely inspired by a spirit of irresponsible pleasure. The great demi-mondaines then had quite a considerable amount of power while indulging in every sort of wild extravagance. These women were divided into two classes: those who had adopted a career of gallantry because nature had given them a peculiar disposition, and those who had taken to a life of pleasure from calm calculation. To the first class belonged the so-called *grandes amoureuses* whose ardent temperament would have always prevented their leading quiet lives: to the second, women like the "Paiva,"—

of whom more anon,—calm, unemotional and as business-like as the shrewdest usurer.

Not a few of these ladies inspired real and lasting affections, quite as strong or stronger than those aroused by women of irreproachable life.

It must always be remembered that there exists a certain number of individuals who are rather afraid of the perfection which is above all moral weakness. Feminine austerity makes but a feeble appeal to Frenchmen, who for the most part agree with the wit who said that over the doors of prudes should be inscribed the lines which Dante placed over the gate of hell:

> "Voi ch' entrate, lasciate ogni speranza!"

The Parisian demi-monde is entirely unique, and in its higher rank includes quite a number of women who are clever conversationalists with an appreciation for Art. The particular section in question does not consist entirely of young women, not a few are getting on for middle age, but owing to their knowledge of life and talent for making themselves agreeable, these latter often can count just as many and as wealthy admirers as their younger and better-looking sisters. Indeed, it not unfrequently occurs that a *cocotte* only becomes celebrated and prosperous just at the time that her charms are beginning to wane. Many a very pretty girl spends the

best years of her life wandering from one night resort to another, till some day she meets a wealthy admirer who makes her the fashion. Once this has been done her future, unless she is grossly foolish and extravagant, is assured. The majority of fashionable demi-mondaines seldom glide back into squalor. Not a few eventually marry, while a considerable section retire to their native district and devote themselves to good works.

Frenchwomen are very clever and philosophical, and once they perceive that their day is gone, easily adapt themselves to a bourgeoise existence. This they are the better able to do as no particular stigma is generally attached in France to such ladies once they have settled down.

The French *cocotte*, unlike the Anglo-Saxon light-of-love, is seldom harassed by regrets, nor, like so many of the latter class, does she regard herself as a lost and disgraced creature. Nevertheless, it is curious to remark that, like her English sister in frailty, she is quite capable of becoming an admirable mother. Her daughters, when she has any, are usually far better and more strictly brought up than those of many female (so-called) social reformers who go about lecturing other people on how to manage their homes while entirely neglecting their own. In France retired *cocottes* are also capable of developing into good business managers, and not

a few, owing to the worldly wisdom they have acquired, are valuable partners to the small shopkeepers whom, in their latter years, these ladies are rather apt to espouse.

A particularly celebrated *cocotte* was Marguerite Bellanger, noted more for her wit and charm than for her beauty. She was, indeed, far superior to her contemporaries such as Zelia Ducellier, Catinette, Caroline Ashé, Barucci, Cora Pearl and others.

Owing to the generosity of one of her first lovers, a Turk, this lady was to a certain extent independent. She was consequently able to pick and choose. Though most good-natured and full of vivacity, she was said to aspire very high and did eventually become, for a time, the mistress of an exalted personage.

Certain of these ladies were known by curious names; such an one was "La Grenouille." This girl was not pretty, but her great gaiety and originality caused her to be very popular. Entirely unscrupulous and cunning, she ended by obtaining an assured income for life by persuading a rich Belgian marquis, who had fallen victim to her charms, that he was the father of a child which she obtained from a poor woman at a hospital and smuggled into her house.

The demi-monde of the Second Empire was by no means entirely sordid and unintellectual. Quite a number of celebrated literary men made

no secret about being on good terms with its most prominent members. Some of the great *cocottes* were quite clever and artistic in a measure approximating to the Greek *hetæræ* of ancient times.

Among a certain section of the demi-monde there were *cocottes* who, owing to their relations with influential men, became quite powerful from a political point of view.

Prince Napoleon, for instance, who liked to be able to speak freely without any chance of his words reaching the ears of those at the Tuileries, used frequently to attend the dinners given by a certain Madame de Tourbet, a sort of official courtesan, who had contrived to form something like a political *salon*.

At her table were to be found generals, senators, and even ministers. Monsieur de Girardin was a constant guest, as was Sainte Beuve.

Another quondam daughter of delight also succeeded in gathering around her at her parties most of the most prominent literary men of Paris.

This was the famous "Paiva," afterwards Countess Henkel von Donnersmarck, whose history is worth telling.

Very few English visitors to Paris who pass the Travellers' Club in the Champs Elysées know that the luxurious building in question is intimately connected with this lady—one of the most extraordinary and successful adventuresses

who ever existed—an adventuress, moreover, who, partly by good luck but more by force of character, contrived to end her days, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, as the wife of a great territorial magnate.

The origin of the "Paiva" was something of a mystery. All sorts of extravagant rumours as to her parentage were current from time to time.

According to one legend she was the natural daughter of Prince Constantine of Russia; according to another, an Indian princess. There was also a story which declared that she had been a sultana, and had in that capacity superintended the Royal seraglio in Constantinople. On the other hand, detractors hinted that her prosperity arose owing to subventions from the German Government.

As a matter of fact, all these rumours; favourable or otherwise, were untrue. "La Paiva" was merely a Polish Jewess, born about 1825, "Thérèse Lachmann" by name, whose parents lived at Moscow. In official documents she was wont to call her father a "capitalist," but in reality, like most of his Russian co-religionists, his condition in life was very humble.

As a young girl, Thérèse married a little French tailor called Villoing, but soon tiring of the cares of impecunious matrimony, she abandoned husband and child and somehow contrived

to make her way to Constantinople, from which city she eventually wandered to Paris.

In the earlier period of her career the "Paiva" had not yet attained to any great position in the ranks of Parisian gallantry ; her existence, indeed, was precarious, and occasionally she even lacked food. By a first stroke of good luck, however, she chanced to meet a lover of her own race, Henri Herz, the pianist, who, taking her to live with him, went so far as to pass her off as his wife. Her extravagance, however, was not long in producing an insupportable state of affairs. All the money made by Herz, who gave concerts, went like water, and when the infatuated musician was almost at his last penny his mistress went off. Herz shortly afterwards went to America, and all relations between the two ceased.

"La Paiva" soon returned to her old career, though, by reason of the artistic friends she had made through the pianist, her social position was better than before.

A woman of determined character, she was imbued with the fixed idea that, if given the power to concentrate one's wishes upon getting any particular thing, the desire for it would be gratified. She believed implicitly in herself, was possessed of inordinate ambition and had an iron will.

Théophile Gautier, who knew her at this

period, was wont to recount how, finding her in very great straits, she told him that she would one day possess the finest house in Paris. "If I fail," she added, "then it will be 'good-night,'" and so saying showed him a little phial of poison which she always carried.

The middle of the last century was rather a favourable time for adventuresses and possibly "La Paiva" had heard of Lola Montez who, though of very low origin, had made her way to Munich in 1848, and managed to captivate Louis the First of Bavaria, an elderly Lovelace whose ardour for the fair sex had not been damped by age.

Though she obtained complete ascendancy over the King she used her influence in such an injudicious manner that she was eventually expelled from Munich, grave riots having broken out there. Nevertheless, hers was a wonderful career only marred by the ill-luck which, as Alexandre Dumas said, she seemed to bring on those who attached themselves to her for any length of time, whether as lovers or husbands.

Another great courtesan of the 'forties whose fame had become legendary was Alphonsine Plessis (from whom Dumas drew "La Dame aux Camélias"), known in her day as the best dressed woman in Paris. Unlike most of her class she was noted for her refinement, neither flaunted nor hid her vices and never talked about money.

Curiously enough, though she had a fondness for wearing white camellias whenever it was possible to obtain them, no one ever thought of calling her " La Dame aux Camélias " during her lifetime.

Jules Janin, a grave prince of critics, as he was called, even went so far as to write :—

" To the future generation which will ask what was France doing in 1852, the answer will be, 'Crying over the sorrows of la Dame aux Camélias !' "

In a sort of way, the play in question inaugurated the recognition of the demi-monde.

" Marguerite Gauthier " became a fashionable type, and a countless number of young women sighed to follow her example and be covered with gold by a duke, taken out to supper by a count, and finally retire to a rural existence with an adoring lover.

Some of them, it was even said, drank vinegar to attain an interesting and consumptive appearance, and learnt to cough in an angelic fashion, in order to be able to break the heart of sentimental but rich admirers.

Bronchitis became a treasured boon, and those lucky enough to suffer from a mild though chronic form of it found their ailment most profitable.

At the time when " La Paiva " expressed such confidence in her future to Théophile Gautier she was about twenty-five years old.

Not, it would appear, especially beautiful, she had, however, a very fine figure besides being seemingly possessed of a semi-hypnotic power which fascinated those who fell victims to her spell.

In addition to these attractions, the value of which she thoroughly understood, she was endowed with great powers of foresight and calculation which were of considerable assistance to her in laying her plans.

In the furtherance of her ambitious schemes, she contrived to obtain credit with a clever dressmaker, who, having fitted her out in a luxurious manner, said, "Now that I have furnished you with everything necessary, it only remains for you to do the rest."

A short time later, "La Paiva," as she was afterwards called, began to make a stir among the pleasure-lovers of London and Paris, and she who not long before had with difficulty secured a supper at second-rate night resorts, now found herself in a position to pick and choose among a crowd of wealthy admirers.

The poverty and privation she had undergone had, however, left a deep and lasting impression upon her very determined character, and the sudden access of prosperity never for a moment caused her to lose her head. Calculating, cool and inaccessible to those softer impulses which, contrary to general opinion, so often sway women of her class, she continued calmly to pursue the

objects which she had made up her mind to attain —first of all wealth, and next the power which it is able to give.

Directly she was in a position to select her lovers, she did so with cold, deliberate calculation, behaving in the matter much as a shrewd Stock Exchange operator selects his speculations. Her great maxim was to choose men who were rich and generous, and thus it came about that she was successively the mistress of a great English nobleman, of the Duc de Grammont, and of the Duc de Guiches. She aspired, however, to a good deal more, and the death of her husband, Francois Villoing, the little French tailor, occurring just about this time, she seized an opportunity and with a view to raising her social status contrived to arrange a marriage with a Portuguese nobleman. On June 5, 1851, Madame Villoing became Madame la Marquise de Paiva y Araujo.

Her husband, it should be stated, was a cousin of the Portuguese Minister in Paris, and had himself for a short time been in diplomacy. His financial position, according to rumour, was chiefly remarkable for the number of his debts, though he claimed to be heir to vast estates in Portugal. In the light of subsequent events, however, it would appear that this marriage was undertaken as an investment on both sides. The lady needed social position—the Marquis money,

and while the marriage regularised her position, it certainly contributed to re-establish his credit. The couple now took up their residence in the Place St. Georges, the rather luxurious existence they led there being certainly not paid for by the Marquis, who appears to have been content to ask no questions. The day after the wedding it is said the bride addressed her husband as follows: "My dear friend, you have given me your name. I have given you in exchange certain benefits which you appreciate. Now we are quits; go your own way."

In connection with this marriage, it used to be said that the first meeting of the "Paiva" with her Portuguese nobleman occurred under curious circumstances. One very hot day, when the lady was leaning out of a window, she saw approaching in the street below, one of the most shiny pates she had ever seen. Seized by a spirit of mischief, she could not resist gently pouring a stream of water upon the head as the owner passed immediately beneath her. The Marquis (for it was he) naturally looked up, and seeing a pretty face laughing at him, determined to obtain a personal explanation, with the result that it proved so satisfactory that the two became fast friends.

Though the *rez de chaussée* in the Place St. Georges was comfortable enough, it did not satisfy the "Paiva," and in July, 1855, she bought

for some 400,000 francs the ground on which the Travellers' Club now stands.

Her choice of this particular spot, it is said, was largely influenced by the fact that in the days of her poverty, she had once collapsed in a fainting condition on a bench immediately adjacent to it. Revived by the care of some passers-by, she is said to have exclaimed: "Here, where hunger overcame me, shall rise a mansion to prove my power."

According to another story, when run away with in a carriage, the horses had been stopped close by. Ever after, it was said, she used to salute the place as sacred when she passed it, besides which she swore to build a palace there.

The architect Maugain was entrusted with the task of erecting the house, the ornamental portions of which were undertaken by the sculptor Legrain. The whole mansion, with the exception of some details, was completed in 1866, when the "Paiva" went to live there.

From an artistic point of view, the decorative scheme, typical of the Second Empire, is rather flamboyant in style and lacks restraint. The ceiling of the great saloon, representing Day chasing Night, by Paul Baudry (executed at the beginning of his career), is, however, a fine composition. For the undraped figure of Night, it should be added, the model was the "Paiva" herself, a good deal flattered by the artist, for

by the time the house was completed, much of her beauty had departed.

The most prominent sculptors and artists of the day were employed on various parts of the interior, and the main part of their work still remains. Madame de Paiva, oddly enough, had rather a *flair* for discovering promising young men. She was one of the first to recognise the talent of the sculptor Dalou and to employ him. Though a great admirer of French contemporary Art, she was no connoisseur of *objets d'art.* She cared nothing for the fine things of the past, and appreciated only what was new and above all expensive.

The sums expended upon the house amounted, it is said, to some ten millions of francs. Everything was executed upon a lavish scale. For instance, when her architect told her her bed would cost 50,000 francs (£2,000), she cried out, "Do you want me to have fleas in it? It's too cheap; put it down at 100,000 francs."

The fount of wealth from which flowed all this extravagant expenditure was a Silesian nobleman of very large fortune, with an enormous income derived from copper mines. This was Count Henckel von Donnersmarck, who was a few years younger than his inamorata. He it was who satisfied all her caprices, and caused her to be regarded with feelings of envious admiration by less fortunate members of the demi-monde.

What wonder that the younger Cyprians who frequented Mabille, a now long defunct dancing resort, the place of which was taken by the Jardin de Paris, should have learnt to cast wistful glances at the lights of the Hôtel Paiva, which seemed, from its windows, to flash a message of hope through the summer night?

Mabille was then a favourite resort of all pleasure-loving Paris, and here were to be seen all grades of demi-mondaines from the modest, or, rather, immodest, frequenter of *restaurants de nuit* to the fashionable and prosperous *cocotte* with a sumptuous house and splendid horses, for at that time every lady of this sort liked to be seen driving in the Bois.

Not a few of them, like Cora Pearl, were noted for their beautiful turn-outs. The latter also was noted for her skill in riding, an art which at that time few of the French contemporaries seem to have attempted, thinking, like the "Paiva," that it was better to be behind horses rather than upon them.

It was quite a sight to watch the sumptuous carriages roll up to the gates of Mabille and see their extravagantly dressed occupants descend. The admiration and envy engendered by the open worship of successful frailty probably caused many a little *grisette* to stray from the arduous path of virtue into the apparently rose-strewn maze of Parisian vice.

As for the lower grade of *cocottes,* they were all well acquainted with the histories of their more successful sisters and envied their lot.

Not a few had some vague idea of the story of the mistress of the fine house close by, and footed it all the more gaily buoyed up by the idea that fortune might be as kind to them as it had been to her.

The astounding career of the mistress of this mansion is one which could scarcely have happened in any other town but Paris—that city which ever has rich prizes to offer to frail femininity of enterprising disposition.

Only in Paris, too, would a woman of the type and reputation of "La Paiva" have been recognised as presiding over a *salon* frequented by a great proportion of the most cultivated literary men of the time.

Rarely in France does the demi-mondaine aspire to occupy a high social position, and it was in that respect that this woman differed so greatly from the sisterhood to which she belonged. The acquisition of money, indeed, to her was merely the means to an end, and never did she lose sight of the social ideal which attracted her, and which, to some extent at least, she realised.

Though she cannot be said ever to have been in any way a leader of Parisian society, she certainly succeeded in presiding over a very

representative literary *salon*, to which all the clever men in Paris were glad to be asked. Thus she really ended by having some social position in the world of literature and art, which after all was a considerable feat for one of her very bespattered antecedents.

Having got her house, the "Paiva" set about the task of realising her dream of becoming a social celebrity. During her very chequered career she had not failed to perceive that there is nothing which people appreciate so much as that which is difficult to get, for which reason she determined to make an invitation to her *salon* more or less of a privilege.

The Parisian pleasure-loving world, though comprising many shrewd men, nevertheless adored folly and could not resist running after any one who had become the fashion. Directly some well-known *viveur* was seen to be running after some woman all his friends began to run too.

It was the old story of Louis XV. over again.

The monarch in question, after hunting, found himself at Neuilly, and being seized with a fancy for a glass of ratafia entered a small cabaret, the owner of which by chance happened to have one bottle.

The King, having drunk a glass, called for a second, saying that never in his life had he ever drunk any ratafia of such a delicious kind.

This was enough to stamp this particular innkeeper's ratafia as the best in Europe.

All the smart world of Paris began to patronise the innkeeper, who, in consequence, became very prosperous and in after years built himself a superb house upon the site of his little inn, inscribing upon it the appropriate motto, "Ex liquidis solidum."

The boulevardiers, like the people who followed the example of Louis XV., soon began to run after the "Paiva" when they saw her going about with milords and millionaires.

She had always been fond of the society of literary men and artists, and the cleverness of the guests to whom her house was open naturally acted as an attraction. Amongst those who frequented her parties were Sainte Beuve, Renan, the austere Taine, the brothers Goncourt, Arsène Houssaye, her old friend Théophile Gautier, Emile de Girardin, Emile Augier and many other clever men. The lack of ladies—for women were seldom invited—rather robbed the dinner parties of animation, while after the wont of ex-courtesans, the hostess enforced an exacting standard of decorum.

Like certain ladies spoken of by Molière, "elle était plus chaste des oreilles que de tout le reste du corps," and would not tolerate improper jokes.

Now and then some of the more vivacious

guests attempted to enliven the somewhat chilling atmosphere of the Hôtel Paiva—chilling it should be added in more senses than one, for its mistress had a mania for cold rooms and the splendid fireplaces rarely contained fires. On the other hand, the dinners were sumptuous and there was a profusion of magnificent fruit and flowers which were grown at the country house owned by the hostess, the Château de Pontchartrain.

Owing to the literary celebrity enjoyed by most of the "Paiva's" guests and also to her shrewd policy of limiting invitations, quite a number of people prominent in Paris society coveted the *entrée* to her gilded halls. The gratification of her old ambitions caused her the most lively satisfaction and also enhanced her belief that she had become an important personality in the social world. When therefore one evening, after a great dinner, an unexpected visitor in the shape of H.I.M. Emperor Napoleon III. was announced, though quite a flutter prevailed among her guests, the hostess herself remained calm and at her ease. Going to meet the illustrious visitor she pointed out to him the principal objects of interest in the house, after which her guests were one by one ceremoniously introduced.

The Emperor, who seemed in a particularly amiable mood, had a pleasant word for all, while speaking significantly of decorations and honours

shortly to be bestowed upon some of those present. He then began to make a political speech, pleading for the reconciliation of all parties. Suddenly roars of laughter announced that the trick played by the notorious joker Vivier, who resembled the Emperor in appearance, had been discovered.

Every one was very much amused except the "Paiva," who did not think the joke amusing at all.

She liked to astonish people by a display of great wealth and for this reason rarely entertained financiers, whom she was rather disposed to despise. Literary men and artists, who regarded her as a patroness, were her favourite guests. With regard to the old *noblesse*, the feminine portion of which naturally had nothing to do with her, she affected a certain disdain.

"When you want to meet ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain," she told her friends, "let me know. I am rich enough to procure duchesses for you."

The artists and literary men, however, cared nothing for duchesses who never came, they were quite content to meet each other at the Hôtel Paiva, one of the few houses where amidst luxurious surroundings they could indulge in conversation and discussions undisturbed by any jarring note in the shape of fashionable trivialities.

Naturally they were well acquainted with the

foibles of their hostess and good-humouredly listened as she detailed the large sums which some painting or piece of sculpture had cost her—she loved display and rarely wore less than twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, which she took care people should know.

Among her jewels after the war she could boast of many which had belonged to the Empress Eugenie, including, rumour said, the diadem which Napoleon the Third had presented to that unfortunate lady on her betrothal.

The purchase of these Imperial gems gave the "Paiva" great satisfaction, for it gratified an old grudge she had against the Court for having refused to admit her to a ball at the Tuileries which she had attempted to attend just after she had married the Marquis de la Paiva.

She was ever frankly ostentatious and proud of the wealth which it had always been her ambition to obtain. Also she took care to remain wealthy.

In this respect, as in many others, she differed totally from most of her frail sisters of the Second Empire, who cared for nothing but throwing money out of the window and amusing themselves. The "Paiva" hardly knew how to laugh, having nearly all her life concentrated her mind upon the cold calculation which she considered her best road to fortune.

A unique personality, the like of which never

seems to have existed before, her success was not the result of mere good luck but the realisation of a plan; nothing had been left to chance, everything thought out with cold deliberation. She was the incarnation, indeed, of the wandering Jewess who had attained her aim.

She now had practically unlimited wealth at her disposal. Count Henckel von Donnersmarck was no ordinary spendthrift with merely a certain limited capital to squander, but a large landed proprietor drawing an enormous and increasing income from mines.

Perceiving that he was entirely infatuated by her, the astute Jewess at first kept him at a distance and feigned a coyness which had always been alien to her nature. In consequence of these tactics he fell more and more in love and finally, when she was sure that he was hers body and soul, she allowed him to enjoy a husband's prerogatives; as a matter of fact, from that time onwards the Count never ceased to reside with her.

It seems strange that he should have formed this deep and lasting attachment for a woman no longer in the zenith of her charms, with a past history which it must have been impossible for him to ignore. The woman one loves, however, is always perfect, for love, as a shrewd observer of humanity once pointed out, does not seek real perfection, liking only that which it creates itself.

This passion, indeed, resembles those kings who only recognise such honours as they themselves have bestowed.

A very reserved man, he always seemed bored at his own parties, at which he contributed very little to the flow of talk. In spite of this appearance of being bored he would seem to have been perfectly happy, the only fly in the amber being his sorrow at not being able to marry "La Paiva," who for her part attached about as much importance to changing one husband for another as to changing her chemise.

The Marquis de Paiva lived till 1872, when, after a dinner at the Maison Dorée, he went home and shot himself. Rather more than a year previous to his death, his wife managed to get her marriage annulled at Rome, and this, it was said, caused the suicide. Be this as it may, on October 28, 1871, Count Henckel von Donnersmarck led the quondam Jewess of Moscow to the altar at a Protestant church. This was the "Paiva's" third marriage, the curious thing being that she, a Jewess, was successively married, first according to the Orthodox Russian rite, next in a Roman Catholic church, and lastly by a Protestant pastor; so it might be said that ministers of nearly all the chief religions except Judaism, in turn blessed her nuptials.

On the outbreak of war in 1870 the Count and Countess, of course, had to leave Paris. When

the first act of the great tragedy which was to be played out forty-three years later had ended, the victors insisted upon making a triumphal entry into Paris, and spike-helmeted Prussians marched down the Champs Elysées past the Hôtel Paiva. This, it was said, had once been predicted by the owner in a moment of irritation with the Parisians. Be this as it may, Count Henckel von Donnersmarck exhibited anything but a violently hostile attitude towards the French during the war. According to one story, indeed, he absolutely declined to join the army ordered to invest Paris. In all probability he retained a good deal of sympathy for the people among whom he had lived so many years.

The Count's behaviour towards vanquished France seems, indeed, to have been as good as was possible under the circumstances.

It seems pretty sure, for instance, that when, after the war, he was appointed Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, both he and his wife did all they could to obtain more lenient treatment for the people of the conquered provinces. The Count, however, was soon replaced by General von Manteuffel, and they then returned to Paris and once more began to entertain, one of their guests at this period being Gambetta, whom, it is said, they tried to win over to the idea of a *rapprochement* with Germany.

The position of the Count and his wife was,

however, now totally different from what it had been before the war. According to one report, the Count lived for so many years in Paris, not merely for the purposes of enjoyment, but to spy out the land for his master Bismarck, and what with one story and another, life at the Hôtel Paiva was not nearly so pleasant as it had been previous to 1870.

Eventually, indeed, either because of this or owing to some semi-veiled order of expulsion, Count Henckel and his wife made up their minds to leave the Champs Elysées for ever, and the mansion on which such vast sums had been expended was closed.

The couple now definitely abandoned France and took up their residence at Neudeck, near Tarnowitz, where the Count had a large property.

To this place the Countess at first wished to transport her Paris mansion stone by stone with all its decorations, but the idea being proved to be impracticable she contented herself with building a château in the style of the Palace of the Tuileries, Lefuel, well known in connection with the Louvre, being the architect. She died at Neudeck in January, 1884, and her husband, for some time inconsolable at her loss, erected a magnificent mausoleum to contain her tomb.

Though the "Paiva" had spent a good part of Count Henckel's money, it is said that in her latter years, owing to her great business

capabilities, he more than recouped himself for all his extravagance by following her advice. By her will she left everything, including the mansion in the Champs Elysées, back to him, a clause stipulating that if he predeceased her, the estate should be devoted towards assisting Art in Paris.

In 1887 the Count married a lady of good family, who, it is said, at once set to work to obliterate every relic of her predecessor. Accordingly, in 1893, the house in the Champs Elysées, with its contents, was sold for nearly a million and a half of francs. Seven years later, during the Exhibition of 1900, the famous Russian restaurateur "Cubat" started a restaurant there, but this, possibly owing to the exorbitant charges, soon failed, and some years later the house was taken for the Travellers' Club, which still occupies the ornate and sumptuous building where the "Paiva" was wont to say "all her desires, like crouching dogs, had come to heel."

VII

As a French author has poetically pointed out, it is rather the past which seeks us than we who seek the past; indeed, it seems to employ great ingenuity to press its claims upon our notice, often making use of all sorts of queer chances in order to bring some forgotten detail to light. Thus, as it were, do the disembodied souls of our predecessors attempt to live again.

A letter slipped long years ago between the leaves of some volume, an old box stored away in an attic, a print or picture hidden behind a panel or wall, are a few of the most usual methods which the past employs to thrust itself upon the notice of a new generation.

Most of us, too, know how often an old book which has fallen into our hands stimulates our interest in people and things of another age.

A short while ago such a volume, in the somewhat prosaic form of an old agricultural report on the county of Middlesex, chanced to arouse the interest of the present writer.

Modern official reports will not be likely to afford posterity much information as to the life and habits of the present generation. Though for the most part strictly accurate, there is in them little which is amusing or picturesque. Very different, however, is this "View of the

Agriculture of Middlesex," by John Middleton, Land Surveyor, published in 1798, containing, as it does, naïve views of contemporary manners, besides affording us valuable insight into vanished social history.

A considerable portion of the volume refers to Enfield Chase, which began to be broken up about 1777. Of this once wide expanse of forest and woodland, embracing as it did more than 9000 acres, few portions, including Hadley Wood and Trent Park (at present the residence of Lord Curzon), remain in anything like their pristine condition. The former wood, within easy reach of the Metropolis, is well known to Londoners. Few of them, however, probably realise that this small stretch of sylvan beauty represents one of the last remains of the old English forest which at one time covered so great a portion of the land immediately adjacent to London.

Trent Park, known at the time of the above-mentioned survey as Trent Farm, has about 1000 acres attached to it, including the Rough Lot, an untouched bit of woodland which has avoided the fate which has long since overtaken almost the whole of the ancient Chase.

Up to the 'forties of the last century a certain portion of Beach Hill Park also preserved a good deal of its pristine beauty, but the then owner ruthlessly destroyed most of this by cutting down timber, which was sold to the railway for fencing and sleepers.

Just before the outbreak of the Great War certain parts of this latter park were being staked out as plots for villa building, a lamentable fate for the remains of the old Chase to suffer, but one which has already overtaken a great deal of it in the vicinity of Enfield and other places adjacent to its ancient boundaries.

At White Webbs Park, it may be added, there is also some woodland more or less in its pristine condition.

Long after Enfield Chase was broken up in 1777 much of it remained in a semi-wild condition and afforded sportsmen of the "amateur poacher" type many a good day. Though the red deer were captured and removed to Luton Hoo, a few escaped. The last would seem to have been killed by Mr. Mellish in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is curious that so little regret was shown at the disappearance of such a glorious stretch of English woodland close to the Metropolis, and the only consolation is that much of the almost adjoining Epping Forest has survived into modern times.

Here, as in the ancient Enfield Chase, the Norman Conqueror once protected the "tall deer," as if they had been of his own blood royal, but evil days came and its extent grew smaller and smaller with great rapidity, once the "enclosure mania" had really begun.

In 1777 there were 12,000 acres of Forest; eleven years later, Lord Waldegrave, under an

Act of Parliament, appropriated 670 acres. By 1793 the Forest had decreased to 9000 acres. In 1854 only 7000 acres remained. Finally, in 1871, the old Forest had dwindled down to 3400 acres.

The Corporation of the City of London happily then stepped in and prevented further appropriation. Eventually, by dint of hard fighting, over 2000 acres of enclosed, that is stolen, Forest land were recovered, the total extent of Epping Forest secured for the people, by the public-spirited and admirable action of the Corporation, being 5530 acres, which are to remain for ever "as an open space for recreation and enjoyment," the natural aspect of the Forest being preserved.

Most unfortunately, the adjoining Hainault Forest was practically destroyed about 1855, the trees being uprooted by steam power and the famous Fairlop Oak, of ancient memory, being ruthlessly torn down. Since that day some attempt has, however, been made to replant a portion of the ground, but the Forest as a Forest nevertheless scarcely exists except in name.

The utilitarian spirit which animated the destroyers of these old English woods defeated the very object at which it was supposed to aim, for the value of great breathing spaces near London is of the very first importance.

The author of the "View of Middlesex" was a whole-hearted supporter of enclosing all wood-

HAMPSTEAD HEATH IN 1804.

From a Drawing by F. J. Sarjent. Engraved by F. Jukes. Reproduced by the courtesy of F. Daniell & Son.

lands and commons, and where possible utilising them for agricultural purposes.

The enclosure system, though perhaps defensible in theory, in practice was capable of giving rise to unexampled absurdity and injustice.

Too often it was conducted on the principle of "Unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The poor people living in close proximity to common land were always losers by enclosure, and stripped of their old common rights, not a few were thrown on the parish.

The neighbourhood of London formerly contained much common land, a great portion of which is now built over.

According to Rocque's map of Middlesex, Hounslow Heath extended, in 1754, to about 6658, and Finchley Common to about 1243 acres. Some part of Hounslow was enclosed about 1748; and in 1789, such part of this heath (viz. about 350 acres) as belonged to the parish of Stanwell, was enclosed by Act of Parliament.

At the time of the Survey in 1798:—

	Acres.
1. Hounslow Heath was said to contain about ..	6,300
2. Sunbury Common	1,400
3. Finchley Common	1,240
4. Harrow Weald, and part of Bushey Heath, Commons	1,500
5. Ruislip Commons	1,500
6. Uxbridge Common	350
7. Harefield Common	200
8. Hillingdon Heath	160
	12,650

		Acres
Brought forward		12,650
The remains of Enfield Chase, then still uncultivated, according to accurate measurements, were :—		
The allotment to Enfield Parish	1,532	
,, ,, Edmonton Parish ..	1,231	
Part of the allotment to the Crown ..	1,047	
,, ,, ,, Hadley Parish	190	
	——	4,000
Making together		16,650

to which add several smaller ones, under 100 acres each, such as Hampstead Heath, Pinner Common, Sudbury Common, Pinner Marsh, Roxhill Green, Apperton Green, Wembly Green, Kenton Green, Greenhill Green, Uxbridge Moor, Memsey Moor, Goulds Green, Peils Heath, Hanwell Common and Wormwood Scrubs, which were estimated to contain altogether 1350 acres.

Hyde Park was once far larger than it is now. By an actual survey taken in 1652, it contained "about 620 acres, valued at £894 13*s.* 8*d.* per annum ; the timber on ditto, valued at £4779 19*s.* 6*d.* ; the deer at £301 ; the materials of a lodge £120 ; and those of a building designed for a banqueting house at £125 12*s.* The park was divided into lots, and being sold to several purchasers, produced the sum of £17,068 6*s.* 8*d.*, including the timber and deer. The extent of Hyde Park, according to a survey taken in 1790, was 394a. 2r. 38p." Since this date its area has not been materially curtailed.

On the subject of common lands and of the ancient Chase, Mr. Middleton, as has before been

said, held very strong views. Unenclosed commons and woods were an abomination to him. Finchley Common and Hounslow Heath he wished to see ploughed up and laid down in arable land.

Speaking of Finchley Common, he says:—"From Muswell Hill, the south-east corner of this common, there is a most enchanting prospect over Hornsey, Clapton, London, and the beautiful river Thames. There are many points in this situation that as much deserve to be adorned with elegant villas as any other spot in this, in many respects, highly favoured county."

It is possible that could the writer revisit this district to-day, he might be satisfied, for villas—scarcely elegant, perhaps—practically cover the entire countryside, which from an æsthetic point of view has been completely ruined, while Muswell Hill has been capped by that monstrous building the Alexandra Palace, which, opened, burnt and rebuilt in the seventies of the last century, was a favourite scheme of Lord Brougham's. On the day of its official opening, he spoke almost in a prophetic strain of its certain success, warming into an enthusiasm which astonished even those who were accustomed to his glowing periods. "London the mighty," said he, "would grow more distant in its boundaries, till the north and the south would be worlds of themselves, having populations that could not with facility migrate for pleasure from spot to spot, and it would be therefore necessary to give to the north the splendid

attractions of the south; the Alexandra Palace for one, the Sydenham Palace for the other."

Though some of this prediction regarding the growth of London has come true, the anticipation regarding the public appreciation of the Palace has been completely falsified, for both the Alexandra and the rival palace of glass at Sydenham have entirely failed to attract the public for whose delectation they were designed.

"Commons," says the writer of the report, "are certainly best enclosed, as they afford no real benefit to the poor who live on or near them; for, although a cow turned on the common may get her own living for three months, which is as much as she will be able to do, without some assistance from the garden, bran, etc., the cottager, not having a bit of enclosed ground to grow hay, is sure, if he can have it at all, to pay very dear for it to the neighbouring farmers; and such cows, being obliged to be on foot all the day, and perhaps at night too, give but a very scanty meal when milked.

"Another very serious evil," says the writer, "which the public suffers from these commons, is that they are the constant rendezvous of gipsies, strollers, and other loose persons, living under tents which they carry with them from place to place according to their conveniency. Most of these persons have asses, many of them horses, nay, some of them have even covered carts, which answer the double purpose of a caravan

for concealing and carrying off the property they have stolen, and also of a house for sleeping in at night. They usually stay a week or two at a place, and the cattle which they keep serve to transport their few articles of furniture from one common to another. These, during the stay of their owners, are turned adrift to procure what food they can find in the neighbourhood of their tents, and the deficiency is made up from the adjacent hay-stacks, barns and granaries. They are known never to buy any hay or corn, and yet their cattle are supplied with these articles of good quality. The women and children beg and pilfer, and the men commit greater acts of dishonesty; in short, the commons of this county are well known to be the constant resort of foot-pads and highwaymen, and are literally and proverbially a public nuisance."

The highwaymen were certainly a real menace at that time, even the suburbs immediately adjacent to London were anything but safe. At Kensington, for instance, on Sunday evenings a bell used to be rung at intervals to muster the people returning to town. As soon as a band was assembled sufficiently numerous to ensure mutual protection, it set off. George the Fourth and his brother the Duke of York, when very young men, were stopped one night in a hackney coach, and robbed on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. To cross Hounslow Heath or Finchley Common, before they had been enclosed, after sunset, was

a journey of considerable danger. Those who ventured were always well armed, and some few had even ball-proof carriages. Not a few travellers carried two purses, one full of money, which they concealed, and the other lighter, to be handed over to highwaymen in case of need.

In order to frighten the latter, gallows abounded near all the great thoroughfares leading into London.

Owing to this the traveller's attention was very forcibly called, both by sight and in other unpleasant ways, to the number of bodies hanging in chains, which people who knew the roads well often tried to avoid.

Opposite Blackwall, on the banks of the Thames, a good many pirates usually hung in chains, looking like scarecrows. The Rev. T. Mozeley, in his "Reminiscences," says that "the only inhabitants of the Isle of Dogs that I ever saw were three murderers hanging from a gibbet." One of Hogarth's pictures of "The Idle Apprentice" series shows the pirates hanging in the distance. In later times, in the windows of the waterside taverns at Blackwell, "spy-glasses," or what Robinson Crusoe called "perspective glasses," were fixed for people to enjoy the spectacle; similarly the Greenwich pensioners on the Hill used to exhibit the gibbeted pirates on the opposite side of the river, in the Isle of Dogs, through telescopes; and when the bodies were

removed by legislative enactment, there was quite an outcry in certain papers as to holiday-makers being deprived of their amusements.

The criminals of that day were often very cool, one on mounting the gallows naïvely told the hangman that he hoped the rope was strong enough, because, he said, if it broke with his weight, he would fall to the ground, and become a cripple for life. The hangman reassured him.

In the eighteenth century gibbets abounded near London.* The following are some instances:—Edward Tooll, executed on Finchley Common, Feb., 1700, and afterwards hung in chains. Michael von Berghem and another, executed at the Hartshorne Brewery, June, 1700, and hung in chains between Mile End and Bow. William Elby, executed at Fulham, in the town, Aug., 1707, and hung in chains there. Hermann Brian, executed in St. James's Street, near St. James's House, Oct., 1707, and hung in chains at Acton Gravel Pits. Richard Keele and William Lowther, executed on Clerkenwell Green, 1713, conveyed to Holloway, and there hung in chains. John Tomkins, executed at Tyburn, Feb., 1717, with fourteen other malefactors, and hung in chains. Joseph Still, executed on Stamford Hill Road, and hung in chains in the Kingsland Road. John Price, executed in Bunhill Fields, and hung in chains near Holloway, 1717.

The last example of hanging in chains in

* "Notes and Queries," 1874.

England, it may incidentally be mentioned, took place in 1834, when a bookbinder named Cook, with the handle of his press murdered a Mr. Paas at Leicester, for which in due course he was sentenced to death and the body ordered to be gibbeted. This was done in Saffron Lane, outside the town, and the disgraceful scene around the gibbet, as described by an eye-witness, was like a fair. A Dissenter mounted upon a barrel and preached to the people, who only ridiculed him, and the general rioting soon led to an order for the removal of the body. In the same year (4 William IV.) hanging in chains was abolished by statute.

Reform in the brutal methods which formerly marked the treatment of prisoners dates from about the time of the religious revival in which John Wesley bore the principal part, and owed its origin to the appointment of John Howard as High Sheriff of the county of Bedford in 1773. To Howard, somewhat inadequately called a philanthropist, England owes an enormous debt. He alone began and perfected the work of reform. He recognised the evil case of the prisoner, and the lonesome state of his prison-house; he probed the evil to its lowest depths; he moved the Legislature to action; took upon himself the laborious office of inspector, and published and circulated, at his own cost, reports which he drew up after visiting countless prisons.

While punishments were no doubt unduly

severe, certain sections of the populace were very troublesome and unruly, requiring to be kept well in hand.

A minor nuisance was the abundance of beggars who were accorded a licence unknown in more modern days.

The London of a hundred years ago contained regular confraternities of them, who after their fashion led a life of considerable enjoyment.

A famous resort of theirs was a public-house in Whitechapel known as "The Beggars' Opera," the resort of beggars in the evening, who, having perambulated their several circuits, let themselves go. They spent their money freely on hot suppers, beer, punch and other liquors still more expensive. A reliable account, speaking of women who hire or borrow children, and pinch and prick them to make them cry, says that they sometimes made in this way ten or twenty shillings a day, got into a state of intoxication two or three days in the week, lived extremely well, and often indulged in rump-steaks and oyster sauce of a morning. A philanthropist surprised a Mrs. Hearn, who had applied to him for relief, with an excellent leg of mutton smoking, a half-gallon can of porter, and a bottle of liquor believed to be gin. There was a little black man, carrying one bag for silver and another for copper, who could spend fifty shillings a week for his board, would spit his own goose or his own duck, live very well, and could drink half a pint of spirits off at a time.

It was quite usual for beggars sallying forth in the morning, with legs and arms tied up, to fortify themselves before starting with four or five glasses of gin. Having settled their plan of campaign they met again in the evening to cook their own geese, or their own turkeys—taking care, in the latter case, to decorate the bird with sausages, to which savoury dish they gave the appropriate name of "an alderman hung in chains."

A great meeting-place of beggars was a room in a dirty court, called the "painted chamber," from the walls being covered with crude drawings, principally consisting of ships and portraits. In the room were about eight beds, in each of which was a man with a lighted candle over his head and a pipe in his mouth, enjoying and contributing to the wit of the party. Visitors were always struck by the gaiety which prevailed. These men were by profession beggars, and were the choice spirits of their order—no doubt in their own way as exclusive as the most select circles in the West.

Mr. Middleton, though not at all a sentimentalist or humanitarian, seems to have had a great dislike for sport and sportsmen, at whom he has many a fling.

For instance, in a section devoted to an estimate of the damage done by vermin on a farm of 200 acres, he says:—"Hunters and shooters are a larger species of vermin, who prey upon game; and on an average of years, damage

such a farm to the amount of upwards of ten pounds; altogether twenty pounds, or two shillings an acre for the article of game."

> "And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
> Destructive sweep the field along,
> While joying o'er the wasted corn
> Fell Famine marks the madd'ning throng."

In another place, speaking of fences, he says—"So far as the mere purpose of a fence is intended or desired, stone walls are the best of all, as they occasion the least waste of ground, do no injury to the corn crops, do not harbour vermin, and are free from the weeds and rubbish that invariably accompany live hedges. Nor be it forgotten, that they nearly exclude the greatest of all vermin, to a cultivated country, hunters.

"These lovers of a savage life are as unfit for a cultivated country, as are the stinking objects (foxes) of their pursuit."

Speaking of reforms which seemed to him necessary, he says—"In order to make good farmers, the roads should be kept in repair to their very doors, canals should be near, tithes should be abolished, the game laws and hunting should be annihilated, well-drawn leases should be general; and above all, there should be a certain, good, and ready-money market for the produce of their farms, and within a reasonable distance."

With lawyers Mr. Middleton had also little sympathy. According to him estates were, for the most part, under the management and direction

of attorneys-at-law, whose attention to their management seldom extended any further than to receiving the rents at their own houses or chambers, generally in London, and in drawing leases from old precedents. Such individuals were not at all skilled in the business of agriculture; which, from the nature of their profession, could not be expected.

Though not exactly pertinent to the subject of agriculture, the writer of the Report deals at considerable length with the various classes of persons inhabiting London.

"The first class includes those living on their paternal fortune, or riches suddenly acquired, comprehending a few merchants. The women of this class live almost constantly in their houses, which are very close, although the rooms are spacious, and the whole house perfectly clean and neat, or in carriages, with no labour and little exercise. This gives them a delicacy in their appearance, hardly to be described. As a flower brought forward by the cherishing heat of a conservatory, where it is defended from the nipping winds, exceeds anything produced by nature alone, like it, they too have a tenderness of constitution which subjects them to disease from the slightest exposure to any cause.

"Their situation, however, prevents them from being often exposed to infection or sudden cold, which are the great causes of violent diseases in this metropolis. Their complaints therefore are

generally slight, and very irregular; nor can they bear medicines in any way of a rough nature: their disorders must therefore be touched with the slightest hand. This has often produced an imbecility of practice, not only in London, but throughout the kingdom, which first infects the medical people who are immediately employed in the disorders of this class. Although there may sometimes perhaps be found one or two among these who are not the most learned or judicious practitioners, yet they are the richest, which contributes not a little to the spreading of this infection. Notwithstanding the diseases of the women of this class are frequent, yet they are seldom fatal, so that they often live to a great age.

"The men of the first class are much in the air in the morning, and use exercise. They live in the country part of the year, when they are often occupied in hunting and shooting. With some exceptions, they are of constitutions sufficiently strong; are seldom diseased; their diseases are strong and marked, and they bear the operation of powerful remedies.

"The men who are menial servants of this class, like the domestic slaves of the ancients, are idle, lazy; use little exercise: none when they can avoid it; they are thus rendered irritable; and being often exposed to all the inclemency of the weather in the winter season, often till three or four o'clock in the morning, they are

exceedingly subject to disease, particularly of the thorax; and few of them attain to any great age, except those of the higher ranks.

"The women-servants resemble, in their constitutions, their mistresses.

"The clergy are fewer here than in almost any other country in Europe. They are very apt to be affected with hypochondriacal complaints; but being in general regular in their manner of living, they often attain to a great age.

"The lawyers who are occupied in business are often, from their great attention and labour of mind, weak and disordered in their *primæ viæ*. Those who are not employed, may be considered as in the same state with the dependent gentleman.

"Physicians are so few, that it is hardly worth enumerating them. There are not much above two hundred in all, and not near half that number are employed in practice. Except when they are cut off by infectious fevers, before they are habituated to infection, although often diseased, physicians generally attain a considerable age.

"Attorneys and apothecaries are to be considered, in their manner of life and constitutions, in the order of tradesmen.

"Merchants and traders of consequence form the next class. The women of this class live a regular life, going to bed generally before midnight, and rising about nine in the morning.

From an Eighteenth Century Drawing.

Most families have villas near town, where the women pass much of their time, especially during the summer season. They are much more in the air, and consequently have neither the delicacy nor the irritability of the class we have first enumerated; enjoy a much better state of health; their diseases are more regular, and they bear the action of powerful remedies. Of the men of this class, some lead a sedentary life; their time is much employed in writing, generally leaning on their breasts; such are subject to complaints in their *primæ viæ;* others of them use exercise, especially on horseback, and often sleep in the country; all of them, in point of eating, are luxurious.

"The lesser tradesmen, shopkeepers, and manufacturers, are also sober and regular in their manner of life; but they are much confined to their houses, especially the women of this class, which renders them irritable, and subject to disease, often violent and fatal. Nor is that part of the men whose business calls them abroad less subject to morbid affection, so that they rarely attain to great old age."

Mr. Middleton omits any reference to the hard lives which the old-fashioned tradesmen or rather merchants led—lives which would have appalled their successors of a later age.

One of the principal Manchester men in this line in the eighteenth century was wont to send his wares into Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire,

Cambridgeshire, and the intervening counties, and principally took in exchange feathers from Lincolnshire and malt from Cambridgeshire and Nottinghamshire. All his commodities were conveyed on pack-horses, and he was from home the greater part of every year, performing his journeys entirely on horseback. His balances were received in guineas, and were carried with him in his saddle-bags. He was exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, to great labour and fatigue, and to constant danger. In Lincolnshire he travelled chiefly along bridleways through fields, where frequent gibbets warned him of his perils. Business in those days required a combination of personal attention, courage, and physical strength, not to be hoped for in a deputy; and a merchant then led a much more severe and irksome life than a bagman afterwards, and still more than a traveller of the present day. Competition could but be small; but the returns from capital were not so high in reality as in appearance, because the wages of labour ought to be deducted.

Though the writer of the Survey disliked fox-hunters, his most bitter invectives are reserved for the working classes who, according to him, were, "with some exceptions, the most disorderly, profligate, debauched set of human beings perhaps on the whole earth." He, however, speaks of them as "working hard, and being dexterous in their occupations, and of course

earning large sums of money which they spend in drinking, exposing themselves at the same time to the inclemency of the weather; always idle while they have any money left, so that their life is spent between labour and attention above their powers, and perfect idleness and debauchery. Their women also, passing from affluence to distress almost every week, are forced, although soberly inclined, to lead a very disorderly life. Pulmonary complaints are more particularly common and fatal in this class, as well as all other diseases.

"The moral principle," says he, "of the rural servants and labourers of this county is at so low an ebb, that it is supposed not one in a hundred, or perhaps in five hundred, are honest and faithful to their masters. Their minds have been contaminated, and every honest idea banished in consequence of being continually assailed by women calling for rags, broken glass, and kitchen-stuff; pretended gipsies, itinerant Jews, ballad-singers and showmen, strolling from house to house, pilfering every little article they happen to meet with, and tempting and encouraging servants and labourers to do the same, by offering to purchase every portable article. To these may be added millers, ostlers and corn-chandlers, dealers in eggs, butter and poultry, plumbers, blacksmiths and publicans, chandlers' shops, old iron shops, old clothes shops, and rag shops, low brokers of furniture and pawnbrokers,

These are the persons who principally buy the property stolen from farmers, and are only a part of the nursery of three thousand which have raised such a plentiful crop in and near London, as fully to justify the author of the Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis, in stating the number of persons whose pursuits are either criminal, illegal, or immoral, at 115,000.

"The fields near London are never free from men strolling about in pilfering pursuits by day, and committing greater crimes by night. The depredations every Sunday are astonishingly great. There are not many gardens within five miles of London that escape being visited in a marauding way, very early on a Sunday morning, and the farmers' fields are plundered all day long of fruit, roots, cabbages, pulse and corn."

The writer, as the following will show, though not a teetotaller, held strong views as to the sale of alcohol to the poor.

After deploring that a certain class of shopkeepers deal in "spirituous liquors, scandal and bad advice," he proceeds to dilate upon the injurious effects produced by an increasing number of public-houses.

"There," says he, "the poor and thoughtless are irresistibly tempted to squander their money, in bad beer and spirits, to the manifest injury of their constitution; whereas a substantial meal at home, with a little good ale, would ensure that health and vigour so essential to persons who

must earn their bread by the sweat of their brows.

"I cannot here omit to mention, that the increase of public-houses is, in my opinion, more ruinous to the lowest orders of society than all other evils put together. The depravity of morals, and the frequent distress of poor families, if traced to their true source, will be found, mostly, to originate in the public-house. On the contrary, where there is not such a house in the parish (and some such parishes there still are, though in distant counties), the wife and children of the labourer, generally speaking, enjoy happiness, compared with those where many public-houses are seen. They are also less disposed to deceive and pilfer; are better clothed, more cleanly, and less impudent and impertinent in their manners and deportment.

"The labourers of this county are ruined in morals and constitution by the public-houses. It is a general rule that, the higher their wages, the less they carry home, and consequently, the greater is the wretchedness of themselves and their families. Comforts in a cottage are mostly found where the man's wages are low, at least so low as to require him to labour six days a week. For instance, a good workman, at nine shillings per week, if advanced to twelve, will spend a day in the week at the ale-house, which reduces his labour to five days, or ten shillings; and as he will spend two shillings in the public-house, it leaves but eight for his family; which is one

less than they had when he earned only nine shillings.

"If by any means he be put into a situation of earning eighteen shillings in six days, he will get drunk on Sunday and Monday, and go to his work stupid on Tuesday; and, should he be a mechanical journeyman of some genius, who by constant labour could earn twenty-four shillings or thirty shillings per week, as some of them can, he will be drunk half the week, insolent to his employer and to every person about him."

In all probability the writer's antipathy to inns arose from his having been fleeced by their landlords, who were too often rapacious in the extreme. Their charges, indeed, were quite outrageous compared with those which prevailed on the Continent.

James Northcote, the painter, was wont to say that he had travelled all the way from Lyons to Genoa, and from Genoa to Rome, without speaking a word of the language and in the power of a single person without meeting with the smallest indignity; and everywhere, both at the inns and on the road, every attention was paid to his feelings and pains taken to make him comfortable.

Set a Frenchman down, said he, in England, to go from London to York and see the way he would be treated. Not so many years before, the extortionate charges levied on the Duc de

Nivernais, then French Ambassador, proceeding to London, had aroused a considerable stir.

The chief robber was the landlord of the Red Lion at Canterbury, who charged the Duke and his suite of twelve persons for a night's lodging and a modest supper—oysters, fried whiting, boiled mutton and fowls—some forty-four pounds.

The following is the account:—

	£	s.	d
Tea, coffee and chocolate	1	4	0
Supper for self and servants	15	10	0
Bread and beer	3	0	0
Fruit	2	15	0
Wine and punch	10	8	8
Wax candles and charcoal	3	0	0
Broken glass and china	2	10	0
Lodging	1	7	0
Tea, coffee and chocolate	2	0	0
Chaise and horses for next stage	2	16	0

The Ambassador, like a *grand seigneur* as he was, paid, merely remarking that business on such terms must be very profitable.

At Rochester the whole party dined for three guineas, upon which the Duke tritely remarked that " there were honest people everywhere."

VIII

In all probability personal courage has been increasing in England ever since the days of the Conquest. The fine record for bravery of our young airmen often almost exceeds belief, while the endurance and devotion to duty of our new armies has come as a revelation even to those who fully realised the finer aspects of the national character.

The English, indeed, are as brave or braver than ever, but in some other respect they have changed since the great days of the Napoleonic wars.

It would, for instance, seem that the common sense for which they were formerly famed is not so noticeable as of yore. Anyhow, the peculiar shrewdness which was once quite a national characteristic, unfortunately appears to be sadly lacking in their too confiding descendants.

The shrewdness in question was, to a great extent, an instinctive quality akin to that still occasionally to be found in men living much with nature, such as shepherds or gamekeepers. Apparently town life, which has undoubtedly

done great harm to the English race, has impaired this quality while giving us nothing but sloppy sentimentality in its place.

In old days England was supposed to be almost evilly astute in her management of Foreign Affairs—those days are gone.

The astuteness in question was certainly anything but conspicuous just before the War, the fact being that while we possessed no really great diplomatists, such as we did have were considerably hampered by fear of that mischief-working body, the House of Commons—where certain tonguesters are always ready to raise any question, no matter how inopportune, provided that it is likely to appeal to sentimental or humanitarian cranks, or be likely to gain votes.

The diplomats of old days were often men of pleasure; what it pleases people to call "a higher standard" is expected of them to-day. It is very doubtful, however, whether a shrewd man of the world, who has seen all the ups and downs of life, is not better equipped for the management of delicate negotiations than a clever scholar, often, alas, a prig, whose wildest dissipation is a game of golf?

The Foreign Office, rather unfairly perhaps, is at present constantly subjected to hostile criticism. "Foreign Office, indeed!" said an old lady to whom the somewhat ungainly building in Whitehall was pointed out, "I suppose it's

called that because the people there take such good care of foreigners."

Attacks of this sort, based upon vague rumours, are, of course, absurd; the fact remains, however, that the Foreign Office, rightly or wrongly, is far from being a popular institution with the public at large.

A cause of this unpopularity would seem to be that few of its members—for the most part intellectual young men who have passed very difficult examinations—make much effort to conceal their very good opinion of themselves. Besides this, the suavity and charm of manner associated with the diplomatists of another age are rarely to be found in their successors.

Certain is it that, in this case at least, the examination system has proved a failure; both the Foreign Office and diplomacy carried on their work with far greater success at the period when a different method of selection prevailed. The policy favoured by the new school often seems to aim at sparing the susceptibilities of other nations, even to our own detriment!

The exact causes which in a hundred years have almost entirely altered the character and methods of a great nation are somewhat difficult to fix. One or two, however, stand forth for all men to see.

To begin with, the old English spirit is now extinct and with it, unfortunately, much has

departed which tended to make the people of the country virile and robust.

The old English were hard-headed, straightforward men, well versed in the ways and wiles of a more or less wicked world—men not over-abundantly laden with knowledge gleaned from books, the lack of which, however, was more than compensated for by an innate shrewdness invaluable in times of stress. Added to this, a number of them possessed a tenacity which, when fully aroused, was capable of becoming absolutely ruthless.

The old English, notoriously, had little toleration for sentimentality or weakness even when those who indulged in it could plead that they were actuated by the highest motives.

They were not Puritans, or if they were, they realised the impossibility of imposing too high a standard upon the world in general. They surveyed humanity, indeed, from a common-sense point of view and were not cramped or hoodwinked by pedantic prejudices or idealistic dreams, nor did they attribute as much power to Acts of Parliament as do our modern reformers.

There is no doubt but that the rough life of pleasure which most of the old-fashioned statesmen had in their youth, proved of value to them in giving them an idea of what human nature really was.

In this particular branch of knowledge our

modern politicians would, for the most part, seem to be childishly ignorant. The old Tom and Jerry life, though there was much which was bad about it, did not conduce to the cultivation of altruistic fads, such as are dear to so many of our present legislators; it also tended to discourage priggism, which modern England is somewhat prone to elevate into a virtue.

In past days members of Parliament did not dabble much with what is now called Social Reform; indeed, they were not fond of restrictive legislation. A large proportion of them, as young men, had knocked about London and by so doing had gained a pretty good idea of what human nature really is. Consequently, they fully realised that people cannot be made sober or moral by Act of Parliament—an incontrovertible truth which nowadays is apt to be forgotten.

Not only are inconvenience and petty annoyance caused by grandmotherly laws, but not infrequently they positively promote crime.

On January 20, 1916, for instance, a poor woman at the Central Criminal Court was prosecuted for murdering her four children by drowning them in a copper. In the course of the proceedings it was elicited that she had been a good mother and a good wife. Sorely depressed by the struggle to live, in the midst of her troubles she was summoned (under the Act which caused

temperance fanatics much joy) for sending a child to *get half a pint of beer.*

The jury could not, of course, help finding the poor creature guilty, but she was only ordered to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

Thus four lives were lost and one ruined as a direct result of temperance legislation.

Above all, the old English were entirely free from affectation and cant, and if their virtues were to some extent those of the dogs and horses they loved, their vices were for the most part the failings of a virile and robust nature, the superabundant vitality of which was difficult to curb.

Their great success in building up the British Empire was not due to any set scheme of education or to any special training, its origin lay in the character and instinct of the men who made it—men who for the most part themselves scarcely realised the magnitude of their work, for whatever people can do best they understand and can explain least.

The modern craze for interfering with other folks on the pretext of improving them did not appeal to our forbears.

They thought, with Hazlitt, that the language of taste and moderation was, "I prefer this because it is best for me"; the language of dogmatism and intolerance, "Because I prefer it, it is best in itself, and I will allow no one else to be of a different opinion."

The liberty *which matters* is personal liberty. Unfortunately, the kind in which politicians deal is too often a mere negation of real freedom. One is the substance and the other the shadow.

A disquieting symptom in modern England is its attitude towards every form of folly, provided it bears the label of Democratic Reform.

We are always being told that there are no Tories left. There are, however, still a few people who refuse to be carried away by the torrent of gas and gabble which in an unending stream flows from the lips of our professional politicians.

Democracy is all very well provided its leaders do not lose their heads. Alas! the latter are far too prone to elevate it into a ridiculous fetish, while preaching a "morality of the mob," in which every one, instead of minding his own business, snatches at every opportunity of laying down laws for his neighbour. General hypocrisy and weakness must result from such methods.

One of the most absurd political fads is so-called "Christian Socialism," apparently an attempt to reduce every one to the same state as the early Christians, who had everything in common and nothing in particular. There are, however, other Utopian creeds which are just as foolish. Any cry, indeed, likely to attract is good enough

for the political "medicine men," who are constantly advocating all sorts of new laws under the pretext of creating an earthly paradise.

We are always being told that, unless such and such a measure is passed, wholesale degeneration of the race will ensue. It makes one wonder how poor old Mother Nature ever continued to do without the help of these wiseacres during the myriads of years which have elapsed since the dawn of Creation!

Providence, the old English instinctively knew, had not taken its measures so ill as to leave it to vote-cadging legislators to regulate the satisfactory continuance or discontinuance of the species. Laws or no laws, they knew that the world would go on much the same as before. As regards the place of woman, they held strong views, well knowing that she was unfitted to do the work of man.

One of the most ridiculous tendencies of modern England, is its toleration of Paul Prys who hunt about for improper allusions and the like in books, plays, and music-halls. The sum of a nation's morality or immorality is entirely unaffected by such trifles, as our ancestors well understood.

The English of the Elizabethan era were a very outspoken race, entirely free from prudery. Much the same state of affairs prevailed in the eighteenth century when Sir Robert Walpole

openly declared that impropriety was the best subject for conversation because every one could join.

The accession of Queen Victoria to the throne in 1837 was an event which had an enormous effect upon England and its ways and customs. From time immemorial the English had been a blunt—coarse, they would now be called—people, fond of rough jests and Rabelaisian toasts, certain of which were always drunk whenever a number of men met together. On the accession of the Queen, Lord Melbourne let it be generally known that, now a young girl was on the throne, it was to be hoped that the toasts in question would be discontinued, in consequence of which their very memory entirely faded away. There was, indeed, a general softening of ways and manners, very nice and no doubt in a sense refined. Nevertheless, all this paved the way for the sentimentalism and humanitarianism which eventually culminated in making the Germans think that England would never go to war.

Some of the old customs and toasts lingered on in little, old-fashioned dining clubs as late as the 'seventies and early 'eighties, but the latter are all gone now, together with the spirit of rough conviviality which they fostered.

The old-fashioned idea was that some sort of outlet for dissipation was better than driving it into secret channels, where vice becomes more

dangerous, hence the unblushing licence accorded to night houses and other resorts where, less than fifty years ago, the grandfathers of many of the present generation held high revel without, in due course, let it be added, becoming any the worse husbands and fathers.

Priggish sentimentality was never tolerated by the virile men of a past age, and not a few learnt more of human nature during their riotous youth than all the Leagues for human improvement would ever be able to teach them.

The so-called refinement in our amusements (loved by the English middle-classes) has arisen from the fact that common people seek for what they think is refinement as a treat, just as the old aristocracy were occasionally fond of grossness and ribaldry as a relief.

The modern manager often poses as an educator while laying stress upon the propriety of his entertainments. A recent description of a certain performer, for instance, was "a clean bundle of true whimsicality."

Vulgar common folk, as a rule, require the utmost propriety for their money when they go to the theatre—as Goldsmith's showman said—

> "My bear dances to none but the genteelest of tunes."

It is this spirit which killed the old-fashioned music-hall, where formerly could be heard songs

which really expressed the life and ideas of the people, pitiful as in many cases it no doubt was.

Realism has been banished from the Variety Stage and elaborate humbug has been substituted for Rabelaisian truth. That the wits of the people have not been sharpened by the change any one can verify by going and hearing the feeble, emasculated stuff which convulses the audiences of to-day.

Though the quality of entertainments has for the most part deteriorated, the number of places of amusement has enormously increased. This, of course, is due to the fact that such great masses of country people have flocked into the towns—one of the worst things which ever happened to England.

It seems an extraordinary thing that during the latter portion of the last century, at least, English statesmen should not have perceived how essential to the well-being of the country it was not to allow agriculture and the rural life of the people to fall into a derelict condition. As a matter of fact, no one dreamt of trying to keep either the landowners or the villagers on the land, everything being done which was calculated to drive people away. The chief criminals in this matter have, of course, been the politicians, most of whom have been ready to subordinate all considerations of truth or real national efficiency

to the exigencies of the moment, and the need of getting votes.

Although few foresaw the great dangers which lay ahead, the outlook in the realm of politics just before the war was not one to arouse admiration.

The lawyer-politician, whom the old English abhorred, was carrying everything before him. In former days the House of Commons had the greatest suspicion of legal members, whom they knew to be nothing but paid advocates of any cause which it might suit them to take up.

Owing to the indifference of politicians before the war to almost everything but obtaining votes, insufficient attention was directed towards Germany arming beyond the seas. Again and again was England assured that the era of perpetual peace was close at hand. The public was hoodwinked with complete success.

The average modern Englishmen's point of view right up to the outbreak of hostilities was a sort of surprise that any one should believe a European war possible.

England, which he incidentally forgot possessed most of the choicest bits of the earth, was perfectly content and wanted nothing more, why then should any nation be so ridiculously foolish as to wish to fight ? And so the country, refusing to recognise the obvious peril of huge German armaments, continued to lull itself to sleep with

the soft lullaby of social reform, sung to our infantile proletariat by politicians whose motto must have been "after us the deluge," for they at least, knew the real truth.

There can be no doubt that sentimentalism, socialism and the like were largely promoted by German agents in this country before the war.

The Germans, indeed, like the savage chief who told the missionary that Christianity was a very good thing for every tribe except his own, took care to keep their Utopian ideas entirely for export. It is very noticeable that, almost without exception, naturalised foreigners who took up political and social questions in this country adopted an attitude of extreme hostility towards established institutions.

The most striking instance of this was Tribitsch Lincoln—afterwards convicted as a spy—who, strongly supported by certain philanthropic Radicals whom he completely took in, became Member of Parliament for Darlington.

During his election campaign this German Jew, in broken English, moved the "hard-headed Northerners" almost to tears, by his impassioned denunciations of the House of Lords and indignant protests against all attempts to tamper with the people's food on the part of wicked advocates of Protection!

The return to Parliament of this rascal was, it is said, greatly assisted by certain very doubtful

tactics, the money for which—possibly unwittingly—was supplied by certain wealthy advocates of social reform.

We hear much about the electoral corruption which prevailed in the Old England; let no one, however, imagine that it has become entirely extinct in the New.

It is illegal to offer a man money to vote for any particular candidate, but there is nothing to prevent any one from backing his opinion as to the result of an election.

Not a few elections have been won by the expedient of sending men all over a district laying extravagant odds against one of the candidates being returned, with the result that the votes cast for him have been increased to such an extent as to place him at the head of the poll.

The modern Member of Parliament is too often nothing but an ambitious and meddlesome prig, totally ignorant of life, who has entered politics merely for a career, representing no real opinion except his own conceit.

I remember, before the war, meeting a young fellow who told me he was preparing himself for Parliamentary life. After a little questioning, I discovered that his idea was to go into the House of Commons and pass faddist legislation, his name for which was the "uplifting of the people." He was a delicate, well-meaning young fellow, not badly educated, but totally ignorant of life,

I am not at all sure that he did not gratify his ambition as to entering Parliament; it does not much matter if he did—merely one puppet replacing another.

The gradual stages by which faddist legislation comes to pass is quite interesting.

A campaign against some particular social evil, as a rule, commences in the newspapers with outraged letters from bishops, old women, retired generals *et hoc genus omne.* The vast majority of these effusions greatly overstate the extent of the evil which it is desired to suppress.

At first, the papers, while excluding correspondence throwing cold water on the crusade, generally do not notice it in their columns. When, however, it has been worked up to fever pitch, and half-tone plates of the inevitable Bishop have shown him denouncing the evil in some public place, short articles begin to appear. These are soon followed by "personal experiences by our Special Commissioner," and after a time a statement to the effect that a Bill has been drafted and will shortly be submitted to the House of Commons brings matters to a head.

In due course, the Bill, mainly supported by clerics, social workers, and the like, duly passes into law. The newspapers publish articles congratulating everybody, themselves of course first of all, on the good which is going to be done,

the agitation simmers down and after a time everything goes on pretty much as before.

Our legislation, indeed, as regards the illicit intercourse of the sexes and as regards the sale of alcohol, is directly contrary to the dictates of common sense. There is not a word of real defence to be said for it, except the cowardly excuse *privately* made by legislators that every concession must be made to national hypocrisy in order to gain votes.

While an interminable amount of verbiage is devoted to describing the blessings of political freedom, we are being gradually stripped of what is fully as important—our independence.

Political freedom, after all, as conceived by most of our modern politicians, merely consists of an increased electorate, and the enactment of various restrictive measures which, while ostensibly supposed to suppress certain evils, produces others which are worse.

It is, however, remarkable that when any serious opposition arises the measures in question are immediately modified or, as in the case of Ireland, not applied at all. The concessions made to the latter country, indeed, demonstrate the farcical nature of a great number of restrictions which the more docile English public meekly accepts.

In England, for instance, any bookmaker publicly advertising the odds he is prepared to

lay would immediately be mulcted in severe penalties; in Ireland such odds are quite openly offered through the columns of the Press, no action whatever being taken.

The curse of the House of Commons of the present day is the lack of independence and moral cowardice displayed by so many of its members. Swayed either by considerations of party or by fear of an agitation, they seem incapable of making any effective opposition to measures which at heart they know to be ridiculous—sometimes even positively wrong.

The old Conservatives could at least be relied upon to make some effort to defend the liberties of the individual—the Unionists, who are supposed to have taken their place, betray such woeful timidity that one feels inclined to wonder how some of them ever manage to get across Pall Mall on a dark night!

Unfortunately, a certain section of the Press (admirable as is its tone in the main) has adopted somewhat the same attitude as the House of Commons. Its tendency, indeed, is rather to follow than to lead, and in consequence invaluable aid is given to movements of an hysterical nature. The atmosphere of humbug which has become identified with the doings of the egregious assembly mentioned above, is thus fostered and maintained by pens capable of worthier efforts.

In old days newspaper editors were not so ready as their successors of to-day to throw open their columns to the lucubrations of faddists and cranks. The Press for the most part then preserved a quite impartial attitude, and seldom gave its powerful aid to any agitation calculated to curtail personal liberty.

At the present time, provided you are a Bishop, a prominent social worker, or a notorious crank, you can get almost any nonsense in the shape of a letter printed by the newspapers. Outspoken, common-sense letters, however, are not as readily accepted; what editors like is something contributing to the mysterious "uplifting process" which apparently necessitates the suppression of individual freedom.

A long and interesting book might be written concerning the foolish and hysterical letters printed within the last thirty years.

It is an incontrovertible fact that among the cohort of social reformers those connected with some form of religion are far the most narrow-minded. Scarcely ever do their pens suggest a real or sensible remedy, their great nostrum being that most unchristianlike policy—ruthless repression.

Prohibition of music-hall lounges, the state of the streets, betting and gambling and, of late, the hidden plague, are some of the favourite topics of these writers.

The tone of correspondence in the Press has

undoubtedly deteriorated within recent years. As a matter of fact, abstract subjects do not appeal to the semi-educated, who prefer to be harrowed by revelations of vice, like the white slave trade, which in reality scarcely exists.

The fierce controversies like that engendered by Darwin's "Origin of Species" and other works have died away. The modern English are not fond of such discussions, and for the general public the whole question has been settled by the assumption—in no way based on fact—that Religion and Science are completely reconciled.

In certain respects the modern Press has created a visionary England which has little resemblance to the reality—the war has been for many a terrible awakening from this Utopia manufactured in Fleet Street.

It is a noticeable fact that though for some thirty years we have never ceased to hear of the great progress in national manners and morals, during the whole of that time fresh legislation has been intermittently called for to deal with the increase of debauchery and drinking.

In the face of the experience of all ages social reformers still believe they can stamp out vice by Act of Parliament, while intemperate teetotallers never cease clamouring for laws which merely incommode the sober and let the drunkard go scot free.

It is a mistake to assume that cranks and

sentimentalists did not exist in old days—they existed but did not flourish, being taken at their proper worth by our ancestors, shrewd, matter-of-fact men who reckoned up things and people with much common sense.

For the most part, they treated sentimentalists as more or less harmless lunatics, never for a moment thinking of paying any attention to their lucubrations.

The fact that some few humanitarians have originated real and necessary reforms, however, seems to have impressed the modern public with the idea that all professional redressers of grievances deserve to be given a free hand. Humanitarianism has as a consequence developed into a regular profession, the only drawback to which is the finding of sufficient grievances which have not already been exploited or redressed by those who have been earlier in the field.

Happily, under present conditions, it is doubtful whether the well-meaning persons who formerly supported meddlesome societies will have sufficient money to subsidise the countless secretaries who make such comfortable livelihoods out of opulent sentimentalism.

The mental condition of some social reformers is absolutely abnormal, resembling, sad as it may appear, that of certain criminals whose strangely organised minds are full of moral and religious sentiments, expressed in exhortations to

others rather than in practical application to themselves.

Such people, however, are not always monsters of insincerity. Their convictions, indeed, are often real, but a condition of their existence seems to be that they should affect the world in general rather than the reformer himself.

It is this state of mind that explains many lapses—generally carefully hushed up—on the part of rigid and uncompromising advocates of Puritanism.

England, indeed, is *par excellence* the happy hunting-ground of the irrepressible faddist. One of his most extravagant efforts was the proposal that prohibition should be enforced, as it would be likely to please America !

The incalculable harm which unreasoning sentimentalism has done this country is even now scarcely realised. Almost without exception those swayed by it have been proved wrong. Take, for instance, the case of Russia.

When the ex-Czar issued his famous Ukase prohibiting vodka, a great pæan of congratulation went up from English temperance fanatics. Even sober organs of the Press were more or less carried away and talked of the great accession to Russia's strength, and of the value of enforced teetotalism as a contribution to the winning of the war.

One uncompromising advocate of compulsory

temperance went so far as to declare that any nation which indulged in alcohol must go down in the "night of time" (whatever that may mean), and a serious campaign was started in favour of prohibition.

Notwithstanding all this gush, the effects of the Czar's edict undoubtedly did more harm than good, enormous discontent being produced.

"Your papers," a Russian said to an Englishman, "are glorying over the Czar having dethroned vodka. Wait a little, and you may see vodka dethrone the Czar!" And it did.

Not content with having applauded one colossal mistake, our sentimentalists came up in stronger force than ever to rejoice over an even worse one—the Revolution.

In the ecstasy of ladling out unlimited gas and gabble about the progress of humanity, the new and free Russia, and the like, they forgot all about the poor deposed Czar's services to teetotalism. Nothing bad enough, indeed, could be said about the last of the Romanoffs, while Kerensky, whom most serious Russians considered a mere *farceur*, was held up to admiration as the saviour of his country.

The House of Commons sent a message of fulsome congratulation to the revolutionary cut-throats of Petrograd. The Prime Minister "hailed the Russian Revolution as the first fruits of the cause for which we are at war." Mr. Balfour,

even went so far as to tell the House of Commons that "the Republican *régime* had been consistently welcomed in this country." The pathetic folly of all this would be ludicrous were it not so appalling.

It should be realised that while Kerensky was being applauded as the saviour of his country he was living in the Winter Palace amidst the greatest luxury, using the Czar's carriages and motors, drinking his champagne and dining off his gold plate.

As a matter of fact, this lawyer, part dreamer, part *viveur*, though originally an internationalist, really had some idea of winning the war. Nevertheless he made little effort to prevent the wilful destruction of military discipline, an insane and unpatriotic act which must have caused Peter the Great to turn uneasily in his deathless sleep.

Even this suicidal policy, however, was regarded with semi-approval by our sentimentalists, who blindly persisted in the idea that the moral if not the physical forces of the new Russian democracy would unfailingly annihilate the forces of him whom the *Manchester Guardian* used to call "the true friend of England"—the Kaiser.

Folly followed upon folly, but the childish faith of our dreamers still refused to realise that Russia without discipline, without order and

without some central figure-head, was doomed to utter destruction.

Even the triumph of the unspeakable Bolshevists failed to shake the faith of certain extremists in sentimentalism, who pleaded that England should recognise Trotsky, *alias* Bronstein, and his coadjutor in anarchy, Lenin.

One lover of the new Russia burst into verse and apostrophising the latter, who with Trotsky had succeeded in handing over half of the ex-Czar's dominions and 50,000,000 wage slaves to the Kaiser, said—

> " 'Tis thine from wreck of empires to create
> A commonwealth of Love, a Federal State ;"

and so on, and so on, concluding—

> " But at thy words the towers of Peace will rise,
> And Wisdom, Brotherhood, and Pity bud
> In hearts that Death and Sorrow have made wise."

Whatever Death and Sorrow may have done to Lenin, one thing is clear, which is that nothing in heaven or on earth could produce the effect mentioned in the last line upon its writer.

Recent happenings have made several huge rents in the veil of complacency through which our sentimentalists have attempted to regard the doings of Anarchists and Nihilists under a new name ; nevertheless, Lenin and Trotsky are not entirely discredited with certain advanced social reformers.

Against sentimentalism run wild, however, words avail nothing, for as La Fontaine has so well said :—

> " L'homme est de fer pour le mensonge
> Il est de glace aux vérités."

The same remark applies to extreme forms of Socialism, which are supposed to be manifestations of a new and higher ideal.

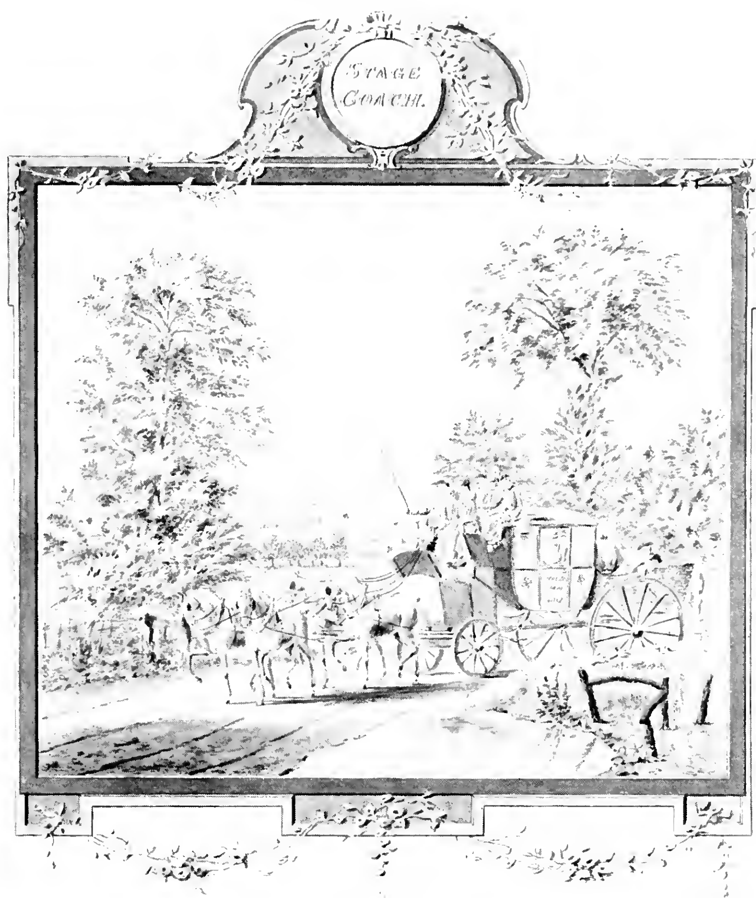
In sober reality they are nothing of the sort, the idea of getting hold of some one else's property or setting oneself in some one else's place being as old as the hills.

While the sentimentalists are always highly optimistic as to the future, when everything and every one shall have been remodelled upon their Utopian plans, they have little but scorn for the past.

This contempt has of late years spread to a certain portion of the Press, which is apt to adopt a disparaging attitude to anything which it considers not up to date.

A recent paragraph, for instance, dealing with the abandonment by an old school of the quaint costume which its scholars had worn for some 200 years, was headed, " A relic of the bad old times."

In view of the fact that the present times are undoubtedly the worst that the world has ever seen, a more inopportune comment cannot be imagined. The obliteration of picturesque



From an Eighteenth-Century Drawing.

dresses and harmless old costumes should be a matter for regret rather than congratulation.

True civilisation would seek to develop each country in accordance with its national characteristics and customs; it is a false civilisation which attempts to assimilate all nations to the same type.

Within the last half-century, owing to the modern mania for uniformity, the world has lost much that is irreplaceable and picturesque.

Old customs constitute a bond of affection between the present and the past, and a ceremonial which descends from generation to generation, linked as it must be with the idea originating its observance, furnishes a page of history which is more easily read and understood than volumes written by erudite scholars.

The modern view that such milestones of history are but remnants of a barbaric age, inconsistent with progress, is short-sighted and superficial.

Too many old observances have been relegated to the lumber-room of worn-out customs, and not a few of these, reformed and remodelled, should have been retained to give colour and interest to modern life.

IX

Up to the latter portion of the last century there were still a considerable number of "characters" in the West End, old gentlemen who had led adventurous lives, a number of whom still adhered to the costume of a past age.

Many of these old gentlemen made a good fight against Father Time and were especially fond of being seen about with pretty young women. The result was that, in some cases, they got bad reputations which, though probably flattering to their vanity, were often not deserved.

Victor Emmanuel, who was a good judge of the world, once well summed up the flirtations of old men with the fair sex.

At a great ball, given to celebrate the union of Venice to Italy, one of the guests called the King's attention to an aged English nobleman who was making strong running with a very pretty young lady.

"What of it?" said il Rey Galantuomo. "Quel mal veut-on que puissent faire ensemble la vieillesse et la vertu?"

The gradually decreasing band of old bucks who at an advanced age persisted in thinking themselves irresistible were merely the successors

of far more dangerous individuals who had drunk the cup of pleasure to the dregs in the wild days of the eighteenth century.

The most extraordinary of these, perhaps, was the 4th Duke of Queensberry—otherwise Old Q.—who died in 1810, of whom much, mainly to his discredit, has been written. He was, as it has been severely said, noted for his ardent pursuit of gambling, debauchery and eccentricity; nevertheless he lived to the good, or rather bad, old age of eighty-five. The predominant feature of his character appears to have been to do as he liked without caring who was pleased or displeased at it, the while he took good care never to allow public affairs to seduce him one moment from the continued course of pleasure-seeking, which, particularly in his latter days, became the one end of his life.

At the beginning of his career he was fond of the turf, and won a famous chaise match on Newmarket Heath against Count O'Taafe. In 1766 he also rode and won a match. Unlike most men of fortune of his day, he does not seem to have impaired his patrimony by his love of racing, at which he exhibited considerable shrewdness.

In his latter years he became known as the "Star of Piccadilly," and was one of the sights of the West End sitting on the balcony of his house in the famous thoroughfare, looking out

for pretty faces. It is said that when any girl passing by particularly attracted his fancy, he would send a messenger, who was always in readiness, to ask her to come in.

He does not seem ever to have got into any serious trouble owing to these methods; one thing, at least, is certain, that if he did receive a certain amount of rebuffs, he also got a good deal of fun, for life, even in his last years, was so pleasant that he took every sort of means and adopted every sort of *régime* to prolong it.

Very nearly as much unfavourable criticism as was lavished upon "Old Q." has been applied to the 6th Marquess of Hertford, Thackeray's "Lord Steyne" and Disraeli's "Lord Monmouth," who in May, 1798, married Mlle. Maria Emily Fagniani, he being then twenty-one and she twenty-seven. Both "Old Q." and George Selwyn, it is said, believed themselves to have been her father, which, whether true or not, proved profitable enough for her, as she inherited £30,000 from Selwyn and £150,000 in addition to real estate from "Old Q.," who cut down the woods at Drumlanrig and Niedpath to increase her marriage portion. From the Marquess Fagniani, yet another putative father, she appears to have inherited only a name.

Lord Hertford's eldest son by this marriage, Richard, 7th Marquess of Hertford, K.G., who died at Paris, unmarried, in August, 1870, though

M.P. for Co. Antrim from 1821 to 1826, spent very little time in England.

He it was who left over £50,000 and his marvellous art collection to Sir Richard Wallace, Bart., as to whose parentage so many different stories have been told.

Sir Richard was said to have been an illegitimate son either of this Lord Hertford or of his father, the 6th Marquess. One rumour went so far as to say that he was a lovechild of the latter's wife!

The real truth would appear to be that the 7th Lord Hertford, when a very young man, had a liaison with a Scotch girl named Wallace, and eventually recognised a son whom she bore to him.

This Lord Hertford's brother, Lord Henry Seymour, was another eccentric character. He was the founder of horse-racing in France, where he passed practically the whole of his life—according to some accounts he never set foot in England, but this is probably an exaggeration.

A profound sensualist who lived to a very great age was the banker-poet Samuel Rogers, who, from one of the rooms of his house at 22, St. James's Place,—up to recently the residence of Lord Northcliffe,—would sit in his chair watching the colours of the evening sky over the Green Park.

Rogers selected all his surroundings with great delicacy of taste. At one period, when giving dinner-parties, he used to have candles placed all

round the room, high up, in order to show off the pictures which, though not numerous, were all of them fine works of art.

"I asked Sidney Smith," wrote Rogers, "how he liked that plan.' 'Not at all,' he replied; 'above there is a blaze of light, and below nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

It was at the banker-poet's house that Byron first met Moore, and affected a lack of appetite for anything except potatoes and vinegar, biscuits and soda-water—and made a hearty meat supper at his club afterwards. "Rogers," wrote Washington Irving in his "Life and Letters," "has one of the completest and most elegant little bachelor establishments I have ever seen. It is real, and elegant, and finished as his own principal poem."

It is noteworthy in connection with Samuel Rogers that though his verse was said to owe much of its popularity to its extremely moral tone, he himself was declared by Luttrell to be the greatest sensualist he had ever known. No one better than this banker-poet understood how to divest his loose morality of everything likely to outrage good taste.

At the northern angle of Sutton Street, Soho, stood a house much frequented by Old Q., the Marquess of Hertford, the Prince Regent and others.

This was the "White House," known in its

heyday as a haunt of dissipation about which all sorts of stories formerly prevailed. According to these it contained very gorgeous apartments—Gold, Silver and Bronze Rooms, so called from their fittings. In addition to these there were the Painted Chamber, the Grotto, the Coal Hole, and the Skeleton Room, the latter so called on account of a mechanical device which enabled a skeleton to be made to appear in an adjoining closet. The gorgeous character of this resort was in all probability exaggerated, an impression of great extravagance being produced by the many mirrored panels with which the walls were fitted. The place must have witnessed many wild scenes before it was absorbed into Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell's still existing pickle factory in 1837–38, for at one time or other all the sporting characters who revelled about the West End were attracted by its allurements.

The neighbourhood should abound with gay old ghosts; oddly enough, sporting characters do not seem anxious to return to earth. Ghosts of jockeys, however, are occasionally reported.

Some time after Fred Archer's death a legend arose that, mounted on a spectral racehorse, his shade had been seen galloping over Newmarket Heath. If he does revisit the scene of his triumphs it is certain that he forgathers with many other famous jockeys, especially with that great horseman of an earlier age, Chifney, who was buried in

Hove Churchyard within sound of the roar of the sea, and not in the cemetery of his native place, whence the shoutings of the Ring, as a contemporary writer said, might disturb him.

"Sacred to the Memory of Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket," is the simple inscription on the tombstone of the veteran horseman who, appropriately enough, was laid to rest next to a Mr. "Gallop," on the left-hand side of the path leading to the main entrance of the church.

Old sporting men used to make pilgrimages to the last resting-place of this famous jockey, and up to the end of the last century their tributes, in the shape of immortelles or other flowers, were to be seen resting on the turf. Since those days, however, rows of houses have arisen between Hove Churchyard and the sea, the cemetery having in consequence been curtailed.

Poor little Chifney's grave, which now lies next the wall which shuts the churchyard from the street, was in a neglected state when the present writer went to see it. The inscription on the tombstone is rapidly becoming illegible and should be recut; the grave also needs attention and it would be a pleasant tribute to the memory of the old jockey if some sporting newspaper were to open a small subscription to set matters to rights.

Unfortunately, the last resting-places of old-time sporting celebrities are apt to be neglected.

Some years ago the inscription on Tom Sayers' monument in Highgate Cemetery had become almost effaced and a proposal to have it recut was negatived, litigation as to the possession of the grave being in progress.

The last resting-place of this redoubtable boxer, who died a young man, is recognisable by its chiselled bas-relief and by the sculptured effigy of Tom's favourite mastiff, Lion.

Heenan died about the same time as his famous opponent. The gallant "Benicia Boy," as he was called, was the husband of Ada Menken, the handsome actress who drew all the town as "Mazeppa," wrote love poems under the name of "Infelicia" and was photographed with Swinburne, who at that time was outraging the susceptibilities of Mrs. Grundy.

It may be objected that old-time sportsmen as a rule devoted their lives merely to amusement and pleasure, and consequently deserve to have their memories forgotten.

This is not a valid objection. To begin with, they, with many other similar individuals of much the same stamp all over the country, indirectly kept public opinion sound, laughed faddism out of court, and promoted the diffusion of that most valuable national asset, "rough and ready" common sense.

Their entire disappearance must be deplored by all thoughtful people who cannot help realising

the immense deterioration of character which has resulted from the dominance enjoyed by cranks and faddists of every kind, whom the old school so well knew how to keep in their place.

The generation which flourished in the early part of the nineteenth century and, in a lesser degree, the one which came immediately after, held that old wine and young women were sovereign remedies for most of the sorrows of life.

They were virile in mind, as well as in body, and held to the fine traditions which, throughout Europe and a good part of the East, had given England a reputation for breeding robust men.

Warriors must die. The valiant must fall in their day and be no more known on their hills. The light hearts of these sturdy and joyous comrades have long ceased to beat, and their once active limbs are stiff and cold; nevertheless, a few words of mention may be accorded to some of them.

Amongst cultured sportsmen of the old school Major Whyte-Melville, whose delightful books still live, comes easily first.

He has left us many volumes of sound, healthy, well-written prose, besides songs and verses marked by vigour, good sense and vivacity. His was a light, graceful, yet masterly hand, and his work bears traces of originality and poetic fancy.

Curiously enough, this cultured writer never posed as being a novelist and, indeed, rather

disliked any allusion being made to his literary talents.

As one of the old school of Guardsmen he probably retained something of the eighteenth-century feeling about "scribbling for money." In any case his was a charming character, and there was no more popular figure in society than this gallant English, or rather Scottish, gentleman.

Apart from his great social and sporting qualities, Whyte-Melville had a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, and an artistic feeling towards the world in general deserving of the highest esteem.

Another sportsman who was also a popular writer was Robert Smith Surtees, who died in 1864. His portrayal of English country life as it was lived in the 'forties and 'fifties is, in addition to being amusing, of considerable historical importance. Thackeray was a great admirer of the Handley Cross Series, and is said to have declared that he envied Surtees's gift more than that of any other man.

Certain is it that the books in question have been highly popular, not only with sportsmen but with numbers of individuals who not only cared nothing for hunting but to whom that sport was absolutely odious. The late William Morris, of socialistic fame, who, paradoxical as it may seem, was one of these, placed Surtees in the same rank as Dickens as a master of life.

The present generation appreciates all the quaint and original characters which this author created as much as did their forbears. Jorrocks is as flourishing to-day as when his exploits first appeared in print. It is especially pleasant to learn that the Handley Cross Series was much read and appreciated by our gallant soldiers in the trenches.

Many of Surtees's characters, it may not be generally known, were drawn from real life. The originals of Jawleyford of Jawleyford Court, of Lord Scamperdale, Lord Ladythorne, and a host of others, were easily recognisable by their contemporaries.

Lord Ladythorne was drawn from the 6th Duke of Rutland—spoken of by Greville as tall, good-looking, civil and good-humoured.

This Duke, who died as recently as 1888, figures in Disraeli's "Coningsby" as the Marquess of Beaumanoir.

His picture, as painted in "Ask Mamma," seems in many particulars to have been true to life, for the Duke, besides having been highly popular and well-known in the hunting-field, was noted for his devotion to the fair sex.

If ever an English writer deserved a memorial, Surtees is that man—his services in having given several generations healthy and amusing reading should be commemorated in some fitting manner—not by a monument, but in some more beneficial

and appropriate fashion; say, by raising a special fund for old Hunt servants, or in some similar way?

By all accounts a very silent man, he, as it were, took literary snapshots of the many original and quaint characters who flourished in the middle of the last century. Of country life at that time he has left us a most valuable picture.

It should especially be remarked that, according to this very shrewd observer, the existence of people living out of London was then extremely happy. The general impression conveyed by these books is esentially easy-going and pleasant. One of the main points brought out in them is that every one, peer or peasant, appears to have been completely contented with his lot and not like the people of a later age, whining after imaginary Utopias of the exact nature of which they have no clear conception.

In 1866 died, aged eighty-three, Major-General Thomas Charretie, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards. He was an old Peninsular officer, who had been present in many engagements and had commanded a troop at Waterloo.

A number of anecdotes were told of this old soldier, who was a well-known figure in the West End.

Reared in a very devil-may-care school, he had been one of the principal staff-officers when Colonel Berkeley was known as the Viceroy of Cheltenham, and held a sort of court there. So sensible were

the inhabitants of this town of Charretie's efforts to promote amusement, that they presented him with a piece of plate.

He excelled in all manly pursuits, being a dead shot, a bold rider and still bolder better, a clever poet (he once challenged Lord Winchelsea to write verses against him for £500), and a skilful musician.

As a companion no one, it was said, could be more amusing, in addition to which his *sang froid* almost exceeded belief.

On one occasion, when shooting in Hertfordshire, he used to trespass on the grounds of the Lord Salisbury of that day, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of the latter's keeper. At last the keeper, while out with his master, hearing the General blazing away, called his Lordship's attention to what had been going on.

Lord Salisbury, becoming very angry, told the man to go and turn off the intruder and, if necessary as a lesson, to shoot one of his dogs.

"Here," said he, "you had better take my pony, and then you will get back quicker." The animal in question, it should be added, was a very favourite shooting pony, which was a perfect treasure.

The keeper soon came up with the General and told him to go away, otherwise, by his Lordship's orders, he should have to kill one of his dogs.

"Very well," replied the General, "one of my

dogs is old, the other young; you had better shoot the oldest, but mind if you do, I shoot your pony, and as I am not sure that I am trespassing, I don't see why I should go away."

The keeper, rendered more irate than ever by this cool speech, instantly shot the dog, but before he could turn round the pony fell dead, shot by the General. "If you shoot again," said the latter, "the next barrel is for you."

The man, now fairly frightened, ran back to his master as hard as his heels could carry him and described what had happened.

Before, however, Lord Salisbury, who was horrified at the poor pony's fate, could make up his mind what to do, he received a challenge from the General for the insult which had been offered him by the shooting of the latter's setter.

Mutual concessions were eventually made, and the affair amicably settled.

General Charretie was gifted with an extraordinary memory, and once, for a large bet, repeated the whole contents of the *Morning Post* from the date to the publisher's name, without making a single error.

He was a great lover of Shakespeare and far beyond the average as an amateur interpreter of his works.

On one occasion the General backed himself to win a match at billiards, a steeplechase and

play Faulconbridge in one day, all of which he accomplished with ease at Cheltenham.

This General was the type of a school now long extinct—altogether an extraordinary character, witty, bold, complacent and ever wide awake.

In the laws of duelling he was a perfect Blackstone, and his rulings in affairs of honour were accepted as final.

Once, having gone out to meet another Englishman on the sands at Boulogne, the General's antagonist, while the pistols were being loaded, asked permission to spend a few minutes in prayer.

"Oh, certainly," was the reply, but a quarter of an hour having elapsed, the General went up to his kneeling opponent and politely inquired when the prayers were going to end, as time was precious.

"Considering what a dead shot you are," replied the devout duellist, "you ought not to grudge me a short time for self-communion. I do not wish to be sent out of the world with all my sins on my head and without any intercession for forgiveness, especially as I have apologised for my conduct."

"What apology," cried the General, "and to whom? I have not heard a word about it."

Eventually it was discovered that an apology had been made to the General's second, a brother

officer, who, however, had been afraid to mention it, fearing it would not be accepted.

When the General heard this his anger was diverted to the second, whom he threatened to try by court-martial. However, in the end the dispute was made up and the whole party returned to Dover together.

Much addicted to sporting pursuits, the General loved to be on a good thing at billiards, pigeon-shooting or the Turf, and would occasionally make a big book against a Derby favourite whose chances he did not fancy; he had in his time some marvellous escapes of losing very large sums of money in this way.

The only racehorse he ever owned was Gorhambury, which, starting at 1000 to 15, ran second to Cotherstone for the Derby, beating Gaper, British Yeoman and a number of good horses. Had he won, he remarked, "there would have been corn in Egypt."

General Charretie, according to his contemporaries, was one of the most remarkable of men, and they attributed his failings to the age in which he was reared and flourished. As a matter of fact, he was not so bad as he was in the habit of painting himself, but his mode of thought and life were, in a great measure, those of the jolly dogs of that Regency which, if immoral as so many regencies have been, was rare sport while it lasted.

Most of the cavalry officers of the past, had a high opinion of the hunting-field as a training school for young soldiers.

Colonel McDouall, for instance, who commanded the 2nd Life Guards in 1846, used to let his cornets off "riding school" provided they pledged themselves to go hunting.

The obligation in question, needless to say, was invariably respected, but one day there was trouble owing to the Inspector-General of Cavalry complaining that their stirrups were too short.

Steeplechasing was then, and for many years later, highly popular with cavalry men. The courses, however, were sometimes rather carelessly marked out, and at certain minor meetings in the 'sixties there were a good many injuries to horses.

In consequence of this certain humanitarians, in 1867, conducted a campaign in the *Pall Mall Gazette* with the object of putting down steeplechasing by legislative enactments, and bringing the sport into the same focus as badger baiting, cock fighting, and rat hunting.

Fortunately this absurdity never became the law of the land and, as a matter of fact, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has since done such excellent work, incurred a good deal of unpopularity on account of having taken the matter up.

The secretary at that time was an individual

who rejoiced in the name of Love, apropos of which it was rather appropriately remarked that as from time immemorial Love and Folly had been held to be synonymous, people should not be amazed at the attitude which he had adopted.

In 1871 died one of the few remaining "characters" about town, well known for the peculiarity of his attire and the quaintness of his style.

This was Mr. Wyndham Smith, the son of the renowned humourist, the Reverend Sydney Smith.

Owing to a sporting achievement at Cambridge, this gentleman was always known as "the Assassin."

From an early age Mr. Wyndham Smith, much to his father's annoyance, manifested a taste for the Turf. His conversation consequently was sometimes rather unsuited to a clergyman's household.

On one occasion when a Bishop was being entertained, young Mr. Smith, to the horror of his father, asked how long in his Lordship's opinion it would have taken to get Nebuchadnezzar into condition after bringing him up from grass ?

After quitting the University the young man devoted himself almost entirely to racing, which, as in the case of so many others, eventually proved anything but profitable to his pocket.

In his prime he was in John Scott's stable,

one of his hardest hits being when Dervish was beaten for the Derby.

Mr. Wyndham Smith in his day was noted for his attire, which comprised an enormous roll-collar waistcoat with flaps reaching almost to his knees, and a choker as orthodox as that of any Dean.

In dress, indeed, he fairly divided the honours of those times as a "thorough varmint" with old Fuller Craven, and like that worthy preserved his somewhat eccentric rig to the last.

Another great sportsman was Sir Harry Peyton, who was born in 1800 and greatly distinguished himself in the hunting-field, as Nimrod bore witness.

A good amateur jockey, he also occasionally rode steeplechases. All of a sudden, however, a change came o'er the spirit of the dream, and although he continued to hunt, nothing could induce him to jump the smallest fence.

Although not so famed as a coachman as his father, he was nevertheless a good amateur whip.

In later life Sir Harry became a great epicure and did all in his power to promote the *entente cordiale* between the cuisines of England and France. Many stories used to be told of his love of good things, one of which declared that he suddenly left the house of a friend whom he caught *flagrante delicto* in the act of mixing sherry and Marsala, no power on earth being

able to induce him ever to go inside the culprit's doors again.

To the last Sir Harry was true to his neat, old-fashioned style of dress. He died regretted and beloved.

All these sportsmen of the old school flourished at a time when a large proportion of dwellers in the West End still enjoyed the shadow at least of their former privileges, although the substance was already beginning to vanish away. The politics of the Empire, however, were still ruled from Mayfair, and the commercial classes had not yet swept over society and changed its tone.

Young men of good family only began to go into the City in the late 'seventies or early 'eighties, and a great number who were later on to acquire a very expensive knowledge of the Stock Exchange as yet knew nothing about it.

The Army, which was, of course, the favourite profession of the aristocracy, was very easy-going in the way of work, almost unlimited leave was easily to be got, and a commission in crack regiments of cavalry or in the Guards entailed a very small amount of work, combined with a very great deal of expense.

Though the young men of that day were not infrequently extravagant, and sometimes—as will always be the case with young men—dissipated, for the most part a very honourable tone prevailed among them, and on the whole they

were an open-handed, good-hearted lot, firmly convinced, of course, of their superiority as a class, and more convinced still of the superiority of the English over all other nations of the world, which they regarded very much in the same light as the Waterloo officers had done.

They knew, as a rule, very little of the Continent, foreign casinos not having yet become popular with English people, and Monte Carlo then being little visited except by the very rich.

Those were the days when a great deal of social prestige was attached to election to certain clubs difficult to get into. The committees of some of these institutions, mainly consisting of old men, black-balled freely. White's, for instance, before it was remodelled in the 'eighties, had reached such a pitch that scarcely any new members at all were elected. The result in the end was, of course, impending ruin, from which the club was only rescued by completely new methods being adopted.

Up to the latter part of the nineteenth century most West End clubs were not very severe about rules or regulations. One or two, like Boodles', had no books of rules at all. The hours of closing were very late, or rather early, and great latitude was permitted in many things, which, however, did not include smoking—for the most part strictly prohibited except in one (usually uncomfortable) smoking-room—and the admission of strangers

who, as a rule, were only allowed to enter a few rooms, in some cases guests being made to sit in the hall after dinner. The attitude adopted towards the latter was, as a rule, chilly in more ways than one. Clubs were very different in their general tone from what they are to-day, considerable respect and toleration being accorded to certain of the older members, who enjoyed a sort of prescriptive right to certain chairs, tables and even corners. All this has practically disappeared. On the whole, the best London clubs of forty or fifty years ago, and even later, were purely aristocratic in feeling and ways, but the huge influx of the middle classes into the West End has pretty well ended everything of this sort. In a good many instances they have improved the material comforts and conveniences, but, on the other hand, they have imported into club life a whole heap of rules and petty regulations such as have always been beloved by a *bourgeoisie* fond of supervising other people.

The real upper and real lower classes abominate restrictions, the middle class adores them and loves to pounce upon any outburst of originality, its cherished idea being to reduce every one to a dull level of respectable uniformity.

X

In the bent of their minds, as well as in their life and habits, what may be called the "Penultimate Victorian bucks" were very much like their predecessors. For the most part they ignored politics, were staunch Tories and never troubled their heads about problems of social reform. Like them, they were disposed to despise the tradesmen to whom they owed money. Nevertheless, the latter generally contrived to make a good thing out of their careless debtors. Like the Corinthians of the Regency, the Victorian dandies were rather partial to the lower classes, especially to the sporting section. Taking one thing with another, the "swell"—an odious word—of 1880 would have got on well with the buck of a century before, the main difference between the two being one of costume. Though cast in a somewhat softer mould, the man about town of 1880 would have had much in common with the men of his grandfather's day, whose tastes and habits he would have understood.

Like them, he frequented sporting hostelries—Long's, Limmer's, Hatchett's and others—where

he met his friends, lounged round the music-halls, which had taken the place of the "box lobby," and like them, he drove, when he was able to do so, a sporting turn-out. He was not much given to taking ladies out to dinner, but supper in one of the quaint old boxes (which had not then entirely gone out of fashion) with a merry party was very much to his taste. He usually drank a fair amount, was partial to the Turf and also to the prize-ring, or what survived of it. Though rarely an habitual gambler, he was not averse to occasional flutters.

In the late 'seventies appeared the young gentlemen who were known as the Crutch and Toothpick Brigade, and a little later came the "masher," whose main characteristics were a love of chorus-girls and champagne.

Like the buck of the eighteenth century, the masher generally lived in rooms, often the same rooms as had sheltered his predecessors, near or in Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, or Mount Street—which thoroughfare before it was rebuilt abounded in very moderately-priced bachelors' chambers. True they were not anything like as cheap as at the beginning of the century, but, on the other hand, they were nothing like as expensive as similar rooms are now.

The vast alteration of the cost of living in the West End now and in the old days may be gathered from a letter of Swift to Stella written

from Bury Street: "I have a first-floor, a dining-room and a bedroom, at eight shillings a week; plaguey dear!"

The Albany, of course, then as now, was largely patronised by bachelors.

Some amusing incidents have been caused by the peculiar way in which the different blocks of chambers there are distinguished from one another —letters instead of numbers being employed.

On one occasion, some one inquiring for the secretary, was highly indignant when the porter bluntly told him to go to "hell."

When, however, he lodged a formal complaint against the man, the mystery was at once cleared up by the explanation that as the secretary's door happened to be in block L, the porter had merely done his duty.

The introduction of the electric light into the Albany—denounced at the time as a terrible innovation—was due to Señor Alardo, a Spaniard, who in 1891 lit up his chambers with the new illuminant and thereby somewhat scandalised the conservative instincts of this refuge of confirmed bachelorhood.

Since those days West End chambers have greatly increased in comfort, while the catering is often excellent, very different to the state of affairs in old days, when the tenant of furnished rooms was seldom able to obtain satisfactory meals at home.

In Victorian days decorations and furniture were, nine times out of ten, of a quite unpretentious and inartistic character; bathrooms were by no means universal, and though there was some comfort, rarely much luxury, except in one respect, which was dress—for the men about town of the 'seventies and earliest 'eighties were immaculately turned out.

The costume they wore when riding in the Park was particularly neat; why it was discarded in favour of the slovenly but generally expensive garb popular before the War remains a mystery.

The Row on a summer's evening in the 'sixties and 'seventies was a sartorial treat, filled as it was with well-mounted young fellows, in beautifully fitting frock-coats, blue trousers with black stripes and straps, box spurs, white stocks and the glossiest top hats imaginable. Alas, it is a good while since any dandy, equipped in this gentleman-like fashion, was seen in the Park, while the vast majority of the horsemen of that pleasant era have ridden away for ever.

The existence of many of this vanished race was essentially idle and more or less useless, but it should be remembered that the majority of those who led this life did so only for a short period; either through boredom or necessity they soon betook themselves to some more or less serious occupation or married and settled down, not infrequently becoming model husbands and

fathers. A spell of pleasure in early manhood probably does no one with any reserve of sense much harm, indeed, it often widens the point of view and inculcates a spirit of toleration which, as a rule, is sadly lacking in people whose youth has been austere and strict.

In the 'seventies, and even in the early 'eighties, some vestiges of the quaint, the original, and even the picturesque, still lingered. Here and there, old gentlemen of staunch conservative tendencies, still wore swallow-tail coats in the daytime. Every one in the West End, more or less, wore top hats; frock coats abounded, and in the summer-time might be seen in conjunction with white duck trousers in the Park. On the whole, men's clothes looked much smarter than the studied and often more expensive slovenliness, which was already coming into fashion before the outbreak of the War.

Women's dress, on the other hand, was not nearly so neat or attractive as it has since become, in addition to which, Englishwomen at that time devoted very little attention to doing their hair, or, if they did so, seldom produced any artistic effect. There has been a very great improvement in this respect, and also in women's boots, shoes and stockings within the last twenty years—an improvement, it should be added, which has affected pretty well all classes.

Some of the pleasures of the Victorian men

about town were rather simple: driving out of town to lunch was one.

Sunday used to be a very good day for drivers of smartly-turned-out hansoms, for they had no difficulty in finding fares ready to engage them for the whole or half-day, which generally meant a drive out to Hampton Court, Kew, or, most popular of all, the Star and Garter at Richmond, which even up to the later 'eighties was a great Sunday lunching rendezvous.

Crowds of more or less Bohemian people used to flock down there that day, though, with the exception of the glorious views from the terrace of the hotel, the attractions were not very great.

The Star and Garter, before it had been rebuilt, was a popular retreat with people who wanted a little country air. King Louis Philippe once stayed there, the neighbourhood having old memories for him.

One day he walked by himself to Twickenham, for the purpose, as he said, of seeing some of the old tradesmen who had served him when he resided there. As he passed along that place a man met him, pulled off his hat, and hoped His Royal Highness was well. "What's your name?" inquired the ex-king. He was told it. "I do not recollect it," said the king. "What were you when I lived here?" "Please, your Royal Highness," replied the man, "I kept the Crown" —an ale-house close to the entrance of Orleans

House. "Did you?" said Louis Philippe. "Why, my good fellow, you did what I was unable to do."

The modern Star and Garter, a rather ramshackle though pretentious Victorian building, was not particularly luxurious or even comfortable, the food was by no means exceptionally good, and the waiting, owing to the crowd, execrable.

After lunch there was nothing to do but to stroll about the grounds, where one or two itinerant photographers did rather a brisk trade taking bad photos "on glass" of couples who had driven down from town.

The drive through Richmond Park was the best part of the outing, which was by no means cheap, as the cabby always expected—and got—a substantial tip as well as the sum, usually exorbitant, contracted for before starting.

The old London cabmen were a race apart, with fixed and independent ideas. About 1870, for instance, they were much upset by an edict (originated, I believe, by the Home Secretary of that day) which sought to force them to exhibit a little flag when they were free—the idea was a sort of anticipation of the metal flag on taxis.

The innovation was introduced in order to abolish the nuisance of people shouting to passing cabmen who had already secured fares. This flag idea entirely failed to secure public support—it was most unpopular and, as it tended to make the people responsible for it laughing-stocks,

did not last very long, the order being soon rescinded.

Private hansoms abounded in the West End at this time; and it was common for men about town to hire a hansom for the day, and sometimes for the night, that is to say, to take them to dine, to the theatre, to supper, and, when the hour was sufficiently advanced, home.

Those were the days of the old Gaiety burlesques with Terry, Royce, Nelly Farren and Kate Vaughan, that most talented of quartettes which nightly filled the theatre with a strong and little varying contingent of the "Crutch and Toothpick Brigade." The burlesques themselves, though far more wittily written than the majority of modern musical comedies (those by the late "Owen Hall" excepted), were quite simple in character and contained a number of puns which would not appeal to present-day audiences. Nelly Farren was a superb actress in her own line, full of that spirit of fun and life which is so rarely to be found.

On the whole it was a very innocent entertainment, easily and pleasantly followed by its audience, a large part of which—the burlesque began late, usually some time after nine—came on from dinner in great good spirits. The money Hollingshead spent upon the mounting of these pieces, though the dresses and scenery were quite good, cannot have anything like approached the

vast sums expended upon musical comedies by the late Mr. George Edwardes who, in the mounting of his pieces, seemed literally to revel in extravagance.

Later on came Fred Leslie, a true comedian as he showed in "Rip Van Winkle," and a most clever actor who could have achieved success in any line he might have cared to take up.

About this time Miss Letty Lind began to come into public favour. Her charming personality and dainty dancing soon made her an established success.

In 1889 the old Gaiety entered upon a new lease of life with "Faust Up to Date," an amusingly written piece with pretty music and a famous *pas de quatre* which attracted all the young men about town to the theatre. Miss Florence St. John and E. J. Lonnen also achieved great popularity in principal parts. Mr. Lonnen, who unfortunately died at a comparatively early age, was endowed with extraordinary vivacity. His singing of "Killaloe" and "Ballyhooly" will still be remembered with pleasure by many. Lonnen's son, Leslie Lonnen, it may be mentioned, when the War broke out, came home from India, where he was doing very well in a banking business, to join the H.A.C. as a Tommy. Having afterwards received a commission in the R.F.C., he was, as the inscription on his coffin said, "killed in the performance of his duty," and now rests close to his father in Norwood Cemetery.

The late Edmund Payne, also in his day a shining light of the Gaiety, made, I think, his first appearance there in Lonnen's part of Mephistopheles in a second company of "Faust Up to Date," which as far as I remember gave performances at the Gaiety during the autumn. This would have been about 1889 or 1890, and not very long afterwards Payne joined the regular Gaiety company, with which he remained till his death.

Not only has the old Gaiety given place to a new one, but the whole character of the entertainment has changed—burlesque, for which the theatre was once so famed, being now totally extinct. The Gaiety chorus, too, also changed, inasmuch as its members, for the most part, are now drawn from a much higher class socially than that which formerly supplied the burlesque stage with pretty and shapely damsels.

The chorus-girl of to-day is not infrequently the daughter of a professional, business or military man. In consquence of this the chorus are, for the most part, entirely without the old "devil-may-care" ways which were generally associated with their predecessors. Whereas the latter usually had a great weakness for champagne, the new school prefers lemon squash or even milk.

In countless other directions their ways are different; to begin with they are, as a rule, quiet-looking off the stage, whereas the chorus-girl

of the past could always be spotted by her more or less flamboyant appearance of which she was by no means ashamed. Nor did the latter always make a good marriage, the immediate aim and object of her successor's career. She was as a rule out to have a jolly good time, and often paid little attention to social conventions, putting off the idea of marriage till a distant day. Nevertheless, most of the old-fashioned chorus-girls eventually did marry. Many are to be found in out-of-the-way British possessions leading most humdrum lives, such as they would have scoffed at in the old days at Romano's—I mean the little Romano's to which Bohemian London flocked before the palatial new restaurant of the same name was built.

No doubt, amid their domestic surroundings the old London of the 'eighties occasionally comes back to their memory. Once more they hear the tinkle of the long-vanished hansom horses' bell—they see again the immaculately dressed "best boys" who used to take them out, together with many other attractive features of a vivacious past now long ago exchanged for a prosaic if very respectable present.

The new school of chorus-girl, unlike the old, who was rarely in close touch with her family, often lives at home and takes care never to be found out doing things of which her relatives might disapprove. One of her main aims, indeed,

is to keep up an appearance of that respectability which so many of her forerunners despised. Before her perpetually dangles the prize of a good match and there is much to encourage her in this idea.

The youths of the present age appear to attach small importance to the social status of their brides. To most of them, slightly altering some well known lines—

> "Good legs are more than coronets,
> And sparkling eyes than Norman blood."

From a biological point of view, marriages between the aristocracy and the chorus are not altogether a misfortune, the result being often quite satisfactory. The lighter stage in England indeed, has become a sort of matrimonial shop-window in which the wares, while displayed to the best advantage, permit of a more comprehensive survey and examination than in the course of ordinary life. Walk, figure, physical development, and the like can all be accurately gauged, while no serious bodily flaw passes unnoticed. No wonder that actresses, often Nature's masterpieces from an æsthetic and physical point of view—for they must be fairly strong,—frequently have fine and beautiful children.

A great Bohemian supper resort of former days was the Globe Restaurant, closed but a few years ago. In its last days, the Globe had

become a trifle more staid than it was in its prime in the 'eighties of the last century.

At that time people who went to dine or sup there had to sit on red velvet-covered seats arranged rather like a railway carriage. Each seat held about five or six, or more when the place was packed; there were no separate tables and, owing to the crush, altercations were fairly common.

Rowdy parties of young fellows about town were then rather fond of strolling into the Globe about closing time and getting up a fight. I remember the leader of one of these bands taking up a cane chair which was close to the entrance, and throwing it right into the middle of the restaurant, with the result that the place assumed the aspect of an ants' nest after it has been disturbed.

A regular free fight nearly ensued, but thanks to the tact and firmness of the two janitors, who were excellent friends with most of the rowdiest patrons—though quite used to throwing them into the street,—serious trouble was avoided.

In its last days the Globe came into prominence owing to some action, which the proprietors won, connected with the way in which it was carried on.

The usual cant and humbug was trotted out in connection with the case, which, as far as I

remember, was connected with the ridiculous "cleansing of London" movement.

The Globe, it is curious to remember, originally took its name from a pseudo-scientific erection in Leicester Square put up in 1851, by Mr. Wylde, the geographer, who conceived the idea of erecting in the garden of the square a great globe of sixty feet in diameter, occupying the central dome of a building which almost filled the whole enclosure, leaving four large rooms for other exhibitions. The world was figured in relief on the inside of the globe, and viewed from galleries, at different elevations; from hour to hour a descriptive lecture was delivered. The great globe stood for ten years, and during this time became the centre of a swarm of historical and, more or less, ethnographical exhibitions. There was a diorama of the goldfields, with casts of monster nuggets, and collections of Australian gold and minerals; a model of Sebastopol, on a scale of nine inches to the mile; a diorama illustrative of the Indian Rebellion, showing the seat of war, in twenty-nine tableaux from Upper India, Lucknow and Delhi; a moving diorama of Russia, including a tour of the Baltic and Black Seas, and panoramas of St. Petersburg and Moscow; a moving diorama of the tour from Blackwall to Balaklava, in forty-nine tableaux, by Mr. Charles Marshall; a museum of the people of the East, from Bulgaria to Afghanistan; models of Sebastopol, Cronstadt, Sveaborg

and the Baltic; a collection of Russian trophies taken during the war, and a military museum of all the armies of Europe. All this was accompanied with explanatory lectures, so that it is hardly to be wondered at if some enthusiastic individuals conceived the idea of grafting on the great globe what they called a "Cosmos Institute," or universal ethnological museum and centre of instruction and intercommunication for all classes and races. But this great idea came to nothing, as ideas, great or small, without real roots are sure to do; and Mr. Wylde, in 1861, took down his great globe, in pursuance of his agreement with the Tulks, one of whom had, in 1854, exercised his option of purchasing one half of the enclosure, so as to have the fee-simple divided between him and Wylde. This was the state of things when, in 1865, the garden being in a neglected state, the Metropolitan Board of Works took possession of the derelict old square under an Act of Parliament.

In the old burlesque of "Don Juan" at the Strand the fascinating Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft), as the hero, in answer to the Commendatore's question respecting the newly opened Alhambra and Leicester Square, generally used to reply that "The story of Leicester Square was both wild and strange," thereby alluding to the great Globe and its originator and also to the successful management of the Alhambra by Mr.

Strange, the predecessor of the late Mr. Charles Morton.

Before Baron Grant took Leicester Square in hand it was a dreadfully unkempt spot with a broken statue of George I. in the centre. Why the monarch in question had ever been placed there no one knew.

There is too often no connection between the district in which statues stand and the people they are supposed to represent. The main reason for their erection in a good many cases would appear to have been that it was thought expedient to fill a vacant space with a bad statue. Even in quite recent times the most unsuitable sites were chosen for the effigies of dead celebrities—in the Embankment Gardens, for instance, the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson stands not far from Bobbie Burns, of whose habits he certainly never approved.

Other curiosities in the way of London memorials are Sir Walter Besant, wearing eye-glasses, the Waterlow statue at Highgate, which has an umbrella, and a stained-glass window in Westminster Abbey, which shows Watt or Stephenson in a top hat!

To return, however, to the statue of George I. in Leicester Square; according to contemporary accounts this statue was bought at the Canons sale by a subscription of the inhabitants, though possibly the Marquess of Ailesbury, who was one of the trustees under the Chandos settlements,

as the owner of Savile House, may have had some connection with the purchase. The Duke of Chandos is not likely to have had anything to say or do with the setting up in front of Leicester House of so conspicuous a *memento mori* of Canons. But considering the relations between father and son in the Royal family of Hanover, it is not impossible that the erection of George I. before Leicester House might have been meant to annoy George II.

Statues in lead or mixed metal, after the Dutch taste, were all the rage in the early eighteenth century, and the makers of these works of art—often clever designers—drove a roaring trade. Piccadilly was full of their yards. The Canons statues had been turned out by Van Ost and his pupil, Charpentière, who both afterwards kept famous manufactories of these metal decorations on the site of Cambridge House and Hertford House, in Piccadilly—a thoroughfare which then abounded in stone-cutters. The horse of George I. in Leicester Fields, now Leicester Square, was modelled after that of Le Sueur at Charing Cross. It was not in lead, but mixed metal, and richly gilt.

The early 'seventies (February 24, 1874) saw the last of this statue, which before its removal had undergone more than a quarter of a century of humiliations. For years it served as a standing butt for comic artists and had been painted in all

sorts of colours by roystering practical jokers. Poor George I. had even appeared one morning with a paper fool's-cap over his leaden laurels, and his truncheon replaced by a Turk's-head besom. The unfortunate effigy gradually lost his limbs one by one, and at last his head, till he lay a mere battered trunk under the belly of his steed, propped up by a broomstick, and with a great hole yawning in its back, where once the royal rider was riveted to his saddle—the last stage of degradation of the old statue had, indeed, been reached.

Leicester Square has other scientific memories besides that of Mr. Wylde's globe.

On the site of the present Alhambra formerly stood the Royal Panopticon of Science, which in its day was originally established as a sort of high class scientific educational institution something on the lines of the old Regent Street Polytechnic.

All sorts of serious and well-meaning people, including the Prince Consort, gave it their blessing, nevertheless, in spite of its elaborate Moorish decorations, its dome and minarets, its grand organ and artesian well, its lecture-halls and lectures, and all its elaborately designed attractions for the scientifically inclined, it collapsed in the most hopeless manner, the brokers eventually entering where the public refused to come.

In the end the place was turned first into a circus, which received the name of the Alhambra

Palace, and afterwards into a very free and easy music-hall; the organ was sold to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, who erected it over the entrance of the south door of the Cathedral and for a long time used it for the services held under the dome.

The old Alhambra music-hall having got into rather bad repute, the building became a theatre—where *opéra bouffe* was very well given. This was eventually burnt down, and for many years now the Alhambra has been a music-hall of the highest class, very different from the original one which occupied the same site.

Another pleasure resort which also began its career as a scientific institution was the old Westminster Aquarium, which, though in its latter days professing to give a perpetual round of uninterrupted amusement, was certainly one of the most gloomy places in London. Its demolition, indeed, aroused few regrets.

Started, as has been said, as a kind of educational institution, the fish and reptiles gradually grew less and less in number till one small crocodile, or alligator, in a very contracted pool of muddy water was the sole representative left.

The attractions—some said the horrors—consisted in variety entertainment afternoon and evening, in daring acrobatic feats and in an organ recital which, strangely out of place, got into full swing before dinner.

There were also a number of more or less indifferent or repulsive side-shows, varying from tatooed ladies to people who undertook to starve for a certain number of days, to live shut up in a glass box, or do other things which were equally unpleasant or uncomfortable.

On the ground floor of the building stood a number of kiosks or stalls, at which people were invited to buy all sorts of things they did not want by not very attractive or very shy young ladies, one or two of whom, nevertheless, contrived to get on very well in the world owing to capturing the affections of affluent young fellows who married them.

The place at one time was a favourite resort of youths up from crammers or from the universities, which, of course, caused a number of what the papers call "undesirable company" to go there too.

After a time the usual outcry arose and the Aquarium was accordingly purged, or was said to have been purged, of all temptations to immorality.

For years after this it maintained a somewhat precarious existence, with occasional spells of prosperity produced by great bicycle races and the like.

Finally, the gloomy old place was demolished and a palatial building now stands upon its site.

There were still a few original characters in

the West End in the 'eighties, mostly connected with the Turf. One was Ernest Benzon, known as the "Jubilee Juggins," who attracted a good deal of attention in the year of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee.

He had always been rather eccentric from boyhood, and as a youth at a tutor's drove up in a tandem to the depôt of a smart cavalry regiment and applied to enlist as a private. He was, as far as I remember, either rejected or bought out by his guardians; in any case he did not pursue a military career and, on coming of age, burst upon the pleasure resorts of the West End with the reputation of having a quarter of a million pounds of ready money which he was firmly determined to get through.

Whether poor Benzon actually contemplated ever really getting entirely through his fortune was, I should say, extremely doubtful. What he did want to do was to create a sensation, and he certainly managed to become a well-known figure in smart pleasure resorts, as well as a very welcome visitor in every haunt frequented by rooks and sharps of the higher class.

Shrewd men about town never concealed their opinion that the "Jubilee" would soon be ruined and forgotten, and some were frank enough to tell him so.

One night at the Field Club—a great gaming resort of the 'eighties, where very high baccarat

was played—Sam Lewis manifested a great disinclination to go "banco."

"Now, Sultry Sambo," called out the "Jubilee," "show a little courage!"

"Mr. Benzon," solemnly said Sam, "I shall be here when you're gone and forgotten."

And the words came true.

One of the few people who made a real attempt to save Ernest Benzon was the late Sir George Chetwynd, who died in 1917.

Sir George did his best to persuade the spendthrift to go in for good horses, and warned him against being imposed upon by designing "sharps." When bad days came upon the "Jubilee," Sir George did not, like so many others, desert him; indeed, to the last day of the poor, misguided man's life the latter kept in touch with him.

Sir George Chetwynd was a most curious character and a mass of contradictions. Except on a certain fixed number of subjects, as to which he was an unflinching Tory, one never could be quite certain as to what line he might take.

He was fond of argument, but liked to conduct it in a very drastic fashion.

Though he read a good deal, he was fond of relying upon rather queer authority when seeking to support a contention, and would quote the opinion of by-gone and sometimes even of living sporting worthies, and unworthies, as if they were infallible. His reading, moreover, was

scarcely of a very serious or profound description. Some years before the War he was a great admirer of the Parisian paper, *Le Gil Blas*, extracts from which he would give as if the opinions expressed were incontrovertible.

On sporting subjects and on the lighter sides of London life in the old free-and-easy days, Sir George was a real authority, and, when in a good mood, there was no more agreeable companion than he.

He liked talking of the old music-halls in the time of Leybourne, Vance and Macdermott, and thoroughly understood that essentially English institution—one of the rare, real expressions of London life as it was—now long swamped in a mass of spectacular and often puerile triviality.

He knew, having learned from experience, and not from theory like our modern public men and so-called social reformers, what human nature is, and viewed the full-blooded ways and witticisms of the old English with a good-humoured toleration untainted by cant.

In this respect he had, indeed, much in common with the Corinthian Toms of the Regency. In connection with this, it may be added, that among those who knew him well, including the present writer, his best epitaph, it was agreed, was "that he belonged to a generation older than his own."

He was not after all a very old man when he died, but as a youth he had seen much of the

generation of Admiral Rous and George Payne, and his heart was with their ideas, not, as when in a bad temper he would sometimes say, with a lot of bores and prigs.

Another well-known figure in the West End of the 'eighties, was the 4th Marquess of Ailesbury, who was to be seen at most sporting resorts generally accompanied by a crowd of more or less sporting hangers-on.

As a boy the Marquess had been allowed to run wild in the stables, and the result was that he declined to be flogged when at Eton, ran away, was brought back, declined again, swore at the head master, and had to leave in consequence.

Soon afterwards he entered upon the thoroughly congenial task of getting through his money and property, in which, with the aid of money-lenders, Turf touts and the like, he was soon completely successful.

He delighted in being taken for a busman or cabby, dressing and acting the part quite well, notably so as far as bad language went.

His avowed partiality for low company caused him entirely to lose touch with his own class.

"Calls himself a peer; I shouldn't say he was up to Margate Jetty form," was the way a well-known music-hall chairman once summed up this erratic Marquess, who, at the time of his marriage in 1884, described himself as "Cab

Proprietor, Kendall's Mews, George Street, Marylebone." Partly from liking to be thought sharp, and also on account of being led astray by low associates, he was warned off the Turf for life in 1887, the running of his horse Everitt having been more than suspicious. Five years later, in March, 1892, he was in the Bankruptcy Court, his liabilities being about £350,000. He died in 1894, at the age of thirty, a striking example of how careless bringing up and lack of training can thoroughly ruin a moderately stupid individual. At the time of his death it was rather unkindly said that the Radical Party alone mourned him because a conspicuous instance of the evil and injustice attached to the system of hereditary legislators had been lost to them.

In the opinion of the present writer, who knew Lord Ailesbury, he was not naturally much more vicious than the ordinary run of mankind. His brains, however, were below the average and he had a fatal taste for low company.

Perpetually surrounded by harpies and flatterers he was practically uneducated, and in his boyhood, much of which was passed with stable-boys, had become imbued with low ideas which he was never able to discard. In all probability he was more sinned against than sinning, and a worse enemy to himself than to any one else.

The richest spendthrift of that time was the

late Mr. Abington Baird. He, however, was too wealthy to get through his money within a comparatively short lifetime; indeed, in spite of a fortune spent on the Turf and in wild extravagance, he died a very rich man. He also, like Lord Ailesbury, allowed a horde of sycophants, a number of whom were merely low swindlers, to exist in luxury upon the funds they extracted from him. I believe that his father was deeply religious, building churches all over the place, and his mother spoilt him. In any case, even as a boy he was more or less uncontrollable, and on coming to London was at once surrounded by rooks and panders who took care to keep him away from decent society. Both Mr. Baird and Lord Ailesbury led sad, miserable lives. They were entirely different in their ideas and methods from most of the pleasure-seeking bucks of the eighteenth century, about whom, even in their wildest freaks, there was generally something picturesque and often much that was attractive.

From about 1890 to just before the outbreak of the Great War, there was a considerable increase of luxury. A larger circle of individuals than ever before in the world's history were possessed of wealth, a great number of them spent it freely and London was a very bright and lively place.

Talleyrand said that those who had not lived before the French Revolution did not know what

life was. In all probability, however, the life of the wealthy during the first decade of the twentieth century was on the whole as full of pleasure and enjoyment as that led by the old French *noblesse*—without doubt it was more luxurious and more comfortable, the only thing lacking being the perfect taste and very refined surroundings which the eighteenth century understood so well. Even in this direction, however, not a few millionaires contrived, by employing highly gifted and artistic workmen, to achieve a certain amount of success.

In merely material matters such as housing, lighting and locomotion, the twentieth century, of course, enjoys an incontestable superiority over the eighteenth; in addition to which the vast majority of well-to-do hosts of 1913 understood really good food and cooking a great deal better than the nobles of the reign of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. When it is realised that Marie Antoinette's favourite dish was a wing of a chicken fried in breadcrumbs, it may be inferred that even the Court of the old *régime* were not particularly luxurious in gastronomic matters. A few years later, however, after the great Revolution, there came a sort of brief era of real gourmets. Mirabeau, whose dining-room and dining arrangements were carefully thought out; Grimod de la Reynière, Talleyrand, and chief of all, Brillat Savarin, all brought luxury in eating to a high pitch of perfection. It is probable, however,

that scarcely one of them understood luxurious feeding in the same way as the moderns. Love of quantity and a certain grossness of taste seem to have been almost inseparable from appreciation of the good things of the table in old days, besides which, the earlier votaries of gastronomy had not at their command the profusion of material which, before the Great War, the modern system of transport placed within practically every one's reach.

Among West End epicures in 1913 the highest and best form of cooking, which is perfection of luxurious simplicity, had practically routed the old-fashioned showy and elaborate cuisine, which is generally the appanage of lengthy and heavy dinners. The late King Edward VII. set the fashion in curtailing the length of meals ; and the excellent example he set gradually percolated society till even the City dinners were shorn of some of the too redundant courses, to the great increase of temperance and health.

In the first years of the twentieth century great progress was also made in the minor art of table decoration. People came to understand that there is nothing makes such a good effect as a few pieces of good silver on a spotless cloth, while the floral decorations of dinner tables were often models of artistic simplicity. The highly-polished dining-table had also once more come into fashion and, altogether, there was much

refinement and good taste in connection with the science of entertaining.

Meanwhile, the number of big hotels and the standard of comfort provided in them was increasing.

Oddly enough, in the 'fifties of the last century, with great lack of prescience, experts who were supposed to know more about English and American hotels than any one else reported against the building of a new hotel to be constructed about the same time the South Eastern Railway were building their hotel at Charing Cross. They solemnly gave their opinion that it would be useless to proceed any further with any new scheme, as the Railway Company were going to build such a gigantic hotel. "London could not possibly support two such hotels," they said!

Whatever would these experts have thought of the gigantic hotels and restaurants all of which are thronged?

The "Restaurant habit" is, of course, an entirely new feature of London life.

The great restaurants, which were started in the 'eighties of the last century, have undoubtedly had much influence upon the social life of Londoners. Before the day of the Savoy, Carlton, and the like, ladies dined little in public—an occasional visit to the Bristol, or perhaps rather surreptitiously to the Café Royale, used to be considered quite a piece of dissipation. When,

however, dining and supping at smart restaurants became general among well-to-do people, the standard of feminine dress was soon raised, and women began to copy the appearance of the actresses, etc., who have always frequented such resorts. The general result has, of course, been an increase in extravagance, in a great measure, however, compensated by the improved taste of Englishwomen in dress. There is also no doubt that the cooking in private houses has been improved, for people used to having good food in restaurants will not put up with bad food at home. Whether, on the whole, restaurants have had a good effect on women in general is, however, doubtful. Many, who in old days would have been content to lead humdrum lives, have imbibed a taste for excitement and publicity, which has led them into dangerous paths, and not a few unhappy marriages have been caused by wives finding their homes too dull, in comparison with the gilded palaces of luxury, where they could exhibit their charms to a more or less admiring public, much as an actress does on the stage.

Meanwhile the class known as "men about town"—formerly a very limited class—had greatly changed. All the old-fashioned school were dead or in their dotage, and a generation with different ideas reigned in their stead.

While the newcomers were every bit as fond

of pleasure as their predecessors, and certainly far more luxurious, they had not inherited their traditions. Quite a number of them were Radicals, even Socialists, and permeated with all sorts of wild ideas which their forbears would soon have laughed out of court. Their upbringing was responsible for this. Schools had become much less rough, and at a certain number of them, humanitarian and socialistic ideas were freely taught. In old days all school-boys were Conservatives, now they began to be Radicals, with no very clear idea of what they were to abolish.

A sort of pseudo-Socialism often exerted considerable power over the rising generation. Not a few boys went out into the world filled with a crusading zeal against social evils, the nature of which they themselves ill understood.

Here it may be noted that the various missions and settlements which, during the last thirty years, have been started in the East End and elsewhere have by no means conduced to intensify cordiality between the upper and lower classes, indeed, it would seem that the more the poor see of the rich, even when the latter are by way of assisting them, the less they are inclined to like them; as a matter of fact, the vast majority of the world instinctively hates any one who sets out with the avowed intention of improving it.

The new school, though perhaps better meaning and more spiritual-minded than the old, lacked

the latter's solid qualities which it possessed in common with types like the old-fashioned game-keeper and fisherman, with whom it was generally in close contact during a youth passed in the country.

The idea now began to arise that the future was with the Radicals, and Conservatism of a thoroughgoing kind was voted out of date.

Nevertheless, most of the wealthy Liberals, though apt to jabber for hours about their love of the people, at heart abominated seeing much of the proletariat except when lecturing or making speeches in a manner calculated to set class against class. For the most part, indeed, the new school lacked the robust common sense and innate shrewdness which were such characteristics of the old English, also the love of personal liberty, for which the latter were so zealous, was on the wane.

By about the first decade of the twentieth century, an entirely new type, which might be called the "Ritz Hotel Radical," had been evolved.

The convictions underlying this particular form of political thought was well expressed by one of its adherents. Speaking of Radicalism to a Tory he said, "Of course, I know the whole thing is rot. You don't suppose I am so foolish as not to realise how hopeless Democracy must be; nevertheless, for years to come, it is going to

triumph all along the line, so one must be on the winning side and not fight against it!"

As a matter of fact, people of this stamp were not prepared to fight against anything, their ideas being to delude the proletariat with fair words and promises which they themselves had no idea of fulfilling. Meanwhile they continued to lead a rather more luxurious life than the old-fashioned Tories, who at least were not hypocrites, ever had done.

It was this sort of thing which made the Germans think that England would never go to war.

By 1913, a totally new type of man about town had arisen—different in dress, habits, mode of thought and mode of life. Dandyism had become practically extinct, though the general level of dress had improved.

Undoubtedly more appreciative of the Arts and generally more highly cultured, the man about town now often affected, and often really took a considerable interest in social problems. In a way he was fonder even of pleasure than his predecessors, but it was pleasure of a different sort, for he was not so robust or full-blooded in his amusements, which were also of what is called a more refined description. The opera, classical concerts, and the like made little appeal to most of the old bucks and dandies. Their successor was, above all, far more luxurious,

spending money freely on his rooms and their decorations, also of course, he had more opportunities in the way of motors, travelling and the like, for extravagance.

In 1913 real Conservatives had become practically extinct, most of the younger generation eagerly taking up any new fad. The sound, plain common sense which distinguished their forbears seemed to have departed. On the other hand, they were far better read and in some ways far better educated, though for the most part totally unacquainted with social history and ignorant of the past experience of humanity, which they rather prided themselves upon despising.

Many had strong leanings towards philanthropic experiments, favouring drastic schemes to do away with intemperance and the like; at the same time the majority were totally lacking in that zeal for personal liberty and individualism which was such a prominent characteristic of the old-fashioned Englishman.

The more frivolous young men about town, just before the war had a perfect mania for dancing. They did not seem to care where they went as long as they could dance. In this they differed from those who had gone before them, the habitués of the old night clubs, the Gardenia and the Corinthian, of the late 'eighties, which were night resorts first and dancing-places afterwards.

It may here be noted that the link between

the night houses and the old-style night clubs would seem to have been a curious institution called the Burmese, which was situated in the Haymarket or the lower end of Regent Street, I forget which. This place, which was frequently alluded to in the music-hall songs of the 'seventies and early 'eighties, was generally full to overflowing late at night, even after closing hours, the main refreshments sold there being coffee and brandy cherries. It was much patronised by ladies of, perhaps, not very austere views and men about town, who used to look in after everything else was shut. Though often crammed to suffocation, the proceedings at this very sociable and informal meeting-place were quite decorous and orderly. I never heard of any one going there in the day-time. Owing, I suppose, to the growth of the movement which seeks to sweep away everything which does not conform to the bourgeois standard of respectability, it has long been swept away. Possibly not suiting the more luxurious requirements of a new generation, it got into a bad way in its latter days. It was a funny little place and in some respects resembled those little French night cafés which abounded in Paris before the Great War and I fancy will abound there again.

The fondness of the modern English for stamping out everything which does not conform to the standard of respectability—which they mistake for progress—was responsible for the

abolition of the old night clubs. I do not think any good resulted.

The new style of night club, while outwardly at least perfectly decorous, was really devised for dancers, and never surely was there so much terpsichorean activity as in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the Great War. On the whole, these new night clubs were surprisingly orderly—people went there mainly to dance and not for some of the other reasons which filled the old-style night clubs. These latter, however, were really more amusing owing to the originality and occasional irresponsibility of their frequenters. As a matter of fact, they more or less carried on the tradition of the old night houses of the 'sixties, where young men out on the spree manifested their superabundant vitality.

Fights were quite ordinary occurrences in the old night houses, and in the night clubs which followed them were by no means unknown. At the new-style night clubs, however, anything of the sort would have excited profound indignation; indeed, the order and decorum which prevailed in these places were remarkable. On the other hand, they entirely lacked the amusing go-as-you-please feeling which was a feature of the old clubs, if clubs they can be called, for I do not think a list of members or book of rules was to be found in any of them.

The new style of night club, once it had

established itself in favour, rapidly increased in numbers. Murray's, the Lotus, and the Four Hundred were those which attracted the most affluent pleasure-seekers. Ciro's was only opened later, after the War had begun. There were, of course, a good many smaller, less expensive and less exclusive—if such a word is applicable—night clubs, some of which were none too strictly conducted. On the whole, however, the outcry against the night clubs was, like most ebullitions of English Puritanism, absurd and also unjust, being besides mainly engineered by persons having no intimate knowledge of such places.

They provoked no disorder and were, on the whole, well conducted. There was no doubt a certain amount of alcohol consumed in them, but as the frequenters did not get drunk—I believe, indeed, no charges of drunkenness arose out of the existence of such resorts—there was no valid reason, except intolerant Puritanism, for demanding their suppression.

The time before the War is now not infrequently spoken of as if it had been a peculiarly vicious epoch, and references to a new and better England—whatever that may mean—abound in books and in the Press.

A good deal of money, it is true, was spent by women on their dress and by men on sport and amusement. Considering, however, the amount of wealth which was then in circulation, there was

nothing very unnatural or horrifying about this. As for dissipation, there was probably no more and no less than at any other period. True a mania for dancing prevailed and a good many people went to bed late in consequence. Drunkenness, nevertheless, was certainly never so unpopular, and on the whole it is difficult to perceive where the especial iniquity of this epoch lay.

The new and better England, according to our Puritan masters, will retain the present liquor restrictions. The working classes, however, will have something to say on this thorny question which may astonish the advocates of illogical repression. The former already, it was pleasant to observe, asserted themselves as to the continuance of racing during the War, and it is to be hoped that the troops who have returned from France, where very liberal ideas have always prevailed as regards personal freedom, will not allow themselves to be dragooned into virtue by a mass of meddlesome so-called social reformers, who understand about as much concerning human nature as a cow does about an aeroplane. In any case, if the "new and better England" should mature as thoroughly as certain of its canting advocates desire, France, where such creatures are at a discount, will afford a pleasant haven to those who still value the liberty of the individual.

During the continuance of the War restrictions which had the appearance of being necessary

were quite rightly respected. Youth, however, will have its fling, and in spite of rules and regulations our gallant young soldiers contrived to have some fun during their well-earned leave.

Good luck to them for having done so!

For the time being, however, Bohemian life is moribund and it is doubtful whether it will ever be revived in its old form.

Mr. George R. Sims, who continues as of yore to delight his many admirers in the *Referee,* not very long ago admirably summed up the attitude of an old-fashioned Bohemian towards the present state of affairs.

Going to a London cemetery where a number of his old friends were buried, this veteran reverently raised his hat and apostrophising those resting beneath the turf exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I congratulate you. You are well out of it."

THE END

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