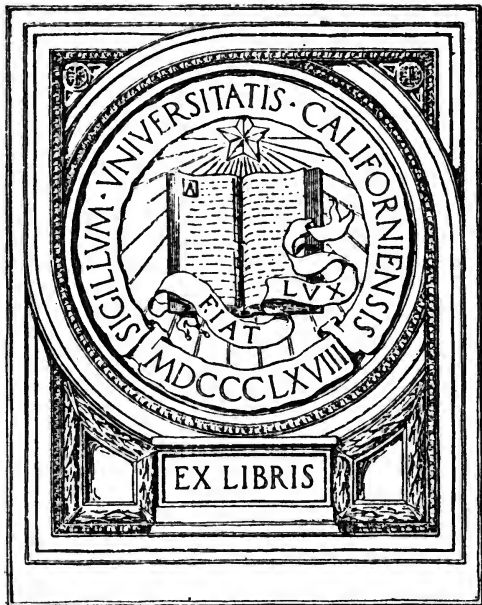


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The Lineage of Lichfield

The Lineage of Lichfield

An Essay in Eugenics

By
James Branch Cabell

. . . atavis edite regibus,
o et præsidium et dulce decus meum

NEW YORK
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1922

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JAMES BRANCH CABELL

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The Lineage of Lichfield

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The Epistle Dedicatory

To Lewis Galantière

YOU have herewith the book which you once desired me to make, in just the utterly unreadable form which you suggested. Indeed, I can now see that in no less devastating manner could I well dispose of the questions you then asked, a bit sceptically, as to "the connecting theme" of my books in gross.

For the quite obvious connection is the fact that they constitute a largish family tree, which I herewith present for your confusion. It is a genealogy—although for reasons that are hereinafter, I trust, made plain, the compiler elects to call it a Biography—of which the evolution was begun as far back as 1901, when I wrote the first of the stories afterward bound up together as *The Line of Love*. And the general "method" followed in that volume—of depicting a decisive passage in the lives of two persons, then a similar untying of knots in the life of a child of that couple, and yet afterward in one of the grandchildren's life-history—has been extended, but never altered, in my succeeding volumes. The most plain connection of my various books is, thus, precisely the same connection that exists between the several stories in my first written book, *The Line of Love*. And all traces—pretty

clearly now—from Dom Manuel, and the descendants whom he and Alianora left in England, and the other descendants whom he and Niafer left in Poictesme, and from the eleven images that he and Freydis informed with fire from Audela, and set to live as men among mankind.

But in a deeper sense, I like to think, the coherency of these books is not merely genealogic. . . . *Beyond Life* now stands as a sort of preface to embody the vital and æsthetic theories thereafter builded on, as well as generally to indicate the forces to which my protagonist later reacts. Forthwith you have Manuel, and have Jurgen, posed as the ancestors and life-sources of all my leading characters. Forthwith, too, you have my protagonist. For it is the life of Manuel, and the life of Jurgen, as this life is perpetuated in the descendants of each, that I continue to tell about. The vital principle of each of these extreme types is presently blended with the other, in the person and in the progeny of Mélite de Puyange; and the compound—need one say?—is very variously affected and guided and foiled by the *milieu* in which it thereafter happens to find itself. But, actually, with Manuel's life, and in somewhat less degree with Jurgen's life, as each life is transmitted through a score-and-odd of generations down to the present continuance of this life in Lichfield,—and with, in most cases, I

hasten to assure you, each of its renewals prefaced by an edifyingly proper matrimonial prologue,—actually, with this protagonist are my books concerned always. . . .

Manuel, let me say here, I planned to be the type which finds its sole, if incomplete, expression in action: I have, in consequence, been at some trouble to refrain from ascribing to Dom Manuel any thoughts whatever. And Jurgen was designed to illustrate Dom Manuel's utmost contrary, in that Jurgen derives his real, his deepest, his one unflinching pleasure, from the exercise of his—if the fact may here be rather bluntly outspoken without offending my friend and benefactor, Mr. John S. Sumner,—in the exercise, I repeat, of his intelligence. To Jurgen, the progenitor of all the poets and all the inadequate, unpractical persons in my books, the most interesting thing in the world—in fact, the one wholly worth-while thing,—is to watch his own brain working, especially when this fine curious toy is set to outmatch the workings of some other brain. . . . Between these two extremes range the inherited traits of their descendants, who display, not unnaturally, an occasional marked family resemblance. And the “connecting theme” of the books, viewed in this light, would seem to be the lean and dusty axiom that human beings and human living are pretty much the same in most times and stations, and come by varying roads, as did Jurgen

the pawnbroker and Manuel the high Count, to pretty much the same end.

Yet, underlying all, of course, is the profounder "connecting theme" that Horvendile is the erratic demiurge who composes and controls the entire business extempore, without any prompter except his own æsthetic whims: but that is really a matter almost too complex here to explain. Rather does discretion urge me to refer you to Sævius Nicanor's fine chapter on this very interesting theory. For it all comes back to theory, and to the cooling reflection that it is the nature of every explanatory theory to be evolved after the phenomena it accounts for,—even, I suspect, when it is one's own theory about one's own books.

2

In any event, it was your suggestion, some while ago, that I compile and put in order such a selection from Colonel Rudolph Musgrave's books and from his various genealogical notes and articles (now occultly enriching the back files of the *Lichfield Historical Association's Quarterly Magazine*) as would make plain the family connection between my chronicles of Lichfield and the stories of Poictesme. Here then is that selection. Hereinafter is that relationship set forth, very simply and baldly, with no effort toward any of the auctorial graces save the lean virtue of clarity. Just to be clear is

my one aim: and so I need not tell you that I hereinafter avoid all pedantry and shun the antiquary's vice of larding his clipped jargon with as many tatters of strange tongues and patriarchal spelling as he can possibly lug in anywhere that plain English would serve him better.

Now on the face of it, as I have confessed, the thing is a pedigree which indicates the descent of various persons, about whom I have written the stories and books named marginally, from Dom Manuel of Poictesme. In reality, I think, this volume is an outline—or, say, a map—of some nine centuries of Dom Manuel's life, the life of which my other books are the Biography. For, be it repeated, the life that informed tall Manuel the Redeemer did not become extinct when the old champion rode westward with Grandfather Death: the body and the appearance of Dom Manuel was gone, but his life remained perpetuated in divers children—in, to be accurate, a respectable total of sixteen persons,—who afterward transmitted this life to their progeny, as did they in turn to their own offspring. So this life flowed on through time—and through such happenings in France and England and America as, one by one, my books have recorded,—with every generation dividing and subdividing the troubled and attritioned flowing into more numerous streamlets. And Manuel's life came thus to Lichfield, by and by, and is not yet extinct in my contemporary Townsends

and Kennastons and Musgraves, of all whom I hereinafter trace out for you the descent from Manuel.

It is about this life that I have written elsewhere, in many places, in various chapters of a Biography which is largish now, but stays incomplete, and will not ever be completed. For this human life, as I write about it, appears to me a stream that, in journeying toward an unpredictable river, itself the tributary of an unplumbed ocean, is fretted equally (still to preserve the fluvial analogue) by the winds of time and by many pebbles of chance. So are there various ripples raised upon the stream as it goes—ultimately—seaward: and, noting these, we say this ripple is Manuel, that Ormskirk, and the other Charteris; noting also that while we name it the small stir is gone. But the stream remains unabated, nor is the sureness of its moving lessened, any more than is the obscurity of its goal.

3

Or let us shift the figure. Let us rather liken this continuously reincarnated life of Manuel to an itinerant comedian that with each generation assumes the garb of a new body, and upon a new stage enacts a variant of yesterday's drama. For I do not find the comedy ever to be much altered in its essentials. The first act is the imagining of the place where contentment

exists and may be come to; and the second act reveals the striving toward, and the third act the falling short of, that shining goal, or else (the difference here being negligible) the attaining of it to discover that happiness, after all, abides a thought farther down the bogged, rocky, clogged, befogged heartbreaking road, if anywhere. That is the comedy which, to my finding, the life I write about has enacted over and over again on every stage between Poictesme and Lichfield.

I call it a comedy. Really there is thin sustenance for the tragic muse in the fact that with each performance the costume of the protagonist is spoiled, and the human body temporarily informed with Manuel's life is thrown perforce to the dust-heap. There is not even apparent, to reflection, any economic loss: for the wardrobe of this mundivagant posturer is self-replenishing, in that as each costume is used it thriftily begets new apparel for the comedian to ruin in tomorrow's rendering of the old play. The parent's flesh is flung by like an outworn coat: but the comedian, reclad with the child's body, tricked out with strong fresh sinews and re-rouged with youth, is lustily refurbishing, with a garnish of local allusions and of the latest social and religious and political slang, all yesterday's archaic dialogue and inveterate "situations."

4

Now in the light of this comœdic metaphor—the metaphor which upon the whole I prefer,—the researches of Colonel Musgrave can deal with no large portion of the vagabond's wardrobe. For the colonel has of course concerned himself with only that relatively brief part of the tour wherein life has worn human bodies. Previously, they whisper, the scenery was arboreal, and our comedian wore fur and a tail; as before that his costume was reptilian, and yet earlier was piscine. So do the scientists trace backward his career to life's first appearance upon the stage, when the *vis comica* which later was to animate the thews of Manuel had for its modest apparel only a small single bubble embedded in primeval slime.

Always, one perceives, our comedian has dressed his rôle with increasing elaborateness, progressing from a mere pinhead of sentiency to all the intricate fripperies of the human body, with its wealth of modern improvements in the form of forward-looking bifocal eyes and prehensile fingers and multiloquent lips. And so magnificently has he, through many centuries of endeavor, reorganized his stage-setting in the sundry nooks of Earth enriched with his main centres of civilization and his stupendous fulminating wars that it is not past the reach of poetic imagining to suppose the telescopes of Earth's nearest neighbor may quite possibly

have detected some one of these fermenting pustules.

That proud contingency as yet stays guesswork, but less remotely this comedian has made sure of his art's last need. Upon Earth's epidermis he has created an audience more certain and immediate than those it may be interested Martians, by very patiently training some cells in the human brain once in a while to think. And since every form of æsthetic effort is spurred by any prospect of applause from any source however trivial, one must surmise that the performance is given with renewed gusto now the comedian's antics may be marvelled over by this gray beading so unobtrusively inwrought into his latest costume.

Yet there is a drawback to this evolving of man's brain as a dramatic critic. It is that the one honest verdict to be wrung from the small wet sponge, which lines, they say, the skulls of patriotic orators and of our popular clergy too, must always be a lament that, even in the primordial ooze, the drama was (and, for that matter, bids fair to remain, in the last cold electric-lit futurity) a bit depressingly confined to this theme of striving toward a goal that, gained or lost, proves not to be the true goal, after all. And then *da capo!* . . . Yes, it really is depressing, because there is in this unending captaincy of a forlorn hope, in this futile and obstinate romanticism of life's vaudeville, just

the element to which our most applauded "realists" most strenuously object, as being untrue to life; and in the withering light of our best æsthetic theories, the performance seems wanly rococo and unreal.

5

Still, I spoke overrashly of futurity, before which, really, my imaginings baulk. For tomorrow the age-old comedian will be doing and wearing none knows what, although in reason the restless artist that we call life cannot long stay content with human bodies for his apparel and medium. Already, in considerate eyes, life tends to some more handsome expression, by means of the harnessed chemistries and explosions, and collaborating flywheels and vapors, and wire-dancing thunderbolts, that in all our cities dwarf the human beings who serve as the release levers. Already, a many philosophers recognize, we are so generally fed and clothed and sheltered and carried everywhither by machinery that we can lay no grave claim to be thought more than its parasites. And already the era appears well in sight when every need of civilization and every business of life will be discharged by the pressure of electric buttons, and when, in America at least, the one essential part of man will be his forefinger.

But at prophecy, I repeat, I baulk. I am duly tempted to weigh the likelihood that with

disuse the other members of the inhabitants of these states will disappear, and that our national nicety will then make an end of all by suppressing this surviving forefinger as a probably phallic symbol. But into these high considerations there is happily no need to enter. It may seem to hidebound logic quite certain that human beings are just one season's fashion in life's clothes, and that next season something entirely different will be worn. With such sartorial forecasts I have here no quarrel, and if I do not tell you the real truth of the matter it is merely because I do not know it. I merely know that, even though the life of our planet may by and by discard mankind just as it has discarded the dodo and the dinosaur, at present men and women are life's latest clothing: and I take it to be the part of urbanity to accept the mode of our day. So I must tacitly confine myself to this one season in Dom Manuel's endlessly roving life,—and in your life and mine,—and neither here nor in my books may I presume to prattle of apotheoses.

Dumbarton Grange
August, 1921

The Lineage of Lichfield

Being a partial list of the descendants of Dom Manuel, Count of Poictesme, as compiled from the books and papers of R. V. Musgrave.

Figures above the line indicate the generation in descent from Dom Manuel of Poictesme. Dates prior to 1752 are Old Style, except that the year is estimated as beginning 1 January.

Abbreviations Employed:

b. = born.

bapt. = baptized.

dau. = daughter.

d.s.p. = decessit sine prole.

m. = married.

unm. = unmarried.

The Lineage of Lichfield

MANUEL¹, the Redeemer, Count of Poictesme, b. 23 Dec. 1213, d. 29 Sept. 1239, was, according to tradition, the son of the water demon Oriander and the peasant girl Dorothy of the White Arms, who is called in one version of the story Vraswen. The perhaps partly mythical exploits of Dom Manuel¹ form the basis of the familiar mediæval romance *Les Gestes de Manuel*, now accessible to English readers in the Selborne Series. Of the other relatives of Manuel¹ nothing is known except that his half-sister Matthiette was the wife of Meunier, Comte de Montors, and had issue: Gui, Comte de Montors; and Ayrart de Montors, afterward Pope.

FIGURES
OF EARTH

DOMNEI

By a matrimonial alliance with Niafer, b. circa 1210, m. 3 Nov. 1235, d. spring of 1277, (the dau., according to some historians, of the Soldan of Barbary), Dom Manuel¹ had issue: *Melicent*²; Emmerick², who succeeded his father as Count of Poictesme, b. June 1237, accidentally killed by his nephew Raymondin³ de la Forêt 26 July 1300, m. Radegonde, then the widow of King Elphanor, and left issue (for whom, compare Lewistam's *Popular Tales of Poictesme*, Appendix F); Dorothy², called La Desirée, b. Dec. 1238, d. 1292, m., in 1256,

JURGEN

**THE CREAM
OF THE JEST**

Heitman Michael of Asch, and left descendants (again, compare Lewistam); and Ettarre², called La Beale, b. Oct. 1239, m. Sir Guiron des Rocques (who, circa 1276, succeeded his elder brother Etienne as Prince de Gâtinais), but of her issue no record survives.

**FIGURES
OF EARTH,
DOMNEI**

Melicent², b. Aug. 1236, d. Feb. 1324, m. (1) Demetrios of Anatolia, who was lord of the region between Quesiton and Nacumera (b. 1233, d. July 1274, son of the noted magician Miramon Lluagor and Gisèle d'Arnaye), by whom Melicent² had no issue. Melicent² m. (2), in 1274, a French nobleman, Perion, Comte de la Forêt (b. 1233, d. 14 Jan. 1315), by whom she had, with other issue: *Adelaide³ de la Forêt*; and Raymondin³ de la Forêt, b. 1279, d. 1340, m. Mélusine, b. circa 1230, (dau. of that King Helmas of Albania whom Dom Manuel¹ converted from folly), and left issue ten sons, for whom compare Desaivres' *Le Mythe de la Mère Lusine*, p. 148, Niort, 1882.

**FIGURES
OF EARTH**

**THE LINE
OF LOVE:**

*The
Wedding
Jest*

*Adhelmar
at
Puyssange*

Adelaide³ de la Forêt, b. 1275, d. 1332, m. in 1293, Ralph, Comte de Nointel (b. 1267, d. Nov. 1320), and had, with other issue: Henri⁴ de Nointel, b. 1299, d. 1335, m. ——— (a dau. of Adhelmar de Perdigon), and had a son, Sir Adhelmar⁵ de Nointel (hero of the mediæval romance, *Les Aventures d'Adhelmar*), b. May 1332, d. unm. 24 Oct. 1356; and Sylvie⁴ de Nointel.

Sylvie⁴ de Nointel, b. 1305, d. Dec. 1345, m. in May 1323, Florian, Vicomte de Puy-
 sange, b. 1269, d. 2 Feb. 1347 (the reputed son of Poic-
 tesme's legendary Jurgen^a and Félise de Puy-
 sange: see *La Haulte Histoire de Jurgen*, in the
 eighth chapter), and had, with other issue:
 Reinault⁵, Vicomte de Puy- sange, b. 1324, d.
 1375, m. Berthe ———, and left issue; and
 Mélite⁵ de Puy- sange.

*The
 Wedding
 Jest*

(JURGEN)

*Adhelmar at
 Puy- sange*

Mélite⁵ de Puy- sange, b. 1337, d. 20 Aug.
 1363, m. in Oct. 1360, a Norman lord, Hugues,
 Sieur d'Arques, b. 1330, d. Dec. 1387. The
 Sieur d'Arques, in the wars attendant upon the
 transfer of the French throne to the house of
 Valois, sided with the English, and after the
 peace of Brétigni, signed in Sept. 1360, he
 settled in England, near Yaxham in Norfolk.
 The name was Anglicized as Darke. Hugues
 d'Arques and Mélite⁵ de Puy- sange had issue:
 Sylvia⁶ Darke; Adelais⁶ Darke, b. July 1361, d.
 unm. 18 March 1415; and Hugh⁶ Darke, b. Aug.
 1363, d. June 1404, m. Maude de Spencer, and
 had a son, Roger⁷ Darke, b. 1395, d. 1427, m.
 Lucy Archer, and left descendants.

*"Sweet
 Adelais"*

Sylvia⁶ Darke, b. July 1361, d. 10 Nov. 1419.
 m. in 1379, Sir Robert Vernon of Winstead, b.
 1355, d. 16 Aug. 1419, and had, with other

*Love Letters
 of Falstaff*

*Bülg, it may here be said, fixes the birth date of Jurgen as 8 April 1235, and estimates that the pawnbroker set forth on his supernal adventurings 30 April 1277. The replevined Wednesday would, by this chronology, have been borrowed from the August of 1256.

issue: Sir Hugh⁷ Vernon, knighted at Agincourt, b. 1380, d. May 1431, m. Isabel ———, and left descendants (for whom, compare Villiers' *Visitations of Norfolk*, in "Vernon of Oke"); Jane⁷ Vernon, b. 1387, m., in 1404, Henry Heleigh, Earl of Brudenel, and had numerous issue; Sylvia⁷ Vernon, b. 1390, m., in June 1410, Richard Degge, Earl of Venour; and *Adelais⁷ Vernon*.

*"Sweet
Adelais"*

Adelais⁷ Vernon, b. 1402, d. Oct. 1429, m., 30 Sept. 1422, Fulke, Sieur d'Arnaye, b. 1395, d. Feb. 1429, one of the French prisoners taken at Agincourt. This couple made their home in France, and had issue: Noel⁸ d'Arnaye; and Raymond⁸, Sieur d'Arnaye 1473-98, b. 1426, d. Jan. 1498, m. Anne de Nérac, and left descendants.

*The
Conspiracy of
Arnaye*

Noel⁸ d'Arnaye, called Le Joli, Sieur d'Arnaye 1429-73, b. 1425, d. 26 Dec. 1473, m., in Sept. 1462, Catherine de Vaucelles, b. 1439, d. in autumn of 1470, and had issue only:

*In Necessity's
Mortar*

*The
Conspiracy of
Arnaye*

Matthiette⁹ d'Arnaye, b. 1467, d. 8 Aug. 1516, m., 18 July 1484, Raoul⁹, Vicomte de Puitsange, b. 1462, d. 13 Feb. 1520, a great-great-grandson of Reinault⁵, Vicomte de Puitsange, as above. Raoul⁹ de Puitsange was one of the Frenchmen who fought under Philibert de Shaundé in the Earl of Richmond's behalf at Bosworth, and he was rewarded with an estate in Devonshire, including Tiverton Manor. From

him descend the Pierson family of Devon, the head of which, Lord Tiverton, was attained in 1745. Raoul⁹ de Puyssange and Matthiette⁹ d'Arnay had, with other issue:

Adeliza¹⁰ de Puyssange (or de Pierson), b. 1500, d. 6 Oct. 1537, m., 7 Oct. 1519, Stephen Allonby, ninth Marquis of Falmouth, b. 1494, d. 24 Nov. 1557. He was a great-grandson (as was also, on the wrong side of the blanket, Will Sommers, the King's once-famous jester) of the sixth Marquis of Falmouth, who wooed, without winning, Adelais⁷ Vernon: all these Allonbys, of course, being descendants of that first Marquis who in the thirteenth century was a notable leader of the barons' party against Alianora of Provence. Stephen Allonby and Adeliza¹⁰ de Puyssange had issue: Thomas¹¹ Allonby, bapt. 3 Jan. 1521, d. unm. 1554; Adela¹¹ Allonby, bapt. 11 Sept. 1523, m, in 1540, Sir Edmund Floyer, after 1555, Lord Rokesle; George¹¹ Allonby, called Fitzroy, bapt. 10 March 1526, d. unm. 18 Feb. 1556; and *Stephen¹¹ Allonby*.

*The Castle of
Content*

*(The Story of
the Sestina)*

Stephen¹¹ Allonby, bapt. 7 June 1530, d. 3 Feb. 1596, who became Marquis of Falmouth after his father's death in 1557, m., in June 1559, Katherine Beaufort, b. March 1533, d. 11 Apr. 1576, and had, with numerous other issue: Gerald¹² Allonby, bapt. 24 March 1560, d. 20 Aug. 1625, the eleventh Marquis of Falmouth, m. his cousin Ursula¹² Bulmer (for kinship,

*In Ursula's
Garden*

see appended Bulmer Excursus) and left issue^b; and *Cynthia*¹² *Allonby*.

*Porcelain
Cups*

*Cynthia*¹² *Allonby*, bapt. 13 Apr. 1576, d. 3 Oct. 1629, m. Captain Edward Musgrave, b. 8 Feb. 1570, d. 16 March 1647. This couple were among the earliest settlers of the Colony of Virginia. Their oldest son, their only offspring in England, died an infant, but after their immigration to the Colony they had issue: Theodorick¹³ Musgrave, and Stephen¹³ Musgrave, and a dau., Katherine¹³ Musgrave, who m. Lieutenant Gervase Woods. For a detailed account of the descendants of these children, compare R. V. Musgrave's *The Musgraves of Matocton*.

BULMER EXCURSUS

FRANCIS Orts of Stornoway^c had two daughters: Cicely Orts, m., circa 1525, Sir Gerald Beaufort of Tintagel, and had Katherine Beaufort, m. Stephen¹¹ Allonby, and had Gerald¹² Allonby; and Aveline Orts, m., in 1529, Henry Heleigh, Earl of Brudenel (a

^bAmong the sons was Sir William Allonby, the poet and diplomat, who in 1626 published the first book of a proposed metrical version (apparently never completed) of the *Roman de Lusignan*.

^cThe head of a once distinguished family now believed to be extinct in the male line. The last bearer of the surname was a debauched clergyman, Simon Orts, who died unmarried in the March of 1750. He was survived by a younger brother, Frank Orts, who had, however, on becoming an actor, taken the name of Francis Vanringham. The career of the last-named worthy may be found detailed in Thorsby's *Roscius Anglicanus*.

descendant of Jane⁷ Vernon, as above), and had Ursula Heleigh, m. John¹¹ Bulmer, Earl of Pevensey, and had Ursula¹² Bulmer, who, as above, m. Gerald¹² Allonby. *In Ursula's Garden*

Ursula¹² Bulmer was the second dau. of John¹¹ Bulmer, Earl of Pevensey, b. 1532, d. 30 Nov. 1575. This nobleman was a descendant, in the ninth generation, of Roger³ Bulmer, the first Earl of Pevensey, b. 1363, the natural son of Edward² Longshanks and Hawise Bulmer, as will be later shown. Gerald¹² Allonby's brother-in-law, the tenth Earl, was George¹² Bulmer, b. 7 Nov. 1567, d. 1 June 1593, Queen Elizabeth's favorite, who, in Nov. 1589, m. Mary Heleigh, b. 1570, d. 28 Apr. 1592, and had issue only: John¹³ Bulmer, the eleventh Earl, b. 27 Apr. 1592, d. 1644, who left numerous descendants. *(The Story of the Tenson, The Story of the Rat-Trap)*

Among them, in the fifth generation, was the soldier-statesman John¹⁷ Bulmer, b. 15 Apr. 1705, d. 4 Dec. 1779, better known to history as the Duke of Ormskirk. His grace of Ormskirk m., in May 1750 (as is duly stated, of course, in Löwe's *Life*) Claire Gabrielle Antoinette¹⁷ dau. of the fourth Duc de Puitsange, who was (as is not made clear by Löwe) descended from the younger brother of Raoul⁹ de Puitsange. The dukedom in this famous French family dates back no further than 1638. **GALLANTRY:**
Actors All, April's Message, In the Second April, Heart of Gold, The Scapegoats, Love's Alumni

I make this excursus because the Bulmer family also has its representatives today in Lich-

*Love at
Martinmas,
The Casual,
Honeymoon,
The Rhyme to
Porringer,
Actors All*

THE CORDS
OF VANITY

THE EAGLE'S
SHADOW
THE CREAM
OF THE JEST

THE CORDS
OF VANITY
FROM THE
HIDDEN WAY

field. Lord Gaston¹⁸ Bulmer, b. 29 Nov. 1758, d. 31 Oct. 1809, second son of the aforementioned Duke of Ormskirk, m. Lady Marian¹⁸ Audaine, b. 28 March 1760, d. 26 Aug. 1803 (dau. of Francis, Lord Garendon, author of the once widely known memoirs, and his wife, Dorothy¹⁷ Allonby, who was a descendant of Gerald¹² Allonby: compare Sparks' *Landed Gentry*, in article "Allonby of Shaw"), came to America circa 1779-80, surrendered at Yorktown, and subsequently made his home in Lichfield. His only dau., Clara¹⁹ Bulmer, m. Jonathan Harrowby (compare articles "Harrowby of Montevideo" in *Lichfield Hist. Mag.*, Vol. VI): and his great-grandson, Felix²¹ Bulmer, b. 16 July 1828 d. 13 Nov. 1875, the inventor of Bulmer's Baking Powder, m. Ellen Etheridge, leaving issue: George²² Bulmer, b. 6 Sept. 1853; Marian²² Bulmer; and Claire²² Bulmer. Of these daughters, Marian²² Bulmer, b. 3 June 1850, d. 23 Feb. 1883, m., in opposition to her father's wishes, Samuel Kennaston, and had issue: Felix Bulmer²³ Kennaston (author of *Men Who Loved Alison*, *The Tinctured Veil*, *The King's Quest*, etc.), b. 9 Dec. 1870, m. Kathleen Saumarez (née Eppes, of the old Virginia family), but had no issue. Claire²² Bulmer, b. 6 Nov. 1855, d. 5 Aug. 1900, m. Theodore Townsend, b. 11 Sept. 1848, d. 17 Nov. 1884, and had issue: Robert Etheridge²³ Townsend, b. 23 Sept. 1877, another noted figure in the world of letters, author of

The Apostates, Afield, The Cords of Vanity, From the Hidden Way, etc.

§ 2

MANUEL¹ the Redeemer, Count of Poictesme, b. 1213, d. 1239, by his alliance, 30 Apr. 1235, with Queen Freydis (who lived as a mortal woman from 30 Apr. 1235 to 30 Apr. 1238), became the progenitor of certain figures of earth, which were animated, by the Tuyla process, with sparks of the magic fire of Audela. Of these vivified figures the first and chief was:

FIGURES OF EARTH

Sesphra, a god of the Philistines (completing with Ageus and Vel-Tyno the Trinity of the Shephelah), b. 30 Apr. 1235. For the myths and ceremonies connected with this divinity, the reader may profitably consult Garnier's *Recherches sur le Culte de Sesphra* or Douwer's *Urgeschichte der Philistaër*.

To the ten smaller figures which Dom Manuel¹ modeled of the image-makers (compare *Les Gestes de Manuel*, in the seventeenth and twenty-seventh chapters), and which he left unquickened when he deserted Freydis, life was subsequently loaned by her, in a manner somewhat too complicated to be explained in the limited space here available. Whereafter these figures,

THE CERTAIN HOUR:

¹In Ackermann's *Volksagen*, IV, 196, the curious may find an hypothesis—which, although it, unluckily, cannot be given in a volume intended for general circulation, would seem in connection with the above rather strikingly significant,—to account for the everywhere prevalent legends of Changelings.

as the old chap-book has it, were "eche at a certayne Houre . . . sett . . . to liue among Mans Kind,^d with all which of such a State aperteyneth: to grete Hurtes and Harmes, by Cause that these x Ymages were unlyke to Beings naturallie conceyued, in so much that they hadde inside them Sparkes and smalle Flamings of the Fyer of Audela."

These figures, according to Codman (*Handbook of Literary Pioneers*, pp. 210-12), were:

**Belhs
Cavaliers**

I. Raimbaut de Vaquieras (or de Vaqueiras), poet and crusader, b. circa 1150, d. 8 May 1225, m., in May 1210, Biatritz de Montferrat,^e then the widow of Conrat, Prince of Orange, and previously the widow of the Lord of Del Carat. It is noticeable that in this, the first figure quickened by Freydis unaided, the magic was misdirected through inexperience, and the life of Raimbaut (for which, compare Raynouard's *Choix des poésies originales des Troubadours*, Vol. III, p. 258, and Vol. V, p. 417, Paris, 1816-20) was precipitated into the past. Raimbaut de Vaquieras had no issue.

II. Alessandro de Medici,^f æsthete, Duke of

^eThe circumstances of this marriage have been recorded elsewhere. The story of this couple's original entry into amorous relations, however, is perhaps best left to the discreet obscurity of the Provençal, which depicts the lady as equally unembarrassed by shyness and the fact that her first husband was then living: "Ma dona Biatritz li dis que be fos el vengut; e que s'esforses de ben far e de ben dire e de valer, e qu'ela lo volia retener per cavayer e per servidor. Don Raimbaut s'esforses d'enansar son pretz tan quan poc."

^fThe name and arms borne by him are somewhat incredibly

Citta di Penna, Duke of Florence, &c., b. circa 1512, d. 5 Jan. 1537, m. Margaret of Austria, but had by her no issue. He left three illegitimate children: Giulio, who entered the church, and became grand prior of the order of S. Stefano; Porcia, who took the veil, and founded the convent of S. Clement at Florence; and Juliet, who m. Francesco Cantelmo, but left no issue: the line thus becoming extinct. Compare *Tenh. Mém. Gén.* liv. XXII, p. 62: and see also Checino's *Storia del Granducato di Toscana sotto il governo d' Alessandro de Medici*.

*Balthazar's
Daughter*

III. William Shakespeare, poet and master of the pastiche, author of *Richard the Third*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Winter's Tale*, &c., bapt. 26 Apr. 1564, d. 23 Apr. 1616, m., in Nov. 1582, Ann Hathaway. There is a tradition (compare *The Musgraves of Matocton*, p. 33) that this playwright was enamored of Cynthia¹² Allonby (as, certainly, was Christopher Marlowe),⁸ and that she was the Dark Lady commemorated in

*Judith's
Creed*

*(Porcelain
Cups)*

explained by Verini (*de Illust. Urbis*, lib. III): "Est qui Bebryaca Medices testetur ab urbe venisse; et Toscam sobolem delesse superbam asserat: hinc Medicis meruit cognomen habere quod Medicus Tosci fuerit, sic ore venenum dixerunt patrio: factique insignia portet senis in globulis flaventem sanguine peltam."

Indeed there can be little doubt that the letter comparing her to Helen, in the quaint French which Colonel Musgrave modernizes, was the rough draft of the famous passage in *Dr. Faustus*: "Violà donc la figure qui lança mille navires et fit tomber les tours d'Ilion. . . . Oh! tu es plus belle que la nuit vêtue de la beauté de milliers d'étoiles. Tu es plus brillante que Jupiter en feu, quand il apparut à l'infortuné Sémélé. Tu es plus belle que le monarque du ciel, dans les bras azurés de la capricieuse Aréthuse!"

Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. William Shakespeare had issue: Susanna Shakespeare, b. May 1583, d. 11 July 1649, m. John Hall, and had issue only a dau., Elizabeth Hall, b. Feb. 1608, d. Feb. 1670, m. (1) Thomas Nash, and (2) Sir John Bernard, but had by neither husband any issue; Hamnet Shakespeare, only son, b. Jan. 1585, d. Aug. 1596; and Judith Shakespeare, b. Jan. 1585, d. 9 Feb. 1662, m. Thomas Quiney, but left no descendants surviving her.

Concerning
Corinna

IV. Robert Herrick, clergyman and Rosicrucian, author of *Hesperides*, *Noble Numbers*, &c., bapt. 24 Aug. 1591, d. unm. Oct. 1674. For a curious account of his end, compare Borsdale's *Pathologica Dæmonica*, in the fourth chapter.^h

Olivia's
Pottage

V. William Wycherley, dramatist and man of fashion, author of *The Plain Dealer*, *The Country Wife*, &c., b. circa 1640, d. Dec. 1715, m., in 1680, Olivia, Lady Drogheda, née Chichele, and (2), in Dec. 1715, Ann Jackson, but left no issue by either marriage. There

^hBorsdale's comment thereon, as preserved elsewhere, seems sufficiently quaint to be recorded: "Surely such Astrologers are Erra Pater's Disciples, and the Divil's Professors, swaddling hell-nurtured Wisdom in spurious ænigmatical doubtful Tearmes, like the Oracle at Delphos. What a high Dotage and shameless Impudence is in these men, who aspire to knowe more than shining Saints and Angels! Can they read other Men's fates by those glorious Characters the Starres, being ignorant of their owne? *Qui sibi nescius cui præsciis?* If all were served as this uppstarte Herrick, with his Devill in a Christal, his horrid Flie in a Box, we should have none that would relye so confidently on the falshood of their Ephemerides, and in some manner shake off all divine providence, dreaming to make themselves equal with GOD, between whom and Man the greatest difference is taken away, if Man should foreknow more than his own ignorant unworth."

seems to be nowhere any satisfactory *Life* of Wycherley, but Major Pack's gossip is valuable.

VI. Alexander Pope, a cripple, author of *The Rape of the Lock*, *The Dunciad*, &c., b. 22 May 1688, d. unm. 30 May 1744. Compare his *Life* by Deetz, Leipsig, 1876.

A Brown Woman

VII. Horace Calverley, Lord Ufford, virtuoso and diarist, author of *Sixpenny Satires*, *The Vassal of Spalatro*, &c., b. 22 Apr. 1725, d. unm. 28 Jan. 1762. His Works have not recently been reprinted, but all editions that I have seen contain Wharton's judicious biography; and Pater's inedited essay, if it can be come by, is critically valuable.

Pro Honoria

VIII. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, dramatist and mountebank, author of *The School for Scandal*, the arraignment of Warren Hastings, a vast number of I. O. U's, &c., b. Sept. 1751, d. July 1816, m. (1), in 1773, Elizabeth Linley, and (2) in 1795, Esther Jane Ogle, by whom he had no issue. For the descendants of the first marriage, too numerous to be catalogued here, the reader is referred to Perkins' *Life of Mrs. Norton*, and Burke's *Peerage and Baronetage*, articles "Dufferin" and "Somerset."

The Irresistible Ogle

IX. Hilary Rudolph of Saxe-Kesselberg, critic and essayist, editor and annotator of the texts of Sophocles, Sævius Nicanor, Praxagoras, &c., b. 2 Aug. 1780, d. 27 Jan. 1848, who, in 1803, took the name of Paul Vanderhoffen, m., in Sept. 1805, Mildred¹⁹ Claridge.

A Princess of Grub Street

GALLANTRY:
The
Scapegoats

In the Second
April, Heart of
Gold, The
Scapegoats,
The Ducal
Audience,
Love's
Alumni

A Princess of
Grub Street

Paul Vanderhoffen traced his descent from the old Princes de Gâtinais, elsewhere mentioned, in the following line: Antoine, Prince de Gâtinais, Marquis de Soyecourt, &c., b. 1 May 1670, d. 18 Sept. 1750, m. (2nd) in Oct. 1708, the Princess Clotilda Agatha of Noumaria, and had issue only: Louis de Soyecourt, b. 26 Nov. 1709, guillotined 9 Jan. 1793, Prince de Gâtinais after Sept. 1750, Grand-Duke of Noumaria 1750-55, who m., in Nov. 1750, Victoria von Uhm, and had issue: Anthony Augustus, Grand-Duke of Noumaria 1755-87; Prince Ludwig, whose old-world verses yet lurk in anthologies, and were remarkably commended by a greater brother in Apollo;¹ and Agatha. Princess Agatha of Noumaria, b. 2 Dec. 1755, d. 8 Apr. 1785, m. Rudolph Wilhelm Sebastien Friedrich, Crown Prince of Saxe-Kesselberg, b. 25 Aug. 1753, d. 8 Apr. 1785, and had issue: Hilary Rudolph, known later as Paul Vanderhoffen.

Paul Vanderhoffen m., as has been said, Mildred¹⁹ Claridge (a child of Lord John Claridge, the Egyptologist, and his wife Lady Helen¹⁸ Bulmer, dau. of the first Duke of Ormskirk), and they had, with other issue: Mildred Stella²⁰ Vanderhoffen, b. 4 Nov. 1807, d. 22 July 1855, m. (2nd wife) Theodorick Quentin Musgrave, governor and judge, b. 17 Jan. 1780,

¹Heine's words will bear repetition: "Die harmonischen Verse umschlingen dein Herz wie eine zärtliche Geliebte; das Wort umarmt dich, während der Gedanke dich küsst."

d. 13 Oct. 1850, and had, with other issue: Lieutenant Colonel William Sebastian²¹ Musgrave, C. S. A., b. 8 May 1829, d. 3 July 1863, m. Martha Allardyce. Among the children of this last marriage was Colonel Rudolph²² Musgrave, the noted genealogist, from whose scholarly compilation, *The Musgraves of Matocton*, this data is derived.

THE RIVET IN
GRAND-
FATHER'S
NECK

X. John Charteris, novelist, author of *In Old Lichfield, Ashtaroth's Lackey, &c.*, b. 22 Nov. 1857, d. 15 Sept. 1903, m., 22 Nov. 1893, Anne Willoughby, but left no surviving legitimate issue. The only child of this couple was a son, Holland Charteris, b. 1 Feb. 1895, d. 19 Jan. 1899.

*The Lady of All
Our Dreams*
BEYOND LIFE,
THE CORDS
OF VANITY,
THE RIVET IN
GRAND-
FATHER'S
NECK

§ 3

MANUEL¹ the Redeemer, Count of Poictesme, b. 1213, d. 1239, by his alliance, in Sept. 1238, with Alianora of Provence, b. circa 1220, d. 24 June 1291, then the wife of King Henry the Third of England, supplied an heir for England, in the person of: Edward² Longshanks. Compare *Les Gestes de Manuel*, in the thirty-fourth chapter: the authorities^j for all this portion of the pedigree,

FIGURES OF
EARTH

CHIVALRY:
*The Story of
the Sestina*

¹M. Paris, M. of West., Walt. Hem. *Chron.*, Paulus Emilius, *De Ant. Leg. Lib.* (Cam. Soc.), Rymer's *Fœdera*, Piers Langtoft, Leland's *Collectanea*, Polydore Vergil, Guthrie folio Hist., Caley's *Fœdera*, Dom Morice *Chron. de Bretagne*, MS. *Chron. of Nantes*, Titus Livius of Friuli, Guillaume de Gruel, Wm. of Worc., *Chron.* T. Wikes, *Annals of Margan*, *Wav. Annals*, *Annals of Burton*, Nich. Trivet, *Chron. Melrose*, T. Walsingham *Hist. of Kings*, W. Thom *Chron.*, H. Knighton, G. le Baker of Swinbroke, &c.

however, have been enumerated by Verville in both editions of his *Notice sur la vie de Nicolas de Caen*, in the sixth chapter, and need not here be cited.

*The Story of
the Tenson*

Edward² Longshanks, b. 16 June 1239, King of England after 1272, d. 7 July 1307, had by Hawise Bulmer, b. 1242, d. 28 Oct. 1270, a natural son, Roger³ Bulmer, first Earl of Pevensy, b. July 1263, d. circa 1320, who left issue, and descendants as aforetime recorded. Edward² Longshanks m. (1), in Aug. 1254, Ellinor of Castile, b. 1244, d. 29 Nov. 1290 (dau. of that St. Ferdinand, King of Castile and Léon, whom Dom Manuel¹ converted from wickedness), and had, with other issue: *Edward³ of Caernarvon*. Edward² Longshanks m. (2), 8 Sept. 1297, Meregrett of France, b. 1281, d. 14 Feb. 1317, and had, with other issue: Edmund³, Earl of Kent, b. 1302, who in turn had issue: Joan⁴ of Kent, m. (1) Sir Thomas Holland, and (2), as hereinafter, Edward⁵ the Black Prince.

(FIGURES OF
EARTH)

*The Story of
the Rat-Trap*

*The Story of
the Choices*

*The Story of
the Housewife*

Edward³ of Caernarvon, b. 25 Apr. 1284, King of England after 1307, murdered by his wife's orders 22 Sept. 1327, m., 23 Jan. 1308, Ysabeau of France, b. 1295, d. 22 Aug. 1358, and had:

Edward⁴ of Windsor, b. 13 Nov. 1312, King of England after 1327, d. 21 June 1377, m., 24 Jan. 1328, Philippa of Hainault, b. 1312, d. 14 Aug. 1369, and had, with other issue: *Edward⁵ the Black Prince*; Lionel⁵ of Clarence, b. 29 Nov.

1338; *John^s of Gaunt*; Edmund^s of York, b. 1344; and Thomas^s of Gloucester, b. 1354.

The Story of the Satraps

Edward^s the Black Prince, b. 15 June 1330, d. 8 June 1376, m. (1), in Sept. 1360, Alixe Riczi (dau. of Gilbert, Vicomte de Montbrison), b. 1342, d. Aug. 1361, and had issue: Edward⁶ Plantagenet, known as Edward Maudelain, b. Aug. 1361, d. unm. Feb. 1400. Edward^s the Black Prince m. (2), 10 Oct. 1361, his cousin, Joan⁴ of Kent, as above, and by her had issue:

The Story of the Heritage

Richard⁶ of Bordeaux, b. 13 Apr. 1366, d. 26 Feb. 1441, King of England after 1377, who, following his dethronement in 1400, took the name of Richard Holland. He m. (1), 14 Jan. 1382, Anne of Bohemia, b. 1367, d. 7 June 1394, by whom he had no issue; m. (2), 1 Nov. 1395, Isabel of Valois, b. 9 Nov. 1387, d. 13 Sept. 1410, by whom he had no issue; m. (3) 30 June 1403, Branwen of Wales, b. 1385, d. Jan. 1423, by whom he had four children. Compare, for the descendants of his second son, "The Hollands of Lichfield," in *Lichfield Hist. Mag.*, Vols. III, IV.

The Story of the Scabbard

The Story of the Satraps

The Story of the Scabbard

John^s of Gaunt, as above, b. 24 June 1340, d. 3 Feb. 1399, m. (1) Blanche of Lancaster, by whom he had issue:

Henry⁶ of Derby, known also as Bolingbroke, and after 1400 as King Henry the Fourth of England, b. 1366, d. 20 March 1413, m. (1),

The Story of the Satraps, The Story of the Scabbard

*The Story of
the Navarrese*

in 1381, Mary Bohun, and (2), by procuracy 3 Apr. 1402, in person 7 Feb. 1403, Jehane of Navarre, b. 1372, d. 9 July 1437, then the widow of Duke Jehan of Brittany. Queen Jehane subsequently m., as her third husband, Antoine Riczi, Vicomte de Montbrison. By his second marriage Henry⁶ of Derby had no children; by his first marriage he had issue:

*The Story of
the Fox-Brush*

Henry⁷ of Monmouth, b. 19 Aug. 1387, King of England after 1413, d. 31 Aug. 1422, m., 3 June 1420, Katharine of Valois, b. 27 Oct. 1401, d. 3 Jan. 1437. After his death she m. (2) Owain Tudor. Henry⁷ of Monmouth had issue only:

Henry⁸ of Windsor, b. 6 Dec. 1421, King of England after 1422, dethroned in 1465, d. 21 May 1471. His downfall, through his wife's relations with the Duke of Suffolk, and the extinction of this line of Manuel's descendants, are narrated in *Le Cocu Rouge*, that very curious romance erroneously, I think, ascribed by Hinsauf to Nicolas de Caen, and never as yet, I believe, put into English.

Exit

HERE I make an end of writing, now that my vogue is over, now that the blazing and sulphureous splendors which went everywhere before me are thinning like blown smoke. . . . The signs are many that there has been a slump in Cabell stock. The literary supplement that only recently had a "Cabell number" now has a review of *Figures of Earth*, written by Maurice Hewlett, who has himself made a specialty of the mediæval romance, and who says he never heard of the word "geas," and who contemptuously dismisses Cabell's work as a pretentious and often meaningless jargon—"parading a science it does not possess"—elaborately concocted to impose upon the credulous reading public. And still another Englishman, the scholarly Solomon Eagle, has expressed a similar opinion. Now if only the agreeable Mr. Hugh Walpole will turn a similar flip-flop, the Cabell balloon may completely collapse.

—Thus far the *New York Globe*, with rather unaccountable omission of any applause for Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's shocked fulminations against Cabell,—unaccountable, I say, because the erstwhile fumbler with the *Golden Girl's* underwear went about his assassinary labors with far more dexterity than did either of the

other British battlers for nineteenth-century traditions. Indeed Mr. Hewlett did but arise—with words more keen than the scissors with which he nowadays writes novels “based upon” Icelandic sagas—to proclaim that, since he personally had never heard of a variety of matters to be found in any encyclopædia^t, for anyone else to have knowledge of these things was wantonness and coxcombery and mere frivolity; whereas Mr. Squire evinced his somewhat less readily explicable wrath with inarticulate belowlings and beatings upon the editorial desk, and with objurgations against *Jurgen* for failing to satisfy his curiosity. I do not know what he was curious about, and it would be, perhaps, imprudent to inquire; but upon one point, at least, it was clear that the critical ingénu of the *London Mercury* was in whole-hearted accord with the two hardier survivors of no inconsiderable talents. All were agreed that either the lungs of the right-minded or else the Cabell balloon must be burst.

Well, I shall be, in some ways, rather sorry to see this Cabell pass to oblivion. For I foresee that he will pass quickly now. He was nour-

^tWith real astonishment one gathers, for example, that Mr. Hewlett is not sufficiently acquainted with the familiar story of Mélusine to know that the Albania over which King Helmas reigned was in Scotland; that he is not aware St. Ferdinand was King of Castile and Léon; that his knowledge of Gaelic legend does not extend to the very common word “geas,” or to the famous fairy song “Pighin, pighin, da phighin, pighin go leith agus leith phighin;” and that he is even ignorant of the cries which the Talmudic stories about Solomon ascribed to the various birds.

ished, he was bred and fattened and sustained, entirely upon newspaper paragraphs; and our literary editors retain a naive faith in anything, except, of course, the pound sterling, which emanates from England. You may notice the decisive turn of the above "And yet another Englishman," as if that quite settled the affair. But that is hardly all. Most of the reviewers, I fancy, are sufficiently like me to have grown a little tired of so much tall talk about Cabell, and to think it high time the monotony was varied. So this Cabell, too, must pass, with all the other novelists who have had their brief hour of being "talked about"; and this Cabell, too, must presently be at one with Marie Corelli and Maurice Hewlett and Elinor Glyn and Richard Le Gallienne and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

2

I repeat that, in some ways, I am sorry to see the passing of this Cabell. I found it interesting to read about this Cabell's romantic irony, his cosmic japes, his bestial obscenities, his well-nigh perfect prose, his soaring imagination, his corroding pessimism, and all the rest of the critical chorus. It loaned each Wednesday (when the clippings from my bureau come in on the first mail) quite an exciting morning, and it sustained me well toward lunch time with prideful thoughts that I was more or less identified with such a remarkable person.

To the other side, I shall, upon the whole, rejoice at the passing of this Cabell. One very positive benefit will be the saving in the matter of my bills for the aforementioned press-clippings; and the devotion to some better purpose of the time which I of late have squandered on the process of inserting these clippings (almost uniformly idiotic) in my scrap-books. I shall be left unmolested by the bother of autographing my novels and wrapping them up again, and, occasionally, of supplying the return postage, and, not infrequently, of finding these same volumes on sale next week at the second-hand book dealer's, as "presentation copies." I shall no longer be invited to lecture before mature and earnest-minded and generally appalling females, whom it is not possible to convince that the fact of my having written a book or two can no more qualify me to enliven their foregatherings with a lecture than with a violin solo. The younger of the sex will no longer evince via voluminous epistles their willingness to marry me, or even to dispense with the ceremony; and I shall be spared the trouble of concealing these letters from my wife, who emphasizes her disapproval of such notions by an offensive eagerness to pack my things for the suggested trips. And I shall even return, in time, to the old orderly enjoyable reading of newspapers and magazines without any first feverish skimming through the pages to see what this issue contains about me.

Yes, certainly, oblivion has its merits, to which I now direct a brightening eye. Now, no longer will the publishers' agreement, not to woo away the writers brought out by some other house, be honorably preserved by each deputing his pet author to transmit nefarious suggestions through personal visits to me; and now, chief of all, will magazine editors desist from disturbing my entranced concoction of a book with offers of incredible and iniquitous prices for "something in the short story line." Yes, but iniquitous is a too mild description of these allures when, as may happen, you have a wife uncursed by dumbness or a child to whom in common-sense you owe it to earn as much money as can be come by reputably. For you can think of no possible excuse, none plausible at least to domestic inspection, not to put by the book, and let it wait, while you "dash off" a few thousand words, in full consciousness that if you turn out balderdash your employer will be as touches you quite satisfied, and as concerns his readers' approval of the speculation vastly reassured. And the artist really must—though there is no explaining it—work either just at what he chooses or else toward exhaustion as an artist.

In fine, the passing of this boom will permit me once more to do, unmeddled-with, what I prefer to do. That is, for some of us, a privilege not at any price to be purchased exorbitantly.

So I stand ready to join forces with Messrs. Hewlett and Squire and Le Gallienne. I yield to the right-minded. I abandon the above-mentioned privileges of fame: and I dismiss him, this overmuch be-paragraphed Cabell, into the limbo of out-of-dateness wherein abide, with always rarer and more spectral revisitations of the public eye, the wraiths of Marie Corelli and Maurice Hewlett and Elinor Glyn and Richard Le Gallienne and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

3

And in departing I would smile friendlily toward those who understand the nature of this withdrawal; but to others I would say, as courteously as may be, that—well, that, at the request of friends, a considerable portion of my original manuscript has here been deleted. For so long as the author and publishers of *Jurgen* remain disfigurements to the criminal classes, a certain reticence is required of me in addressing the general public.

I may say at least, though, that the general public has now very tolerable authority for abandoning all talk about this Cabell's being a literary artist. This present bit of writing, to begin with, may be regarded as exculpatory evidence. Moreover, Hewlett and Le Gallienne were no great while ago quite respectable names, which even in their owners' auctorial decrepitude may still pass muster among, any-

how, the general public; whereas Mr. Squire enjoys, everywhere that anybody has read as much as is humanly possible in the *London Mercury*, a deservedly high repute for many very handsome expressions of the mediocre in terms of the academic. Such are the not unformidable trio that have emulated Goliath, and come forth beautifully clad in brass to battle for the faith of Philistia. And I, for one, can feel no hesitancy in endorsing these gentlemen's protests that, by every standard illustrated in their recent writings, I have no claim whatever to be considered a literary artist; and I, for one, derive from their admonitory utterances a warning perhaps more salutary than intended.

For the moral which I personally educe is that, in this world, wherein no fervor endures for a long while, and every clock-tick brings the infested tepid globe a little nearer to the moon's white nakedness and quiet, the wise will play while playing is permitted. The playthings will be words, because a man finds nowhere any lovelier toys. The wise will have their small, high-hearted hour of playing, with onlookers to applaud.

Then vigor abates, and therewith dwindles their adroitness at this gaming. The skill that was once their glory has become their derision; to Richard-Yea-and-Nay succeeds a Main-waring, and gray Narcissus bleats angry pieties. At this season will the gamester who is truly

wise—thus I console myself—give over his playing, sedately, without any corybantic buttings of a bald head or any gnashing of old teeth to affray his juniors who may, as yet, thrive at this game. His hour is over, but the end of their hour too approaches, not to be stayed. He will make this savory thought serve as a drug to envy, and as a liniment to his bruised vanity, and as a muffler to the thin-voiced spite of all outworn old women that inhabit Oblivion's seraglio. Wherein abide—but you already know my refrain.

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